MRS. WILSON HAS IDEAS FOR AFTER-CHRISTMAS MEAL

You Won't Have Your Leftover Turkey Long When You See These Tempting New Ways of Using It

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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CHRISTMAS has come and gone, and we all have enjoyed the blessed day. Our families have clustered around the family board for the festive meal. Now the mistress and housewife must utilize the left-overs so that there may be no waste and yet, at the same time, not bore the family with too much of the same thing.

The turkey is usually the hardest to utilize, particularly if the family is small. The best thing to do is to strip off all the meat from the carcass and break it up. Place in a soup kettle, cover with cold water and add

Two onions,
Faggot of soup herbs,
One carrot, cut in tiny dice.

Simmer on the simmering burner for one and one-half hours and then strain. Now to plan dinner or supper, utilizing the left-overs from the Christmas dinner:

MENU

Noodle Soup
Celery
Cheese Cutlets — Parsley Sauce
Potato Balls
Turkey Potpie
Creamed Corn — Mashed Turnips
Lettuce
Reheated Mince Tarts — Coffee

For supper:

Turkey Sandwiches
Macaroni and Cheese
Plum Pudding — Fruit Sauce — Tea

Noodle Soup

Place six cups of stock from the carcass in a saucepan and add one-half small package of noodles.

One onion grated.
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.
One teaspoon of salt.
Three tablespoons of finely minced parsley.

Simmer slowly for one-half hour.

Turkey Potpie

Place a piece of the turkey in the baking dish and then season. Make balls of left-over filling and then roll in flour and brown quickly in hot fat. Lift in the dish. Season and pour two and one-half cups of thick gravy over the turkey. Cover with a crust of plain pastry and then bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Turkey Sandwiches

Mince the left-over turkey very fine and then in a mixing bowl and add

Three-quarters cup of mayonnaise.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
One small onion, grated.

Mix and then use between the slices of buttered bread. Cut each sandwich into triangles and then pile on plate covered with a napkin. Garnish each sandwich with a thin slice of pickle.

Left-over turkey may also be used in many other dishes.

Potted Turkey

Put sufficient cold-cooked turkey through the food chopper to measure two cups and then use a fine knife to cut the turkey as fine as sausage meat. Add one-half cup of melted butter. Mix well and then pack into small jar and set the jar in a pan of water. Place in a slow oven for twenty-five minutes, cook and then chill and use by cutting in slices.

Turkey Salad

In the South this dish is greatly esteemed. Cut the turkey meat in one-inch pieces and then turn into bowl and add to every two cups of turkey meat

One cup of finely chopped celery.
One hard-boiled egg.
One cup of mayonnaise.
Three tablespoons of vinegar.
Four tablespoons of finely minced parsley.

Toss gently to mix and then let marinate for two hours. Now turn into a nest of crisp lettuce leaves and mask with mayonnaise dressing.

Turkey Fritters

Place in a mixing bowl

One and one-half cups of milk or water.
One egg.

Beat to mix and then add

Two cups of flour.
Four level teaspoons of baking powder.
One level teaspoon of salt.
One-half level teaspoon of pepper.
Three tablespoons of finely minced parsley.
One tablespoon of finely minced onion.
One cup of finely minced turkey meat.

Beat hard to mix and then cook in hot fat and drain on soft paper.

Turkey Biscuits

Place in a mixing bowl

Three and one-half cups of flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
Three level tablespoons of baking powder.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.

Sift to mix and then rub in three tablespoons of shortening and use one cup of water or milk to mix to a dough. Roll or pat out one-half inch thick and then spread with the following mixture:

One and one-quarter cups of finely minced turkey meat.
One tablespoon of finely minced onion.
Three tablespoons of finely minced parsley.

Mix and then spread between the prepared dough. Cut into oblongs or squares with a sharp knife and then bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve with cheese sauce.

Turkey Croquettes

Place in a saucepan

One and one-half cups of milk.
One cup of flour.

Stir to dissolve, then bring to a boil and cook very slowly for three minutes. Now add

Two grated onions.
One-half cup of finely minced parsley.
One and three-quarters cups of finely minced turkey meat.

Mix and then form into croquettes. Roll each croquette in flour and then dip in egg and milk mixture, roll in fine crumbs and fry until golden brown in hot fat.

The picking from the carcass of the meat and skin through the food chopper can be utilized for these dishes. The filling can be made into croquettes and dipped in egg and milk mixture and then fried a golden brown.

Thin slices of turkey meat may be dipped in a thin batter and fried until a golden brown. Serve on slices of toast, garnish with parsley and cover with cream sauce.

The mixture used for dipping the croquettes:

One egg.
One-half cup of evaporated milk.

Heat well and then use for dipping.

THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Jean Northrup, accustomed all her life to luxury, is forced by her father's death into a marriage with her guardian, a man whom she has never seen and whom she hates from the first. He takes her west to his ranch, where Jean is determined to hate everything.

Two Thoroughbreds

WHEN Frank returned leading a fiery little animal with red-brown coat, Jean was conscious that a group of men had gathered and were [illegible] to watch the fun. She [illegible] frightened now, but none [illegible] mined to go through with it. When Mark took the horse's bridle and [illegible] softly to the animal, drawing it forward and touched the smooth silk caressingly.

The [illegible] said nervously.

"Not afraid are you," Mark asked teasingly.

She did not answer. [illegible] ward put her foot [illegible] the stirrup and swung [illegible] From her [illegible] she [illegible] her husband, her [illegible]

"All right [illegible] said [illegible] Mark. [illegible]

The horse [illegible] set her [illegible]

"Don't pull [illegible] Mark called [illegible] her she was [illegible] fear [illegible] long rides out on the plains with no one to watch her and spy on her.

Well, ride together. Mark said, breaking in on her reflections rudely. It wouldn't do for you to lose yourself in the [illegible] Besides you might be [illegible] for the present you [illegible]

The [illegible] to ride, thank you, [illegible] I didn't know what I was [illegible] a prisoner. Her voice [illegible] "I'm not afraid," she [illegible]

"[illegible] fool." Mark [illegible] your own pro[illegible] the country and [illegible] of yourself."

[illegible] thought of that when you [illegible] ing me ride a few [illegible] she asked evenly.

[illegible] at little shrug [illegible] she turned and walked [illegible] the house. She walked [illegible] herself to some emotion, she had climbed the veranda steps and open the screen door [illegible] ing with, she flew into her own [illegible] and closed the door behind her [illegible] she changed in a fury of rage, [illegible] At first [illegible] a passion of resentment toward [illegible] and bent on ruling her [illegible] she cried aloud, a disappointed [illegible] because she was not to be allowed to ride alone.

(To be Continued.)

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4. When [illegible] Christmas gifts [illegible] tions be [illegible]
5. Why [illegible]
6. Does [illegible] with a [illegible]

Friday's Answer

1. [illegible]
2. A [illegible] from [illegible] the [illegible] and has an opening through which [illegible]
3. An acceptable Christmas gift [illegible] nominee for [illegible] friend or neighbor is a [illegible] filled with [illegible] oranges, grapes, etc.
4. When [illegible] discolor [illegible] clean [illegible] with gasoline and paint the [illegible] desired color, being careful to keep the gasoline away from any flame.
5. The host at an afternoon tea should not wear evening clothes. A cutaway coat with gray striped trousers is correct.
6. A smart trimming for a strictly tailored hat is a band of grosgrain ribbon, with a double panel low on the side. The ends turned in to make the bow into a tassel.

Things You'll Love to Make

New Winter Belt

Take out [illegible] good leather belt you have tired of, and transform it into this charming new winter belt. Have your cobbler punch metal eyelets at intervals of 1½ inches. Run red velvet or satin ribbon through these eyelets. If your navy blue or black frock is trimmed with the ribbon as shown, and the [illegible] belt is worn with it, the combination will be exceedingly dis[illegible]

ZORA

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Has Social Club

J. J. S.—Cynthia is sorry, but she cannot extend invitations to members of the column. She appreciates your kindness in inviting her very much.

Love Means Sacrifice

Dear Cynthia—I am a newcomer to your fair city, and with the season's greetings I desire to express my approval of the letter in your column written by "A Wife."

Love has manifested itself to be greater than water or electricity; one must be partly inhuman to question the reality of love. Love is the divine force by which nations and happiness are continued. There is no reality recognized that is stronger than a mother's love. When one questions the reality of love, I am tread upon holy ground and refuse to believe the Bible and the writers thereof that made the supreme sacrifice promoted by love.

I think, dear Cynthia, that some of your writers are not expressing their true conception of love, or they are in love and don't know it. It has always been my treasured lot to find love the only undying reality and I believe woman's love is the most noble love after the Divine love.

Is there one that could question the reality of love in the presence of their dear mother? Yes, "A Wife" was right when stating love was a sacrifice and we are conscious that love led to the sacrifice of Calvary. DIXIE.

Commends "C. R."

Dear Cynthia—My very sentiments were voiced in C. R.'s letter. I think it was beautiful, and alas! how true when he says "Women are losing everything when they lose love." With love go romance, dreams, sacrifice and unselfishness, for is there any selfishness in true love? I think love is a wonderful, glorious sensation, awaking only the best in one and making one very happy and a desire to see the rest of the world happy. Would you do away with that?

I think "Danny" will be sorry for marrying a man she does not love; that is, if she is sure she does not love him (I am not so sure), for I believe love comes to every one and if she will only be patient and not talk herself into being immune from love it will come all the sooner to her, and wouldn't it be wonderful if it came for the man she intends to marry?

Please, C. R., don't say all girls are shallow and just pleasure-loving and crazed. Most of them are young and they want to be frivolous for a little while, for, oh, how soon we grow old! At the same time I know lots of girls and I know there are lots of others whom I do not know who, while they love pleasure, are at the same time very well read, lovely conversationalists and also good housekeepers. I hope you meet one of them soon, but above all I hope you get a girl who thinks of life in the beautiful manner you do, for underneath I am sure you are not a cynic.

MAE C. R.

It Makes Her "Terrible Angry"

Dear Cynthia—Please print these few lines to Mr. "Some One." Thank you, Mr. S. O. S., you would rather have the friendship of a beautiful girl than a homely girl. Here where you've hurt many a girl's feelings by saying that. What all those poor homely girls to do because they're not pretty, or "beautiful," as you said. But somehow or other I notice that a homely girl has as many friends as a pretty girl. You say you believe there is such a thing as love. I disagree with you on that, Mr. "Some One," for I do not believe there is love. I'm a girl of nineteen and considered good looking by both sexes, but I do not believe there is love. People only imagine they find it out. They imagine a person's gone away with them and at the end of it their lives are wrecked, and that's why we've got so many unhappy homes and divorces. I know, because I've met so many respectable young men, kept steady company, was engaged several times and then they broke up because I found out I wasn't in love, really thought I was at first, but in some length of time I found out differently. I only imagined I was in love, but my imagination didn't run away with me as it did with others, and it makes me terrible angry when I hear people say there's such thing as love for I know different. There is no such thing as love. "PATRIA."

It is a good thing that one so fickle, as you appear to be, Patria, has not married, as you will not make a man happy until you learn the true value of life. Well, that time be careful, as your silly ideas might make others "terribly angry."

"Leo" Says Love Is Love

Dear Cynthia—I have been an interested reader of the many debatings [illegible] in your column. I read [illegible] but a week ago and wish I could hear the same girls opinion on love a few years from now. She has much to learn.

I am twenty, and have been a target for Cupid's darts. After much consideration, I say that love is love. It's a human feeling which, although it may be rudely put into words can never be defined or analyzed.

I have before me the picture of a girl who's twenty or so. Her complexion is clear with a healthy glow of rose. She has long dark brown hair with shining highlights, straight nose that matches her well-rounded face, and parted lips with just the flicker of a smile. The picture is under the glass in my desk in the office. At least a hundred times a day I look at it, sigh, and heave an almost audible sigh, and—well, I just said I know love is love. And it's only the picture that smiles up at me. If she were real I would place my heart on a golden platter and the platter at her feet. I simply adore her and I cannot help it. It is something irresistible that has come to me. Every time I look into her eyes my own become glazed and my mind wanders and wanders, dreaming golden dreams of heavenly love and it is just as hard for me to break away from these dreams as it is for a poor little regular girl good-night to the Sandman when the clock strikes.

That is my definition of love.

Now, [illegible] Cynthia, I am going to ask you a few words on the word love, as I have never heard the definition of it. Sincerely yours, A Merry Christmas to the Happy New Year.

LEO.

Glad [illegible] best girl is so pretty, Leo.

Poor, Poor Young Man

Dear [illegible] I have been a more or less [illegible] reader of your excellent column [illegible] with some of the letters [illegible] Yet one [illegible] who have philosophized in love. I don't wish to disagree [illegible] of those stanch defenders of the "one love" principle or the [illegible] although they are dwindling [illegible] have been forbidden and forlorn [illegible] a mere shadow of a vanished [illegible] desperation. I am not a [illegible] by nature, but I think I know human nature pretty well. Though I [illegible] intended revolt to lose my [illegible] or, rather, the typewriter, and [illegible] a few minutes for [illegible] a truth [illegible] to define things so that [illegible] in on the week-end of [illegible] who is about to spend his [illegible] of love.

Turn to the old standby—Webster's. Turn to the word "love." Rather cagey [illegible] capable of wide interpretation. Now, then, look up the word "hate." Look up the word "[illegible]." Both of them are of course [illegible] to the vernacular. Well, to right [illegible] "love" will equal the [illegible] of opposite—the lack of opposite is zero. So [illegible] "love" is the right [illegible] word. We have the [illegible] "love." See the [illegible] Some [illegible] alone to question [illegible] those two [illegible] they have [illegible] the [illegible] right. [illegible] said [illegible] "[illegible]." I would say [illegible] [illegible] said [illegible] "[illegible]."

All of us at some time or other in our lives [illegible] the sight of love. Some of us [illegible] some of us [illegible] some still [illegible] a little [illegible] said a mouthful then, didn't I? [illegible] that. But all of us, "poor [illegible] that we are. And with most of us it [illegible] of bitter letters. Unless the [illegible] a goodly supply of books or more, I would not advise any of us to [illegible] the bite in this month. So here is a new angle [illegible] Love. The [illegible] Sentimental Journal [illegible] Sappho [illegible] Sappho [illegible] "Sappho" [illegible]

RESEMBLES A SUIT, - BUT IS A FROCK

By CORINNE LOWE

When is a dress dressiest? We should say the answer to this conundrum was, "When it looks most unlike a dress." So many of the frocks of this autumn seem inspired with the one ambition to resemble a suit that there is apparently only one other passion equaling this in intensity. It is the determination of the suit to look like a dress.

Here is a charming little afternoon frock that imitates successfully the suit model. It is made of yellow duvet de laine and is trimmed with otter, a fur which is seen so frequently this year that everybody should be considering a raid on father's old skating cap.

The collar is of brown organdy and one black rose is embroidered on the front of the corsage.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

In Marigold's Kitchen

By DADDY

CHAPTER I

Ned's Lost Princess

PEGGY and Billy were speeding over the crusted snow on Billy's sailing sled. It was a week after the fancy dress ball of Ned, the handsome young millionaire, and not a word had they heard of what had happened to Ned or to Marigold, the dancing kitchen maid who had danced her way into his heart. When Marigold, with her tissue-paper dress ruined by water, fled from the ball they had taken her home on the sailing sled, and that is the last they had seen of her. They had tried to find the house of Madam Proud, where Marigold served as kitchen maid, but without Judge Owl to guide them their search had been vain.

Whish-sh-sh! sang the runners of the sled as they glided over the icy crust.

Waw-waw-oooo! wailed the horn of an automobile from the road nearby. At the same moment a swift-running car shot past them.

"Speedhilickers, that driver must be in a hurry!" cried Billy, for the auto was going at fire-engine speed. Wham! They heard the brakes of the auto go on, and the car slid and swayed and skidded to a stop.

"Hey!" cried a voice as Billy steered the sled clear of the auto. "Have you seen a beautiful princess pass this way? She was wearing a mask and was dressed in a gown of rose pink and sparkling silver."

That was a strange question to ask, but it seemed no strange to Peggy and Billy when they peeked within the auto and saw who the driver was. He was Ned, the handsome young millionaire. And they were sure the beautiful masked princess about whom he was asking was none other than Marigold, the dancing kitchen maid, for at the ball she had been dressed in a tissue-paper gown of rose pink trimmed with Christmas-tree tinsel.

Peggy and Billy scarcely knew how to answer. They wanted Ned to find Marigold, but they feared that when he learned his princess was only a kitchen maid he might turn away from her. They were sure that would break Marigold's heart.

"You see," Marigold, the charming maiden who fled from your ball when you spilled water over her frock of rose pink and sparkling silver," said Peggy.

"My stars, how did you know that?" exclaimed Ned, nearly jumping out of the auto in his surprise.

"I know it because I was her fairy godmother at your fancy dress ball," answered Peggy. Ned looked at her with wondering eyes.

"How could you be her fairy godmother?" he asked. "The fairy godmother she had at my ball was an old woman."

"Fairies can be any age they want to be," chuckled Peggy, teasing him a bit. "And this little boy was her fairy footman at the ball." Ned looked at Billy and whistled. He didn't know what to think of this.

"Well, I never have believed in fairies," he said slowly. "But, please, Fairy Godmother and Fairy Footman, tell me where I can find my Princess Marigold and I'll believe in fairies the rest of my life."

"Do you know where Madam Proud lives?" asked Billy.

"Yes, I know where Madam Proud lives with her two beautiful daughters. I was going there today," said Ned. Then he went on to explain: "You know the princess was masked at my ball, and so were all the other guests. I am trying upon them all hoping to find her. When I come upon one who can dance as gracefully as she did and cook as delicious griddle cakes as she did, then I will know that I have found her—my future bride. That is why I am going to call upon Madam Proud's daughters. Why did you ask if I knew where they lived? Is one of them my Princess Marigold?"

Peggy and Billy smiled at him. "Take us to Madam Proud's home," said Peggy. "And there we shall see what we shall see."

"Good!" cried Ned. "Jump into my car and I'll take you there as fast as wheels can turn."

What do you think Ned will find at the home of Madam Proud?

Do you think he will make a mistake and believe that stilish Clarabelle or cold-eyed Antoinette was really Marigold?

Do you think the cross sisters will try to keep him from finding Marigold?

Shaded Cotton Crochet

In crocheting [illegible] other circular articles of the shaded mercerized cottons I have discovered a method of producing a spiral design which is really very pretty. The secret lies in the quantity of meshes used, the key number being eighty-eight. To form the mesh, make one treble crochet, one chain-stitch, repeating continuously.

To make a bag crochet the bottom of a solid color, working until the desired eighty-eight meshes are reached then put on a shaded ball and proceed without change of stitch. Instead of the ordinary "hit-or-miss" medley of coloring, a beautiful spiral design will be produced. [illegible] the other side half-way [illegible] the ball, making a curious zig-zag pattern. Modern Priscilla

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Dick's Twice-Told Fortune

By ELEANOR T. SPERRY

"And, Sahib," continued the fortune-teller, seated crosslegged on her unclean mat in the bazaar, "beyond all this high office I see a woman, blue-eyed with sun-gold hair—yes, she who is at your side—sharing your honors. Ah, thanks, Sahib, a thousand thanks! And now will the little Sahiba——?"

But Madeline, flushed and obviously annoyed, had turned away. Intuitively she knew that Dick Trowbridge had paused in the bazaar to cross the old woman's palm with silver for no other reason than to see how his companion would take that which she would so surely hear. That was the whole trouble—the match was too patently cut and dried to make any appeal to the spirit of romance which made a shy background in Madeline's heart.

Her father, Colonel Hampden, and Richard Trowbridge, Sr., of the Indian civil service, had been lifelong friends. Their wives, furthermore, were inseparable which, considering the intense rivalry between the womenfolk of the two services, spoke volumes for the estimable qualities each found in the other. Consequently that Trowbridge's son should marry Hampden's daughter had come to be regarded as a foregone conclusion among their friends.

But Madeline, walking quietly back to the compound at Dick's side, was telling herself savagely that if the thing was so evident even to the bazaar woman, it was time to call a halt. And the easiest way to do that would be to accept Aunt Harriet's invitation to visit her in America. Furthermore, she would start immediately and thus avoid any protests or precipitated lovemaking on the part of Dick.

Arrived at her bungalow, she bade Trowbridge good-by with a sweet gravity which he found vaguely disturbing unconscious though he saw that it indicated a long farewell. It was not until he was back in his quarters that Dick bethought himself that he had not mentioned to Madeline the possibility of a two months' leave of absence in the near future.

Some weeks later Mrs. Vandervere, her niece at her side, gazed with satisfaction at the grounds of her Santa Barbara home, alight with myriad lanterns for her annual lawn fete.

"Everything is perfect," she commented, "except for the sudden indisposition of that Hindu fortune-teller who was to be one of my chief entertainers."

"I don't suppose——" Madeline hesitated at the suggestion, then plunged boldly. "See here, Aunt Harriet. I'm simply dreading the thought of meeting so many people not one of whom I have even met or will meet again. Let me impersonate your fortune teller. I've got a whole rig with me that I copied to the last stitch from one worn by an old woman in the bazaar back home. I took the part once at some theatricals at Simla." She waited expectantly for her aunt's approval.

But Aunt Harriet hesitated. "Why, I don't know what to say, my dear. You see—well, the Binghams have somebody staying with them who has asked to meet you—thinks he once knew you in Bawnpur but has some quixotic reason for not wanting you to know his name. It's unusual, but the Binghams vouch for him—why, Madeline!"

For Madeline had suddenly grasped her aunt's arm. "It must be Dick Trowbridge!" she exclaimed, "although why he followed—I mean—oh, Aunt Harriet, now I simply must be that fortune-teller."

Two hours later Dick, whose heart was heavy at his failure to discover Madeline among the gay, chattering merry-makers, strolled aimlessly into the weird grotto constructed for the telling of fortunes.

"Try my new Hindu seeress," had urged his hostess. And for want of anything better to do, he had followed the direction she indicated.

Dropping upon the rug at the feet of the muffled figure before him, he crossed her palm with gold. Madeline gave a little gasp, then bit her rouged lips as her client scrutinized her carefully. "The long arm of coincidence!" she heard him murmur and, with a beating heart, decided he had penetrated her disguise.

"You—you know me, Sahib?" she asked.

"But you know me!" cried Dick. "Many a time I stopped in the Bawnpur bazaar to learn my fate of you. And somebody has brought you here! And to think how untruthfully you foretold my fate so brief a time ago!"

Madeline regarded him with narrowed lids. "Did the Sahiba of the sun-gold hair prove false?" she hazarded.

Dick looked surprised. "Sun-gold hair? Oh, that one! That was long ago, mother of wisdom. The Sahiba I mean has hair the color of night. But she fled with a fellow-me look in her eyes and—by I am here! But, how your must I wait?"

Madeline was silent. Alice Lakewood! That designing widow! Dick must be saved from her, at any cost.

"Sahib," she began in a very small voice, "it is written that night shall pursue the day, nor day the night. Therefore, dark one, let the night pursue fair woman, shouldst thou pursue the fair woman whose coloring is as the day."

"Excellent advice," said Dick dryly. "And do you advise, then, mother, that I return to the quest of the faithless sun-gold one?"

"Oh, no—no!" protested the fortune-teller. "No, Dick—Sahib!"

But the silly cave Dick his chance.

"My dear Madeline!" he laughed. "The fortune-teller at Bawnpur never called me Dick! Nor did her eyes shine like—like two young stars. Thank heaven, my leave of absence enabled me to follow you and at last to find you!"

There was a moment's silence while Madeline wondered why it had taken that sudden jealous pang to bring home to her the fact that she loved Dick.

Suddenly on the languid air, breaking the spell of silence which bound them, floated the liquid notes of Aunt Harriet's hired Hawaiian quartet.

"Will the sun-gold one marry me?" asked Dick tenderly.

And Madeline, to whom her own love-story had suddenly become fraught with romance, held out her hand.

"Yes, Sahib," she whispered.

Next Complete Novelette—No Head for Business

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Once upon a time the Christmas holidays lasted from Christmas Eve to Candlemas Day (February 2.) In that far-off age of longer leisure, there were special festivities for each one of "the holly days, the jolly days." Feasting was literally enormous; oxen were roasted whole, meat after meat, and pasty after pasty weighed down the Christmas tables.

Some of the traditional dishes have come down to us. We have not inherited the capacious appetites of our ancestors, but we do justice to their taste in dessert, especially to the historic plum pudding, which, as in the illustration, is served in a sauce of blue flames borrowed for the occasion from "private stock." If not made at home a month in advance, plum pudding should be bought in a tin, rebolled for an hour, and served smoking hot.

The Woman's Exchange

To "M. A. D. C."

If you write to the question editor of one of the motion-picture magazines you can get all the information you want about the movie star. A letter addressed to him in care of the company with which he is connected would reach him, or you can address him in care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, Calif. Your questions are a little too personal to be answered here, as I have no facilities for obtaining such detailed information.

Why Not a Play?

To the Editor of Woman's Page.

Dear Madam—Our high school has a school paper which is published monthly. We have almost enough money to publish it the entire term, but we need about $200 more. Will you please suggest some way in which we can raise this money?

If you think an entertainment would be suitable, please tell us something new and different. Spelling bees usually are successful, but there will be quite a few given this winter and we would like something new. B. E. R.

"Something new and different" does not exactly suggest the idea of giving a play, but this is a very good method of raising money for your school paper, and one which is likely to interest a lot of people. It is always important to get as many people as possible to be enthusiastic over a thing like this, and there are so many matters to be attended to with a play. It is not only the cast which is kept busy, there is also a property committee which sees to the stage settings, and there is a program committee, too, to arrange for the tickets and to distribute them. In fact, as you see, there is work for everybody, and, if everybody helps, they will get a great deal of fun out of it. And you know how people like to come to a play in which they can see the very same boys and girls whom they know, all attired in strange clothes and acting, well, yes, differently from usual, but still recognizable by a characteristic grin or a certain "walk." Don't you think yourself that a play is the very best idea? Surely one of the teachers in your school would help you with it. I hope that your paper will continue to be a success and that the entertainment will earn all the money you need for it or, at least, a good big part of it.

HUMAN CURIOS

The Man Who Thought He Was Dead

Among the many remarkable cases of hypochondriasis—a state of mind in which the patient resolutely believes himself to be something other than what he is—reported in the annals of medicine none is more unusual than that of Jacob Talbott, a native of Taunton, in England. Talbott would frequently maintain that he was a cat and would squat down on the floor and meouw for milk. At other times he would declare that he was a teapot and stand with one arm akimbo, the handle and the other stretched out like the spout.

Finally, he stated that he had died and refused to move or be moved until the coffin arrived. His wife immediately sent for the family physician, who, being a man of extreme common sense, determined upon radical treatment for the mental disorder. He ordered the coffin, wrote out the usual death certificate, had the body wrapped in a shroud and started the procession toward the churchyard, carefully instructing a number of the neighbors how to act.

"Who's dead?" inquired one of them, edging his way toward the "corpse."

"Old Talbott," was the reply from another, "and good riddance, too. A greater scoundrel never lived." The "dead man," on hearing this, immediately sat up in his coffin and declared: "You lie! If I weren't dead I'd make you eat those words, but, as it is, I will have to submit." Then he lay down again. At the physician's instruction the same incident occurred, with variations, all the way to the cemetery, and at last Talbott could bear it no longer. With a well of rage he leaped from his coffin and chased his detractors down the street. The public exposure awakened him to a sense of his folly, and he never again gave way to his mental illness.

Wednesday—The Riddle Queen

THOSE THANK-YOU NOTES JUST AFTER CHRISTMAS

Take Away All the Pleasure of That New Gift Notepaper—We Worry About Planning and Composing Instead of Just Plain Writing Them

AND now it is all over for another year.

With your new lace collar around your neck, your new wrist watch upon your arm, your new umbrella in your hand, you stand proudly beside your new lamp shade and gaze gladly upon your new writing paper.

And then you remember, with a pang, that right this minute you ought to be sitting down to send some of that new writing paper away in the form of thank-you notes.

Oh, how you hate the thought!

It is not that you are ungrateful; no, indeed; you appreciate that check of Aunt Sophie's more than you can tell, and Cousin Jennie's book is one that you have been wanting; Mary's picture is so good of her, and little Jimmy's blotter that he made all himself is the cutest thing you ever saw.

No, you're filled with thankfulness, but it is so hard to put it on paper and make it sound like anything.

The majority of us waste time like this after every Christmas, birthday or any other day that requires a letter.

We worry about "What shall I say?" "How shall I say it?" "If only I could get a first sentence!" until, as the days go by and the note remains unwritten, it seems an utter impossibility ever to write it.

And when we do finally get down to it, we use such formal phrases, such unnatural sentiments that the person who reads it knows just how much labor we have put into the writing.

WE MAKE this same mistake, very often, with a note of sympathy to a bereaved friend. Of course, we want to say the most comforting words we can think of; and in trying to find them we forget that the ones which come straight from our hearts are more sympathetic than any that could be thought up.

The only way to get them straight from the heart is to take the ones which come first, spontaneously, easily.

One man who wrote straight from his heart in this way, said simply, "I am so sorry for you that I do not know how to tell you," and his sympathy was expressed as clearly and as helpfully as that of the person who wrote a much longer, more carefully worded letter.

THAT dreadful rule in the English grammar about never starting a letter with "I," causes much of the trouble.

There are so many sentences which would make a good opening if they didn't begin with that frightfully conceited word.

I don't believe the grammars meant us to take it so literally as all that; they merely wanted to warn us against starting off with a remark about ourselves, following it with another statement about "I," and finishing the paragraph with more, in which "I" has a prominent part.

That does get tiresome, you know. But when the first sentence that comes to mind is, "I want to write and thank you," or "I can't tell you how much I appreciate," or one of those natural, easy remarks, put your English grammar in the other room and go ahead and start your letter with "I."

Perhaps your rhetoric will be questionable, but your sincerity won't.

WE'VE let the dark cloud of these thank-you notes loom too darkly over our Christmases in former years; don't let's do it this year.

Let's accept the gift that comes from a distance with as much grace and gratitude as we receive those that come from the family.

And when we write our thank-you notes let's allow that gratitude to flow straight from our hearts to the point of our pens, even if it does start with "I."

We'll find it ever so much easier just to go ahead and write those notes, instead of waiting until we have planned and composed all the ease and spontaneity out of them.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Who Is My Friend?

"If that girl is permitted to keep on deceiving herself that she can write she will soon have herself down for a died-in-the-wool genius. As a true friend, it is my painful duty to stop this nonsense."

And if she did this painful duty the chances are that she suffered the painful loss of a friend.

To most of us who dream, those dreams are a very precious part of life. Is it not to be expected, then, that we should love those who help us to sustain them, and resent, as we would any other depredation, an attempt to tear them apart?

After all, is it the duty of a true friend to "stop the nonsense"—to end those dreams? I wonder.

It has been said that anticipation holds more pleasure for us than realization. And whether our dreams come true or not, we are certainly happier for having had them. Is it then a true friend who would take them from us?

Real dreams thrive on disappointment, on defeat. And the older we get the closer we hug them to us, the more tenaciously, the more passionately we cling to them, and the more does the stuff of them become our very bread and meat. Is it a true friend who would tear them asunder, who would wrench them from us dripping with our hearts' blood?

Under the skins of the plainest, the most prosaic of us, runs a gipsy strain. We are not what we show to the world, not placid individuals laboring that we may eat, drink and sleep, and eating, drinking, sleeping that we may labor again.

We dream.

We weave romances in which no longer mere insignificant cogs in a great wheel, no longer bartered for a mess of pottage, no longer chained to the galleys for the right to live, we rule in scarlet and ermine and hold a magic scepter. Is it a friend that would take the crown from my head, that would steal but one precious jewel?

No! That I may do my part to make a garden of the galley, let me dream on. Let me draw the curtains and shade the lights and see my fairy castle; then I will be strong to ride—toward it?—perhaps. But what matter, so long as I can draw the curtains and shade the lights and see it?

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Making More Money

A Matter of Neatness

Frankly speaking, Miss Blanche Minton was up against it. There were a number of things which she could do if she wished to—occupations which she could enter in order to earn her own living—but everything she thought of required capital of some kind. Stenography presented a good future, but one had to take a course at a business college and this necessitated both time and money. Domestic service was not to be considered and clerking in a store brought insufficient rewards at first. Look where she would, Miss Minton could find no way to financial independence that appeared to be open.

Then, when she was in the midst of wondering where she would turn, she received a phone call from a friend who was stopping at a New York hotel.

"Be a good sport and come down here, will you?" the friend asked. "I'm in something of a mess. What with the clothes I brought with me and those which I've purchased since I arrived my trunk is simply overflowing. I can't seem to get them all in—and you always had a positive genius for packing two trunkfuls of things into a couple of trays. Will you help me out?"

Would she? Miss Minton responded with alacrity, for into the back of her head had sprung an idea which intrigued her with its novelty and enchanted her with its interest. Her friend must be only one of hundreds of women who needed help in packing their trunks, women who had come to New York and, having invested in new wardrobes, were greatly in need of some one to assist them in packing, preparatory to going home.

The friend's problem proved to be easy of solution, once Miss Minton got to work in earnest, and, before leaving the hotel, she approached the management with the suggestion that she be allowed to act as official "trunk-packer," at a nominal fee for each operation. The first day she made $17, the second $25 and soon she had to send for her younger sister to act as her assistant.

Tomorrow—Ida Moore's Idea

Sleeves

Are they still wearing short sleeves? Indeed, yes. In spite of the determined efforts of the designers, both here and abroad, it is remarkable how many fashionable American arms are still at large. Even when the smart high collar has prevailed, the sleeve often remains short. Arms won't be committed to their modish penitentiaries, and she who has invested in long gloves is holding on to them. Of course, later on the American arm will probably prove more tractable. But for some months more we may wear the short sleeve and the long glove and not be nervous about our appearance.

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