WHAT TO SERVE AT HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES—A RESOLUTION FOR THE LONELY—CYNTHIA

HOLIDAY PARTY RECIPES, MENUS AND IDEAS GIVEN BY MRS. WILSON

A Delicious Fruit Punch, and One That Calls for Grape Juice and Maraschino Cherries

Tyler Pie From Old Virginia, Mock Angel Food, Spanish Buns and Tempting Sponge Cake

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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ENTERTAINING during the holidays revives the spirit of hospitality. Welcome the boys who are coming home. Make it a point to bring in some one who is far from home and friends; bring him to the festivities and enjoy the pleasure of knowing that you have helped the stranger within your gates to feel less lonely. Some last-minute preparations and how to make fruit punch:

Place in a large bowl a good-sized piece of ice and then place in a saucepan

One quart of cranberries.
Three cupfuls of sugar.
One quart of water.

Bring to a boil and cook for fifteen minutes and then cool and rub through a sieve. Add to the punch bowl and then grate the rind of one orange and one lemon and add to the bowl, together with

Juice of one dozen oranges.
Juice of six lemons.
Three quarts of water.
Two siphons of seltzer.
One small bottle of maraschino cherries, cut in tiny bits.
Six bananas, cut in thin slices.

Mix and then serve in punch cups.

Grape Juice Punch

Three cupfuls of sugar.
Two cupfuls of water.

Place in a saucepan and cook for five minutes. Cool and then place a piece of ice in a punch bowl and add

One quart bottle of grape juice.
Five cups of water.
Two siphons of seltzer.
Two oranges, cut in thin, paper-like slices.
Four bananas, cut in thin slices.
One bottle of maraschino cherries, cut in tiny bits.

Fruit Lemonade

Make a sirup of

Two pounds of sugar.
Two quarts of water.

Boil for ten minutes and then add the grated rind of fifteen lemons,

Juice of fifteen lemons.

Place in a jar in a warm place for twenty-four hours and then strain through a fine sieve into a punch bowl and add

Four quarts of water.
Five oranges, cut in thin, paper-like slices.
One-half dozen bananas, cut in thin, paper-like slices.
One bottle of maraschino cherries, cut in tiny bits.

Stir well to mix and then add a large piece of ice.

Spanish Bun

Three-quarters cupful of shortening.
One and one-half cupfuls of sugar.

Cream until light and frothy and then add the yolks of five eggs, adding the yolks one at a time. Beat until light and frothy and then add

One and one-half cupfuls of milk.
Five cupfuls of sifted flour.
Two tablespoonfuls of baking powder.

Beat hard to mix and then cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, adding, at the same time, two cupfuls of seeded raisins, cut in tiny bits. Pour into prepared pans and bake fifty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Cool and then ice with water icing made from

Three-quarters cupful of XXXX sugar.
One teaspoonful of lemon juice.
Sufficient boiling water to make the mix spread.

Place in a bowl and mix, then spread on cake while slightly warm.

To Prepare the Pan

Grease the pan thoroughly and then dust well with flour. This will make about four and one-half pounds of good cake. If the cake is wrapped in wax paper it will keep for a week.

A few years ago a little woman in Phoenix, Arizona, wrote me that she had great trouble in keeping cake sufficiently moist, so that it could be eaten the second day after it was baked. I sent her this recipe, and now am giving it to you. It will keep for a week, if you put it under lock and key. Rub sufficient cold boiled potatoes through a fine sieve to measure one cupful, then place in a bowl and add

One and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar.
One-half cupful of shortening.
One cupful of cocoa.
One cupful of raisins.

Cream the above mixture until light and frothy and then add

Two whole eggs.
One-half cupful of canned milk.
Two and one-quarter cupfuls of sifted flour.
Four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
Two level teaspoonfuls of cinnamon.
One-half level teaspoonful of nutmeg.
One-half level teaspoonful of cloves.

Beat thoroughly to mix and then bake in a greased and floured cake pan. Bake in a moderate oven for fifty minutes. Cool and then prepare an icing made of

Four tablespoonfuls of butter.
Three-quarters cupful of XXXX sugar.

Cream until well blended and then add

One and one-half tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.
One teaspoonful of vanilla.

Now spread over the top and sides of the cake and then cover the cake with dried cocoanut.

Mock Angel Cake

If care is taken in making and baking, this cake will be found to be delicious.

One cupful of flour.
Seven-eighths cupful of sugar.
One-half teaspoonful of salt.
Four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Place in a bowl and sift four times to thoroughly blend. Now place one cupful of milk in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Cook for four minutes and then remove from the fire and let stand three minutes, then pour on the prepared flour and sugar. Beat very hard to thoroughly blend and then carefully fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs.

One teaspoonful of vanilla.

Bake in ungreased pan for forty minutes in a moderate oven. To remove from pan invert when taken from the oven. Cover the bottom and sides of pan with a damp cloth.

Try These, They Are Delicious

Oatmeal Drop Cakes

One-half cupful of sugar.
Three-quarters cupful of sirup.
Six tablespoonfuls of shortening.

Cream well and then add

One and one-quarter cupfuls of flour.
Two cupfuls of rolled oats.
Two cupfuls of chopped raisins.
One teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water.
One-half teaspoonful of nutmeg.

Blend thoroughly and then drop by the spoonful on a greased baking sheet two inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven.

Try This Dainty Sponge Cake

Cream until light and frothy

Three-quarters cupful of sugar.
Yolks of two eggs.

Then add

One tablespoonful of lemon juice.
Two tablespoonfuls of water.
Seven-eighths cupful of sifted flour.
Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Beat hard to mix and then carefully cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in tube or loaf-shaped pans in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Tyler Pie

Here is a real Virginia pie:

Line two deep pie tins with plain pastry and then set in a cool place while preparing the filling.

Filling

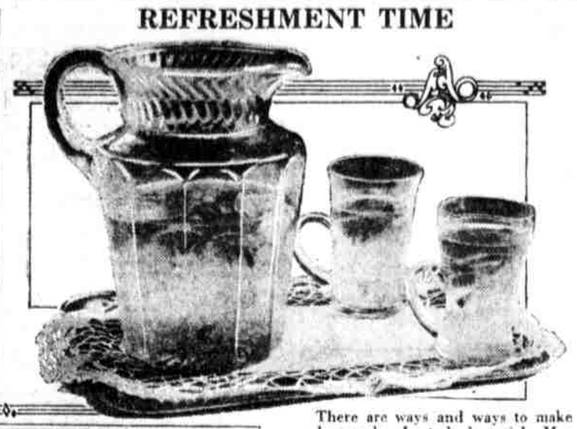
Three-quarters cupful of light brown sugar.
Four tablespoonfuls of butter.
Yolks of three eggs.

Cream until light and frothy and add

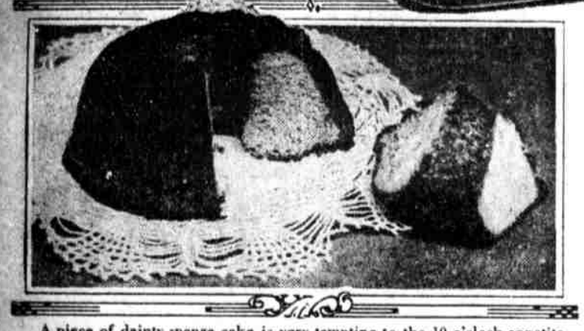
One-half cupful of flour.
One pint of sour cream.
One cupful of milk.
One level teaspoonful of nutmeg.

Now beat into this mixture the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Pour into prepared pie tins and bake in a moderate oven.

REFRESHMENT TIME



There are ways and ways to make lemonade. In today's article Mrs. Wilson tells of a delicious fruit concoction



A piece of dainty sponge cake is very tempting to the 10 o'clock appetite of the guest who has come to the holiday party

Ask Mrs. Wilson

If you have any cookery problems bring them to Mrs. Wilson. She will be glad to answer you through these columns. Address questions to Mrs. M. A. Wilson, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, Philadelphia.

Adventures With a Purse

THE very last word in stationery is being displayed by one of the shops I happened to visit today. The very form of it is quite different from the usual writing paper one sees. The sheets of paper, for instance, are not folded, but are long and rather narrow and the edges are rough. And the color is an old shade of grayish blue—Lafayette blue, it is called. The long, narrow envelopes, measuring probably five by seven inches, are lined inside with a darker blue or a red. Although usually avoiding the word elegance, I am somehow reminded of the expression, "Quiet elegance," when I think of this stationery. You'll really like it.

Doesn't the name "Traveling Manicure Set" somehow suggest fussy little boxes and fascinating bottles? That is just what this compact box contains—a small round box of nail paste, a most efficient-looking cake of white polish, a bottle of cuticle remover which convinces you on sight that it will remove the most stubborn bits of cuticle and disclose well-shaped half moons, and a receptacle containing nail enamel which will impart glowing pinkness. Another compartment contains emory strips, orangewood stick and nail file, and, in short, this very complete set, costing but $1.50, would leave little excuse for untidy hands or grubby nails.

"The one thing I did not receive for Christmas which I really needed," sighed my friend, "is a silk petticoat. Where can I get a nice one at a reasonable price?"—proving indisputably that my adventures are making me of use to my friends. I arose to the occasion, however and told her of the taffeta petticoats shown in one of the shops for $3.95. Frilled and beruffled, they come in most every color, and suggest good wearing qualities. And fancy getting a silk petticoat these days for less than $5.

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Adventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone the Woman's Department, Walnut 3000.

Things to Know

You can curl an ostrich feather satisfactorily if you sprinkle it with salt and shake it in front of a hot fire or over the radiator.

Do not throw away the silk from the discarded umbrella. It will make excellent linings for your hats.

Place a piano cornerwise and keep the top clear of vases and other bric-a-brac. This will give a much better sound.

Women's Interests

Women own and manage more than a score of daily newspapers in the United States.

The women of Iceland recently celebrated the third year of their enfranchisement.

Ella Estrade, of Sacramento, Cal., cut and sold her hair to purchase a Liberty Bond.

Mending Curtains

When you mend the lace curtains paste tissue paper under the rents and stitch back and forth on the machine. This will fill in neatly and securely.

Don't Fold Rugs

Never fold a rug, as it makes a crease that does not come out. Always roll it up.

PLEASE TELL ME WHAT TO DO

By CYNTHIA

Ask Him Why

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl nineteen years of age. I was in love with a boy. Now we have broken our friendship. I don't know why. I love him dearly. He does not look at any other girls. When he meets my girl friends he always asks about me. What can I do to win his love? LONESOME.

If you do not know what the boy is cross about why don't you write him a little note and find out? It appears he still cares for you. You might ask in a friendly way just what it is you have done to cause him to be unfriendly.

To Don Juan

Dear Cynthia—A few days ago I read an article written for your column by a certain Don Juan "philosopher." With your permission I would like to say something to this "Don."

Good for you, Don Juan. As you have used your "philosophy" to such a great extent, will you kindly cure me of my curiosity and tell me how a man must and can make himself attractive to a dance? After reading the "instructions" you gave to the girls I am anxious to know about the boys.

Don't fear, Don. I am not an old bachelor, but a "rooster" of nineteen summers. I am not attending a school of philosophy, but if you got that "slant" from a school, will you kindly let me know the name of that institution and I will give any amount of money to join.

Please do not think me too impertinent. We all do such foolish things sometimes.

"Cure yourself of such "philosophy." It is all bosh. Ask Cynthia. She knows. So long, Don. Good luck to you. CRITIC.

Old Ghosts

Dear Cynthia—I, like a lot of others, come to you with something that annoys me a little. I am engaged to a man who comes from the West and I really and truly love him very much. Some few years ago while in the West he was what I would call jilted by a girl. When we became friends he told me of it and every once in a while I have to listen to her good qualities and all about her lovely hair and how pretty she was, and now she has been left a widow and he is sorry that she has been left a widow. I never let him see that it does annoy me, but it hurts me very much. Am I silly for letting it annoy me? Really, the last time he came to see me she was the one topic of conversation he pursued, try as I would to turn it. I will be grateful for an answer. Best wishes to your little column. JEALOUSY.

Don't let this worry you and don't try to turn the conversation. Be just as interested in the girl as he is. You will find he soon will become tired talking of her. Be as bright and pretty and cheerful as you can, and realize you are only going through what a great many other girls have gone through successfully.

Don't Be Cross About It

Dear Cynthia—I have always been interested in your column, but never needed to come to you for advice until now. I am seventeen years old and I have been going with a young man of the same age for about a year. He has never made love to me, but I have reasons to think that he cares a great deal. His father owns a small car, which he allows his son to use whenever he wants, and a large car, which this boy is not allowed to have for his own use.

About a week ago the school which he attends held a dance, and as it was strictly a private school function and as I do not belong to that school it was necessary for him to ask a girl from that school if he wished to go. I told him to go, for, you see, dear Cynthia, we are not engaged and I think it is perfectly proper for him to go with other girls, don't you?

But the thing that caused me to think was that he got permission to use the large machine to take this girl, while I always had to ride in the "tin Lizzy." This seems to show that he cares more for this other girl than he does for me. What do you think about it, Cynthia? Probably I am wrong in thinking so and that is why I have come to you. I had almost made up my mind to tell him that I would never ride in the small car with him again, but it doesn't pay to be too hasty in such matters. I would not like to give him up, for he has been so kind to me. I do not think his parents are opposed to me, for they always treat me very nicely, so that cannot be the reason that he doesn't take me in the large car. He said that the little car was very dirty and that is why he took the large machine. But, Cynthia, do you think that is a good reason? I do not. Probably he wanted to make a "hit" with the girl, as some folks say.

Please tell me what you think I should do and why he did this.

If any of your readers have anything to say on this matter I would be glad to read their opinions in the column. SEVENTEEN.

My dear, the very fact that this boy feels he knows you so well that he can take you out in the little car proves what a real chum you are to him and he to you. That is the way we are with our best friends, dear—never standing on ceremony and expecting them to understand things. What if the bottom of the car is a little dirty? The boy knows you won't care and will understand how his father feels about the big car. But with a strange girl that would be different. Besides, little Miss Seventeen, at his school dance a boy would want to make a good impression before his schoolmates, and it was very grand to be manipulating the gears and brake of that great big car as he drove up. Perhaps he wanted to be very fine, too before the other girl. But that doesn't mean for an instant he liked her half as well as you. It's just human to want to show off. Don't give up his friendship.

Love in the Old Days

Dear Cynthia—Will you please allow an old girl to talk to the young folks who talk of sincerity and insincerity? No one needs be told when the sun is shining unless she is blind, so no one needs be told when she is truly loved. Words are superfluous. The entire attitude of a true lover expresses his veneration for his loved one. Yet I do not blame the girls for jolling the conceited men who think they are fooling the girls. More than a quarter of a century ago we grandmothers were girls, and among our male friends were two who wanted to be jolled. Did they get it? You bet they did. One's chief ambition in life was to take care of his mustache and make us girls admire it. Well, we were on to it, and when he came we would stop chattering and gaze with admiration at his upper lip. Then one of us would sigh deeply and say something like this: "O dear, I wish I were a man and could raise such a pretty mustache," or, "Ed., how in the world did you ever raise such a lovely mustache?" Then the poor, conceited boy would spend half an hour telling us of the trouble he had to raise it and take care of it, while we would be almost convulsed with inward laughter.

He proposed to several in our set, but was laughingly refused and his wounded pride healed with these remarks: "O Ed., Jennie or Alice (or any other name, for all were alike to him) is my friend and it would break her heart if you didn't marry her." Then the poor "simp" would go propose to her, while we kept tabs on him and laughed at him for we were too wise to marry a man of this type.

Today he is a crabbed old bachelor, and while every one in our set has felt the loving arms of children about their necks, he alone has missed that happiness and just a short time ago he gave his reason for never marrying. "So many girls loved me I could never decide which one to marry." And as more than quarter of a century has elapsed we could not help laughing at his old conceit remaining, for he has never guessed the truth.

The other one carried a valuable gold watch, an heirloom for 800 years (so he said, yet every one of us girls knew it was a $1 brass watch). Whenever he joined our group one of us was always sure to want to know what time it was. Then out would come the watch (and the lies, too), and although we were permitted to admire it, we were never allowed to see it near by or even touch it, for fear of spoiling such a precious possession. One night we watched him scouring it with coal ashes in his yard, and we laughed as only girls of seventeen can laugh and called his bluff. He denied it was the same watch, but we never again saw him carry any watch.

Did we do right or wrong to jolly these two? Will not your young readers answer? But be very sure you do not trifle with one who loves you. Accept and give flattery and jollying, but when true love enters your lives accept it as a God-given blessing. Never marry without honoring the one you love. These are opinions of AN OLD GIRL WIFE.

For Wintry Days

For children especially fleece-lined hose are desirable, for youngsters play about on the floor and near the floor a room temperature is always lowest. Fleece lined stockings come also in women's sizes and some of them have heavy ribbed tops, giving extra warmth over the knee. They are admirable for outdoor sports in winter and also for wear around the house when the temperature is too low for comfort.

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50. Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura," Dept. F, Boston.

Camisoles to Make at Home

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

Three dainty camisoles any girl handy with the needle can make at home

REGARDLESS of how attractive the brassiere may be made, it can never be made alluring enough to prevent all women from loving the daintiness of the camisole of chiffon or satin and lace. The very fact that the brassiere is more or less of a utility garment, and a necessity to all except the very thin woman, bars any chance of its creating the genuine fondness that women feel for the artistic camisole. Most frequently it happens that the women who feel that they must wear the brassiere allow themselves the luxury of the camisole besides.

The extent that one may go to in possessing artistic camisoles is, like everything else, a matter of the size of the individual pocketbook. Even the girl who can make these delightful garments for herself finds this to be quite true, for the materials used to make them are expensive, and the life of either the chiffon or the satin camisole is very short. It must be said, however, that making them at home does aid in keeping down the expense.

There are shown today three very attractive models, which might be copied at home, if you are so inclined. At the left is a design to be carried out in crepe. At the upper part are squares of filet lace, below which is the hand embroidery. The peplum is of plaited crepe, held in place by a wide ribbon at the waistline. Ribbon is also used for the shoulder straps.

On the figure is shown a camisole with a plaiting of chiffon at the top and at the waistline and below of chiffon. French flowers decorate the front.

At the right is a design for crepe. The top is cut in points and outlined with beading. Filet squares also ornament the top. At the waistline the ribbon laces through wide buttonholes. This design also has the ribbon shoulder straps. Inquiries are solicited and may be addressed care of this newspaper.

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And So They Were Married

Episode Two—(Each Other's Friends)

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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CHAPTER XVIII

LONG after Alice had left the house, accompanied by Scott, Ruth lay rigidly in bed, her brain a seething whirl. She had heard them go out together, but, of course, she had not heard what was said before they left. The fact that Scott thought it necessary to see Alice safely home made Ruth angrier than ever. He had not been so solicitous of her the night he had gone out and left her to shift for herself, but Alice was so much more attractive and so much more likely to be spoken to than Ruth was that of course there was more of a reason in her case.

"I hate her; I hate her," Ruth said savagely over and over again to herself. And then, "I wish I could do something to make Scott appreciate me, to get even with him, but what can I do?"

Her thoughts went something like this: "I wish I didn't have to be here when he comes back, but where could I go? I could go home!" But that thought occurred to her only to be hastily put into the back of her mind. She could just imagine her mother's eyes and her mother's quiet manner suggesting, "I told you so," when she arrived at the apartment at 9 o'clock at night, in the condition of most motion-picture wives who go home to mother. It was too ridiculous. No, she could never go home, that was certain.

Where else could she go? Was there any one she knew who would not think it strange if she appeared casually at this time of night for a call? She cudgeled her brains in vain for a single soul. Her friends were all too conventional. They hardly knew what it was to go anywhere at night without their husbands. She could imagine Isabel Carter, for instance. Isabel's well-bred indifference and her inward wonder, and then possibly her conversation with Bill after Ruth had gone.

"I guess things aren't going smoothly with Ruth and Scott. Too bad, isn't it? Something must be wrong to account for her coming over here like this."

And then Bill's remark, "Oh, well, I always said that Scott Raymond was a queer duck."

Ruth knew that Bill did think Scott queer. Ruth realized, perhaps for the first time that very minute, that she could not consider Isabel Carter, the girl she had stood up for most strenuously when friendship had been discussed between herself and Scott time and time again, a real friend; not a friend to whom she could go in trouble and expect to understand. Isabel would dislike being shaken out of her well-planned and well-ordered existence. Isabel would dislike the turbulence of a friendship that required too much in the matter of understanding and difficult things like that.

Ruth sat up in bed again when she had arrived this far in her thoughts. It was true then, she hadn't a single person to confide in; not a single friend to go to in trouble, and her mother had been the very first person she had decided against. Was this all that life had to offer her? Was this all that friendship consisted of? And then, like a flash, she suddenly thought of Scott's friends. She was certain that they meant more to him than her friends did to her, and she suddenly understood why. Scott had chosen his friends from the standpoint of friendship alone. How had she chosen her friends? From what standpoint? What was a friend worth who was not capable of friendship in time of trouble? She thought suddenly of Betty Lambert. Of Gene Mathews. Were they different?

Then another thought assailed her. She might go to a hotel and stay all night. Had she enough money? She sprang out of bed and ran over to her dressing table. On the top lay her black velvet handbag. She opened it and drew out her purse. Inside was about four dollars and a little change. Yes, she could do it, and yet, how would she feel going to a hotel and registering all alone at this time of night? She simply could not do it. She was afraid. That was it, there was nothing to do for the woman who was married, not a single thing. She was helpless. She cut herself voluntarily off from her old manner of living, from her people and her old home, and adopted instead a new family, the family of her husband. Of course the husband was the real family; for seldom could a wife accept the other members of it. In a few short weeks she had grown into her life, she had forgotten that there ever was another. She depended entirely upon her husband, one man, for happiness. What a frail piece of protection against the entire world. And yet, it was true of nearly every married woman she knew. Perhaps women did not realize it until they were confronted with it as she had been tonight, but, realizing it as she did, what was to be done about it?

She was certain that this was the end; things could never again be the same between Scott and herself. And yet how many other women are there in the world who decide that very thing after the first quarrel, and after every quarrel ever after? It is human nature, and above all, feminine nature, to make mountains out of molehills; to declare that never again will things be the same, and then to take up life again after things have settled themselves. Every woman likes to be tragic: there is a certain amount of satisfaction in it; there is always a certain relief in agonizing over something, and this attitude is hardest for the average man to understand.

(Tomorrow Ruth and Scott do some more thinking.)

What Jim Thinks About Afternoon Teas

Every Thursday afternoon we make clothes for homeless Belgian children, and after a hard afternoon sewing we usually need some refreshments.

Of course, Jim turns up his nose at afternoon teas and calls us "a lot of women," but I notice he always comes home a bit earlier and snoops about the ice box when he knows it's my turn to be hostess.

I do make delicious sandwiches, though, and I really can't blame him for wanting some.

Of course, I use graham bread or some other kind of war bread, cut very thin. Sometimes I fill the sandwiches with cream cheese and olives, or cheese and pimento, sometimes with lettuce and any kind of meat, chopped, that I happen to have in the house. But whatever it is, I always flavor it with plenty of that French A1 Sauce. You've no idea how much farther it goes and how much better it tastes when it's linked with that thick, rich, delicious sauce. You just ask Jim.—Adv.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION FOR THOSE WHO ARE LONELY

Make Up Your Mind to Do One Thing Better Than Any One Else Can Do It, Then See How Many Friends You Will Have—One Girl Picked Out Dancing as Her Specialty

ON THIS eve, when all the world is making resolutions, I have one to suggest for girls who are lonely. Make up your mind not to be! Loneliness is a quality that grows by what you feed it upon. For instance, if any one of us is a little blue it is perfectly possible to sit down and brood over it—to conjure up all the reasons why we should be unhappy and then to almost revel in unhappiness. What started as a little lonely moment can turn into a bitter evening of introspection. We are feeding our loneliness!

Every one has these moments. Those who refuse to listen to them are the happy people of the world, who have plenty of friends. Those who give into them, sitting time after time counting over the bitter things of life, are the people too occupied with trouble to go about making friends.

IT IS a mistake to bitterly imagine all the happy people around us are favored with the sunshine of life and just naturally "grew that way." If we could only realize how many in the world have had to sit in the quiet of their rooms and make up their minds to build their own happiness against odds far worse than we have ever dreamed of, then we would cease our brooding and be up and doing.

I knew a girl, for instance, who was handicapped by exceptionally ugly features and a certain self-consciousness about them that did not lend charm. The girl was absolutely miserable about these things. One day a strong-minded woman took her in hand and gave her a good talking to. That night she began to take stock and the next day she came to the strong-minded person, according to a promise, and said these words:

"What do you think I am going to do? I am going to make a specialty of two things—dancing and listening."

And the girl did as she promised. In one year there wasn't a girl on the dance floor as popular as she was. My, how she could dance, and my, how all the boys liked to dance with her. And just as soon as the girl discovered that if you can do even one thing better than any one else can do it people just naturally seek you out she forgot all about being self-conscious. And pretty soon she almost forgot her promise about listening, because there was so much to talk about. And her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled. And there you are. The girl I am talking about was more than pretty. She was charming with that indefinable charm of which a man does not tire.

Girls liked her because she was always happy and when you are happy you are the sort of person others like to have around. This girl's knight came riding, of course. And now, dear me, how wonderfully happy she is.

THIS almost sounds like a fairy story. But it is not. It is one of the fine great truths of the world, that if you can do one thing better than any one else can do it men and women will seek you out. Here on the threshold of the new year this thought can hold bright promise for the girl or for the young man who is lonely. Make up your mind to stop thinking about your misfortunes. Take stock and pick out your specialty. Look happy, even if you're not. Go out to win. Then see how much joy just naturally comes into your life.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Who is the Countess Madeleine de Bryas?
2. Describe an easy way to separate the inside leaves of a tightly curled head of lettuce.
3. What use can be made of that old trunk with the broken tray, stored in the attic?
4. How can stains made by cranberry jelly be removed from a white waist?
5. What will successfully clean white enameled furniture or woodwork?
6. When the hot-water bag begins to wear out, what can it be used for?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. An attractive New Year's card can be made by pasting a pretty little picture or drawing on an oblong piece of bright-colored pasteboard with a tiny calendar attached.
2. Christmas gifts that have come from a distance should be acknowledged the day after Christmas, or as soon after as possible.
3. A good stunt for a watch party is a fagot party, when each person puts a fagot on the fire and tells a true story while it burns.
4. A pretty gift for a new baby is a long coat made of quilted pink silk, embroidered with flowers.
5. An attractive collar and cuff set seen in the shops is made of a band of voile with a ruffled edge held together by a narrow black ribbon. The cuffs are turned back.
6. A soothing lotion for tired feet is a mild solution of peroxide.

To Mrs. E. G.

I am very sorry about your loss. Very likely some one found the wallet. Why don't you put a little advertisement in the lost and found column? Thousands of things have been recovered in this way.

Mourning for Daughter

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a girl of eighteen years of age, and would very much appreciate if you will publish how long it is necessary for me to wear a mourning veil and mourning. Thanking you highly in advance. LONELY.

The rules about wearing mourning are very elastic. Mourning for a mother by a young girl is worn for a year as a rule, and the veil is worn only a part of that time. Some wear it only for a month and others for any length of time extending nearly through the year. Young girls as a rule do not wear the heavy crepe veil, but a thin one heavily bordered with crepe.

Use of Guest Towels

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me just exactly what these dainty little guest towels are to be used for? I have been given some very pretty ones, entirely too pretty to hand over to a guest, and tell them to use them for drying their face and hands. So what do you use them for? L. T.

Although it does seem a pity to use those dainty little guest towels, they are actually used, although only on state occasions. At least you give your guests the opportunity of using them if they wish to. As a rule when a woman has a card party, a luncheon, etc., she puts several of these towels on the rack and then a more practical towel or two with them. They dress up the bathroom and women love to look at them, even if they do decide they are too pretty to "muss up."

Four Jet Black Kittens

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Having read several letters in a recent issue in regard to getting good homes for pets I wish to state that I have four of the dearest, cutest, brightest, prettiest jet black kittens one could wish to look at.

They are four months old, and I am quite proud of them, as I have had their mother from the time she was a little kitten scarcely able to walk, so that I had to bring her up on the bottle, she having followed my husband home one Christmas Eve seven years ago. The mother is a perfect pet house cat. She is a perfect beauty, and so you see the pedigree of the dear little kittens is very good, and they are just at an age and size now to teach them anything.

And I would not give these to any one only some one who would promise to give them a good home. They can be seen any time at my home. They are two males and two females, but all a pretty and perfect black. MRS. M. A. K.

I am sure there will be readers who will want to become acquainted with these little jet black kittens. Letters for Mrs. M. A. K. will be forwarded to her.

For the Dear Old Lady

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Inclosed please find $1 for the brave little old lady who at eighty-four is working so hard to support her helpless old husband. I am sorry she did not have the money sooner; but I hope it will help a little. I hope things will be better for her during the coming year. She is too old to work so hard. Tell her to pray, and God will help her.

I read the woman's page, "The Adventures With a Purse," and the woman's exchange. I think the person who has charge of that department gives some valuable information, and seems to go to a lot of trouble to help people; and now you are helping this little old lady. I would like to know if you received the money. So kindly put a line in the paper. SYMPATHY.

Thank you very much, indeed. At the same time I wish to make acknowledgment for another gift in money that came for this brave woman. Both were promptly forwarded. I am glad you like our page. We are trying to be helpful.

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