THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Christmas Books Are Here With Old, Tried Friends; Adieu To Best Sellers

Here They Are In the Window, In Pretty Yuletide Garb! Alice, Robinson Crusoe, Prince Ahmid, Little Women and All the Rest of Merry Company.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

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THERE they are in the window, the Christmas books—how can you pass them without a long and loving look? Red and gold, blue and silver, green and yellow! Why, they're as pretty as a garden of chrysanthemums all in full bloom.

That one in the corner looks familiar. Why, to be sure, "Alice in Wonderland!" There's Alice with her long hair about her shoulders, English fashion, and there's the white rabbit with his gloves and fan, and there is the Mad Hatter, too, taking tea with the March Hare. Dear me! How have I lived so long without it? I'll go without the new coat I wanted and take Alice along home with me, and have a visit with her before I give her to a little girl I know.

Who's that on the shelf next to Alice—all in furs, with an umbrella over his shoulders and a faithful dog at his side? Who but "Robinson Crusoe!" Let's take the book down and have a look at Robinson finding the footprints! Shall you ever forget the way you felt when you saw those footprints for the first time? I remember it as if it were today.

The Good Old Friends.

I was sitting in a recessed window behind the window curtain, and I had a plate of apples and a plate of cookies, and I took first a bite of apple and then a bite of cookie, and I played all the time that I was the Lady Eloise Montmorency de Coursey, sitting on my throne and being waited on by menials, and all the time I read "Robinson Crusoe." I lived with Crusoe on the desert island, and my heart swelled with gratitude to the parrot when he spoke my language, and with love for the faithful dog who followed my every movement. And I slept under the stars and waded in wild dreams, and was lonely and forsaken and forgotten—and, all at once, there they were—the footprints—and my heart stopped, and the old dog, the real one, thrust his cold nose into my hand and frightened me so that I came out of the book with a scream.

Come, Robinson, you shall go home with me, too, you and your umbrella and your parrot and your dog—and the footprints.

We need you in our family. I'm sure you'll be much better company than the persons we're always meeting in the magazines.

The "Arabian Nights," Of Course

Hello, Prince Ahmid! Where did you come from, you and your two brothers? "Arabian Nights," of course! Tell me something that has always puzzled me. Why is it that you younger brethren were always so successful in the old stories? You always brought back the golden apple, and found the golden fleece, and married the beautiful princess, and killed the hideous dragon. Didn't big brother ever do any of these things at all?

I think I'll take you along, too, you and Aladdin and Sindbad and the rest of them. You're so rich and so handsome and so prosperous and so lucky, I like to have you in the neighborhood.

Hans Anderson—how shall I ever pass you by?

Here's the Snow Queen, and the Little Mermaid, and Karen with the red shoes, and Ida, who turned into a yellow lily because she was envious, and here are the Four Winds who came to visit their mother in the great cavern, where she roasted an ox whole for supper for them.

Oh, ho, Sir West Wind, that was a fine journey you took the young prince, when he rode upon your wings high in the blue sky. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Brother Boreas, to go dropping icicles and snowflakes all over the place? Poor little Kay! How miserable he was when his heart froze up there in the Snow Queen's country and he could no longer remember, and he lonely. I can't leave you and the little Fir Tree here in the shop window—that would never do.

Worth Many Modern Heroines.

"Little Women!" Why, Beth, how sweet you are! Yet—well, Amy, did it turn out so well, your romantic love marriage, after all? Hello, Jo! as brisk and sensible as ever. How have I done without you all this while?

Why, you're worth a dozen erratic, erotic heroines in a dozen best sellers.

You never did things that you knew were wrong, and then called yourself persecuted when you got your just deserts.

You never fell in love with somebody else's sweetheart or even dreamed of running away with somebody else's husband—and yet you managed to be happy somehow. I wonder how you did it.

And you were poor, too, and lived in a little brown house—you and "The Old-Fashioned Girl," and "Rose in Bloom," and "The Eight Cousins," and "The Five Little Peppers"—not all of the same family exactly, but the same kind of wholesome, honest, lovable, real people. There wasn't an automobile between you, and if one of you had a new scarlet ribbon for her hair she felt like a queen. And as for yachts and footmen and boxes at the opera, you never seemed to have even heard of them.

Best-Sellers All To Go.

Come along, Jo and Beth and Amy! Come, Max and Prince Charlie and Archie! We want you, too, to help us and the children we love get back to sanity and sense and love and home again.

I'm going to pitch every best seller in the house out of the window this very night and real the old-fashioned children's books through, word for word, every one of them, before I give them away at Christmas.

Won't it be a relief to get up a reading acquaintance with the simple, natural, lovable creatures in those books again—just for a change?

Advice To Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie—What shall I give as a Christmas gift to a girl with whom I have been going about a year? We are not engaged, but hope to be when a little older. I understand that the only proper thing is candy or flowers. I do not wish to give either of these, as I think she expects something more. Would an inexpensive bracelet, a vanity case or a pocketbook be all right?

BOB.

ONE of the local stores has the most fascinating enameled vanity cases just large enough for powder, a puff, and a mirror. They dangle from one's finger by a chain with a ring. The cost is $4 and up. A leather pocketbook would be a charming gift; so would several articles in Parisian ivory to start a set for her dressing table. If none of these things appeal to you particularly, ask "her" glove size from her mother and buy her a pair of long white kid gloves. These will cost about $2.50.

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

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The best iron cleaner is a piece of wire gauze.

Tinned and bottled fruits should be kept in the dark.

Fine cotton is better than silk for mending gloves.

Blue will not streak linen if a little soda is mixed in the bluing water.

Jugs or basins in which milk is kept should be well scoured with salt at least once a week.

When sprinkling clothes use hot water, which dampens them more evenly. Tennis and cricket flannels should be washed in lukewarm soft water and rinsed in same—not cold; it prevents them from shrinking or drying hard.

When one wishes to chop small quantities of food stuffs, like onions, celery, parsley or nuts for salads or sauces, the "hashinette" is better than the big chopping bowl. It is a small wooden chopping bowl but quite deep and has a small crescent shaped knife to use with it.

The adjustable nut cracker is attached to the edge of the table by a thumb screw. It is handy, for nuts of all sizes may be cracked with equal ease, and it takes but an instant to screw it in place.

The hold-foam flagon is a new refrigerator convenience. It is a heavy glass receptacle protected by a skeleton metal frame having a snap porcelain top. Wine or any liquid that is to be chilled may be put in it and kept in immediate contact with the ice without danger of breakage, where fine decanters or pitchers are too fragile to risk for this purpose.

Have a long narrow kitchen table covered with zinc so that hot dishes may be moved from the stove and placed on it without damage, and where the carving may be done, as it is in so many households, right in the roasting pan and sent sliced to table. Have the drawer divided into three compartments to hold meat forks, carving forks, long and short; and make a cotton flannel pad to fit the bottom of each compartment, so that the knives keep bright and sharp and do not get scratched.

One who works about the stove a great deal will thoroughly appreciate a pair of asbestos gloves with long wrists. With them you may take hold of the pan to baste the meat without feeling the heat or scorching towels to do so. These gloves protect one from all heated objects in the kitchen. They seem rather an expensive outlay, but when their protection is considered they are really a good investment.

Some Whims of Fashion

ALL the colorful combinations an artist can effect are combined in this season's blouses. A plain white or plain flesh-colored blouse is, indeed, a rarity. Neither is it usual to confine the blouse to one material. One combining both these up-to-date features uses rose georgette crepe and white crepe de chine.

With an old blouse for a foundation, the crepe is button holed on down the front in large, rounded scallops, heavy silk of a darker shade of rose being used. The collar, cuffs, and bodice fronts are trimmed with tiny flat bows of black velvet.

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Eatables Familiar and Strange Suggested For Yuletide Feasts

By LOUIS PLAFF, Chef of the New Willard.

Deep Sea Cotuit Favorite
Celery Olives Mixed Salted Nuts

Cream de Volaille a la Reine

Brook Trout Saute Amandine
Cucumbers a l'aigre

Noisette of Venison Saint Hubert, Cumberland Sauce
Brussels Sprouts au Beurre
Sweet Potatoes a la Bill

Braised Young Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing
Salad Good Luck

Fancy Ice Cream Assorted Cakes

American Plum Pudding, Hard and Brandy Sauce

Mince Pie Coffee
Assorted Fruits

By F. C. GOETTELMANN, Chef of the Raleigh.

Christmas Melon Frappe a la Chartreuse
Celery Olives Salted Almonds

Potage Des Gourmets

Mousse of Salmon, Grand-Duc
Bermuda Potatoes Nature

Noisettes of Baby Lamb, Renaissance

Bouchee aux Pointes d'Amour

Roast Philadelphia Capon, Chestnut Dressing
Cranberry Jelly Salade Americaine

Souffle Glace Dame Blanche Friandises

Camembert Cheese
Toasted Saltines

Nuts and Raisins Candies
Demi Tasse

By JACQUES HAERINGER, Chef of the Shoreham.

Oysters

Consomme Princesse

Smelts Saute au Beurre

Sweetbreads Eugenie

Roast Turkey, Chestnut Dressing
Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts
Boiled Onions
Spinach a l'Anglaise
Chicory Salad

English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce

Pumpkin Pie

Neapolitan Ice Cream

Cafe

With Turkey As the Axis for the Entire Christmas Dinner, the Search for "Something New" to Enliven the Remainder of the Feast Leads to Recipes From Many Lands.

By NATIONAL SCHOOL DOMESTIC ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Yuletide Cocktail
Saltines

Clear Tomato Bouillon
Radishes Celery Olives

Roast Young Turkey,
Breadcrumb Stuffing
Roast Potatoes Brussels Sprouts
Cranberry Jelly

Apple and Orange Salad

Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce.

Coffee

ARE you planning to spend 60 cents or $6 for your Christmas dinner? Most likely it will all depend upon the place where you dine. If it's to be an old-fashioned family feast at home, with all the traditional "fixin's" the cost for each person may be well under a dollar. Those who dine at hotels will expect something more elaborate than home-made delicacies—and are prepared to pay accordingly.

Now even the least expensive dinner can suggest the festivity it celebrates by using the foods to harmonize. Red, is, of course, the Christmas color, and it is possible to evolve a menu within the purse of the average housewife having a recurrent theme of red throughout. One such menu has been submitted by the National Schol of Domestic Arts and Sciences. The cost—for six persons—is $3.75 at prevailing market prices, an average cost of 63 cents.

The first course—Yuletide cocktail—is an old friend gayly decked for the holiday season, being nothing more nor less than an oyster cocktail, flavored with catsup, lemon, and a sprig of parsley and garnished with red peppers cut in strips. Tomatoes supply the red for the soup course—clear bouillon, with celery and olives, and radishes to add another shade of crimson.

Orange Salad.

Cranberry jelly may be depended upon to make any course festive in color and adds the proper acid flavor to roast turkey, as well. The careful housewife will find that if she roasts her potatoes at the same time that the turkey is cooking there will be an additional saving in fuel. Brussels sprouts are suggested as a variation from the usual onions, and squash as accompaniments to the roast.

The apple and orange salad sustains the note of red, the flame color of the oranges, accenting the deep red of the apple skin. Candied cherries may be added to the hard sauce for the plum pudding, if the same cheery color is to be carried out to the very end of the dinner.

The entire menu is not beyond the culinary ability of the home cook, nor is it likely to result in any attacks of acute indigestion. Fewer vegetables have been assigned to the roast course, but two high in food value are retained.

In contrast to this distinctively American array of eatables, the elaborate menus planned by the chefs of the local hotels would be regarded by the average cook as utterly beyond her ken. Give something a French title and she protests that plain cooking is all she can do successfully. Americans who have lived abroad and can testify to the excellence and flavor of true French cookery realize that some of these elaborate-sounding dishes are within the scope of anyone possessing the average amount of brains and cooking ability.

Cooking Brook Trout.

Chef Jacques, Haerenger of the Shoreham has a number of such dishes on his eight-course Christmas menu. To be sure, they sound formidable, but he gives assurance that "anyone who knows how to cook will find them easy."

Take "Brook Trout Amandine," for instance. That is nothing more nor less than trout with almonds—and delicious they are, if the chef's word be taken for it. This is how he prepares them:

"Select two brook trout, score them, season with salt and pepper, roll in flour, and bake in butter until brown. Skin a dozen large almonds, cut them in half, and brown them in two tablespoonsfuls of butter. Pour over trout, and add a small quantity of lemon juice."

Roast turkey has come to be the axis around which all the Christmas dinner revolves. Turkey is, of course, indispensable, but why roast turkey? Why not braised turkey for a change? Chef Haerenger pronounces it a great improvement, and scarcely more trouble than the roasted variety.

"Everyone knows roast turkey is good," says Mr. Haerenger, "but braised stuffed turkey is better, especially for home cooking.

"Have a fresh young turkey weighing nine or ten pounds well cleaned; remove the tendons from the legs, leaving the skin from the breast to the head as loose as possible. Take out the breast bone to allow more space for stuffing the breast. Season with salt inside.

For the Dressing.

"To make the stuffing soak some bread in milk. Fry some finely chopped onions, a very little cut bacon, and a few shallots—a kind of small onion—until brown. Add to the soaked crumbs, from which the milk has been pressed. Next mix in two eggs, salt, pepper, sage, and nutmeg to season and chopped parsley. Meanwhile roast some chestnuts in the oven until nearly done—they are better and have more flavor if cooked this way instead of boiled—add to the rest of the dressing and stuff the turkey.

"Don't tie the turkey's legs too closely to the body, in order that they may be cooked at the same time as the breast. Cover the breast with a large piece of larding pork to keep it tender and juicy.

"Put the turkey in a braiser with a few chopped onions, carrots, and a little fat—chicken fat if you have it. Put it in the oven. From time to time pour the grease over the turkey. It gives a nice color and keeps the skin from breaking. When the turkey is brown take off the fat from the breast and sprinkle on a little flour. Let it simmer for about five minutes, and a little water and brown, thin gravy—just enough to keep the bottom of the braiser covered—and a little celery or kitchen bouquet. Cover the braiser and let the turkey braise in the oven for about an hour, turning the turkey every ten minutes.

Add a Little Sherry.

"When cooked, strain the gravy through a sieve and let it boil on top of the range slowly. Remove the grease as it comes to the top. Remove the string from the turkey and serve. Before serving the gravy add a little sherry wine and serve in a bowl with the turkey.

"A variation of candied sweet potatoes, called sweet potatoes a la Hill, may be an accompaniment to the roast. Boil large sweet potatoes. Cut in round slices one-quarter of an inch thick. Peel one apple and slice it thin. Fry the potatoes brown, place the apples on top of the potatoes, pour over them a small quantity of honey and maple syrup, sprinkle with sugar, and bake for fifteen minutes in the oven."

Chef Louis Pfaff, of the New Willard, takes great pride in the fact that his menus are written, for the most part, in English. With the exception of the fish course and the entree, the Christmas dinner he contributes might be that planned by any housewife who wishes to serve six courses.

All the choicest delicacies of the season are combined in the menu supplied by Chef F. C. Goettelmann. Iced melon, with wine; baby lamb, Bermuda potatoes, souffle—a Lucullan feast, indeed!

Which are to appear on YOUR Christmas menu Saturday?

A French Title Does Not Necessarily Mean Cookery Beyond the Ability of the Average Housewife, and a Menu Prepared By An Expert Chef May Include Old Friends in New Guise.

Teething Ring Given Baby Often Cause of Facial Malformations

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

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ABOMINABLE habits of infancy, incited by careless and thoughtless mothers, nurses, and maids, more desirous of immediate peace and quiet than of any future ugliness or disease, are responsible for a large group of serious physical maladies.

Perhaps one of the most felonious of iniquities encouraged by children's nurses is the practice of inserting ivory rings, pacifiers, alleged "gum-hardeners" and "teething rings" into the mouths of tearful infants. These "gum-hardeners," "teething rings," and "pacifiers" are of so little benefit that they actually have been dubbed "defacefiers." Indeed, the gums of infants need no hardening, and the teeth need no more incentives to growth than do the nails or the hair, which are of the same nature.

Thumb Sucking Evil.

Dr. George Van Ness Dearborn of Boston properly emphasizes that such abominable habits formed in infancy cause many of the far-from-lovely faces of grown-ups, crooked and irregular teeth, and some of the frog-like bulgings of the mouth, which are blamed upon adenoids. Sucking of the thumb, fist, fingers, or even the lips, tongue, or clothing as often happens, are all infantile habits to be broken up by means of quinine solutions or epsom salts kept upon the particular objects sucked or bitten.

The instinct of self-preservation which causes the infant to suck must be carefully guided. Because of a lack of proper training the deplorable lip, hand, cloth or finger sucking and biting habits are easily formed by the infant. It feels the impulse to suck or bite and, perchance, cries until something is placed between its lips. Then the infant begins to suck and the formation of a bad habit is begun.

Other Face Deformers.

Second only to the face-deforming habit of sucking comes mouth breathing. It is not only adenoids and over-obstructive tonsils that lie at the bottom of this habit, but negligence in cleansing the nostrils of infants often causes it. Thickened turbinate bones of the nose and other congestive states are also responsible for the habit of improper breathing.

Cleft palates, hairlips, tied tongue, rickets, scurvy and too early a loss of teeth, also produce deformities of the face. When the softness and plasticity of infants' jaws are understood, when it is realized that they are as pliable as green twigs, the pernicious effects of sucking and mouth breathing, upon the symmetry and comeliness of the face, will begin to be appreciated.

PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:

1. **To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care of The Washington Times.**
2. **To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.**

The Old Cat.

I was not one of those cream-fed pussies
That purr all day beneath the kitchen stove.
Rather I ate the table scraps.
But "not too many, for, then, he will not hunt," they said.
Though they didn't need to say it.
For all night long I watched in the Simpson barn,
Not for my food alone, but that no slim-tailed mouse
Should touch the piled-up corn-cribs.
Or taste the smooth white oats.
I pattered velvet-footed on the beams
Or slunk with soft-bodied creeping through the hay,
Then pounced—that sharp-eyed, sleek gray rat
Would never rob the grain-bins again.
At last my eyes grew dim.
I loved to sun myself and not to chase and hunt.
"The old cat ain't no use now," was all they thought or said,
So they shot me.
Now I shall lie and dream all day
Upon the Lord's front steps.
I shall lap great bowls of cream
And crunch the sweet, white bones of mice.
And I shall try to give old Simpson a welcome
When he comes.
If ever he does.

—HARRIET K. PORTER.

Piping Hot Waffles and Plenty of Marigold

Here's a treat for a vigorous appetite—waffles for breakfast—piping hot and done to a nut-brown turn. Spread a generous lump of Marigold over each as you take them off the fire. On the table with them quick before they start to cool. You won't need much syrup on them, for

Marigold Margarine

will give them a rich taste that nothing else can beat. Its flavor is fine and its appetizing goodness will make the whole family want more. Marigold is a top-quality food, made with careful nicety in white-tile churneries. It's pure, sweet, clean. It has a firm place in thousands of refined homes. Good dealers everywhere sell Marigold.

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