# VARIOUS RECIPES—NEW COTTON MATERIAL—WOMAN'S EXCHANGE—ADVENTURES WITH A PURSE

## MRS. WILSON ADVISES GREAT CARE IN COOKING

*Many a Spoiled Dish Is Due to Inaccurate Measuring and Careless Methods of Preparing*

*Seasoning for Soups, Stews and Goulashes Can Be Made, Put Into a Bag and Used Several Times*

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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POORLY cooked and unattractive meals cannot afford proper nourishment to the family during the winter months. You, Mrs. Housewife, hold in the hollow of your hand the destiny of the family. Many cross-grained and cantankerous dispositions have been changed overnight, virtually by nourishing and attractively served food.

Surely one's family may reasonably expect inexpensive and well-cooked cuts of meat and seasonable vegetables; a spotlessly clean cloth and a good cup of tea, coffee or cocoa.

Most failures in cooking are due to the fact that the housewife feels it is not necessary to measure her ingredients and she prefers to depend upon her own judgment. While at times she has successful results, it is only once in every four or five times. It is seldom that she will feel that it is the method used that causes this result. The flour, the baking powder and even the oven are either separately or collectively to blame for her failures, when, in reality, it is just careless or indifferent methods that are the root of the trouble.

Each cup of flour is intended to hold just four ounces. To avoid having an overweight, sift the flour and then fill into the cup lightly, piling it high, then level off with the back of a knife.

If you scoop the flour up into the cup, and pack it tightly, then weigh the amount, you will find it weighs about six ounces. If you have no scales, sift this flour and then fill it into the cup as directed, and you will have enough flour left over to fill the cup almost half full again.

In making up a recipe, the excess flour would make the product tough and dry and then—you blame the recipe!

Remember that all great chefs measure and weigh accurately and that they are very particular to see that their entire kitchen staff does the same thing.

**How to Prepare a Faggot of Herbs**

*One stalk of celery.*
*One leek.*
*One bunch of soup herbs.*

Open a bunch of soup herbs and divide each variety of herbs, thus making six portions. Add to each portion:

*Two branches of celery.*
*One-sixth of a leek.*

Then tie with a string and let dry. Place in jars and then place on the lid to keep free from dust. A piece of red pepper pod may be added, if desired.

Now is the time to dry plenty of celery leaves for soups, stews, goulashes, etc. To dry them, wash in plenty of cold water, cut the leaf free from the stem with the scissors, spread on a tray, covered with paper, and lay in a warm place to dry. When dry, crumble between the hands, sift and then place in jars and store. If the white and green leaves are kept separately, the green may be used in place of parsley for garnishing.

**A Parisian Seasoning Hint**

The French chef blends his own seasonings and for this reason is able to obtain the flavorings that are distinctive. He makes a soup flavoring by placing in a bowl:

*One cup of dried celery leaves.*
*One-half cup of dried parsley.*
*Two tablespoons of thyme.*
*One teaspoon of sage.*
*Four bay leaves, chopped fine.*
*One dried pod of pepper, cut into small bits.*
*One-quarter teaspoon of allspice.*
*Two tablespoons of salt.*
*One teaspoon of white pepper.*
*One teaspoon of paprika.*
*One teaspoon of sweet marjoram.*

Mix by rubbing between the hands until thoroughly blended and then divide into eight portions and make small bags of cheesecloth, about three inches square, for each portion. Tie and store in the jar to keep free from dust.

To use: For soup, stock, stews or goulashes, etc., just drop the bag into the stock pot or with the food intended to be cooked and when ready to serve remove the bag. This provides a means of removing the herbs, as many people find them objectionable.

Add the usual vegetables, such as onions, carrots, leeks, celery and turnips in all stews, goulashes, soups and so forth.

**Season for Sauces**

Place in a bowl:

*One-half cup of salt.*
*One tablespoon of white pepper.*
*One tablespoon of paprika.*
*One teaspoon of thyme.*
*One teaspoon of sweet marjoram.*
*One-quarter teaspoon of allspice.*
*One-quarter teaspoon of mustard.*

Mix by sifting and then place in small cheesecloth bags, containing about one teaspoonful each.

To use: Drop one bag in a saucepan while making sauces or gravies, and remove before serving. After using, drop the little bag in a bowl of cold water; it can be quickly washed and dried for future use. Using spices and flavoring in this manner prevents discoloring the sauces and gravies.

### 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.

## Mrs. Wilson Answers Queries

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—I have a new gas range. I am anxious to keep it looking nice. Will you kindly tell me what to use on the nickel, and is there a black paste to keep the other part polished? Will you also give me a recipe for a bright chocolate icing? MRS. E. B.

Consult an expert at the gas company's office and he will advise you as to what are the best pastes and polishes to use on your range.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly tell me how to use an aluminum double roaster? I have had one for the last four years and have never been able to roast successfully with it. It has a small hole in upper pan; is that to be kept open or closed? Thanking you for any information you will give. MRS. J. F. D.

The double roaster can be made to cook food successfully. Keep the little slide on top closed until you desire to brown the roast. This usually means that you should cook your food on a hot oven and about thirty minutes before serving open the slide; double roasters are self-basting and do not require much watching.

## The Question Corner

**Today's Inquiries**

1. In what way can tiny beads too small to slip over a needle be strung?
2. What can be made out of jelly, olive or jam jars by the woman who is clever with a paint brush?
3. When a pillowcase wears out at the hem how can it be renewed?
4. What kind of gloves are popular for wear with the sleeve that ends at or just below the elbow?
5. How can a fur that has become stiff after a wetting in the rain be softened?
6. What is the newest silhouette for a skirt?

**Yesterday's Answers**

1. Mailing tubes can be covered with pretty cretonne and used as rollers for small doilies.
2. Crepe vermeil is a silk material which is crepe on one side and satin on the other.
3. A pretty vest for wear with a tailored suit is of satin with a high-standing collar and a narrow belt.
4. When a pen point is clogged and dirty, holding it in the flame of a match will burn it clean.
5. A paper napkin makes a good pen wiper that can be thrown away after it has been used once.
6. Dainty pajamas are made of pretty sprigged muslin.

## The Woman's Exchange

**Send an Envelope**

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Please let me know a few games to play at a birthday party for a lady in her twenties. A. E. G.

Games take up too much space to be published in the column. If you will send me a self-addressed envelope I will be glad to send you a list of games to play.

**Cleaning Silver Slippers**

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Will you kindly let me know is there any way to clean or brighten silver-cloth evening slippers? They are perfectly good. I wore them only once and now they are dreadfully tarnished. M. A. D.

The best thing to use to clean your slippers is carbon tetrachloride. You can buy it at the drug store. Rub it on with clean cloth and keep rubbing until it dries.

**Military Questions**

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Will you kindly publish the answer of the following question: Who is the ranking general of the United States? Is General March or General Pershing? Also state the military officers who are candidates for the presidency. A. L.

General Pershing is the ranking general of the United States. Major General Leonard Wood is the only military officer who is running for the presidency.

**About Three Books**

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Kindly publish in your answers whether the following stories can be bought in book form and what the price would be per book: "A Daughter of Two Worlds," "13 Washington Square," "Mary Regan," and oblige. DAILY READER.

You can get these books in the book department of any of the department stores or at a book store that carries novels.

## THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

By FANNIE HURST

*Esther Lefkovitch is on her first trip abroad. Mr. Danziger, another passenger, admires her, but her mother does not like him. Mr. Lefkovitch, who has lost money to Danziger at cards, is planning another game.*

CHAPTER II

MR. DANZIGER relaxed his straight figure against the jutting end of a lifeboat, blew away a wreath of cigarette smoke and gazed seaward. He was groomed, full of good points, nor lacking in the ready smile that wins. Gray were his eyes, with fine crow's-feet of laughter about them. Polished, even a bit too highly his finger nails and manners, his black patent leather boots and black patent leather hair. The smile in all its undaunted amiability he turned full upon Mrs. Lefkovitch, his fine teeth flashing whitely.

FANNIE HURST

"Come now, Mrs. Lefkovitch; I'll prove it by any of you. Is it me or the old gentleman out for the game tonight? I've got Miss Esther for proof, is it me or the old gentleman?"

Miss Lefkovitch turned scorching eyes toward her father.

"Of course, it's papa, every time. Without fail just as soon as me and Mr. Danziger or—or anybody get seated up on top deck after supper to enjoy the evening, up he comes and drags him right down to that old game—to that old game!"

"Hear, Mrs. Lefkovitch, how Miss Esther scolds the old gentleman, too."

"Truth is true, Mr. Danziger. That my husband on a first pleasure trip he takes from his business in twenty-five years, a man that all his life has had to work from dark until dark to get up to where he is now, should lose four hundred and eighty dollars to a young man what everybody on the boat says is full of luck up to his teeth, ain't no little thing."

"But Mrs. Lefkovitch——"

"Ach, Bertha——"

"Mama——"

"And on top of it all to tell his wife, until she hears it straight from the other ladies, that it is only four dollars and eighty cents what he lost. I ask you, Mr. Danziger, is it right?"

"Ach now, Bertha, I didn't——"

"You did, Aaron, right down in our stateroom when you came in that night and I asked you, 'Four dollars and eighty cents, Bertha,' you said, just like that. Right away, when you went to your bunk that night with your pants pocket under the mattress, I ought to have suspected."

"But Bertha——"

"Is that so nice, Mr. Danziger? I tell you for a young man what pretends he likes so much to be with my daughter, that he should play cards every night with her papa and win away like that—it makes me feel bad enough, I can tell you."

"Mama——"

"Ja, and you! Ain't you said yourself, Esther, how at night when it gets prettiest for the young girls and the young men to sit out under the moonshine, how always when card time comes you find yourself left by yourself? Tell Mama, Esther, ain't you said it?"

"Ach now, Bertha, wait till we land at Naples tomorrow and I get you an Eyetalian policeman to tell your troubles to."

"I'd like to see once Abe Katz do to you tricks like that, Esther. There's a young man for you—I always say could learn the whole world manners."

"Come, Danziger, I play you for no stakes, just a little game of freeze-out, eh? No stakes, eh?"

"But, papa, Mr. Danziger and I were going up on top deck this morning and watch Madeira till we land."

"Ach no, Esther, like a good girl you stay and watch it by Mama a little, es? See, out there already how big the land gets. Stay by Mama and in half an hour we be up again, eh, Danziger? A little freeze-out! No stakes, Bertha; no stakes!"

"Don't make out of me a fool, Aaron; it only makes me madder."

"See, Danziger, what a henpecker of a little wife I got."

Mr. Danziger placed a pat affectionately between the older man's shoulder-blades.

"Your old gentleman here is surely a card, Mrs. Lefkovitch. Hope to die if in the seventeen times I've crossed I've struck a character that can match up to him."

"For you, Mr. Danziger, two cards I guess he is with four hundred and eighty—"

"Mama!"

"See, Mrs. Lefkovitch, how your daughter takes up for me."

"Come, Danziger! Esther, you stay here by Mama a little."

"Don't be so considerate of me all of a sudden, Aaron. Enough by myself I've sat on this boat."

"Aw, Papa!"

"Never mind, Miss Esther; when we land I'm going to take you riding up the funicular at Funchal and show you the scenery of your life. They're nifty little islands, the Madeiras. I've been right through them clear to the Canaries."

"Come, Danizer, and no stakes."

"Now, Mrs. Lefkovitch, just you wait and see if he don't win the spades right off the cards. Coming, Lefkovitch, coming."

Left there and standing beside her recumbent parent, Miss Lefkovitch cast down upon her a glance that wavered with tears.

"Honest, Mama, you—you're just the limit."

"The limit I am, am I, because a nix of a young man nobody knows who he is, can't come along and pull the wool over my eyes he can over my daughter's and her papa's."

"He's one of the swellest fellows on this boat, that's what he is, if you want to know it. Everybody knows that he knows all the swells of Chicago, the Bambergers and all of them."

"Such talk don't go with me. So do I know all the swells of New York, the Felsenthals and Schimms, when I see them ride on Fifth avenue in their automobiles and see in the newspapers the Van Rippens' pictures."

"You and your old fogy ideas don't—don't understand, Mama."

"I tell you, Esther, sometimes I'm glad I am an old fogy when I see where all your fine ideas get us. You wanted to come to Europe and we came. Since papa can afford to do what he likes and your brother Michie is old enough to watch the business, I don't want I should deprive my daughter of anything what she wants, but I tell you Esther, if I was a young girl with a young man like Abe——"

"Mama please!"

"I mean what I say. You thought on this trip to Europe such fine new people you could meet. But not one boy on this boat have I seen what can stand up for a minute by Abe Katz. I tell you, Esther, even in the night when I lay down in that hot bunk of mine, how that boy's face comes right in front of me the way he looked at you from the pier when this boat sailed off. I tell you, just with his whole face he was in love."

"Oh, I'm—I'm not saying anything against Abe, am I, mamma? What—what do you keep bringing him up for?"

"Because I got eyes what see. Because I got eyes what see if you go the whole world over, another boy like Abe you won't find. A fine young businessman that would treat you like a queen. I tell you, Esther, the quicker you get such a nonsense as meeting the swells on a trip to Europe out of your head, the better. Abe maybe ain't so swell, but all I ever heard you could say against him was his big ears and——"

"Mama, please don't keep harping on—on him."

"I ain't, Esther, I ain't. Like your papa says, I should be the last one ever to force my children to get married. But take my word, Esther; the best thing what can happen to you on this trip is you should write him to meet us in Paris like he wants you should. I tell you, Esther, if you can make up your mind to want him bad enough to ask him to meet us in Paris, that, I say, is the best thing what can happen on this trip."

"Oh, Mama, you—you make me so mad. If I—if I want to write to Abe to meet us in Europe, I—I don't need you to always keep telling me about it. I—I came away to—to get away from that crowd of boys at home. I——"

"To pick up with such sporty kind of men like this Danziger from Chicago, I guess. I tell you, Esther, I think——"

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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## Dots and Checks

*A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose*

**The new materials are on display now for spring and summer frocks. Most prominent among them are the dotted designs, the checks and bars and the ones that are a combination. Materials are more sheer this year than formerly, but voiles and organdies are still the popular fabrics**

CHECKS and dots, and cross bars, and cross bars and dots—is that perfectly clear?

You may see, from looking at the sketch, just what I mean. The new printed cotton fabrics which, of course, you know are going to feature very prominently in the new spring and summer wardrobes—in fact, have already begun to feature—are many of them made of dotted designs. Sometimes these are plain polka dots, and then again some fancy motif is used for the dot, which is scattered over the ground at regular intervals. Then there are checks, making use of one or two or three or more cleverly selected colors, and then there are bars. Besides these there are fabrics, and these are, perhaps, the most characteristic of the season, that make use of bars and dots, in some instances the dots coming at the interjection of the bars and at other times coming within the plain space between the bars.

When I asked an authority on cotton goods the other day to tell me something about these wonderful new fabrics that one sees on display at the smart shops where materials by the yard are shown I was thus informed:

"It is not a season of new cotton fabrics."

I protested. Had I not seen luscious, tempting windows full of them, crisp and fresh and suggesting spring sunlight?

"Oh, there are charming cotton fabrics," he said. "Certainly. And they look different. But the fabrics themselves are the same, voiles and organdies for the most part. The difference lies in the fact that they are far sheerer than ever before—and there is a tendency to far better designing and coloring."

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## THE GLAD SURRENDER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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*Laurel Stone, newspaper woman, interviews Granville Burton, a prominent financier.*

IN THE grimy office of the Chronicle Laurel typed her interview with Burton. She worked quickly, competently, slim fingers flying over the keys. She loved her work, she loved to look up through the tobacco-blue air to where the various men sprawled at their desks, cigars hanging from their mouths, green shades over their eyes. She loved the roar of the presses, the boys running to and fro with long galley strips, the hum and buzz of sensational happenings across the wires and the electrical stir in the place when some one brought in a "story."

Laurel shared a small apartment with Winona Bell, who did the agony column. Winona was a type. She was femininely appealing, she was lazy, she had a certain faculty for handling words, but she rarely did her work herself. Most of the newspaper men liked her, but no one would ever have trusted her with an assignment. In her heart of hearts Winona liked this fact. She had no wish to cover news features; an interview appalled her. She made fairly good money at what she was doing and she was content.

As she worked Laurel tried to visualize the man Burton as she had seen him in his office that day. She found that her impression of him consisted of a pair of steel-grey eyes and flashing white teeth, which he showed when a sudden smile swept over his face. This smile was so brief that there seemed to be no genuine humor behind it. In an instant his face would be entirely grave again.

Winona came out of the inner room and interrupted Laurel's thoughts.

"I'm starving," she complained. "Aren't you nearly finished? Let's go up to Mucci's and get some spaghetti."

"Why don't you go on up and I'll come as soon as I'm finished?"

"Can't," the other responded nonchalantly. "You might not come and I'm broke."

"All right, I'll be through with this in ten minutes." Laurel responded good-naturedly. She was used to Winona's penniless condition, which always occurred about midway between one payday and the next. Winona was always borrowing from every one, and she never quite caught up with her debts.

In less than ten minutes Laurel whisked the last sheet of paper from the typewriter, arranged it with the others, gave a hurried look through the manuscript, and handed it to a passing boy. Then she strolled into the tiny office where Winona worked and began to put on her hat before the small and very dirty mirror.

It was a neat hat, but it was not smart, and Winona looked at it critically.

"Why don't you buy different hats?" she asked as the girls emerged from the elevator into the rush and swirl of Park Row.

"Do you like my hat?" Laurel asked calmly.

"Oh, it's all right, but heavens, Laurel, don't you care anything about your looks?"

Winona wore a smart black hat with little lacquered wings. She had borrowed the money from Laurel to pay for it, but it was becoming and it made Laurel's old sport hat look the shabbier by contrast. Laurel, stealing a surreptitious look at herself in a passing window, decided that she must buy a new hat. Winona was right. Laurel had women's notions very seldom, but she suddenly wished that she had worn a new hat when she had interviewed Granville Burton.

The girls went down a flight of basement stairs and into Mucci's, where they had their dinner. Later they went up to their small apartment, which consisted of a sitting room, bedroom and combination kitchenette and bath on East Eighth street. Winona divested herself of her hat and coat, which she threw carelessly on one of the chairs, and then, bringing out some pieces of silk and some cloudy tulle, she sat cross-legged on the floor and began to work on an evening dress that was half finished.

Laurel curled up on the couch with a book.

The apartment itself was very cosy. The front room held a couch which was covered in the daytime with a handsome black velour cover. It had been an old portiere, but Winona's clever fingers had made a really good couch cover out of it, and pillows of scarlet, orange and peacock blue flanked the top. Laurel slept here at night, while Winona had a couch in the bedroom, a smaller room beyond. The walls of the living room were of a deep cream, and there were some well-chosen prints here and there. A couple of basket chairs, a tea table with a rather handsome tea set of Japanese china, black dragons on a white background, some smoking things on a small tabouret, the couch and some low bookshelves completed the room. The bedroom beyond was very simple. The girls shared a chest of drawers, and there was a large closet. The bathroom was very large, and one end had been cut off with a partition. This was the kitchenette, and contained a tiny porcelain sink and a small gas stove. Here the girls managed their simple meals and even a dinner party occasionally.

(Tomorrow—Laurel's old home.)

The Other Woman's Suit or Coat

MAY appear well on you, but isn't it better to wear one that is made FOR you—one that will bring out the best points of your figure and conceal the defects? Let us take your measure.

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## Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

**He's Very Jealous**

Dear Cynthia—Please print these few words of advice to "Innocent" in regard to jealousy. I am a young married man, twenty-two years of age; have been married almost two years, am the father of a fine baby girl of six months and very happy with married life, with the exception when my jealousy rises to an uncontrollable anger. When my wife and I go to a show, ride on a trolley car or walking on the street I always have that jealous feeling that my wife is always flirting with some other fellow. It has caused many a quarrel and lots of unhappiness in those two years. I know that I am in the wrong, after things calm down. Cynthia sure is giving you good advice when she tells you to consider the matter very carefully before you take the step. Love is a wonderful thing, I know, and there is no greater love than a jealous love. It is a life-long game of chance, as you do not know the mind of a jealous man. He may change after marriage, but I have my doubts. So, "Innocent," if you do marry this young man, I am wishing you the best of luck and happiness for your future married life.

EXPERIENCE.

**She Favors Politeness**

Dear Cynthia—In answer to the request of a certain reader, "N. Y. S.," concerning the plausibility of "smacking fellows in the face," my candid opinion is that it is wholly unwarranted and does not conform to the laws of good conduct. A gentleman wouldn't give cause either by word or action to experience "a smack in the face." But, on the other hand, a gentle and refined woman would not resort to the extremes of resentment in such a manner. Personally, I do not think much of a man who would excite the tender feelings of a woman and so cause her to retaliate in an unladylike fashion. But women out of respect and deference to themselves, in my humble opinion, can easily find a way out of an exasperating situation without bravado. In the long run politeness and discretion conquer all things. M. L.

**F. N. N. Answers**

Dear Cynthia—Would you kindly give my answer to Conshohocken?

Conshohocken—I am very glad to hear that you agree with me in my points, except that one. It might be all right to have your friend in your parlor when your parents are in bed, but I don't agree with you. I will leave that question to Cynthia or to some readers. Now you doubt that I am a gentleman. I am a perfect gentleman and have it. That might not be right, but that respect for every person who deserves is my way. F. N. N.

You are quite right, F. N. N.; it is not a good plan to receive visitors, after one's family has retired.

**What Shall She Do?**

Dear Cynthia—Is it perfectly proper for a young lady to ask a young man to take her to a dance, the young lady having purchased the tickets from the club of which she is a member? At a formal club dance should both parties wear evening dress? How could a written invitation to said dance be worded? THANK YOU.

Quite proper under such circumstances.

Both should wear evening dress.

Write a little informal note, asking the young man if he can go with you, and telling him what time to come for you.

**Another Shot at Buck Private**

Dear Cynthia—I beg this opportunity to answer the letter of "Sophie D." where she makes the statement that a girl closes her eyes when she is being kissed the same as she might do when she smells a delicious perfume. I just had a hunch that maybe "Buck Private" uses perfume or perhaps bandoline or some of those exquisitely scented face preparations which one sees advertised in the cut-rate ads. My real opinion of the matter is that some smart young lad just wrote that article to see if he could get a rise out of some of your readers, for I am sure no person in his right senses would ask you such an absurd question. "Sengas'" letter can't expect to receive much more than a laugh from this source, for I am sure that kissing business with her eyes closed is all "bull." It sounds to me that she is either extremely soft or is trying to appear very coy.

I hope you will excuse my sarcasm and any rash statements that I might have made, Cynthia, but they are my sincere thoughts. MONDAIN.

February Sale of gas ranges

This sale is your opportunity to make a big saving on a good gas range. Approved makes only, taken from our regular stock and especially priced for this February Sale. Much higher prices will be asked for these same ranges later.

Prompt deliveries and connection can be made if your selection is made early.

Cabinet Gas Ranges from $41.75 up, including "Quality," "Direct Action," "Reliable" and other well-known makes in this sale.

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## "OH, WELL, I'LL FIX IT UP TOMORROW OR SOME TIME"

*Marion Always Says—She Pushes So Many Unpleasant Things Aside That Her Enthusiasm Has Slipped Away, Too*

"OH, WELL," said Marian, "I'll fix it up tomorrow—or some time. It looks all right for now."

But, of course, she didn't fix it up. She waited so long for tomorrow—or some time—that some one else got tired of looking at it and fixed it herself. What was it? Oh, Marian's messy bureau drawer or the threads and pieces that she had been throwing on the floor in the sewing room, or a stain on her skirt, or a hole in her stocking, or the greasy, sticky pans in which she had been making fudge. It really doesn't make any difference what it was; no matter how badly it needed fixing, Marian would always be able to "see the bright side of it," and decide that tomorrow—or some time—would be soon enough to fix it.

Marian's friends envy her, sometimes. "Oh, wouldn't it be great to take life as easily as Marian does?" they sigh. "Never worry about keeping things neat, or remembering where things are, or cleaning up anything—or anything." It would be a relief to take life with as little worry as that—that is, the disagreeable things of life. But what about the pleasant things? Do we want to take them easily, too?

Marian does. She goes to a show that everybody has been talking about. "Oh, well," she concedes, "I've seen worse." All the other girls have a "perfectly marvelous time" at a party. "Oh, well," Marian remarks, indifferently, "I wouldn't rave over it." Her pleasures slide past her as easily as her troubles do. She has never exerted herself to reach out and stop a few of the duties and obligations, because she didn't want to be bothered. But now enjoyment and interest have caught the disease and are getting away from her just as easily. When she dulled her sense of duty she smothered her enthusiasm, too. And now all she can do is sit and yawn and wait for tomorrow—or some time.

SOMETIMES when you've been working until you're so tired that you can hardly see straight, you see your laundry to be put away or a button to be sewed on your spats. You think about Marian and you say, "Oh, why would it hurt to be an 'oh, well' person just once?" Perhaps it wouldn't. The only trouble is, this "oh, well" habit grows fast, and before you know it you've succeeded in pushing aside everything for today and deciding that tomorrow—or some time—will do just as well.

When you have gone that far there is only a short little footbridge to cross before you find yourself in that land of self-indulgence where you don't have to do anything you don't want to do—and where you find to your surprise that you really don't want to do anything at all. You just sit at the edge of a busy world and watch it slip lazily past you without asking you to come along and take part in its work or enjoy its rewards. "Oh, well," you'll say, "Tomorrow—or some time—I'll get to work."

There isn't any tomorrow when you get across that little bridge. The only safe plan is to stand right up today and get into this world with all its disagreeable duties and obligations, its satisfying accomplishments, hard-won pleasures, and find that it isn't going so slowly and lazily and dully after all. If you do that in time you'll be living life instead of merely existing.

## Adventures With a Purse

TOAST—crisp, brown, piping hot!—a dab of butter and a spoonful of luscious marmalade! Well, there's no use talking, it takes real toast to make a good breakfast and it's always a welcomed dish for afternoon tea. And here's a toaster to use over a gas range—it's a sort of metal plate with holes in it and wire racks that fold down flat when not in use. You can make four pieces of toast at one time. You'll find it worth many times over the reasonable price, thirty-five cents.

If you're thinking of buying a clock for your living room—and somehow to me, a living room without the friendly face and cheerful ticking of a dependable timepiece seems not quite alive!—wouldn't you like one with hands and numerals of radium? Aside from this advantage, the clock I am speaking of is of an especially attractive design, simple and good, with mahogany finish. And the price is reasonable—$5.50.

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page, or call Walnut 3000, for names of shops where articles mentioned in Adventures with a Purse may be purchased.

### Shelter

Decent, clean, well-kept house.
Plenty of fresh air in the house, winter and summer.
Warm rooms in cold weather.
Separate bed, with sufficient bedclothes to keep warm.
A comfortable place to welcome friends.
Has your child these?

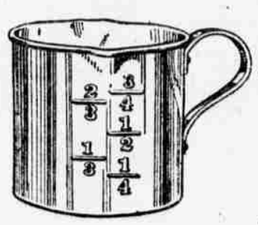
### An Emergency

Isn't it dreadful when somebody comes in unexpectedly for lunch or dinner and you haven't a sign of a flower for a centerpiece—not even a piece of fruit! But there's one kind of flower that you can buy once and use many times. It's paper. It looks unbelievably real, if it is well made, and arranged carefully in a pretty vase looks natural enough to fool anybody. And even if it doesn't fool your guests, it affords a pleasant topic of conversation if things should grow dull at "twenty-minutes after."

Wheeler-Kimball Modes

Millinery
Blouses
Silk and Woolen Sweaters
For Immediate and Future Wear
Hand Bags
Novelties

1601 Walnut St.



Jiffy-Cup Free

An Aluminum Measuring Cup

Also Dessert Molds

Send us two trade-marks from Jiffy-Jell packages—the circle trade-marks on the front. That will certify that you use Jiffy-Jell.

We will mail you this half-pint cup. It is an exact cup for use with any recipe. And two fillings with water dissolve one package of Jiffy-Jell exactly right.

11 Other Molds

With the Jiffy-Cup we will send you pictures of eleven other molds—dessert and salad molds. All those molds are sent free to users of Jiffy-Jell.

We want you to have them. We want Jiffy-Jell served attractively.

It's Real Fruit

Jiffy-Jell means a real-fruit dessert. It is not like the old-style gelatine dainties.

The flavors come in liquid form, in bottles. They are juices of crushed fruit concentrated.

Jiffy-Jell has a wealth of fruit flavor. We use half a pineapple, for instance, to flavor a pint dessert. The Pineapples are crushed in Hawaii—fruit too ripe to ship.

It is real fruit, not mere flavor, that folks like and need.

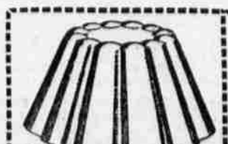
Serve It Often

People need fruit daily. Jiffy-Jell supplies it at a trifling cost, and you make it in an instant.

Ten Flavors in Glass
A Bottle in Each Package
Mint Lime Cherry
Raspberry Loganberry
Strawberry Pineapple
Orange Lemon Coffee

A delicious serving of rare fruit-flavored dessert costs you less than one small apple.

Serve it often—three times weekly. Winter is when people need it. And every serving seems like a fruit-time dainty. Cut out this cup offer so you won't forget.



STYLE 6
An individual Dessert Mold—six to a set. Also made in pint size and heart shape. Send 5 trade-marks for the set of six.

Jiffy Dessert Co., 518
Waukesha, Wis.
MAIL THIS
I enclose 2 trade-marks for the Jiffy-Cup.

If you enclose 7 trade-marks we will also send the set of 6 Individual Dessert Molds.