

SERVING LETTUCE—WOMAN'S EXCHANGE ADVENTURES WITH A PURSE—CYNTHIA

MRS. WILSON ADVISES SALADS FOR SPRING

There Are Many Kinds of Lettuce Plants Which Supply Necessary Mineral Salts

Foreigners Have Recipes, Including Vegetables, That Make Unusual and Wholesome Dishes

MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE early Romans ate their salads with a seasoning of salt, spices, hard-boiled eggs and oil, as a first or introductory course to the meal. In early Roman days, history tells us, salads were considered a great luxury and were always served in the form of an appetizer, while the early Hebrew traditions inform us that salt alone was used for seasoning on all salads and green foods.

The Greeks gave us the first blended dressing for salads, which was a mixture of honey, lemon and oil. Physicians tell us that if we are to keep physically fit during the late winter and early spring we must eat abundantly of green uncooked salads. The mineral salts in these uncooked plants are vitally necessary for our physical well-being. If we wish to maintain our health, while living, as we do during the winter, in hot, stuffy rooms.

Try to make the salad a real part of the winter menu. Celery, radishes, watercress, red, white and curly cabbage, romaine and endive—all may be used for salads, with peppers, nimmans, onion, chives and garlic for variety. Frequently, macadonin or mixed salad may be served. This is a combination of cooked and raw vegetables.

The Question Corner

- 1. What unusual set of utensils can be bought for roasting or broasting before an open fire?
2. How should crepe de chine and georgette crepe be treated to prevent shrinking after washing?
3. Describe an attractive use of wide lapels on a one-piece dress.
4. What is the newest popular shade of blue?
5. How is feather trimming used on an unusual evening gown?
6. Under what circumstances is it proper for a married woman to use her Christian name after the title on her card instead of her husband's name?

Yesterday's Answers

- 1. A device that will do away with the necessity for holders or burnt bands is a pan-lifter made like a mincher with a shovel-shaped bottom and an aluminum top which is bent down at the end.
2. A run in a silk stocking should be caught above and below the ends by a short line of machine stitching. The actual darning should be done by hand with an ever-and-over stitch that pulls the edges together in a seam.
3. In washing woollens, borax should be used in order to bleach as well as cleanse the garments.
4. A pretty breakfast corner by a window in the kitchen is made by placing two wooden seats at right angles to a window, with just enough space between them for a narrow table. The result looks like a dining car.
5. Ruffling is being done for a plain apron overskirt and turned upward instead of downward, making the skirt unusual.
6. Patchwork writing paper is very popular now.

Some Piquant Hats

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose



Taffeta again, this time of yellow, to make the hat in the upper left-hand corner. Pineapple straw has been lacquered to achieve a shiny effect for the hat just below. A charming practical way to use ribbon is shown on the only turned-down hat, and the last one has a way of its own for wearing a feather.

THERE seems to be few rationally small hats and few that are ridiculously large. As warm weather comes apace there will doubtless be many hats with wide brims—but they will probably be droopy, floppy brims of the English garden party variety. But for the present the moderately small hat prevails. Likewise the off-the-face model, slightly modified from its last season's style, persists. I am showing you today four of the hats that have already met with much admiration—that will inspire the milliners as the season advances.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

What Would the Readers Do With This Girl?

Dear Cynthia—I am a young man and have a question I would like to ask you. I am going with a young girl whose people are fairly well to do and have proposed marriage to her on several occasions and her reply is always the same: "Yes, I love you and will marry you as soon as you show me that you can save money enough to furnish a home for us." I make \$30 per week and it costs me \$15 a week to live. She also likes to go to shows and dances, and when I take her to one show and perhaps one dance a week it costs me \$1.50. Then she likes candy; it costs \$1.50 a box, and she gets a box or two each week. I want to marry her, but how can I? R. F. K.

"Buck Private" Writes

Dear Cynthia—I've got some questions of yours to answer and challenge to accept—"with reservations." The question concerning closed eyes was brought up at a meeting of Philadelphia's round table, which occurs daily in the cafeteria at the "Y." The table had gone deeply into the question for three consecutive sittings before any letter was written; no unanimous verdict could be reached, so I decided to help the gentlemen out by securing the ideas of your readers on the subject.

"Not Guilty" in a most vicious mood suggests that my picture appear in the Beauty Corner and says that he would try it. All right, I'll do it under the following conditions:

First, "Not Guilty" says he or she try it. On the day that he or she accept my challenge, my picture will be addressed to Cynthia, provided "Not Guilty" is good enough sport to send in his or hers also, and then Cynthia is to have the pictures run side by side in any place she pleases.

That offer sounds fair enough to me. If it isn't I'll go further—I'll agree to have a plate made from my picture and send it in all ready for the press. What do you say, "Not Guilty"? Incidentally, I've got a bet with the assembled members of the round table for \$15 that "Not Guilty" does not accept, and secondly, that should "Not Guilty" accept, there's \$30 up in a second bet that I'll not have nerve enough to send my picture in. I need the money, so come on, "Not Guilty," and show me how much of a sport you really are.

He Loves Another

Dear Cynthia—You play "mother" to hundreds of people, maybe you can help me. I am only a girl nineteen years old, but broken-hearted. My looks are passable and I dress decently. I had a very nice offer from a young man of twenty-five through my brother. Our friendship grew and grew into love, so I thought, "The country called for me and he nobly responded to my call. The armistice was signed and soon after he came home.

One morning I brought a girl over to the house to meet him, and she was so attractive and good-looking that "love at first sight" was the result. He is no longer mine. After claiming that he loved me, he has turned to the other girl. It is almost a year now. I thought it would smother the flames of love I had for him, but instead I love him more each day.

I have gone out with loads of young men since, but there is always something missing. I have occupied my leisure moments with settlement work, housework, bus work, but there is always something that reminds me of him.

I see him, oh, so often, as he comes over with brother. I continue living and suffering this way. What shall I do? People call me jolly and happy, but they don't know the hell that is raging within me.

There are at least three young men of my own age who would claim to love me. If I would let him, but I have no love for them. Should I marry one of these young men and live unhappily, or just continue existing?

Please tell me what to do. I fear sometimes I am crazy. Readers, am I the only fool that can't wake up from a bad dream? Tell me how you overcome the love you once had.

AT SEA

Yes, you must go on living, dear, but, of course, you must try to stop thinking about this young man. He is not worthy of your love. Do not marry another yet, but try to think of one of those men you speak of more and look for his good qualities. Soon you will forget the other.

His Idea of Love

Dear Cynthia—I have never tried any of this kind of work before, although I have often been tempted to answer some of the letters in your column; but this time the temptation was too great to resist and I am going to try. Give me a description of love to Blue Eyes and Blondie. In the first place, I think love is the most wonderful of passions. I have never known a man or woman who has not a series of passionate waves breathe from the soul of one lover to another. If the number of waves breathed by each lover is the same or nearly the same, the love existing between that fellow and girl will be mutual, and in such a case unending. If either of the lovers breathes a greater number of waves than his loved one, the little love affair is what I would term "puppy love," or a case in which one really does care and the other party makes believe that he or she, as it may be, cares.

A girl's looks are not everything. She must appeal physically, spiritually and mentally to the one she expects to win. I don't know whether I have helped Blue Eyes and Blondie or not, but in case I did I hope to hear from them, and would like some other readers to criticize my first attempt.

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THE OUTDOOR GIRL



She's all fixed for skating or walking or even coasting, in her comfortable skirt of green and brown plaid and her Norfolk jacket of plain green. Her scarf is warm and woolly and tan, and her hat is firm and serviceable and becomingly brown to match the plaid.

Central News Service

"CINDERELLA'S DAUGHTER"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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The Great Adventure

It was not until Virginia West had suffered, until after her husband had died and her baby had been born that she could see her best friend Kathleen Foster as she really is. Until then she had loved Kathleen, excused her apparent selfishness and inconsideration. Kathleen had turned down Bill Lyons, the man who was about to marry, because he was poor, but later when he came back into the lives of both girls, a comparatively rich man, Kathleen wanted him back. She put her finger on the door of the man who had been so good to her, and she had to work to adjust herself and her baby.

Virginia sat where Kathleen had left her, in an attitude of deep thought. She was tired, mentally and physically, and in a few short hours she would have to go on the stage and play her small part as though nothing had happened. She must think out a better way to manage things. She must not get so tired, she must build for the future; that much she was certain of.

In regard to Kathleen she was stunned. In place of the love that she had always felt for her, there was a clear-cut understanding. It was true Kathleen did not care, never had cared for any one. She had never been a friend; she did not know the meaning of the word. She had thrown over Bill Lyons because he had no money, and now, because he was no longer poor, she wanted him back. That was the true explanation of Kathleen's attitude. Virginia knew it now; she admitted it. Before she had always refused to admit it even to herself.

But Bill still cared. He must care, for they were engaged. It was then that the first doubt of Kathleen's confidence regarding the engagement entered Virginia's mind. Suppose it weren't true after all. Suppose Bill had not asked Kathleen to marry him and that Kathleen had said "no" to him that were true, oh, if that were true, how wonderful everything would be! And then in the darkness, Virginia faced the fact that Kathleen had said "yes" to him, and she was trembling with gladness at the prospect of such a thing. Why did it make such a difference to her? In her memory she saw Kathleen looking into her eyes and her heart throbbing. She knew now what it was; she loved him! It was true, she loved him; that was Kathleen's love, the love that she had carried her hot face in her hands while darkness stole into the room. She could hear Emma stirring about in the tiny kitchen. Soon dinner would be ready and life must go on just as always. She felt like one of the small cogs in a huge machine, moving on, being moved on, in spite of herself.

The bell rang and Virginia did not stir. She heard Emma go to the door, open it and close it and go back into the kitchen. Then a hand caught her arm, and some one picked her up as though she were a baby and held her fast. She knew before she looked up that it was Bill and she hid her head in his breast with a little gasping cry. She did not struggle; she did not even question; she just lay there and he held her for a brief moment, quietly and tenderly. Then he spoke and his voice shook her.

"Virginia, Virginia, you know that I don't believe it," he said in an unsteady whisper. "You don't believe it? I'll show you." And he lifted the small dark face to his and kissed her lips again. He kissed the dark eyes and the firm dimpled chin until with a sob she buried her face again on his breast.

Her thoughts were whirling around. What had happened? She loved Bill, but she had tried to hold him away from her, but he laughed and drew her closer.

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IF YOU SMILE LONG ENOUGH YOU'LL GET PLEASANT REPLY

But Many People Seem to Find It Easier to Be Disagreeable for a While First Before Granting a Civil Answer

"DO YOU sell georgette crepe at this counter?" a customer asked. A slight affirmative shrug of disdainful shoulders was considered enough answer for her. She smiled pleasantly. "I wanted to get some like this," she ventured, showing a sample. The saleswoman granted it a passing glance. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed angrily. "We haven't anything like that. Why, that's a plum color." "I know, but I thought you might have something that would be near enough to it. I only want a little," the customer apologized, still pleasant. "How about that one on the shelf there?" "Oh, that isn't the same thing at all. No, I couldn't give you anything like that," the saleswoman insisted, scornfully.

"Well, will you get it down, please. I think it would do." The bolt of material was brought down, compared with the sample and found to be an almost perfect match. And then the saleswoman had to be pleasant. The persistent smile and undaunted amiability of the customer finally won its point. Before she left the saleswoman had smiled at her. To be sure, it was a reluctant smile, but it was a smile, and an apologetic remark about the weather accompanied it.

Why wasn't she pleasant right away? She would have been through with the sale so much more quickly if she had acknowledged the right of a smile to come into the world. She made no impression upon the customer, except that of a very disagreeable person. She wasted good time, presented an unlovely appearance, and might have lost a sale if her customer had not been so pleasantly determined to give it to her.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Public School Position To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—It is with much interest that I read daily your good advice and answers to many queries, and having been favorably answered on one occasion, I come again to get an answer. Could you inform me as to the amount of salary a secretary in a public school receives? Also a clerical assistant? What length of time must one wait to get the appointment? Wishing you success during the coming year, and with best wishes to you and the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, I am, BONNE AMIE.

These two positions are really the same. The difference is only that in some grades the clerical assistant is called a secretary. The salary is from time before an appointment can be obtained depends upon the waiting list of eligibles and the vacancies for the position. Sometimes it is possible to get right in, and other times a longer wait is necessary. Just like everything else that has a waiting list, it "depends," and there is nothing definite about the length of time. Thank you very much for your good wishes.

To Remove Stiffening To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Is there any method that I can use to take the stiffness out of a black taffeta silk petticoat? What use can be made out of a long, white serge infant's cape? Is there any way that I can reduce a double chin? W. P. H.

You can get rid of the stiffness of the petticoat by putting it into water and allowing it to dry before it is pressed. Dry it by wrapping it up in a dry cloth instead of hanging it up. Of course this does not take all the stiffness out, but it removes the dressing and makes the silk "floppy." I do not quite understand your second question. Do you want to make the cape over into a short coat, for the child, or use it as something entirely different? It could serve me more of an idea how you want to use it. I could offer you some suggestions. There are a number of chin straps and other arrangements sold for the purpose of reducing double chin. Have you tried any of them? If you diet and exercise you can reduce proportionally all over and get rid of the double chin. A facial masseur could help you.

Graduation Party To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—As I am a constant reader of your page, I am coming forward to you for the following advice: I would like to give a party in honor of my graduating from public school this month. Now what is best to serve and how should I write my invitations? Is it necessary to decorate the table, and if so, how? How would I receive my friends when entering? My brother

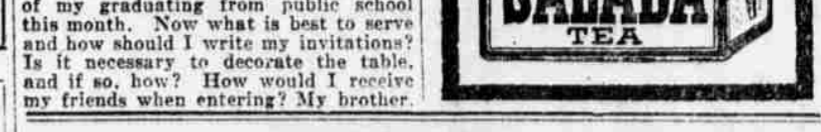
and I are both seniors, and I am also graduating from school at the same time. A SCHOOLGIRL.

If you are having your party in the afternoon it would be best to have hot chocolate or punch, small sandwiches and little cakes—and candy, of course. If it is an evening affair you could have either ice cream, cake and coffee, or salad, bread and butter sandwiches, hot chocolate and cakes.

Write a regular formal invitation. If you want to decorate the table you could have ribbons of your school or class colors, fastened to the chandelier, falling over the shade and held in place by a band of the ribbon. Let the ends fall over the table. In the center of the table, directly under the ribbons, have a stack of either your school flags or flags bearing your class numerals tied together and standing up proudly.

Stand just inside the door of the living room or parlor to greet your guests as they enter. If you entertain your brother's friends too, at the party let him be on hand ready to speak to every one that comes in, although he need not stand up with you. I hope the party will be a great success.

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CHAPS AND LARIATS IN WILD WEST NOVELS

Deeds of Daring, Too, and of Course of Love Interest

The jacket of every one of the group of books considered below has an attractively colored cow puncher as the principal figure, equipped with chaps and sombrero in all cases, and in some cases with a gun or a lariat. Fifty percent of them show in thrilling colors how a cowboy to the rancho born rides a bucking pony. All these young men have very appearance of being what is known as red-blooded. And the stories are similarly luscious. Those readers who like virility, and stern stuff, and iron in the blood, will get thrills plenty in any or all of these stories.

Zane Grey is past master at western fiction. "The Man of the Forest," his newest novel, has all the trappings of plotting and constant motion of event and adventure that mark his earlier stories, so deservedly popular among the following. The hero is through sheer accident enabled to save the girl in the case from the clutches of a villain of course, romance develops amid many dangers by wood and mountain. The hero, Zane Grey, is a bit of a cowboy, and the purchase of the "Furrow" of the light of men to turn the one-time alkali deserts of Arizona to fruitful agriculture. The hero is cheating with a gun, and the purchase of a lot of hitherto valueless land, but wins in his endeavors to reclaim it and make it fertile. He has many obstacles to overcome and much opposition to thwart before he and the charming heroine achieve victory.

A murderer, a falsely accused man, a sourceful hero, a delightful and resourceful heroine, all set against the heroic background of the romantic West—these are some of the constituents of an exciting piece of fiction which William Lyman Paterson, White, and the Lyman Patersons, Red Kane's love for the Lorimer runs like a theme of sentiment through the story of how the innocent man is vindicated in the murder charge and how the bandits and other evildoers are brought to time.

"The Hidden Kid from Power River," takes the reader to parts of the West where it is still wild and a bit woolly. It is by Henry Herbert Knibbs, who has written "Sundown Sling" and "Overland Red" were popularly, as the title here is known for short, is more of a mere skilled equestrian. He is some guy, always ready for a fight or for a frolic. THE MAN OF THE FOREST. By Zane Grey. New York: Harcourt & Brace, 1919. 128 pp. \$1.50. THE HIDDEN KID FROM POWER RIVER. By H. H. Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919. 128 pp. \$1.50. LYNCH LAWFYERS. By William Paterson. New York: Little, Brown, 1919. 128 pp. \$1.50.

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