Delicate Homemade Sweets Are Welcomed in Enthusiastic Manner, Says Mrs. Wilson

Serve a Chocolate Combination That Has a Different Tang to It, Fruit Gingercake or Cottage Pudding With Sauce of Grapes

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE housewife will do well to inaugurate a semi-weekly baking of good, plain homemade goodies. The cool days will give zest to the appetites and the folks will hunger for just a bit of some real good homemade sweet.

Bring out the mixing bowls and molding board and rolling pin and mix and bake for the loved home ones those satisfying goodies that ever linger in the minds of men and women in after years—the cakes and pies that mother makes.

Marble Cake

Place in a mixing bowl

One and one-quarter cups of sugar.
One-half cup of butter.
Yolks of three eggs.

Cream until light and fluffy and then add

Three cups of sifted flour.
Four level teaspoons of baking powder.
One-half level teaspoon of salt.
One-half level teaspoon of nutmeg.
One level teaspoon of vanilla extract.
One cup of milk.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into a well-greased and floured pan. Reserve about one cupful of batter in a bowl. To this cup of batter add six level tablespoons of cocoa and beat hard to thoroughly mix.

Now spread the batter in the baking pan high on the side and leave the hollow part in the center. Pour in the batter in a bowl and then spread the golden part over, making quite smooth on top. Bake in moderate oven for fifty minutes.

A New Devil Food Cake

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of sugar.
One-half cup of syrup.
One-half cup of shortening.
Yolks of two eggs.

Cream well and then add

Three and one-half cups of flour.
Four level teaspoons of baking powder.
One-half level teaspoon of salt.
One-half cup of cocoa.
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon.
One teaspoon of vanilla.
One and one-quarter cups of milk.

Beat hard to blend thoroughly and then pour in two well-greased and floured deep layer-cake pans and spread evenly. Bake in moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Put together with filling prepared as follows:

Place in a saucepan

One and one-half cups of sugar.
One-half cup of evaporated milk.

Stir to dissolve the sugar, then bring to a boil and cook until the mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water or until 245 degrees Fahrenheit is reached on the candy thermometer. Now pour in a fine stream upon the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Beat hard and then add

One cup of marshmallow whip.
One teaspoon of vanilla.

Spread between the cake and reserve about one-third to ice the top.

To the icing reserved for the top of cake add five tablespoons of cocoa and then spread on cake. Dip the spatula in boiling water to spread icing smoothly on top of cake.

Fruit Gingercake

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of molasses.
One cup of brown sugar.
Two-thirds cup of shortening.
Two eggs.

Cream until thoroughly blended and then add

Four cups of sifted flour.
Four level tablespoons of baking powder.
One-half level teaspoon of salt.
One level teaspoon of cinnamon.
One-half level teaspoon of allspice.
One-half level teaspoon of cloves.
One level teaspoon of ginger.
One-half cup of cocoa.
One cup of black coffee.
One-half package of seedless raisins.
One cup of chopped apples.
One cup of finely chopped prunes, stones removed.
One and one-half cups of finely chopped nuts.

Mix and then turn into well-greased and floured baking pan and spread smoothly on top. Bake in slow oven for one hour. Let cool and then ice with water icing.

Fruit Slices

Place in a mixing bowl

Four and one-half cups of sifted flour.
One-half cup of sugar.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
Three level tablespoons of baking powder.

Sift to mix, then rub in one-half cup of shortening and mix to a dough with one cup of milk. Roll out on floured pastry board in an oblong about one-quarter inch thick. Spread with

One-half package of seedless raisins.
One-half cup of brown sugar.
One cup of finely chopped nuts.

Dust well with cinnamon. Roll tightly as for jelly roll and then cut in slices three-quarters of an inch thick. Place in well-greased and floured baking sheet and bake in hot oven for twenty minutes. Ice when cold with water icing.

Grape Cottage Pudding

Place in a mixing bowl

Two-thirds cup of sugar.
Six tablespoons of shortening.
One egg.

Cream well and then add:

Two cups of flour.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
Four teaspoons of baking powder.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.

Beat to a smooth batter. Pour into an oblong pan which has been well greased and floured, spreading smoothly. Cover the top with stemmed and washed grapes which have been turned on cloth to dry before using. Bake in moderate oven for thirty-five minutes. Cut in squares and lift from pan with griddle cake turner and serve with grape sauce.

Grape Sauce

Place one and one-half cups of stemmed grapes in saucepan and add

One cup of water.

Cook until grapes are very soft, then rub through sieve to remove skins and seeds. Return to saucepan and add:

Two-thirds cup of sugar.
Five level tablespoons of cornstarch dissolved in four tablespoons of water.

Stir to blend thoroughly. Bring to boiling point. Cook for five minutes and add one tablespoon of butter and serve. Garnish the grape cottage pudding with hard sauce.

Swiss Apple Sauce

Place in mixing bowl

One and three-quarters cups of flour.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
Four level teaspoons of baking powder.
Four tablespoons of sugar.

Sift to mix and then add

Four tablespoons of shortening.
One cup of water.

Beat to a smooth batter and then turn in well-greased and floured deep layer-cake pan. Now cover top thickly with sliced apples, standing the apples on end in dough. Now cover top of apples with very thick well-sweetened apple sauce. Sprinkle apple sauce with brown sugar. Bake in moderate oven for thirty-five minutes.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

A Proud and Happy Mother

"My son!" as the phone rang at the beach resort, and the old lady jumped up, blushing like a flapper, and bustled into the hall.

"Yes," she beamed, returning to the porch, "since the day he left me to be married he telephones me every morning—just to see how I am. He has never been too busy, never grown too big, never become too important to remember his old mother."

And one of the rocking chair brigade remarked: "When they turn out like that they're worth the trouble of bringing them up."

"Are they!" from the still beaming little woman. "Is there any greater pleasure or joy than a devoted child? Is there any reward on earth greater than that of a proud and happy mother? Worth it indeed!"

And for the rest of the day that woman radiated the joy and the happiness that had come to her through a call on the telephone.

All those years of care and sacrifice, all the constant giving of herself into the new life, the daily self-denial—all repaid and with good measure by a daily phone call!

How much a mother gives as a matter of course and how little it takes to "repay" her!

What a tiny fragment of the love that she has showered upon us all our lives will make her world a place where the sun is always shining, where the dawn brings gladness and sleep finds her with tears of happiness in her eyes and a benediction on her lips.

God bless you, son—we'll add ours to her prayers for not forgetting to do that tiny bit that makes her a proud and happy mother.

The Woman's Exchange

Stove Needs Attention

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly let me know what can be done to prevent an oil stove from smoking. The stove and wick are cleaned every day, but it still smokes.

Also what will clean a brass bed?

A CONSTANT READER.

Have you tried putting a new wick in the stove? If you have done this, and have also seen that the stove and wick are kept clean, there must be something wrong mechanically, and I would advise you to have a man who knows about these things come and examine it. It should not smoke like this, and the matter ought to be looked into, as you are not getting the proper results from the stove, and it is also dangerous.

It would be much simpler to buy a brass polish to use for the bed than to go to the trouble of mixing all the ingredients for one yourself. And the cost is virtually the same.

A Girl of Fourteen

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you suggest a gift for a child of fourteen? Something that is not too small a price. It is to be a birthday gift from the parents.

What should a child of fourteen (a girl) weigh? If she is below weight, what could be done to build her up?

Could you suggest some new amusement or fad for her to take up, as time sometimes hangs heavily on her hands? She has tried many things, such as stamp-collecting, etc. T. G.

A girl fourteen would treasure a pretty handbag. Or, if she is fond of writing letters (and this is often the letter-writing age), she would love to have a small writing-portfolio that holds pad, pen and pencil and has pockets for stationery and envelopes. Handkerchiefs, too, would be very acceptable, or book-ends, so that she can keep a few of her favorite books in her room.

I cannot tell you what she should weigh, as weight varies with height. But if she seems to need building up, see that she gets plenty of milk, butter and eggs and eats an adequate portion of good, solid foods, besides her sweets. Encourage her to take an interest in athletics of some kind at her school, either gym work or basketball or tennis. Being in the fresh air and getting lots of sleep will also help her.

There is a most fascinating sort of hobby which I am sure she would enjoy, and that is collecting postmarks. It is surprising how many one may find from different places for friends are always ready to help out by giving any they may have. And she will get lots of fun out of pasting them in a book, with a page for each different State, as the book will keep growing all the time.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

When invited to dinner or supper it is good manners for the guest to accept whatever is passed around the table. Certain meats, vegetables and fruit—perhaps parsnips or onions or pork or bananas—are disliked by some persons. But whatever the reason for dislike, the proper thing to do is to take a portion on the dinner plate and leave it there untouched and without any comment. This is a matter of courtesy, since an uttered refusal would seem to be a condemnation of the hostess' taste or an unspoken criticism of the food.

No one is obliged to eat anything personally distasteful, but it is rude to emphasize the distaste by an open rejection; worse still, by giving detailed reasons why this or that food happens to be individually disagreeable. Neither the hostess nor any one else should make remarks about the untasted food on the plate, since that only invites the attention of the whole table to the guest's abstention.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Advice to "Heart-Broken"

Dear Cynthia—"Heart-Broken," seventeen years of age, should wait until she is at least three years older before she becomes infatuated with even a single young man. She writes, "I met a fellow" (never use the word fellow; it is very, very common) "a few days ago. I found out he was married." In my opinion it was her duty to go at once to his wife and say to her, "I came to you as soon as I learned he belonged to another." You surely are very wrong in meeting him again under any conditions. He is a vile wretch. Your friend Cynthia is giving you the best advice: "the sooner you put both out of your mind the better." But my advice is as above. See the wife first, tell her how sorry you are and promise her never to speak to him again and treat him as you would a scorpion in your path. Put yourself in the wife's place. How would you feel and how would you wish her to act? DAVID L. W.

"Little Girl's" Letter Helped Her

Dear Cynthia—I, too, would like to express my admiration of the manner in which "Little Girl" divulges her sentiments toward fame. Your letter was so simple and sincere, "Little Girl," that it appealed to all without hurting any one. You truly have the gift of understanding, and what a goodly gift it is. And the lack of it is seldom felt until circumstance pushes matters to a crisis, when realizations almost invariably come too late.

I, too, had a friend—a wonderful friend. He was not quite so famous as "Little Girl's" writer, but quite eminent in his own circles—a "mogul 'mong his fellows." From casual acquaintances we drifted into that puzzling state called friendship, and then—we became more than friends.

Intuition warned me that we should be parted, although I had no definite reasons for thinking so. Fate, feeling quite kindly toward intuition, did part us and further ordained that we do not see each other for quite some time. If we met, I wonder how he would act. Improbabilities often become realities and former realities become future improbabilities. It works both ways. I am not disillusioned; I merely bewail the lack of understanding at the critical moment. However, I wish to thank "Little Girl" for helping me to realize circumstances, for, "Little Girl," you certainly helped. TIGER.

"Tennessean" to "Nancy"

Dear Cynthia—Just a belated paragraph or two to "Nancy."

Well, Nan, you sure got me by the horns this trip, and no mistake. Like myself, you hail from Missouri, symbolically speaking, as they say in Boston, so they told me in Bullsgap, and therefore, quite naturally, you want to be shown that the "Tennessean" I tacked on to the tail of my splurge is legitimate. Now, for the life of me, I can't think how to thaw your skepticism (there's a nice phrase), so for the present we will just let on that my title, like the "Plebe's" poetry, doesn't mean anything and let it go at that.

The matter of my notions on Philadelphia girls I will probably make the excuse for another letter, so as to treat the subject up, down and across.

Now for the dotty walk.

In my last I sort of hinted that some of the "columnae" probably wrote under, to give a rough estimate, two or more pen names. Well, if the truth must out, and it must, for truth is beauty and beauty desirable, which none can gainsay, be it known that the "Plebe" is, in my mind, at least a reincarnation of the once verbose but now happily silent "Sophist." I make this charge, not for sensation's sake, without grounds, but only after a minute comparison of the style and matter of the latter's "essays," as he dubbed them, unfortunately, for such they were not, as I would testify were you to ask me, with the "Plebe's" latest "masterpieces of nothingness," as I am, on the whole, tempted to call them quite amply, I think.

"McWhizzburgh" has printed at least one letter under another name, which, for the moment, I dismember, except, my dears, that it had a classical flavor. Too, I fear me, "Heartbreaker" is still among us in, of course, a new guise, which, naturally, goes without saying. "Dan B.," I am led to suppose, is "Kensington," "Western Girl" (not the one I mentioned last week, but another bearing the same handle) has a counterpart in "Miss Quito," "Observer," "Spectator" and "Looker-On" are a trinity united in one person, if the conclusions drawn from my investigations are correct. "Dopey" I am not sure of, but I suspect him of divers indiscretions. Have I met "Mens Temporum" before? I can't place "Mr. 24," but there are others.

Has no one else but myself been struck with the similarity of expression in groups of different letters, forsooth?

A TENNESSEAN.

(And a nut at that, I allow.)

Unique Draped Sash a New Fashion Idea

By CORINNE LOWE

For some time past the sash has been the Miss Lulu Bett of the fashion household. Like that spinster of modern fiction, it has not much life of its own and is always at the beck and call of some other part of the costume. Now its particular chore is to add a side panel or two, effecting the desired unevenness of skirt hem, and again we see it humbly contributing to the drapery over the hips.

Frequently, indeed, the sash is cut in one with the bodice, a trick valuable for its lack of definition of the waist line. With one of these incorporated sashes the frock or coat is often as straight up and down as it might have been without such addition.

The above charming new model of geranium red crepe de chine shows the sash in one with the corsage as the outstanding feature of an autumn frock, notable otherwise for the graceful drapery posed over a knife plaited skirt of self-fabric and for the dainty collar of embroidered ecru tulle.

A NEW TREATMENT OF FUR

Photo by Joel Feder

On this coat the usual fur collar slyly lengthens itself into a stole effect that reaches down to the very edge of the skirt. And kimono sleeves give the loose fashion that is so desired in a wrap of this sort. These same sleeves have generous flaring cuffs of the fur, which is a soft Keramic. It is easy to see that, topped with a velvet toque, the costume is "smart enough for anything"

The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Theodora Caldwell has become engaged to Jimmy Bland and to her surprise is not happy about it. She tells her employer, Richard Blakeslee, that she is leaving to be married and he refuses to let her go. They have a battle of words and Theo apparently wins out. But then the unexpected happens and Blakeslee carries her off on his yacht, not because he is interested in her as a woman, but because he needs her services on a business trip. What happens then is interesting, for Blakeslee sees Theo for the first time as a woman instead of an office machine, and when she refuses to do any work for him he is at a loss to know what to do. The propeller of the boat is broken during a storm.

CHAPTER XX

Facing the Truth

THEO had determined that morning, as she donned her plain office suit, to go back to her job as Richard Blakeslee's secretary. He had forced her into it with his insinuations of the night before, and although it meant giving in to him, her self-respect demanded that she establish business relations between them immediately.

But it was not easy.

A single day had been enough to make her realize that she loved beautiful clothes. She had luxuriated in them as any other girl would have done and it took will power to don the tailored blouse and the old blue suit when she might have worn silk sport clothes.

She had balked though at putting on her severe little toque. It was so entirely inappropriate for wear on shipboard, and because she had nothing else she went bareheaded.

She had determined to have breakfast and immediately afterward to present herself to Mr. Blakeslee with the request that they begin work. But Mrs. Breen's news of the broken propeller knocked all of her carefully laid plans askew.

"It looks as though Mr. Blakeslee's plans would be interfered with after all, doesn't it?" she observed, ignoring Mrs. Breen's reference to her clothes.

"I don't know; it depends, of course, on how much damage has been done. It may mean that we'll have to turn back, that it wouldn't be wise to go on such a long trip, even if the men manage to patch up the trouble."

Theo's heart leaped exultantly.

What a revenge that would be! To have to turn back now after all her pleading had been in vain, to have to admit himself defeated after his refusal to do as she asked, that would be worth all that she had suffered.

"Of course you would be pleased if we did turn back, wouldn't you?" asked Mrs. Breen.

Theo smiled, but did not answer. In spite of Mrs. Breen's cordiality she did not entirely trust the woman and she imagined her quite capable of carrying tales.

She went below for a hasty breakfast served to her by a rather harassed steward who looked as though he were bursting to talk and didn't quite dare. She encouraged him by a few questions and he told her that their position was rather dangerous. He had heard the captain tell Mr. Blakeslee that the propeller would be impossible to fix without help, and inasmuch as they had drifted out of their course, there was not much likelihood of their meeting a ship of any kind.

"But there's really no danger, is there?" Theo asked.

The steward shrugged his shoulders. There was no immediate danger, he supposed, but it wasn't the pleasantest thing in the world to be helpless and at the mercy of another storm that might happen to blow up at any time. Theo went up on deck afterward with varying emotions stirring in her heart. If the broken propeller were as serious as the steward had led her to believe, there was no doubt of the fact that Mr. Blakeslee would make for shore as soon as he could. That meant Jimmy and a return to the old life. But the prospect of it was not at all what it should have been.

She tried to force herself to think of him tenderly, and she succeeded only in remembering him in his most unflattering moments. His weakness no longer appealed to the maternal in her, and the thought of marriage with him evoked in her not only doubt, but shuddering distaste.

(Tomorrow—The Enemies Meet.)

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What unusual distinction is attached to Mrs. Mary Klump, of Allentown, Pa.?
2. In wringing clothes out of hot starch what method will protect the hands from burning and take out the excess starch?
3. When a modern bench takes the place of the old-fashioned stool at the piano what new use can be made of the stool?
4. What was the "Black Hole of Calcutta"?
5. One of the new materials for coats is called cachmireine. What is this fabric made of?
6. What is a popular new color for autumn clothes?

Yesterday's Answers

1. An inexpensive fly screen of the round type to be placed over dishes can be painted white, decorated with flowers painted on the screen, and adorned with a paper butterfly fastened to the top.
2. If a ball of crochet thread keeps coming unwound, snap a rubber band around it to keep it in place.
3. A charming silhouette lampshade of silk is made by pasting a design cut out of thin black silk on the inside of a plain silk shade so that it shows when the light is on.
4. Izaak Walton was the "Father of Angling."
5. A good-looking new coat for winter has the becoming raglan sleeves that were so popular a few seasons ago.
6. Measurement for the hips should be taken six and a half inches below the waist.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Judge Sense

By DADDY

Bobby Bouncer, the rubber ball, gets a black eye when Bubby Bully throws him into a mud hole. He goes to the Mysterious Garden to see what Judge Sense can do about stopping Bubby Bully from meanly smashing the toys. Jack and Janet go with him.

CHAPTER II

The Battered Toys

BOBBY BOUNCER guarded his black eye very carefully. As he bounded and rolled through the paths of the Mysterious Garden to show Judge Sense what Bubby Bully had done to him, he kept the eye away from bushes or sticks or stones.

Janet was sorry for him "Does it hurt a lot?" she asked. "I've heard that cold water is good for a black eye. I'll wash it for you in the garden fountain."

"You will do nothing of the sort," growled Bobby Bouncer from the frowning side of his face. Then he chuckled from the smiling side of his face. "You might wash off the black eye, and then what would I have to show Judge Sense?"

They went along until they came to the shop of Mr. Pieman. They found Mr. Pieman making mud pies, which he did for fun after a hard day's work cooking real pies and other goodies.

"Where are you going so fast?" asked Mr. Pieman.

"We are going to see Judge Sense," answered Jack.

"Oh, ah! That is awful!" cried Mr. Pieman in alarm. Jack and Janet stared at him in surprise. What was so awful about going to see Judge Sense? "Have you been naughty in school, or did you lay abed in the morning after being called?"

"No," answered Jack and Janet together. "We have been good children."

"Oh, that is different," said Mr. Pieman, his face lighting up with relief. "Good children have nothing to fear from Judge Sense."

"I am going to tell Judge Sense about the black eye given me by that bad boy, Bubby Bully," explained Bobby Bouncer.

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Pieman, joining them, not waiting even to wash his hands, which were muddy from the mud pies. "I want to tell Judge Sense how that mean Bubby Bully treated a mud pie I left baking in the sun outside the garden wall. He threw it all over little Joe Allen's clean suit."

Deep in the garden they came upon a potato patch. In the potato path was a farmer dressed in blue overalls and wearing a broad straw hat. He was busily hoeing.

"Hello, Judge Sense," cried Bobby Bouncer. "I want you to judge Bubby Bully for giving me a black eye."

Judge Sense looked up from his hoeing.

"But who will hoe my potatoes while I am judging Bobby Bully for giving you a black eye?" he asked.

"Mr. Pieman will," answered Bobby Bouncer. Mr. Pieman was so surprised at this that he took the hoe which Judge Sense gave him and began to hoe the potatoes.

As Judge Sense came out of the potato patch, toys began to appear from the many paths that led through the garden. All were battered and bruised, and some were broken. Jumping Jack had only one leg; Jointed Mule's tail was gone; Wooden Elephant had lost an ear; B Alphabet Block was cut and nicked.

"Judge Sense, we want you to judge bad Bubby Bully!" cried all the battered toys.

"That I will, but where is the prisoner?" said Judge Sense. Bobby Bouncer and the other toys looked blankly at each other. "Why, he isn't a prisoner; he is running loose smashing toys," they answered.

"Go and catch him!" ordered Judge Sense.

"He is too big for us to catch him," wailed all the toys.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to catch him myself," growled Judge Sense. Jack and Janet wondered how he would catch Bubby Bully, for Judge Sense was no larger than the toys themselves.

"I'll show you how to catch bad boys," said Judge Sense, answering their question without their speaking it aloud. "I'll trap Bubby Bully!"

(The clever way in which Judge Sense traps Bubby Bully will be told tomorrow.)

Nasty-Tasting Medicine Is Always Disguised in Sweet Orange Juice

You Can Conceal the Businesslike Prescription of Deep Breathing for Frazzled Nerves and Throats in Singing Lessons

SWIMMING is recommended by physical culture and beauty experts as a remedy for almost anything.

If you are too fat, try swimming. It wears off all superfluous flesh and trims you down to neat, well-developed, firm flesh.

If you are thin, try swimming. It fills out your muscles, hardens your flesh and swells out your chest.

If you are pale, nervous, weak in any way, try swimming. It will cure all.

Singing is another remedy for which just as many good results have been claimed—and proved.

Not just singing a breathy badly placed tune or humming a bumblebee-like sound as you go about your duties in the house, but real singing, taught by a good teacher.

Of course, it is somewhat expensive, if you have no voice that you can use later on to earn back the money spent.

But as a restorative for frazzled nerves, or sunken chests, an upbuilder for will power, or helpful treatment for asthma and trouble of that kind, singing lessons are quite worth their cost.

IN SINGING there comes a soothing feeling of calm with a long-sustained note, held on a deep breath, that seems to send a glow throughout the whole system.

One whose lungs are constantly being filled and held full, whose chest is always held high cannot hang on to a poor flat little chest for very long.

It just naturally raises itself up and stays that way.

And you cannot help gaining control over your nerves and your impulses when you are learning to sing.

It is absolutely necessary to control the low voice that would much rather grumble along on easy notes, and make it soar higher and higher; the high voice would be a wishy-washy, vanilla ice-cream kind of thing if it were not for the will power which brings it under control and gives it depth and sincerity.

And how that deep, sustained breathing clears up the air passages in the nose and throat!

THERE are actual cases of persons who were sufferers from asthma getting relief when they took up singing.

And one of our great singers was a man who had been threatened with tuberculosis before he learned to sing.

Of course, these lessons taken for the purpose of building up the singer physically are not especially pleasant for the teacher; the tones produced are not sweet, vibrant notes that bring tears to the eyes. Some of them might have that effect, but not from that cause!

The reason for this benefit is the same in singing as it is in swimming—deep breathing is absolutely necessary when you indulge in either "sport."

IF SOME one tells a woman to take deep-breathing exercises to develop a beautiful neck she is disgusted, because that seems like work. But if some one tells her to swim for a beautiful neck, she goes at it with enthusiasm, because that seems like fun.

And if you say to a person whose nerves are all on edge, whose self-control is gone, whose health is poor, "take some regular deep-breathing exercises," she thanks you, but prefers the medicine she has been taking.

If you say, "Learn to sing, develop your voice," she gets her money out of the bank and hustles off to a singing teacher.

The result would be just the same, but oh, the difference in the method!

It's like taking nasty-tasting medicine disguised in orange juice.

Things You'll Love to Make

A more becoming or more practical frock than this ONE-PIECE PLAY FROCK cannot be found for little sister. Measure off a piece of material twice as long as the length from shoulder to hem. Chambray or sateen is suitable material. Fold the material into halves crosswise. Cut out the kimono-shaped pattern shown. Bind all edges. Stitch a few snap fasteners on each side just below the sleeves. Finish with bands of contrasting color. A ONE-PIECE PLAY FROCK is fetching worn over bloomers that show below the hem. FLORA.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Long Legs

Leaving aside the question of running and walking ability, is it possible to tell what kind of work a man or girl is suited for by the length of his or her legs?

It is, within certain limits. The legs won't indicate absolutely, but with other characteristics they help to decide the question. Long-legged persons belong to a different type from short-legged ones, but you should keep in mind that the legs are not the only indication of the two types, and sometimes the story that the legs tell is overbalanced by the reading of the hair, the shape of the body, the texture of the skin and other points. But other things being equal, long-legged persons work better in a job where they are brought in contact with many people. They thrive better in the daily rush and bustle of business than in a sequestered nook. When placed in executive positions their tendency is to obtain their ends by positive control and discipline, rather than by influencing others. They are commanders rather than stimulators and suggesters.

They are more likely to arrive at their conclusions through abstract reasoning than through instinct and desire. They're more likely to like the job (and hence be more efficient in it) that holds out rewards of wealth, praise and power rather than pleasant surroundings and ease. And as a rule they're better suited for work that requires initiative rather than conservatism.

For instance, other things being equal, a long-legged girl is more valuable to a store behind the counter than behind a typewriter in the accounting department.

Tomorrow—"The Crown of Justice"

Skirt Measure

A good skirt measure is made of very heavy cardboard 5 by 8 inches, cut to form steps, the first step being four inches high and one inch in depth. Cut each step one inch high and one deep and this will give five lengths for the skirt. Set the wide bottom on the floor and slip under the hem at the desired notch, marking with tailor's chalk.—McCall's.

Madam!

Visit an Asco Store at once. Here are four of this week's Specials:

Best Pure Lard..lb 12½c
Calif. Lima Beans..lb 8c
Pure Catsup, 3 bots 25c
Sunsweet Prunes, 3 lbs 25c

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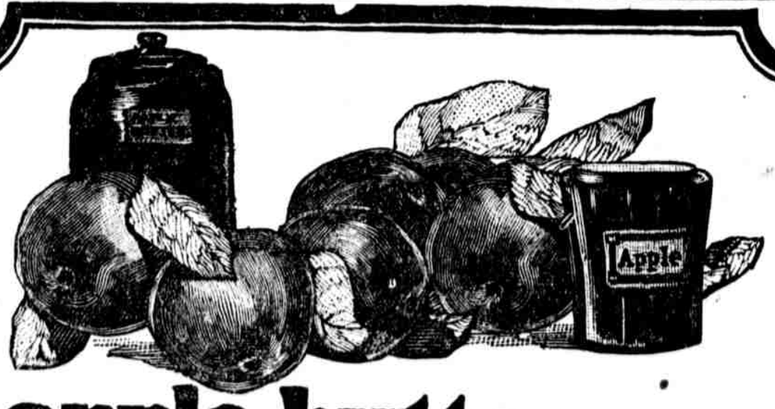
Value Supreme is in every packet of "SALADA" TEA

Every little leaf will yield its full quota of generous 'goodness'. Sold in sealed packets only.



apple butter - apple jelly

A crock of apple butter—spicy and fragrant—clear sparkling apple jelly, apple sauce for pies and tarts—you'll want them all year round so do up plenty of apples.

In all your preserving use Franklin Granulated Sugar—it comes to you in sturdy cartons and strong cotton bags protected from flies and dust.

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company
"A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use"
Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup.