SOME NOVEL RECIPES—ADVENTURES WITH A PURSE—FLORENCE ROSE FASHIONS—WILFULNESS

MRS. WILSON ADVISES WINTER VEGETABLES

And Gives Some Tasty Ways of Preparing Them to Serve With the Evening Meal

Cabbage Made Into Pudding Is as Novel and Delicious as Spinach Made With Cornstarch.

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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INDISCRIMINATE economy will not only prove wasteful, if we are trying to keep our household budget within reason, but it reacts against the family. Science shows the housewife that balanced rations are necessary for health and also that we can, with an eye to economy, cut down considerably on our protein foods.

Physicians usually know that just after the holidays many people suffer from autointoxication, or overloading the body with nitrogenous foods, highly seasoned and overrich desserts, candies—these will also have the same effect.

Winter vegetables, such as parsnips, carrots, turnips, Russian rutabagas, cabbage, celery, brussels sprouts, spinach and onions are rich in vitamines and bulk; they are so vitally necessary, if we are to maintain health, during the winter, living as we do in close, overheated rooms.

Use these bulky foods in place of canned or southern produce and note the improvements in health.

Drink freely of water; bodily waste must be eliminated and unless the blood stream is supplied liberally during the winter, it is apt to become sluggish and overloaded with waste.

The tart acid cranberry is a mild and stimulating fruit and should be used plentifully while it lasts. Serve it as a sauce in pies, puddings, etc., and beware of using baking soda to reduce the amount of sweetening necessary to make the fruit palatable.

Bicarbonate of soda or baking soda, when used in cooking foods, destroys the valuable living elements and causes a reaction in the stomach, thereby causing digestive disturbances. Bicarbonate of soda should not to be taken unless under the advice of a physician.

Following are some novel recipes.

Cabbage Pudding

Chop small head of cabbage fine and place in water for one hour. Drain and then place in a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Cook for fifteen minutes and then drain and place in a baking dish and season with:

One-half cup of finely chopped onions,
Two pimentos, chopped fine,
Two teaspoons of salt,
One teaspoon of paprika,
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.

Now pour two cups of cream sauce over the cabbage and sprinkle the top with fine bread crumbs and two tablespoons of grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes

Sweet and Sour Carrots

Wash, pare and then cut into thin slices sufficient carrots to measure three cups. Cover with boiling water and then cook for fifteen minutes. Drain and then place in a casserole or baking dish and add:

One cup of chopped onions,
One-half cup of finely chopped celery tops.
One and one-half teaspoons of salt,
One-half cup of bread crumbs.

Mix well and then place in a small bowl:

One-half cup of salad oil,
Three tablespoons of vinegar,
One teaspoon of paprika,
One-half teaspoon of white pepper,
Two level tablespoons of sugar.

Beat to make the dressing quite thick and then pour over the prepared carrots. Sprinkle the top with fine crumbs and two tablespoons of grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

Swiss Spinach

Wash and cook one-fourth peck of spinach in one cup of boiling water. When tender chop fine and then rub through a coarse sieve. Do not drain. Return to the saucepan and add:

One bouillon cube,
Three tablespoons of cornstarch, dissolved in three tablespoons of water.

Add to the scalding spinach and stir to blend. Cook for two minutes and then add:

Two teaspoons of salt,
One teaspoon of paprika,
One-half teaspoon of black pepper.

Turn into a baking dish and then sprinkle the top with fine crumbs and a little grated cheese. Bake for fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Rutabagas

The Russian rutabaga is the large yellow turnip. Wash and pare the rutabaga and cut into pieces. Place in a saucepan and cover with boiling water and cook until soft. Drain and then mash and season with:

Two tablespoons of grated onion,
Three tablespoons of finely minced parsley,
Four tablespoons of bacon or ham fat,
Two teaspoons of salt,
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then pile in a hot serving dish and sprinkle with paprika.

Browned Parsnips

Wash the parsnips and then place in a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Cook until tender. Drain and then scrape off the skin and split in half. Lay in a flat dish and cover with:

One onion grated,
Two tablespoons of salad oil,
One tablespoon of vinegar,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper.

Turn the parsnips and let marinate for one hour. Lift and then roll in flour and fry until golden brown in smoking hot fat. Serve as a vegetable, or with a cheese sauce as a luncheon dish.

Ask Mrs. Wilson

If you have any cookery problems, bring them to Mrs. Wilson. She will be glad to answer you through these columns. No personal replies, however, can be given. Address questions to Mrs. M. A. Wilson, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, Philadelphia.

The Woman's Exchange

Does Not Know What to Write

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a secret code and I would like to write it to a friend. As I have nothing to write about, I would like you to tell me of something. I do not belong to a club. I hope I will get an answer soon.

P. M.

If you can think of nothing better to write in code say this: "I have nothing to talk about and I cannot think of anything to say, but I want to write to you in this code, so I am saying this. Your sincere friend." If I were you, I really shouldn't bother to waste much time thinking up something original or clever to say. You might even talk about the weather. I am sure you will get lots of fun out of the code.

Favors for Party

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you please give me some information on the following lines? I am to have my sorority at my home some evening soon and would like to have something original in the line of favors, not decoration, same not to cost more than ten cents each. I think something like a wedding ring for the next bride; a black cat for the old maid; etc., but what is the etc.? I can only think of those two.

H. M. R.

You might have a thimble for the girl who sews; a mirror for the prettiest girl; tiny garden tools for the girl who loves flowers; a toy stove for the best cook; a pair of spectacles for the bookworm; a megaphone for the girl who sings; a piece of ten cent music for the pianist; a sample tube of cold cream for the girl who is always worrying about her complexion; a feather duster for the ardent housewife; a stick of candy for the girl who is crazy about sweets; a "diamond" ring for the girl who is supposed to be engaged; a group of small dolls in boys' clothes, on a string, for the most popular girl. Perhaps these suggestions will stimulate more ideas, because of course, you can think up more idiosyncrasies of the girls whom you know so well. I wouldn't use the black cat for the old maid. You might use it for the girl who is superstitious. But, you know, that kind of thing is bound to make hard feelings, no matter how well you know the girl or how good-natured she is. No girl likes to be called an old maid even if she is sensible enough to realize that she is one. And it is not the mere fact of not being married or engaged that makes a "typical" old maid out of a girl. There are certain qualities that any married woman or even a man can have, which are worthy of that term "old maidish." You will keep more strictly to the truth and much more within the bounds of kindness if you leave out that one joke.

Wants Work at Home

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—You have already heard my story about my husband's going and leaving me with my four babies. He left me, but he sends me money whenever he feels like it every other week, and I know it takes a lot to get along with these days so I write to you. Perhaps you know of a place I can get a little work sewing. I mean to take home such as making aprons or something to make a little money. I can sew on the machine. Please publish in your column if you know of somewhere to send me.

MRS. M. De F.

The best thing for you to do is to consult the Woman's Federal Employment Bureau 258 South Twelfth street, for work of this kind. Sometimes, if you watch the advertisement columns of the paper carefully, you can find a chance to get sewing from a factory to do at home. The Society for Organizing Charity, 419 South Fifteenth street, will help you to get some work if you cannot get it in either of these other ways.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. How can rust be removed from a pen point?
2. Describe a pretty, easily made camisole.
3. In what pretty way may the radiator in a bedroom be made less conspicuous?
4. How is white ink made?
5. What style of umbrella is convenient for the person who travels?
6. How can a hat that is shabby, but in good style, be made "new" again?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Miss Esther Schwartz, of New York city, is a Y. W. C. A. worker who is to be national office secretary of Y. W. C. A. work in Russia.
2. When a hatpin is rusty, pushing it up and down in earth or sand will smooth it off quickly.
3. A dainty girdle for the all-black or all-white net dress is of black net with a butterfly bow in the back. At one hip there is a small cluster of embroidered flowers in pink, blue and green.
4. Grease from an automobile can be removed with lard.
5. When a husband and wife are calling on a mother, father and daughter, they should each leave one card.
6. An easily made cover for the telephone book is made of cretonne with pasteboard inserted in the two pockets to keep the back stiff.

HOME GROWN

By FANNIE HURST

Miss Birdie Fink, a new York saleswoman, goes to a Michigan resort for her vacation and meets Mr. Prokes, of Miami. Michigan, who takes her canoeing. Mr. Gilly, the hotel clerk, also a New Yorker, asks her to go out with him the next afternoon, but she arranges with Mr. Prokes to be back at 10 o'clock in order to go out with him.

CHAPTER IV

THE magenta light of declining day lay on the water and reddened it as if monsters were spilling gore in a subaquatic battle. A low, faraway sun that had lost much of its heat and no longer dazzled the eyes, slipped, as if a most delicately contrived windlass was letting it down cog by cog into the horizon. For a second it rested on the surface of the water, then dipped, broke the circle and dropped gradually down into its tomorrow.

FANNIE HURST

Miss Fink clicked down her pink parasol and shifted her position on the sand. Her feet were curled under her like a shah's.

"Say, wouldn't a model tunic gown draped in hot-looking pink chiffon, the same color as that camel-shaped cloud out there, be swell?"

"Neat little sky, ain't it? I know a fellow made a fortune out of an idea like that—Al Levy; he's the fellow put out the Sunset Seytette Girls that was such a scream in four-a-day vaudeville last year. I knew him when he was sellin' tickets in front of the Rialto in the old scalper days."

"All aboard for Sunset Land—tra la la la—tra la la."

"Sure, that's the act! I knew all them little girls like they was my sisters. I remember Daisy de Vere when she was carrying a tin spear in the fourth row of a fifth company of the Gaiety Girls. Daisy always knew when her show came in off the road that she could get a dollar room—and off me—and pay me when her luck turned. Them was the good old days at the Rialto House—good old days."

A theme of retrospection, subsidiary, but insistent as a left-hand theme marching beneath the trill of treble arpeggios, crept into Mr. Gilly's voice; he burrowed an equally retrospective forefinger knuckle deep into the sand, drew it out and peered into the little well.

"Them was good old days—I never ought to have left Broadway for the resorts nohow—gettin' back is like a character man tryin' to convince a manager he can play juvenile. But say, kiddo, if you'll wear a muzzle about it, I'll whisper something in your ear."

"Sure."

"It looks like I'm going to land behind the counter of the new McPheeters when it opens next month!"

"Oh!—the new thirty-story one on Thirty-second street?"

"Right-oh! My friend Kelly's managing it and he promised the counter to me before the plans were even dry!"

"Say, but that's some job!"

"I ain't sure yet, but I'll know any day now. I may run down to Chicago to see him when he comes West next week—and if I land it, Birdie-birdie, believe me, I'll invite you out to the swellest little supper between here and Forty-second street. How'd you like to see me behind a alabaster, gilt-edged counter, eh, kiddo?"

"Not so bad!"

"I'm just holding my breath wishing it on myself—forty a week and three shifts! Say, it's so easy a politician would trade with me."

"I know just how you feel. I had my eyes glued to the avenue and 'Imported Gowns—Only'—three whole years before I ever sold anything above a twenty-nine-fifty ready-to-wear."

The gray light of dusk suddenly enveloped them; the lake was glassy-topped like a cistern, and behind them a darkening tangle of woods full of the twilight gibberish of birds.

"Gee, forty a week! On forty a week I could ride in a taxi with my back to the meter; I could buy a plot on Fifth avenue for a truck garden; I—I could even get married, Birdie."

"Or buy an underground balloon."

They laughed in soft, furry voices, that had unconsciously taken on the quietude of dusk.

"Look over there, Gilly—the hotel's beginning to light up."

"What I think of that dump!"

"I bet right now the whole Bison convention is ringing for more towels and shaving water, and every man's wife of 'em is unpacking the tray of her trunk and shaking the small town sweet lavender and crinkles out of a made-in-the-house' summer silk that would get a laugh out of a clown off duty."

"I notice you're pretty strong for the small towns yourself, Morning Glory. I ain't heard nothing more about that eight-forty-five flyer since you and Miami went out to the moon last night."

"Quit your kiddin'."

"Go to it, sis—he's the prize Bison of the whole herd, with a bank account I could wish on myself—don't let straw in his hair and ashes down his vest front scare you off. Oh, you Red Trunk!"

"Aw you!"

"Likes you pretty well, don't he, Queenie? He watched us paddle off like he'd give a half interest in his Miami bank stock to be in my place."

"Yes—he—would—not!" sung in a voice to deny her negation.

Mr. Gilly dusted his hands of sand particles, rolled over luxuriously on his side, climbed to his feet and stretched wide his arms like a sun god standing at the edge of a day. He was a white flannel epic in sartorial art, an heroic expression of trousers creased to the knife edge and wide-cuffed to reveal, yet conceal, white-clocked hose, so sleazy that the knob of his ankles strained thinner the silk. A white silk shirt fluted in front and bloused to a correct negligee snapped in the breeze, and with it all the carefully careless hair, the unimportant features and the too large horseshoe scarf pin that distinguishes the sophomore from the scholar, the weevil from the worker, the gent from the gentleman.

"Stay where you are, Birdie, and I'll hike down to the canoe for the basket. We'll spread the eats on the sand and build a bonfire till the moon comes up. We're going to have some little feast—real cut-ups we are—wouldn't they give us the laugh at home?"

He bounded down the slope of beach lightly, the spray of kicked-up sand shooting from under his white canvas shoes.

They dined like two gnomes, with the fire dancing in their eyes and over their hair and down their backs and their own shadows, curiously elongated and stretched on the sand beside them, full of mystery and absurd with the mimicry of their own gyrations.

"Have a pickle, Birdie-birdie——"

"Don't care if I do."

"Are you happy, girlie?"

"Well, I guess."

"S'more cakes?"

"Nope."

"Whatta you think of our party, sister—real gay, ain't we?"

"Some party."

"You're the kind of girlie I'd like to take to a real lobster supper. Gee, the swell little parties I've had at Churchey's — nice little congenial crowd like that and I can hug the daylights out of myself for joy!"

"Churchey's is one little dream of a place—they got the swellest dance floor in town!"

"Don't I know it!"

"But—oh, I don't know, but—since—since I been out here, with the pine air that kind of bites into your lungs, and the moon so close you can taste it to see if it's a Camembert or Gorgonzola, I—I ain't so keen on rushing through life on subway trains."

"Hear—hear! Say, outside of Noo York—you'd thrive like an orange grove in Alaska."

"Gee, a story-and-a-half cottage in M—Michigan, with a garden and props under the trees to keep the fruit from breaking them, and a paling fence all around to keep the kiddies in while you're cutting cookies with the lid of a baking powder can. Gee, a little of that would make the silk velour in the Turkish room at Churchey's raise its nap for shame at takin' your money."

"Migawd, whisper that line of talk in a phonograph record, Birdie-birdie—and I'll send it to Maisie for a centennial present."

"Silly!"

"Rave on, I can manage you if you get violent."

"What's them lights over there, Gilly?"

"That's Bay Shore—another dump like ours, only they got a picture show and two hotels and dancin' on Friday nights——"

She raised her head like a hound scenting its trail.

"Dancin'—lead me to it, honey; lead me to it!"

"Keep cool and Fletcherize your ham sandwiches, Cleopatry—Friday nights was what I said—Friday nights—and I'm on dooty!"

Miss Fink waved her sandwich above her head so that the long arm of her shadow danced across the sand.

"Ah, that teasing, teasing Tango—Swoop!—oh, how it makes your brain go,
Let's start that teasing Ta-a-ango!"

"Oh, no you don't out here, kiddo. Wait till Saturday night and you'll see the way the gay birds do it out here—the Lancers and the Virginia Reel's the limit."

"The Virginia what?"

"One night me and your friend Maisie tried three steps of the Boston Glide and I ain't been so nearly out of a job since the Sea Side Hotel fire."

Swoop! Oh, how it makes your brain go,
Umph — umph — umph-umph-umph——umph!

"Aw, cut it out there, girlie—what you teasing' me for? Gee, if I had you down at Churchey's this minute!"

Miss Fink's eyes were like slits, her shoulders and her waist and her voice swayed with the hesitating rhythm of a worshiper of Buddha under his Bo-tree.

"Do you know the Singalese Dip? It's the hardest of them all, Gilly——"

"I'm the neatest little dipper you ever seen—ask 'em when you go back if they know me up at the Fifty-ninth Street Palley Doo Dance."

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

A SUIT OF TWEED WITH A WOOLEN SCARF

This kind of suit is just the thing for that puzzling season between winter and spring, or for the southern trip. The hat is a forerunner of warm weather, and is bound to be popular. It is of duvetyn with a brim of tan straw

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

AT THE smart winter resorts you may usually tell the seasoned visitors, those who have for some time made a practice of spending the later winter weeks at these southern resorts, from those who are doing so now for the first time, from the way that a cold wave takes them. The experienced ones are prepared with suits and coats that are warm and appropriate, while those who are green in this winter resort visiting are caught unprepared. They have trunks full of organdie frocks, satin coats, summer furs and taffeta day frocks. They have only lightweight sport suits and their coats are of the thinnest tricolette or wool jersey.

And usually one good cold snap does visit even the warmest of the resorts. This season it was especially bitter at one or two of the smartest of the resorts. And many were the resolutions on the part of those who were caught unprepared to be more cautious next season.

For the benefit of those who are still looking forward to a trip to a spring resort, I am going to give the suggestion that you provide yourself with one really warm suit, even though the pictures on the illustrated booklet descriptive of the place you are going to visit show women in white frocks and men in Palm Beach suits airily promenading sun-bathed beaches with skies that are guiltless of clouds or winds.

I have selected for your benefit a suit of tweed that strikes me as very appropriate for the woman who is planning a pleasure trip at this time of the year. It is likewise a good selection for the woman who needs to buy a suit to wear during late winter days and those of early spring. Tweed is very smart at the present time and the tweed suit has an air of distinction that makes its high price well worth while. To this suit there is a scarf attached that gives it an air of distinction. The suit is of a dark gray mixture and the scarf is of the same tone, with angora buttonholing in a lighter gray. The fringe on the scarf is made from the same sort of angora wool. The narrow leather belt encircles the suit jacket and gives trimness to the waistline. The hat that is worn with this trim little suit is an advanced model and shows what will doubtless be one of the leading shapes for spring. It is of tan straw with a crown of duvetyn.

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Mending Tears

I often have tears in heavy garments which it is hard to darn without showing. In these cases I cut a strip of court-plaster large enough to fit the tear and press it down with a hot iron. The tear can scarcely be seen.

MODERN PRISCILLA.

"Cinderella's Daughter"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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SYNOPSIS

Virginia West and Kathleen Foster form their friendship in boarding school. Kathleen's affection is based mainly upon what she can get out of Virginia. Virginia's is entirely sincere. Both girls become engaged to college men and Virginia is married. Kathleen breaks her engagement because she has no desire to become a poor man's wife. Virginia's husband is taken ill and Kathleen, who has discovered that her former fiance has had a legacy left to him, decides to try to get him back into her life. She uses Jimmy's illness as an excuse to write to him, and Bill immediately responds. The night he calls on Jimmy and Virginia, Jimmy dies and Virginia is left alone. She goes to stay with Jimmy's family.

VIRGINIA'S baby was born in the same room in which she had lain wide-eyed on that night long ago, when before she had been married to Jimmy, she had come to Crystal River to visit his family, but the weather was cool and the room comfortable.

A fresh little breeze stirred the dotted Swiss curtains, and, turning her head, Virginia saw Mrs. Anderson standing in the doorway, a blanket-wrapped bundle in her arms.

Mrs. Anderson came over to the bed and put the bundle in the girl's arms. A faint little wail came from it and it felt soft and warm.

"It's my baby!" Virginia said weakly.

"Yes, dear, your baby." Mrs. Anderson said softly. And then quite suddenly Virginia remembered and caught it close to her. Weak tears began to roll slowly down her white cheeks and she turned her face to the wall. Jimmy was gone, and this was the heritage he had left her. Mrs. Anderson bent down and was speaking gently.

But Virginia was young, and slowly but surely her strength began to come back. She had called her baby Barbara and she loved the small soft thing with a fierceness that resented any outside interference. During her days of convalescence when she had nothing to do but wait till the baby was brought to her all fresh and sweet like a rose, or for her meals that Mrs. Anderson tried to make as appetizing as possible, Virginia had a great deal of time to think. Her great problem seemed to be what she was going to do with her life. Although a certain amount of tolerance and better understanding had come to her as far as Jimmy's mother was concerned, Virginia saw very plainly that it would be impossible for her to stay at the Andersons. She must get away and lead her own life, and to do that she must make money enough to take care of herself and her little girl. So far life had taken Virginia and had done what it liked with her. From the sheltered existence of her girlhood she had been suddenly thrust into married life and her lessons had been those of experience.

One day when she was well enough to go downstairs and lie in the swing on the porch, Mrs. Anderson spoke to her about the future. Mrs. Anderson that afternoon typified the life of Crystal River, the life that she was asking Virginia to accept, the uneventful existence of life in a small town. Virginia's nature could accept the extremes of life, but the deadly commonplaces were the things that her very soul cried out against. To fancy herself twenty years from now sitting on the narrow front porch of an ugly frame house was unendurable. She did not belong here. Oh, surely life was not over for her; there must be something ahead. She was only twenty.

Mrs. Anderson thought that she had been very patient with Virginia, but she felt that Virginia was making no effort to be practical. She wore a sheer white frock with a pale blue ribbon around her waist this afternoon and her slender white hands were idle.

"Virginia, Mr. Anderson and I want you to know that this is your home, yours and Barbara's." She finished with a little note of triumph and looked at the girl expectantly.

Virginia was silent a moment and when she spoke her tone was thoughtful. "Please don't think me ungrateful, Mother Anderson, but I could not stay in Crystal River. I want to go back to the city."

"What could you do? You'd starve."

"I can work," said Virginia promptly, "and I want to be free."

Tomorrow—Ideas for the future.

Give Me Today

Give me today—I do not ask to know
What tomorrow's chalice holds,
be it deep or strong;
I only ask for faith, that I may always go
In duty's path and dream or fear no wrong.

Give me today—I do not ask to see
What picture on life's screen tomorrow may reveal;
I only beg that each glad moment be
Crowned with some kind, friendly, loving deed.

—W. C. Roye, in Today's Housewife.

WHEN PEGGY SAYS "I WANT" NO ONE DARES REFUSE HER

She Learned to Get Her Own Way When She Was a Little Child and She Has Never Been Taught to Bear Disappointment

"BUT I *want* to!" exclaims Peggy with an easy pout. And that settles it. She does. It makes no difference if "it" is buying ten cents' worth of candy, or going out on a rainy day in thin satin slippers with nothing over them. It has always been that way with Peggy. No matter how big or how foolish or how impossible her desire was, if she wanted it she had to have it. As long as she wants the world to go on revolving it probably will, but I hate to think what would happen if Peggy ever got dizzy and wanted it to stop! She calls another girl on the telephone. "What are you doing today?" she asks in a descending scale that is almost a whine, "Well, come on down town to lunch with me. Yes, you have to, I want you to. You don't have to do anything else, you know."

The other girl may be compelled to refuse the invitation on account of her own illness, of illness in the family, of being too busy, of another engagement. But Peggy "won't take no for an answer," and she puts the full force of her pleading whine into her voice, and involuntarily assumes the pout, which cannot be seen and does no good over the telephone. "But you must, I want you to," she insists.

And if the other girl sticks to her duty and does not go, the pout changes to a straight angry line, and Peggy slams down the telephone.

THERE is character behind that pout of Peggy's. It is not entirely her fault that she feels the importance of her desire so strongly. When she was very small she used to want things with her whole being, as every small person does. If she couldn't have them, she pouted prettily. If that worked she smiled. If it didn't, she drew the pout down into a grimace, added a loud noise and some tears—and she always got what she wanted. She learned, as very small people do if they are allowed to, that when the pout didn't work all she had to do was pretend to draw down the corners of it—and she would get what she wanted. No, I do not feel that Peggy is entirely to blame for the pettish, discontented expression of that pretty mouth of hers. If she had been taught to pull in that pout when she couldn't have things, or if she had ever learned that there were some things she couldn't have at all, there would be a much prettier expression there. Disappointment and deprivation hurt, but they do help character.

It seems almost a crime to allow a child's natural, selfish inclinations to "run wild" like weeds and choke out all the good qualities that might be developed and trained to make that child a lovable, fine woman. She may have great possibilities in her nature, but she must be an unusual child to bring them out and build them up all by her young, untaught, unguided self. Before we put Peggy down in our mental notebooks as "willful, headstrong, selfish," or any of those ugly things, let's look back a little and find out how Peggy "got that way." And then perhaps we'll reconsider and put her down as "overindulged, untrained and unfortunate." Yes, unfortunate, because she has never had a fair chance to develop an admirable disposition.

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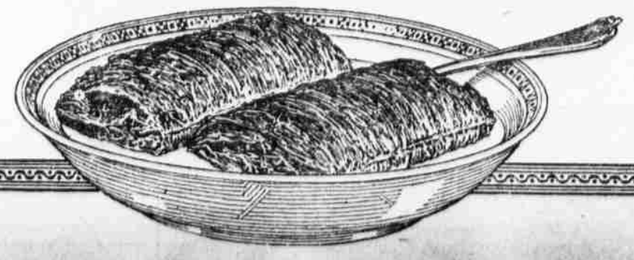
of the foods that promote growth. An essential food element for growing children are the "vitamins", found in the whole wheat. Shredded Wheat contains all the vitamins and mineral salts combined with the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain—the perfect food for growing children. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits served with hot milk make a warm, nourishing meal at a cost of a few cents—the most real food for the least money.



Adventures With a Purse

THERE is nothing particularly new about the black neck ribbons, although they are effective, of course. A noted French modiste asserts that every woman should always wear a touch of black, and although these ribbons furnish the desired color, by their very popularity they lose in individuality. Which is why I personally incline toward the black bead chains. They come in all lengths. Some are opera length and others extend some distance below the waist. Some, too, are made of dull black beads, while others are of sparkling jet. Certainly they give that "air of finality in attire." The prices begin at $1.50 in this shop, which has such a splendid assortment.

And while we are on the subject of chains and what might be hung on them, I want to tell you what I saw today. I thought at first that it was a silver locket. It is quite small, measuring probably three-quarters of an inch by an inch and a quarter. But it is quite thick, resembling a silver match box. "How much are those silver lockets?" I inquired of the salesperson. "They are not lockets," she corrected me. "They are rosary cases." Certainly they are lovely and for the woman who carries a rosary should prove both useful and attractive. I found a number of sizes and shapes in these cases, and prices begin at $6.25.

Do you suffer with headache or neuralgia? If you do, you have my sympathy. And there are two ways to express sympathy. One is to say, "I'm sorry," and another is to offer some tangible help. I want to be the second kind of sympathizer, which is my reason for telling you about something that has been "in" our family for years. It is what is known as a counter-irritant. Here is what it does: You put it on your head or back, and the first thing you know it begins to burn just enough to be felt above the pain. And then that place begins to feel cool—oh, the most delightful coolness you can imagine. And you are so busy feeling these delightful sensations that you generally forget your pain, with the result that when the effect of this magic soother is worn off, your pain is much better. I speak from experience, because I have tried it. You can get some for fifty-two cents.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 5000.