USE OF WINTER VEGETABLES URGED BY MRS. WILSON

She Gives Appetizing Ways of Preparing a Variety of Them. You'll Want to Try Carrot Croquettes and a Cauliflower Salad

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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DAME Nature provides suitable food for man, if he will but let his perverted taste recognize the fact. The spring, summer, autumn and winter vegetables can be found in every market, and if the housewife will but try serving the seasonable winter vegetables instead of the hothouse and canned varieties she will give to the busy man and woman of her household foods that the body really needs.

Our hardy winter vegetables are seldom used as staple winter products, rather they are left for the foreigners to eat while we satisfy ourselves with an occasional mess of these much-needed, succulent winter vegetables.

Beets, broccoli, brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, carrots, celeriac, kohl-rabi, leeks, onions, pumpkins, radishes, turnips, parsnips, spinach, lettuce, endive, rocamie, parsley, watercress and herb greens are among those available for use this time of year.

Each vegetable has a season of its own and Mother Nature has developed the above list for our winter food. If they are gathered when full grown, juicy and full of flavor, and cooked properly, they will provide a feast fit for the gods. When selecting these vegetables choose the small or medium size in preference to the large ones.

Beets

Wash and boil the beets until tender and then drain and remove the skins. They are now ready to be prepared in many delicious ways, such as spiced, sliced and covered with hot-spiced vinegar, pickles, sliced with two onions to every six beets and then covered with vinegar.

Sweet, Spiced, Hot Buttered Beets

Cut in dice and add to every six beets:

One teaspoon of sugar.
One tablespoon of melted butter.
Four tablespoons of vinegar.
Toss and then serve hot.

Beet salad: Cut the beets in dice and then place on crisp leaves of lettuce. Sprinkle with grated onion and a little finely minced parsley. Serve with French dressing and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg.

Beet Garnish

For stews goulashes, salad, etc.: Chop four beets fine and then place in a bowl and cover with

One grated onion.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
One-half cup of French dressing.

Toss in dressing and let marinate for one hour, then turn into a sieve and let drain. Use as a border.

Broccoli

Strip off the side shoots and leave only the top. Cut the stalk close to the bottom of the branch and place in a pan of cold water for two hours. Then tie in a piece of cheesecloth. Plunge into a saucepan of boiling water and cook for twenty-five minutes. Lift and then drain and turn on a hot dish. Cover with well-seasoned cream sauce. Sprinkle lightly with grated cheese. Serve.

Holland Dutch Red Cabbage

Chop very fine one medium-sized head of red cabbage and then place in a saucepan and add four tart apples, pared and cored and sliced very thin:

Three tablespoons of bacon fat.
Two tablespoons of water.

Cover closely and steam slowly for one hour, then season with salt and pepper and then place in a small bowl:

Two tablespoons of vinegar.
One tablespoon of flour.
One tablespoon of currant jelly.

Stir to blend and then add to the cabbage and cook for five minutes. Toss frequently and then turn into the vegetable dish and cover the top lightly with grated cheese.

Carrot Croquettes

Wash and scrape four large carrots and then cut in pieces. Cook until tender and then drain and mash fine. Mince three slices of bacon fine and then brown in a frying pan and add the prepared carrots, and

One small grated onion.
One quarter cup of finely minced parsley.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.

Mix to blend and then form into croquettes. Roll in flour and then dip in beaten egg. Roll in fine crumbs and then fry until golden brown in hot fat. Serve with tartar sauce.

Fried Cauliflower

Cook the cauliflower and then cool and chill. Dip in a batter and fry until golden brown in hot fat.

To prepare the batter, place:

One-half cup of water.
Two-thirds cup of flour.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
One-quarter teaspoon of pepper.
One-half teaspoon of sugar

in a mixing bowl and beat to mix thoroughly. Use for dipping cauliflower. Cauliflower salad is very good. Cook the cauliflower in the usual way and then drain. While hot place in a bowl. Now prepare a dressing as follows:

One small onion, grated.
One-quarter cup of finely chopped parsley.
One-quarter teaspoon of mustard.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of paprika.
One-half cup of salad oil.
Two tablespoons of vinegar.

Beat to mix and then pour over the cauliflower and let marinate in this dressing for two hours. Lift into crisp nests of lettuce and serve with Russian dressing. Garnish with thin slices of hard-boiled egg.

Parsnip Fritters

Place in a mixing bowl:

One cup of cooked mashed parsnips.
One cup of water.
One and one-half cups of flour.
One level tablespoon of baking powder.
One level tablespoon of shortening.
One level teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon (level) of pepper.
One-half level teaspoon of sugar.
One tablespoon of grated onion.
Two tablespoons of finely minced parsley.

Drop from the spoon into smoking hot fat and then cook until a golden brown. Lift in paper napkins to drain.

Pumpkin Pudding

Place in a saucepan:

One cup of stewed pumpkin.
One-half cup of sirup.
One-half cup of brown sugar.
One-half cup of seeded raisins.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of baking soda.
One and one-half cups of cornmeal.

Stir to mix thoroughly and then cook slowly until thick like mush. Turn into well-greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve with vanilla or custard sauce.

Fried Spinach

Mince three strips of bacon fine and then brown quickly in a frying pan and add one and one-half cups of boiled and well-drained spinach. Toss gently to blend with bacon and cook until well heated. Shape like an omelet, to the side of the pan and brown slightly. Turn on a hot platter. Sprinkle with grated cheese and garnish with point of toast, nicely buttered and slices of hard-boiled egg, dusted with paprika.

MRS. WILSON WANTS

To present the best and most tasty suggestions that she can find in this corner for you. Whenever she hears of any

New Recipes

She goes right off to get them, no matter whether she has to travel to Maine, Canada, Kansas or the South. If you know of any good, wholesome dishes that are economical and appetizing

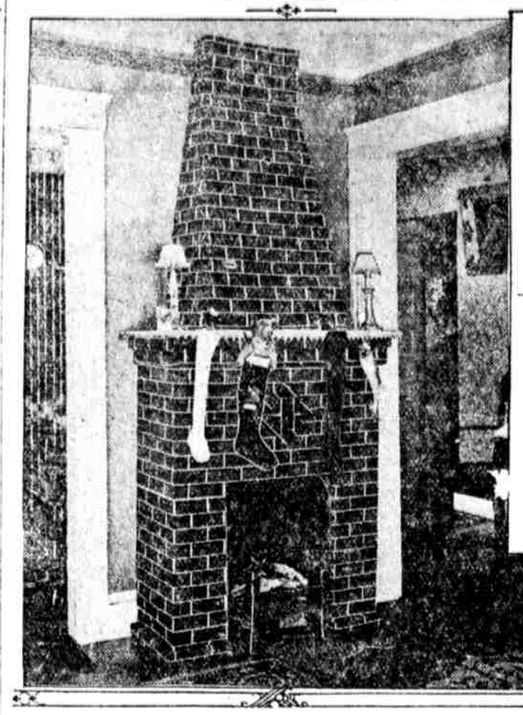
Send Them to Her

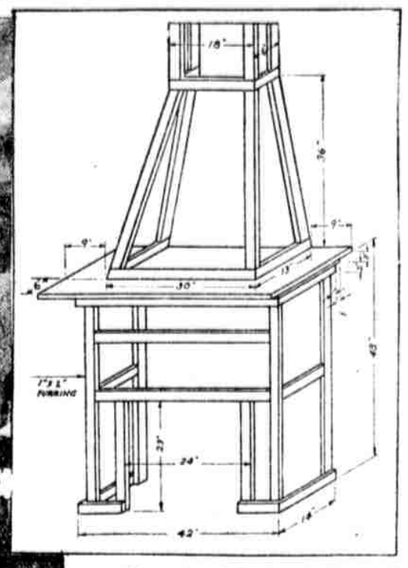
And your name will be published with them.

Any questions that you want to ask about cooking will be answered by Mrs. Wilson in her query column. She cannot give personal answers, so do not inclose stamps, but she requires your name and address as an evidence of good faith.

WATCH THIS CORNER

A FIREPLACE OF CREPE PAPER





Every home with children needs a fireplace on Christmas eve; else, where can the children hang their stockings and how can Santa Claus get in to fill them? The father and mother who recognize this need, yet have no fireplace in their home, or who want to build one in a child's room or in the nursery, may make one to order by simply following the directions below. They are given in the words of the father who made the fireplace illustrated:

"The fireplace I made was constructed from odds and ends, but if any one got some 1 inch thick stock about the width of the brick in the crepe paper, he could make a very good frame so that the bricks on the corners would match. A frame like this, of course, could be used for years by putting new crepe paper on each year. The stock known by carpenters and lumbermen as 'furring,' 2 inches wide and 1 inch thick, would be about right.

"This frame was 4 feet high to the shelf, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 14 inches deep. The shelf was 9 inches on the sides and 6 inches wide in the front. Above the shelf, the slanting portion began 2 feet 6 inches wide, slanting to 18 inches wide and 6 inches deep at the height of 3 feet. The top piece was high enough to reach the ceiling, so would vary with the height of the room. Other dimensions needed are shown on the diagram attached. Two folds of brick crepe paper were all I needed to cover the fireplace frame, and a piece of white crepe shelf paper covered the shelf.

"The andirons were cut from wood and painted black. In the opening behind the fire and on the floor I used about one-half fold of black crepe paper and I placed on the andirons two or three pieces of partly burned firewood. An electric light shining up through some red crepe paper under and between the wood made such a natural looking fire that a friend of mine knocked his cigar ashes off into it."

This chimney could also be built of compo board.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Write to Woman's Exchange

Buddy—send a self-addressed, envelope to the editor of Woman's Page about music lessons.

To "R. White"

Your first letter was answered in the column. Always be polite and friendly with the girls when you meet them and they will soon grow to like you. Your being stout should not interfere with making friends.

To "T. B. P."

T. B. P.—Received letter on return trip. Glad you had such a fine Thanksgiving. Why don't you write to Danny about love?

To "An Admirer of Your Column"

The editor of Woman's Page will answer your question if you will mail her a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Boys Won't Dance With Her

Puzzled—Are you sure you do dance well? Perhaps some lessons might help, but be sure to be polite to every one you meet, and not to repeat things from one to another, and you'll soon be popular.

To "Miss S."

As your letter can be answered in the column Cynthia is doing so, that you may hear sooner. These affairs are difficult always because Cynthia does not know all those concerned.

You make a mistake not to have more than one man call on you. Unless you are engaged to a man, it is always better to keep yourself free to have many friends. Then no one would have the right to consider you practically engaged to him.

From all you tell me, it seems as if you would be happier with A. But, my dear, your own heart can tell you better than Cynthia or any one else for that matter.

"A Girl Greatly Tried"

Do not think of allowing such things. What is right is right and what is wrong is wrong. And wrong can never be made right, so the very thought of wrong should be rejected.

When you marry, will you be entirely dependent on your husband's salary alone? You ought to have a very, very good reason for putting off your marriage if you have let your fiance think all along that you would marry at a certain date. Make him find out for certain if he is to be taken back at his place of employment. And if not, encourage him to see about something else at once.

Suggestions for Present

Dear Cynthia—I have been corresponding with a young man from Tennessee for a year and a half, and before he went home we were very great friends. Last Christmas he sent me a gift, much to my surprise, but I merely sent him a pretty booklet, for I was in doubt as to what would be the proper thing to give him.

Now, Cynthia, I would appreciate it very much if you would suggest a few things that would be suitable or me to send this young man whom I have been true to ever since he departed.

RUTH E. P.

Send him a fountain pen or a notebook, or one of the latest books.

Says He Had Difficulties, Too

Dear Cynthia—I read Richard E.'s letter in Wednesday's paper. I want to say that I was in the same circumstances, but am glad to say have overcome all that. I am a dancer and know from experience how some girls will treat one when they cannot dance. It was also hard for me to get acquainted with any one. I'm twenty-one years of age and it has only been the last year that I'm able to get around. I also like good times, including all outdoor sports.

G. E. L.

Cynthia is sure your letter will encourage Richard E. She is sorry but she cannot break a positive rule that she has made, not to bring about any friendships between writers to the column.

How to Get to Know People Better

Dear Cynthia—Will you advise me what to do? I am a young lady twenty-one years of age, an orphan and alone in this city. I work in a place where I meet many nice people and all seem to like me and respect me for my ownself. Now I will appreciate it very much to know how to get better acquainted with a few that I am more interested in; although we speak in business, how can it be brought into friendship? I have no one to properly introduce me to people and it makes it very, very lonely to stay in at night. A few of these young men have invited me to a theatre or dinner but I have declined the invitation because I did not know whether it was proper to accept. Please advise me what to do.

Please also advise me what kind of slippers I can wear for street and also for parties and dances with an evening gown and afternoon dress, and also what kind of a coat can be used for both occasions, as I can hardly afford to buy both.

ROMORPH.

If these young men are respectable, nice fellows, you might accept their invitation to the theatre or to dinner. Pumps with spats or high shoes are proper for street wear. High heeled, black satin slippers are best for evening wear, as they are suitable for any gown or a ball dance. A good-looking semi-fitting top coat with a fur collar is suitable for either occasion.

Do not try to bring the social side of things into your business. Be friends outside the office if those you meet there are congenial, but while at work it is wiser not to be discussing the theatre you attended the night before. Of course, do not be stiff about "business only" in the office, but strike a happy medium.

IF YOUR OFFICE IS HIGH WITH A WINDOW ON THE STREET

You Can Sit at Your Desk and Watch the Clouds Pose and Deck Themselves in Colors, While Your Work Waits to Be Done

IS YOUR office on the outside of the building where a window looks out upon a street instead of a court?

And is it high enough for you to sit at your desk and look out over roofs and chimneys and beyond them to the sky?

You're lucky!

It is distracting sometimes when you have lots of work to do and not much time to do it, to have an office like this.

You hear a shout down in the street far below you, or a crash, or a sudden violent ringing of trolley bells.

You have to look out.

Human will power cannot hold you; you must see what the excitement is, if your chief, or your boss, or the old man, or he, or whatever you call him, comes in and finds you that way and fires you on the spot!

And then it always happens to be a false alarm, or all over by the time you reach the window.

But that takes time.

IT IS on the days when you are not hurried that you love your window on high.

It is one of those winter days when the sky is not quite clear: there are thick white clouds that may mean snow, may mean wind, may, after while, mean rain.

Whatever they mean, they write their message in the most glorious colors.

Until you have a window high above things, where you look right over into the midst of the sky, you don't often realize that you can have as beautiful colors in the clouds at 10 o'clock in the morning as you can have at sunset.

On this winter day, then, you have a cloud of deep shadows just below the turquoise of the sky, and beneath it a strip of clearness that is almost green.

A tiny puff of pink floats unconcernedly under all this as if it were the only bit of perfection on view.

It isn't, but it undoubtedly adds to the effect.

THEY change all the time.

Your eyes stray back to the work on your desk after a while, and you attack it hurriedly.

But when you glance up once again there's a different effect, arranged for your special benefit.

And it is so beautiful that it hurts.

THERE are some days when the sky is cloudless and as deep blue as a summer sky, with just the glitter of it to show that it's cold out there instead of warm.

The smoke that day goes straight up, wavering ever so little, and disappearing just as you think it will spread and come lazily down.

There's nothing easy-going or lazy about smoke on a cold day; it means business.

You watch it, content to do that and nothing else, determind to catch it faltering, counter-marching, or changing its mind entirely and fizzling all over the top of the chimney.

Your work lies on the desk and stares at you helplessly: your typewriter stands silent and neglected; your thoughts—you haven't any thoughts.

They are delightfully lost, wandering away into oblivion with that white, steady steam.

THAT'S when you love your office with its window high above roofs and chimneys and hard-working steam, and you feel as if you'd like to sit there always just gazing out, wondering vaguely about it all and dreaming—

And then your chief, or your boss, or the old man, or he, or whatever you call him, comes into your office, and you turn briskly, self-consciously around and make your typewriter sing busily.

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. Mrs. Harriman made no attempt to conceal her dislike for Tony's wife, and Charlotte's life became an agony of fault-finding until she could bear it no longer and ran away without telling any one that she was to become a mother. Tony's discovery of the truth awakens his manhood and he determines to make it all up to Charlotte, but when she returns he finds her changed, and her love for him seems dead. Charlotte herself feels incapable of any emotion, until one day Junior falls ill and Charlotte goes through torture for a few hours. It is then that she realizes her love for her husband.

Charlotte Comes Into Her Own

CHARLOTTE was so happy in the next few days that she hardly knew herself. She was like a flame with all of the enthusiasm of girlhood augmented by her experience as a woman. Tony's homecoming was a thing she planned for each day, his leavetaking in the morning was an event. They were happy as they had never been happy even during the first days of their marriage.

Mrs. Harriman had not been to see Charlotte since the day of Junior's illness. She had called up on the telephone for news of the baby, but she had kept religiously away from her son's home. She did not want to see Charlotte because to Evelyn Harriman there had also come an awakening. She had discovered that nothing in the world mattered now but Tony's happiness and the welfare of her grandson. She realized keenly that her treatment of Charlotte in the past merited no forgiveness, but she wished with all her heart that Charlotte would forgive her.

She wanted the privilege of running in informally whenever she liked to see the baby, of talking over unimportant household things with her daughter-in-law. In short, Evelyn Harriman for the first time in her life wanted to belong. She wanted to count in her son's life, and she wanted Charlotte to care for her, and for the first time also she neglected the rigorous holding back of time that had kept Janice busy for two or three hours daily.

Janice resented all this. She had liked Mrs. Harriman as she had been in the past. There was a certain reflected glory in keeping her perfectly groomed, in turning her out faultlessly. Janice liked the cold pride of her mistress, because she herself was cold, and to see Mrs. Harriman careless of appearances almost broke the woman's heart.

When she would say, "Time for your massage, Mrs. Harriman," Evelyn would sigh wearily and say, "What does it matter, Janice? I'm a grandmother and I don't mind if people know it. I'm proud of it."

And Janice would hold up her hands in horror and mutter under her breath that some people didn't know what they wanted. She had been in the Harriman family long enough to take privileges.

Charlotte had started Tony one night by remarking suddenly:

"Tony, I don't dislike your mother any longer."

"God knows, dearest, you had reason enough to hate us all," Tony returned quickly.

"But I don't. You see I know she loves Junior; she was here through the worst of it and I saw her face, and everything she really is was in her face. The other was only veneer."

"It's her pride," Tony remarked thoughtfully. "It was the Harriman pride that almost ruined our lives; it's always been a fetish with mother."

But there was no pride in the way Evelyn Harriman came to see Charlotte a few days later. Junior had been out for his afternoon's airing and the nurse had brought him into the living room for a few minutes, when Ellen announced Mrs. Harriman.

Charlotte rose, the baby in one arm, and held out her hand.

"Why, mother," she said shyly, and then impulsively she held out the baby. "I don't believe you've held him since he's grown so big," she hurried on eager to make speech. And then they were sitting facing each other, the baby held tightly against Evelyn Harriman's breast. There was a silence big with understanding and then Evelyn Harriman spoke.

"I'm just a foolish, proud old woman," she said shakily, above the baby's downy head.

"You're not," Charlotte returned quickly, "you couldn't be, you're—you're—you're Junior's grandmother!"

"And you called me mother," Mrs. Harriman said softly.

"I know," and Charlotte with an impulsive little movement, slipped to her knees and put her arms around the older woman. "I know I called you mother—you see, you are!"

THE END

Would you marry a man you hated, in order to escape poverty?

"The Husband Hater"

Did this and regretted it deeply until another man appeared at the western ranch where she was so isolated and so unhappy. And after that? Let

Hazel Deyo Batchelor

Tell you the rest. Her serial story by this name begins

Next Monday

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What is said of Miss A. Viola Smith, who has been appointed secretary of the American commercial attache in Pekin?
2. Describe an unusual shade for a small electric lamp.
3. What is the easiest way for an amateur photographer to take a picture of himself?
4. In what attractive and striking style is a felt hat trimmed for sport wear?
5. What discrimination should be used by the careful housewife who rubs cold cream on her hands before she puts on gloves for housework?
6. Describe a dainty gift for the girl who cherishes her marcel wave.

Yesterday's Answers

1. Mrs. James Cox Brady, formerly Miss Helen McMahon, a London artist's model, has been declared to be the most beautiful woman in the world.
2. A convenient device which keeps the corners of a high soft collar smoothly in place is a curved metal bar, with a double loop at each end, which goes through the buttonholes in the collar.
3. The addition of a single ostrich feather, curled around a thin-looking velvet flower, will make it into a striking corsage ornament for an evening gown.
4. Cocoa stains can be removed from a linen tablecloth if they are sprinkled with borax, soaked in cold water and rinsed with hot water poured from a height.
5. A striking girdle for a black evening dress is made of silver ribbon edged with Chantilly lace.
6. A new way of trimming the dress hanger for a Christmas gift is to crochet a cover over a padded silk foundation.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

The Real Issue

"IS LIFE worth living?"

That is a question philosophers of all times have dilated on, and which again has been propounded by a contemporary who quotes as one of the conclusions William James' famous quip: "It depends upon your liver!"

We beg to submit that the question as put is, to steal the lawyer's thunder, "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

It is "incompetent" because of what the logician would call "an undistributed middle"—the question involves every single one of us, and no one of us, therefore, can answer for the rest of us—for the good and simple reason that he does not know. He can speak for himself only.

It is "irrelevant" because it makes no difference whether you think life is worth living or not—you have to go on living just the same unless you swallow bichloride or something.

And it is "immaterial" because the real issue every one of us ought to have out with ourselves is, not: "Is life worth living?" but, "Am I making my life worth living?"

If my life is not worth living, what makes it a failure?

The right and obvious thing for any man or any woman to do who feels that his or her life is a failure is to try to make it a success, to try to remedy the conditions in his or her life that make it not worth living so it will become very much worth living.

"A man loses faith in angels after he has married one," says the Cynic. "Married life is what you make it," parries the Optimist.

"This is a 'dead' place," said a new arrival at a pleasure resort. "Everybody here makes their own good time," somebody chirped.

So the whole of life is pretty much what you make it, and throughout every man and every woman has to make his or her own "good time"—make his or her life worth living.

You generally find what you look for—whether it is burrs, thorns and shadows—or chestnuts, roses and the sun.

"The essentials are all about us," wrote Ruskin. And they are to be had for the taking.

Good books, time for reflection, family associations, love, a few faithful friends, useful, conscientiously done work, honest ambition—all judiciously interspersed with play, exercise and fresh air—simmered down, these are the things which alone will make any life worth living.

And, happily, a benevolent, all-wise providence has ordained that they shall be within the reach of every single one of us—even the man who has a million dollars.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

FIGHTING THE SNOW

By DADDY

CHAPTER VI

"Hurrah for the Snow!"

"CHEE! Chee! Burn the woods and that will melt the snow and drive winter away!" screamed Blue Jay.

"Woof! Woof! Burn the woods and that will melt the snow and drive winter away!" barked Toddie Pudgins.

"Eek! Eek! Caw! Caw! Chirp! Chirp! Burn the woods and that will melt the snow and drive winter away," said the robins, the squirrels, the chipmunks, the field mice, the crows, the sparrows and the other birds.

"No, no, you silly creatures, if you burn the woods down there will be no more Birdland and you will be sorry next summer," cried Peggy.

"Who-o-o Who-o! If you burn Birdland down you will be sorry before that," warned Judge Owl. "One blizzard alone doesn't make a winter. Other storms are coming and the woods gave you shelter."

"Woof! Woof! Let's get rid of the snow while we have the chance," barked Toddie Pudgins. Toddie was only a puppy who had never yet seen a winter, so he didn't know what he was talking about. The crows and the sparrows echoed his cry: "Let's get rid of the snow while we have a chance!" They didn't live in Birdland so they didn't care whether it was burned or not. But Peggy and Billy did care.

"Who started this fire?" demanded Billy. "Did you birds and animals do it? No, I did it, and I'll put it out right away quick unless you stop that foolish chatter about burning Birdland down and listen to what I have to say."

That brought the birds and animals to their senses in a hurry. Of course Billy had started the fire. They hadn't had a thing to do with it except to get warm by the kindly blaze. And they were still chilly from eating so many snowflakes, and were not a bit anxious to have the fire put out.

"What have you to say? We will listen," they chirped and squealed.

"In the first place I want to say there is so much snow falling you can't possibly stop it," cried Billy.

"Chee! Chee! We can if we can get enough birds and animals to gobble up the flakes," argued Blue Jay saucily.

"All of you birds and animals that want to get another stomachache by eating snow, load up your claws or paws," said Peggy. Not a single paw or claw went up. The birds and animals had had all the stomachache they wanted. Then Billy went on with his talk.

"You, Hoppity-Hop, don't want the snow because the hunters can track the rabbit. You forget that the snow blanket keeps your burrows snug and warm when Jack Frost brings zero weather. You sparrows forget that the snow guards from the cold the grains and seeds that will grow next year to give you food. You field mice forget how cozy the snow makes your nests. You squirrels forget how chilly the winter blasts are without it and how much fun you'll have frisking about in it on sunny days after the blizzards have passed. You, Toddie Pudgins, don't know what sport it is frolicking in the snow. You, Blue Jay, are foolish to think you can stop the winter by stopping the snow. Cold weather causes the snow instead of the snow causing the cold weather. If we are going to have cold weather isn't it better to have the ground and trees all covered with pretty white snow than to stand bleak and bare through the cold months?"

So Billy scolded the birds and animals, and he scolded them so sensibly that when he finished they raised a bird and animal cheer.

"Chee! Chee! Eek! Eek! Chirp! Chirp! Hurrah for Billy and Peggy and Judge Owl and hurrah for the snow! We want the snow, the lovely snow, and we will never try to eat it up again!"

And as if in answer to this cry, the snow swirled down heavier than ever, big, fast-falling flakes that quickly covered earth and trees, painting all of Birdland a fairy white.

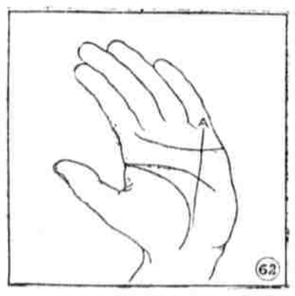
"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Billy. "Now we can coast and go sleighing and make snow men. Hurrah! Hurrah!" Peggy started to say "Hurrah" too, but just then there came a blizzard swirl that picked her right up, whirled her around dizzily, and carried her away.

"My, I'm glad Toddie got over that foolish idea of trying to eat up all the snow," said Peggy to herself.

Next week will be told a merry story of Birdland in winter time.

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



LINE OF MERCURY

A—Beginning near the wrist, it runs toward the little finger. If deep and clear it indicates health. If broken and uneven it shows poor health. Its entire absence is consonant with good health.

LXII

Health is so indispensable to our well-being that nature has provided that most of the lines should indicate health conditions in addition to showing the specific traits which each of them represents. Thus the heart, head and life lines, besides telling of the moral and intellectual phases which they respectively reflect, tell also of the physical condition of the heart itself, of the head and of the general constitution. But, as if this were not enough, nature has put into many hands a special health line—the line of Mercury, from which, according to some palmists, the state of a person's health can be read as from a printed page. If this line is long, strongly marked, clear-cut and deep, it shows excellent health. If it is broken—wavy, or has other defects, the indication is a corresponding weakness. For instance, if it has many breaks and presents a ladder-like appearance, it usually signifies indigestion; if it is wavy, biliousness; if it is uneven, that is, now deep and clear, now thin and shallow, there will be corresponding periods of strength and of delicacy. Its absence signifies nothing.

(To be continued)

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Invitations to Christmas dinner or to parties arranged for Christmas week should be sent out two weeks in advance. At Christmas time there are always detached men and women living at a distance from their own homes to whom an invitation of this sort is a godsend. No one that ever had the experience of eating Christmas dinner alone in a public restaurant, surrounded by equally solitary strangers, can forget the dismal scene where every man and woman present looked depressed enough to be contemplating suicide. Hotel dinners are different; there are always acquaintances in a group at the table; and, of late, because of the help-famine, it is not unusual to hold family dinner parties in hotels. But these are parties—social groups, not unhappy, homesick solitaries.

So, when inviting Christmas guests, whether to your own house or to your favorite hotel, do not forget the exiles from home, if any of these have proved to be congenial. Naturally, no one invites uncongenial acquaintances, especially to a Christmas feast where friendly feeling should glow with true hearth-fire warmth

The Woman's Exchange

Address of Star

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly publish through your column where Vivian Martin, the moving-picture actress, is now located, as I would very much like to write to her.

M. F. E.

Miss Martin may be reached either through Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, Calif., or Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Method of Cleaning Bricks

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Perhaps Mrs. J. W. F., who wishes to know how to clean the bricks of an open fireplace, will accept a suggestion tried and found excellent.

Muriatic acid applied with a sponge will remove all discolorations from the bricks, but care must be taken not to let the acid come in contact with the hands.

A LEDGER ENTHUSIAST.

Mrs. J. W. F. will appreciate this information, and it was most kind of you to offer it.

Making More Money

Professor of Repairs

Back in the days before the rise in the wages of laborers made mechanics' salaries exceed those of college professors, E. J. Sweeney was an assistant in a garage in a middle western city, drawing $25 a week and feeling that he earned every penny of it. But Sweeney had made up his mind that he wasn't always going to remain a $100-a-month man. He was going to find some way to capitalize his knowledge of what went on inside an automobile, for he felt that the man who could diagnose the disease of a car was entitled to a return commensurate with that of a doctor who locates the troubles in a human body.

One day the solution came to him out of the sky.

"No one ever taught me what I know," he explained. "I picked up every bit of it by hard work and long hours. If I'd had some training I'd have been able to make a whole lot more money. Therefore I'll launch a 'repair school,' for there must be hundreds of men in the same fix I am."

Sweeney's entire capital at this time was $77, but he spent $75 of it for a month's rent of a fair-sized ground-floor room and $1.65 for an advertisement in the classified columns of the leading paper. The advertisement appeared on Saturday morning and by noon on the same day five students had enrolled in the "Garage College." With their fees paid in advance, Sweeney bought tools and benches. Then, passing an old car that needed repairs, he agreed to fix it for nothing and thus obtained a machine with which to start his course of instruction. By the end of the following week there were twenty students and it wasn't long before the flat had doubled and even tripled. There was money in the automobile repairing business and mechanics who wanted to get out of a rut jumped at the opportunity to learn the new trade under an experienced teacher.

Now the school overflows a ten-story building, operates one of the most successful garages in the city, has a flock of taxicabs and enables Sweeney, "professor of repairs," to have a bank account larger than he ever dreamed of in the old days.

Monday—From High Notes to Hard Work.

Things You'll Love to Make

Woven Ribbon Boudoir Cap

An adorable little boudoir cap is made by weaving two-toned ribbon, or ribbons of two contrasting colors, and sewing it to a circular piece of silk. It is then shirred around the edge to fit the head. A double ruffle is sewed on. One turns up, the other falls gracefully over the face. Tiny silk crocheted flowers and a twisted band of the ribbon make a dainty finish for this becoming boudoir cap. Let this be another of the Christmas gifts you are making.

FLORA.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

What Mary Did

By RUSSELL CLAYTON

"WHAT has the future in store for us, poor Mary do now?"

It was rather poignant. Years of caring for an invaluel mother and a semi-invalid father had left her slightly [illegible] and [illegible] they were gone. Even had she known some way of [illegible] would have helped little [illegible] with hard times [illegible] shadows before. Her father's income would last a few months, but after that—what?

John Weeks, her next-door neighbor and old-time schoolmate, offered to decide the question. "Marry me, Mary," he urged, "and we'll get along as well as we can."

But Mary slowly shook her head. "No, John," she said. "Well, always be friends, but I've been buried long enough that now I want to live my own life."

"You'll let me know where you go?" he asked wistfully.

"Of course," promised the girl, and with that John had to be content.

But as he went out into the gloomy drizzle of a gray autumn afternoon his heart was leaden within him. Tomorrow he received word he was to protect the girl he loved. To-day he wasn't earning a fabulous salary down in the marine engine shop, but needing instead to stay there forever for a livelihood. To-day would come when he could give his wife whatever she wanted, [illegible] himself with [illegible]

And stopping in at the newsstand, he bought a paper with the intention of reading its employment columns.

The following evening John called again on Mary, and the girl was in warmly a bit chagrined to observe how placidly he had accepted her refusal. More than that, he carried himself with an air of buoyant happiness that was unusual and, under the circumstances, unexpected.

He was scarcely seated before he unfolded a bit of paper from his pocket. "Mary," he said, "I got to thinking if you struggling along unprofitably somewhere, and wishing I could help you. Then I read this ad in last night's paper. The boss down at the shop knows the Mr. Ledyard—in fact, his engines came from our place—and I hunted him up today and—well, I guess, if you want it you can have the job."

Wondering what it was all about, Mary bent her brown head over the clipping.

"Wanted—A young woman to care for two motherless children on orange ranch in Florida. Apply Ledyard."

"Mr. Ledyard's as fine a man as ever lived!" declared John. "This seems going along also. It will be a pleasant, healthy and safe occupation. What do you say, dear?"

What Mary eventually said was "yes." And if in the days that followed days of judicially expending money for simple clothes suitable for life on a boat and making the final preparations, Mary forgot to be extra nice to John to make up for the protracted long absence, it is not to be wondered at.

Came a day when, seeking very girlish and attractive in her gray flat and white lace dress, Mary stood at the rail of the Farraway, bidding the receding shore which had come to mean home and a man, John. For as the moment of departure drew nearer he had come to take a greater significance to her than she perhaps in his almost casual fashion had to her going.

By her side stood her two little charges, and, presently, a young-looking and attractive Julius Ledyard, scattered over and watched with her the ever-widening gulf.

"So you are Miss Cranston?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes," said Mary, unaware that a [illegible] homesickness touched her dark eyes.

"I think you won't be," promised Mr. Ledyard, and later, Mary read a meaning into his words she had not perceived then.

Her quarters, near the little girls', were very pleasant and even spacious, as the Farraway was a beautiful boat with well-defined accommodations for [illegible] and crew. And as the days passed, Mary settled down into the comfortable routine of life at sea, enjoying it except for occasional pointed speculations as to the welfare of the man who had asked her to marry him.

It was some days later that the Farraway, rounding Cape Hatteras, which had [illegible] the skipper with some [illegible] run into a storm, a wild driving tempest which whipped the sea into mountainous billows and sent the passengers scurrying to their berths.

Mary, quickly venturing up on deck, had been beaten back across the deck house and stood awed by the fury of the elements. Suddenly, without warning, came a thudding shock, a shivering of the entire craft, then a sickening glide as the vessel slipped free from the edge of the sand bar.

Turning, Mary prepared to work her way back to the stairs. As she did so, she ran directly into an oilskinned figure who grasped her right in his arms and whispered hoarsely, "Mary!"

Mary, caught from the light of a sulphurous window, a glimpse of the face above her, John!

"Why, John!" she [illegible]. But not until they were in the warm shelter of the forward cabin did he explain—how he had gone to Mr. Ledyard with his boss's recommendation, told how he was in love with Mary, asked for the position as companion to the two little girls for her, [illegible] to the 550-horse Stimson; how [illegible] "keeping an eye" on her, how after the chief engineer had made sure the boat had suffered no damage, he had gotten permission to find her.

"When we get home, dear," asked he, "will you marry me?"

"Sooner than that," said Mary. "When we reach Florida."

Next Complete Novelette—Patricia's Mr. Lee

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