TWO HOLIDAY SUPPERS ARE PLANNED BY MRS. WILSON

The Birthday-Cake Recipe She Gives Is the Original One Which Was Used 200 Years Ago for Washington Himself

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

(Copyright, 1921, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.)

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY makes an excellent opportunity to have either a dinner party or a delicious old-fashioned supper. A short time ago I visited Monticello, the Jefferson homestead, in a spur of the Blue Ridge mountains, a few miles beyond Charlottesville, Va. While at this old home I had the rare treat of seeing an old diary of Thomas Jefferson's; he was a great friend of George Washington whom he entertained in his beautiful home, atop the mountain.

Tradition tells us that the people of those good old days enjoyed their simple pleasures a great deal more than we do today. With all our movies, flying machines and methods for enjoyment in this twentieth century, still it seems to me that the modern maid and her swain, in their rapid stride, have missed the dear old-time birthday parties of yesteryear.

The dainty table, lighted by candles, the fragile china, the simple and good home-made delicacies of those days, and the dignified lay mother presiding over it all—this is something that these modern days have never known.

The Washington home at Mount Vernon was surely a delight and a pleasure to feast in. The diaries of those bygone days tell of the fact that Martha Washington looked well to the ways of her household, and from a treasured diary of Mrs. Massy, I bring to this corner a birthday cake as it was prepared in the Washington home.

MENU FOR DINNER

Split Pea Soup
Celery — Home-made Pickles
Chicken Brunswick
Potato Dumplings — Braised Cabbage
Onion and Celery and Cabbage Salad
Slip Custard — Birthday Cake — Coffee

For an old-time birthday party, plan to serve—

Sliced Virginia Ham
Potato Salad — Coleslaw
Birthday Cake — Tapioca Cream — Coffee

Split Pea Soup

Wash one cup of split peas and soak overnight. In the morning mince one-half pound of salt pork very fine and then cook until a delicate brown. Add

Two cups of sliced onions,
Two cups of finely chopped green tops of celery.

When nice and brown turn into a stock pot and add the peas, and three quarts of cold water.

One large carrot, cut in dice,
One faggot of soup herbs.

Bring to a boil and then cook very slowly until the peas are soft and mushy. Turn into a sieve and rub peas and vegetables through. Measure and return to the saucepan. Now add one cup of flour to three pints of mixture, dissolving the flour in one cup of cold water before adding. Bring to a boil and season. Cook for ten minutes and then serve in dainty china cups.

Chicken Brunswick

Prepare chicken for stewing and cook until tender. Season and thicken the gravy. Cook

Two onions,
One-half carrot,
One-half turnip

for each person in a separate saucepan until tender and then drain and dress with highly seasoned French dressing. Keep in a warm place until needed.

Potato Dumplings

Place in a mixing bowl

Two cups of mashed potatoes,
Two cups of flour,
One and one-half teaspoons of salt,
One teaspoon of white pepper,
One level tablespoon of baking powder,
One level tablespoon of grated onion,
Pinch of sweet marjoram,
Two eggs,
Two tablespoons of melted butter.

Mix well and then form into balls the size of an egg. Place two quarts of boiling water in a saucepan and add one onion chopped fine. When boiling drop in the dumplings and cover closely. Cook for fifteen minutes and then lift and lay on a cloth to drain.

To Serve Dinner—Lift the chicken on a piece of toast and lay the vegetables around and also the potato dumpling. Cover with gravy and sprinkle with pieces of finely minced parsley.

Slip Custard

Place in a mixing bowl

[illegible] cups of milk,
Two-thirds cup of sugar,
One-half teaspoon of [illegible],
Pinch of cinnamon,
Four eggs.

Whip until well blended and then rub the custard cups generously with butter and dust with granulated sugar. Place a seeded raisin in the bottom of each cup and then fill with the custard mixture. Place in a pan containing cold water. Bake in a slow oven until firm. Test by inserting a silver knife in the center of the custard. Remove, chill, then loosen the edges of the custard with a sharp knife and turn out on a saucer.

Virginia Baked Ham

Select a small ham and boil. Let cool in water in which it was cooked. Remove the skin and trim the excess fat. Pat into the ham the following mixture:

One and one-quarter cups of brown sugar,
One teaspoon of allspice,
One teaspoon of ginger,
Two teaspoons of cinnamon,
One teaspoon of nutmeg.

Lift to a baking pan and place in a hot oven. As the ham commences to brown, baste with

One cup of brown sugar,
One cup of molasses,
One cup of vinegar,
One cup of water.

Bake until nicely browned. This usually requires about one hour.

Washington's Birthday Cake

(Mrs. Massy's recipe, two hundred years old.)

Two cups of sugar,
One cup of butter,
Yolks of seven eggs,

Cream well and then add

Four cups of sifted flour,
Two-thirds cup of cornstarch,
Two level tablespoons of baking powder,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
Two cups of water.

Beat to mix, fold in stiffly beaten whites of four eggs, and then pour into well-greased and floured pan and bake for one hour in a slow oven. One and one-half cups of nuts may be added if wished. Citron or raisins are also delicious in this cake.

Use the balance of egg whites for plain white cake.

THE BOTTOM OF YOUR SKIRT

Is trimmed now with the same trimming that edges collars, finishes cuffs and makes girdles. This delicate beaded lace is daintily reproduced on the bottom of the silk voile afternoon frock, while a wall of Troy in white wooden beads finishes the edge of a soft crepe skirt. The long, sweeping lines of a clinging negligee are accentuated and brought to a graceful termination by a wide band of fur. And a frock of biege crepe, trimmed with circles of chenille dots, has several rows of them to trim the bottom of its skirt

Photo by Central News.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Sophist" Congratulates "T. B. P.s"

Dear Cynthia—I've dug up the moldy remains of my once prolific goosequill in order to tender my hearty, though I fear somewhat presumptuous, felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Buck Private on the heralded arrival of T. B. P., Jr. That the little stranger may bring unbounded happiness into the lives of his proud parents is the unsophisticated wish of a sophisticated SOPHIST.

Strong for the Column

Dear Cynthia—Please allow me to say something to "Dopey." That is the name that he or she deserves, believe me. Although I never came to you with any of my trouble, I am more than interested in your most wonderful column. Does "Dopey" think that every girl and boy has a mother living, or some one who would be bothered listening to their troubles. Of course not, and do you think that they have minds of their own? No. Well, Cynthia has a heart bigger than herself, and is more than willing to help and advise. I am a girl of nineteen and remember "Dopey," I have a wonderful mother to whom I can go with my love troubles, and such as you do not know the meaning of the word love, and are not worth the space that Cynthia gave you in the column.

LORRAINE A.

Enjoys "Hide 'n' Seek's" Letters

Dear Cynthia—Reading your column constantly, I have noticed the letter of "Hide 'n' Seek."

If they took my advice they would stay at home, since traveling makes one discontented.

Am twenty-five now, married seven years and am a mother. When I married it was with the consent of my parents, so that I would not elope, although they did not approve of my marriage. Have traveled constantly, and expect to continue, due to my husband's position. We are also separated quite a lot, and at present he is away and I am lonesome and friendless in my home town. All my former friends and all Philadelphians in general seem to lead a self-centered life and look askance at a newcomer.

When I came home I looked up some of my former friends and couldn't make out why they looked so different. Well, they had only had their hair hennaed, eyebrows plucked and short skirts and played five hundred and talked it.

I would like to dress nicely and also play cards occasionally, but when it comes to play it every time one visits instead of talking or something—well I guess I am living too long as I don't seem to belong. I want "homey friends," not "theatrical ones," so guess I am doomed to sit with my magazines, books and papers instead of people.

So please keep on writing since you help to pass my hours alone.

SEVEN YEARS.

Sighs for Old Love

Dear Cynthia—I would like to respond briefly to "Wisconsin, Twenty-three." Since he is so interested in your column, I think I can especially interest him with my story. Just twenty years ago I was receiving attentions from and loved devotedly a young man, twenty-three, of Madison, Wis. He was attending college here at that time. For reasons which I will not take space to explain there were parental objections, etc., and the young man passed out of my life in 1902. Subsequently I married an exemplary man, but have been discontented and unhappy as the image of my first love was engrossed indelibly on my heart and I cannot forget, although I have many interests to divert my mind. I have often a great impulse to write him as I would like to see him, or at least hear if fate has dealt more kindly with him, but I do not wish to betray my husband, who has tried very hard to please me. You see I am twixt love and duty, and this confusion of mind has quite thickly powdered my hair. All for "Wis., Twenty-three."

A. G.

Cynthia thinks that not very many persons will sympathize in your case, A. G.; you were certainly not fair to the man you married if you married him with your heart in the keeping of another.

You could not help caring more for the first perhaps, but you should not allow yourself to think of another when you have given your solemn vow to love, honor and obey the man to whom you are married, and especially after all these years. Perhaps, according to your light, you have done your best; but try putting the old love out of your thoughts and make every effort to make your good husband happy and to return his love.

"Hide 'n' Seek" to "Uncle Walt"

Dear Cynthia—It seems that we have incurred "Uncle Walt's" displeasure, and we are highly desirous of making amends. Please print the following, Cynthia, as a peace offering. We know that if he were only to realize the tremendous effort expended in writing this rhyme, in imitation of his own inimitable style, his forgiveness would be spontaneous. Here goes:

We read your note the other [illegible]
We read it through and [illegible]
And as we wish to make things [illegible]
We'll now explain to you.
You see, our words were just [illegible]
[illegible] when you fell, dear [illegible]
We merely started out for news, [illegible]
[illegible] as quite a bluff.
With teardrops hanging on [illegible]
We beg you try and find forgiveness [illegible]
[illegible] kids for using such a [illegible]
And if we ever chance to meet [illegible]
[illegible] call your bluff.
[illegible] most too deep. Oh [illegible]
[illegible] just the stuff!

Cynthia, we have a little secret to tell you. It's about "McWhizzburgh." Don't tell him, because it might make him conceited. But, you know, we certainly are jealous of his vocabulary. Why, he's got it all over the verbose Emerson himself. You may tell him this however. We have seen Philadelphia in all its ecstatic beauty (or "exotic," I think he called it), and being widely awake to and likewise allured by its charms, we can only exp[illegible] at what greater beauties the big world would reveal in comparison once we go exploring. We're incurables, most [illegible] "McWhizzburgh," and we don't want to be cured.

HIDE 'N' SEEK.

THE TWELVE O'CLOCK TRAIN AT THE END OF A HARD WEEK

Carries All Ages and All Kinds on Their Way to the Big City to Catch a Holiday Over Sunday

"GEE whiz—hello, fellows!" exclaimed a young man flinging himself down into the first seat he came to.

"You almost didn't make it!" reminded one of the "fellows" unnecessarily.

"I'll say I did!" agreed the winded one. "Had to cut the last class to do this well."

The talk simmered down to cuts, exams, problems, "she" and "What time do we get there?"

ACROSS the aisle, as the train began to cut a flat, uninteresting landscape in half, Mary Elizabeth came to life and removed her face from the window pane.

"I want a drink of water," she said.

And so mother led her the length of the car dancing from left to right with the whim of the train.

Mary Elizabeth giggled as the water spilled over the edge of the paper cup. She stood unsteadily and held it for a minute or two to see if it would spill again.

"I don't want any more," she panted, after two swallows.

THE college group was now discussing the latest trial, giving expert opinions on why the crime was committed, what "I'd have done if it had been me," and what punishment should be meted out to the offender.

Behind them sat the business girl who had developed a sudden, terrific headache at half-past 11 which compelled her to leave the office.

Having caught the 12 o'clock train she seemed to be much better; in fact, she looked very chipper, indeed.

OVER on the sunny side a naval officer read three lines of his newspaper and blinked sleepily.

He had his hat and bag on the rack above his head, his overcoat on the seat beside him—and a brother officer asleep on his shoulder.

He read four more lines and blinked again—that flying scenery, going steadily past your eyes, slowing up for a second, speeding on again, coming close, drawing away, always sliding, sliding, sliding past your window—oh, it makes you sleepy!"

"I want another drink of water, mother," announced Mary Elizabeth firmly.

Mother protested, "You'll soon be there, dear, and you can drink all you want when we get to grandma's."

"But I like that funny little spigot that it comes out of" insisted Mary Elizabeth.

THE train neared its destination. Tommy, in the back of the car stood up to shrug into his leather coat.

"Well, we'll see you tonight, then," said his mother, as her husband got off at the lower city station.

"Yes; I'll meet you and Tom for dinner," he replied. "Good-by Tom, old man—be sure to write to me!"

"Aw!" replied Tommy, grinning.

The business girl gripped her bag firmly—was she sure just which trolley to take to get to Molly's house?

The navy man brushed off his coat and the other officer and yawned.

WHAT was it, and where were they all going?

Why, the 12 o'clock train on Saturday, of course—and they were all rushing off to find a holiday over the week-end.

A SHORT JACKET OF BROWN AND RUSSET

By CORINNE LOWE

The sport [illegible] many of the sports costumes consists in making the plaited skirt look different by your selection of a coat or cape or sweater. Wraps certainly afford at present a wide variety of choice. The sweaters are frequently of the jumper style with round or V neck and the metallic note is sounded strongly.

The favorite coat is the loose box one of contrasting color and material. And the capes are variously of knitted wool, camel's hair, tweed, or one of the silk materials.

The accompanying model shows a skirt of coffee-colored Canton crepe, one of the materials most favored this season for this garment. With it goes a smart little jacket of Shantung weave in a stunning design of brown and russet. This is bound and girdled with brown gro-grain ribbons.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Ann Macnair

By C. T. RYAN

It was the first evening that Ann Macnair was at my home that she poured from her grieved heart how she had met and married Philip Macnair five years before. I had not seen Ann for ten years, and when I heard of the fatal accident to her husband I immediately wrote for her to bring Mildred and join me in my southern home until she recovered somewhat from the shock. At least it would be a change of surroundings and furnish her rest.

Ann's mind seemed reminiscent as we sat in the room after dinner. We had been college chums, had entertained our first "beaux" together. I married Conrad, but Elwin Abbott had merely tampered with Ann's love, and for years afterward she confessed the affair had left her an aching heart and created in her a distrustful attitude. I was interested in Ann and was not only pleased to learn about her meeting Philip, but also to see her enjoying—if I may use the term—living over again in memory her unique courtship.

"You know, Bernice, I was always interested in what I called the psychology of love——"

"And what I called nonsense," I broke in. "Pardon me."

"For five years I just lived on, meaninglessly, loving only my work and my pupils, ever trying to conceal the fact that I was harboring that natural passion to love and to be loved."

I thought of Ann as a college girl and recalled how it would hurt her if any of the girls seemed to neglect her or failed to show their fondness for her. Ann was likable, loveable, and we were all devoted to her.

"I became the official chaperone for the boys and girls in the high school where I taught. Their love affairs interested me, and often I recalled Elwin and longed once more to love and be loved. Love was my gospel. I lived it, taught it. I longed for that which I didn't have."

"Why, Ann, wasn't there any one for you? To be a chaperone doesn't eliminate one's own suitors."

"Elwin. I thought them all alike," the poor woman added with a sigh.

"Then one day I passed a billboard. I know it's silly to you, Bernice, but I was attracted by what I saw."

"The same old Ann, overcome at eighteen by your ideal love, and even at twenty-five you are impressed by a billboard. What was it, a 'Let us furnish your home for you' advertisement?"

My attempt to cheer her, to appear in any way facetious, met with disapproval at once. I saw it from her expression, for at thirty she was still a bundle of emotions, any one of which was ready to come to the surface.

Choking back a sob, Ann continued: "It was an ice cream advertisement. Two curly haired children, about Mildred's age—a boy and a girl—were embracing. 'Love at first sight' is what it meant. I stood still and gazed at the picture. Something seemed to whisper to me, 'as God intended it—Love.' There it was, the psychological appeal, innocent love, divine love. Then Elwin——"

She didn't finish, but I knew her thoughts. She and Elwin had been engaged; but he was never worthy of Ann; Conrad often said that.

To help her to continue, I asked: "What has that to do with your meeting Phil?"

"I had not noticed a man standing near me, who seemed equally oblivious to his surroundings. I turned to go, and the man said half aloud, without taking his eyes from the advertisement, 'as God intended it—Love.'"

In spite of my sympathy, I couldn't check a smile. Ann noticed it, and again I had to question her before she would continue.

"It was a common appeal, striking home to two equally hungry, equally disappointed persons. There was no forwardness on his part nor on mine. We just stood there and talked. He knowing that I was concealing the real reason of the appeal of the two children, and I knowing that he was. We went our ways, but day after day we seemed to meet at that billboard, and as we passed we always spoke."

"And you secretly thought or began to think that he was interested in you and that you might learn to love him."

"I should have known better." Ann looked hurt, and covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

"I believe you told me that you finally met him when one of your pupils met with an accident in school, and Phil was called to attend him."

"Yes, Phil had just been appointed medical attendant at the school."

I realized that either on account of my unwise remarks or Ann's fatigue that she no longer showed eagerness to tell her story.

"And soon you married him?"

"Yes, and soon he died."

With that Ann seemed to think her story ended. Her tears affected me, and the conversation lagged. Finally I added:

"Well, Ann, there were five years in which you lived your ideal, and Mildred will soon be four. Life for you has not been void, and look what Mildred means to you."

Ann would say no more.

Next complete novelette — "At Face Value."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"THE SOUTH BREEZE"

By DADDY

CHAPTER VI

The Feast in the Garden

THE cross-looking redheaded boy glared at the hungry birds who were picking up scraps of food in the yard. He glared so hard that Peggy and Billy were ready to warn the hidden hungry birds to fly away quickly.

"Are you a fairy princess?" the redheaded boy suddenly asked Peggy. "And can you cure cross folks of their troubles?"

That queer question made Peggy stammer as she tried to think of a reply. "Why—why do you ask?" she said.

"Because I am a crosspatch, like the old woman in your story," the redheaded boy said with a frown. "And my brothers and sisters are crosspatches, and the whole family are crosspatches, and we are all miserable and our crop of spring vegetables is going to ruin because we can't get rid of the bugs and worms. And we want to be cured."

Peggy thought over that and then she smiled. "You know what Fairy Princess Cheer-Up did in the story," she said, and she waved her hands. "Sing, no Tappers!" she cried. "Sing, and drive the blues away!"

At once the birds hidden in the trees began to sing, much to the surprise of the redheaded boy and his brothers and sisters. They sang like little Tommy Tucker singing for his supper, and the redheaded children listened with delighted ears.

"That makes us feel better already, dear fairy princess," grinned the redheaded boy. "I'll never be a crosspatch any more if you will do one more thing."

"What is that one more thing?" asked Peggy, much pleased to have the redheaded boy call her a fairy princess.

"That one more thing is to ask your bird helpers to clean all the bugs and worms out of our spring vegetable garden. We have been working and working and we cannot do the job."

Now that was something Peggy was eager to do.

"To be sure my birds will clear the worms and bugs out of the vegetable garden," she promised, and she moved her hand. Instantly the birds flew out of the trees. "Lead us to the garden," she cried.

The redheaded children quickly guided Peggy, Billy and the birds to a vegetable patch behind the house. It needed [illegible] to see that the garden [illegible] bugs and bugs [illegible] unless they [illegible]

[illegible]

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

Jerry Page asks Frances Carter to marry him and Frances, who is independent and makes a good salary, has an idea to start their marriage on a fifty-fifty basis. When they go to select an engagement ring, and Jerry cannot afford a large stone, Frances suggests that she put to the rest of the money and Jerry, who does not like the idea at all, finally consents.

CHAPTER VI

Together

AS JERRY said there was no reason why they should wait.

"Five years from now we'll be sorry we wasted six months," he said to Frances, who shyly agreed. When Frances was alone with Jerry and he uncorseledly took the initiative in love-making, she did not seem like the same girl who discussed so calmly and efficiently the division of their money. It had been that way the night Jerry had proposed. In his arms Frances was all that an ideal woman could be. She was willing enough then to accept his masculine authority, for, after all, she was very feminine.

Because Frances insisted on helping to furnish the apartment, the young Jerry Pages had a more pretentious home than they would have if Jerry had borne the expense alone.

Afterward Frances had cause to remember the purchase of each piece of furniture that went into their home. There was the antique mahogany desk which she had paid for with her own money. There was the davenport rich in old blue velour. She and Jerry had bought that together as well as the low table and the lamps and the rugs on the floor.

Jerry's family lived in Nebraska and they did not come on for the wedding. They sent, however, a rather nice chest of silver, and the Carters gave the young people a bedroom suite of French gray-enameled furniture. Frances could hardly tear herself away from the charm of the new apartment long enough to go on a trip with Jerry. But she was glad all her life for the memory of those days alone with him. The love that seemed to wrap her all about, the charm of his boyishness, his passion for her that seemed never to tire, and yet was always considerate. Frances returned from that trip with the certainty that she loved Jerry more deeply than she believed herself capable of loving any one. And as for Jerry, the doubts and misgivings that he had suffered over the use of Frances' money were [illegible]. Never once during the trip had she mentioned money. Never once had she suggested the fact that she possessed any, although sometimes the sight of the diamond ring on her third finger caused Jerry to remember with dull pain that he could not explain, that the ring was a business investment and not a gift.

However, a man becomes more readily adjusted to things than a woman does, and the Pages had not been settled in their apartment more than two weeks when Jerry had ceased to worry about the arrangement. Frances did not overdo the fifty-fifty idea, that is, she did not make money matters too obvious. And then she was so utterly dear and it was so wonderful to have her that Jerry felt he could never tire of her. For one thing, her moods were so responsive. When he was tired she did not chatter, when he wanted to talk she radiated, and in spite of her independence she could be cuddly. She would relax into softness the instant he took her in his arms.

In a sense Jerry was extraordinarily lucky. Of course, having had no previous experience with matrimony, he did not know how expensive a wife could be. As it was, Frances dressed herself and paid half of the household expenses, and as she had no scruples about telling the truth, the news soon leaked out that the Pages were on a fifty-fifty basis of marriage.

The news was received with varying degrees of interest. Frances' mother thought the plan foolish.

"It's all right for you to keep on with your work," she said, "but why not save your money? Jerry should be responsible for you."

"Oh, mother, it isn't that," Frances retorted. "Don't you see that we are trying to blaze a new trail?"

"You can't change a man's nature, my dear," Mrs. Carter had returned sagely.

"But Jerry isn't like most men," Frances persisted. In which belief, like a [illegible], of course, she was entirely wrong.

(To Be Continued)

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Here Is a Kitten

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—As you have helped [illegible] coming to you again [illegible] finding a home for a [illegible] kitten [illegible]

[illegible]

MISS A. S.

[illegible] very serious burns have sometimes resulted from a small amount of care[illegible]

Removing Ink Spot

[illegible]

MISS A. M. [illegible]

Making Toys

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am always [illegible] your [illegible] but all you have ever told me has [illegible] of so much benefit that you're the first person I think of in [illegible] questions.

Is there any way of making home toys for little children, that will [illegible] some of the Montessori principles [illegible] of counting, etc.?

[illegible] cannot afford many toys, but [illegible] several methods of [illegible] would so much like to [illegible]

[illegible] would be very grateful for [illegible] Thank you for the [illegible] the clean, as it was a fine one.

MRS. A. M. [illegible]

[illegible] School of Occupational Therapy [illegible] the making of toys and [illegible] suggest that you go [illegible] give you some valuable [illegible] Among other things [illegible] they show how to [illegible] out of wood, which are then [illegible] and shellacked.

Making More Money

A College Idea

[illegible] her way through [illegible] the reply Miss Gladys Allread [illegible] made to her parents [illegible] that they couldn't spare the [illegible] to give her the college course [illegible] she had set her heart. And [illegible] as to what she would do, Miss Allread merely answered, "Wait and see. I'll do it all right."

Her first step was to rent a small [illegible] in the shopping section of her [illegible] a room that cost her only $5 [illegible] Then as Weston has no public library, she installed shelves and [illegible] with some three hundred of [illegible] adding a table in the center of the room and a chair or [illegible] [illegible] was done. She started [illegible] among her friends and all the [illegible] within a radius of [illegible] [illegible] cents a month as members [illegible] circulating library. The [illegible] the same idea in [illegible] only two afternoons and one evening a week, thus conserving light and attendance cost.

The plan was put into operation on January 1 and, on September 1, when the college course opened, Miss Allread had taken in nearly $700, of which half was clear profit. Placing a young sister in charge of the enterprise, Miss Allread went away to college, paid her expenses and had a bank balance of $231 at the end of the term.

Monday—A Breath of the Open Fields Itself.

Things You'll Love to Make

[illegible] pussy apron [illegible]

[illegible] and tie this charming PUSSY APRON at the back.

FLORA.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

[illegible] "What's What" the [illegible] of paying carfares was discussed. A man [illegible] be "something [illegible] as [illegible] might say. If a woman is making a journey at a man's invitation, he may assume all the expenses, but if the woman wishes to repay him he should accept the refund without demur. An attitude of these [illegible] concerning when or when not a man may pay and a woman who is in his social equal may clear the expenses in her behalf, decided that it would be neither courteous nor just to refuse to accept the payment, since well-bred women do not accept material favors from any but the most intimate friends.

Of course a journey of this sort is taken rarely and only when both travelers have been invited to a week-end house party or to an out-of-town wedding or other festive function. It is much more usual to make up a motor party for these events, in which case the question of traveling expenses solves itself.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. If the material bought for curtaining the glass doors between the living room and the porch proves to be scant, how can it be arranged to look as well as the usual drapery?
2. How can the number of the house be painted so that it will show up clearly at night and on a dark day?
3. In what easy way can a home-made collar of all-over lace be finished on the edge?
4. What style of sweater is popular for more dressy wear this year?
5. In what shape is the newest becoming-looking hat from Paris made?
6. How can the effect of a ruffled tunic be given to the plain sides of a scant overskirt?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Mrs. Ray Wilner Sandelson, who is the New York manager of one of the largest life insurance companies in the country, rose from the apparently hopeless condition of a friendless Russian immigrant.
2. Place a brass candlestick on the base of which candle grease has stuck fast on a paper on the radiator to let the grease melt off, wiping clean with a dry cloth as soon as it begins to run.
3. A striking new electric lamp which suggests a candelabrum is made of brass, with two candlesticks fitted with electric bulbs, separated by a heart shaped mirror which reflects their light and gives out more.
4. In making a waist that must be sent to the laundry, fasten the peg of a snap fastened to the back, of the button and snap it into the socket, sewed in place on the waist.
5. A dainty and striking bracelet for the woman with a slender hand is made of fine seed glass in bright colors.
6. A good looking new pair of spats for wear with a brown suit is tan, with stitching and an edge of dark brown.

Brown and Gray

And by the way, a season which has set its unqualified approval upon the alliance of gray and black is not much more hesitant about mixing up gray and the brown or tan tones. The French woman particularly does not feel nervous about gray fur on her wrap or suit of beige. And speaking of gray fur, the gray sheepskin or squirrel is widely observed at present in all the most modish places.

Save Space

Good hangers for pots and pans are picture hooks placed in the openwork of the gas stove; otherwise useless space is thus utilized for the cook's convenience.—McCall's.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Horseshoes 4-plenty

THERE are men who never go by a horseshoe. "It means good luck." Elbert Hubbard was one of them.

One bracing fall day he was walking along the road that led from the village in which he lived to his farm, two miles out of town.

As he trudged along he saw a horseshoe in the middle of the road. He picked it up and instantly his "pocket-sky began to brighten."

He walked along for a while, no doubt exercising mentally as well as physically, when suddenly at a turn he saw another horseshoe in the road.

"Everything is coming my way," he said, picking up the second horseshoe. He now had one in each hand.

He had gone about a quarter of a mile more when he saw two more horseshoes right together in the road.

"It looks as though somebody is working me," he said, looking around. He could see no one.

"Anyway, I'm not the goat," he said to himself as he picked up the two horseshoes.

Then he [illegible] he wasn't four times as happy as when he had one.

He had gone about [illegible] he saw a pair of horseshoes in the road.

"I've got [illegible] I fear [illegible]"

However [illegible] and bracing [illegible] walked up to the pile of horseshoes and kicked into them. They certainly were horseshoes.

Just then [illegible] the street picking up horseshoes in a bag.

He [illegible] and as he tried to comprehend the [illegible] And then he saw the man's horse and wagon [illegible]

The [illegible] of the wagon and had been [illegible] Hubbard [illegible] hard [illegible]

[illegible]

Adventures With a Purse

AND [illegible]

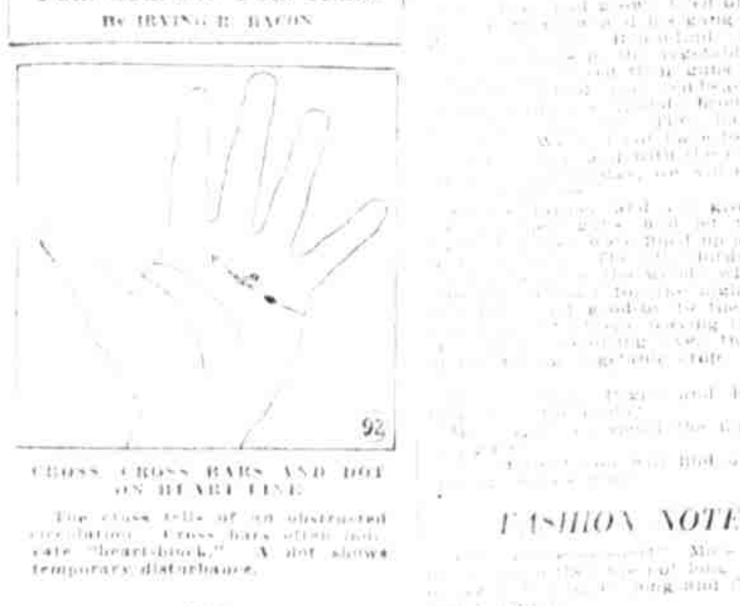
[illegible]

This Adventurer [illegible] looked longingly at [illegible] ful grouping [illegible] in vain [illegible] Well, I am [illegible] you where [illegible] that will [illegible] I am going [illegible] that can be bought for $1.75 [illegible] much smaller than the [illegible] fans that are expensive. But [illegible] they are of a good size [illegible] the vivid striking colors that go so well with a black or certain shade of evening dress, and which have a certain distinction in favor of the fact that one does not see many of them. If you want a fan to give a note of color or contrast, I can whole-heartedly advise you to stop in and see them.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3000.

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



CROSS, CROSS BARS AND DOT ON HEART LINE

The cross tells of an obstructed circulation. Cross bars often indicate "heart-break." A dot shows temporary disturbance.

NOTE

[illegible] and the [illegible] of [illegible] IX [illegible] will be [illegible] may be read as relating to the [illegible] rather than to the [illegible] Moreover [illegible] reading applies also to health as well as morals.

(To be continued)

FASHION NOTES

[illegible]

CORINNE LOWE.