GRANDMA SENDS RECIPE FOR BREAD TO MRS. WILSON

Who Agrees With Her That It Makes a Wholesome Meal for a Child When Combined With Butter, Milk and Fruit

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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MY DEAR Mrs. Wilson—This bread is so healthful and nourishing for children that I feel I should like to pass on the recipe, which comes from the South. Children love it and it is simple to make—two more good points.

Graham Raisin Bread

One quart of graham flour mixed with one-third cup of sugar.
Two level tablespoons of baking powder.
One small teaspoon of salt.
Add one pint of milk.
Two tablespoons of molasses.
Two eggs.

Beat hard and then stir in one cup of raisins. Bake slowly for one hour.

Set a table with a loaf of this bread, some butter, a pitcher of milk and a dish of fruit and you will have a fine lunch for a child. Thanking you for your many helpful hints. GRANDMA.

Yes, grandma, a real balanced meal also from the graham flour and raisins and eggs, butter and milk and stewed fruit, all combine to form a well-balanced ration. This gives the children sufficient material to suit the requirements of their growing bodies.

This mixture is truly delicious when baked in muffin pans. For variety the mother may add in place of raisins

One cup of prunes, cut in tiny bits.
One cup of peanuts, chopped fine.
One-half cup of peanut butter and one-half cup of raisins.
One cup of apricots.

and thus we get an almost endless variety.

Children require plenty of good home-made whole wheat bread for their physical growth and well being and the lack of this sturdy old-fashioned bread may easily be traced in many of the defects of the teeth of young children.

Whole wheat and graham flours may be used for making muffins, ginger breads and cookies, not only for the children but for their elders as well. Now that the holiday season is approaching make and bake these old-time goodies in place of giving the children so many pennies.

Cocoanut Whole Wheat Muffins

Put two-thirds cup of cocoanuts through the food chopper. Place the cocoanut in a mixing bowl and add:

Three cups of whole wheat flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
Two level tablespoons of baking powder.
Six level tablespoons of sirup.
Three level tablespoons of shortening.
One and one-quarter cups of milk or water.

Beat to blend and then fill into well-greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes.

For variety one-half glass of peanut butter or one cup of raisins or

Two-thirds cup of finely chopped nuts.
Two-thirds cup of finely chopped prunes or apricots

may be substituted for the cocoanut. Ice the muffins with water icing and the children will enjoy them just as much as cake.

Whole Wheat Spice Cake

Place in a mixing bowl:

Three-quarters cup of molasses.
One-quarter cup of brown sugar.
Five tablespoons of shortening.
One teaspoon of ginger.
One teaspoon of cinnamon.
One-half teaspoon of allspice.
Three tablespoons of cocoa.
One cup of seeded raisins.
Two cups of whole wheat flour.
Four level teaspoons of baking powder.
Seven-eighths cup of cold black coffee.

Beat to mix and then turn into well greased and floured pan and bake for forty minutes in a moderate oven.

Cereal Apple Pudding

This is a delicious apple pudding that the older members of the family will enjoy. Butter well a deep pudding dish and then place a two-inch layer of cornflakes in a pan and then a layer one inch thick of thinly sliced apples. Sprinkle four tablespoons of brown sugar over the apples and a light dusting of cinnamon. Repeat until the dish is full and have the apples on top. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve cold with a thin custard sauce.

Bread, Butter and Apple Pudding

Melt two ounces of butter and pour over two cups of bread crumbs. Work the crumbs well to distribute the butter and then place in a baking dish a layer of thinly sliced apples one inch thick. Sprinkle over part of the bread crumbs. Repeat until the dish is full. Now prepare a custard as follows. Place in a bowl

One-half cup of sugar.
Two eggs.
One and one-half cups of milk.
One teaspoon of nutmeg extract.

Beat to mix and then pour over the prepared pudding. Bake in a slow oven for forty minutes. Serve cold with Caledonian cream.

Ye Olde Time Rice and Apple Pudding

Wash one-half cup of rice well and then place in a saucepan and add two and one-half cups of water. Cook until the rice is soft and the water absorbed. Now turn into a pudding dish and place six small apples which have been peeled and cored about the rice. Place in a mixing bowl

One quart of milk.
One cup of water.
One well-beaten egg.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.
Two-thirds cup of sugar.
One-half teaspoon of grated lemon rind.

Mix well by beating with egg beater to blend thoroughly and then pour over the rice and bake in a slow oven for one hour.

Apple Tapioca Pudding

Wash one cup of tapioca and then place in a saucepan and add four cups of water. Cook until the tapioca is clear. Now add:

Three cups of thick apple sauce.
Two-thirds cup of sugar.
Two tablespoons of melted butter.
One well beaten egg.
One teaspoon of grated nutmeg.

Beat until blended before adding to the tapioca. Place in the oven and bake for twenty minutes.

Cracker Pudding

This delicate pudding is suitable for children and invalids. Butter soda crackers very lightly and place in a baking dish. Fill the dish about half full and use one-half pound of crackers. Now place in a mixing bowl:

One quart of milk.
Two-thirds cup of sugar.
Three eggs.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.

Beat to mix and then pour over the pudding and bake in a slow oven for forty-five minutes. Serve with lemon honey.

New and Better Recipes

That is what Mrs. Wilson wants to give you. When she hears of something that is different from the ordinary, more wholesome, more tasty, off she goes, no matter how far it is, to get the directions, try them out, and set them down in this corner

For You

And if you have questions to ask about cooking, she will be glad to put her answer in the column. Personal answers cannot be given.

If You Have Any

Recipes that you are specially fond of or proud of, and you would like them to be published with your name attached,

Send Them In

Mrs. Wilson will be glad to print them.

USING WASTE SPACE

When you build that fireplace in the corner of your living room be sure to fill up every bit of space. If, for instance, one side of the framework is a trifle wider than the other, insert a few shelves and keep your books on them. Then when you want to sit and read before the fire you will not need to get up and walk across the room to get your favorite book

THE UNWELCOME WIFE

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Anthony Harriman's marriage to Charlotte Graves, a girl beneath him socially, was a great disappointment to Mrs. Harriman, who had expected Tony to marry Edith Comstock, a girl in his own set. No care was taken to make Charlotte happy and she finally became so miserable with the continued fault-finding that she ran away without telling Tony that she was to become a mother. When he discovers the truth, months after, he is so conscious-stricken that his belated manhood awakens and he determines to do everything in his power to make Charlotte happy. But when she comes back she has changed, she no longer seems to love him; all the happy confidence is gone.

A Terrible Discovery

CHARLOTTE was thoughtful as she continued her walk down the avenue after meeting Nick Fowler. She went into one of the department stores and bought a veil and some trifling things that she needed, and then took a bus back home, her blue eyes fastened unseemingly on the brilliant crowds of people that swarmed beneath her.

Her meeting with Nick had been as unsatisfactory as the telephone call had been, but she was glad she had met him, glad that the initial meeting was over even though they had come to no definite conclusion concerning the future. He must understand that she could not resume him, that he was not welcome at the house. She had given him to understand that a friendship between them would be unnecessary and therefore impossible, and she did not seem to care one way of another.

She wished vaguely that something would shake her out of her indifference toward life that something would wake her up. She had thought once during the long weeks at Westonburg that anything would have been preferable to suffering. Now she would have suffered gladly, only she seemed to have no capacity for even that.

She entered the door of her apartment listlessly and as listlessly entered the elevator and got off at her own floor, but something from inside galvanized her into action as she rang the door of the apartment. She felt intuitively that all was not right and the anxious face of the maid who opened the door terrified Charlotte, who gasped out,

"What's happened?"

"O, Mrs. Harriman it's the baby, ma'am. He was took just after you left."

Charlotte was pulling off her gloves and getting out of her coat and hat which she piled into the maid's arms. She was met on her way to the nursery by the baby's nurse.

"What is it, nurse, what seems to be wrong with him, have you sent for the doctor?"

"No, Mrs. Harriman, I waited for you, of course I've done everything I could, it's croup."

Croup! That deadliest of baby ailments, that sinister thing that so often carries little lives away, choking, fighting for breath. Charlotte rushed into the nursery and looked down at her baby. He was breathing hard, and loud, his face was flushed a deep red and his little hands were fruitlessly beating the air. It was horrible to see him this way. The nurse pushed her gently aside.

"I'm going to put up a steam tent, Mrs. Harriman. Will you telephone for the doctor? Ellen will help me."

Charlotte could hardly tear herself out of the room to telephone, and her knees shook so under her that she could scarcely stand. She had never been ill and she did not know whom to call in. She wished helplessly for good old Dr. Raymond. He would know what to do, he would help her, he would never let Junior die.

Die! The word echoed over and over in her mind. Junior dead! Her wonderful pink and white baby!

"O, God," she prayed, "don't let him die, let me keep him, he's all I have, don't take him away from me."

She was conscious of standing with the telephone book in her hand, and then Ellen, the maid, was taking it gently away from her.

"There's a doctor in the building on the first floor, Mrs. Harriman," she was saying. "I'll call him for you. Keep up your courage ma'am, we'll pull him through."

Tomorrow—The Fight for a Life.

On the Stage

Ballet dancing is one of the best paid professions for women, and one of the few branches of stage work that is not overcrowded.

A prominent critic has aroused a storm of protest from women of the dramatic profession by declaring that the American stage of a generation ago possessed a far larger number of capable actresses than it does today.

Things You'll Love to Make

Safety Money-Purse

A silver purse is the safest place to keep money and trinkets. One might as well make it pretty as well as useful. Cover three-quarter-inch elastic with dainty ribbon, or buy the silk-covered elastic. Ornament with small silk flowers. The purse can be made from kid, chamois or silk lined with chamois. Diagram A shows how the elastic is slipped through two slits cut into the back of the purse. This safety money-purse is a dainty, useful, easily made Christmas gift. FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

He's In Love

Dear Cynthia—In answer to a reader who asks if there is such a word—she must mean "thing"—as love, I would say you bet there is. I am in love this very minute, and don't ask me to define it. I couldn't. I just know it's it. That's all. ARCHIE.

To "A Reader"

My dear little reader—Surely you cannot want to marry a man with the record you tell me he has. Break with him and do not accept his presents. Your conscience is not quite clear about and friendship, Cynthia would judge as if it was you would not have gone out with him unknown to your family.

About a Wedding

Dear Cynthia—I expect to be married some time in June, and I am wondering what the proper things are for me to wear at a 12 o'clock wedding. Would a thin white dress and white hat be proper?

Does the bridegroom furnish the flowers for the bride?

What does the man wear?

MARY Y. F.

A dainty white dress and hat would be quite appropriate, unless the bride prefers a train to her frock, and in that case it is prettier for her to wear a wedding veil.

The bridegroom buys the bride's bouquet.

If the bride wears a veil the bridegroom should wear gray-striped trousers, cutaway black coat, black or white waistcoat, gray tie and gloves. But he may wear a dark business suit if she wears a hat, and especially in the summer time.

Approves "C. R."

Dear Cynthia—I don't write to your column very often, but within the last week I have seen two letters in the column that cause me to communicate with you.

One who wrote and signed himself "C. R." described what true love is. I certainly think this was a fine letter and he has the right idea of love. If there were many more that had the true meaning of love in their minds such as he has this would be a much happier world. The great trouble is that the young women and girls of today have silly ideas of what love is and means. I do not, in fact I cannot, add anything to what "C. R." has said, as he has given the greatest and best definition of love that is possible to the readers. I certainly want to congratulate him on it, as I agree with him fully.

If only the young women of today would read that letter over and over it would be a good lesson for them, and they could replace in their minds the true meaning of love, after having emptied out all their silly, girlish ideas of this most wondrous thing. Congratulations, "C. R." and may you get your reward by finding a girl who knows what love means.

The other letter was in answer to the one sent in by "C. R." It was signed "A Bachelor Girl". She does not exactly agree with "C. R." She claims real love is not rare or there would not be so many marriages. I'm afraid she is wrong on that point. I wish to tell her this: There are many, many marriages going on every day, but the woman or girl who is being married has the wrong idea of love and that's why you find nothing but divorce day after day. It's the result of that one thing. They don't know what love means. However, "Bachelor Girl," I wish you the best of luck, just as I do "C. R." May you find a man that "measures up" to your idea of the right man.

I hope, Cynthia, that I have not taken up too much of your valuable space. Thanking you for printing this, I am a reader of your column,

"JERRY"

Yes, Cynthia approves of "C. R.'s" idea of love and commends him, but why, Jerry, "pick on" the girls only for not having a wrong idea of love, and why blame them for the many divorces?

Remember, a woman's life changes far more than a man's by marriage, and why should she be the only one to sacrifice? C. R. did not claim that. He believed in a fifty-fifty basis of love and sacrifice.

SHE IS ONLY EIGHTEEN AND SHE WANTS TO TRAVEL

She Doesn't Seem to Realize That There Is Hope for Her in the Very Position She Holds Now if She Will Just Work and Wait

DID you ever have that deep, painful yearning that is called wanderlust?

If you have, you can understand and sympathize with a girl who wrote to me not long ago.

She is employed in a department store, she says, and she has a great desire to travel.

She would do anything in the world if she could only travel.

And she is only eighteen.

Oh, don't you know how she must feel? Getting up at the same old time day after day, taking the same dull trip with the same dull early morning crowd of people every day and then going into the same place and bidding the same people the same kind of good morning.

Then, as the day goes on, selling the same things, making the same remark about them—and all the time having that same, gnawing restlessness at hearing people buy this to take to California, that to wear in Florida and the other thing because they never have the right kind in London.

California, Florida, London—to see those places, to go to them, for it isn't so much the seeing of new places as it is the going, the getting away.

IT'S easy to imagine how she must feel, this little salesgirl with the wanderlust.

But what can we do to help her?

The only thing we can do is give her some advice—and hope that she won't dislike that word too much to follow it.

In the first place, there's a chance to travel staring her right in the face.

It won't come right away—it may not come for a great many years—but it's there.

It is one of those disagreeable "hopes" that are held out to ambitious young persons in order to make them more ambitious.

It is just this: The buyer of a department travels, and whenever there is a vacancy in that position it is filled by the person who shows the greatest ability, knowledge and plain, ordinary common sense.

And then she has her chance to travel; she goes abroad sometimes; she goes to various conventions and exhibitions and fashion shows.

THERE'S your hope, little salesgirl with the wanderlust, there's your vague, far-distant opportunity.

It probably disgusts you to have such a thing suggested; no doubt you wonder how old you will be when you finally do get your chance to travel, if you get it, and what good all this will do you now when you want it most.

Perhaps you will be much older when you get your wish.

But this hope will do you good now.

It will give you something to work for right there in the position that you have now; it will make you take more interest in the business side of the work; it will make you buckle down and learn your defects, find out how to correct them, give you ambition and a goal to work for.

Don't sniff at it until you've tried it out.

PERHAPS it won't bring you the desire of your dreams; maybe you will never be a buyer; or maybe when you are you won't be required to travel.

But by that time you may be making enough to travel yourself, without any thought of the store.

And even if you haven't, even if you never get your wish, you'll be working so hard, learning so fast, and hoping so much that you'll find the hurt of that deep desire very much lessened.

Adventures With a Purse

I THINK you will like these lingerie clasps. They are slightly different from any I remember having seen. They are covered with tiny flat bows, strictly tailored, on the centre of each of which is placed, incongruously enough, a perky little rosebud. For instance, the pink bows will have a blue rosebud, and the blue ones will have a pink bud. A set of two clasps costs twenty-five cents. They would be particularly nice for the girl to whom you want to send more than a card for Christmas, yet not quite a regular present.

One of the shops that has been having such remarkable sales lately has an interesting lace sale right now. There you will find that radium all-over lace, soft, with lustrous silky design, in browns and blues and blacks. Originally the price of this lace was $2.50 a yard, but now it has been repriced at $1.85. It makes lovely yokes and sleeves, and in fact, whole blouses.

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

J. M. Gidding & Co.
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FIRST-OF-THE-SEASON-SALES

Important Reductions throughout the *various departments* also *continue* with *renewed interest—revised prices* being based upon *replacement values of cloth, silk* and *fur—savings* average from *twenty-five* to *fifty per cent* and include—

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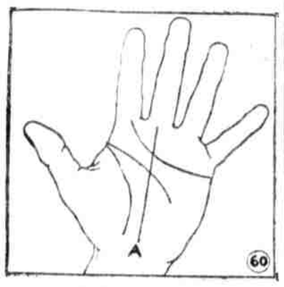
Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



LINE OF SATURN

A—It runs from the neighborhood of the wrist toward the middle finger. If long, deep and clear in its whole length, it shows that one will have all qualifications for success throughout life.

LX

To regard nature as a bookkeeper may be a bold idea. But, if you doubt the possibility of it, look at the line of Saturn, which runs from somewhere in the neighborhood of the wrist upward toward the middle finger (the finger of Saturn). This line is, so to speak, the balance sheet of the hand, and shows, in a nutshell, what the result, the sum total of the qualities of a person will net him at any given period of his life.

For, although the line of Saturn is known also as fate line and line of destiny, it has really nothing at all to do with luck or chance or fate, but serves merely to show that the qualities which its owner possesses will, at this or that period of his life, render him capable of more productivity or less productivity; of more energy and industry or less energy and industry, and therefore, bring him a promise of success or a threat of failure at the periods indicated. How to gauge these periods will be told in a future article.

(To be continued)

Making More Money

Golden Angleworms

Who would imagine that there is money in worms—not silk worms nor any of the rarer variety of grubs which eventually turn into valuable butterflies, but common, ordinary, every-day angleworms? There is, though, and the court records of Flushing, Long Island, will prove it.

Not long ago a man by the name of John Buser, living at College Point, was arraigned before Magistrate Thomas Doyle on a charge of disorderly conduct brought by a neighbor, who declared that Buser's vocabulary was too highly spiced for the peace and quiet of the neighborhood.

"Where do you work?" inquired the magistrate.

"I work for myself," Buser replied proudly. "I am a worm-digger."

"A what?" demanded the court. "A worm-digger?"

"Yes, your honor," came the explanation, "I dig worms for bait."

"But how can you make a living that way?" came the skeptical question from the bench.

"Did you ever see the number of people who come fishing down our way?" Buser queried. "There're scores of 'em every day and, on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays the place is black with 'em. Some of the boys in the neighborhood used to pick up a lot of loose change by supplying these fishermen with bait, but I've put the thing on a business basis. I not only dig the worms, but I breed 'em, too. I know what they like to eat and I prepare the ground for them. Then I'm sure of a good 'crop' every morning."

"But," persisted Doyle, "how can you make a living out of that sort of thing?"

"I've made $7 a day for the past four months, your honor, an' if that ain't a living it's pretty close to it"—and even the magistrate was forced to agree that it was.

Tomorrow—Atalas and Peiris

4 Carloads of "Reliable" Gas Ranges

We have just unloaded four carloads of beautiful sturdy Angliron "Reliable" made by the largest gas range factory in the country.

These are just in time for you to select a substantial Christmas gift for your home—one that means economy, convenience and better cooking results every day in the year. Have every meal made really enjoyable and appetizing by the use of a gas range that guarantees good cooking results. We will also make you a liberal allowance on your old gas range.

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