MRS. WILSON STARTS USEFUL DICTIONARY OF FOODS

Which Contains a Wealth of Valuable Information—Aerated Bread Explained Today—Alligator Pears, Anchovies and Angelica Also Described

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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IN ARRANGING this registery of foods, it is my intention to explain fully the manner in which the dishes are prepared.

Abalone—an immense shell fish of the univalve variety; common along the Pacific coast. It is now sold fresh, canned and dried. It was formerly eaten by the Chinese and Japanese fishermen on the cost; the oyster resembles it in character.

It is now served in many first-class restaurants on the western coast as a real delicacy. This product is known as abalone meat.

Acorn—seed of oak tree. Frequently used as cattle food. Use in early days as article of food. European peasants make flour from acorns.

Aerated Bread—made by the addition of a leavening agent, which creates carbon-dioxide gas. Any good brand of baking powder may be used. The standard formula is

Four cups of flour—one pound.
Three level tablespoons of baking powder—one and one-eighth ounces.
One level teaspoon of salt—one-fourth ounce.

Sift to mix and then rub in

Four tablespoons of shortening—two ounces.
Two tablespoons of sugar—one ounce.
One and one-half cups of water or milk—twelve ounces.

Chop and fold together; add one-fourth package of seeded raisins. Turn into well greased loaf-shaped pan and bake in moderate oven for thirty-five minutes. This loaf is best when one day old. May be sliced and toasted.

Aerated water—distilled water, bottled and charged or carbonated. This water is used as a beverage, also for home-made fountain drinks, such as grape juice, cocktails, ice cream sodas, etc.

Albumen—viscous substance found in meats, fish, eggs and vegetables; the white of egg is the purest form of albumen; it is colorless, odorless and tasteless, insoluble in cold water and readily coagulates when heated above a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit.

Alewife—species of fish belonging to the herring family. Found along the Atlantic coast, from Labrador to Georgia; is also salted and exported to West Indies.

Alligator pear or Avacado—large, smooth, heart-shaped fruit of the semi-tropical and tropical countries. Flesh has peculiar sweetish taste. Tree is fine spreading evergreen, brilliant green foliage. The seed is enclosed in a membranous cover. Found in markets year round. The first crop comes from Colombia and other South American ports early in January. Florida supply is harvested from July to September, inclusive. Pears may be served cut in half and chilled like canteloupe. Also in salad.

Allspice—is also called pimento Jamaica pepper and is the dried fruit of a small tree grown in West Indies. The fruit is gathered when full grown, but not ripe and then dried in the sun. A delicious pungent spice which obtains its name from the fact that it resembles cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.

Almonds—the kernels of the fruit of the almond tree. The almond tree very closely resembles the apricot, peach and plum tree in both size and appearance. The nuts ripen in late July and August and are ready to ship into the markets about the 1st of October. There are two varieties, the bitter and sweet almond; the last variety being the edible nut.

The almond is graded into three grades—paper shell, soft shell, hard shell. The Jordan and Valencia almonds are best known varieties of the imported nuts. There are various methods of using these nuts; in candy and confectionery, cakes, tarts, etc. The young or green almond often is conserved in a sirup. Also salted almonds; crushed almonds for soda fountains and bakeries; sliced almonds for the baking trade.

Almond extract is made from bitter almonds. Almond oil is made from the kernels or seed of the peach, apricot and almond. This oil is used largely in perfumery and toilet specialties. The best qualities are white or pale yellow in color, almost free from odor and possessing a mild nutty flavor. Almond meal is made from finely ground sweet almonds after the oil is extracted. Almond paste is made by grinding the almonds in a chopping machine or nut butter machine. Used in French pastries, cakes and for making macaroons and icings.

Anchovy—a small fish of delicate and fine flavor, belonging to the herring family. Somewhat resembles the English sprat. Abundant in Mediterranean waters. Anchovies are prepared for market by removing the heads and intestines; they are packed in salt, in kegs. Later bottled whole or in fillets in oil or salt. Dutch anchovies have the scales removed; French and Italian do not scale. Used as an appetizer and garnish.

Anchovies are potted and made into butter, sauce and paste; used for appetizers, sauces and garnishes. Anchovy essence is an oily, light-colored sauce used for flavoring soups and sauces.

Angel fish—often called porgy—resembles the butterfish, but has long side fins. Flesh white and large flaked. In season in July and August.

Angelica—an aromatic plant which grows wild in Europe, particularly native in the Alps. Often found as far north as Iceland and Lapland, where the natives use the fleshy roots as a food and the stalks medicinally.

Commercially the young, tender and leafy stalks and mid ribs are candied and as such are greatly esteemed by confectioners and bakers.

Mrs. Wilson's Answers

Dear Mrs. Wilson — Will you please tell me how I can fill cans of plums already cooked? I see that the sirup does not come up to the top after being cooked and sealed. Will I have to cook it over to refill the can? I had them all filled before putting in boiler, and now some are not filled. Mrs. J. D.

Do not disturb them—just leave them alone if they are airtight.

Dear Mrs. Wilson — Will you kindly send me a recipe for making elderberry wine or cordial, also grape wine? I have been watching your columns for it, but only saw blackberry cordial. Miss F. A. McC.

No wine recipes are given. You may use the blackberry cordial for making the elderberry or grape. See August 3 for blackberry recipe.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Being a constant reader of the paper, and also of your recipes, I am about to ask you to kindly print a recipe for preserved watermelon rind. I have a recipe for the spiced rind.

Mrs. E. Q.

Look over the back files; I am unable to give the exact dates, but I think these recipes were published about August 16.

THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Jean Northrup, brought up in luxury, is suddenly left penniless by the death of her father. Fear of poverty forces her into a marriage with her guardian, Mark Brand, and she goes west with him an unwilling bride. Living in the same house with him changes her indifference to ire, and then another man, Dick Mason, pats in an appearance. He is working on a railroad construction not far from the ranch and he and Jean become friendly, but gradually he grows to care more than he should. One night when Mark is away Dick goes to Jean and asks her to come away with him. In the midst of her indignant refusal Mark comes upon the scene and drives Dick out.

"I'm Going to Let You Go!"

JEAN and Mark stood facing each other in the big ranch room, and finally Mark spoke.

"Look at me, will you, Jean."

She raised her eyes to his slowly, and there was no hint of fear in them.

"I want you to know that I don't blame you for this. I'm sorry it happened, that's all. God knows, in a way I don't blame the boy, either; he's human, and any one would know that you are not happy."

"I never told him so," Jean's tone was proud.

"No, I don't think you would, but the fact remains that the truth is in your eyes every time you look at me. Don't think that I haven't noticed it, and perhaps I have been altogether to blame. At any rate, I want you to know this much, that in the beginning, if I had thought that things would have turned out as they have, I wouldn't have married you."

She stood looking at him, and there was something in that look which he could not ignore.

"I know what you are thinking, you're remembering that night. I know I was mad, but I loved you, and for the time being she mattered. I told you once that out here things are freer, love between a man and a woman is freer. I thought perhaps if you knew you belonged to me, if we didn't try to keep up an artificial state of affairs between us, that the woman in you might come to the surface. I'm not all bad, you know. I'm not a wife-beater. I'm rough and uncultured and perhaps I don't know much about the little things that mean so much to a woman, but I loved you, Jean, and I love you now. I want you to know that."

"Why?" she asked the question simply, because there seemed to be something back of what he was saying, something he ought to know, something that would mean a great deal.

"Because I've come to the end of my rope. I've failed, and I'm not brute enough to keep you here any longer against your will. God knows your future would not want that, and no man wants a woman that way, no matter how much he cares."

A wild gladness had crept into Jean's heart. She felt like a prisoner kept for a long time in a dark cell who is suddenly released and sees the sunshine again. What did Mark mean, what could he mean but one thing—freedom! "You mean you will let me go?" There was such a glad thrill in her voice that Mark's heart seemed to stand still in his breast. How she hated him, now much more even than he had imagined.

"Yes," he said evenly, no slightest hint of emotion of any kind in his voice. "I'm going to let you go."

She struggled for a minute to speak, but she could not. Finally she forced out a thank you, and turned away.

"But I don't want to talk any more about it tonight. You've been through a great deal, and you're worn out. You must have some sleep—and please don't worry, everything will come out all right, you have nothing to fear from me."

Suddenly Jean knew how tired she was. Every bone in her ached, she wanted nothing so much as rest at that moment, and afterward there would be the future, a glad, glorious future, unclouded by Mark. It hardly seemed possible but Mark had said so, and somehow in spite of herself Jean trusted him, she knew that he meant what he said.

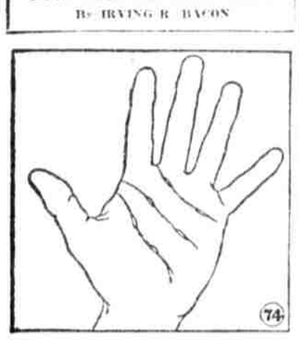
Monday—Plans for a Departure

Dress-Hanger

A closet convenience is a white padded cushion fastened securely to the wall to which dress skirts and other articles can be pinned. It should be a foot wide, about three inches thick and just long enough to fit in back of the closet.—Modern Priscilla.

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



ISLANDED LINES

These indicate a delicacy following an attack of serious illness

LXXIV

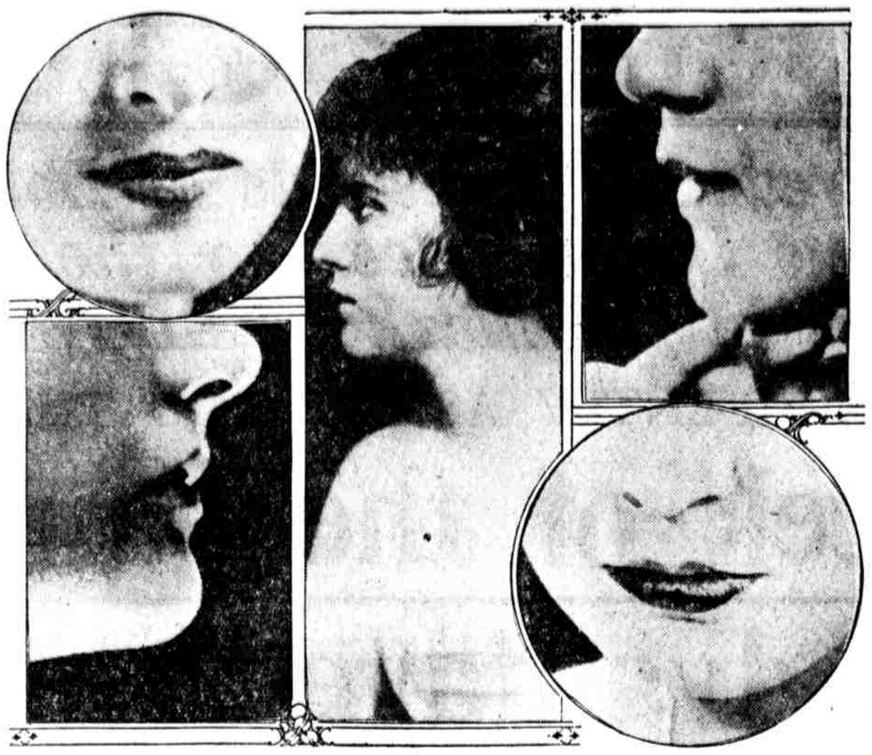
An island in a line is so called because of its resemblance to a real island—that is, it is an isolated obstruction around which the current of the line flows in the same way as do the waters around an island of land.

Usually it denotes delicacy in health. If seen in the heart line it marks the age at which some heart trouble takes place. If on the headline, the customary reading is that at the period of the island's duration the mentality was not increasing with its accustomed vigor. Sometimes islands indicate a transition period in one's mental career—a period generally fraught with danger to the brain. During the period of an island's operation, one should avoid undue mental strains or great nerve-excitations.

If the island is in the life line it denotes a health delicacy. If there are islands on the head line, in addition to the one in the life line, the head is causing the trouble. If there are dots on the heart line, the life line's island may be due to heart trouble of some sort. If there are islands in the heart line, the life line's island is due probably to a generally infirm condition of the heart.

(To be continued)

WHAT YOUR FEATURES SHOW



Whether it's your mouth, nose or chin, a quick glance shows the student of the face a number of characteristic things about you. Here are some of the points this person notices:

Lips which describe the curve termed Cupid's bow denote child-like amiability. Good nature is also shown by an overhanging upper lip.

A Grecian nose denotes passive endurance.

An energetic person has long narrow nostrils, an aquiline nose and that part of the cheek lying between the nose and the cheek bone very prominent.

Broad-mindedness is indicated by great breadth between the eyes, with a broad forehead and a long upper lip. The latter trait gives comprehension, the faculty of taking in everything.

Large ears that stand out far from the head and thin, compressed lips denote cruelty.

An upward turn of the inner line of the nostrils gives a faculty for imitation. The same is found with elongated nostrils, which slope down on to the cheek, and with an exceedingly wide mouth, the face being narrow.

Impressionability is shown by the snub nostrils. These also indicate carelessness.

A long interval between the nose and the mouth is the indication of want of prudence and precipitation.

Fullness in the cheek by the side of the mouth denotes impulsiveness. The lower portion of the forehead projecting and the upper receding gives perception, but lack of thought.

An upward turn of the point of the nose denotes an inquiring mind.

A flat chin with thin lips and small ears denotes coldness.

A thin bridge to the nose, unless counterbalanced by long, drooping eyebrows, denotes extravagance.

Broad nostrils which extend right up to the front of the nose denote coarseness.

Cautious people have nostrils that lie flat to the face, and the nose terminates in a thin, pointed tip.

The tip of the nose broad and tilting upward and lips that have a tendency to curve up at the corners denotes flippancy.

A thin bridge to the nose denotes generosity. Full lips which at the corner are pressed together imply the same quality.

Luxuriousness is indicated by a nose which is much sunk at the root and slightly turned up at the top, with flashy lips and a perpendicular forehead.

The jaws and lower part of the face larger than the upper, with a flat chin and prominent cheek bones, is a mark of egotism. Selfishness is also found with a head so shaped as to present a flat appearance at the back, and a long chin measuring downward from the center, more especially if the chin be pointed.

The nose wide at the tip, with arched eyebrows, varying high above the eyes, the forehead being smooth and sloping backward, denotes carelessness.

A high forehead, as long, if not longer than the length of the nose, with small closed nostrils and the lower lip compressed against the upper in the center, denotes chastity. A face in form rather oval than broad, with the above characteristics, is indelibly stamped with the mark of purity.

A turned-up snub nose indicates cheerfulness. If the lower lip is curved in the center the subject will also be whimsical.

The crown of the head raised and well developed and the upper lip wide at the corners of the mouth, the under lip being full, are signs of benevolence and a philanthropic character. This is further accentuated by three or four horizontal lines above the eyebrows.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"White Rabbit and Gray Rabbit"

By DADDY

CHAPTER VI

Wintergreen Red

MANY a trick had the clever magician worked on rabbits, but never had he had a rabbit turn on him and change him into a bunny. He was most amazed when the tickling of Billy's rabbit whiskers transformed him from a man into an animal.

"Eek!" he squeaked in rabbit talk. "I you are a magician, you are a far greater magician than I am, for I only pretend to turn one thing into another, while you have actually made me a rabbit. Please change me back!"

"And change me back, too," squeaked his helper, who had been made into a rabbit by Peggy.

But Billy wasn't in a hurry to change the magician and his helper back, even if he had been able to do so.

"I will do you good to know how a rabbit feels," declared Billy. "It is no fun being squeezed into tight, stuffy pockets."

Now Peggy and Billy were girl and boy rabbit size, while the Clever Magician and his helper were full-grown rabbit size, and it sounded very saucy for Billy to make that kind of an answer to a rabbit much larger than he was. The Clever Magician thought that and he started after Billy.

"You turn me right back into a man, or I'll whip you until you are sore," he threatened. At the same time the helper started after Peggy. Billy and Peggy fled. Back and forth across the stage they darted, leaping chairs and dodging around tables, with the Clever Magician and his helper at their heels. It was a wild race, and the theatre audience, thinking it a part of the show, howled with glee.

The duck that had been turned into a frog joined in the chase. He was eager to help punish Peggy and Billy.

"I'll hold the gray rabbit for you," he croaked to the Clever Magician. He made a flying leap at Billy, grabbing his tail. Wham! Billy threshed out with his heels and the frog went sailing backward, knocking the Clever Magician upside down. That made the magician more angry than before, and he and his helper chased Billy and Peggy so hard, they finally cornered the two at one end of the stage.

"Now we have you," exulted the Clever Magician.

But at that very moment a fifth rabbit came streaking across the stage, knocking the Clever Magician to one side. It was Hoppity-Hop, and in his mouth were sprigs of wintergreen bearing half a dozen red berries.

"Wintergreen red, wintergreen red can turn you back as you were on your sled," mumbled Hoppity-Hop to Billy and Peggy. Quick as a flash Billy and Peggy each nibbled a red berry, and at once they were changed back into a boy and girl.

"Ah, now we have you," cried Billy to the Clever Magician, using the magician's own words. He grabbed the magician by his long rabbit ears and thrust him into the same sack in which he himself had been a prisoner a short time before. Peggy snatched up the helper and he was pushed in to join his master.

The crowd thought this a part of the show and gasped in wonder. Then they broke into applause. That gave Billy an idea, and he bowed to the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we are the rabbits which the Clever Magician was going to make into a pot-pie. We have turned the tables on him and his helper and now we are going to make them into a pot-pie. Watch us!"

Billy was able to say this because his sharp eyes had seen how the Clever Magician was going to do the pot-pie trick. He drew the kicking, squirming magician out of the sack, and put him into the pie tin. Only he really didn't put him into the pie tin—he shoved him through a secret trap door into a hole in the table beneath the tin. He did the same with the helper, and closed the trap door.

Billy now put the pie into a hot oven, and, of course, the audience thought the rabbits were in the pie when they were really in the table. Hidden in the hot oven was a real pot-pie, and this Billy brought out, pretending it was the one he had cooked. Billy cut the real pie up, and passed it out for the audience to eat. When it was all gone, he put the empty dish over the secret hole in the table, covered the dish with a cloth, whisked away the cloth, and behold, there were two rabbits, the Clever Magician and his helper, stiff and sore, but very glad to get out of the hole into which they had been stuffed.

The crowd yelled with delight and Billy bowed. While he was bowing, the two rabbits leaped from the table, and each grabbed a wintergreen berry. So did the frog. In an instant there stood the Clever Magician and his helper changed back into men, and the duck changed into itself.

"Run!" squeaked Hoppity-Hop, to Peggy and Billy. They did run—they ran, and ran until all of a sudden Peggy stumbled and pitched into a snowbank. She dove right through it, and then where do you suppose she found herself? Back home, waking up from a sound snooze.

In next week's story Peggy and Billy are carried away by a blizzard, and what do you suppose the blizzard does to them? You'll find out.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Addresses on envelopes should be written distinctly, especially the abbreviations of state names, so that "Va." is not mistaken for "Pa." "Md." for "Mo." "Miss." for "Mass." or "Col." for "Cal." Indeed, so many letters went astray in the two last-named states because of the similarity of the old abbreviations, that correspondents now generally use "Colo." as an abbreviation for Colorado, and "Calif." for California.

The street and number should be written plainly, and with absolute correctness, if the letter is to reach its destination. This is especially needful in large cities. If a letter, for instance, is addressed to Mr. John Brown, 185 West Forty-third street, New York city, when it should have been sent to Mr. John Brown, 135 East Forty-fifth street, there is little chance that it will ever reach Mr. Brown, since so many houses in the great American metropolis afford temporary residence to visitors of whom no postman can keep track.

Every envelope should have in the upper left hand corner the name and address of the sender, so that misdirected letters can be returned to the original writer.

Things You'll Love to Make

"Protector-Under-Sleeve"

The wide, flowing sleeve so popular just now on dolmans and wraps is very pretty, but from the wind does insist on traveling up one's arm! How can you prevent that uncomfortable feeling? Make a pair of "protector-under-sleeves." Cut two strips eleven and one-half inches wide of soft, but closely woven, silk to match or harmonize with the lining of your wrap. Cord the top edge, slit and fasten it to the inside of the sleeve about eight inches from the lower edge of the sleeve of the wrap. Finish the bottom edge of the silk with a small hemming stitch. Cut a wide band of heading shirred on a narrow round silk elastic. These "protector-under-sleeves" are easily made, dainty in appearance, and make the flowing sleeve comfortably wearable in winter.

FLORA.

For Cold Nights

A delightfully warm and nice material for making [illegible] is lamb's wool. This can be bought by the yard, and the soles and upper parts are cut separately out of the soft stuff and easily fashioned into cozy slippers. They are tied with lavender satin ribbon about an inch wide.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Is Flirting Sinful?

Dear Cynthia—Is flirting considered to be one of the seven deadly sins? Of course there are conditions that point to its favor. In a city, where there is a university, it is all the more difficult to resist just a little of the flavor. Once "acquired," is it a hard habit to break?

"GASOLINE GERTIE."

No, flirting is not one of the seven deadly sins, but it is rather a poor sport, unless both man and girl know it is flirting and neither one cares seriously. It's always wiser to be sincere in everything. Then there are never any regrets.

Another Scolding

Dear Cynthia—For quite a while I have been but a looker-on, but now I think I'll join the ctners and "jump down 'Whitey's' throat." I'll betcha "Whitey" wouldn't talk the way he does if he had a regular girl. From his letters I judge he's a feller about eighteen years old, who didn't hit the right crowd. When he gets o'der and finds the right girl he'd get her the moon, if he could, when she even hinted for it. He'd want her to think as much of him as he does of her, and he'd be right there to answer her every beck and call.

BUTTINSKY.

Poor Whitey, how they do roast you.

Is Puzzled

Dear Cynthia—Here's another one of your advice seekers. You have helped others so much, I hope you will enlighten me.

Last November while traveling I met a young man. As soon as we were introduced he invited me to the "movies." I accompanied him and that was the only time I was in his company. We left his city the next day. But since then we have been corresponding, irregularly. Last Christmas I received a greeting, hence I was very much surprised to receive a very pretty gift this Christmas. I accepted same and wrote him a letter of thanks, but did not return any gift. My girl friend and I had an argument about this. She also received a gift from a young man, but with whom she was better acquainted. She returned a gift. Neither of us ever did or ever will consider these young men any more than "just friends." Under the circumstances what was the proper thing to do?

I certainly will appreciate your advice in this matter. I have had no answer to my letter as yet and I am beginning to doubt my course of action.

Your column is wonderful. All members of our family from mother to the "kid" are interested. "DINTY."

If the young man's present reached you in plenty of time for you to send him a gift in return you could have done so, but a card would be quite enough and a gift from a girl to a man is always a matter for personal decision.

Cynthia thinks you w[illegible] in what you did. Next [illegible] be nice to send the youn[illegible] gift, but this year it w[illegible] necessary.

They Do Not Sit

Dear Cynthia—I am [illegible] eighteen years old and I [illegible] very pretty by every one [illegible] question which I want t[illegible] your male correspondent [illegible] that a good-looking fellow [illegible] beside a pretty girl? No[illegible] ing when I go to work [illegible] and the seat next to me [illegible] vacant, and a good-looki[illegible] in the trolley car he will [illegible] seat beside me, but perha[illegible] front, or on the side of n[illegible] while some funny-lookin[illegible] come and sit beside me. I [illegible] to sit beside some one [illegible] looking; and then perhap[illegible] have nerve enough to sit [illegible] one out of every ten goo[illegible] lows will sit there, but th[illegible] of times when I walk to [illegible] I am waiting for it som[illegible] start to flirt with me, bu[illegible] get in the car and he ge[illegible] he will sit some place ne[illegible] beside me. I always thou[illegible] to be as near as possible [illegible] but I don't find it so in my [illegible] this question is a puzzle [illegible] girls. Have you ever fou[illegible] this?

Oh, yes, by the way, if [illegible] inquisitive, what is your [illegible] Are you over or under tw[illegible] your position is not so ca[illegible] to be, is it? To answer a [illegible] the crazy letters. Well, [illegible] certainly are a lot o' hel[illegible] unfortunates who seek a[illegible]

I have just made the ac[illegible] a girl from California and [illegible] wrote a leter to you unde[illegible] "Lonesome Cupid," but [illegible] lished, and she asked me [illegible] you wouldn't please publis[illegible]

Well, I hope some o[illegible] friends will answer the q[illegible] wish "McWizzburgh" and [illegible] well as the others, would a[illegible] two above mentioned wri[illegible] interesting letters. Al[illegible]

My dear, do you reall[illegible] are some men in the worl[illegible] want to spend their time [illegible] girls they do not know? I [illegible] do not realize also that th[illegible] things in this world tha[illegible] Beauty is only skin deep, [illegible] the real beauty comes [illegible] That is, character.

For many reasons pers[illegible] about Cynthia are not an[illegible]

The Woman's Exchange

Names of Schools

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you kindly give me the names of a few of the beautifying business schools in Philadelphia?

B. V. R.

I cannot tell you these names in the column, but will be glad to do so if you send a stamped, addressed envelope.

Wants Skin Specialist

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly give me the names of two or three physicians that are skin specialists that reside in the city of Philadelphia. S. M.

You can find the names of several skin specialists in the classified business section of the telephone directory under the heading "Dermatologists."

I am not able to recommend any one to you through the column, but would suggest that you inquire at a hospital, where they have a thorough knowledge of such things and will be able to tell you the best person to go to.

To "Anxiously Waiting"

I can only tell you to go to any of these four places—the Society for Organizing Charity, at 19 South Fifteenth street; the Union Benevolent Association, 716 Spruce street; the Protestant Episcopal City Mission, at 225 South Third street, or the Home Missionary Society, at 533 Arch street. They would lend their best efforts toward helping the man find work, and I am sure that they would obtain some sort of musical position for him. You see, I do not have your name, and so I can do nothing for you except recommend you to the places I have told you of.

For Buttonholes

Crochet cotton makes the finest possible thread for buttonholes. Whenever I have any odds and ends of cotton left from a piece of crocheting, I wind them on a small cardboard and write on it the number o the thread and put it in my button-box, and never buy any thread for the above purpose.—Modern Priscilla.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What significant name has been given by Oscar, fifth son of the former German Kaiser, to his youngest daughter?
2. Describe an easy and inexpensive way of making a toy cat.
3. In what way can window-glass be cleaned which will give it a high polish?
4. How can a dainty little bib for the baby be made?
5. What kinds of soap can one use to counteract the effect of hard water on the skin?
6. Describe a good-looking new lamp shade for a bedroom.

Yesterday's Answers

1. Twelfth Night, or the twelfth night after Christmas, in olden times, marked the close of the Christmas holiday season. In the church calendar, Epiphany, when the visit of the Magi is commemorated, falls on this date.
2. Gasoline should not be stored in a basement or cellar, as the fumes are heavier than the air and settle on the floor, making their ignition a possible danger.
3. A comfortable carriage blanket, which keeps the drafts off baby's shoulders, is made with a hole near one end for his head to go through, the short end falling over his shoulders and back.
4. Satisfactory inside belting can be made at home by taking unbleached muslin of the desired width, doubling it and stitching it diagonally all along its length.
5. The prettiest kind of a cover to use on a gate-leg table when it is folded and set against the wall is a long, narrow one with a design at the end which falls below the edge of the dropped leaf.
6. An attractive duvetyn toque is trimmed with an edge of novel roses, made by coiling the material round and round.

THE WORST MODERN TORTUR[E] IS MANAGING YOUR MIN[D]

And Forcing It to Do the Work at Hand Instead of Looki[ng] Forward to the Pleasure of Saturday Afternoon

ONCE upon a time there were horrible tortures meted out to those who were unfortunate enough to be captured by their enemies.

There was the Iron Maiden, the rack, the slow drop of water dripping, dripping, dripping until the victim went mad with its monotony, and other frightful inventions that make us shudder nowadays when we hear of them.

We are not subjected to this kind of thing now; there is no pillory or stocks, no whipping post, none of those horrors.

Everyday life goes along smoothly, if we behave ourselves, and we are in no danger of being caught by an ambushed private enemy and taken off to be tortured in his house.

No, there are none of these fearsome things that made people writhe and scream and tear their hair in agony.

But was there any torture in those olden days that quite compares with the distress of pulling your mind down to the very earthly necessity of finishing your Saturday morning work before you go a-spreeing on Saturday afternoon?

ISN'T it terrible?

You come gayly into your place of business, or perhaps you go just as gayly into the kitchen or up the stairs.

Your desk has the expression of one who would say, "Well, come on over and get busy, we have lots to do this morning."

The kitchen table seems to have added about fifty or a hundred dishes since you last saw it, and its whole outline pleads for help.

The bedrooms are the usual Saturday morning wreck, sheets and blankets hanging over chairs and bedposts, pillows slapped into pitiful, dejected shapes.

The whole thing pleads silently, "Come, fix me up; I'm a sight!"

And your mind is no more interes[illegible] in them than it would be in a bl[illegible] white wall.

"I wonder who will be there?" yo[illegible] mind is thinking, intently. "I'm gla[illegible] have that new waist so that I'll look [illegible] right as soon as I get there. Oh, wo[illegible] I can't be bothered."

"Now, this letter must be answered," you decide, wrenching your mind aw[illegible] from delightful thoughts. "In refere[illegible] to your letter of January 3—I wish [illegible] knew what show we're going to see. [illegible] hate to go without knowing a lit[illegible] something about—of January 3—"

IF YOU are at home your conver[illegible] tion with yourself runs just als[illegible] the same way: "Heavens! what [illegible] greasy pan; I'll have to boil it to get [illegible] clean—oh, think where I'll be tonig[illegible] I hope my hair will go decently; I'll have to curl up that nasty little end [illegible] I never saw so many dishes in my life!"

You find yourself standing daze[illegible] before the open window, having ju[illegible] shaken a blanket vigorously.

The blanket droops disconsolately [illegible] the floor, and your vagrant mi[illegible] having taken wing, has alighted am[illegible] the joys and pleasures of the afternoo[illegible]

The bed remains half made while y[illegible] wonder anxiously and ecstatical[illegible] about your hair, your dress, the sho[illegible] the dinner—and everything.

And then you have to turn yours[illegible] energetically about, face the work to [illegible] done and somehow do it before y[illegible] go out.

OH, COULD those olden time to[illegible] tures have been worse than mak[illegible] ing your mind come down to earth wh[illegible] it wants to fly about in golden clou[illegible] of expected pleasure?

Thank heaven we live today, the[illegible] instead of yesterday!

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

The Pep-ti-mist and the Doer

A PESSIMIST has been defined as a man who closes one eye, wrinkles [illegible] beautiful brow, draws up the corners of his mouth, and, wearily shak[illegible] his head, says sepulchrally:

"It can't be done."

An optimist is a man who is full of sunshine (not moonshine!) and [illegible]

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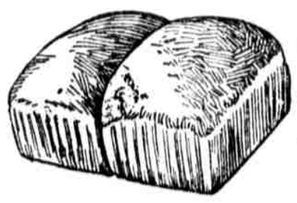

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