MRS. WILSON BRINGS DISHES FROM ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

Some Tempting Ways of Preparing Fish—Fillets of Shad Chanticleer With Pascha Sauce and Bouillabaisse

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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TO THE readers of the cosmopolitan kitchen I am sending some fish and fruit recipes from Florida. You know the old sleepy Spanish mission town of St. Augustine is the mecca for the winter tourist. Here we have many splendid varieties of fresh fish, including the toothsome shad of the northern waters., which evidently come south to hibernate or luxuriate in the warm waters of the Florida coast.

Fillets of Shad Chanticleer

Split the shad and bone. Cut in pieces about the size of half the hand and trim to shape. Make a pocket between the fish meat and skin and fill with the following mixture. Chop very fine

One-half dozen onions.
Bit of garlic.
Season with
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
Pinch of gumbo powder.

Mix and use. Flatten the fillets of shad after placing in the filling, by pressing with the hand. Roll in flour and then dip in a thin batter of flour and water. Roll in fine crumbs and then place in a baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Baste each fillet with a little bacon or ham dripping; just before removing from the oven lay a strip of bacon on each piece and serve with Pascha sauce.

Pascha Sauce

One-half cup of thick cream sauce.
Two-thirds cup of thick tomato puree.
Juice of one and one-half large lemons.
Two pimentos, chopped fine.
Two onions, chopped fine.
Six olives, chopped fine.
One-half cup of parsley, chopped fine.

Mix and when scalding hot add the juice of one-half small grapefruit which has been strained to remove the seeds. Serve.

Fillet of Bass Chartres

Bone out the fillets and broil. Baste frequently with bacon fat and then prepare a dish of spaghetti by cooking one-half pound of spaghetti in boiling water for twenty minutes. Drain and place on a hot dish and cover with

One cup of well-heated and seasoned thick tomato puree and then sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.
Two onions.
Two pimentos.
One-half cup of grated cheese.

Lay the prepared fillet of fish on spaghetti and serve with tartar sauce.

Red snapper is truly delicious, and if eaten as prepared by the Florida people it is delicious.

Cleanse the fish and wash well. Cut in pieces. The bones may be removed or not, just as one wishes. Dip in flour and brown quickly, then add

One cup of tomato puree.
One cup of boiling water.
One-half cup of finely chopped onions.
Bit of garlic.

Simmer slowly for one-half hour and then add the seasoning to taste.

One-half teaspoon of gumbo powder.
One cup of thick cream sauce.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.

Serve on toast.

Bouillabaisse

This is a typical fishing chowder. The seacoast folk from time immemorial cooked a delicious hodge-podge stew which is peculiar to their locality and climate.

In New England a chowder which is really a thick soup was made of codheads. The thrifty folk disposed of the entire catch and thus used the heads. But the happy son of Latin blood loves his stomach too well to deprive it, so, be the catch large or small, he will always pick some fish as desirable and not to be sold, with these he will regale himself. The native son of southern Florida is true to his Spanish and French ancestry; he never very little after his appetite is appeased—he usually manages to do enough fishing to supply his requirements and at the same time to supply himself with the most toothsome viands of southern waters.

Red snappers and redfish are the fish that are usually used in southern seacoast towns for this delicious dish, but it may be made from other varieties of fish.

Have four slices of two varieties such as hake, cod, sturgeon or other seasonable fish. Mince very fine

One-half dozen onions.
Bit of garlic.
Six branches of parsley.
One bay leaf.

and then add

Two-thirds teaspoon of thyme.
One-quarter teaspoon of allspice.

Rub the fish well with the mixture and then dip very lightly in flour and brown quickly on each side. Now lift the fish with a cake turner so as not to break it and lay on a platter and add

Six level tablespoons of flour

to the fat in the pan. Mix smoothly and then add

Two cups of canned tomatoes.
One-half cup of chopped onions.
One teaspoon of salt.
One teaspoon of paprika.
Two tablespoons of finely chopped parsley.
Pulp of one lemon.
Six tablespoons of cream.
One-half cup of cold water.

Add the fish and stew slowly for one-half hour. Lift the fish on slices of toast and pour over it some of the sauce and serve.

Luscious Florida fruits are now in the markets. Try this drink and realize how good it is.

Grapefruit Ambrosia

Use small fruit for this drink. Roll the fruit with the hands to soften and loosen the juices, then ream out the juice and strain. Add to the juice of each grapefruit

Two tablespoons of powdered sugar.
Pinch of nutmeg.
Yolk of one egg.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then fold in the stiffly beaten white of the egg. Add two tablespoons of finely chopped ice. Turn in a tall thin glass and dust the top with nutmeg.

Grapefruit Salad

Remove the pulp from a large grapefruit and add one apple diced. Turn in a nest of lettuce leaves. Serve with Florida salad dressing.

Florida Salad Dressing

Juice of one-half grapefruit.
Juice of one-half lemon.
Juice of one orange.
Two-thirds cup of water.
One-half cup of sugar.
Three level tablespoons of cornstarch.

Dissolve the sugar and starch and bring the mixture to a boil and cook for five minutes. Now add

Yolk of one egg.
One tablespoon of butter.

Beat to blend thoroughly and then fold in the stiffly beaten white of egg. Cool, chill and serve on salad.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Kindly give recipe for au gratin potatoes and how to prepare sauce for mussels. I use most all your recipes.

Mrs. J. G. D.

Potatoes au Gratin

Pare two and one-half cups of cold boiled potatoes, dice, in a baking dish and season. Pour over two cups of thick cream sauce, and sprinkle with

Five tablespoons of fine crumbs.
Two tablespoons of grated cheese.

Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

Several sauces may be used for the mussels. Describe which kind you desire and in the meantime try this:

Yolk of one egg.
Four tablespoons of melted butter.
One tablespoon of lemon juice.

Heat to the boiling point, then season and serve.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

A New Kind of School

A preacher [illegible] starting a newlyweds' school. There is nothing wrong with the home, he says, but we need more of them. Willie, as little Sammy would say, is a first-class left-handed compliment.

Well, don't we desire [illegible] courses to learn to type to fit things to perfect themselves in the various ways of making a living. But when it comes to marriage, [illegible] which everybody now admits is a [illegible]fledged profession, they [illegible] trust to luck to "take to it."

How can a girl "take to" [illegible] balanced, well-cooked meals or any of the other duties of a housekeeper [illegible] more than she can "take to" [illegible] books in an office or running an audit machine?

"Well," some one [illegible] her time. When she is [illegible] her mother she will do a roast or a turn and darn socks without holes."

The people who [illegible] actually intend it for a [illegible] agine saying of a telephone operator, "Give her time, in twenty years she will be able to get you a number," or of a seamstress, "Wait [illegible] pect? In ten or fifteen years she will no longer rain your garments."

Does any one [illegible] "Give him time. When [illegible] his father he will bring home enough to feed the children and pay the rent"? Then why should we expect to get [illegible] with murder in our jobs? And is there is anything more nearly [illegible] murder than raw food [illegible] domestic bungle or [illegible] lump in one [illegible] away a man's [illegible] and [illegible] to know it?

Because a woman [illegible] of a Jane of All-Trades does not signify that she can get on being mistress of none. Even the ninety-six [illegible] have the actual work done does not free her of the necessity for being able to do it herself. Everybody knows that to manage servants [illegible] must know at least as much about their work as they do themselves.

The League of Women Voters is fighting to make state universities [illegible] as much for women's work in home economics as they spend for men's work in agriculture. Armed Forces [illegible] girls trained for two years for the [illegible] of wives. And it would not be too much.

To make an attractive home a woman must know something of color and art. To maintain it so she must know housekeeping. To keep the ship afloat and her husband from ruin she must know budgeting and accounting. It has been said no man can make headway against an extravagant wife. If the truth were known the word "careless" or "ignorant" might take the place of "extravagant" as the supreme menace.

Then a woman should know what can be done with a needle. Frequently the turning of last year's into a new "creation" has given as great impetus to the family finances as anything the housekeeper could have done that day.

To make his meals a thing of joy instead of dismay and injury to the man who looks forward to them a woman must be a good cook; and to guard his health she should know dietetics.

With children she must be a first-aid nurse, a personal story book, a psychologist, judge, jury and psychologist. It takes more than two years to train a teacher with whom the child is one of a score for about four hours a day. How much training does a mother need, for whose fingers the clay is waiting to be moulded?

With this kind of training we will have not only more homes, as our research friend has remarked, but our women will have the greater freedom and happiness in their work that the professional has over the amateur in any work. Also by elevating the work of the home, by putting our traditional on a patriotic basis of efficiency equal to that of any other occupation we will rob of its teeth the old argument against it that women won't do outside the home. It is the home amateur who has given our work its stigma. The home professional will make it a recommendation.

"Step on a crack, and you break your mother's back," is a ridiculous superstition which almost every youngster has out faith in at one time or another by hopping over the crack in the sidewalk. Didn't you do it?

You must never step in a footprint that points toward you.

The girls say: "Three in a row is the sign of a beau." Four in a row denotes a disappointment. If four girls walk abreast the outside girls will lose their sweethearts.

When you are out walking and a spiderweb strikes you on the face it is a sign that you are going on a journey.

If you are walking with young companions of the opposite sex at a time when the so-called gossamer threads are floating in the air, and one of these fibrous veils sweeps by and forms a band between you, it is a sign that feelings of a tender nature will spring up and bind you to each other.

It is said to be unlucky for two persons not to go the same way, if they start from the same place and mean to meet at another place.

Wish and count the stones on the sidewalk and say: "Yes," "No," to each until you come to the end of your walk, and if it comes "Yes," on the last stone, you will get your wish.

Do not pass a pleasant without touching it, if accessible. Water keeps evil away, and touching the hydrant is an appeal to the water.

If you draw water at a well and see your face reflected in it you must drink two or three drops or you will die before you are twenty.

To drink water out of a gourd dipper handed to you by a stranger, especially a woman, is the best of luck; also to drink water from a rusty tin cup, if handed to you by a stranger, is good luck.

To be caught in a gust of wind portends a fright.

If you beg a drink of water and the person who hands it to you accidentally pours some of the water on both your hands and his or her's, you will be fast friends for life.

Bad luck attends a person who, meeting another face to face, tries to pass while the other does the same thing, so that both are stopped.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Jerry Page asks Frances Carter to marry him, and in the excitement of the engagement Frances forgets to speak to Jerry about going on with her work.

CHAPTER III

Breaking the News

"OF COURSE under the circumstances, Jerry oughtn't to have the slightest objection. You don't have to work in an office and your time is practically your own." Mildred's tone was reassuring. "But if you do go on with your work, Frances, it would be only fair to share some of the expenses with Jerry. Just think how much more you could have if you went fifty-fifty on the furnishings and bills."

Frances eyes kindled.

"What a perfectly splendid idea!"

"It's what I would do," Mildred proceeded. "It seems to me the only fair way of managing things when the wife is a wage-earner as well as the husband. Certainly there ought't to be any false pride about it. Jerry ought to be glad that you can make money. He should be as proud of your achievements as you are of his, and, in a sense, Frances, you will be helping to blaze a new trail."

By the time the meal was over Frances had begun to look at herself in the light of a pioneer. She would be a bright and shining example of the new woman, and she went to meet Jerry with all the doubts and fears of the morning entirely banished from her mind.

However, Jerry's eyes when she met him were strangely hungry. They robbed her suddenly of initiative and made her feel delicious weak and dependent. That was only for a moment, but Frances was ashamed of herself for that feeling. She would rather be a helpmate to Jerry than a clinging vine type of wife and she hugged his arm close against her as they went together to select the ring.

"Do you know," she said lightly as they emerged from Jerry's office building into the sunshine, "last night we never said anything at all about my work."

"What was there to say about it?"

"Of course, I intend to go on with it," Frances said quickly.

"Why, of course. I never thought of anything else," Jerry returned.

"Thank you for understanding, dear," Frances said softly. "You see, I don't want to be an old-fashioned type of wife. I want to keep up with things, and we can do so much more with our lives if I make money, too. I want to have a share in the home. I want to go fifty-fifty with you."

"Oh, but that won't be necessary," Jerry said quickly. "Your money is your to do as you like with. I couldn't have you see it for household expenses—that is my job."

"But I want to, dear; I do, really. I want to be different, and I want you to be broad enough to see things my way. Let's see if we can't make our kind of marriage a success, won't you?"

And all the time Frances was forgetting that all the new ideas in the world could not make Jerry other than he was. He was a man and she was a woman. He wanted to be forced to work hard in order to pay for her extravagances. Man has been at the head of a family too long for him suddenly to admit a woman into equal partnership. She has her share of the homemaking and he has his, but her share has nothing to do with the money end of it; that is his job.

However, Jerry loved Frances and he wanted her to be happy. When he said, "We'll see how it works out," he was making more of a concession than Frances realized. And she was too exultant over her victory to realize anything but the fact that she was to have a chance to work out a beautiful ideal of marriage. As Mildred put it, she was to blaze a new trail. The idea was intoxicating, it made her feel so free and unhampered and independent.

Tomorrow—The suggestion about the ring.

Birthdays

Monday (Moon's day)—People born on this day need never fear poverty, nor will they gain great wealth. They will travel much, marry happily, be skilled in medicine, surgery, geography and mathematics; will be fortunate as navigators, agriculturists or printers and may become workers in precious metals, ambassadors or church dignitaries. They will be subject to catarrh, toothache and colic and their lips may become swollen, and they will have a blemish in their eyes. They will love life and will live to be more than seventy.

Tuesday (Mars' day)—People born on this day have a loving though quarrelsome disposition, short lived and skilful artificers. They will have a desire to gain a fortune in an easy and sometimes fraudulent way. They will be in danger of wounds on the head and hurts from steel instruments. They would make good generals or military engineers and would be much thought of by men of the highest rank for their bravery. They would excel as surgeons, bakers and cooks. They need not fear sudden death and may live to be seventy-two. They will marry only once and will not have many children.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Congratulations to "T. B. P."

Cynthia is very sure that the column friends of the "Buck Private" will join in extending a very warm welcome to "Buck Private, 2d," of whose arrival in town "T. B. P." has written her. She extends to "T. B. P." and "Billie" her warmest congratulations at the news. And don't you think, "T. B. P." and "Billie," it would be nice to let Cynthia have a snapshot of that wee gentleman some day soon?

She thanks you very much for your letter, and is so glad that her little interest and advice was of use to you when you needed it. Your letter will be published later in the week. Cynthia wanted to welcome "T. B. P., 2d" the moment she heard about him.

Does He Want to Know Her?

Dear Cynthia — I am a constant reader of your page, and now I am coming to you for advice. Not long ago my girl friend told me there was a fellow who liked me and is going to ask me to go with him. This fellow lives across from my home. He always tries to attract my attention. He is always near the window. This fellow is tall and I am tall, too. Do you think he wants to go with me? NETTIE.

If the young man wants to be friends with you he will ask some mutual friend to introduce him. You can do nothing about it.

Praises the Column

Dear Cynthia—I have been a constant reader of your helpful column, but have never written before. I simply must have a word with "Dopey."

"Dopey" I think you have a nerve writing the way you did about Cynthia's column. Is there not enough in the Evening Public Ledger for you to read besides Cynthia's column? No one asked you to read it. It is of your own free will that you do it. You sign your name "Dopey"; well, "Dopey" you must be to go against such a wonderful column. Don't think Cynthia is going to stop it because you said to. I will be very glad to hear from you through the column if you have anything to say about this letter. When you are in need of advice drop Cynthia a line and she will help you. "INDERELLA."

Says They Don't Take Advice

Dear Cynthia—In view of the fact that there seems to be a free-for-all dispute in your column as to whether or not your apparently well-meant advice to the "Stilltn-My-Teens" is of any genuine value, I wish to assume the privilege, as a constant reader of the Evening Public Ledger for the last few years, to express my probably undesirable opinion.

Having myself experienced the ravages of the much-discussed gentle sensation, through which you indirectly earn your bread and water, I consider myself unquestionably qualified to definitely assert that, despite whatever counsel you may give, it will in no way hinder or assist the little goo in his work. Love is outside of no interference. The delicate affairs of the throbbing muscle are for him to handle unaided and human attempts to assist him are of no avail. He will always rule supreme. I know. Your advice will not change his plans.

Supposing even that I am wrong, can any one but the children conscientiously intrust matters of such nature to an anonymous stranger, who keeps his or her identity and sex a secret? No matter how fully explained, you can never get the real "inside stuff" in any case in which you speculate. I am of the much misjudged male sex, for which I attempt no apology. CORRECT.

From Madison, Wis.

Dear Cynthia—I have been a constant reader of your column for a long period of time. On several occasions I have been tempted to write to your column, but at each time have failed to do so. "Dopey's" recent letter to your column has caused me to cease being merely a reader of your daily column.

I think that "Dopey" is sadly mistaken about it being ridiculous to ask a newspaper, which in this case is Cynthia, for advice along the lines of love. I think that many times a person in love is confronted with puzzling questions I believe that the average person hesitates a long time before asking advice from a friend in matters of love. At such times we find Cynthia, a perfect stranger, as she is, I believe, ready to give good, sound advice in all such matters. Remember, "Dopey," Cynthia merely offers advice, and then it is up to the individual whether that advice shall be accepted or not. I believe, "Dopey," that in making that decision it is necessary for the individual concerned to use his head; that is, he must decide in his own mind the best course to follow.

In my brief lifetime I long ago decided that few people trouble themselves to read articles that are uninteresting to them. With this in mind, "Dopey," I do not understand how you can be a "constant reader" of Cynthia's column unless you are interested in it. Personally I believe that if the column were eliminated, as you even suggested, you would be one of the first to miss it.

I surely do enjoy the column; in fact I consider it and the sporting page as being the two best features of the paper. I am sure many of the "constant readers" will agree with me.

WISCONSIN.

Demands Strange Test

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl considered very pretty by every one, and I am in love with a fellow who doubts my love.

Will some of your correspondents please tell me whether or not this fellow is worth while to bother with?

One night we went to a dance and when we came home he told me he loved me and asked me if I loved him, and I said "yes," but he doubted my word and he said "If you love me you will go over Niagara Falls in a barrel," and then I told him that I cared for him a lot, but I had yet to see the fellow for whom I would go over Niagara Falls, and now he says "I don't love him," and he won't even speak to me.

Can some of your correspondents please tell me what you think of a fellow like this, and if you think he loves me. "PALISFATIMA."

You are making a mistake, dear, to notice such a nonsensical question. The boy is only playing with you. No normal person would ask such a foolish question in earnest. He is having fun at your expense, and you are quite right in saying that "You had yet to see the fellow for whom I would go over Niagara Falls." It's really too silly to give it a second thought.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. When making a short negligee of velvet how can piecing be made in a good-looking way if the material is too narrow?
2. Describe a novel letter-holder for the desk.
3. When there is no nutcracker available how can nuts be cracked?
4. How are some of the newest and prettiest white handkerchiefs made?
5. If it is necessary to have the hatbox in place where it can be seen, how can it be made an ornament for the room?
6. What shade for hat or afternoon dress is considered smart and is now being worn a great deal?

Yesterday's Answers

1. The University of Michigan is planning a million-dollar clubhouse and social center for its women students and alumnae.
2. When cutting a thin material, such as georgette crepe, make an even edge by first basting the goods over a piece of newspaper, which will hold it down firmly.
3. In decorating a bedroom, a cheerful and attractive material to use, instead of cretonne, for the draperies and cushions, is checked gingham.
4. A convenient knife sharpener that will put a miraculously keen edge on a knife clamps to the edge of the table, and has four teeth edged with grindstones between which the knife is passed.
5. A tiny hat for the baby is trimmed with two or three rows of ribbon made into small points standing up all the way around the edge.
6. The heels and toes of woolen stockings can be re-enforced so that holes will not be worn in them so quickly by sewing pieces of dark material on the inside.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Nobody approves of the man who is what is a discriminating Englishman would call "a pompous ass." In an exaggeration of severity, Chesterton scored for equal dislike, "a woman who is not dignified, and a man who is."

No matter how many honors he may have inherited or acquired, the well-bred man continues to abide by the schoolboy code of his kind, which holds "putting on side" to be an offense punishable at sight. This preserves for him, even through the sedately silver years, a certain half-boyish and wholly winning simplicity of manner. Pompous manners are bad manners; the man who assumes them is acting a part, and, justly or unjustly, every one suspects that he affects the toga of dignity merely to hide the insignificance of his real personality.

A GIRL'S IDLE REMARK CAUSED A LOT OF TROUBLE

Because Somebody Else Heard It, Dramatized It and Repeated It to the Person Who Would Be Most Concerned by It

SHE was skating with another girl, and they paused for a moment at the edge of the ice to rest.

A man and girl went by.

"Oh, there's Jack Harper, isn't it?" exclaimed one of the girls.

"Yes; I didn't know you knew him," answered her companion quickly, almost suspiciously.

The first one smiled the kind of teasing smile which this kind of half-asked question always calls forth.

"Oh, he's quite an old beau of mine!" she laughed airily.

"Is he really?" came another quick question. "Did you know that he's engaged to that girl with him?"

The "jilted" girl clapped her hand to her forehead in mock horror.

"Another one gone!" she groaned. "She's pretty, isn't she?"

THE groan came from no deeper than her vocal cords; Jack Harper had been no more to her than a chance acquaintance in the same office, who had ridden home on the car with her once or twice and danced with her at the employes' picnic.

Her words were mere foolishness inspired by the joy that skating brought her, and the desire to tease a little.

But the other girl took her seriously—perhaps she didn't take her seriously, but she remembered her words.

And as soon as she saw Jack's fiancee she plunged right into the subject.

"Well, heartbreaker!" she greeted. "You've made one girl pretty unhappy, anyhow."

Of course the engaged girl wanted the story and, of course, she got it with plenty of dramatic element added to it.

As it happened, this fiancee of Jack's had too much sense to be jealous, and Jack was so completely astonished and so contemptuous of the idea that it all blew over before any feelings were hurt.

And besides, they both knew the tell-tale who dramatized the incident.

It would have made the bride-to-be rather uncomfortable if she had believed it all, for no one with any heart at all really likes to feel that her happiness has brought pain to some one else.

HOW careful you have to be with your idle remarks!

You never know when some gossipy, trouble-loving person like this is going to take your words seriously or make them serious and repeat them in the way best calculated to do somebody harm.

"I'll get him!" cried a man who is still a good deal of a boy.

Perhaps this was a boyish boast, with no intention behind it whatever.

But when the boy he had been talking about was found dead and he was suspected of murder, some one who had heard his "threat" remembered it and told about it.

And his "idle remark" was hurled back at him with double force.

THESE things we say to tease or boast or merely to fill in the time are the most surprising kind of boomerangs.

They come back not with their own rather spent power, but with the added force of some outsider's description.

You never can tell what importance somebody is going to attach to a careless, foolish little remark that you have forgotten before it is half out of your mouth.

So be careful what you say and where you say it.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

A Flat Fingernail

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can your palmist tell me what characteristic is indicated by flat fingernails, without the least bit of curve? J. K. L.

The installments that are to come of "Your Soul's in Your Hand" will go into the matter of fingertips, telling just what each kind means. Your question will be answered then.

Some Games to Play

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—As I am a daily reader of your valuable column, will you kindly answer me this? When a gathering of girls and fellows, ages about eighteen to twenty-two years, get together what games can be played that the hostess can suggest?

A FAITHFUL READER.

If you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope I will send you some games that will help you out. It is always fun to play the piano and sing when a crowd of girls and boys get together, and if there are not so many it is nice to make some candy out in the kitchen. But the games help in case you get stuck. I have some quiet ones and some noisy ones that may make the neighbors wonder, but they are lots of fun.

Doctor Should Be Consulted

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have applied almost everything to my lips, but nothing seems to cure them.

They are very ugly looking and uncomfortable, due to a thick skin which comes on them and makes them seem swollen in the morning. Do you know of any reason for this? Some folks say it is a fever. Do you think it is?

WORRIED.

You would do well to consult a physician about this. It is evidently some condition of your system that causes the swelling, and you should have an examination made to determine what is wrong. Do not let this scare you; it is nothing serious, but should be attended to by a doctor, who will have a chance to determine the reason for it.

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Two More "Asco" Bargains

Rich Creamy Cheese lb 29c

For the afternoon bite—for the "wee snack" when you come home late at night—when the unexpected guest drops in—there are a hundred and one times when this rich, delightful cheese will more than fill the bill. You'll enjoy it.

Best Pure Lard lb 14c

Very best open-kettle rendered lard. An extremely low price for lard of this high quality.

"Asco" Stores all over Phila. and throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland

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