MRS. WILSON ADVISES SAVING OF BREAD CRUMBS

They Can Be Used for Dipping Food to Be Fried or in Cheese Pudding, Brown Betty and Layer Cake

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE European housewife always dries very carefully each scrap of bread, and when thoroughly dry turns them into crumbs. There are two methods for this: First, put the thoroughly dried bread through the food chopper and then, second, put the dried bread into a flour sack and pound it with either a rolling pin or a wooden potato masher. Then sift the crumbs through the colander. Keep the fine ones for crumbing fried dishes and the coarser crumbs for fried crumbs or for use in various other ways.

Bread crumbs may be utilized in making puddings, quick breads, muffins and cakes, and in this way will accord variety to the menu.

Fried Bread Crumbs

Use for this the coarsest crumbs. Place four tablespoons of bacon or ham fat in the frying pan, and when hot add one cup of crumbs. Toss to work and blend the crumbs and when a delicate golden brown remove from the fire. These crumbs may be used on minces, goulashes, stews and braises over creamed and au gratin dishes.

Bread-Crumb Muffins

Place in a mixing bowl

One and one-half cups of flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder,
Two tablespoons of shortening,
Three tablespoons of sirup,
One and one-quarter cups of bread crumbs,
One cup of milk.

Beat to mix and then turn into well-greased muffin pans and bake for twenty-five minutes in a hot oven.

Ye Cheese Pudding

Place in a mixing bowl

Two cups of milk,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of paprika,
One and one-half cups of bread crumbs,
One cup of grated cheese,
One tablespoon of grated onion,
Two tablespoons of finely minced parsley.

Beat to mix and then turn into well-greased pudding dish and bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Bread-Crumb Pie

Line an oblong pie plate with pastry and then place in a saucepan

One and one-half cups of milk or milk and water,
Six tablespoons of cornstarch.

Bring to a boil and then cook slowly for three minutes. Turn into a mixing bowl and add:

Two cups of bread crumbs,
Juice of one lemon,
Grated rind of one lemon,
Two-thirds cup of sugar,
One-half cup of finely chopped raisins.

Mix and then turn into the prepared pastry pan and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Cool. When cold spread with chocolate sauce, made as follows: Place in a saucepan

One-half cup of sirup,
One-half cup of water,
One-half cup cocoa,
Three level tablespoons of sugar,
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-half teaspoon of vanilla.

Stir to dissolve and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes. Let cool and then spread on pie.

Brown Betty

Grease thoroughly a mold or a one-pound coffee can and then place a thick layer of thinly sliced apples in the mold, then a one-inch layer of coarse bread crumbs. Sprinkle each layer with two tablespoons of brown sugar and one-quarter teaspoon of cinnamon. When the can or mold is nearly full grease the lid or cover and then place in a saucepan. Have the water to two-thirds the depth of the mold. Cover the saucepan and then bring to a boil and cook for one hour. Remove the lid, then turn the betty on a dish, garnish with hard sauce and serve with lemon apple sauce.

Lemon Apple Sauce

Place one and one-quarter cups of thin apple sauce in a saucepan and add

One-half cup of sugar,
Juice of one lemon,
Grated rind of one-eighth lemon,
Two level tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and starch and then bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Cool and then serve.

Crumb Layer Cake

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of sugar,
One-half cup of shortening,
One egg.

Cream and then add

Two and one-half cups of flour,
One cup of fine bread crumbs,
Two level tablespoons of baking powder,
One cup of water.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then turn into two well-greased and floured layer cake pans and bake in a hot oven for eighteen minutes. Cool and then put together with bread-crumb filling.

One cup of bread crumbs,
One-half cup of finely chopped raisins,
One-half cup of jelly or jam.

Mix and then spread between the layers and put together. Spread the top of the cake with jelly and cover thickly with cocoanut that has been lightly browned in a moderate oven.

Note—When browning the cocoanut spread in a single layer in a baking pan and just as soon as it starts browning remove from the oven and stir well.

New and Better Recipes

That is what Mrs. Wilson wants to give you. When she hears of something that is different from the ordinary, more wholesome, more tasty, off she goes, no matter how far it is, to get the directions, try them out, and set them down in this corner

For You

And if you have questions to ask about cooking, she will be glad to put her answer in the column. Personal answers cannot be given.

If You Have Any

Recipes that you are specially fond of or proud of, and you would like them to be published with your name attached,

Send Them In

Mrs. Wilson will be glad to print them.

A DRAPED FROCK

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

Is sometimes difficult to arrange gracefully, if you are doing the draping yourself. If you are wondering just how you can fix that beautiful velvet you want to make into an evening gown, perhaps this suggestion will help you. The gown above has the folds of velvet brought around to the side of the front, where they are held with a row of flowers and two girdles of velvet. The side, faced with chiffon, is allowed to cascade down the length of the skirt

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Concentrate—Don't Scatter!

I ONCE had a friend who practiced law, practiced medicine, wrote for the newspapers and did shorthand reporting. Were it not that his wife and children would have suffered, I should have turned him down flat each of the many times he came around for "just a few dollars to tide me over."

Scattered powers handcuff achievement.

The man who will not concentrate, who is constantly shifting his plans, changing his mind, or dispersing his energies is a rudderless boat on the ocean of life. He never makes a good port. He never attracts attention. He eventually is sucked under.

You have seen volume upon volume of clouds of steam sail lazily upward and vanish into nothing. The exact same steam condensed and compressed into the boilers of a locomotive could melt granite or draw a train of cars halfway across our continent.

Concentration means economy, enthusiasm, efficiency.

Properly concentrated, the energy of a few dozen acres of sunshine could run every power plant in the world. Focused into a burning glass, the sun's rays can bore a hole through steel. Yet, since the beginning of time the sun has blazed down upon this globe without setting fire to anything.

The state of New Jersey spends thousands of dollars annually trying to develop several ports, while New York concentrates all her resources on one. New York city is one of the greatest ports in the world, while New Jersey's harbors are shallows.

The most spirited colt that ever pranced and reared was a waste till his energies were directed and concentrated into useful channels.

Do you think Caruso would receive a small fortune for his every performance if he tried to be a great baritone and basso as well as tenor?

Every "star" bears the scar of concentrated toil.

Half of performance is purpose. The other half is concentration.

A most impregnable fort fell because an enemy gunner hour after hour and day after day shot away at one spot till he had punched a hole clear through.

One reason why so many of the men who win all the prizes at college and who think they will whirl the world by the tail never pan out is that they dissipate their brilliance. They try to dazzle by their versatility, and instead of turning into diamonds they become diamond dust. Meanwhile, their "average" classmate plugs along on some one thing and makes good.

All capacity to do, all power to attain, all strength to achieve depends on the amount of concentrated labor applied to the realization of purpose.

Ordinary ability, backed by the driving impetus of concentration, will accomplish far more than extraordinary ability flung broadcast.

You owe it to yourself to make your every move and every minute count; to save time and tear and wear; to derive every ounce of cumulative force possible from your efforts—and so make your labor as efficient, as effective, as productive as lies within your power.

You can do this only by applying yourself mentally and physically to but one great object—by concentrating your whole mind, muscle and soul to the realization of one worth-while ambition.

Whether you are a salesman, a stenographer, a carpenter, a mechanic, a doctor, a lawyer or that engulfing entity—a clerk—cut out the side lines! Determine what you want! Decide on the best way to get it! Then go after it and keep after it till you land!

On the way you'll pass hosts of failures—nine out of ten of them "scattered."

Concentrate!

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Cat Eyes"

No, it is not silly to love your teacher, if you are sensible about it.

It would be polite to offer to take her home and in any case pay her carfare.

While it is the thing to stand aside and allow your teacher to pass you and enter a car first, it is also the thing to precede her in leaving the car and to stand ready to take her hand and help her alight, so you can, of course, pay the carfare.

Says Don't Marry Older Woman

Dear Cynthia—Will you please publish this letter so that "H. B." may see it? Thank you.

I feel very sorry for a girl who marries a man younger than herself. I speak from experience. She may and probably will make a good wife, but will you make her a good husband?

Although there was not as much difference between the age of my husband and myself, he has always seen to it that I did not forget it.

Where is the woman who does not like to be "babied" by the man she loves? But when the man is younger he seems to feel out of place when he does it. My advice to you would be: Marry a girl five or even ten years younger rather than one who is even one year older.

MARRIED.

Shall She Send Card?

Dear Cynthia—For a year I have known a young man for whom I care a great deal. However, I only see this young man at church on Sunday night and not always then, as his father is an invalid. Therefore he supports his mother and father.

First. Is there any way in which I could further my acquaintance with him?

Second. Would it be proper for me to send him a Christmas card with my name engraved upon it?

Third. Please publish the leap year bows and the poetry that goes with them. Example: If you send a bow of blue, I know your love for me is true.

ZEPHITOUX.

Always be interested in him and what he has to say when you meet.

Sending an engraved card at Christmas time would be all right, but do not send anything else.

Perhaps some of our readers know the poem for which you ask. Cynthia will be glad to publish it if some one sends it in.

Says "H. B." Is Surely in Love

Dear Cynthia—So "H. B." is worried because "she" is older than he, eh? No doubt all of us would stay in our teens and glorious springtime if we could. Alas and alack, age follows like a cruel pursuing shadow. Hope I knew how to duck him into the nearest prison for life. Where, oh where, is that magic wishbone that old, bewhiskered, hump-backed Aladdin totted around on a camel's back? I'll bet right now that priceless piece of ivory is hanging up head downward in a pawnshop waiting for the highest bidder. Did you ever stop to think, "H. B.," that the old toothless hag you passed on your way to work this morning was but the finish of a quick-stepping beautiful maiden? That the athlete dissolves into a tottering helpless man? That the frisky, care-free colt fades into the bone yard and slides on a knife end? However, "H. B." need not be alarmed. Only happiness, deep, blissful happiness awaits the man who can call a woman of thirty-one a "girl." The love germ has got him so completely in its power that there's nothing to do but smile, yell for ink and sign "dem papers."

KENSINGTON.

She's Worried

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl nineteen years old and have been engaged for three years to a fellow one year my senior. He served in the world war and was wounded in France. After he was discharged from service in the spring of 1919, he went to Alaska, after having been home for only a short month. Up until about five weeks ago, I heard regularly from him, always once a week, at least. But for over a month I haven't heard a word from him and I am worried almost sick. I worship the very ground he treads upon and I know he loves me with the love that only comes once. Our love for each other has been through the bitterest tests, and he has always proved himself over and over to me that I am his one and only real love. But why, pray tell me, Cynthia, have I not heard for almost five long weeks? I can't understand. Not for a single minute do I want to doubt his faithfulness, but why I don't hear is beyond my solving. It was never a case of "you write and I'll answer." Instead, we wrote often to each other. Since receiving his last letter, I have written three times, the first week, but I don't feel like writing again before I hear, as even though we are engaged I don't want him to think I am too forward, and let him think I will always "come first." Please tell me, dear Cynthia, whether I shall write or whether I shall wait awhile longer and see if I hear. If I don't hear in a reasonable length of time, shall I keep his ring? I am young, but my love for him is real, and it would kill me to lose the boy who has loved me and been loved by me since childhood. Any consolation you can give me will be appreciated by

"LOVE'S VICTIM."

Your love must be a bit strange, my dear, to consider that there might be something deliberate on his part in this silence after years of faithfulness. It would seem far more likely that he has been ill or some such reason has stopped his letters. It would be a pity to worry you needlessly, but if you know any of his friends or relatives out there, a telegram for news would relieve your mind, if after telegraphing first to him you receive no answer.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

One would like to say that surgical operations should not be talked about at all, but perhaps there are times and places when these delicate personal topics may have some interest for somebody. Yet surely dinner-time is not one of these times. "Misery loves company," but company does not love misery. Details of physical suffering are wholly out of place in a social gathering.

English visitors to the United States are sometimes shocked to hear apparently wellbred men and women talking at table about the comparative merits of filled teeth, crowned teeth, and teeth on a plate, yet these dental discussions are not at all the most offensive examples of what may be called "operative" conversation. The dreary bore who expatiates on the color and size of the cut-out appendix, or upon the quantity of blood shed in removing adenoids, etc., should be encouraged to soliloquize in the privacy of his own room at home. To invite this fee-few-fum is to invite depression to a cheerful assemblage.

Making More Money

Capitalizing a Natural Instinct

Ever since she can remember Virginia Pope liked canaries and parrots—and they liked her.

"That Pope girl can train a parrot to say more things than any one else in town," was the way the neighbors phrased it. So it was only natural that even afer Miss Pope took up the profession of nursing that she should keep her collection of feathered pets around her. They were part of her home and caring for them became second nature.

The personal equation entered into her life more strongly than ever before. Circumstances arose which made it impractical for her to go out on cases or even to be absent from her home during the hours when it was necessary that she visit the hospital. For a time it appeared that all her training was to be lost, that the years of work which she had put in were to be thrown into the discard.

Then one of her parrots fell sick and she nursed it through an illness that threatened to be fatal. A short time afterward a friend sought her advice about a canary that seemed on the point of death. Miss Pope saved the bird and the thought came to her: "Why not start a pet hospital? It's work that I like and I could handle it at home. Besides, nursing is certainly a woman's natural gift and there must be plenty of people who would be glad to save their pets, even if they had to pay a fair-sized doctor's fee."

So it was that the Pope home took on a new aspect. One by one birds of all kinds were brought there for treatment—canaries and other songsters that had lost their voices, parrots which appeared to be dying and all manner of feathered beauties. "Dr." Pope's percentage of losses was so small that her fame soon spread and it wasn't long before she had more cases than she could handle, without the necessity of stepping outside her front door.

Tomorrow—By Looking At Tires

Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. For what interesting reason is Miss Leah White, of Evanston, Ill., to be congratulated and envied by all other housewives?
2. Describe a warm, comfortable nightgown for the young baby.
3. What style of collar is seen on many of the newest b'ouses?
4. When peeling vegetables, what convenient device should be worn to protect the fingers from stains and cuts?
5. What help for the home dressmaker is also a help to the woman who likes her shirtwaist collars a little high in the back?
6. Describe a delightful gift for the college girl or boy who has a pet dog at home.

Yesterday's Answers

1. The peasant women of France, Belgium and Italy earn money by the novel business of selling their hair at regular intervals.
2. The stiff cups of tinfoil fitted around certain kinds of chocolate candy can be bent, cut and shaped into a silver dinner set for the doll's house.
3. A striking collar of organdy that is easily made is cut on the bias, made doub'e and continued into tie ends that form a bow in front.
4. A dainty candleshade for the bedroom is made of a series of narrow ruffles of organdy to match the room.
5. Rubbing an iron cooking utensil with fat and baking it before using will make it smoother and more durable.
6. A useful piece of furniture for the hostess who likes to serve afternoon tea is a nest of tables with glass tops that are easily kept clean.

"JAWING" IS A USELESS WASTE OF PERFECTLY GOOD TIME

It Does No Good, It Is Only Funny to Watch and the Jawer Forgets It as Soon as He Gets It "Off His Chest"

IF THERE'S one unnecessary custom that wastes more time than another, it is "jawing."

Not a very elegant name for it, but most expressive.

That's about all it amounts to, anyhow.

You've seen it when you couldn't hear it.

You've seen a trolley car, just about to cross a side street, stopping with a jerk because a huge, ungainly truck seemed to have the same intention.

You've seen the truck driver throw on his brakes, stop dead, and glare at the motorman of the car; and then you've seen both pairs of jaws start to waggle angrily, like the mouths of the cartoons in the movies.

You can't hear a word they say and you're thankful you can't, but you know they are "jawing" each other.

What good does it do them?

Neither can hear the other, they don't offer each other any advice that can be followed, and their "jawing" doesn't advance them one step toward getting straightened out.

But they can't help it, they must get their feelings "off their chests" before they can think clearly.

THE same kind of jawing goes on when one driver in a line of cars making slow progress through heavy traffic noses in a little, thereby cutting off the car directly behind, which had been planning to do that same little stunt.

"What are you trying to do, head off the traffic?" snarls the driver in the back car, trimming up his remark whenever convenient.

"That's just about it, what have you got to say about it?" replies the driver of the front car, adding the same style of decoration.

It doesn't do them a bit of good—except that it relieves their feelings.

THE most amusing and useless "jawing" is the silent kind, communicated through the eyes.

The "jawee" crosses a room, and happens just by chance to cut straight across the path of the jawer, making him stop suddenly in order to avoid a collision.

And the jawer is filled with fury.

He doesn't say a word; he can't; he stands silently and lets his glaring, haughty eyes "jaw" angrily at the back of the unconscious, unconcerned offender.

He doesn't do a bit of good. Nobody, except the amused, innocent bystander, even knows how furious he is at the insult; but it relieves his outraged feelings.

YOU see two girls, pretty things, exquisitely dressed, standing before a mirror.

"Say, listen!" one of them exclaims in disgust. "Who do you think you are, Mary Pickford or somebody? You seem to think the mirror belongs to you!"

"I guess I've got as much right to look in this glass as you have," returns the other, with dignity. "You needn't think you can have everything in this place just because you've got a diamond ring!"

Just jawing, that's all.

It doesn't do any good, it doesn't leave any impression; but it certainly does relieve feelings.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Disposing of Work

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you advise me through your column as to where the Woman's Exchange is located? Do you think they would handle such work as paper flowers, favors and Christmas bells? I make all of these and, as I am not very well at present, I would like to earn some Christmas money but am at a loss how to dispose of my work.

MRS. N. B.

The Woman's Exchange is situated at 114 South Seventeenth street. Take samples of your work there, and if the committee in charge approves of them, the Exchange will sell them for you, charging you a nominal initiation fee, and keeping a certain percentage of the returns from the sale of the articles.

To "A Mother"

Children of four and five don't know very much about decoration, so you will not have to do a great deal in that line for your birthday party. But it would thrill them if you fix up a corner in a doorway which could be reached by some one outside the room without their seeing him, as a window or door in Santa Claus' house. It is so near Christmas that something of this kind would not be out of place, and you could get inexpensive little toys and favors at the five and ten cent store. Cover the door frame with white cotton or muslin, or even cheesecloth, and sprinkle the "snow" that comes in a box all over it. Place a screen around the door, and leave just room enough for Santa Claus, some member of the family, dressed in the usual Santa Claus way, and his pack to get in. Then let the children stand in line and take their turns going in to get their presents.

A mound of the same kind of "snow" would be pretty in the center of the refreshment table, with a tiny Christmas tree standing on the top of it. Holly and red flowers, either real or paper, placed about the rooms would be enough for the rest of the decorations. Then games; no children's party is quite complete without pinning the tail on the donkey, and I believe you can get variations of it now. A peanut hunt is always fun. Hide the peanuts in various parts of the room and let the children gather them, giving a prize to the child who has most at the end of the game.

Another game that is fun is called fruit basket. A leader goes to each child except one and whispers the name of a fruit. Then the extra one, who has been out of the room while the names were given out, returns and stands in the center of the room, slowly calling out the names of fruits. If he mentions the name given to any player in the room, that player must stand up and say the name three times before the leader can do it. If the leader beats him to it, he has to be leader for the next game.

Going to Jerusalem, drop the handkerchief, and all those old games are still favorites, and the children will be sure to have some new ones to suggest if you ask them. With all these, and refreshment time, I am sure you will be able to fill up the afternoon. The "eats" will be a great feature—especially if there is a stick with a bit of ribbon flag, or a paper flower, or a butterfly fastened on the top of it, stuck into each portion of ice cream. Children love something that they can take home to show the family, no matter how small or foolish it is.

THE UNWELCOME WIFE

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Anthony Harriman's marriage to Charlotte Graves, a girl beneath him socially, was a great disappointment to Mrs. Harriman, who had expected her son to marry Edith Comstock, a girl in his own set. Charlotte was consequently treated with scant courtesy until she became so miserable and so certain of being criticized for everything she did that she ran away and went back to her home without telling any one that she was to become a mother. When Tony discovered the truth he was conscience-stricken and determined to do everything in his power to make things up to Charlotte, but the Charlotte who came back to him after that awful night was changed. She did not seem the same girl and her love for Tony seemed dead.

A Broken Friendship

NICK had heard of Charlotte's return. He was perhaps the only person who knew the truth of why she disappeared that night, and it would have amused him if he had not been concerned about the part he had played in her life, and the suffering that she had endured. When the rumor had gone about that Tony's wife had returned, Nick had wondered about it. He knew women well, and he had understood Charlotte and liked her. She was a lovely, imaginative child, with the bloom of youth like an aura all about her. He had talked with her as only an older man can talk, listening to her shy comments on life, encouraging her to tell him her ideas. He saw in her something different, something infinitely more precious than the average young girl possessed. She had a definite personality which the Harrimans had done their best to suppress in every way possible.

As for Tony, he was too young to have for a wife a girl like Charlotte, he was too selfish to appreciate her save as she gave him pleasure. He was too youthfully arrogant to perceive anything of rare sweetness in this girl, whom his mother had encouraged him to think beneath him. Nick saw it all clearly, and resolved to call on Charlotte just as soon as she was settled.

He did not stop to think that his reentry into Charlotte's life might cause trouble. The general gossip of society had been that Tony's wife was an unsophisticated little thing, not at all the type to hold Tony, and that her disappearance had been arranged by Mrs. Harriman so that she might have education along certain lines. Evelyn Harriman herself had taken great care not to allow the night of the country club dance to be connected in any way with Charlotte's disappearance. She had not announced the fact that her daughter-in-law had gone until three days afterward, and the servants had all been pledged to secrecy.

Nick knew, because he had seen Tony's angry face and Mrs. Harriman's frozen society smile directed on the culprit. It had amused him to show Charlotte more attention than any one else present and the fact that the girl genuinely liked him and responded so readily to his monopoly of her had rather touched him. Loyal as she was to Tony, for Nick had never succeeded in drawing a word of anything from her concerning her life, Nick knew that she was not happy. All his life he had been selfish. He wouldn't have harmed a hair of Charlotte's head, but he knew that she cared nothing for him, and he had, therefore, determined on that night deliberately to make Tony jealous. Now he was eager to discover the truth of the matter, to verify his suspicions, and he was actually eager to see Charlotte again, to discover whether or not she has changed. Her startled gasp over the telephone told him that she was surprised.

"I want to come and pay my respects," he said lightly. "If I may."

There was a moment's silence, and then Charlotte's voice, slow and with a strange reserve.

"I'm afraid it won't be possible for me to see you, Mr. Fowler."

"But why?" the words were surprised out of him.

"It's difficult to explain over the telephone."

"Then let me come and see you. I want to talk things over with you. Surely you don't mean that we are not going to be friends any longer."

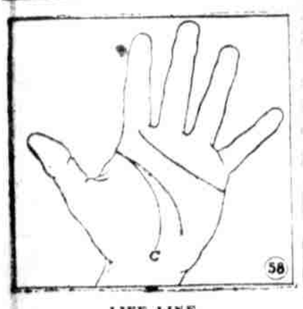
Charlotte felt suddenly hemmed in by her marriage. She was like a bird shut up in a cage, surrounded with all that she could eat, but deprived of her freedom. This man had been kind to her and whatever his life had been, Tony had been entirely unreasonable in his attitude toward him. It wasn't that Nick's friendship meant so much to her, for it actually didn't, nothing seemed to matter. But she did hate to be rude to him, it was humiliating to have to confess that she could not see him. Nevertheless, she drew a long breath and said with a little air of finality:

"I'm sorry."

(Tomorrow—Charlotte Tells Tony About Nick.)

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



LIVE LINE

C—The Life line begins at the side of the palm and runs toward the wrist. If it is long and clear, it shows vigorous muscular health.

LVIII

Unquestionably, the most important of the four great lines which are present in almost every hand is the life line—most important, for it reflects the operations of life itself. It is, therefore, in a way, the condition upon which depends the good or bad operation of the qualities represented by the other lines.

Its customary source was described in Article LVII, and it rarely deviates from this. If there is a distinct separation from the very start between the life line and the head line, it tells of one who is tremendously self-reliant. If not too wide, this separation betokens the right sort of independence of spirit and usually is coupled with good judgment and originality. If very wide, it may mean a self-reliance and self-esteem carried to extremes. In every case, however, it shows great sensitiveness.

A long, well-formed life line gives promise of a long, healthy life. If short, it means that at least part of the life will be lacking in muscular strength and dependent upon one's nervous force.

(To be continued)

For Window Shades

Use steel wool to clean window shades in the kitchen that are smoky or greasy. It requires less effort and produces better results.

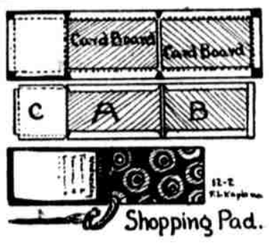
Adventures With a Purse

ONE of the objections I have heard concerning the heavy wool stockings is that they are too heavy. They seem rather thick and awkward. But, oh, those wool stockings are so snug and warm for cold days! And wool stockings are smart for sports clothes, aren't they? The solution that comes to me is the taking of a middle course. Why not buy a part-wool stocking that gives the warmth you want, and that smart appearance, but that is not quite so heavy and uncomfortable? That sounds logical, doesn't it? And now, to the point of my story. Dorothea found some stockings at a shop that sells shoes—I always have felt that a shoe store was such an eminently fitting place at which to buy hosiery. But anyhow she has a pair on today. Hers are a good dark blue in color, have a kind of openwork rib, and are a combination wool with a bit of silk and a bit of lisle, and are very practical and sensible. Their price is $1.75 a pair.

Do you like glazed nuts? If you do—those fat, juicy walnuts, cream nuts, and all the others, with melting sugar coating, delicately flavored, encasing them—then let me tell you where you can get them. And oh, they are so good! To be sure, they are rather expensive, but if some time you feel that you deserve a treat just stop by and get a box. You will enjoy them, I know.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3000.

Things You'll Love to Make



How handy it is to have a little pad on which to list one's shopping! In any stationery or department store you can buy a small table (filler, it is usually called). Cut a piece of silk two and a half times the length of the filler, and one-half inch wider than the filler. Cut two pieces of cardboard the same size as the filler. Lay the cardboards on the wrong side of the silk, as shown in the top sketch. Cut away the parts filled in black, and fold on the dotted lines. It will then look like the second sketch. Line sections A and B with silk by turning in the edges of a strip one-fourth of an inch larger on all sides than A and B, and overcasting the edges. Turn up C and overcast the edges to form a pocket. Slip the pasteboard back of the filler into this pocket, attach a cord and tiny pencil and your handy shopping pad is complete.

FLORA.

Markets Throughout the United States

Buehler Bros
CUT RATE MARKETS
931 CHESTNUT STREET
Specials—Friday & Saturday

Fancy Chuck Roast ..... 18c lb.

Yearling Stewing LAMB	Lean Boiling BEEF	Fancy Stewing VEAL	Shoulder Spring LAMB	Legs of English Mutton
10c lb.	15c lb.	20c lb.	25c lb.	27c lb.

5 lbs. New York Cream Cheese—$1.00

Open Saturday Until 9 P. M.

ATLANTIC MEAT STORES
1824 RIDGE AVE.
Highest Quality Meat — Lowest Possible Prices
Big Special Wholesale Prices FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

STEAKS: Rump, Round, Sirloin, Porterhouse — 22c
City Dressed Pork — 25c
ROASTS: Bolar, Pinbone, Butcher's, Top or Bottom Round
Shoulders, Fresh Hams, Pork for Crout — Pork Chops, Legs Yearling, Lamb Chops
Ham and Bacon 28c

GRAND OPENING

of another Cut Price Meat Market which will be a branch of the Market St. Beef Co., 5221-23-25 Market St. We will sell the same quality at the same prices, and the same courtesy to the trade as we use at 5221 Market St.

Read the following prices and compare them with your regular butcher's prices:

Finest Rump, Round, Sirloin Steaks, well trimmed
Finest Rump, Round, Prime Rib Roasts of Beef
in fact, any steak or roast of beef you desire at — 20c lb.

Legs of Yearling Lamb
City Dressed Shoulders Pork or Fresh Hams
Loin of Pork
Regular or Skin Back Hams
Lean Boneless Bacon
Fresh Sausage — 25c lb.

Rack of Yearling Lamb Chops ..... 2 lbs. for 25c
Breast of Yearling Lamb for stewing, 3 lbs. for 25c
Fresh Country Scrapple ..... 2 lbs. for 25c
Fresh Ground Hamburger Steak ..... 2 lbs. for 25c
Lean Soup or Stewing Beef ..... 2 lbs. for 25c
Pure Lard in pound prints ..... 20c lb.
Goody Nut Margerine ..... 25c lb.

No benzoate of soda. We save you 10c on every pound. If not satisfactory your money refunded.
Deal at the store most convenient for you. Come Friday to avoid the rush on Saturday.

MARKET ST. BEEF CO.
5939 MARKET STREET

FREE Write today to Corn Products Refining Company for Cook Book. P. O. Box 161, New York.

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