SOME MEAT SUBSTITUTES ARE GIVEN BY MRS. WILSON

Nut Loaf Baked in the Oven for Fifty Minutes Is Served With Avignon Sauce — Cheese Croquettes of Corn Pudding Are Wholesome

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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Dear Mrs. Wilson—I live in the country about nine months out of the year and cannot seem to buy or get good meat—so I thought I would like to try some meat substitutes—perhaps some made out of nuts. I have an abundance of fresh vegetables which I use very much, but, notwithstanding that, we miss the good meat we have been used to in the city.

I would appreciate it very much if you would publish or send me recipes that can be used in place of meat. Wishing you every success, I am

MRS. C. H.

MANY families plan to use less meat during the spring and summer. However, you do not state in your letter if you can have nearby fresh fish and poultry. I presume these may be had, if desired.

Dried peas, beans and lentils, nuts, cheese, milk, as well as canned and dried fish, will afford an abundant variety of foods when combined with plenty of fresh vegetables.

I would suggest that the above diet be supplemented occasionally with smoked ham or bacon. Various meat leaves, using nuts and cheese, are delicious.

Nut Loaf

Place in a mixing bowl

One and one-half cups of cooked cereal left over from breakfast.
One cup of finely chopped nuts.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
Four tablespoons of bacon fat or melted butter.
Two medium-sized onions, grated.
One-half teaspoon of thyme.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.
One cup of thick cream sauce.
Two well-beaten eggs.

Work until smooth and then pack into well-greased and floured loaf-shaped pan and bake in a slow oven for fifty minutes. Serve this with Avignon sauce.

Avignon Sauce

Place in a saucepan

Two cups of milk.
One-half cup of flour.

Dissolve the flour and bring to a boil. Cook for five minutes and then add

One-half cup of grated onions.
Tiniest bit of garlic.
Two well-beaten eggs.
One-quarter cup of melted butter.

Beat hard to blend and then add four tablespoons of finely chopped parsley and juice of lemon just before serving.

Cheese Croquettes or Cutlets

Place in a saucepan

Two cups of milk.
Seven-eighths cup of flour.

Dissolve the flour and then bring the milk to a boil. Cook slowly for three minutes and then this sauce must be very thick. Now take from the fire and add

One tablespoon of grated onion.
One and one-quarter cups of grated cheese.
One and one-half teaspoons of salt.
One teaspoon of paprika.
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.

Mix so that the hot mixture melts the cheese and then turn on a platter and let cool. Mold into croquettes or cutlets and then roll in flour, dip in beaten egg and roll in fine crumbs. Fry until golden brown.

Dried peas, soup beans and lima beans are delicious when baked without meat. Wash one pound of the variety desired and soak overnight in plenty of warm water. In the morning wash, then place in a saucepan and cover with boiling water and cook slowly until nearly tender.

Turn into a baking pan and then place in a bowl

One can of tomatoes, rubbed through a sieve.
One-half teaspoon of poultry seasoning.
Two-thirds cup of bacon, ham drippings or salad oil.
One-half cup of chopped onions.
Two green peppers, chopped fine.
Four tablespoons of molasses or sirup.
Two level teaspoons of salt.
One level teaspoon of pepper.
One-half level teaspoon of mustard.

Mix well and then pour over the beans and bake for two and one-half to three hours in a slow oven.

Green peppers and tomatoes are delicious when stuffed and baked. Use for a filling

One cup of thick cream sauce.
Two-thirds cup of cottage cheese.
One-half cup of finely chopped nuts.
Two large onions, chopped fine.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
One-half cup of bacon or ham drippings.
One-half teaspoon of poultry seasoning.
One and one-half teaspoons of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.

Mix and then fill into the tomatoes or peppers and round the top high. Place in a baking pan and add just enough boiling water to cover the bottom of the pan well. This will prevent the peppers or tomatoes from bursting. Sprinkle a little grated cheese over the top after the peppers have been in the oven for fifteen minutes. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Corn Pudding

This is very good. Place in a mixing bowl

One and one-half cups of thick cream sauce.
One and one-half cups of corn scraped from the cob—the canned corn may also be used.
One small onion, grated.
Three tablespoons of finely minced parsley.
Three tablespoons of melted butter.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.
Three well-beaten eggs.

Mix and then butter individual custard cups and fill with the mixture. Set in a baking pan and add hot water to half the depth of the cups. Bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes. Serve in the cups. This makes for efficient handling.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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The marriage of Jerry Page and Frances Carter begins on a fifty-fifty basis. Frances paying half the bills. But while Frances was more than satisfied with the arrangement, Jerry, in spite of himself, could not bring himself to like it.

CHAPTER X

The Advent of Clarissa

AS IT happened the Harlowes had actually taken the apartment on the floor below and the first intimation that Frances had of it was one morning shortly after Jerry had spoken of the matter. She was in the midst of her writing when Annie knocked timidly at the door of the room.

Frances had given Annie strict orders that she was not to be disturbed unless it was for something important, so that she looked up rather crossly as Annie, in response to her rather curt "come," opened the door.

"Some one to see you, Mrs. Page. It's a lady, she said in a stage whisper. I think she's just moving in downstairs."

Frances rose with more than her usual curiosity and went into the living room. A very, very slender woman, who had been curled up in a corner of the davenport jumped hastily to her feet and said prettily:

"Oh, Mrs. Page, I hope you'll pardon this intrusion. I'm so sure our husbands know each other and we have just moved into the adjoining flat and I thought that perhaps you would advise me about where to shop and so forth. If it isn't too much trouble. I should be so much obliged."

She spoke in a rather breathless fashion that was not unattractive but which Frances thought affected and she looked up at Frances out of two guileless blue eyes.

"Why, of course," Frances said politely. "I'm so glad to have some one to talk to. We have just moved in, too, and I'm hopelessly provincial. I'm going to phone for my husband to come home but we've been married four years." Clarissa Harlowe extended a slim hand. "Clarissa," said she.

"Clarissa," said Frances, extending her own.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Harlowe," Clarissa turned in a moment as Frances thought was almost furtive fashion to look at the door of the apartment.

"But you can't imagine how I'm getting rattled. You'll have to be charged with my errand. I'm sure to mess over what I have to do."

"Well, you see, I was all alone in the apartment and I didn't like to go out after school, besides there was something else I wanted to do."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Clarissa went on. "Mr. Harlowe told me. You must be expecting your husband."

Frances laughed. She was used to phrases uttered with the same. Almost invariably people would say, "Your husband," or "Is your husband coming?" and she would say, "I haven't any husband." But Clarissa did not. She only looked at her quietly. "Do you find that you can afford the time to attend to your marketing?"

It's such a satisfaction to know that one is getting the best of everything and not paying any more for it."

Frances felt a certain feeling of animosity toward this small blonde person who seemed to be administering a rebuke of sorts, although her eyes were as blue and guileless as ever.

"It doesn't worry me a great deal," she responded. "But I'll get the addresses for you immediately," and she went over to the antique mahogany desk and rummaged for the slips which she kept there tucked away in a cubby hole. She scribbled two addresses on a card for Clarissa and handed them to her.

Clarissa's childish eyes were roving about the apartment.

"You have your place fixed up so attractively," she remarked. "Just as soon as we get to rights you and Mr. Page must come down and have dinner with us. I do hope we'll see a great deal of each other."

Frances knew, with that uncanny intuition women have, that Clarissa was purposely putting her in the wrong. Inasmuch as the Harlowes were moving in, it was her place to ask them to dinner first, and she had no desire to do that. Somehow she felt that she and Clarissa were as far apart as the North and South poles.

(Tomorrow—Jerry Forces an Issue)

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a new device that cuts potatoes for French frying in a marvelously easy manner.
2. When a girdle with looped ends is worn with a taffeta dress, what makes a quaint trimming for these ends?
3. What forms form the handle of a recent pocketholder?
4. Describe a convenient and ornamental dish for holding nuts.
5. How can the wooden squares for a patchwork cover be joined together in a way that adds to the attractiveness of the cover?
6. What is the latest fad in tan kid gloves?

Yesterday's Answers

1. About fifty women are now practicing law in New York city.
2. An unusually attractive bowl for gold fish is amber-colored with a narrow rim of amethyst glass.
3. Leaves of a darker shade of gray velvet, sewed on the brim of a soft gray satin hat, form a striking trimming.
4. A pretty scrap basket can be made from a wire frame for a lamp-shade by selecting a rather long, narrow one, covering it with silk in the same manner as a shade would be made, and making the bottom of silk over very heavy cardboard.
5. A new utensil for chopping vegetables has a firm black handle, attached to five sharp metal blades that fit together in the center.
6. The sleeves and neck of a smart rose linen frock are piped with black patent leather.

Things You'll Love to Make

Plaited Tulle Evening Scarf

This PLAITED TULLE EVENING SCARF is just what you need to throw over your shoulders after a dance. Make a side-plaited band of tulle about sixteen inches long and seven inches wide in the center and graduating to five inches at the ends. Join to each end gathered pieces of the tulle eighteen inches wide and as long as you think will look graceful and becoming to you. Make roses and leaves of silk worsted or tinted metal cloth and fasten a row across the plaited part, also one at each end after gathering in the tulle. This PLAITED TULLE EVENING SCARF is quite captivating when made of a bright color and worn with a more sombre gown.

FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Betty B.

Try, dear, to realize that perhaps for a little girl of fourteen your requests are not as reasonable as those of your sister, who is eighteen. Four years make a great deal of difference. Some day you will be glad you had a mother who had strength enough to say "no," instead of always letting you have your way. It prepares us so much better for the battle of life, dear, to learn when we are young to do without things we want very much.

Says "Wise Guy" Knows Nothing

Dear Cynthia—I never wrote to you before, but after reading "Wise Guy's" letter in last evening's paper I really had to come forth and defend you, which I always will do in the future.

"Wise Guy," you surely don't live up to the name you give yourself. Any one with common sense would never give "Dopey" an ounce of credit. You two sure would make a fine pair of wandering "know nothings," and, believe me, you'd surely get along fine, because yor minds are alike.

You say you pick up the paper and read such trash or mush as Cynthia's. Dear boy, no one compels you to read Cynthia's valuable column. There are plenty of other interesting subjects to read besides Cynthia's column. It is there for those who appreciate and do not slam it. If you don't care for it there are hundreds of others that do. You read it all the same.

You sound as if you never had a love again. Well, if you didn't, keep it to yourself. If you did it must have come around very smoothly or you'd know of what great benefit Cynthia is.

You say you don't blame Cynthia. Why, of course, you do. It's she that publishes the letters you read.

Here's hoping you and "Dopey" will get some sense by and by and sign "Deadhead" hereafter, and don't show your ignorance by signing "Wise Guy." Leave that for the "Buck Private," or "Whizawake" or some one like that.

ADELE.

To "Wise Guy"

Dear Cynthia—A word to "Wise Guy." Say, "Wise Guy," keep off forbidden ground. What do you mean by tramping in on the Woman's Page without wiping the mud off your feet?

And, oh, my word, you see "mush" every place you go. Well, I'll tell you, keep out of the parks at night.

And, if you'd pay fifteen cents instead of fifty for your movies, you'd get the bloodthirsty, Deadeyed Dick tales your blustering nature calls for. Don't knock Cynthia's column. It's an institution and you'll find good advice in it. If you don't like the context confine your literary aspirations to the Sporting Page. It's great stuff. 100 per cent American.

Or perhaps the want ad column commands your attention.

Want to know who's writing? A tall, brown-haired, brown-eyed "regular fellow." I dance and like it. I am not immune to the fair sex. I suppose for all these bad traits I am doomed to perdition.

But I have the self-satisfaction of knowing that I say something when I talk.

"Wise Guy," I like clean-minded people.

As for quoting the sages, I give you the crepe de chine bicycle. Mr. Malaprop.

DAN B.

Uncle Walt Again

Dear Cynthia—Thanking you for your kind acceptance of my former intrusions upon your charming circle of correspondents, I beg space to reply to "Hide-and-Seek's" supplication for forgiveness. In replying to your first request for advice and information I spoke right out as I thought best and without hesitation advised you both to stay at home, forget this fancy notion of going far away to roam by either land or ocean; but when you wrote again, my dears, and in sarcastic vein, you scorned my arguments and tears that you two should remain; I saw that I had erred at first in asking you to stay and bade you go and do your worst. I would not say nay. While not approving of your scheme, to put it very mild, it's not as bad as it would seem, though really very wild. The bet is on, if you will go adventuring on the sea, I much prefer to have it so that you go along with me; so, when I decide again to leave this dear old town of mine and go to sea, you may believe I'll sure drop you a line. And, finally, your little verse I thought was very clever; your skill at rhyme is not so worse, though I'm a critic never. Of course I find it easy to forgive your little joke and I am rather sorry for the hasty way I spoke.

Will Cynthia please give my thanks to "Jean" for her kind words of appreciation of my efforts?

UNCLE WALT.

Maple Widely Used

Maple is one of the woods most used for kitchen floors. It is smooth and very durable, and when oiled is proof against grease and water stains. Longleaf or Georgia pine and Douglas fir or red spruce are other desirable kinds and may be painted or oiled. Any kind of wooden flooring should be well seasoned before it is laid to lessen the shrinkage and swelling due to changes in temperature and atmospheric conditions. Any cracks in the floor should be filled with putty, or better, with one of the special preparations for the purpose.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Some women still cling to the old fashion of having one weekly or monthly day set aside for receiving callers; others, with constantly increasing interests and a larger circle of acquaintances, prefer to have only one or two days "at home" during an entire season. In the latter case, it is customary to have a little program of music and readings. Instead of a formal invitation, the visiting card of the hostess is mailed to each prospective caller a week in advance. In the lower left-hand corner of the card is written the day and date and the afternoon hours—usually "from three to five" or "from four to six." If a distinguished visitor is expected a line is added, "To meet M———."

The hostess receives and introduces the guests. A relative or friend, seated at a table, pours the tea, which is passed around with the usual little cakes by any young men who may be present, or by two or more of the girls.

AN EASY DESIGN TO FOLLOW

Embroidery is still in high favor on street and afternoon frocks, and one sees border designs, separate conventional or flower motifs and every sort of idea used. Beads, wool, silks and mercerized cottons are all good, the choice naturally depending on the material to be embroidered.

A design for the border of a skirt or tunic is shown today, and can be done entirely in outline stitch, beads, French knots or a combination of two or more. It is a good design to combine several different colors in, and another point to recommend it is that it will be easy, if it is used as a border somewhere, to take sections of it for other parts of the dress.

To transfer this design, take a perfectly smooth piece of tissue paper and a soft pencil with a rather sharp point. Fasten the paper firmly over the design and trace the pattern exactly on the tissue paper. After this has been done remove the tissue paper and lay, pencil side down, on the dress material, fastening it securely with thumb tacks. Then go over each part of the design with the pencil again. This second tracing will make the pencil marks on the under side leave an impression on the cloth.

Try this first on some scrap of cloth, until you find just how to handle it best.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Opportunity Is Always Bald Behind

A DEFENDANT in the New York Court of General Sessions has just been granted leave to amend his plea and accept a longer sentence in order that he might go to Sing Sing rather than to Blackwell's Island.

"You get $10 and a suit of clothes when you quit Sing Sing," he said; "You get nothing when you leave the Island."

It is a pity that this forethought of which criminals are usually guiltless (else they would not be criminals) was not exercised before instead of after—yet, how perfectly human.

It is curious when you come to think about it, how many plainly visible things we do not see till some other fellow has seen them, and how at least eleven men out of twelve develop a first-class brand of hind-sight to the one whose foresight is in good working order.

When the Lord placed two eyes in front of each man's head, He evidently intended him to look forward not backward; but most of us to our own great hurt keep on just wantonly ignoring and defeating this purpose of the Almighty.

Consequences are pitiless—and in the life of every man and every woman "un-thoughtfulness" covers a bottomless pit of useless regrets and unavailing remorse.

People succeed and are happy in proportion as they look to the future and work for the future.

The happy-go-lucky man or woman is invariably happy-go-unlucky.

Forethought is the blueprint of life. Life without forethought is like a campaign without a plan. Neither ever results satisfactorily.

A little worry is not at all a bad thing—our poorhouses would not be half so crowded had their inmates done a little more worrying when they were young.

Napoleon's army was the wonder army of the world because every private left room in his knapsack for a marshal's baton.

The man who drifts his way through life never gets anywhere near so much out of it as the man who steers his way through it.

Today does not take care of itself unless you take care of tomorrow.

Look ahead—build for the years to come—make sure you are catching Old Man Opportunity by the forelock. He is always bald behind.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

To M. C. C.

Exercise is the best method of reducing unless you can get a diet from a physician and reduce all over. Swimming, playing basketball and doing wand and dumbbell exercises in a gymnasium will help you. Do not be ashamed of this; if you carry yourself well it will not be conspicuous and probably as you grow older you will lengthen out and this will not be so noticeable.

Effect of Glycerin

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please advise me in regard to glycerine. If used as a massage, what effect has it upon the skin? Will it encourage the growth of hair? Is it advisable to use it regularly?

TOY.

This depends entirely upon your skin. You will have to experiment with it. Some skins cannot stand glycerine at all; they become rough and sore when it is applied, but others are helped by it. If used too frequently, even if helpful to the skin, there is danger of its causing the hair to grow.

To "A Disgusted One"

I am afraid you have been given a very wrong idea of convents. A girl cannot become a nun and continue with her profession. When she takes the veil she gives up everything outside her religious life. And she is never paid anything at all. If you are a Catholic talk to a priest about your trouble at home and he will advise you and help you to find a happier life and home. If you are not a Catholic you could get a room at the Y. W. C. A. if you are determined to leave home. You can get a comfortable room there and you would be free to study or practice your profession without interruption. But you seem to be pretty young to live away from your family when you have a home that you can go to. Can't you have a talk with your parents and tell them how unhappy you are? Surely they would not willingly make you suffer. Don't go away until you have thought it all over very carefully, for you may regret it when it is too late to change your plans. Wait at least until you are twenty-one before you try to go away. Things may look very differently to you then.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"UP A TREE"

By DADDY

CHAPTER IV

Billy's Queer Fish

PEGGY shivered. She hadn't been able to get a good look at the black thing which was climbing the tree toward the roosting birds, but she knew from Billy's alarmed whisper it was something to be feared.

"Climb up higher," said Billy, and he boosted her several branches above where she had been sitting. Billy paused to listen. Yes, there was just the faintest kind of a scraping noise.

"What is it?" asked Peggy. "It looked like a fish."

"Huh! Who ever heard of a fish climbing a tree?" answered Billy. Then he paused for a moment. "But you have given me a good idea," he whispered. "I have my fishline in my pocket, and I guess I'll go fishing."

"But you haven't told me what it is," said Peggy.

"I'm not going to tell you what it is until I catch it," mumbled Billy, who seemed to be chewing on something.

Peggy felt creeps going up and down her back. Billy wouldn't talk that way unless he was scared himself, and it took a lot to scare Billy.

Smack! Crack! went Billy's jaws.

"What are you chewing?" whispered Peggy.

"Gum!" replied Billy. Then he flashed the ray of the electric torch among the sleeping birds. He reached out and plucked loose feathers from the tails of Reddy Woodpecker and Blue Jay, as they slept. Next he took from his pocket fishhooks fastened together and tied to a fishline. Billy wrapped the gum he had been chewing around the hooks and stuck the feathers into the gum. In less than a minute he had made a little bird, with the hooks carefully hidden among the feathers.

"What are you going to do with that?" whispered Peggy.

"I'm going to use it for bait," chuckled Billy, and again he listened for the creature below. Once more came the scraping noise, and then a hiss.

"Oh," shivered Peggy. "It's a——"

"Yes," replied Billy. "It's a——" and wthout waiting to say more he shot the ray of the searchlight downward. It lighted up the place where a few minutes before Peggy had been sitting beside Mr. and Mrs. Robin and Bob-o-Link. There in her place was the dark creature, its head swinging back and forth, its forked tongue going in and out.

Yes, it was a snake—a black snake. No wonder Billy had made Peggy climb higher in such a hurry.

Mr. Snake was after the sleeping birds. That could be seen in one glance. He had his beady eyes on fat Mrs. Robin, and his head was swaying toward her.

Then just as Mr. Snake was ready to grab, something bumped him on the head. It was the fishhook bird. Billy had let it down from above by means of the fishline. Mr. Snake dodged in his surprise. He saw a bird fluttering about and he thought it was just one of the sleepers suddenly awakened. He turned again toward Mrs. Robin.

The saucy bird circled his head and, bang! it thumped him on the nose. That vexed Mr. Snake, but he still thought it just a blundering sleepy bird. It didn't look nearly so tempting as plump Mrs. Robin. So Mr. Snake just gave a low hiss and opened his jaws to grab Mrs. Robin.

Back came the saucy fishhook bird, and smack! it slapped Mr. Snake in the face.

That was too much for Mr. Snake. He got mad in a hurry. He turned away from Mrs. Robin and as the saucy fishhook bird came blundering right into his hungry jaws he grabbed it—grabbed it hard so it couldn't get away.

And then Mr. Snake found himself grabbed. The hooks caught in his jaws and a jerk by Billy fastened them deep.

Right then Mr. Snake suddenly lost his appetite. He didn't want to swallow that fishhook bird. He tried to get rid of it. He pulled back. He thrashed from side to side. And the harder he pulled, and the more he thrashed, the deeper the hooks cut into his jaws.

When he saw he couldn't get loose any other way, Mr. Snake tried to drop to the ground. Then he surely did find himself in trouble. He dropped only a foot or two, then that little bird stopped short and held him hanging in the air. There he was, squirming around beside Cooney Raccoon, and both of them mighty sorry they had gone out hunting birds that night.

Isn't that a queer fix for Mr. Snake and Cooney Raccoon to be in? Do you think they will get out of it? And how? Can you guess what is going to happen in tomorrow's chapter?

THE CALENDAR SENT OUT BY A SUMMER CAMP FOR GIRLS

Brings Back Delicious Memories and Stirs Up Unsettling Desires to Go Back Again and Forget the Rest of the World for a While

"THE camp consists of an eighteen-acre estate bordering on a three-acre lake—the beautiful surrounding country giving to the camp its charm of seclusion," says a calendar advertising a girls' summer camp.

How that description does lure your thoughts away from hints of snappy winter, and promises of languid spring to hopes of sunshiny summer, sparkling water and outdoors.

A canoe gliding modestly along in the shadow of the trees that bend low over the stream.

A spring board inviting you, daring you, to run its length, spring into the air and cut cleanly into that deep, cool water.

Warm sunshine gleaming on first one arm then the other, as you lie contentedly in midstream, swimming just enough to keep yourself going, reaching out lazily with one hand, pulling it back easily, giving a casual kick, floating a minute or two—oh, is there anything so utterly satisfying as that kind of swimming?

That graceful dive followed by a quick dash back to the shore, or out to the float, is exhilarating.

A wonderful sense of your own strength comes from that long, steady swim, from the machine-like regularity of your crawl, or your trudgeon, that speed test or whatever you are clever enough to do.

But how you can rest, how you can relax into joyous freedom from care and worry and everything in the world that you don't like, when you just lie down in the water and swim miscellaneously without getting anywhere!

ISN'T it fun to stop and think about it now, at this time of year?

"Its charm of seclusion"—can't you just see it? Trees all around, making shade enough to be comfortable, without closing it in too much.

Just a little colony of cabins and tents, which you call home for a few weeks or a month, perhaps.

What a delightful feeling it is to go up to the village—for your mail, to buy some stamps, to get a new bathing cap, or some "fixings" for amateur theatricals—and be set apart as "summer people," "girls from that camp," "some of those girls."

"HERE," continues the circular, "girls are given the opportunity to enjoy life in the open and to come in contact with Nature in the most intimate way."

Yes, indeed—on those hikes, for instance, going up a slippery hillside over movable rocks.

How often your knees and your nose come in contact with Nature, then!

And in that little red canoe, the lightest of the "fleet"—three of you together, suppose.

One decides to swap places with another and starts to giggle on the way past her in the middle of the boat.

You get very "inty" with Nature, then, and so do your nice clean, dry jumper and bloomers, the gay cushions, the magazines and the paddles!

THOSE nights when the trees throw dark shadows over the camp and the sky hangs straight down over the lake—don't they make you feel small?

It's so dark, and the stars are so brilliant, and the water swishing ever so gently against the dock has such a tranquil, peaceful sound.

Remember that terrible storm last year, though, when it sounded anything but peaceful, and you wished there weren't quite so many trees around?

YOU forget about it all as autumn comes and winter takes its place.

But in spring, or now, when you're tired and dreamy, and the sun is getting around into your window, it all comes back again.

And, oh, don't you wish it was time to pack up and go to that place which bears the magic name of "Camp"!

A Silk Collar

The frilly collar and cuff set made from a Japanese silk handkerchief is planned to wear on a new white jersey sport blouse. The colors are dull green and white, with little black squares in the corners of the handkerchiefs, and it takes only two to make the set. One handkie is cut in two and the pieces joined for the collar. The cut edges are turned under to form a band, and net footing in tiny pleats is sewed over and over to the hems. Another handkerchief cut in two makes the cuffs.—Modern Priscilla.

For that old-time Buckwheat taste

Heckers'—of course.

It's the buckwheat your grandmother used. Ready for the griddle when mixed with water or milk.

THE HECKER CEREAL CO. NEW YORK

No Stop! Look and Listen!" about POST TOASTIES THE SUPERIOR CORN FLAKES It's Begin! Eat and Finish! —says Bobby

THE SNOW STORM

did not make any difference with us. Our prices still remain the Lowest, and our Quality the Highest.

CITY DRESSED SHOULDERS OF PORK LOINS OF PORK 20c lb.

Shoulders of eYarling Lamb, 12½c lb.
Rib of Yearling Lamb Chops, 12½c lb.
Yearling Lamb for Stewing, 5 lbs., for 25c
Lean Soup or Stewing Beef, 3 lbs., for 25c
3 lbs. Best Country Scrapple, 25c
Fresh ground lean Hamburg Steak, 2 lbs., for 25c
Half Smokes, best money can buy, only—15c lb.
Lean Salt Pork ..... 20c lb.

Fresh Killed Roasting or Stewing Chickens—Special, 35c lb.
Strictly Fresh Eggs Big and Meaty in Cartons 45c doz.
Nice Lean Picnic Hams or Shoulders, only 15c lb.
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ASCO ASCO ASCO AMERICAN STORES CO. ASCO ASCO ASCO

Highest Quality Meats Right Prices

Are you buying your meats at an "Asco" Meat Market? If not, you are missing much in money-saving opportunities and real meat satisfaction.

We ask you today to stop in one of our "Asco" meat markets to do your week-end shopping and let us prove to you we can save you money on your meat bills.

Every piece of meat that passes over our counters must be ***tender, sweet*** *and* ***wholesome*** *before it leaves our stores, thus insuring everyone that they are always certain of receiving the* ***highest quality meats obtainable at the lowest price possible,*** *and, furthermore, we guarantee sixteen ounces to every pound.*

These prices in all our 181 "Asco" Meat Markets

Fresh Pork Shoulders, lb. 14c
Small, Lean and Cut Picnic Style.

Native Beef
Rump or Round Steak lb. 25c | Rump or Round Roast lb. 25c

Milk Fed Roasting and Stewing Chickens lb. 43c

Tender Spring Lamb

Rack Chops	lb. 25c	Breast	lb. 10c
Rib Chops	lb. 35c	Neck	lb. 12½c
Loin Chops	lb. 45c	Shoulders	lb. 22c
Legs Lamb	lb. 35c	Rump Chops	lb. 40c

Thick End Rib Roast lb. 22c | Best Cuts Standing Rib Roast lb. 28c

Lean Soup Beef lb 10c | Large Marrow Bones 5c | Best Sour Krout qt 5c | Lean Boiling Beef lb 12½c

If you are in town today don't fail to visit our Big, New, Combination Grocery and Meat Market now at 239-241 South 10th street. It's worth a visit.

Read Our Grocery Adv. on Another Page

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

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