"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery, after battling with herself for several days, decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once been in love with another man. She discovers that Dane is very narrow in his ideas about women, and that he is looking to her to exert an influence over Julie, his little butterfly sister. Julie likes Hawthorne, who uses her influence to keep her from being sent back to boarding school. But when Julie confesses that she has fallen in love with a man much older than she is, Hawthorne is doubtful as to the wisdom of her interference. In the meantime a question of independence of action arises between Dane and Hawthorne. Hawthorne goes to dinner and the theatre with Janet Meade knowing that Dane disapproves, and the play is based on the subject of a wife who keeps a secret from her husband, Hawthorne feels that this is prophetic.

CHAPTER XIV

The Lie

THE fact that I stood for my independence of action once with Dane means that I shall have to go on with it. No matter how difficult it is for me to displease him, I must make it clear that my attitude was not merely one of stubbornness and a desire to have my own way, but a course that I had mapped out for myself.

I long to do what he wants me to do, but I want to keep my individuality. I feel that is the only way for a woman to hold a man's love, and I can't talk about it to Dane for I feel that he would not understand. He would laugh and call me fanciful and tell me that he would always love me. But it is the thing in a woman that he has not quite mastered that fascinates him most. Any woman who has thought about the subject will admit the truth of this.

Dane is very eager for me to be friendly with his mother, and although I don't like Mrs. Merrill, I am ashamed of myself for feeling as I do. And I am determined to conquer my dislike.

I went to see her yesterday. I was hoping that Julie would be there, but she was nowhere to be seen and Mrs. Merrill received me alone. I felt so young and foolish in her presence. She has a habit of narrowing her eyes and compressing her lips the minute I say anything enthusiastic. I feel her disapproval intuitively, and it makes me feel awkward and unlike myself.

"Julie seems to be making a pattern of you," she said to me in her cold voice. "I hope you appreciate what it means to have a girl of her age influenced so strongly by your personality."

"I hope I am worthy of it," I murmured.

"Who is that man you introduced to her?" she asked after a moment of silence.

I wrinkled my brows trying to remember.

"He was here to dinner the other evening."

In a flash I remembered. Julie's sweet young voice was echoing in my ears.

"I've asked him to dinner, but, of course, I had to tell mother a lie about how I met him."

I felt the color rushing into my face under the steady glance of Mrs. Merrill's cold blue eyes. What was I to do? I could not desert Julie, and yet if I let Mrs. Merrill believe that I had introduced the two, I would in a sense be responsible for this man I had never seen. It was taking a great chance, and I was suddenly angry with Julie for playing such a trick on me. Somehow it did not seem like her. She was always so open and aboveboard, so frank. There was a certain sweet, childishness about the expression of her wide brown eyes. Surely she must care a very great deal about this man to have been able to do this thing, and I couldn't go back on her now, I couldn't!

Yet what could I say to Mrs. Merrill? With a sickening sense of not knowing what to say, I suddenly remembered that I did not even know the man's name. Why had Julie placed me in such a position? Surely, if she had wanted me to help her, she might at least have told me about it.

All this time Mrs. Merrill had been looking at me, and I was certain now that she suspected something. I suddenly took my courage in my hands and smiled as though I knew at last who it was.

"Oh, yes, Julie told me she had asked him to dinner. Didn't you like him?" My remark sounded false and unnatural. Would Mrs. Merrill see through it and would she say something that would force me to admit that I know nothing about this man and had never even seen him?

Tomorrow—Julie Explains

Mrs. Wilson Gives the Three Ways of Making a Good Cup of Coffee

Mocha Is the Name of a Certain Kind of Bean, but the Berry Does Not Come From That Place

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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COFFEE is probably the only single beverage, or food, that is universally used in every country and clime, and yet you will hear so very many folks say that they rarely have a delicious and steaming hot cup of fragrant coffee that is limpid and clear.

The name "coffee," as applied to the berry of the coffee plant, was derived from a district in Abyssinia, Africa, called Kaffa. Kaffa was roasted and made into a beverage for centuries in that country before it was introduced into the other civilized parts of the world. Today, in its native country, furniture.

luxuriant furniture.

Tradition accredits the discovery of coffee to an Arabian priest who brewed the beverage to keep his monks awake during the nocturnal devotions. Coffee was unquestionably carried from Africa to Arabia, and there is a story that a dervish, early in the year of 1275, having been driven out of Mocha, was surrounded by enemies in the mountains, and, unable to hunt for food, gathered some coffee berries, parched them and steeped them in water to allay thirst. Thus he accidentally discovered the thirst-quenching and invigorating properties of the coffee plant.

From this discovery the city of Mocha, located on the banks of the Red Sea, rapidly grew in importance as a port for shipping coffee. Hence the discovery of the brewing of coffee beans, after parching them, quickly spread over the whole country.

Mocha coffee is a commercial name given to a certain grade of coffee, which produces a small evenly shaped bean. It does not and never did come from Mocha. The port of Mocha, used as a shipping port for the coffee grown in the interior, which was of a distinctive type, has brought the term Mocha into prominence.

In 1690 the Governor of the Dutch East India Company instructed Governor Van Horn, of Batavia, to procure seeds and plants of the true coffee tree and to endeavor to cultivate it in his community. So successfully did this enterprise flourish that plants in full bloom were sent to the botanical gardens in Amsterdam and thence by propagation to every garden and hothouse of the influential persons of Europe.

The plant, being then considered a rare species, was much valued. It was from these original plants that sprouts were taken to American continents early in the year 1713-1714.

The Spanish in America secured some plants from the coffee tree in Martinique, about 1750, and commenced the cultivation of this invigorating beverage in Cuba, Porto Rico and other Spanish possessions.

The cultivation of coffee in Brazil dates back to 1732. The plants and seedlings came to this country from the French colony at Cayenne. They were secured, by stealth, from the Dutch colony at Surinam.

From this humble beginning to a harvest of over a billion pounds a year seems like a far-fetched story, and yet an exceedingly true and interesting story, for around it is built the long and patient search for the varieties that blended best, to produce a smooth and well-flavored beverage that would carry an aroma to inveigle the appetite.

The coffee that is roasted today has brought the blending of coffee to a fine art, indeed, and with ordinary care, one may brew a cup of satisfying coffee that will quench the thirst and please the palate.

How to Make a Good Cup of Coffee

Three popular methods of brewing coffee today give the housewife a choice from which to secure the results which she desires. The three methods are: First, boiling; second, percolating; third, drip or steaming method.

All three methods will give you a spleddid cup of coffee. A word about the coffee pot is quite important.

Select a pot that pleases you and see that it is kept scrupulously clean in the following manner:

Rinse the pot with cold water and then fill with boiling water and let stand for a few minutes and then drain. It is ready to use for making the cup that cheers and invigorates.

Boiled Coffee

The old-fashioned coffee pot still has its devotees, who declare that for a cup of steaming fragrant coffee one must use this pot. There are two ways of preparing the old-fashioned coffee. They are still popular, so both will be given.

The Cold Water Method

Prepare the coffee pot as directed and then measure in the required amount of finely ground coffee and add sufficient cold water. Place on the stove and heat slowly to the boiling point and cook for three minutes. Now add

One-quarter cup of cold water.
Pinch of salt.

Stir vigorously for a few minutes and then set to the side of the stove to settle; in three minutes it is ready to serve.

Boiling Water Method

Prepare not as directed and then add the required amount of coffee. Cover with boiling water and boil for five minutes, then add

One-half cup of cold water.
Pinch of salt.
One-quarter cup of crushed eggshells.

Whip up hard in the coffee pot and set aside where it will keep warm for three minutes, and it is ready to serve.

To Percolate Coffee

Rinse the percolator and add the required amount of water. Place the coffee in the container and close. Place on the stove and watch, for just as soon as the water shows a chocolate-brown color, percolate for just five minutes more and then it is ready for the table.

Drip or Steamed Coffee

This coffee may be prepared in the old-fashioned coffee pot. Prepare the pot and then cover the top of pot with a piece of cheesecloth and push the cloth down in the pot with hand to form a bag. Add the required amount of finely pulverized coffee and pour over the boiling water. Cover and let stand for three minutes in a warm place, then pour off two cups and pour over the grounds again. Keep warm and it is ready to serve.

How Much Coffee to Use

A rounding tablespoon of finely ground coffee in using the first method in the old-fashioned coffee pot to every cup of water.

For the second method, percolating, use one level tablespoon of finely pulverized coffee for each cup of water. This same measurement will also answer for the third or drip method.

Quality will also play an important part. The high-grade coffee that is sealed airtight after roasting does not lose its aroma and essential oil. All coffees must be stored in airtight containers after grinding or they soon lose the essential oil which holds the flavor and then it requires more coffee to make a cup of the required strength.

How to Cleanse the Pot After Using

Turn out the ground from the pot and rinse it under cold running water. Then wash in clear, soapy warm water before the silver or glasses are done, and then rinse again in cold water. Fill with cold water and heat slowly to the boiling point. Drain and set in a sunny place to air.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Wants to Start a Riot

Dear Cynthia—May I borrow a few inches of your column? Thank you.

I would like to know why a young man should not want and get a kiss now and then from a girl? He takes her out, shows her a good time and when he asks for a kiss these "Aunt Mitts" turn up their noses in disgust and say "Men are not decent." Why should she not give him a little payback in the form of a kiss? It's the least that she can do for the good time that he has just shown her.

A number of the girls who write to this column say they would not kiss a fellow. I, for one, do not believe it. There is not a girl in this city who has not at one time or another kissed a fellow. They say that they would not do it, when they know deep down in their hearts that if they ever got the chance they would just jump at it.

I would like your readers, both male and female, to answer this.

R. E. MORSE.

You are mistaken, my friend. You may doubt me, of course, but there are many girls in this city who have never kissed a fellow.

Scolds "Thaddeus"

Dear Cynthia—Please print this letter for me. I thank you.

If the "Germantown Girl" does not think the girl with the so-called jelly rolls on her ears is not as good as the bobbed-hair girl she has another think coming. For they are just as good as she, maybe better. My motto is also, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," and I live up to it. But you don't, from the letter in the paper. I agree with you in the statement Thaddeus must not associate with the right people, for if he does he would not have said it. But judging other people is a bad job. So my advice is, mind your own business and you will always have enough to do, for there are good and bad in all classes. There are some good people who walk up and down Market street who have their hair bobbed and some who have their hair in puffs. But I don't think you much of a girl or you would not speak the way you do about other people. I am almost sure you have been on Market street with your bobbed hair. Suppose somebody said that you were common. I am sure you would not like it. Neither do other girls. So try to remember the next time, judge not, that ye be not judged.

DOROTHY.

Boys Won't Take Her Home

Dear Cynthia—I am coming to you to help me solve what I call a puzzle. I am nineteen years of age, tall and considered good-looking, but am not conceited.

I live in what you would call a country town across the river from Philadelphia and have a very nice home. I belong to several club associations in Philadelphia which give dances and social affairs frequently. I am the only outsider there. I always have a pleasant time during the parties, but when it is time to leave and they learn that I live out of town they are afraid to take me home. I know it because they try to sneak away. I wouldn't mind it so much, but I do not like the idea (neither do my parents) of coming home at night unescorted, as I am a respectable girl and do not care to have people forming all kinds of opinions about me. The only thing I can do is stay at home. That may be but, dear Cynthia, I get very lonesome. I work day and night except Sundays with one evening off during the week and very seldom see any one. So I at least want to have a little pleasure. Perhaps some of your male readers can state their opinions why the Philadelphia boys don't like to take an out-of-town girl home. Please do not say I expect too much, as I consider everything before I condemn. If it is inconvenient for them let them make an excuse and not sneak away. Anything I despise is a sneaking cad. I certainly cannot understand this. Please explain this to me. These clubs are considered respectable and all refined people go there. I would like to invite a few down to my home, but my mother says, "If they are afraid to take you home and must be so sneaky, don't invite them." But, dear Cynthia, I would like to have friends.

A COUNTRY GIRL.

You do not realize it, my dear, but you expect entirely too much when you go to a dance a good distance from your own home unescorted and expect the boys to offer to take you home late at night. It means two or three hours for the boy to take you home and then come back to his home here. Naturally they do not like to say point-blank they will not take you, and, boy-like, they get busy when time to go home comes. Frankly it is not polite, but, too, it is not correct for you to go to the dances from your Jersey town without a boy with you and so put them in an awkward position. Why not get some of the boys over there to join the same clubs? Then they can come and go with you. Otherwise better join clubs in your own city. Cynthia cannot blame the boys for not wanting to take you home across the river and then some distance in the cars on that side. It means too much time for the boy who has a job waiting for him next day.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

If the telephone could speak it would condemn two classes of callers—those who talk too much, and those others who err in the opposite extreme by giving curt answers, short and stinging as a pistol shot.

Among European nations the French, the Italians, the Spanish and the Irish have the greatest reputation for courteous speech, and none of these uses the bald "Yes" and "No." It is always "Oui, Madame," "Si, Senorita," or "Non, Signor" with the Latin races, while the Irish escape curtness by avoiding yes and no, using instead affirmative and negative expressions, such as "I did," "I will," I couldn't," etc.

In a face-to-face conversation the bald "Yes" or "No" may be modified by the expression of the speaker, but unless spoken softly or humorously these words sound too snappish over the telephone.

HIGH-BACK COMBS IN STYLE AGAIN

Courtesy of "The Merry Widow."

She has her comb worked out in brilliant sequins on her velvet gown. A huge border upon the skirt is formed in this striking manner, and then another comb stretches out its shining diamond teeth to make the shoulder straps which continue into the back of the bodice. The result is a dress which suggests that it may have been carried over from Hallowe'en, but nowadays we wear anything if we feel that it is going to be attractive and different from the dress that every other woman is wearing. The idea of this may bring other motifs to the minds of clever home dressmakers, who can work out their own color scheme and their own design.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Reforming the Reformers

"It is the girls who are setting the pace these days," remarked gay old Uncle Harry at a party the other night. "In the old days you would hear them talk about reforming the men. They even married them to reform them. But today? Why, the boys are playing the kind Samaritan and trying to reform the girls!

"In the old days, when a fellow smoked a great deal, a girl would lay her hand gently on his arm and say: 'Don't you think that is enough for tonight—you know it doesn't do you any good.' But today? Why, a man has all he can do to keep up with the girls' demands on his cigarette case!

"In the old days when a fellow took a girl out, he would not dare say anything but 'Make it two' on her order for lemonade. Today? The merest flapper cries for 'something with a kick!'

"In the old days, when a fellow got frisky and suggested something wild, a girl would remind him of his sister—would he want her to do a thing like that! Today? It is the girls who have the wild ideas and it is left to the young Sir Galahad to decline on the ground that he would not like to see his sister in such a situation.

"Of course," he continued, "they are perfectly harmless, these terrible women of ours. They just think it is smart and 'cute.'"

Smart and "cute?" How can any one see anything attractive in a young girl's aping the license and dissipation that were always deplored as the vices of men? Is there anything irresistibly charming about yellowed fingers or a drink-laden breath? And when these girls suggest to men a "frolic" in the form of a wild ride or any other way of risking their reputation, do they think those men are going to respect them—or are they forgetting all about being respected in their effort to be smart and "cute"?

I turned to remark to Uncle Harry that, of course, he was grossly exaggerating, when along came a girl just out of school—she could not possibly have been older than twenty—and, pouting her lips, "Frank says I have cleaned him out of cigarettes. You'll give me one, won't you, Uncle Harry, and you won't lecture me?"

Obviously she thought her pose was "cute." But to many other people there it seemed a perversion of sweet and lovely girlhood and real womanhood.

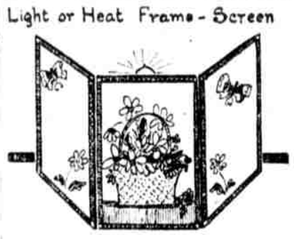
In every age it is woman who has set the standard. What can we expect of our boys if we deprive them of their ideal of womanhood, if we do not continue to give them a fine, sweet, high standard to look and live up to?

Uncle Harry says the men are now using the girls' old argument of what they would want their sisters to be. Would any girl wish for a time when a man's sister would no longer constitute an ideal to him?

No, if there must be any reforming I am old-fashioned enough to want the girls to be the ones to improve the men, to have our women always set the high standard, the ideal, to be an ideal to our men.

Things You'll Love to Make

Light or Heat Frame-Screen



To shield a table light, grill or small stove a LIGHT AND HEAT FRAME-SCREEN is very useful and ornamental. Use three narrow picture frames about one-half inch molding. Embroider panels of silk to fit the frames. It is nice to have the color of the silk match the color scheme of the room. If you do not care to embroider the panels use brocaded silk or Japanese prints on parchment paper. Use glass in front and glass to back the panels. Hinge together the three frames by using the smallest-sized hinges; one at the top and one at the bottom of each joining. A LIGHT OR HEAT FRAME-SCREEN makes an unusually useful and handsome Christmas gift.

FLORA.

Adventures With a Purse

I'VE just this minute come away from it, and I want to get my impression of it down on paper right away. "I shall tell Adventure readers about you," I said to the charming hostess, "if I can possibly find words to express how charming all this is." And now to try—well, it is a tiny old house two minutes walk from the center of town. And a clever woman who is an interior decorator has done over the house and is serving luncheon and afternoon tea there. So tiny and intimate is the room where luncheon and tea are served there is space for only about four or five tables—tables of painted wood in blue and yellow. The walls are a neutral color, decorated with sconces and queer, old-fashioned pictures. A little old stairway leads up to a second floor that is a dream come true. Old-fashioned doorways, dim candle light, a welcoming fireplace—oh, my word, talk about atmosphere! Oh, yes, and the luncheon, consisting of sandwiches, tea or coffee and mouth-melting doughnuts, is most reasonable. You who have seen the other tearooms I have told you about have another treat in store.

Well, I am so breathless about my new find I hardly have breath enough to tell you anything else. But there are the nice Philippine nightgowns that one shop is making a special price on. They are two for $4.95. Some of the embroidered designs on the front are quite elaborate and, altogether, I can heartily recommend these as a very good and wise purchase.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What interesting innovation at this year's Chautauqua Institution, New York, shows the progress of women in politics?
2. As a protection against the rice and confetti thrown as she left the house, what clever ruse was adopted by a recent bride?
3. How can the woman who likes her winter plant window to be cheery and bright substitute a neat-looking bit of color for the dark flower pots?
4. For chapped lips and dry skin what ordinary cream is the best lotion?
5. With what amusing trinkets is a different-looking feather fancy made extra interesting?
6. If there is any more size to a hat in any direction, where should the extra be placed in the trimming or brim size?

Yesterday's Answers

1. The Grace Dodge Hotel is the first modern hotel exclusively for women, which was opened last month in Washington, D. C., under the management of the Housing Committee of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.
2. A new kettle-holder is conveniently cut in the shape of two mittens, fastened together with a long neck, and made like pockets so that the hands can be slipped inside.
3. Some of the new high back combs which have returned to style are topped with gorgeous breast feathers in brilliant colors.
4. Make the little girl's underslip button in front so that she can put it on and fasten it herself.
5. Smyrne is a soft new material finished like a velvet.
6. A new French hat is bordered with seashells.

Old Moments of Embarrassment Can Come Back and Make You Writhe

Even Now, When They Are All Past and Gone, You Blush With Shame at Some of the Things That Have Happened

MENTAL suffering is, after all, almost as bad as any physical pain that we ever have to bear.

And a good deal of our physical pain is made much worse by the mental suffering with which we surround it.

There are several kinds.

About the most difficult kind to bear is that embarrassment, that overpowering, strength-taking confusion that sweeps over you when you remember some of the breaks you have made, some of the terrible things you have done.

You can make yourself blush with shame at any time just thinking over some of those never-to-be-forgotten moments.

In school, for instance, way back years ago, when your favorite teacher, the one you had almost a "crush" on, caught you in study hour gazing raptly at the autographed picture of your pet actor!

OH, THE agony of that instant!

To think that she, upon whom you wanted always to make a good impression—oh, more, a remarkable impression—should catch you in this embarrasing position!

What she must think!

Even the certain knowledge that you have now that her thoughts must have been merely, "This tiresome brat isn't studying. I'll have to see what she is doing! Um-h'm, just as I thought, looking at some picture," doesn't help you any.

You still writhe with embarrassment whenever you think about it.

And then there's the time you had to make a speech at a dinner.

Oh, how you suffered!

With the strength running down your nerves and away into the cold, dark night, you stood up, and immediately the whole table and everybody around it dropped about ten feet below you, and you stood alone.

ALL alone on a tiny little pinnacle, with a merciless, critical, ready-to-ridicule audience staring up at you!

With your first stammered word—what it was you can't remember, only that it was utterly inane, like all the others that followed—the blood came back into your veins and held a community sing in your face.

Your ears positively bulged, and you wanted to hold on to your hair so that when the top of your head did fly off you would at least have something to cover up the hole.

Oh, it was terrible!

And now, as you think back, you cringe, the blood rushes to that neighborhood center again, and you hear once more those helpless, incoherent, unintelligible sounds that were your own voice making a "speech"!

THE time you spilled a glass of water at the semi-formal luncheon at which you were the guest of honor.

And immediately followed up the action by catching your hand on the end of your fork and splashing that down all over your best skirt!

That morning that you forgot about your friend's fiance being a Frenchman and let out a fiery speech against the Italian who crowded you on the trolley, finishing with a fiery denunciation of "all these dumb foreigners."

The realization of the horrid truth surges over you now with as much force as it had at that sudden, silent moment, when her smile froze—just like your heart—and you attempted to make amends.

OH, the wide-awake nights we've spent, all of us, recollecting old scenes, old events, old breaks, old horrors like this that make us so hot all over that we get wider-eyed and more sleepless by the second!

The Woman's Exchange

Fixing New Dress

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a dress which has a gray crepe de chine vest, and having stained it with, I think, pure drinking water, I would like to know how to remove these three spots.

Having worn the dress only once, I am anxious to have these prominent spots removed. Can you please tell me how to do this? ANXIOUS.

Take a piece of the same material as the vest, moisten it and, after you have laid it over one of the spots, press with a warm iron. Do this with each one in turn, and you will find they will disappear.

Makes Her Own Clothes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you kindly print in your column the answer to my question?

I make my own clothes and would like to know if suits are to be worn all winter and what kind and if slippers are to be worn, too?

I have a fat face and would like to know how I can make it thinner. DOT.

Yes, indeed, suits are worn a great deal this year. The kind you see most has a straight, rather scanty, fairly short skirt, with a straight coat reaching just below the hips without a belt. Either a regulation coat collar or a fur collar may be worn and usually a plain sleeve without a cuff. Do you mean the French strap slipper? Yes, they are worn for all times of day and in every kind of shoe, although it is perfectly good style to wear the oxford style of shoe for morning and every-day wear.

The only way to make your face thinner is to reduce all over and you can do this by diet and exercise.

Where to Go

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Being at a loss to know where to go to find out what I want to know, I thought perhaps you could refer me to some place through your column, which I watch with interest. I have some coins made of California gold. That is what I have heard it called. They are dollars, half dollars and quarter dollars, all made of gold. These are of no use to me, and I was wondering if you could not refer me to some one or some store who would be interested in buying these coins. BLONDY.

You will find listed in the business section of the telephone directory, under the heading, "Coins, curios and antiques," a number of persons dealing in such things. Your coins could be taken to any one of these.

Now you can offer your guests something new in table treats. They'll praise your good taste in serving—

New, Coated, Sanitary Wrapper

ANCRE

With the Genuine Roquefort Flavor

CHEESE

Made by SHARPLESS, Phila. U.S.A.

SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL GROCERS' FOOD FAIR, FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY, NOV. 7 TO 19.

FRAGRANCE —The aroma of

"SALADA" TEA

betokens the perfection of the leaf. Famous for 30 years, Salada never varies the excellence of its quality.

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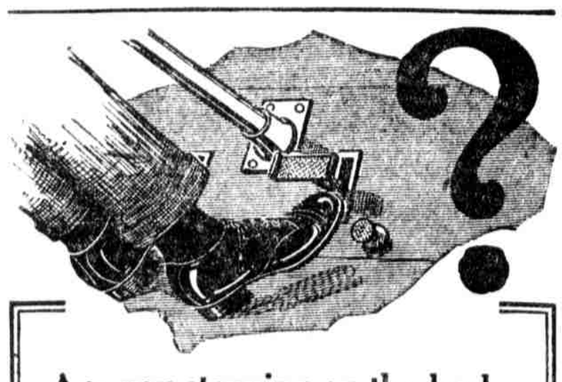

Are you stepping on the brake or the accelerator?

The food you eat does make a difference.

Heavy, starchy foods often do slow down body and mind—often steal the energy that belongs to the day's work. Grape-Nuts is a go-ahead food. It contains the perfected nourishment of Nature's best grains. It includes all those elements needed to nourish body and brain. It is easy to digest. It gives energy without taking energy.

How about your breakfast or lunch—does it give, or take?

Grape-Nuts is sweet, crisp, delightful to the taste, and is an ideal source of power for a busy and difficult day.

"There's a Reason" for GRAPE-NUTS

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

Here is a natural laxative made in Nature's own pharmacy

SUNSWEET

California's Nature-Flavored Prunes

—your grocer has them

This way:

PRUNES STEWED—Wash Sunsweet Prunes, cover with warm water, and soak over night. Heat slowly [in water in which they were soaked] to simmering point. Cook until tender but not broken. Slow cooking develops flavor and the natural fruit sugars so that little if any sugar is required. A fireless cooker is excellent for cooking prunes. Soak as directed, heat to boiling point then set in fireless cooker for several hours.

—or this way:

PRUNES BAKED—Wash Sunsweet Prunes, cover with warm water and soak over night. Put prunes in a covered baking dish or bean pot, adding the water in which they were soaked. Bake in a very slow oven until fruit is tender but not broken. No sugar is required. The *baking* brings out a new "relishy" flavor in prunes. Served with cream, plain or whipped, or a boiled custard sauce, baked prunes make a splendid dish.

—or this way:

PRUNE JUICE—Wash Sunsweet Prunes, cover with warm water; soak over night. Heat slowly [in water in which they were soaked] to simmering point; cook until fruit is tender and somewhat broken. Keep under boiling point during entire cooking period; no sugar required. When cooked pour off juice, strain through a fine sieve. The prunes remaining can be pitted and used for prune desserts requiring prune pulp.

Send for complete Recipe Packet—it's free! California Prune and Apricot Growers Inc., San Jose, Cal.