

DIET SQUAD THINKS ITSELF MISNAMED

Members Object to Being Put in Class With Invalids

FOOD FOR THE HEALTHY

By LISETTA NEUKOM

The diet squad has been misnamed. We eight members of the squad, who have been getting our three meals daily at the Lighthouse, 152 West Lehigh avenue...



LISETTA NEUKOM

It gives people the impression that we are on a diet and to the average mind a diet means that one is not permitted to eat, that he or she is of the general class of invalids who have to be on a diet...

Well, we want people to know and to understand that this diet squad is nothing of the sort. It is to show people can be nourished on twenty-five cents a day.

The third weighing of the Diet Squad took place at noon today. Three remained the same and the two men who are overweight lost two of the lean ones gained and one lost half a pound, which shows that we are all getting proper diet.

R. P. Bradford is still 174 1/2 pounds. E. J. Ledyard remains 148 1/2 pounds and I am still 155 pounds. George W. Freeman lost 1 1/2 pounds, making him 164 1/2 pounds, and Herbert Taylor lost 3 pounds, making him 187 1/2 pounds.

The meals that have been prepared for us are scientifically balanced for the general run of people; that is, grown-up people. There would have to be a change in the menus for children, according to Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, director of the Life Extension Institute, who was our guest at noon yesterday.

"These meals are all right for grown-ups," he told me, "but for the child—the growing child—there should be more milk and more eggs. Mothers who are reading in the papers about the diet squad should know this. The food that is given in these menus is properly balanced and scientifically of the proper food value. It contains the elements of food which one should eat."

Then I told him that a doctor had said that this food would be all right for a week or two, but that it would not be sufficient for the needs of a grown man year in and year out. He said that, of course, in two weeks it would be impossible to get the weight lost, but he explained that the diet of scientifically prepared menus, but said that menus and recipes as prepared would be properly balanced and have enough food value to keep people well at it strong and able to do their work, if the people did not tire of the sameness of the two weeks, oft repeated.

He says that if people would but learn how to eat and what to eat they could prolong their lives at least twenty-five years; and not only prolong them, but make themselves happier and healthier during all the years of their lives than they are now. "We have not been given permission to live just so long," he said. "It is a question of what we do with our lives and our health which determines the length of the life. It is possible to govern the length of our lives materially by the kind of food which we eat."

Doctor Fisk warns against surplus flesh as the first sign that a person is not eating properly. He advocates the eating of fruit and vegetables and the omission of white bread, with whole wheat bread in its place. He says that the menus as used by the Lighthouse will be ample food for any man or woman unless he or she is doing particularly heavy work.

Before I am further I want to say that the recipe for corn muffins which appeared in the EVENING LEDGER Tuesday night is correct. There have been a number of requests to know if there should be five teaspoonfuls of baking powder. One woman who telephoned to the office today to ask about it said she did not think that was the recipe given by the Life Extension Institute. When it was explained to her that the baking powder was necessary because there were no eggs in the corn muffins, she said she understood. Those corn muffins were fine, as fine as any one could want to eat. I am glad that the woman called up about the recipe, for we want these recipes accurate in every detail.

NOAH'S ARK RAIDED FOR FASHION SHOW

Walnut Business Association Reveals Marked Zoological Tendencies

GREEN DOMINANT COLOR

By M'LISS

The fashionable spring maid will visit the bird and animal store before journeying to the style salons to select her vernal wardrobe.

"What have you," she will ask, turning an inquisitive glance through her lorgnette upon the live stock man "in the way of mammoths or guinea pigs, parrots or parakeets, monkeys or pigs?"

If she is a wise maid who has learned her sartorial lesson well, she will know that a monkey, a tiny, pink-faced ugly one, goes best with a loud sports coat in the black yellow and burnt umber tones. A brilliant parrot is to be chosen to give the correct note of color to a dashing green costume; a pug, bulldog or Alredale with a fluffy white wig.

All these things and more were impressed upon an enthusiastic audience which watched the opening performance of the three-day Fashion Show under the auspices of the Walnut Street Business Association at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Delectable models cavorted entrancingly up and down the runway in the ballroom from three to four hours and a half. They demonstrated the most delicious, the most evocative costumes, with the requisite animal accompaniments, ever conceived in the salon of a modiste.

POOR OLD PARIS! Paris became a forgotten city. Philadelphia was triumphant. One learned among other things that: Skirts, like everything else, are up—up all around, but up four or five inches upper in the front.

Petticoats, except for flappers, are no more. No, they are no longer considered desirable to have a collar bone, and an arm like the crank of an ice cream freezer is a thing to be cached away under an igloo of chiffon and crepe.

The debutante slouch has not been entirely discarded. The fashionable one still simulates a slight curvature of the spine, and swag motion of the hips is used in walking. Paradoxically, this looks vulgar and smart.

GREEN DOMINATES Green is the dominant spring shade. The fashion show was greener than a family of idiots. Greens in the rougi and greens in the smooth; sea-green, turf green, olive green, appalossom green—whether you like the complexion for it or not, you must have green.

Gray, soft cloudy crepe gobs of it, was a close second and blue serge battled gamely for the third. The complicated simplicity of the evening gowns made the home dressmaker gasp with dismay. The dress that looks easy to make but baffles even the expert with the purity of its lines is the apotheosis of the sartorial art. There are many examples at the fashion show.

Skirts ran the gamut of all that skirts have ever been. There were full ones and gored, narrow ones, sea-top and panniers, skirts with drapery-like wings and skirts with pockets for cartridges and other things.

Bodices are simple, with the medieval corset effect predominant. This requires the corset, but not bony figures. Large picture hats were the favorites, with black in the lead.

A charming afternoon costume that evoked much hand-clapping was a combination of black satin and georgette in the Paisley shawl pattern. It was made on the long-waisted Russian lines and the model wore Russian boots and an upstanding Caprina sort of stiff black hat.

An evening gown in black satin and rose brocaded satin with metallic lace was ecstatically sighed over. A sports girl in a lettuce-green wool sweater, with a white and var-colored striped skirt, with green Tam o'Shanter looked like the kind of magazine cover everybody wants to be. She obviously would a-rowing go, and carried an oar to demonstrate.

Every model carried something. When the live stock gawked out the fur shops were invaded and wolves, foxes, ermines and seals were introduced.

Other maidens carried swagger sticks, canes, tennis rackets, golf sticks, parasols, ukuleles and candles to light them to bed.

Youngsters in adorably simple little smoked and hand-made frocks imitated the older models and stepped upon the runway with that assurance which the fashion artists tell us good clothes always engender.

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS When the Stew Made Good

OH, I'VE got just the dandiest scheme ever! Listen to this, my dear," young Mr. Newlywed enthusiastically exclaimed as he waved aloft a well-cramped piece of the Sunday newspaper which he had been eagerly devouring.

Well accustomed to such frequently fiery outbursts, Mrs. Newlywed patiently glanced up from her absorbing novel.

"Now, this man here, the author of this article on Modern Efficiency, has certainly got the right idea! He points out the continual waste which occurs daily in our homes. Furthermore, he proves that the selfsame system used by big concerns can be successfully applied, naturally on a much smaller scale, right in our own homes. Take the nearest case, for example, Granting you and I try to get along an economically as possible, but do we actually know how much it costs us to live? No! We spend what we have for what we want, thinking our lucky stars that our little ship steers clear of any treacherous butcher or baker bills. However, that is by no means the best way! Now, let's for fun figure out exactly how we stand."

Thus on and on he spoke, each word tumbling out rapidly and incoherently. All wrapped up in this vital problem, and fired with an almost youthful ambition, the young man proceeded with pencil and paper to make out a careful tabulation of income and expense.

The two fair, youthful and inexperienced heads bent close over the scratched and marked up list, jotting down a busy scribble and making frequent comparisons with the already mentioned newspaper article. Occasional chuckling remarks broke delightfully from the lips of the ardent and would-be economist.

"Funny thing to find out how foolish we've been, virtually throwing our assets cash into the wastebasket. Well, no more of that for us! By cutting down here and managing to do without this, we'll get along for virtually one-half as much. Quite some difference, eh, dear?"

"During this deliberating process, the freshly made bride remained silent, partly through necessity and partly because of certain well-grounded doubts. Nevertheless, all pessimistic views were swept aside at a tango spread by the confident, loudly lauded statements of her brave and venturesome husband.

"Oh, finally we've got it! Hit the nail on the head this time!" exclaimed Mr. Newlywed, as he impatiently leaped to his feet, his hair all ruffled up, minus a collar and tie, but with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks.

"Now, this is the plan: I'll give you \$4 a week to run the house on. You are to use your own judgment in buying, but if you act according to the menus we've made out between us, you can easily do it. We'll begin right this evening. Tomorrow, as you've already suggested, we'll have all 'warming-over.' Why, this fussing with something fancy is not only extravagant, but it wears you all out, dearie. You're planning a busy busy upon his beloved's fair brow, he triumphantly folded his numerous sheets of figure-littered paper.

Next evening at dinner Mr. Newlywed was in equally high and jubilant spirits. "Gosh, this beef actually tastes better than yesterday. You're a wonderful little cook! And fried potatoes always did tickle my palate. Yes!" he gleefully remarked.

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tion about it, system, combined with common sense, produced efficiency! Thursday morning Mr. Newlywed, gayly bound for the office, merrily sang out, "Remember, Cutie, just that soup and the Indian pudding tonight!"

It was a busy and eventful day at work, six o'clock found the young man still deeply engrossed in a huge pile of papers. As he furiously dug his pen into the ledgers, I. M. Chief, Esq., the boss, strode up and snapping the surprised clerk on the back, heartily exclaimed, "What up, shop now, Newlywed, and we'll talk over this matter you've so ably handled. Would it inconvenience you if I took that promised run out to your home for dinner. I've always wanted to see your charming wife in her little nest. Then we can kill two birds with the same stone. Come, let's be off!"

The young man's heart sank within him, immediately visions of steaming Irish stew and coarse brown pudding arose loomingly before him.

Half an hour later, just as the frustrated young cook was pointingly giving up in despair, the well-known rattle of the latchkey announced her lordship's home-coming. Seized with a sudden and accountable impulse, she playfully grabbed up the huge cooking pot containing the steaming stew and plumped it on the dining-room table. "Expecting to hear some nonsensical cry, 'Stew to the front!' from her impetuous husband, she awaited his usual noisy entrance. Amazed she beheld him step quietly into the room followed by the corpulent and beaming 'Boss.' If only the floor would open and swallow her up! Abashed, she instinctively ripped off her checkered apron. For a long, seemingly endless moment, her eyes happily dwelt on her mate's forenoon face with an expression of one just having lost every worldly possession.

"Ah! Do I smell stew?" exclaimed the polished society man as he impatiently rubbed his hands and inquisitively sniffed the air. "I haven't had any for ages, and oh, how I adore it!"

Despite the combined blundering attempts

of the young couple in apology for the miserable meal, the smooth and flowery remarks and easy manner of the boss converted the simple fare into a banquet. But never did any two suffer more or eat less than this distressed host and hostess. No nightmare could be more ghastly!

With a sigh of genuine relief Mr. Newlywed eagerly led the way to the cozy sitting room. Here, after a lengthy discussion, the 'boss,' assuring them that never had he spent a more delightful evening and also casually informing Newlywed that he change his quarters to the room upon whose glass door were emblazoned the gold letters of 'modern efficiency,' bade the bewildered young couple a fond farewell.

"Oh, how I hate that detestable man who wrote that horrid old article on 'Modern Efficiency.' What will your boss ever think of me? I shall simply die."

"There, there, love. It was a bully dinner," comforted the husband with a vain attempt at bravado.

"Yes, and—er what's more—I've only got seventy-eight cents left for the rent of the week! So there," moaned the grief-stricken housekeeper, grasping this opportunity for such a startling confession.

"Cheer up. Behold the new manager, Oh, hang 'Modern Efficiency.' That man's a china cup."

THE END

MODEL YOUTH SPURNED GETS MANY PROPOSALS

Since breaking her engagement to George Gates because he objected to being a model in the fashion show, Ethel Taylor, 2250 North Seventeenth street, has received more than a score of proposals from young men who crave a model wife. It is reported, however, that she is weighing in favor of her first love. She is a brunette.

Mayor Smith will this evening entertain a box party at the fashion show of the Walnut Street Business Men's Association, which is being held in the Bellevue-Stratford hotel. Tomorrow night Governor Brumbaugh is expected.

Tea Stains Salt will remove tea stains from delicate china cups.

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off his track. Let's forget all about it. I never said he had the right idea, I only replied the disgusted husband as he motionlessly kissed away all traces of tears.

FRANK & SEDER ELEVENTH & MARKET STS. Star Values for Friday in Fashionable Easter Outer Apparel Dresses Worth to \$30 at \$10.98

SPRING FASHIONS Sunday's Public Ledger Intaglio Section will consist of pictures forecasting the Spring modes.

FOUNDED 1858 DEWEES Quality and Standard Famous Over Half Century In the Home-Making Department Serviceable Bed Spreads \$2.95

MANN & DILKS 1122 CHESTNUT STREET Ladies' and Misses' Spring Suits Tyrol Wool in the new high light colors and in our original models are not on sale in any other store.