SENSIBLE DIET—WOMAN'S EXCHANGE—FLORENCE ROSE FASHIONS—ADVENTURES—CYNTHIA

MRS. WILSON GIVES FOOD FOR CHILDREN

Tea, Coffee and Seasonings Like Mustard, Horseradish or Overrich Foods Are Not Suitable

Some Recipes for Sweets That Are Wholesome and Nutritious as Well as Delicious

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE mother desires to feed her children for their physical well-being today so that they may reach their maturity 100 per cent efficient in health.

To furnish suitable and nutritious food at the present high prices is by no means an easy problem for the mother of moderate means. Now, in order to obtain the maximum amount of nutriment, the mother must plan a diet of at least a week for a real working basis.

This means that you should plan the meals entirely separate and apart from the rest of the family. This includes the children from nine months to fifteen years of age. Wholesome, plain, well-cooked foods should be the portion of every child. It should be given in sufficient amounts to replace the energy that has been expended and to build up a reserve as well as furnish the material for growth of body structure.

Foods that are not suitable for children or that are injurious or difficult to digest are stimulants, such as tea and coffee, and seasonings, such as vinegar, catsups, spices, pepper, mustard, horseradish, pickles, etc., fried foods, pastries, veal, pork, sausage, kidneys, cornbeef, dried or canned meats, greasy or overrich stews or gravies. Well-cooked cereals, well-cooked macaroni, good home-made wholewheat bread, milk, eggs, fish, baked potatoes and plenty of green vegetables, fresh and dried fruits, simple custards and puddings—all these will furnish an abundant diet for the growing youngster.

Candy has no place in the child's diet. An excessive amount of sugar causes an irritation of the delicate lining of the stomach and thus sets up a fermentation and causes intestinal disorders. Candy and large amounts of sugar spoil the appetite for the plain, well-cooked and wholesome foods and prevent the child from eating sufficient food, because the sweetmeats themselves give the child a feeling of having had enough to eat.

Children who are permitted to have large amounts of candy and sugar are frequently subject to many of the childish diseases; this is due to the fact that eating liberally of sweets lowers the vitality of the body.

The child's craving for sweets may be satisfied by a reasonable portion of figs, dates, seeded raisins, apples, oranges, plenty of good creamery butter. All these foods are essential to the growing child. Stewed fruits and a green salad should be included in the daily menu.

SOME SIMPLE GOODIES FOR THE CHILDREN

Gingerbread

Three-quarters cup of New Orleans molasses.
Six tablespoons of shortening.
Two cups of flour.
Two level tablespoons of baking powder.
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon.
One-quarter teaspoon of ginger.
One teaspoon of nutmeg.
One cup of water.

Beat to mix and then pour into well-greased and floured pan and bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes.

Cocoanut Pudding

Scald two cups of milk, and while the milk is heating place in a mixing bowl

One-half cup of fine bread crumbs.
One-half cup of cocoanut.
Three tablespoons of sugar.
One tablespoon of butter.

Pour the scalding milk over the crumbs and then let cool. Add the yolk of one egg and then turn into a baking dish and bake in a slow oven for twenty minutes. Use the white of egg by placing it in a bowl with one-half glass of currant jelly and then beat until the mixture holds its shape. Pile in the pudding and serve.

Chocolate Cornstarch Custard

Place in a saucepan

Two cups of milk.
One-half cup of cold water.
One level tablespoon of cornstarch.
Five level tablespoons of cocoa.

Stir to dissolve the starch and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Now add

Six tablespoons of sugar.
One tablespoon of vanilla.

Beat to mix and then rinse the custard cups with cold water. Pour in the cornstarch and set aside to chill. Turn from the cups and then when cold serve with a thin custard or fruit whip sauce.

Old-Time Rice Pudding

Place in a saucepan four tablespoons of well-washed rice and then add

One and one-quarter cups of boiling water.

Cook until the rice is soft and then add

Two cups of milk.
Six tablespoons of sugar.
Two tablespoons of butter.
One well-beaten egg.
One-half teaspoon of mace.

Beat to mix and then turn into a baking dish and bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes.

THOSE RECIPES

which Mrs. Wilson gathered together on her trip to Northwest Canada will appear in these columns in the near future. They are being prepared, written up and arranged in Mrs. Wilson's usual tasty way with menus and descriptions to accompany them.

Watch for Them

Mrs. Wilson Answers Queries

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—I am a regular reader of your column and will be pleased to see a recipe for the following: Butterscotch, candied pineapple; how to make peanut butter, how to make tough steak tender before cooking, how to cream scallops; may white of egg be mixed with cream to enlarge the amount? Thanking you in advance. (Mrs.) A. C.

Butterscotch

Two cups of brown sugar.
One cup of white corn sirup.
One-half cup of water.

Bring to a boil and cook until 290 degrees Fahr. or until it forms a hard ball when tried in cold water. Remove from the fire. Stir in four tablespoons of butter and then pour into well-greased pan. Mark into squares before it cools. Grease the pan with salad oil.

The process necessary to candied pineapple is too long and too complicated for this column. Watch for it in the fruit season.

Use the nut butter knife on the food chopper for making peanut butter. Beat a tough steak with a meat ax until tender and then place on a platter and cover with

Two tablespoons of salad oil.
One tablespoon of lemon juice.
One teaspoon of grated onion.

Turn frequently and let marinate for one hour. Broil or parboil. Parboil and then heat the scallops in a cream sauce.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—About two weeks ago you published a recipe for pimento cheese. Kindly repeat same, or tell me what date same was published. Also kindly tell me what I could have for an evening gathering that would be inexpensive in the way of a Dutch lunch. Thanking you in advance. (Mrs.) D. M.

Sorry, but am unable to give date of the recipe; would suggest that you look over the back files within the last two weeks.

Refreshments for an Evening Gathering

Celery Radishes Pickles
Rye and Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Shrimp and Celery Salad
or
Virginia Baked Ham with Potato Salad
or
Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches
Tea Coffee Cocoa

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

You Have Done Right

A Faithful Reader—No, dear, do not continue this friendship. You have taken the proper stand.

It should not have been necessary for this man to try to find out the kind of girl you were; you must have shown him by your conduct. And in any case his method of finding out by insulting you with improper jokes simply served to prove that he is not a gentleman.

Let Matters Alone

In Ignorance—You would do well to drop the young man who is willing to hear and say ugly things about you. There are so many others who would be good friends it's not worth while to waste time over this one.

Disagrees With "Imogene"

Dear Cynthia—Have followed with interest the letters sent to your column. Can't "Imogene" understand that what she says about "the really nice girls" not kissing is all stuff and nonsense? I don't want to brag, but I have been brought up as well as the best of them and I look and act it, too.

Do you know, "Imogene," or don't you, that there is a certain time, a certain age, I might say, somewhere between seventeen and twenty, when you just can't get along without a little harmless loving?

Sometimes it's the place, sometimes it's the boy, and then again it might be yourself.

Of course, there's a lot to say for and against my theory, but if I'm wrong, you think, let me know what you think, anyhow.

"Betty Bonnet" has the right idea about closing your eyes when kissed; it just can't be helped or explained, either.

Let me know what you think, Cynthia, through your column, and oblige. R. D. W.

Cynthia thinks just as she always did, that promiscuous kissing is anything but nice, and that kisses should be kept by a girl for the man she loves and will marry, and not for every Tom, Dick and Harry.

Bachelors Are Afraid

Dear Cynthia—Please publish these few lines to R. F. K. whose letter appeared in your interesting column Saturday: R. F. K., You and I are in the same boat. Our cases are nearly alike. I am an acetylene welder; I make $36.50 per week; but I can't live on $15 per week as you are doing. I pay $11 board. Carfare, laundry and writing material cost me around $5 per week. But then there are the clothes. You can't buy a suit or overcoat for $20 now. Then there is "the girl." I love her and she loves me. (I know because she closes her eyes when I kiss her!) She likes candy, theatres and dances, so you can see what becomes of my iron.

Suppose I got married—there! Where would I get off? Sure! Move over and make room for one more in the poor house. If I married her I would have to buy her clothes and "feed" wouldn't I?

You will notice that there are more bachelors today than there were ten years ago. Why? Simply because they are afraid. Afraid that they can't support a wife as she is accustomed. Yes she will keep quiet for a short time until family troubles interfere.

Then again you can "live" (I term it "exist") on $30. But you have no home to take her to. She will have to eat peanut brittle instead of chocolates and go to movies instead of theatres. She can't dress in style. Don't you know when you are lucky and well off? Well, I do. That's why I'm still single. Better let the father of your girl keep her a while yet.

You ought to get seats at the best theatres at $1.50 or $2 each. I can't see where it costs you $10. Dances are inexpensive.

Naw, fella, better chuck the "splicing" idea and keep on calling on her until things look a little brighter.

A YOUNG BACHELOR.

CROSSES HER ARMS WHEN SHE WALKS

A new gait has been introduced by the wearing of these good-looking full capes. The wearer crosses her arms beneath it and hugs herself as she walks, producing a gait that has a little swing and a little hobble. It becomes a habit, so that even when she wears a coat or a suit she involuntarily folds her hands and trots along without swinging her arms

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

FOR every fashion epoch there is a different sort of gait or walk or carriage. In other words, the very smart young woman of today progresses along the avenue in a different way from that of the very smart young woman of yesterday or the day before yesterday. And you can always find the cause for that typical or fashionable walk in the sort of clothes that the very smart young woman wears at the period in question.

The new way of walking is really not ridiculous at all, and it is certainly not usual enough to be commonplace. But occasionally, now and then, as the out-of-towner walks through the fashionable theatre, or shopping, or hotel section he is passed by a smart young girl who has adopted this new walk and—well, the out-of-towner feels that it is distinctly a prelude of New York, and that it is decidedly smart. As a matter of fact, it emanated from Paris because the sort of clothes that produced it here emanated from Paris.

And now for particulars. It was the cape that was worn so universally in Paris last summer that started it. Given a loose cape, a spirited young girl with a definite idea of getting some place at a certain time, given to high-heeled shoes, preferably short-vamped, and a fairly tight skirt, but one that is also fairly short, and perhaps a pair of very short sleeves worn with short gloves on a coolish day—for that is what they did in Paris and are still doing there and over here. The smart young girl will cross her arms beneath her cape as the young girl in the picture, holding the cape with her hands. At all events she will give the impression of hugging herself, and as she swings along in this hugging position she will affect a little shoulder and hip motion that you couldn't possibly call a hobble or a waddle, but there is no word that will exactly describe it. Now, the smart young woman who gets into the habit of walking this way and doubtless it is often quite unaffected and merely the result of wearing just this particular combination of smart clothes—once she is used to it she will walk that way whether or not she is wearing a cape. When she wears a suit or a coat she folds her arms and hugs herself in much the same way. Even if she has a muff she walks in the same way, holding the muff close against the arm at about the elbow.

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Adventures With a Purse

LAST week I spent a busy day in New York, but not so busy that I did not find time to peep into some of the most fascinating Fifth avenue shops. And at one I saw some spring suits, unusually smart and trim models, for surprisingly low prices, considering the high cost of everything this year. "If this were only a Philadelphia shop now," I thought to myself, "wouldn't I just write an adventure about these suits?" And then today, quite by accident, I discovered a shop right here in our own city that carries these same make suits. I saw one, very English-looking and trim, of a rough tweed, which is priced at $59.50. Then there were other gay little spring models in tricotine and imperial serge, some with vests, others quite plain in design. I feel sure that you will be glad to know that these suits can be purchased here, and I know that you will be delighted with the models and prices.

Ever since Dorothea gave me the lovely little powder box of gold with its exquisitely enameled top and its tiny puff and cake of powder, I have been wondering what in the world I should do when that cake of powder had been used. For I do not like to carry loose powder in the little receptacle because it is sure to leak out sooner or later on my best dark dress. But my doubts are now at rest, for I have found a shop that has tiny cakes of powder, coming in three sizes and in several shades—brunette, white and flesh, for fifteen cents. When one cake of powder is quite used up one merely purchases a new little cake to take its place. Isn't this nice to know.

I know where you can get a stunning Bolivia cloth coat, in full loose model and well-cut collar, for $79.50. And if you think that isn't a real bargain, just shop around and price coats. The coat I have seen has no fur on it, so that it can be worn as a spring coat, yet it is sufficiently well lined to be warm enough for cooler days. It can be had in brown, taupe and blue, and is an excellent bargain.

A minute ago I was speaking about the little cakes of powder you can buy separately for your powder box. And I almost forgot to tell you that at another shop you can also buy cakes of rouge in several sizes for fifteen and twenty-five cents. I rather have an idea that, like me, you did not know that powder and rouge in this form could be bought separately as fillers for your powder or rouge box.

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.

For Rainy Days

It is a well-known fact that all children enjoy most the things that are privileges or for special occasions. You will find rainy days are equally looked forward to if you have a rainy-day scrapbook. Have in a convenient place a box, bag or basket where all bright pictures, magazine covers, even labels from fruit or vegetable cans, can be put. Have ready a large cambric scrapbook, scissors and paste, but allow no one to work unless the rain appears. You will find the children will love their play, and the rainy days will become a pleasure instead of a problem.—Good Housekeeping.

The Woman's Exchange

About Arctic Regions

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—As one of your daily readers, I would appreciate very much if you possibly could settle a friendly argument between two friends, and we both happen to be daily readers of your newspaper.

A bets me that up in the Arctic regions there exists a place where they have six months continuous day and six months continuous night.

B says contrary, to this effect, that he admits the same, but that the sun is always shining up in that region same as here, but that it is dark and not night for the six months.

Trusting you will give us a solution of the argument, we remain,
R. C. AND J. D. R.

In some places in the Arctic regions the sun does not rise above the horizon through November and December. There is only a twilight at noonday. From April until the middle of August there is no darkness, that is, the sun does not go below the horizon.

Washing Linen Dress

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—What is the right way to wash and iron a child's dark blue linen dress? It always has white spots in it. MRS. A. B.

The white spots probably come from starch that has not dissolved. Linen does not require any special care in washing. Simply wash it as you would anything else in warm water and soap, rinsing it thoroughly before starching. You might strain the starch before using it, so that there will be no danger of any particles remaining in the dress. Iron it when it is almost dry and see that it is evenly moistened. Iron the sleeves first, then the rest of the dress and finally any trimming or edging that is on it.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What material is best for covering hangers that are used for evening gowns?
2. How can extra width be added to a small, close-fitting toque?
3. Of what material can home-made window shades be cut?
4. Describe a novel pair of streamers for a dainty bridesmaid's hat.
5. What style of collar is unusual and attractive?
6. How can an "ironing board" be made for ironing a baby's caps?

Saturday's Answers

1. A spreading spider web in outline stitching makes a striking trimming for a dark dress.
2. If a woman is the eldest unmarried woman of the family she may have simply "Miss Jones" on her cards, otherwise she should have her full name.
3. The cockade of ribbon is a popular trimming for the newest millinery.
4. If the skin is dry and inclined to be scaly it should be cleansed with cleansing cream instead of soap.
5. The person who wears a topaz is supposed to be free from melancholy, and very serene and calm.
6. A pretty sleeveless blouse of georgette crepe has eyelets in both front and back, under the arms, and is laced with a silk cord.

SHOWING DISLIKE OF WIND BY BEING DISAGREEABLE

Not Only Makes Others Uncomfortable, but It Also Depresses Those Who Give Way to Their Feelings—And It Doesn't Do Any Good

"OH, how I hate March with its high winds!" people are saying everywhere today. All through the year some of them have been dreading it. Before the month is over you'll be sure to have this experience. You'll come into a room and you'll say pleasantly to some one who happens to be there, "Cold today, isn't it?"

"Perfectly awful!" she answers you snappily.

"Did you go to the movies last night?" you'll ask, trying to change the subject before she has a chance to bite your head off.

"I did not," she'll answer vehemently. "I don't go to the movies every night, especially in weather like this."

You may wonder and worry about this. Could you have done something yesterday that made her displeasure last overnight? But don't worry about it. It's just the wind. She's just one of those people who detest wind, and think that it will relieve their feelings to express their hate by snapping at other people. They know that they can shout their dislike to the wind without doing any good to other people. Their nerves get just as ruffled as their hair in the wind, and they have no control over them.

WE all do it sometimes. After a succession of stormy days, when our arms are tired from holding umbrellas and our feet are worn out from shuffling about in rubbers, and all our old clothes have been wet through several times, we get discouraged. The world is wholly dull, the sun has forgotten how to shine, and there is nothing but dreariness everywhere. We sit and mope and think how miserable it all is, and all the time we forget that we are carrying within us a certain brand of sunshine called cheerfulness. All we have to do to release that sunshine is to rise a little above the rain and darkness and let our natural cheerfulness show. Instead of that we let the weather pull us down to its own level and make ourselves more depressed by suppressing any possible good spirits. We loathe it so that we have to show it that we can be disagreeable, too. We forget that we could shame it much better by letting out this cheerfulness and showing the elements that they can go ahead and rain, we don't care.

With a little exertion we can lighten the gloom of the rest of the household. The result of our efforts reacts in turn upon us, and before we realize it we have forgotten that it was raining at all.

Yes, it's one of the easiest things in the world to let the weather take hold of us and make our temper fit its own variations. On cloudy, rainy days we would like to be dreary, dull, depressed and mopy; on windy days we let our nerves run away from us, and we are disagreeable, snappy and utterly impossible to please. On beautiful sunshiny days we are just as pleasant as we can be, but why shouldn't we? There's nothing to prevent it. Our character would be weak indeed if we allowed our dispositions to be governed like this by every change in the weather. We can't be cheerful and pleasant all the time—we should be very tiresome if we were. But we can at least let the weather break over us in its changing conditions without allowing it to bend and sway and turn us like reeds as if we had no strength of character whatever.

Socialists Claim 1000 P. C. Gain

Madrid, March 1.—The newspaper Socialista publishes a list of the successes of the Socialist party in the recent municipal elections. It asserts that throughout Spain the Socialists elected 1082 of their candidates, whereas at the previous election they gained less than 100 seats.

Tetrazzini Ill, Cancels Tour

Buffalo, March 1.—Mme. Louisa Tetrazzini, operatic soprano, was stricken yesterday in Erie, Pa., and her tour was cancelled. She is being taken to New York under physicians' care.

A Child's Prayer

By STELLA G. S. PERRY

Now I lie down to pleasant sleep
All through the quiet night,
And safe within God's love I keep
Until the morning light.
He makes me good and happy, too,
In sleep, in work, in play.
Oh, let me know if this is true
At night and in the day!

THE GLAD SURRENDER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Granville Burton, Jr., Is Born

After Laurel Stone marries Granville Burton she realizes that he does not love her and that he has married her to be the mother of his children. She also discovers that he has always wanted a son. She is to become a mother in the summer.

CHAPTER XXV

THE winter flew by on leaden wings, it seemed to Laurel, for under her gay demeanor, under the light badinage of polite conversation, it seemed as though her heart stood still sometimes. If it had not been for the gay little apartment where Ted and Winona lived, she would have been desperately lonely. Sometimes when she thought of it, it seemed a strange thing that Winona should have had all the happiness after all, Winona who had always laughed at love, who had mocked the idea of a man being true, and Ted, the scoffer, the materialist, turned over night into an ardent lover.

Laurel never allowed herself to get morbid, however. Every day she walked three miles, sometimes more if the weather permitted, and she would come home, perfectly fit with starry eyes and flaming cheeks to a romp with the children. Grace and Dulcie she had learned to love as she had hoped she would, and they adored her. Although they still admired their father it was Laurel who held their hearts. Dulcie, from the first had capitulated, and Grace, who, because of her more reticent nature, had held back for a time, loved Laurel none the less devotedly now that she had given in entirely.

Laurel made a great many of her baby things herself, although she locked herself up into her own apartments and never allowed any one to see her work. Once on a rainy afternoon Dulcie had come into the privacy of the room and had sat at her mother's knee on a small cushion watching Laurel's white fingers with adoring eyes and sitting as still as a mouse.

Once in the act of cutting off a small thread Laurel had smiled down into the vivid little face, the eyes so like Granville's in expression.

"Might we have tea in here?" Dulcie asked breathlessly.

"I think so, dear. And invite Grace?"

"Grace has gone out with Miss Barker," Dulcie said excitedly.

"Then we'll have it alone," Laurel said immediately, and they had a little party with Dulcie's favorite cream cake, and very weak tea. Dulcie never spoke of this time to any one, even to Grace. She felt it a secret bond between her mother and herself and guarded it carefully.

During this time Laurel saw Granville very formally. A seemingly delightful understanding existed between them, but of the most formal kind. Weeks had elapsed since he had come into the ivory and gold sitting room, but in the evenings when they were alone, Laurel sat in the library and they chatted about affairs of the day. Here she never brought anything personal, she never sat, as many women sit, with small sewing or anything of the kind. Sometimes she played with the pages of a book, and she was always exquisitely dressed. She wanted Granville always to remember her that way and she reserved the real Laurel, the Laurel that had been bottled up inside of herself for so many weeks, for Winona and the children.

In June, just a year from the time when Laurel had embarked on her great adventure with her prince by her side, and had watched the June sunshine glitter on the pavements as she and Granville drove to the church to be married, Granville Burton, Jr., was born.

Granville Burton never forgot that night. Something rose up in him that he could not fathom. When Grace had been born he had not felt this way about Ruth, and Dulcie's birth had not seemed anything out of the ordinary.

But when the doctors arrived, and a white-capped, immaculately starched nurse kept guard outside of the cream and gold suite, something happened. He had a sudden wild undisciplined wish to rush into the room where Laurel was, to be with her. If he had been himself he would have wondered at such an idea, but somehow he accepted it, and he found himself at last mounting the stairs. The door opened that led into Laurel's sitting room, and the nurse came out. She looked at Granville Burton appraisingly. To her he was not the great Granville Burton, he was simply her patient's husband.

Tomorrow—"Waiting to See Laurel."

SCHOOL-DAYS ARE JOY-DAYS

for youngsters whose bodies are made strong and sturdy by rational exercise and proper food. The boy that is stuffed with foods that have been robbed of mineral salts is a dull boy. Shredded Wheat is the perfect food for growing children because it contains all the brain-making, tissue-building material in the whole wheat grain. A breakfast of two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk gives a zest for study and play—costs only a few cents.

Cuticura Soap IS IDEAL For the Hands

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Cut out this advertisement. Mail it with two coupons from recipe slips in MAKE-A-CAKE cartons, and your name and address, and receive free a handsome and useful pastry knife.

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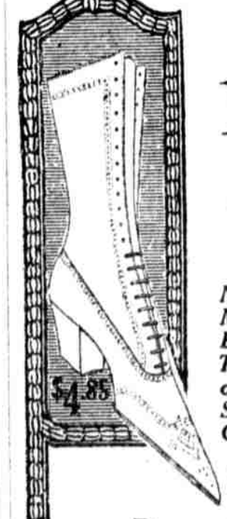

Not One Model But Thousands of Pairs of Shoes Still in the Shop Going at One-half Price.

$4.85 This means 2 Pairs at the Price of One.

Some broken lots, but all sizes among the hundreds of the season's best styles. All leathers, all heels. Lace and button.

Doors Open at 10 A. M. Today

The store will be closed until 10 A. M. today to prepare for this sensational Clean-up Sale. Then you may choose from one hundred styles of superb shoes at half price. Think of it! This season's best styles—out on tables—going to quick buyers at this unheard of one-half price. Calf, Kid, Suede, Patent Leather; Brown, Black or Grey; also combinations to pick from. Buy for present or future wear—Now or Never.

Sale starts Today. No Mail Orders. No C. O. D.'s. No Exchanges. Pick Yours Early!

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Blouse Specials Every Day

As they arrive from day to day we are attractively pricing many dainty and pretty conceits of the newest spring models. Our intimate knowledge and connection with the blouse industry qualifies us to offer you incomparable values.