PRACTICAL COOKING—THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE—PRETTY FROCK—CYNTHIA—ADVENTURES

MRS. WILSON TELLS HOW TO PREPARE HAM

This Can Be Kept for Two Weeks in Winter and Used in Various Ways

Sausage Can Be Made of Remnants After Cold Cuts and Emince Have Been Taken Off

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

(Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.)

THE average family who like ham frequently hesitate when about to purchase a whole ham because they feel that it is expensive. Yet, if the housewife will just plan her menus for about three weeks ahead she will find the purchase of a whole ham occasionally a real help in reducing the cost of living.

Select a regular ham from a small pig, remembering that a lean ham is poor meat. Be sure that the ham has a reasonable amount of fat. Nine and one-half to twelve pounds is a good buy. To cut the ham with a saving it is necessary for the housewife to own a meat saw. This saw need not be expensive. Purchase a hacksaw at the hardware shop, costing about a dollar. This will be several sizes smaller than the butcher's and of a somewhat similar shape.

Have a good butcher knife and keep it for cutting meats. It will be a real saving to keep these two tools for their special work.

Make a slanting cut across the butt, near the hip joint, cutting the meat to the bone. Saw through the bone and then finish cutting. This butt should be about four to four and one-half pounds. The ham should be cooked in the fireless cooker to be done perfectly. It prevents undue loss or shrinkage of the meat tissue. This slow method also prevents the meat from becoming ragged or overcooked.

When it is impossible to cook in the fireless cooker place the butt of the ham in a large saucepan and cover with cold water. Bring quickly to a boil and then place where it will just simmer, allowing one-half hour per pound. If it is desired to serve cabbage with the boiled ham lift one quart of the water in which the ham was cooked to another saucepan and add sufficient water to cover the cabbage. Cook the cabbage until tender. This gives the cabbage the flavor of the ham. Replace the water which has been removed from the cooking of the ham.

Cut the amount of ham that is required for the serving and then return the but to the water in which it was cooked and allow it to cool. This prevents the meat from drying out. Cold cuts may be taken from the butt. Use the water in which the ham was cooked for bean, pea and lentil soups. Navy, lima and soy beans may be used for variety.

When unable to obtain sizable cold cuts from the butt of the ham, use the balance for emince and the bone, with the meat clinging to it, for baked beans.

For a family of four this four-and-one-half-pound butt will provide enough ham to serve with the boiled dinner, cold cuts of ham for dinner and lunch, bean or pea soups, emince of ham for breakfast and baked beans.

Take the shank end of the ham and cover the cut side with a piece of wax paper. Wrap the ham in heavy paper and hang in a cool cellar or in some cool place, such as the wire shelf in the icebox. This ham will keep for two or three weeks in winter and for about ten days in summer. Should the skin side of the ham become moldy, wipe it with a cloth which has been wrung from hot water and rub with shortening. Four or five slices may be cut from this shank end and it can then be cooked the same way as the butt was cooked. Here are some attractive ways of serving the ham when it is trimmed from close to the bone:

Ham Sausage

Put through the food chopper
Two onions,
One cup of cold cooked oatmeal,
Three branches of parsley,
and sufficient cold boiled ham to measure one cup when chopped fine. Now add
One-quarter teaspoon of thyme,
One-quarter teaspoon of sweet marjoram,
One-half teaspoon of pepper.
Mix and then form into sausages; roll in flour and brown in hot fat. Serve for breakfast with hot cakes.

Ham Loaf

Put through the food chopper
Six branches of celery,
Four branches of parsley,
Two pimentos,
Four onions,
One and one-half cups of cooked cereal
and sufficient ham to measure one and one-half cups. Now add
One cup of bread crumbs,
One teaspoon of paprika,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of thyme,
One-half teaspoon of sweet marjoram,
One and one-half cups of thick cream sauce.
Mix thoroughly and then grease and thoroughly flour a loaf-shaped pan and pack into it the prepared loaf. Set the pan in a larger one containing hot water and bake in a hot oven for one hour.

This loaf may be served the first time while hot with tomatoes, creole or cream sauce, the second time as cold cuts and the third time by forming into croquettes, dipping in flour and browning quickly in hot fat.

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—Will you give me your recipe for pepperhash and oblige. MRS. W.

Pepperhash

Chop fine one head of cabbage weighing about three pounds, and then turn into a large bowl and add:
Two green peppers, chopped fine,
Two red peppers, chopped fine,
One ounce of celery seed,
One-quarter ounce of cloves,
One-quarter ounce of allspice,
One ounce of mustard,
and sufficient white wine vinegar to cover. Store in crocks or in all-glass jars in a cool place.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly publish a recipe for making fruitcake containing raisins, currants and citron? Also what amount of each will I have to use? MRS. H. F.

See the cake recipe for the Christmas holidays.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—I expect to have about eighteen persons at a little party and would like to have a little spread. Would you kindly suggest what would serve? I have had very good luck with your recipes. MRS. A. D.

See recipes given June 19 and December 2.

The Woman's Exchange

A Class Party

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Our class wishes to entertain the other classes of the academic department. Will you kindly publish a novel kind of entertainment? We do not wish cards, luncheon or any elaborate displays, as this must be gotten up with as little expense as possible. A CLASS SECRETARY.

Why not have this affair in the form of a reception or a tea, if it is in the afternoon? Then for part of the time you could have shadow movies. Hang a thin curtain without folds across one end of the room. Have strong electric lights some distance back of it so that shadows will fall distinctly on the curtain. Then stage a ridiculous scene in pantomime, between the lights and the curtain. The balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" could be done in a burlesque fashion, and, of course, the more that is shown in the shadows of the "workings" behind the scenes the funnier it will be to the audience. You would have to use a stepladder covered with a "wall" and vines for the balcony. If the stepladder throws a clear shadow it would not make any difference. Any other scene would do as well. You might take something from a play that has been in town this season, provided it is known well enough to be understood by the audience.

Then when it is time for refreshments have the guests stand in line and draw numbers from a huge tray. Tell each one to take two numbers, or three, according to the amount of your refreshments. Then tell them to hand the numbers to a member of the class, who will bring them "eats" from a prettily decorated table, according to the numbers they present. Of course, the guest who draws 7 and 3 will think she is going to get something entirely different from the person next to her who has drawn 10 and 14. But since there will be only punch and sandwiches, or ice cream and cake, they will all draw exactly the same thing. The suspense and the surprise cause lots of fun.

During the rest of the time you could dance, or play games, or stage an impromptu vaudeville show, calling upon every girl who has any special talent, such as dancing, singing, reciting, drawing, or playing piano, to perform. I hope these suggestions will help you.

But In What Year?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly let me know through the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER what day did the 8th of February come on. DAILY READER.

Do you mean this year? Any calendar will tell you that it is on Sunday. But I think you meant some former year and forgot to write it down, didn't you? Send me your query again with the date of the year and I will look it up for you.

To I. E. K.

It would not be possible for me to advise you about the strength of this concern. You would have to consult some one who is engaged in that kind of business and has facilities for looking up the information.

Dishwashing

By NINA T. HEIDELBERGER
In Pictorial Review

Dishwashing used to be the bane of my existence, and I am glad to say I can use the past tense, for I have worked out a system so that I never put my hands into hot, greasy water. I scrape off all the grease and then stack the dishes on edge in a colander and let the hot water run over them freely. After a moment or two they are quite clean and the hot, greasy water runs away. If any food sticks to a dish it can be easily rubbed off with a long-handled mop. I put my silver into the colander too, being careful to keep the bone-handled knives sticking up well out of the way of the hot water, but the beauty of my system, too, is that because the water is so hot it only takes a moment to dry the dishes, or if I am in a great hurry I simply stack them on a tray and they dry by themselves.

Of course there are certain hints that help to make dishwashing easy. For instance, I always rinse out a glass that has had milk with cold water before washing it in hot water, and I find that if I fill egg cups with cold water and let them stand for a few moments before washing they are no trouble at all to get clean. Then, when I use baking dishes or saucepans I always fill them with cold water immediately after using, for this prevents the fragments from clinging to them and, later, when I come to wash them, it can be done in half the time it would take otherwise. I always keep a supply of newspaper on hand, and as soon as I finish with my frying pan or broiler I pour off the grease and rub the pan with pieces of newspaper, then it's quite easy to rinse it out later, for I've learned by sad experience that if I scrub my frying pan the next time I use it the food is likely to stick. Steel wool and any good soap or cleanser make short work of sticky pots and pans.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What is the easiest way to remove a spot from wallpaper?
2. Describe a pretty use of tulle on a satin or charmeuse evening dress.
3. What style of nightgown is comfortable for the small baby on cold winter nights?
4. How can a veil be stiffened?
5. In what dainty way is a handbag made for use with an afternoon or evening dress?
6. What material is popular for spring dresses?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Miss Maud Cleveland, of the Y. W. C. A. overseas, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for conspicuous service as chief of the casualty service of the Red Cross at Brest.
2. Court plaster got its name from the fact that it was first used by court ladies in olden days.
3. Chinese silk with elaborate designs can be used to make a dressy sweater that would really take the place of a blouse.
4. In using alum, precaution should be taken not to get it on the hands or face, as it is injurious.
5. Beanbags made of bright-colored denim and marked with each child's initials can be used during a party and given to the children as favors.
6. A novel way to make the invitations for a Valentine party is to make a little heart-shaped bag of red cheesecloth, and inclose a plain white card bearing the invitation.

A SLENDER WAY OF BEING BOUFFANT

Women must have bouffant skirts for evening. Yet they must have a slim silhouette, and so they acquire both by making their drapery of tulle which stands out but is not bulky. Beads weigh down the skirt itself and trim the bodice

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

THE American woman certainly has not been overeager at adopting the bouffant hip silhouette launched in Paris and seen so interestingly developed here in stage frocks this season. Of course this side bouffancy has been worn elsewhere than on the stage, but I must confess that there are a good many conservative but very well-dressed women who have not adopted the fashion and who get their most distinct impression of the new mode from the frocks worn on the stage.

You see the new bouffancy is a thing that springs out directly beneath the waistline. It makes the hipline appear square. Very young women and very slender women may wear this with impunity. But it is a dangerous silhouette for the woman who is fat or forty—much more the woman who is both—to tamper with. And it is to the credit of the American woman that she has gone slowly. In this country the well-dressed middle-aged woman was too sensible to make herself a caricature in the extremely abbreviated skirt, and she is now either avoiding the hip bouffancy or asking for a modified form of it—something that is adapted to her figure and bearing.

The little evening frock in the sketch, though it was not intended for a middle-aged woman, is an example of the sort of adaptation that has been made of the new French silhouette. There is a profuse drapery of tulle that gives the effect of much bouffancy without actually enlarging the silhouette to any considerable extent. Moreover, instead of being crisp and therefore outstanding, it is soft and clinging and therefore does not add bulkiness. Colored beads are used heavily on the sides of the skirt as well as on the front of the bodice and on the sleeves, and this, by weighting down the soft fabric, slightly contributes to the up-and-down lines, still so dear to the heart of well-dressed women. A rather lowered waistline is defined by a length of metal ribbon.

(Copyright, 1920, by Florence Rose.)

Adventures With a Purse

IT IS not necessary for me to call your attention to the fact that short sleeves are again becoming popular. Nor need I refer to the fact that hand-embroidered waists are always effective. It remains but for me to tell you of a shop which has some very graceful pretty blouses, with short kimono sleeves, and which are stamped for heavy embroidering around neck and sleeves. They are made of what appears to be marquisette, and they come in blue, black or white. They are ready made, are priced at $2.25 each, and when embroidered make very striking blouses worth several times their purchase price. One, for instance, in dark blue, was embroidered in solid greens and reds.

Real Chinese jade is quite likely to be rather expensive. If the chains and ornaments I saw today, for instance, were of real jade, they would, in all probability, cost many dollars. But they are made of some composition, and resemble jade closely in every respect but the price. They are curiously carved ornaments on effectively contrasting black ribbons. One, for instance, is a fat Buddha, the price of which is but $1.25. And the ornament measures some two inches high. There are any number of designs you will like.

I have seen these cigarette boxes a number of times, but somehow have never got to writing about them until today. Yet I think that you would probably like to have one for your living room table or desk. The box is of Japanese design, on the top of which is a stork standing about two or three inches. The box is to be filled with cigarettes. Then one presses a spring, the box opens, the stork leans over, takes a cigarette in its mouth, the box shuts, and, behold, there stands the stork, with a cigarette waiting in its mouth. The price of one of these astounding cigarette boxes is $3.

The sets for a child's room or nursery are quite adorable. They are decorated with those roguish fat little Drayton babies, which we have come to know through the advertisements of a famous soup manufacturer. There is a bureau scarf, linen colored, stamped in colors, ready to be embroidered in outline stitch. The price is $1.25. The one I saw embroidered even had tiny pearl buttons sewed on the rompers, and was irresistible. A whole set may be purchased, including a laundry bag, hose bag, pillow cover, chair back cover and even a quilt for a diminutive bed. Each shows a round-cheeked little girl and boy and sometimes a gay wag of a dog.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor, or phone Walnut 3000.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

For the "Woman in the Way"

Dear Cynthia—In answer to the million-dollar question, would state if I had the million I would have it placed where any single woman who is depending on relatives for a home could draw enough money to start a little business for herself, thereby earning her own living, and, when she was able, to pay it back with interest. There is no sadder fact in this world than for a refined, intelligent single woman (through no fault of hers) to have to depend on relatives for a home. If there was such a fund where she could borrow, she could soon establish a little business or rent a large house, and have rooms nicely furnished for rent. Think how many happy hearts and glad faces there would be if some millionaire would use one of her millions for that good cause. I often wonder why these wealthy single women do not make a will for their single sisters. That will, made by a single woman a few weeks ago, leaving $2000 for the "woman in the way" sensed the need of just such a fund. But the pity of it—there is none, and the "woman in the way" will still have to endure her humiliation. C. E. R.

She Certainly Is In Love

Dear Cynthia—You have helped others and I know you will kindly help me, as I read your letters every night. I have been going with a young man for five months; he calls every Wednesday and Sunday evening, only once in a while he plays music with other fellows at parties, and then he tells me and he does not come that evening. He has a good position, but he saves and I love him very much. I think he likes me, but he has never told me so. I live at home and have all my own money I make. I often buy tickets for shows and dances, and give them to him so we can go. Do you think it is right to do so? I have an old sweetheart, whom I went with for over a year; we parted because he said he would never get married, and I did not see him for six months. He came to see me at work and I treated him the same as I always did. I have been going to dances every Friday evening and he is there. I take the other fellow along with me, but I will give him a dance, and he waits for us and walks out to the car. While he was away from me he went with another girl and they were engaged to be married and they broke it off. While I was dancing with him I said, "Why didn't you get married?" and all he said was that he made a mistake and it was for the best. I love him very much and I still think of him all the time. I think he would like to go out with me, only he does not like to ask me, because I go with the other fellow. Would you ask him to go out some time with me? IN LOVE.

I don't see how you can love both these young men at the same time. It is perfectly proper for you to take the young man to parties, but why don't you let him take you once in a while? Perhaps he likes your theatre tickets and dances, instead of you. Certainly ask the other man to go with you some time, if you want to.

Young Widow to Remarry

Dear Cynthia—Would you kindly tell me what to do? I am a young widow. I am going to be married this spring. Now I wish you would tell me what to do with my wedding ring of my first husband. Some tell me it would be very improper for me to wear it after I am remarried. But, as my husband is dead, I didn't see any harm in it, which my fiance objects to.

A YOUNG WIDOW.

It is perfectly natural for your fiance to object to your wearing a ring which is the symbol of your former marriage. Now that you are to be his wife, he does not want to be reminded of any one else who once held his place in your affections. Of course, you would not wear the ring after you are married again, for you will have another one, and it would be better, now that you are engaged, to agree to your fiance's wishes and stop wearing the ring.

A Reply for "At Sea"

Dear Cynthia—In regard to "At Sea," I do not think that men are made for love after all. Tell me, and answer through Cynthia's column, what is it that you men care for about girls? Is it the good looks? Is that true love? I do not believe that men are made for love after all, or know much about it. It seems as if their hearts are made of stone. They forget the lost love and leave an aching heart behind. We women are the ones who suffer, for we alone know what it means. So tell me, men, do you believe in love, or is it just a folly or pastime? Do you think it is proper for a man to leave his sweetheart or wife for a prettier girl? Thank you, Cynthia. Best wishes and love to you, Cynthia, for you are like a dear mother to us. How I wish I knew you. DAISY.

Another One In Love

Dear Cynthia—I read your very interesting column every night and now that I need advice I am sure you can help me.

I have been going with a crowd for quite a time, but there is one fellow I really care for. He always brings me home from different affairs and we have been the best of friends. Lately he has been acting queer. He brings me home, but somehow he seems different. He acts coolly and I would like to know, Cynthia, how I can win him back. I am not the kind to forget easily, and I don't have any peace for thinking of him. He is always on my mind. Please answer me as soon as possible, Cynthia. I know you have many correspondents, but I am sure you can answer me this week. I hope this is not too long. IN LOVE.

Can you think of any reason why this boy should behave in this way; have you had a quarrel at any time, or have you any reason to believe that he is interested in some one else? Suppose you let some one else bring you home from the next party, and try to stop worrying about him. If he really cares for you he will not be so cool the next time he sees you, and if he does not, there is no use in your allowing yourself to be unhappy over him. Just go about with your other friends for a while, dear, and see how he behaves. Don't by any means let him see that you are worried about him.

For Love or Money?

Dear Cynthia—I am just a plain working girl, but really I am perfectly beautiful, having beautiful black, wavy hair, wonderful black, soulful eyes, also I have a very good figure. Now I'll tell you my troubles: Where I work there is a young gentleman friend of mine who says he loves me and wants me to marry him. Now I like him very much, but also in this same place there is an older man and I know he has money; he also wants me to marry him. Now, I like this other fellow the best, but he doesn't make any more money than I do and could never live on eighteen dollars a week. I know that much myself, so I thought you could tell me what to do. If you could answer me soon, I would like it very much. UNDECIDED.

I think you had a very good time writing that letter, didn't you, "Undecided?" You know how Cynthia feels about marrying for money. Marry the one you love—if he is not making enough, wait until he can support you.

The Boys Won't Go Out

Dear Cynthia—We are two girls of the same age, considered jolly and rather liked by the opposite sex, but, Cynthia, there is a question we would both like to ask and that is: How is it that the boys nowadays would rather sit in a parlor all evening than take a girl out to a show or go skating or sledding? They like the kind of girls that invite them to their homes and then sit in the parlor to about 11 o'clock with them. It can't be that they are afraid of spoiling their suits or afraid that they will have to spend their money, because the boys I have met are not that kind, and I can't see why they always like to stay in the house. I wish some of your other readers would kindly enlighten us, and we would be very thankful to them. BLUE AND BROWN EYES.

Perhaps they would rather talk to you than go out anywhere. Have you asked them this question?

He Gives Them a Shame Face

Dear Cynthia—We are two girls, both seventeen years old, and coming to you for advice. Can you please tell us how to get rid of a young man we don't care to have for company, as he gives us a shame face? Here he is: No overcoat, red socks, baby tie, $2 shoes and no handerchief. RUTH AND ROSE.

The only way to get rid of him is to refuse to go out with him; have other engagements when he calls. Perhaps the poor boy cannot afford to buy the proper clothes. Is he all right in other respects? If he is a nice boy, it seems rather unkind to turn him down on account of his clothes.

Meets Him on the Corner

Dear Cynthia—I come to you with a big problem I have been facing for two years now. You are one of the few of whom I would ask advice.

I have been going with a young man for five years now and care a great deal for him. Two years ago my mother and father forbid him to come to my home. Then it was too late because I already loved him. I must meet him in the street for these last few years.

I am a girl twenty-one years old and do not like to have other boys in my home as I hate to see my mother and father treat them so fine. He is just a few years my senior and making a big salary, after coming out of the navy. It is his people my mother and father object to.

This boy has done his duty over there, but comes home to wait on the corner each evening. He is willing to wait for me to marry him as long as I say.

Could you try to help me, dear Cynthia? WEST PHILADELPHIA GIRL.

Go to your mother, dear, and tell her just what you have written. Let her know that you have been meeting this young man on the corner because you do love him. I am sure she will understand. If there is anything really wrong with his family, of course, it would not be wise to marry him, but if your parents have just a personal dislike for them, you can surely make them overlook it. Of course, it is not right for you to meet any man on street corners, you know, no matter how much you love him.

Wedding Rings for Men

Dear Cynthia—I have read your column for some time and have always enjoyed it. Now I would like to put my question through your worthy column. Why isn't it the custom for men to wear wedding rings as well as the women? I think it wouldn't be more than fair that they should wear them just as well. I would like to hear what the readers have to say about this. Perhaps "Buck Private" would like to give some opinion on this. I was interested in his question. CLEOPATRA.

When the double-ring ceremony is used men do wear wedding rings.

Thinks Men Worse Cheaters

Dear Cynthia—May I write an answer to the letter on women cheating? In my experience of married life I have found men by far the worst cheaters. I was brought up to respect truth and honor, and naturally thought every one did, except the degraded class, but I was not married long before I found out differently, and the awakening was nothing less than cruel. I married a man before he went in the service, as he begged me to do so, and I thought as long as we loved each other, nothing else mattered, so I took the chance of having to take him back a cripple and perhaps work for him the rest of my life, and only too willingly would I have done so. He was in France over a year and came home O. K. again, but in that time I lost my youth and heart for life in worrying for him "over there." My mother told me I was foolish, but I trusted and believed him to my own sorrow, for he had not been back five months when I read letters he had written to another girl just as loving and affectionate as those he wrote me. I told him of it and he swore it was not true even over the proof. I was ready to leave him, but he cried and coaxed and begged me not to, even threatened to commit suicide if I did, so I gave him another chance. Now I know that it has done no good, as he is not true to me. He is very affectionate and loving to me and gives me anything I want, but it only disgusts me, as I think it is only to cover up the other that he pretends his love for me. Now do you not call this deceit and cheating in its true form? I have only one thing to do, leave him, and be pointed out always as a woman who does not live with her husband or go on living with him and bear the cheating a lifetime, which looks very hard, as I am only twenty-one and have not been married two years.

I have no doubt there are plenty of women cheaters, but, for all, men are surely their equal and far above. I am afraid this is very long, but I have never written you before. TRUTH.

She Makes the Girls Jealous

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl sixteen years old, and am considered very good-looking by the male sex. But most of the girls, I think, are jealous of me. When I go to a dance, which I do most every week, I cannot get any girl to go with me. I do not like to go alone in my friend's car.

The girls always invite me to their parties if no young men would be present. But I hardly ever get invited to a mixed party by a girl. It is always by a gentleman.

Cynthia, dear, I wish you could help me. I want the girls to like me, not to fear for their young gentlemen friends when I am around. ONE WHO IS LONELY.

Perhaps your attitude makes the girls mistrust you. I am afraid you rather glory in their jealousy, don't you? Girls of sixteen are not quite old enough to have "gentlemen friends," dear, and so if you just treat them all as boys and good friends I am sure you won't have any trouble with the girls.

They Agree With "Just Jim"

Dear Cynthia—Just a word from "Blue Eyes and Blondy":

We have read our readers' opinions about "love." We both agree with "Just Jim" and believe him to have the right done on the subject. As regards the other reader, we believe him all wrong. "Passion is not love." This is being brought out strongly in one of the recent photoplays.

We hope to publish our idea of "love" in the near future.

Hoping to hear more opinions on such a broad subject as this, we remain, BLUE EYES AND BLONDY.

He Was Very Rude

Dear Cynthia—As you have helped others, I know that you will help me. I have known a young man for over a year and we have been the best of friends until lately. I promised to go to a picnic with him, and when he came to the house I was still abed, as I had forgotten to tell mother to call me, and when he came it was 6:30 a. m. He was very angry, no doubt, when he left. I wrote and apologized, blaming myself, but he wouldn't answer, and mother, thinking he may not have received it, told me to write again. So I wrote a second time, but as he didn't answer I stopped. Do you think I was wrong, Cynthia, in writing to him? I would like to have your advice, as mother and I liked him very much. AGNES R. T.

It was perfectly right of you to apologize to the young man, since your failing to be ready for him probably made him late to the picnic. But there was no reason for him to be so very angry, and it was very rude of him not to pay any attention to your note. Do not bother with him any more, unless he comes to see you and apologizes. He is evidently not worth worrying about.

Ladies Keep Your Skin Clear, Sweet, Healthy With Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum

THE GIRL WHO EXCLAIMS "OH, I COULDN'T DO THAT!"

Doesn't Really Know Whether She Could or Not—She Has Never Tried to Find Out Just How Much She Can Do

"OH, I couldn't do that! Why, I'd never be able to do it," exclaimed the girl with the timid manner. It is her most frequent speech.

She never can do anything. Of course, she has never tried, and she really doesn't know whether she could or not. But she always says whenever anything is suggested for her to do, "Oh, I never could!"

The club of which she is a member appoints her to write up the notice of the annual dance for the newspapers. "Oh, I couldn't," she cries, with a helpless giggle. "Why, I wouldn't know how to start, even." And so she doesn't. She "never could" knit a whole sweater, even when all the girls in sight are discussing the newest stitch, the latest style and so on. She wouldn't even know how to begin the first stitch.

"Did you ever try?" somebody finally inquired. "How do you know whether you could or not?"

"Oh, I just know I couldn't," she replied. The only thing she really knows how to do is to cling to the fact that she couldn't do anything. It is a convenient characteristic, this timidity. She is so afraid to start, so sure that she will not be successful, that somebody else always comes to the rescue and does things for her.

SO FAR she has managed to get through life very easily. But I wonder what would happen if she ever found herself high and dry on her own resources? What would she do if she ever had to get a position? Would she give her little frightened gasp and exclaim, "Why, I couldn't; I wouldn't know how" at every piece of work that was given to her? I'm afraid she wouldn't last very long in one position.

The only way to find out whether you can do a thing or not is to "take a chance." You never know how much you can do until you have to do it, but it's just as well to try yourself out just a little before that time. You'll find it easier later on, if you do. The rope that binds the mountain climber to his sure-footed guide is always kept stretched taut in case of a fall, so that a sudden snap of the rope will not break it. This is a pretty wise plan to follow in regard to your capabilities. If they are stretched taut, and exercised continually, they will be able to withstand an extra pull if it comes. But if they are allowed to hang loose and become lax, a sudden exertion of their strength will more often than not break them down completely.

You never can tell in this life what unexpected event will turn you out from the shelter of your traditional helplessness and compel you to find out how to do some of these things that you "never could" do. No matter how comfortable or how becoming that helplessness is, it would be a measure of safety first to substitute for it, or at least to conceal behind it, a good, solid knowledge of just how much you could do if you had to.

Love's Gift

Love stole into my lonely heart
And left a rose bud there.
No matter if the years since then
Have brought me pain and care.

My rose bud was a baby's mouth
So innocently sweet.
The day it first smiled up at me
My joy was quite complete!

'Twas mine for such a little while,
But I would not complain—
Love dropped a flower at my door,
And came for it again.
—Vivian Yeiser Laramore, in Woman's World.

A New Fad

One of the very latest ideas in foolish little dew-dabs is a small dancing figure, fantastically dressed and posed, which trips the light fantastic on your dressing table. Occasionally its outstretched arms hold a ring or bracelet or even keep a chain suspended if it is wound around several times. Aside from that, its chief object seems to be to make you smile.

"SALADA"

In Japan *Teaism* is a religion founded on the "adoration of the beautiful among the sordid facts of every day."

A cup of steaming, fragrant "Salada" will make a convert of you.

It takes you away from the fatigue, the nerve strain of every day—refreshes your body and regales your spirit.

SALADA TEA

Any time of day
BAKER'S COCOA
is welcome

Do not make the mistake of thinking that cocoa is only an occasional drink. It is so valuable a food beverage, so rich in the elements of nutrition, so delicious in flavor, and so wholesome that it should be used regularly and often.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

WALTER BAKER & CO. *Ltd.*
Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

THE GLAD SURRENDER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1920, by the Public Ledger Co.

Laurel Accepts an Invitation

SYNOPSIS

Laurel Stone and Winona Bell, two newspaper women, have an apartment together in downtown New York. Laurel is sent by the Chronicle to interview Granville Burton, an important financial head, and he, in spite of himself, becomes interested in Laurel as a type. He meets her by chance and takes her to lunch.

CHAPTER VI

LAUREL was late for dinner, which was unusual. Winona straightened up from the stove where she was looking anxiously at the chicken that reposed in the oven and looked at Laurel reproachfully. Ned Banning, who was making mayonnaise in a blue bowl, an apron tied around his waist, winked at her solemnly. From the other room, Tom Benton, who had been asked to dinner as something quite unusual, growled out something at Laurel over his paper.

"You sound as though you were giving me an assignment on a blue morning," Laurel laughed, divesting herself of her outer things. "Out with it, Win, and get it over," she finished.

"Where have you been? Everything's ruined," she said in one breath.

"Out to tea with Granville Burton," Laurel announced calmly.

Ned's spoon clattered against the bowl as he dropped it and Benton from the next room threw down his paper and came to the door. Winona stood looking at Laurel as though she couldn't have heard aright.

Laurel looked from one to another. "What's the matter with you people?" she asked finally. "I haven't killed any one you know."

"I didn't know you knew Burton," Benton spoke first.

"Why, she doesn't," from Winona.

"I do now," Laurel said calmly. "Let's have dinner, I'm starved."

Winona, recalled to the ruined dinner, forebore asking any more questions until they had rescued the chicken from the oven and were seated around the tiny gateleg table. Then when Ned was carving she turned back to Laurel.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

"Well!" Laurel returned. "What is it?"

"You act as though it were an ordinary thing to go to tea with Granville Burton. Tell us about it," Winona demanded. "You are the most exasperating woman, Laurel Stone."

"There's nothing to tell. I met him at the exhibition and he asked me to tea. We had it and here I am."

"And I suppose you think he asks any woman he happens to meet to have tea with him like that?" Winona snapped.

"Of course; why not?" Laurel's tone was quite matter of fact. "I don't see why you are making such a fuss about it."

"Of course, he isn't one of the best-known men in the city and hasn't all kinds of money," Winona returned. "And it's an ordinary thing for you to go to tea with him."

Laurel smiled complacently. She had actually thought very little of it, but something about the way Winona acted and the way the two men, even Benton, who gave out the assignments, looked at her, kept her from telling them that Burton had asked her to go motoring with him some time. It annoyed her vaguely to have them think things. After all, why was it so extraordinary? Burton was just being kind and he was no different from other people excepting for his money and the power that it gave him.

Winona could not seem to get over the matter at all, and that night after the men had left she made Laurel tell her in detail what had happened.

"Well," she remarked finally, as she braided her hair preparatory to going to bed. "All I want to say is, that if it happened to me I'd think a lot more about it than you do." And she snapped off the light vigorously leaving Laurel smiling to herself in the dark.

Two weeks slipped by and spring was well under way. May had never been so lovely in the city and the countryside was a mass of bloom. Winona grew lazy and disinclined to work, but Laurel was as alert as ever. Sundays in the little apartment both girls sat a long time in slippers and dressing-gowns over their breakfast. Afterward they dressed slowly and leisurely and the day's program began. On rainy days they lounged around, read, wrote a few letters and went out somewhere for dinner. On clear Sundays they nearly always walked, ending up for dinner somewhere with some of the newspaper crowd.

One Sunday morning, before either of the girls was out of bed, the telephone rang and Laurel, half asleep, slipped out of bed to answer it. A man's voice said "Hello," and Laurel with a little thrill realized that it was Granville Burton.

"It's a good day for a picnic," he said lightly. "If you have nothing better to do we might go out into the country for the day. Would you like that?"

"I'd love it," Laurel returned.

"Dulcie and Grace are on their best behavior," he went on evenly. "I've promised that they may superintend the lunch. What time shall we call for you, Miss Stone?"

Laurel stole a glance at the clock. It was 9:30. "At 11," she ventured.

"Eleven it is, and do you think we can manage without the children's governess? They're very eager to leave her at home."

"Of course," approved Laurel with a girlish little laugh. It was exciting to be referred to in this way as though Granville Burton really cared what she thought about things.

(To be continued on Monday)