MRS. WILSON ARRANGES MEALS FOR THE WEEK-END

Some Winter Vegetables That Are Prepared in a Different Way to Vary the Monotony of Carrots, Turnips and Beets

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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"TURNIPS, carrots and beets, beets turnips and carrots—" sighed a housewife, the other day—"however shall I fix them, these pesky vegetables, so the family will enjoy them? We get so tired of creamed carrots, that often I let them lie and wither in the basket."

Now, madame housewife, I will give you a few ways to prepare these coarse vegetables, which should be part of your daily menu in one form or another, during the entire winter, in order to furnish the necessary bulk for good digestion.

Serve carrots, braised, mashed, in croquettes, au gratin or Julienne, carrot souffle, carrot pudding—these are all delicious. The other vegetables may be served in the same manner. The beets and turnips can also be made into individual casseroles.

Braised Carrots

Scrape the carrots and then cut in pieces about one and one-half inches in length. Trim into a cork shape and cook in boiling water until tender, then drain. Now place in a frying pan or skillet:

Four tablespoons of bacon fat.
One tablespoon of sugar.
One tablespoon of flour.

Mix well and then add carrots and toss to blend. Add two tablespoons of water and cover closely. Shake occasionally until well glazed. Add:

One tablespoon of vinegar.
Three tablespoons of finely minced onion.
Three tablespoons of finely minced parsley.

Toss to mix and then turn into a dish and serve.

Carrot Croquettes

Cook the carrots until tender and then mash. Now mince:

Three slices of bacon.
One large onion.

Brown the onion and bacon and add to the prepared carrots. Season and then mold into croquettes and dip in flour. Dip in beaten egg and milk and then roll in fried crumbs. Fry until golden brown in hot fat. Serve with parsley and cheese sauce.

Julienne of Carrots

Cut the carrots into strips as thin as match sticks and then cook until tender. Drain, turn on dish. Season and add three strips of bacon, minced fine and nicely browned. Add fat and then sprinkle with grated cheese.

Carrot Souffle

Place in a mixing bowl:

One cup of mashed carrots, rubbed through sieve.
One cup of cream sauce.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.
One tablespoon of grated onion.
Three tablespoons of finely minced parsley.
Three tablespoons of melted butter.
Yolks of two eggs.

Beat to mix and then fold into stiffy beaten whites of two eggs. Turn into well-greased pudding dish and bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes. Serve with cheese and parsley sauce.

The following menu is a suggestion for three meals for Sunday:

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Cereal and Cream
Hot Cakes Sirup
Bacon Coffee

DINNER
Celery
Oriental Lamb Potpie
Sweet Home-made Pickle
Spinach String Beans
Coleslaw
Fruit Pudding Coffee

SUPPER
Olives Salted Nuts
Home-made Relish
Carrot Souffle Cheese Sauce
Hashed Brown Potatoes Coleslaw
Apple Cake Chocolate Sauce Tea

The market basket will require:

Two medium-sized grapefruit.
One-half pound of bacon.
Two pounds of neck of lamb.
One-quarter pound of cheese.
One package of pancake flour.
One-quarter peck of spinach.
One small head of cabbage.
One bottle of olives.
One-half pound of peanuts.
One quart of carrots.
One-quarter peck of potatoes.
One pound of apples.
One can of string beans.
One-half pound of apricots for pudding.
Two ounces of suet.
Two stalks of celery.
One pound of rice.
One pound of onions.
One turnip.
One bunch of potherbs.

And then the usual weekly staples.

Oriental Potpie

The leftover chicken or duck from New Year's may be used in place of the lamb. Have the butcher cut the neck of lamb in pieces that resemble a chop and then wipe with a damp cloth and roll in flour. Brown quickly in smoking hot fat, then lift to a deep saucepan and then add one-half cupful of flour to the fat in the pan. When a deep mahogany color add three and one-half cupfuls of cold water. Stir to blend and then bring to the boiling point. Pour over the lamb in the saucepan and add a faggot of soup herbs

One carrot, cut in dice.
Three onions, cut fine.
Two turnips, diced.

Simmer slowly until the meat is tender and then while the meat is cooking wash one and one-half cups of rice. Place in a saucepan and add

Two onions, minced fine.
Seven cups of boiling water.

Cook slowly until the rice is soft and the water absorbed. Toss the rice. Remember that if you stir the rice you will make it mussy. Cook in a double boiler if you can. Let the rice cool and then season. Now grease a baking dish well and line the sides and bottom with rice three-quarters of an inch thick. Then lift in the prepared lamb, season, add gravy and cover with the remainder of the rice, forming a crust on top. Brush the rice with bacon fat, which has been left from cooking breakfast. Place in a hot oven and cook for forty-five minutes. Serve from dish.

Fruit Pudding

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of bread crumbs.
One cup of flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
One level tablespoon of baking powder.
One cup of brown sugar.
Two-thirds cup of finely chopped suet.
One cup of dried apricots, put through food chopper.
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.
One cup of cold coffee or water.

Mix and then turn in a well-greased pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes. Serve with vanilla sauce and garnish with hard sauce.

FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

By CORINNE LOWE

"Ha, ha," says the clever miss, "I'll go to the ball as—the ball." Following out this modest trend of thought, she decides that of all the balls—golf, tennis and moth—the snowball is the most decorative. Hence she proceeds to fashion for herself this unusual little costume of white satin trimmed with fluffy white eiderdown. Even the tall socks are of the satin, held up by elastic under their furry tops. Last, just for fear you may not suspect her real motive, she holds a muff ball of the eiderdown.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Applying the Big Things

I know a married son who when it came to a showdown has always done the right thing by his parents, yet who is "too busy" to go to see them for months at a time.

I know a girl who has made many great sacrifices for her mother, who very frequently makes her unhappy by saying rude things.

I know a woman who when her sister really needed her has gone to all length to help her, yet the other day when the young girl asked to borrow a scarf, a bit of silk, to wear to a dance, I heard her say shortly: "No, I neither borrow nor lend."

Life may be made up of little things, but it is only when we keep in mind the big things—right, love, charity, friendship, loyalty, kindness—that we can live happily and successfully this life of "little things."

True, it is the little things that make for daily happiness, yet in these little things with which we are constantly shaping our lives and the lives of others, how many of us really do ourselves justice, how many of us live up to the best that is in us as we do in the big things?

We don't. Why?

When we stop to think about it we realize that our little acts of every day count more in the long run than what we may do in the few emergencies; but when the individual little things occur, we forget about their cumulative importance—they are so trivial we just brush past them—careless, indifferent, callous.

If we would keep in mind with every little thing we do the big thing it should express and be guided by it, it would help us to control the little things in our lives, and to act in them as we really wish to. It would bring smiles instead of tears, shed back on us the sunshine we reflect upon the world, and avoid useless self-recrimination and regrets.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Margie Upholds Cynthia

Dear Cynthia—I heartily agree with you and loudly disagree with "Whitey" on the subject of a young man's "dues" for taking a girl out for an evening's entertainment.

If he thinks the conventional habits of a fellow paying a girl's admission to a dance is unsatisfactory, why not tell the girl it is to be a Dutch treat before extending the invitation?

It is my opinion that a number of girls make as large a salary as their boy friends, so if it would suit the boys for us to pay "fifty-fifty," I vote for it.

Perhaps they wouldn't like it so much if they were made conspicuous by their girl companions paying the fare in the street cars.

No doubt there is a "circle" where a girl has to "pay" for any slight attention of a man, but the young men the average business girl meets are not of that type, thank goodness.

Understand, Cynthia, I don't believe any respectable, sincere girl should allow a man to spend large amounts of money on her, or buy her expensive presents, unless they intend to marry, because it would be a dishonorable trick in this "fifty-fifty" world of ours.

"Whitey" certainly is a "sorehead," or an Indian giver. Probably both.

I bet if he were to advertise that fact among his feminine friends, he would also be digging his social grave, because the girls don't want anything given in his style. MARGIE.

Danny Defines Love and Denies It

Dear Cynthia—Please let me write a few lines to McWizzburgh and C. R.?

McWizzburgh, you indeed are a sensible young man and they are hard to find.

Did you read C. R.'s letter? It sure did make me laugh. He also had the love disease; but wait, I bet he is handsome and has a pair of feet that have been in every dance hall out. I don't mean to insult him and I hope I don't.

This is what the girls of today call love.

A handsome face.
A man with a lot of money.
A nifty dresser and a dancer.

But, Mr. McWizzburgh, they don't last and will never make a wife happy.

When a girl gets a nice-looking man, lots of money, etc., she imagines she loves him and marries him and that is why divorces are in style. If they would only marry for character and look far into the future first, there would be fewer unhappy couples. I still say love is a puzzle and a dream and who can prove it isn't? C. R., sit down and read this letter over three times and let me see you prove there is love. McWizzburgh, let us see if he can solve our puzzle.

Cleo, have patience; marry a man for his character and not for love. Dear Cynthia, please print this letter and I hope it isn't too long.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

McWizzburgh, write. I like to read your letters. They are sensible.

DANNY.

Danny, you are almost as funny as "Nineteen." You demand marriage for character. Well, dear child, admiration and respect for character is the very foundation of true love. Your idea of love isn't love at all. Your idea of marriage, founded on solid admiration of fine traits, is right and is just what C. R. wants and all the rest of us, who know there is nothing greater than love.

Don't Get You, My Dear

Dear Cynthia—In Wednesday's EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER I read an epistle signed "Whitey." While agreeing with this young man in that some women do make playthings of men, I thoroughly disagree with his statement that a girl should go halves on an evening's entertainment. Look out, "Whitey," danger ahead. That was a dare and since women are no longer able to take dares, well, the consequences may be that in a few years' course of time women will be treating the men, if they receive many challenges of that sort.

Then you contradict yourself when you say you wouldn't blame a girl for refusing a good-night kiss and in the next breath you openly declare you "always ask for a kiss."

Why do you do it? The fellows blame the girls for kissing them, yet they coax them to! Why, why? You clamor for the good, old-fashioned girs with her modest ways, but still you persuade them to become just the opposite. I don't mean you in particular, "Whitey," but men in general.

Also, while I'm wielding the ax, I might denounce any one who says there is no such thing as love. A fine letter appeared in your column showing that such an emotion has been heard of, giving mother love as a practical demonstration. Whoever wrote that letter has a conception of the higher things of life.

Also, if this letter is not already too long, just one word to Cynthia. Don't give yourself away! Maybe you know what I mean and maybe not.

CHRISTINE FOOHEY "SKEETS."

While you are right in your attitude, "Skeets," you are not fair when you say "Whitey" contradicted himself. He said he would not blame a girl for refusing a kiss if she had shared the bill with him.

Now, while "Whitey's" ethics are quite wrong, we ought to be fair to him and not deliberately misunderstand what he says, ought we not?

No, I'm afraid I don't get you about Cynthia not giving herself away. You'd better be more explicit.

Girl Does Not Name Date

Dear Cynthia—I've been reading your column for some time and noticing of late the subject upon "True Love." My opinion on it is this: when the real time comes, it is the only time any one could realize what love means.

Now, Cynthia, I have something on my mind, which I can't settle myself and I would appreciate your help or advice.

Last February, while on a vacation trip out in the western part of the States, I met a girl friend in Cleveland and was introduced by one of my relatives. To make plain to you, this girl is known by many of my relatives and lives with one of them. Now, staying there for five weeks, I took a fancy to this girl and we fell in love with one another, she telling me everything and her circumstances. We went out together quite a great deal.

And in July she came to this city with one of my aunts. And my mother and I went along with them to Atlantic City and were at the same hotel. She made friends with my people, who now think a lot of her. While staying at our home she promised she would write and let me know when she could settle things in Cleveland and come to Philadelphia to set aside our engagement day. Now, dear Cynthia, the trouble is that she has not written any definite answer concerning our engagement, although I receive mail once a week.

To ask your advice in this matter, should I discontinue writing to her or wait for the day to come? She has sent me a Christmas gift and I also sent her one.

I am twenty years of age and this girl is twenty-one. Cynthia, I sure am in love with this young woman and want your advice in this case.

A TRUE LOVER IN DOUBT.

If the girl has said she loves you and has promised to marry you, what do you mean about an engagement date?

Perhaps you want her to name a definite day to announce the engagement. In that case write and tell her you think she should make her definite arrangements for coming on and that you must have some definite answer as to her plans. Certainly do not stop writing and jilt the girl. If you are affianced you cannot in honor, unless she refuses to live up to her agreement.

Do you intend to marry her soon after the announcement? If not, you can hardly expect her to come on here and leave all associations in Cleveland until she knows she is to remain here.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Christmas gifts should be acknowledged as politely, although perhaps not so promptly, as we send thanks for birthday and wedding gifts. Any time during the holidays will do. Also, where there is a wide circle of gift-givers or gift-exchangers, acknowledging the receipt of every Christmas token consumes a great deal of time, if a personal letter of any length is sent to every "presenter." The usual way to bridge this difficulty is to send a New Year's card to each giver, with a few grateful words of thanks.

Of course, where the gift sent is of unusual intrinsic or artistic value, it would be most ungracious not to write a real letter conveying sincere and grateful appreciation.

Adventures With a Purse

I KNOW of a little shop that specializes in Madeira pieces and laces, which is a little away from the center of the shopping district, and which has one of the most interesting collections of Irish laces and insertions I have seen in many a day's walk. There I have seen a loose weave Irish edging fully two and a half or three inches wide for seventy-five cents a yard. It is particularly effective on one's best combination or camisole. There are other lovely designs, some very close and fine, others coarser. But all the prices are reassuring.

It has been not more than three or possibly four months ago, if my memory serves me correctly, that I first heard of the lovely soft imported French face powder with its unbelievably fragrant scent. At that time, when I bought my first box, I paid either $2.25 or $2.50 for it. I am not sure which. And I felt very extravagant, but it was so nice, so clinging and soft and thoroughly just what a face powder should be that in a way it seemed worth its price. Not so very long after that I was surprised and not a little discomfited to find that the price had been lowered to $1.50. But now comes the part that seems almost too good to be true. For now I have found a shop that has a whole big supply of it for $1—the very same powder, the very same boxes, the identical elusive fragrance. I tell you about it right now that you can purchase some immediately, for somehow I cannot believe that such a low price will continue for long.

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

Embarrassing Moments

A Gentle Hint

Jean found out that in visiting a certain friend of the family with mother, it was possible to acquire some pretty good things to eat by asking. She was admonished by mother not to ask for things to eat again. On the next visit she obeyed implicitly well along through the visit, but finally said: "If I was home now I would be eating."

R. M. B.

Sonny Kept Counting

My children have been the source of the most humiliating and embarrassing situations in my life.

One evening for supper I had as my guest an old friend, who had been north teaching. She had returned to our little southern village for vacation and was much entertained by former friends. My guest was enjoying the hot biscuit which had been passed several times, but finally said she would not take another, as she had no idea how many she had eaten already.

My six-year-old boy immediately spoke out: "I know—six?" C. C.

LET 1921 UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WILL CONTROL IT

No Matter How Much Misfortune or Unhappiness 1920 Leaves With You, Make the New Year Bring You Success

AND this is the day in which we bid a riotous farewell to poor old broken down 1920, and keep on bidding until the noise turns into a welcome for little new 1921.

I wonder how it will look to us this year?

Sometimes the New Year comes in smiling with promise, returning greeting for greeting, good cheer for good cheer.

Again it enters slowly, with downcast eyes, drooping shoulders, and a general air of "What's the use?"

Often it just comes in, as if there was nothing else to do, without fuss or remarks of any kind.

And once in a while it arrives on its toptoes, challenging, crying with amiable defiance, "Now you've got me, what are you going to do with me?"

OF COURSE it is all in the way you receive the little stranger.

If you "have a hunch" that something nice is going to happen in the coming year you naturally greet it with a pleasant smile, and it seems to return your smile.

If you can see nothing cheerful, or hopeful in it, nothing ahead but a blank, bleak stretch of days, you won't feel like blowing many whistles or ringing very loud bells.

And if you simply feel that it is Friday night and that tomorrow will be Saturday, and the next day, thank goodness, will be Sunday and you can sleep late, why, of course, you will turn over and groan sleepily when the noise of midnight starts, and then forget it as soon as possible.

But suppose you're ready for it; suppose you have a feeling that this new year is going to mean some kind of success for you.

You clench your mental fists, you square off, you smile to show your friendliness, but your teeth are set in firm determination to make this year your own.

You make up your mind that if there are going to be any blows struck, you will strike the first one.

There's not going to be any hard luck, any unhappiness, any failure to come out right in this new year, if you have anything to say about it.

And you have a firmly fixed idea that you are going to have a great deal to say about it.

WHEN you come right down to it, that's about the best way to meet 1921.

It doesn't make any difference how 1920 treated you; that's over.

Maybe you did fail to conquer it; maybe it did hand you hard luck after misfortune, unhappiness after hard luck.

You don't have to go on that way just because 1920 started it; 1921 doesn't know anything about you.

As far as this new little year knows, you are a successful, prosperous, lucky, happy person and there is no reason why you should not continue to be so.

TELL 1920 tonight that it started something it couldn't finish.

Greet little 1921 cordially, as a friend; but let it be clearly understood that there is to be a rivalry throughout these twelve months and that you are going to win out!

Good luck to you!

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

A Happy Christmas

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am writing to ask you if you will kindly thank, through your columns, all the good people who helped to make a happy Christmas for my little family. I am going to send little personal notes of thanks to Miss W. and Mrs. L., but I am very sorry to say I lost both the name and correct address of the lady who lived on Maitland avenue or street. I think it was some part of Germantown. I shall be very happy to thank her with a little note if she will let me know her correct name and address. Miss W. and her Sunday school classes called on us Christmas Eve, and surely there was not a family anywhere as happy as we were. I also thank the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER for making all this happiness possible by publishing our little appeal. I and my little family wish all the good people a very happy new year and a very happy new year to the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, and to yourself, dear madam, is the wish of

A MOTHER.

I am so glad that your Christmas was so happy, and I am sure the friends of the column who answered your letter will be delighted to hear of it, too. It was very thoughtful of you to write and let us know about it. I hope 1921 will bring you happiness and much more prosperity and good luck.

To "B. G."

Long white kid gloves are worn with an evening dress if you care to wear them, but nowadays it is not absolutely necessary to wear them, and if you do they need not be kept on all evening. Black kid gloves may be worn if they look better with your dress. A bird of paradise is a very striking ornament, and under ordinary circumstances it would be better to wear a simpler headdress. A smaller ostrich feather, a rhinestone or jeweled ornament or a jeweled comb would look well on either a young girl or an older woman. Bandeaux are also being worn this year by young girls.

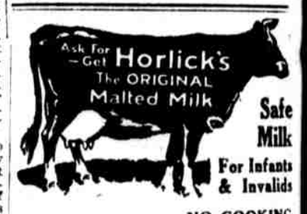
The details of table etiquette are too long to publish here, but if you follow these few general rules you will not make bad mistakes. Hold all your "utensils" at the end of the handle instead of grasping them in the middle; always take the spoon or fork at the outside of the array at your plate first; if you want something that is passed to you accept it with "Yes, thank you," or help yourself with the implements provided; if you do not want it say "No, thank you"; unfold your napkin and place it across your lap, doubling it over from the center and placing it on the table when you rise to leave the table; dip the tips of your fingers into your finger-bowl, dabble them about gently and then draw them lightly across your lips before drying them and your mouth on your napkin. Of course there are plenty of other rules and regulations, but these are the most important.

For Falling Hair

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—You have helped so many other people in their troubles that it gives me confidence to ask you to help me with mine. Can you please tell me what is a good remedy for falling out hair? Recently my hair has been falling out, and being a girl of course I would like to prevent it. Please give me a remedy that will give very quick results. Will bobbing my hair do any good? LITTLE BROWN EYES.

Rub liquid vaseline, which can be bought at the drug store, on your scalp every other night, massaging with the tips of your fingers to work it in. This may make your hair greasy and oily, but it will stop the falling and the rubbing stimulate new growth. Another good treatment consists of rubbing the head with the finger tips after dipping them in cold water. Bobbing your hair would make it grow stronger, but it will not be necessary to do that if you use these two methods of massaging it. The cold water treatment may be used every night, but you might alternate with the vaseline for a while until the falling out stops, and then use the cold water entirely. Brush your hair thoroughly every night, no matter how it comes out.



Safe Milk
For Infants & Invalids
NO COOKING
The "Food-Drink" for All Ages. Quick Lunch at Home, Office and Fountains. *Ask for HORLICK'S.*
Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Jean Northrup, brought up in luxury, is suddenly left penniless by the death of her father. Fear of poverty forces her into a marriage with her guardian, Mark Brand, and she goes west to his ranch, hating and fearing him. One day Jean disobeys her husband's request not to ride alone on the plains and is left alone with night coming on, her horse having run away while she slept. Mark rides out after her and brings her home on his horse. Jean takes refuge in her room, but Mark requests her to come out, as he wishes to speak to her.

"You Are My Wife!"

JEAN came out of her room slowly, defiance in every line of her. Mark stood by the table waiting for her. There was no compromise in his face; it looked stern and unforgiving, his features dark and regular as though cut out of bronze.

"You must be hungry," he said abruptly.

She shook her head.

He pulled out a chair for her, and she sat down more for the reason that she wished to avoid an argument than anything else.

He sat down opposite her and helped her to food, but she did not eat.

"Come," he said authoritatively. "You must eat something."

"You wanted to speak to me," she said coldly, ignoring his demand.

"Time enough for that afterward," he returned crisply, and Jean felt somehow impelled to eat whether she would or not.

She pushed her plate away finally and rose from the table.

"Well," she said evenly, "I am ready for the lecture."

He had risen, too, and they stood facing each other.

"What I have to say to you will not take long; it is simply this. When I married you, we made a bargain. I was to ask nothing of you if you would marry me. Do you know why I was willing to do this?"

She was silent, standing with her face turned away from him.

"Do you?" he persisted. "Well, I'll tell you. At first when I asked you to marry me it was because I thought it would be a good experiment. It would solve your difficulties, and as for me, it didn't matter much one way or another. Then, when you defied me, there was something in you that struck a spark in me somewhere. I have never known many women, never cared about them in fact, but suddenly I wanted you. You were different from any one I had ever known, and I thought you were a thoroughbred. I even hoped that some day I might make you care, and so I was willing to wait. But you didn't play the game; you wouldn't even be friends; you persisted in treating me like dirt beneath your feet. Today you did something that makes me doubt even the fact that you are a thoroughbred. But, nevertheless, you are my wife. I have held you in my arms and kissed you; you're mine, do you hear me? Mine!"

He strode across the room to her and snatched her up as if she had been a child, and she did not struggle. She felt his arms close around her and she was very tense and still. She met her defeat like a true Northrup, with her head held high and her eyes defiant, but in her heart there was hatred, hatred that she meant him to feel and know and cringe under, now and always.

In the days that followed Jean was miserable, but she did not show it. She went about as usual, wondering dully if life would go on like this forever, turning about in her mind ways of escaping, all of which she knew were impossible. And then one day the unexpected happened. She was lounging in the swing on the veranda when she heard voices coming toward the house, and instantly she sat erect, listening and waiting. She recognized Mark's deep voice, and the lighter, more cultivated, tones of another man. The next minute they had stepped up on the veranda and Mark was calling her name.

The two men came across to where Jean was sitting, and Jean was conscious of a pair of merry dark eyes smiling down at her.

"Mason, this is Mrs. Brand," Mark was saying in introduction. "Jean, Mr. Mason has just come on from the city, and I thought you two might have a lot of things to talk over."

Tomorrow—Dick Mason

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In what useful way is a new standing ashtray made?
2. When the visor of a cap is broken, what can be used to mend and stiffen it so that it will wear as long as the rest of the cap?
3. How can the effect of a plain white lamp shade be changed from time to time?
4. When the edge of the shoe wears a hole in a cloth spat, how can it be mended so that it will scarcely show?
5. Describe a good-looking, inexpensively made slipper case.
6. In what novel way is white organdie used to trim a dark taffeta dress?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Most of the new high and low shoes seen in the shops have the low, square walking heel.
2. Set an alarm clock as a reminder of the time that a cake should be done when filling in the between times with other duties.
3. Fur should be cut with a sharp knife on the wrong side.
4. A pretty pin-cushion is made under the skirt of a doll with a ribbon turned up around the edge of it to form pockets for tape measure, needle case, etc.
5. Some striking new belts are of soft brown leather with designs stitched on each side in color.
6. A fashionable new headdress for evening is composed of a scarf which is wound around the head and ends in a long train in the back.

Some Lines on Luck

To carry the knuckle bone of a ham will bring good luck.

To rid yourself of bad luck, throw a penny over your shoulder, and the one who picks it up will get the bad luck.

Unlucky at play, lucky in love.

One extreme follows another. If you sing all day today, tomorrow you will probably cry.

When you desire that a friend shall have good luck in any undertaking walk around him two or three times, in the direction of the sun.

It is said good luck and bad luck come in waves, one following the other. This may have given rise to the adage: "It never rains but it pours!"

If one has good luck he must not tell how he got it, or it will turn to bad luck.

A person who wishes to be lucky should never speak of himself in the third person.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

In Marigold's Kitchen

By DADDY

CHAPTER V

Dancing in the Kitchen

"MY OWN Princess Marigold!" exclaimed Ned, the handsome young millionaire, as he saw the masked kitchen maid before him.

"She will be your own Marigold if in the test to come you prove worthy of her," Peggy reminded him.

"Your griddle cakes are ready, sir," said Marigold, seating him at the kitchen table, and placing a batch of crisp, flaky griddle cakes before him. Ned was so eager to look at her and talk to her that he scarcely felt like eating, but once he had tasted those delicious griddle cakes, sweetened with maple sirup, he couldn't stop eating until there wasn't a crumb left on his plate. And Peggy and Billy ate, too, for Marigold quickly cooked a second and a third batch for them.

"These griddle cakes further prove you to be the fair, sweet, graceful Princess Marigold who won my heart at the fancy dress ball," cried Ned. "And now to make the proof complete, will you dance with me?"

"That I will, and gladly, sir," answered Marigold with a pretty curtsy.

There was no dancing music in the kitchen, but Peggy and Billy fixed that. Peggy put a paper over the comb she wore in her hair and she hummed a lively tune on that, while Billy kept time by drumming with his fingers on the bottom of an overturned dishpan. To this music Ned and Marigold danced, and at their very first turn Ned cried out in delight: "This, indeed, is my very own Princess Marigold. No other could dance like she."

On, on they danced, Ned as gallant as a knight of old, and Marigold as graceful as a full-blown rose swaying in a summer breeze. They danced until the tickling of the comb-organ made Peggy stop to laugh, and then, as the music ceased, Ned dropped on one knee before Marigold.

"Fair princess," he said, "you have danced your way into my heart and won my true love. Will you be my bride?"

Before Marigold could answer there came a sound as of a storm sweeping through the house, and Madam Proud, Clarabelle and Annabelle burst into the kitchen.

"Holty! Tolty! What's all this racket about?" cried Madam Proud.

"Who is making dance music?" shrilled Clarabelle. "And who is dancing?" screamed Annabelle.

My, but they were surprised when they saw Ned on his knees before Marigold. But they didn't know it was Marigold, for the kitchen maid still wore her mask. They thought her some lady of high degree, and in their astonishment they bowed before her.

"This is Princess Marigold," said Ned, remaining on his knee before her. "I am asking her to become my bride, for she dances as lightly as a summer cloud and she cooks griddle cakes which are just as crisp and delicious as those Clarabelle and Annabelle cooked for me."

Madam Proud, Clarabelle, and Annabelle stared in amazement at this, for, of course, the cakes Ned thought had been cooked by Clarabelle and Annabelle really had been cooked by Marigold. Mother and daughters looked more closely at Marigold, while Marigold herself would have fled had not Ned clung tightly to her hand.

Madam Proud stepped suddenly forward and snatched the mask from Marigold's face.

"Ah," she cried, and her voice was filled with scorn. "This is indeed Marigold, but she is no princess, she is our kitchen maid!"

And Clarabelle and Annabelle suddenly grabbed at Marigold's tissue paper dress, tearing it from her and showing the kitchen maid frock hidden beneath. "Ah!" they jeered. "She has tricked and fooled you with a frock of flimsy tissue paper! She has made a joke of your wooing!"

But Ned just kept on staring up at Marigold's face, and he kept on clinging to her hand though she struggled and tugged to get free.

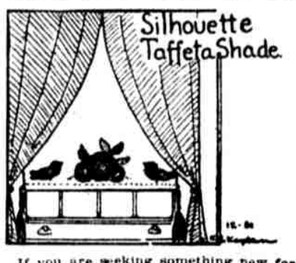
"This is the test to see if Ned is worthy of Marigold," whispered Peggy to Billy. "What do you think he will do?"

And what do you think he will do?

Will Ned be angry at being fooled into thinking a kitchen maid a grand lady?

Or will he be brave enough to stand up against the sneers and laughter of Lady Proud and her daughters and claim Marigold as his bride? The next chapter will tell.

Things You'll Love to Make



If you are seeking something new for your boudoir window, make a shade of crisp taffeta of a color that will be pleasing with the other decorations of the room. Applique silhouettes of black taffeta. Attach a black cord and tassel to each end of the shade stick. The effect, especially when the sun shines through this silhouette taffeta shade, is enchanting. FLORA.

Making More Money

"Just Files"

The death of her husband left Mrs. George T. McCracken, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., up against a blank wall, so far as finances were concerned. She had not been educated to earn her own living by stenography or typing or any of the other clerical occupations. She did not feel competent to conduct any business—such as candy-making—which would have to be operated outside her own home and, while her fingers were active in finishing embroidery and other pieces of fancy work, she could not turn out a sufficient volume of work to support herself with the needle.

Knowing that other women had solved similar difficulties by following in their husbands' line of work, or capitalizing some hobby which seemed to be merely a fruitless fancy, Mrs. McCracken began to take painstaking stock of what she knew through association with her husband. Mr. McCracken's business connections did not open any possible road to financial independence for his widow, but his single hobby did.

It was while she was rummaging about the house that Mrs. McCracken came across a packet of bright-colored fishing flies, neatly labeled and set aside for use the next summer. These, as she knew, had cost a considerable sum of money—for Mr. McCracken had been an ardent fisherman and his collection of lures for fish had been the admiration and envy of his associates. Dissecting one of these flies, Mrs. McCracken found that it was very simply constructed. Nothing but a few bits of gay-colored feathers, bound together with waxed thread. In addition, there were several books available on the subject of flies and, within the week, Mrs. McCracken had made up three dozen of the speckled beauties and had found a ready sale for them at one of the local sporting-goods stores. The end of the year found her with a steady and rapidly increasing business, highly specialized and distinctly lucrative.

Tomorrow—Out of the Air

DIAMONDS BOUGHT
LICHTEY'S 6 North 11th St. Door ab. Market
House of Established Reliability
Highest Prices—Value Guaranteed

ASCO ASCO ASCO AMERICAN STORES CO. ASCO ASCO ASCO

In a Single Day Last Week We Sold

478,376

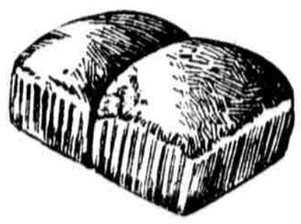
Loaves of "Victor" Bread!

Four hundred and seventy-eight thousand, three hundred and seventy-six loaves of bread, an amount hard to conceive! To enable you to grasp the enormity of such a quantity of bread—it took 500 acres of wheat to produce the flour needed and a train of 8 cars to haul the wheat to the mill.

If these loaves were placed end to end, they would cover a distance of about 106 miles! More than one thousand times higher than Billy Penn's statue at City Hall!

The delicious "Victor" loaf, made from the very finest ingredients, is gaining in popularity by leaps and bounds! Have YOU tried this "different" bread yet?

Be sure to get enough "Victor" Bread this afternoon to last you over New Year's Day and Sunday! Notice how fresh it will keep, even until Monday! Last week we could not supply the demand. Get yours early today and save disappointment.



"Victor" BREAD 8c

—children thrive on it.

Our Stores Will Be Closed New Year's Day
Open Tonight Until 10 o'clock

"Asco" Stores all over Phila. and throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland

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