

MRS. WILSON GIVES RULES FOR HEALTH IN WINTER

Eating of Proper Foods and at Regular Times Will Keep the Body and Mind in Good Condition to Combat Colds and Sickness

By MRS. M. A. WILSON. WE MUST realize that only as a master of ourselves and in a position of self-control are we able to do our best work and effectually influence others. Play is the universal characteristic of childhood and it signifies health and happiness. Let us keep the child's spirit in our life—the spirit of play. Have some fun each day. If only for one-half hour. Never quit playing. Dance, golf, bowl, play basketball and walk, if only for an hour each day. An important habit to cultivate is that of a shower of repose. This is especially needed by persons of nervous temperament, as well as the sedentary indoor worker. About noon, sit alone and disengage all thoughts of business and worry from the mind, relax. Do this each day. If it is only for ten minutes; one-half hour is better, if you can so arrange it. To relax, man and woman, this noon relaxing will bring the needed reserve and power. The mind has great power over the body and in cultivating this habit we become physically stronger. Good health produces a pleasant and happy state of mind, it gives us hope, confidence and cheer. Worry, jealousy, hatred, anger, and the like, injure the health and injure the mind. So you can readily understand that will power is positively improved by careful habits of good thinking. Proper dress is another element in maintaining health. Wear clothing that is adapted to the season and protects the body from cold, and yet avoid clothing that is too heavy. The knit cotton garment that hugs the body closely will permit a circulation of air and at the same time keep the body warm; this is ideal. Protect the feet from cold and dampness; this is very important. The young woman who declines to wear overshoes and who walks abroad in rain, snow and slush, gains the harvest dividends of ill health later on. Daily exercise is vitally necessary and it can be taken on the stormiest day, if you are sufficiently clad. Eat lightly and of easily digestible foods during the noon hour. The first natural demand of the human body is for substance, and for this purpose the markets today afford an extensive choice of the products of the dairy, farm and sea. In his first existence, man, like the wild animal, obtained his food by the simple expedient of taking natural foods, however, civilization has become so complex that, besides the natural foods we now have the manufactured varieties that man has provided for himself, by his skill and labor. The various fruits, grains, herbs and roots with meats, game, fish, all contribute, with eggs, cheese, milk and nuts, to furnish nutriment to replace the daily wear and tear made by his efforts upon the body. Physicians, dietitians and food specialists all agree that meat is very nourishing, but if it is used in larger amount than necessary for the body requirements, it overworks and overstimulates the digestive tract and causes the body to be diffused with more heat than it requires. This, in time, exhausts and debilitates the forces of the body and permits disease to take an easy hold. Eating heavy meals, if one has that tired and out-of-sorts feeling, or is overeating, will cause digestive disturbances. Rather drink a cup of tea or cocoa and rest for a short time. Get into the habit of changing the footwear and of changing the hat as soon as you return from business. This not only refreshes you, but it is good from a health and sanitary standpoint. January is usually the month that winter takes its toll, because of the overheated rooms, heavy clothing and damp feet and a tendency to overeat of meats, rich desserts, candies and pastries. Active elimination of waste from the body is very necessary during this season of the year. Try to have a liberal serving of fruits, such as apples, oranges, celery, cabbage, kale, radishes, onion, turnips, Brussels sprouts and salad greens. Learn to drink a glass and a half of water every hour for your health. Eat a large saucer of salad every day. This does not mean potato salad, meat or fish salads, but a large saucer of succulent greens, such as finely minced celery and lettuce, cabbage, watercress, corn, endive or romaine salad, dressed with a simple French dressing.

A FRENCH SPORT SUIT



It is a leather coat and hat, quilted with machine stitching. The skirt is in a small plaid, with side panels of the leather which reach just a trifle below the edge of the hem. With her woolen stockings, her heavy gloves and her fur-trimmed suit, the Parisian is ready for any kind of weather or sport that winter brings along.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON. Sweeping Back the Ocean With a Broom. In the churches, in the newspapers, in the magazines, they are still and again discussing marriage; husbands, wives—what is a good husband, what is a good wife, what makes a happy marriage, what is the ideal marriage. And in New York they are writing it to a newspaper that prints their letters. And they all say something different. If they were all right, the hundreds of letters, in the things they say we must do to be happy though married, it would look like a big job indeed—almost an impossible job. And as I read advice such as "Let him have his night off," "Don't take all his money," "Be interested in your husband's business," "Take your wives into your confidence," "Compliment her on her beauty," "Don't let her cook," it reminded me of the old story of the woman who tried to sweep back the ocean with a broom. True, there are many such petty things that sometimes cause trouble between a married couple. But even if we could adjust every one of them, the thousand and first, this alone would not mean a truly happy, ideal marriage. For the ideal marriage is not made up of rules and regulations; is not hedged about by restrictions; is the ideal marriage means fulfillment, not limitation. Centuries ago Plato taught that men and women were halves, hemispheres, so to speak, of an original sphere. If the true halves met, the result was not a union, but a reunion; a reunion, were simply the result of the wrong halves getting together. For every woman, he said, there was the one man, and for every man the one woman. Whether or not this is true, there are certainly right halves and wrong halves for all of us. If the right halves get together they will not need sordid, petty rules and regulations. Some conventions, some sacrifices they will have to make, to be sure; some disagreements

HER FUR COAT WAS WARM SO SHE OPENED THE WINDOW

Without Stopping to Wonder Whether the Draft Would Bring Colds or Pneumonia to Others in the Car

TT WAS a cold day, cold enough for those who were their suits to envy the woman who walked through the trolley in a warm, roomy fur coat. She went into the front part of the car and sat down next to a window. And then, without warning, opened or hesitation she turned about, apologetic in her face, and let it stay that way. The woman in front of her shivered and pulled her furs closer about her throat, while the child with her started to sneeze. Behind her glared in startled horror. But she sat on, serenely comfortable in her fur coat, while the cold breeze crept and played about the car. It was stuffy in there, that cannot be denied, but it is a question whether the stuffiness was more injurious than the teasing, cold draft which succeeded it. However, that did not concern the woman in the fur coat; she was hot, that's all, and she had to get cool. It was too much trouble to remove or open the coat in the car, and it never occurred to her that the air which was so refreshing to her might bring cold or pneumonia and was undoubtedly bringing stiff neck to the child in the seat ahead of her. She was comfortable; that was the end of the matter. OF COURSE the best and the worst thing you can say about her is that she is just another part of trolley car equipment which ought to be done away with. And in the same breath let's consider the woman who thinks she is the only one who is being crowded when the car is full of over-crowding. She is anonymous, of course, but she is even more amusing. The car is so jammed that you wonder how the buttons on your coat ever started the strain of being yanked past the crowd. This one woman stands a little out from one of the crosswise seats; she could easily push in a trifle closer and make more room with the same reason why she should. She could also stand straight, but she prefers to face the front of the car, letting her crossed arm and her bundle in it, as well as her hat, protrude into the mass of humanity about her. AND, of course as soon as any one attempts to pass her, her hat is knocked crooked, her bundle is jostled almost out of her arm, and her disposition grows rarer and rarer. "My goodness," she exclaims out loud, straightening her hat and glaring angrily about, "can't you get by without knocking a lady down?" She thinks that no one else in the whole car is being crowded, certainly not as she is, at least. She is like the woman in the fur coat if it is going to affect her that way she ought not to ride. I wonder if we shall ever have trolley cars without them?

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Kissing Under Mistletoe. Dear Cynthia—Is it wrong for a boy to kiss you under the mistletoe? Do you think he should apologize? My friend likes a boy who likes me. Do you think she should get mad at me? After meeting a boy and it comes time to go home, should you say you are glad to meet him? DABE. If a girl is unwary enough to allow herself to be placed or to stand under the mistletoe, she ought to be a good enough sport to take the kiss. No apology would be due from the boy. No, there's no reason why you both should not like the boy. Tell the boy it has been very nice to have met him and you hope you'll see him again. They Argue Too Much. Dear Cynthia—I have asked information of you several times, although I never saw your letters appear in your interesting column. Cynthia, will you help me in this problem: I am a girl in my teens, and have been going with a young man, also in his teens, for nearly a year. We both love each other, but whenever we meet we always argue. It seems to be a force of habit. We really care very little for each other and often resolve to break up, but we do just the same. Will you please tell me how we can avoid arguing? M. C. Your other letters have been answered. You should be careful not to miss any of the papers. The only way to stop arguing is to stop it. In other words, when the young man starts an argument refuse to take any part in it. Give him your own opinion and let him have it. Do not argue. Also, do not bring up accusations on subjects you know he will disagree upon. Wonders if He's Jealous. Dear Cynthia—Your opinion and that of your readers would be very interesting on a subject I have just heard of. I am in love with a girl who reciprocates my love ardently. For the sake of my wife, but who refuses to accept a ring or be held by any of the usual terms of matrimony. She is studying for a profession and demands at least two years of absolute freedom, during which time she expects to continue with her other friends in the same old relation, giving me the same free rein. I care so much for her that it is natural under the circumstances that I am naturally jealous. I would like to know if I have any reason to doubt her sincerity or feel that I am being made a fool of, or am I merely unreasonably jealous and selfish? For the sake of my peace of mind I would like to know. A. M. You do not state your age or the age of the young girl. If you are both of age and you are able to be married, you are also able to be married. I am willing to acknowledge the engagement. But if you are under age she is wise to insist on a waiting period. If she is always better to be sure before marriage and of most plenty of other men, she is not a good girl. If she is a girl, you write me again, but state your age and the age of this girl with some acknowledgment of an understanding of future marriage. Has a Rival. Dear Cynthia—Having read your column for quite a good while and reading of some boys and girls' questions, I am now coming to you for advice. My brother wrote to you once and he is getting along fine with your advice to him. I met a young girl at a party one evening, and she took a fancy to me, but there is another young fellow who is also after her, and he is very jealous of me. I know, because he spilled out a lot of lies about it, but I met the girl and she believed it, but I got this fellow face to face and made him acknowledge all he said was untrue. I am not a fool, but I am not a boy. My idea of this is the best man to go with, but she said if we fight she would never speak to us again. I have taken her to the kinds of shows and treated her far better than he did, and of course, that is what I get for it. I have had three girls and always got along fine until they moved from this city, but this is the best of them all. I am almost twenty years of age, the girl is nineteen, and the other fellow is my age, and Cynthia, I am broken-hearted. I don't win this girl. For dress, you would never bother with a girl again in my life that the way I feel. Cynthia, maybe one of your readers can help me out. I certainly will accept all your advice. BROKEN HEARTED. You two boys fighting and slandering each other will do no good. If you are both of the girl's like, you will not let it go at that. You are both entirely unable to fight for the girl, so seriously. Are you in a position to marry? Have you asked the girl to marry you or is it just a wish to get



TODAY if a Lady Should live in a shoe, With so many children She'd know what to do, She'd feed them on Bond Bread, of course, Wouldn't you?

Too bad she lived before Bond Bread arrived!

DID all those children really belong to that nice old lady who lived in a shoe? No. In addition to her own ten children, she mothered almost every other child in the old town where she lived many hundred years ago.

SHE must have had her hands full. The stove in the old shoe house was probably down at the heel. And it was hard for her to find time to bake.

What a pity that she did not live in the Bond Bread age—and what a blessing to the thousands of mothers of today—those busy mothers who are filling the world's greatest need by raising fine families on Bond Bread.

THINK how pleased they should be that they can buy Bond Bread—so-named because a Bond is printed on each wrapper guaranteeing that each loaf contains only the purest "home" ingredients.

Koll's Bond Bread advertisement with logo and contact information.

THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

JEAN Northrup is forced by the death of her father into an unusual marriage with a man named Mark. She hates him almost from the beginning, and she is very angry about it. Finally another man, Dick Jason, comes into her life and she falls in love with him. She gradually grows to care and finally goes away with him, but Dick goes away with him. Mark comes home, and overhears everything. He sees Dick and tells her about him, and she is loyal, and he offers her freedom.

A Change in Mark. JEAN awoke the next morning with the glad consciousness that something had happened to her. The scene with Dick seemed a dream to be forgotten, an ugly, sordid thing that had come into her life, but had not touched her. The glorious fact remained that she was going away, away from this horrible, empty place forever. She hurried into her clothes, and went out into the living room. It was a glorious sight, but she had to get up. She hurried into her clothes, and went out into the living room. It was a glorious sight, but she had to get up. She hurried into her clothes, and went out into the living room. It was a glorious sight, but she had to get up.

Making More Money. Every one who has ever visited San Antonio carries away at least one unique memory of the Texas city—that of a white-haired, thick-set man mounted on a horse and with a megaphone continually to his mouth, bellowing the delights of attractions around the city. But the remarkable carrying power of his voice is not the only unusual feature of the man. He is called "Megaphone" Meyers, and he is generally called "Megaphone" Meyers, and he is generally called "Megaphone" Meyers. Twenty years ago he came to San Antonio and he has stayed here ever since. He has made his money by making his living through the part of his organization that was supposed to be completely secret to pieces—his luck. When Meyers arrived in "San Antonio," one of his lungs was just about to give out. He was a man who did not much, and not a medical man in the city held out the slightest hope of life being saved. He was a man who did not much, and not a medical man in the city held out the slightest hope of life being saved. He was a man who did not much, and not a medical man in the city held out the slightest hope of life being saved.

The Question Corner

- 1. Describe a convenient chair for the two-year-old.
2. How can a clean smooth basket for clothes be made out of an ordinary basket vegetable basket?
3. When it is desired to make an extra hole in a leather belt, what "implement" can be used to make it?
4. What style of padded hanger is more practical than the silk kind for coats and suits?
5. Describe a striking new veil of lace and tulle.
6. How is the newest shield made for a polychrome candlestick?
Saturday's Answers
1. Oscar, fifth son of the former German Kaiser, has given his youngest daughter the significant name of Herzeleid, or "Heart Sorrow."
2. An easy and inexpensive way of making a toy cat is to take an old black or white stocking and stuff it with cotton, shaping the ankle part for the head, sewing two buttons on for eyes and embroidering a small nose upon its mouth.
3. Window glass can be cleaned and highly polished by rubbing it with a newspaper.
4. A new little bib for the baby can be crocheted with a tiny rose design in the center.
5. Drops of vegetable oil or oatmeal will counteract the effect of hard water on the skin.
6. A good-looking new lampshade is made of a fine white paper basket with the bottom out, lined with rose silk.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Classes in Typing. To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I would like very much to take up typing in the evening. I have heard that the West Philadelphia High School teaches in the evening for a very little amount of money. Would you kindly tell me if this is so and what nights they are and also what the charges are? There are classes on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at this high school, from 7:30 to 9:30. The registration fee is \$1. It is necessary to take something more than typing, as that takes only an hour and the other hour is taken up with stenography or something of that kind. I am not sure that you will be able to get into a class now, but be sure to go there as soon as you can to see about it. Going to California. To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you please announce the following question in your column? I am a young girl eighteen years of age and I am going to California and I would like to know how long it would take to get there. What do you think would be right for me to wear while over there and also on the train? How can you remove dandruff from the hair, and do you think high-heeled shoes make your feet hot? I weigh 150 pounds. Don't you think I weigh too much for my age? I would like to reduce at least twenty pounds. Is there anything that I can do to reduce? It takes five days to get to California on some trains, but, of course, this depends upon where you want to go to in California. The fare depends upon this, too. The fare to San Francisco is \$17.09 and the cost of a lower berth is \$31.50. Wear a plain suit and hat or a cloth dress and long coat on the train, changing your waist or collar and cuffs as they become soiled. You need not wear your hat all the time unless you want to protect your hair from the dust. Your ordinary clothes that you would wear here in wearing will be appropriate for wear in California, though it would be wise to take some warmer

Fashion Briefs

Broadcloth has come into its own again. It is used even now and then for an evening dress—this with the addition of a wide, soft collar. It appears quite frequently, and we have reversed to our former habit of trimming this fabric with lace, usually the dyed variety so much seen this winter. It is a great deal better than the old-fashioned, wide, soft collar. It is used even now and then for an evening dress—this with the addition of a wide, soft collar. It appears quite frequently, and we have reversed to our former habit of trimming this fabric with lace, usually the dyed variety so much seen this winter. It is a great deal better than the old-fashioned, wide, soft collar. It is used even now and then for an evening dress—this with the addition of a wide, soft collar. It appears quite frequently, and we have reversed to our former habit of trimming this fabric with lace, usually the dyed variety so much seen this winter. It is a great deal better than the old-fashioned, wide, soft collar.