TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYONE

Figs, Responsible For The First of Fashions, Are Not To Be Ignored Or Despised

Medicinal and Economic Qualities of the Fig Offer a Wide Field for Their Use As a Valuable Domestic Asset.

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK,
Author of "The New Housekeeping."

THE fig is responsible for our first fashions in clothing, and equally it was one of the first fashionable foods in the high circles of Egypt, Abysinia, and Babylon. It seems to have lost some of its prestige through the ages. We should accord it better treatment.

While we are not able to enjoy the delights of fresh figs, dried figs are so delicious and have so many culinary possibilities that we should count on them as a staple winter fruit.

Figs have always been held to have laxative and other medicinal qualities, and for this reason are especially good for children, especially when cooked. Cooking brings out their extremely sweet and almost aromatic flavor. Now that prunes are no longer a despised side dish at the boarding-house table, and have jumped so miraculously in price, figs canot be regarded in the light of luxuries. Indeed, figs at 20 cents a pound are just as economical if not more so, than prunes at 18 cents a pound, when we figure out the weight of the prune pits!

The most common form in which figs are to be found is in the square pressed blocks in which they are sold in fruit and other stores; but a better fig for home use is the so-called "cooking fig," which can be bought at the best groceries at a less price than the "pulled fig." Small and almost black "cooking figs" can also be secured from time to time, and are particularly delicious.

The best method of cooking figs is the slow stewing process, which develops the quality of the fruit without toughening it. These cooked figs can be removed from the syrup, stuffed with nuts or marshmallows, and make a delicious sweetmeat for children, far preferable to the ordinary manufactured candy.

In stewing figs add a bit of lemon rind, preserved ginger, or candied pineapple, which will give a unique and delicious flavor.

Here are a few recipes found tried and true:

Fig Souffle.

Cut one-half pound of fresh or dried figs and simmer half an hour in three-fourths pint of water, a dessert spoon full of sugar being added when nearly done. Remove and cool then add the well beaten yolks of two eggs. Place in a pudding dish or pie dish and bake in a moderate oven until the yolks are set sufficiently, then place on top a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and two table spoonfuls of sugar. Let this brown and remove to cool.

Stuffed Figs.

Remove the inside of steamed or fresh figs and mix the part removed with chopped nuts moistened with a syrup of sugar and tart fruit juice (cooked or uncooked). Roll in sugar and serve.

Fig Pie.

Cut fine a half pound of fresh or dried figs and let simmer for half an hour in three-fourths of a pint of water, one and a half teaspoonfuls of sugar being added when nearly done. When cool add well beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake in a pudding dish in a moderate oven until the yolks are set. Make a meringue for the top rrom the whites of the two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let this brown and serve when cool.

(Copyright by Mrs. Christine Frederick).

According to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle

The Fox-Trot Is Danced Like This

1. The gentleman starts on left foot going forward, and the lady on right, going back. 2. This position shows the lady about to drag the left foot up to the right. 3. The same position on the other side.

A Description of the Fox-Trot, the First In a Series of Six Articles on Modern Dancing, Written and Illustrated By Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, to Appear In The Times.

Described By Vernon Castle.

In presenting the first of our three modern dances, I am obliged to revert to the very old and true saying that "There is no new thing under the sun." However, in the present dance you will find a pleasing change, and as it is very like the one-step, I think it should become popular. On and off for the the last three months we have been introducing this dance at various parties, and it has always been received with a great deal of enthusiasm. So far as the music for this dance is concerned, if you will play an ordinary "rag" half as fast as you would play it for the one-step you will have a pretty good idea of the music and tempo.

And now for the dance itself. Before teaching you the steps I should like you to listen to the music. You will find absolutely no difficulty in dancing to it, but the natural inclination is either to dance very fast steps double time to the music or very slow steps with it. The latter is what most people do, and what is more they seem to enjoy it. But it seems to me that, as to keep up the dance one way is too fast and the other to slow, the only real solution is to combine the two. By doing this you not only make the dance comfortable, but you also make it possible to do a great variety of easy and amusing steps.

The position for this dance is the ordinary one, and I start on my left foot going forward, and you on your right foot going back. (1st photo.) We take two slow steps with the music and then four fast steps double time to the music. This completes the step and one bar. We repeat the thing—two slow and four fast steps, and so on around the room. This is very easy, and as it is the main step it should be done in-between other more difficult steps. In this way it makes the changing from one step to another more simple. In taking the slow steps in this dance the stride should be as long as possible, as it adds a great deal of grace.

The next step is not quite so easy to explain, as it is to do. The first two slow steps are the same, except that a walk forward a little to one side. Instead of directly facing you. After the second slow step we spin round for three fast steps, reserving the fourth and last step to stop with, because when one begins spinning very fast it is difficult to stop right on the beat, and so we save our last step upon which we stop, and I prepare to go forward again. By stopping suddenly like this you will find you unconsciously fall into half a "grapevine" step, which gives the finish a very pretty effect.

I feel sure it is unnecessary for me to explain what a grapevine step is, as it is far too well known. In the beginning of the dance furore, when all the new steps of the turkey trot first came out, the "grapevine" was the stand-by of all the beginners, and it was about as far as most of them got, for which they should now be thankful.

The counting for the second step is "o-n-e, t-w-o, one, two, three, stop," the first two steps slow and the last three spinning fast.

The third step is much like the first, with the addition of a very pretty little back kick. The first two steps are the same (slow ones, you going back on your right and I forward on my left). We then give a tiny hop and both kick up at the back, you with your right foot and I with my left. This takes up two fast beats, and for the other two remaining beats we take two fast steps in the same direction we started. This completes that step, which takes the same number of beats as the others. The counting is "o-n-e, t-w-o, hop, kick, three four"

For the next step, instead of taking two slow steps forward we take two drags to the side. This drag is a very old negro step, often called "Get over, Sal." It is done this way: You take a small hop on your left foot, then quickly throw the weight of the body on the right, dragging the left up to the right. This should take up one long beat. I realize how difficult it is to understand this, but I can think of no simpler way of explaining it, and the second photo should help considerably. In it my wife is just about to drag the left foot up to the right.

After this you do exactly the same step on the other side (see the third photo). This takes up the other long beat, then you finish with four fast steps as in the beginning of the dance. For you the counting is: "Drag to left, drag to right, one, two, three, four." As I am opposite you, I have naturally to drag to the right while you drag to the left.

Now, here is a step which is, I think, by far the prettiest of all. In order to get into it easily, it is necessary to begin in exactly the same way as the first and main step, except that I am at the side instead of directly facing you. We commence, "o-n-e, t-w-o, one, two, three, four." Now, we take one more slow step, as though we were commencing again, and, instead of taking the second step, we face quickly around in the other direction without changing the position of our feet. This takes up the second long beat.

The rest is fairly simple. We take four fast steps back in the direction from which we came, and repeat the step, "o-n-e, turn, one, two, three, four," and so on. There is one difficulty in this step, and that is to keep the feet in the same position while you turn around, and, after you have made the turn, to avoid starting off again with the four fast steps ahead of the music.

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How Science Now Cures Dread Paresis Scourge By Doses of Salvarsan

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

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IF there is any other type of malignant insanity which is more to be dreaded than paresis, the average person fears little of it. Paresis is a terrible variety of craziness which afflicts men more often than women.

Until Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, the wonderful little Japanese savant, who experiments in the Rockefeller Institute of Experimental Medicine, discovered that the microbe associated with paresis reflected evil living, there still remained a few skeptics who believed that this type of lunacy might come from other causes than depravity and bad habits.

Today, thanks to Dr. Noguchi's great discovery, paresis, or "softening of the brain," as it has been loosely called, is known to be a fourth stage of a loathsome disease.

The great authorities upon insanity, such as Prof. Auguste Marie of the Saltepetriere Hospital in Paris, the late Prof. Frankle-Hochwart of Vienna, Dr. Stewart Paton of America, and others say that no one has ever recovered after paresis has appeared.

A Revolutionary Cure.

After paresis develops, death, either spontaneously or by suicide, occurs with certainty in a few years. Insanity experts are almost a unit on this point. Therefore, if a young physician—as was recently the case—reports the cure of paresis by salvarsan and blood serum injected into the brain canal, superconservatives and chemically pure moralists of medicine scoff at the announcement with the usual authoritative contempt.

When, however, the greatest living research worker on insanity, Prof. Auguste Marie, of the University of Paris, and one of the most distinguished bacteriologists in the world, Prof. H. Levaditi, one of the successors of Louis Pasteur in the Pasteur Institute of France, and the noted French brain surgeon, Prof. de Martel, unite in a wonderful revolutionary experiment upon victims of paresis, the prudish reactionaries must believe and hearken despite their bigotry.

Prof. Levaditi, in describing the treatment, said that all that is required is an injection into veins of the strongest possible dose of salvarsan. One hour after inoculation three or four teaspoonfuls of blood are removed from an arm vein. The serum is heated for three-quarters of an hour at a temperature of 55 degrees Centigrade. The first test was made on a patient who had been stricken with general paralysis, otherwise called paresis, eight months previously.

Operation Completely Successful.

Dr. de Martel trepanned his skull, and two small holes were bored in the cranium box. Through each aperture Dr. Marie and Dr. Levaditi injected a teaspoonful of this serum. The injection needles were directed under the brain envelope, so that the cerebral matter was bathed with the liquid.

A few hours later the patient developed convulsions, and for three days a high temperature was the chief symptom. On the night of the third day after inoculating the serum, the patient began to quiet down, and the next day he was perfectly quiet, his mind was collected, and he was able to read for the first time in many months.

The second sufferer was helped still more. The patient had been stricken with general paralysis in 1903, and at the time the treatment was begun he was scarcely able to speak, and suffered mental delusions. The results of the treatment on this patient lasted five days, but the following day all symptoms of mental disorder had disappeared, and his condition was greatly improved in every way. He is now in excellent condition with the exception of his eyesight. This they have not been able to remedy as yet.

Although the injection of the serum provokes an intense mental reaction, this reaction is associated with the microbe-killing effect of the serum, which results in the sterilization of the brain.

Five cubic centimeters is about one teaspoonful. The method used by the other physicians, to wit, of inoculating the salvarsan into the brain, had previously proved less permanent in its results than this blood serum treatment.

The fact that the three universally known French investigators, one a wonderful brain surgeon, one a noted lunacy expert, and the other a most ingenious bacteriologist have all three collaborated in this treatment of paresis, will induce physicians everywhere to attempt at once to repeat it. At last there seems relief for the "mind troubled like a fountain stirred," and even the paretic may now see "the bottom of his mind."

TIMES BEDTIME STORY

Sniffle Tells His Secret

(Copyright, 1915, by F. E. Yoder.)

WHEN all of the members of a family are happy and contented it is very nice to be alive, but when all of them are opposed and quarrelsome, it is not so nice to live. This thought was in the mind of Sniffle one evening as he sped along the big road into Tabbyland.

For a long time it had been a great deal of fun to have Snuffle and Pinkeyes trying to find out his secret, but as the days went by, it became more and more tiresome to have them watching every movement that he made in the day time and even spying on him when he was asleep. So Sniffle put on his cap and coat and hurried out of the house one night to go and ask Cottontail if he would not come over and spend the evening.

He was lonesome and wanted to have someone to whom he could talk, for although Pinkeyes and Snuffle stayed at home he could not talk with them. They felt so guilty for having watched him that they did not know what to say to him! They could think of nothing but, "How does he get up at daybreak?"

So Sniffle hurried along the road, jumping over the frozen ruts until he came to the house of Cottontail. He tapped on the window, and then peeked in the door, and at the cheery call, "Come in," he stepped inside and stood near the door twirling his hat in his paws.

"Well, bless my whiskers!" exclaimed Cottontail, "if it isn't Snuffle. No," he looked more closely, "if it isn't Sniffle!"

Sniffle wiggled his nose and his whiskers, and rolled his eyes, and showed all of his funny little teeth. "I thought that you might come over and spend the evening," he said slowly. "I thought—"

"Well, you thought just exactly right," interrupted Cottontail. "I'll come as soon as I can get my coat." He bustled about, and then taking Sniffle by the arm, they trotted off together, and he said, "Now tell me all about it."

Sniffle drew a long breath and gave a most satisfying wiggle to his nose, for Cottontail never scolded, and began to tell how he had been annoyed. The story lasted until they were almost home, and Cottontail nodded his head. "There's only one way that I see to do it and to stop their spying. Tell them your secret." He stopped and looked at Sniffle and laughed, but that bunny only frowned. "But then, you see, they will wonder why I told, and never pretend for a moment that they want to know. I won't have any excuse for telling them. I'm not supposed to know that they want my secret."

Cottontail smoothed his whiskers thoughtfully, "Just leave it to me," he said. "I'll fix it up for you. I'll ask you how you get up early!" They went into the house, and Pinkeyes and Snuffle were surprised and delighted, surprised because Sniffle had a friend and delighted to see Cottontail. Then things happened quickly. Cottntail had no sooner been seated than he began to complain. "I can't get up early. Who can tell me how to do it?" Pinkeyes and Snuffle poked one another, and then tried to get Cottontail out so that they could tell him that Sniffle had a secret way, but they nearly dopped over when they heard Sniffle speak. "Why I have a way," he said. "I just hang out my left ear from under the covers, and by daybreak, why it is so cold that it just simply wakes me up." He grinned, and Pinkeyes and Snuffle listened with their eyes popping out. "I would have told any one long ago but nobody asked me!"

And then the funniest thing that ever happened in Tabbyland occurred. For Pinkeyes, the perfect, sat with his mouth open, and WIGGLED HIS NOSE!

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE SYMPATHY.

I SAW then for the first time that Mary's arms and throat were terribly sunburned. And what wonder—her clear, delicate skin must have been ever so much more sensitive than my rhinoceros hide. Moreover, her cheeks were pale, and Mary's color is, as a rule, glorious. Quite suddenly I felt a flush of shame sweep over me, and, bending, I kissed my little wife on the cheek.

"Sweetheart," I said, with honest contrition, "I'm that sorry I could kick myself. I do feel mean and sick, but that isn't any reason why I shouldn't remember that you must feel just as bad."

I halted and stared up the beach. Jaynes was nowhere in sight. I sat there self-consciously for a while wondering why I felt so ridiculously sentimental along with my other ailments.

How Mary Felt.

Mary sat up, her glorious hair tumbling in a cloud about her.

"Oh, Peter," she said shuddering, "until I die I shall never forget that dreadful, dreadful night. First the wind and the waves and that dreadful dingly bumping, bumping bumping, and then the thunder and lightning and rain and the wet bedclothes. And after I'd gone forward to that other bed on the locker, I lay there and shuddered and shuddered.

"Under that canvas canopy the weird tunnel walled up all around us, and the air was so stifling after the warm fog came down. And—and I worried so about you and the way you were tossing about, and there wasn't a particle of air, and once I—I did get up and try to open the canvas, but I couldn't get any air even then. I did think morning would never come, or that I'd smother, and—and be found dead in the morning. And my sunburn began to hurt, and my head to ache, and I—I kept thinking of you." Mary flung herself down upon her arms again and cried heartily.

Another time likely I would have been moved to a cynical soliloquy upon how easy a woman's tears come. This morning I felt so disturbed and unable to analyze my own feelings that I merely tried to mumble something comforting, and failed. I relapsed into morbid reverie until I saw Mary fleeing toward the fire, flinching as she came within the heat zone. She caught up a pan that I now saw for the first time had been blazing along with the fire, and removed it to a place of safety.

"The steak was on fire," she said, returning, "and Mr. Jaynes is so hungry he'd be terribly disappointed if anything happened to it."

I said nothing at all. I merely wondered whether sunburn ever made a man so ill he had to go to a hospital.

Jaynes returned and began to bustle hungrily about the fire. I considered his appearance of appetite indelicate. After a time he came and sat down on the bench near us and burst into talk vibrant with youth and wellbeing.

"Honestly," he said, "you're the gloomiest, intensest looking pirate I think I ever saw. How do you feel, Mrs. Hunt?"

"Not so very well," said Mary in a meek, small voice, "but I'm sure I can't feel so badly as Peter, or—or I'd have to make faces, too."

I suspected Mary of acute sarcasm, and glanced keenly her way. I was disconcerted to find in her face merely sympathy.

"Nonsense!" said Jaynes heartily, "you feel just as bad. Men Mrs. Hunt, are the most self-centred brutes in creation. They want their women to fuss over them eternally, and hand out the glad hand of sympathy, but my, my, my! don't they bristle over a woman's ailments! They can give you a cynical reason for all of it, too."

"All of what?" I put in curtly.

"Why they consider positive sympathy their due," said Jaynes, grinning, "and negative sympathy their privilege."

I could have killed him on the spot. I imagine he thinks he's clever.

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ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie:

I write to ask your advice about making the acquaintance of two boys to whom we cannot get an introduction. We have never seen the boys yet, but know that they are all right, but great flirts, and so get acquainted with every girl they meet. That is the way they met two girls we know, and who are very jealous, and yet keep talking to us all the time about these boys. That is the reason we want to get acquainted with the boys and to go out walking some evening with them. TWO GIRL FRIENDS.

YES, they must be "all right" if they flirt with every girl that passes them. What high-minded, courteous, good-mannered and clever young men they must be! How can you wait, you and your friend, to know them and have them tell you just how they flirted with this girl, and made eyes at that girl, and wrote love letters to the other girl?

But, remember, they aren't going to stop flirting when they meet you.

You'll be neither the first nor the last on their program. You'll be just "one of the others," and people will make fun of you and say unkind things about you for having anything to do with such ridiculous persons. But what of that? You don't care, do you?

Cutey—The Y. W. C. A. at 618 Fourteenth street has classes in gymnastics. In addition, the Ingram Memorial Church (Congregational) has classes in swimming and gymnastics open to girls of all denominations. It is located at Tenth street and Massachusetts avenue northeast.

Engaged—Surely there is no objection to Monday as a wedding day. The old superstition says, "Monday for wealth," you know.

D. O.—Why don't you ask the man if your early life makes so much difference to him? It will take some courage to do this, but I am sure you would prefer to know the truth than to suffer from uncertainty, wouldn't you?

Brown Eyes—What are you to do any way, Brown Eyes? I don't see that there is anything more for you to do than you have already done. Tell the man your feeling toward him. He may not be content with this, yet you don't want to pretend that you love him just to keep his company.

Heart Weary—What a jealous sister you have anyway, Heart Weary. She is foolish to have such an affection for a man only two-thirds her age. And can't you find someone who is nearer your own age instead of wanting a boy younger than you? I am afraid that you are both placing your affection where it will never be returned.

R. E. M.—Help you to plan your Valentine party? With the greatest of pleasure, R. E. M. You're going to have red for the prevailing color of your decorations, aren't you? If that's the case you can start cutting hearts out of red cardboard in your spare moments. Make hearts of all sizes, from an inch to six inches across. Cardboard costs 5 cents a sheet, and be sure to get the kind that is colored on both sides. String hearts all over the living room or wherever you are to entertain your guests. Long strings of them in graduated sizes are effective attached to gas or electric globes and leading to all corners of the room. Cover the globes themselves with red crepe paper. If you are to have flowers, use bright red carnations.

For one Valentine game, you will need as many hearts as there are to be guests. Have a pencil attached to each heart. On the face of the card write in gold or india ink one-half of some well-known quotation about love. Write the second part of the quotation on another card. Give the first-half cards to the boys, the second to the girls. When the couples are all matched up, have them write valentines to each other on the backs of their cards. Allow them ten minutes to do this. Collect them. Read them aloud, and have those present vote on the best and the worst pair of valentines. Award prizes, if you wish.

Another game is based on the ever-popular donkey one. For this, cut a large heart out of cardboard, cover it with cotton batting, over this a covering of red cheesecloth or crepe paper, drawing it neatly over the cotton. Attach this to a sheet and pin it shoulder-high on a wall or a door. Cut small arrows out of your red card board, numbering them. Have your guests in order try to pin their arrows to the center of the heart when blindfolded.

Serve your sherbet or ice cream in red crepe paper cases. You can make these easily yourself by fastening a three inch frill of the paper about an ordinary wax paper ice cream case, held together with red passepartout. Raspberry sherbet makes a good Valentine dessert. Put whipped cream on it, if you want something to make it a bit "different" from plain ices. You can get after-dinner mint creams in red heart shapes at the candy stores and heart-shaped iced cakes may be ordered from any maker of fancy small cakes. Success to your party, R. E. M.

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Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care of this office.

"CASCARETS" IF HEADACHY, BILIOUS, SICK, WHEN SHAKY, CONSTIPATED—DIME A BOX

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin, and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged, constipated bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your Liver active, Bowels clean, Stomach sweet, Head clear, and make you feel bully for months. Don't forget the children.—Advt.

CASCARETS WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.

DAILY EDITORIAL

For Women Readers

Constructive Patriotism.

ONE of the favorite theories of the fire-eating citizen who believes in war for a number of well-meaning reasons, is that without it there would be no patriotism, that war is a means of uniting the country and of strengthening the sinews, of brotherhood. War is claimed to be the great organizer, the great adjuster of the pulse of the nation.

But if American men are all so pig-headed that nothing but the most disorganizing of organizers can unite them in a single cause, let the nation thank its stars that the women are not of that stripe.

Now that women have learned the trick of organization, they are indulging themselves in a species of unification which, strange to say, in its most virulent form resembles that brand of patriotism which, according to men, is evolved only by the name of war.

The latest and most virulent form of organization which is pregnant with a very warlike patriotism, is the Woman's National Made in U. S. A. League.

In one week they garnered 5,000 new members, and they are working through the wives of the governors and mayors in much the same manner that troops are drafted in time of war!

After all, does patriotism mean naught but the willingness to shed blood? Is there not a higher form of patriotism than that which requires murder?

Since our national life is no longer made up of countless millions of petty fights and blood feuds, and since the evolution industry and commerce has taken the place of primitive life, does not the protection, and organization of bodies to protect, that new national life, bespeak a higher, more noble and constructive patriotism than we have ever known?

Question Box

Miss M. Willey—There is little or no premium on the coin you mention.

A Daily Reader—If you send descriptions of your old coins, we will tell you how much they are worth. Or, send a stamped and self-addressed envelope to this office and we will send you a list of dealers in old coins.

L. H.—It is not absolutely necessary, but is included as part of most courses in medicine.

H. S. S.—According to the dictionary, Sunday is the first day of the week. According to Genisis in the Bible, Sunday is the seventh or last day of the week after the creation had been accomplished.

Harry White—A current number of the magazine, "Musical America," will give you the information you desire.

Simple Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, common liquid arvon from any drug store (this is all you will need), apply it at night when retiring, use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve, and entirely destroy, every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.—Advt.

A GOOD START

MILLER'S Self-Raising Buckwheat —for a day of work or of recreation, is a breakfast including griddle cakes made of MILLER'S Self-Raising Buckwheat. Order a package.

At your grocer's. No consumers supplied.

B. B. EARNSHAW & BRO., Wholesalers, 11th and M Sts. S. E.

HEINZ Spaghetti

COOKED READY TO SERVE

No one can afford to ignore the price of a food now. When an appetizing substitute for meat is offered at a much lower cost than meat, it interests you. Heinz Spaghetti is such a substitute without sacrificing either food value or appetizing taste.

ONE OF THE 57