Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Municipal Marriage Bureaus

"ALL social functions are merely opportunities for young people to meet and mate," said the college professor. The class was startled; it had not thought of it that way. As a matter of fact, although the assertion was true, it was limited. Thousands of social functions are composed of married persons solely, so that the rule could not apply. But the professor had in mind the vast number of dances and picnics and parties that go to make up the young people's world.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

But those are in small towns and among fairly well-to-do classes of society chiefly. In the immense modern cities there are no next-door neighbors running in of an evening, and making up a few tables of cards, or turning on the phonograph and getting up an impromptu dance. The "Four Million" instead of the Four Hundred are living in tiny, honeycomb cells of flats, in the closest proximity, yet unacquainted. They are as much strangers after a year's residence crowded thus together as are persons occupying a sleeping-car for one night, who can hear each other snore, yet would not think of exchanging remarks without introductions.

Mature people are saddened by the coldness of city life, but for young working folks it is intolerable. They are so lonely that they go forth alone and wander among the bright lights, unable to chat with their kind, or to afford the expensive entertainments. A cheap motion-picture, or the nearest theatre, into which they drift alone is the extent of their pleasure. This at a time when pulses leap and life riots and youth calls to youth.

In city streets at night one sees hundreds of boys standing idly on corners or in dark doorways. A very few, in proportion to the millions, go to Y. M. C. A.'s, but the masses just drift.

Girls work in stores or factories, or manicure parlors or in business offices. If lucky, they meet young men clerks in their places of business. But they have no way of furthering the acquaintance. They live in hall bedrooms. There are no commodious parlors for courting. The young men can take them to restaurants and dance halls only by a continual outpouring of money. If they sit on park benches they are objects of suspicion, and shy or sensitive young persons scarcely relish the interference of the police.

In other times and countries the importance of mating was always recognized. Parents never failed to realize their duties. The girl's father labored hard to put away the little nest-egg that was to be her dot. It was a cruel and neglectful parent who failed in his duty to provide a dowry, so that his girls could secure husbands and homes. The boy's parents solicitously studied the daughters of their friends in order to find a suitable wife for their son. The two sets of parents met together in solemn conclave. Mating and the founding of a new home were recognized as the most vital concerns they could have.

We could not champion the old system. It sorted out couples irrespective of their individual preferences. Not even the matrimonial go-between or agency that were professional matchmakers. But we confess that for expedience has often been much in their favor.

The point is that the primal need of mankind to love and mate is deeply recognized.

If there were respectable and attractive meeting places in cities, where quantities of unmarried, lonely persons of opposite sex might meet and mingle, innumerable happy unions would result. We have stated previously our matrimonial newspapers and their printing yet voluminous particulars of romantic, and of the fact that in a small city otherwise with three or four supervised dance halls were filling the crying need of millions of strangers for honest companionship. But why should not municipalities undertake the social problem quickly and efficiently? After the first initial outlay, and advertising the matrimonial bureau and the dance halls, they would be self-supporting. The old country custom of the village matchmaker, who knew all the eligibles and their family histories, and who acted as a sort of human clearing-house for marriages, could be revived in our municipal marriage promoters would save tremendous sums now spent for divorce and desertion proceedings.

There could be attractive parlors and pavilions, and inexpensive entertainments and dining places and good taste in decoration and dignified but simply and "human" chaperons and a certain amount of privacy, as in a real home. If the taxpayers objected, they would be very unwise to fight such an honest municipal marriage promoters would save tremendous sums now spent for divorce and desertion proceedings.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"City Father" Writes

Dear Cynthia—The "Black Mask" is a deep thinker and has great discerning power. Every one has not the ability of McWhizzburgh. He receives both praise and blame and writes well on most any subject; writing must be his vocation. Will the Black Mask or "McWhizzburgh" give his opinion of a man or woman who loved another man or woman for say a dozen years or more, that love never wavering, always the same, steadfast and true, with no hope of gaining the favor of one's dear Cynthia, please print this, and the one real mentioned Dora Copperfield can read the writer's opinion that Agnes, the second wife of David Copperfield, was the one self-reliant and steadfast. Many mistakes are made in marriage but some are lucky and find the true mate in the end. The "sober" wants something more reassuring than quiet icebergs are so cold and gold will buy lots of pretty things. Best wishes for your column, dear Cynthia.

A CITY FATHER

A Matter of Courtesy

Dear Cynthia—Like so many others I am coming to you for advice.

First: When a young man desires to take a girl out to the movies or theatre, does he have to ask permission of the girl's parents or can he call without first asking permission?

Second: When the fellow is ready to go home and he has been escorting a young lady to the car where the girl's parents are is it necessary for him to say "Good-night" to them also?

The reason I ask these questions is that a certain friend came to visit me and asked to be excused to go home. I thought he could have said good-night to my parents also, but they say he is ill-bred.

A SUBSCRIBER AND READER

Courtship Superintended

With Apologies to "Tommy"

TRAINS HAVE CHANGED

Since girdles have taken to tying on the side trains have decided that there is where they belong, too, and, without allowing themselves to be any narrower or any shorter, have switched around to this position. But, somehow or other, this change has given them a younger look. At least, on the dress that is pictured here, the trailing satin, with its indestructible voile lining, seems more like a glorified girdle. In clever fashion, it is part of the satin which is draped across the waist, being simply knotted and then allowed to fall gracefully. It remains for some exquisite lace to finish the waist and, with filmy points of the voile hanging down over it, to form the skirt

Old Masters by Central News Photo

Mrs. Wilson Gets Delicious Recipes From Grandma Tibbets' Quaint Kitchen

Economical Hot Pot Is a Cheap Dish That Is Tasty and Tempting—Old-Fashioned Onion Pie Served With Cheese Sauce

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE New England States in many ways are essentially old England in customs, and while modern influences have changed many of these dear, quaint and picturesque-to-be-forgotten ones into more ugly, thrifty, commercialized and up-to-the-minute villages, still one need but to travel off the beaten highway to find housewives who are proud of their hand at cooking, and who still have retained some of the old-fashioned recipes that came over in the Mayflower.

In one quaint little home I found a dear old grandmother, who still does her cooking for a good-sized family, and she was one, with a pardonable pride, too, a set of baking dishes of figure I glazed earthenware that came from dear old London town. These dishes were and probably of Dutch origin, and the family lore has it that a niece of the revered Roger Williams brought them with her when she came as a bride to the colonies.

They are treasured with especial care, and on grandmother's would a lift allow any one but herself on her best occasions to permit alien hands to handle its crevices and baking dishes of ancestry.

Grandma Eliza Tibbets, herself born on the other side of the pond, is a real expert at making savory dishes that appeal to the menfolk, particularly on a cold autumn night.

Her pot is a dish rarely made outside of Pennsylvania Dutch communities. Not in the old country does she have it, made and served in special little earthen pots, like the individual ones of the French.

Hot Pot

Take two pounds of meat, either beef, lamb or veal, with either of the latter it may be made more delicate with just the potatoes and a little bit of seasoning, or you may serve it with mushrooms, a few pearl onions or if kidneys (as Grandma Tibbets says, let your pocketbook be your guide, and then you will have a full hand to cook).

Economical Hot Pot

Purchase one and one-fourth pounds of this of stewing meat and cut it in small pieces. Now peel each bit of meat, in order to remove the extra skin, and place a layer of meat prepared as directed in the bottom of a deep baking dish that has straight sides. Season lightly with salt and pepper, and then place a layer of potatoes. Pare and cut in slices. Next a layer of sliced onions. Now, if you like a little extra spice, add a few mushrooms, then a layer of potatoes and one finely minced parsley. Repeat for the second layer, having the top layer of sliced potatoes. Season with salt and pepper and a pinch of thyme and sweet basil. Add the meat extract and water and bake in a slow oven and bake for three hours. If it is best to heat the oven quite hot and then turn off one burner and have the second burner down to half. Not only bake nice pudding and a brown crust in the same time and utilize the heat.

This dish can be started in the oven and then placed in the fireless cooker, but you must not add over one and one-fourth cups of water, if you intend to use the fireless cooker. It may then be reheated in a hot oven to brown the top.

Boiled Suet Pudding

Grandma Tibbets recalled her childhood days by saying that this dish was a frequent visitor to the table. In those good old days folk usually served this filling, a piece of meat or during the holidays and on Sundays as a meat extender.

Mince beef suet very fine and measure one cup. Place in a mixing bowl and add one and one-fourth cups of bread crumbs

One and one-half cups of flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
One-fourth teaspoon of thyme,
One-eighth teaspoon of sweet marjoram,
A bit of sage,
One-half cup of grated onion,
One-half cup of finely minced parsley,
Two well-beaten eggs in three-fourths cup of milk,

Grease an earthen bowl and turn in the mixture. Rub a pudding cloth liberally with good shortening and sprinkle with flour and tie over the bowl. Leave room for the pudding to swell. Plunge into a large pan of boiling water and cook steadily for one and three-fourths hours. Lift and let stand for a few minutes.

Remove the cloth and serve in wedge-shaped slices, with cheese or parsley sauce. Add to this pudding two-thirds cup of finely cooked left-over meat, such as finely minced bits of steak or chops and trimmings picked from the carcass and finely minced skin of chicken or one-half cup of finely shredded dried beef.

For the old boiled cheese pudding of the shires, add one cup of finely grated cheese to this pudding and mix thoroughly.

Onion Pie

I doubt if any of my readers can remember old Crocker's onion pie, as sold in an old tavern on the London Post road. Gone is the tavern before the trend of progress, but one thinks there still lives in the hearts of those who were fortunate enough to taste this delicacy, a haunting call for a bite and sup with old Crocker with onion pie as the tidbit of the meal.

The old method was laborious and hard to work out, but I have brought it to you in a very simple way.

Rub well with bacon or ham drippings, a straight-sided baking dish. Now place in a skillet one-half cup of either bacon or ham drippings and when hot one and one-half cups of sliced onions. Cover and smother, but do not brown. Now place in a mixing bowl:

One and one-fourth cups of flour,
One cup of bread crumbs,
One teaspoon of salt,
One level tablespoon of baking powder,

Sift to mix and then add:

Two-thirds cup of milk,
Two well-beaten eggs,
Prepared onions,
One-eighth teaspoon of sweet marjoram,
One-eighth teaspoon of thyme,
One-half teaspoon of pepper.

Mix well and then turn in the prepared baking dish. Bake in moderate oven for forty minutes. Cut in wedge-shaped pieces and serve with Crocket cheese sauce:

Crocket Cheese Sauce

Place in a saucepan:

One cup of milk,
Three tablespoons of flour,

Stir to dissolve the flour and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes. Now add:

One cup of grated cheese,
Two tablespoons of finely minced parsley,
One tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce,
Three tablespoons of butter,

And seasoning of salt and pepper to taste, heat hard and then remove from the stove, adding well-beaten egg and beat hard and serve.

Adventures With a Purse

I HAVE found a real bargain for the lover of pictures! Some really beautiful Holbein prints that were bought before the war, and they have a softness and mellowness that will delight the one who finds joy in the rich, beautiful tones of good prints for the living room or library. They are framed in natural wood frames, which lend a peculiar charm and distinction. The surprising part is that, lovely as the prints are, and unusual the frames, the price of any one of them is only $5. There are quite a number of them remaining, and I am very anxious to have you stop in and look at them.

The marmalade jars are like none I have ever before seen. They are the regular size and shape, but listen—they come in the loveliest colors. One is pale amber, another a light lavender, almost violet, another lemon, another a queer green blue. And on the top of each lid is, well, on one a strawberry so real looking you almost want to take it off and eat it. Another has an apple, another a peach, and still another a blackberry. One of these jars would lend a most attractive bit of color to the table. They are priced at $1.75 each.

For the jersey Peter Pan blouse come collars and cuffs made of suede. Needless to say they are quite smart, and ever so different from the plain white collars and cuffs. You can get them in almost any color. I might especially mention gray, buff, blue and, yes, I think, green. The edges have a perforated border, which gives a nice finish. The price for a set is $1.60.

You must expect me periodically to tell you about earrings. There is that weakness in me that will not let me pass a display of twinkling, enticing earrings without stopping to admire them—sometimes to buy. And there is that further weakness that always prompts me to tell you of them. Well, there are some of the cool color of the lovely green jade, rings about the size of a five-cent piece. There are some of the delicate pink of the coral. And one pair is of gold finished rings queerly carved, and most oriental in their appearance. Prices here are lower than usual for such good value—$1.25 to $2 a pair.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What novel feat does Mrs. Clara Center, traveling saleswoman for a Kansas City firm, lay claim to?
2. Where small buttons are used on a dress, what clever and attractive sort of fastening will take the place of buttonholes?
3. For rubbing off cold cream that has been applied to the face, what can be used that is more economical than soft cloths, and serves the purpose just as well?
4. When one is responsive and generous natured, what perfume is suitable for her?
5. Describe a new type of sport hat that can be made easily and that is certain to be becoming.
6. What bright touch is charming on a dress of gray Japanese crepe?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A funnel for pouring liquid into a small-necked bottle can be improvised out of the tiny metal top of an umbrella cover.
2. Long and low is the new footstool that is most useful and attractive for placing in front of a divan.
3. A tool has been invented which will engrave diamonds, something that has never been done before.
4. For a gay and vivacious person, violet or sweet pea is the best perfume.
5. The full sleeve which is gathered in with a cord slightly above the wrist is a charmingly quaint one for the overblouse.
6. A round collar, scalloped around its edge, and a scalloped bow with small, jaunty streamers are cunning for the little girl's dress.

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The Matinee Girl Has Gone Out With the Swish of Her Silk Petticoat

There Was Something About That Rustle Which Made Her Dress Up and Wear White Gloves When She Took in a Show

THE matinee girl is gone.

Not that girls don't go to the theatre, and especially to matinees, because they do, probably more now than ever.

But when they go they simply go and that's all there is to it.

Some of them get a frightful headache and have to leave the office on Wednesday just after lunch.

And then they meet another girl and go to the theatre.

Others decide suddenly in the morning that it would be a nice day to go to a show.

And they go, either alone or with somebody who has the same thought.

But the girls who leave the office go just in their everyday clothes, business suits or dresses, sport hats and either no gloves at all, or the dark ones that are nice for the office, because they don't show the dirt.

And the girls who go from home wear just semi-best clothes, very seldom white gloves, and their everyday hats.

GOING to a matinee is not the occasion that it use to be.

There are a number of reasons for it.

Girls, in general, have more money than they used to have. They make it themselves and have the say of it themselves.

If they want to go to a play they go, and there is no formality or arranging about it.

Then so many girls are working now that the city and its amusements have become their playground just as it is for men.

On Saturday afternoon, instead of the card parties, football games or parties that they went to when they were "ladies of leisure," they say to another or several other "working girls" casually, "Let's go to a show this afternoon, I don't feel like going home."

AND then the passing of the taffeta petticoat has a great deal to do with it.

There was something about the swish of a "silk petticoat" which made a girl feel dressed up.

When she went to a matinee, having bought the tickets in advance and thought about going for several days, she naturally put on her "silk petticoat," the wide, rustling skirt with its tiny, full ruffle.

And by the time she had fixed her hair and changed her shoes the dressy sound of that petticoat rustling and crackling with every move had influenced her so that she just naturally had to put on a good dress, her best hat and those white kid gloves.

Spotless, carefully coifed and veiled she entered the lobby, and remembered the candy.

Swishing out again she hurried to the shop, bought her pound for less than a dollar, swished back again, presented her tickets, ushered her companion ahead of her and gave herself up to the luxury and delight of being at the matinee.

And very often she carried out the entire picture of the matinee girl by falling rapturously in love with the leading man.

BUT, you know, there isn't the same feeling, the same influence in one of the slinky, soft, soundless things that we wear under our skirts today.

It doesn't give us any of that uplift that the taffeta skirt gave. And we wear the same kind for everyday that we wear for best.

Everything is so much more casual now, anyhow. White gloves are startling, they are seen so seldom. Best hats mean a real party and best dresses are worn so often to the office that they lose their significance.

Yes, the matinee girl has gone with the swishing of her taffeta petticoat.

She still goes to matinees, she still takes her candy and she still "falls" for the leading man.

But she goes in everyday clothes, she takes her candy in a bag and she criticizes the leading man's voice, his dancing or his "chestiness," although she may be in secret raptures over his curly hair.

The Woman's Exchange

No Remedy for Bow Legs

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly let me know through your helpful column a good remedy for bow legs. I am bow-legged and I would like to know of a remedy that could straighten out the legs without the use of braces.

A CONSTANT READER.

There is no other remedy for bow legs. Occasionally legs that are crooked can be broken and straightened that way, but this is a very long and painful process. If you wear your skirts long enough this condition scarcely shows, and if your legs are not weak you need not worry about it.

She Bobbed Her Hair

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I just had my hair bobbed a short time. Do you think that I was foolish to do it after waiting so long? Most of the girls I know seemed to have it done. Do you think that it is going out? WORRIED.

Bobbed hair is not quite so popular as it used to be, but girls who have had it done are not letting their hair grow in again as yet, so you are not out of style. If you feel uncomfortable about it put a net over the whole thing and pin the back into a hump that will look something like a knot. Or your hat this will look quite as if your hair were long.

Wants to Go to Night School

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a girl fifteen and in the Seventh B Grade. Circumstances make it impossible for me to attend day-school. Will you kindly suggest any school that has evening classes that I will be able to attend so that I will be able to graduate? Also, I would like to make an inexpensive street hat; could you suggest any? MARY A. T.

Yes, you can go to one of the public schools in the evening. Call up the Board of Education, Locust 0500, and ask for Mr. Nusbaum's office. There will be some one there who can tell you which school will be nearest to you and what class you should enter.

You can get a buckram frame for your hat at the ten-cent store. Try them on until you find a becoming one. Then get about a yard and a half or two yards of either velvet or silk to cover it. If you have something in the house that you can use it would be much better and cheaper, of course, but on the remnant counters you can find inexpensive materials. Cut two bias pieces long enough and wide enough to fit around the brim and sew them together on the edge before you put them on. Then draw them smoothly about the brim and fasten them with long stitches up close to the crown, with strong patent thread. Then cut a big circle of the material and gather it around the edge, so that it makes a puffy, pompadour crown. Fit this over the crown of the hat, sew it neatly around the bottom of the crown and let it fall where it wants to. Finish the hat with a ribbon or a piece of the material, tied in a little bow in front, and you will have a becoming, suitable hat for street or school wear. I hope you will find it easy to make.

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The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Theodore Caldwell has become engaged to Jimmy Bland and to her surprise is not happy about it. She tells her employer, Richard Blakeslee, that she is leaving to be married, and, because he feels that she has no rights aside from his wishes, he kidnaps her and carries her off on his yacht, bound for a South American business trip. A broken propeller changes the plan of the trip, and Blakeslee, seeing Theo for the first time as a woman instead of an office machine, falls in love with her. Again he does not think it necessary to consult her wishes, and is astounded at being refused. He tells Theo that he will not give her up, but, in spite of the fact that she cares for him, she is determined to be faithful to Jimmy. The propeller of the yacht is mended and they make for shore, but Blakeslee is determined not to allow Theo to escape.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Between Two Women

IN ALL her life Theo had never before had a man treat her so high handedly. A year ago she would have laughed if any one had told her that somewhere in the world there was a man who could bend her to his will.

Theo belonged to the independent class of modern women, she had always decided things for herself, and she had furiously resented interference of any kind. But here was a man who apparently did not admit that she had a will of her own. He managed things in his own way, and virtually forced her to submit.

Because he had resented the spunkiness of her suit, he had had it taken away from her and burned. She ought to be angry, she wondered vaguely, why she wasn't furious about it, and then decided that she was too miserable to fight any longer.

But, in spite of the fact that he had refused to give her money and had told her to her face that he had no intention of allowing her to return home alone, she was determined to get away.

Just as soon as they landed she would escape, she must escape, but first she would have to get some money. If Richard Blakeslee would not advance her some, she would have to look for it in some other quarter.

Quite suddenly she thought of Mrs. Breen.

Perhaps she would advance her what she needed, and with her heart beating fast Theo went in search of her chaperon.

She found the woman in her stateroom packing, and she met Mrs. Breen's look of surprise with her most eyes steady.

"I've come to ask you a very great favor," Theo began.

"Yes?"

"I want to borrow some money."

Mrs. Breen, who was on her knees beside a steamer trunk, got slowly to her feet, and the two women stood facing each other.

"Why, Miss Caldwell, if you need money, why don't you go to Mr. Blakeslee?"

Theo flushed to the roots of her hair. How could she explain the strange silence to this woman who she was sure did not like her any too well? And yet she was almost certain that Mrs. Breen understood far more about the existing state of affairs than she pretended.

"Mr. Blakeslee wants me to return to New York with the party," Theo explained stiffly, "and I wish to return alone. I want to get a train as soon as we land, but I haven't enough money to buy a ticket."

"Oh," Mrs. Breen returned slowly and rather thoughtfully. She stood regarding her, wondering what was going on in the woman's mind, and apparently Mrs. Breen spoke.

We might as well put our cards on the table, Miss Caldwell. I'm perfectly willing to lend you money for one reason, in order to get rid of you. But I do not want you to promise never to see Richard Blakeslee again. You see I know a great deal more about what has been going on than you suppose. I'm fond of Richard Blakeslee and I don't want him to make a fool of himself by marrying you." She rather passed out the words, and her pale blue eyes were cold and distant.

Theo stood staring at her. The color had faded from her cheeks and she was white to the lips with anger. She was exerting a tremendous effort to keep back the angry words that were trying to leap from her, for she realized that in losing her temper she would probably defeat her own ends. If she gave way to her temper and insulted Mrs. Breen with her sarcasm. The woman was evidently jealous. She was in love with Blakeslee herself, and was quite capable of letting Theo go to the devil if she thought it necessary in order to get her out of the way.

Tomorrow—Compromise.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Duty Plus

IT WAS the EXTRA straw that broke the camel's back, and a little EXTRA courtesy that won a car conductor a fifteen-thousand-dollar legacy and a stenographer a sixty-five thousand-dollar one.

Many sprinters can run a hundred yards in ten seconds, but every once in a while somebody clips off an EXTRA fifth or two, and his name immediately springs from every sporting page in the land.

The granddaddy of all motorcycles was a small velocipede with a crude coal-burning steam engine.

Year after year it was perfected, first one part, then another, now here then there; always something EXTRA, until the temperamental motorcycle ceased to run in jerks and spasms and moods at three or four miles an hour was made to run reliably over one hundred miles an hour.

Every time one commodity supersedes another it is because some improvement is offered, some improvement is added, something making for EXTRA convenience, EXTRA economy, EXTRA enjoyment.

That is why clacking wooden shoes, scratchy, itchy underwear, smoky, chilly fireplaces, and smelly, sloppy candles have become extinct.

For ordinary purposes, there used to be no more variety in colors than there was in bread—black and white.

Then a few men with the courage of their convictions made fortunes feeding man's pride and fancy with EXTRA colors—crimson, carmine and scarlet from the cochineal insects; sepia, from the cuttlefish; Indian yellow, from the camel; Prussian blue, from horses' hoofs and potassium carbonate; Turkey red, from the madder plant of Hindustan; bistre, from wood ashes, and hosts of others which science and ingenuity and indomitable determination wrested from nature's flora, fauna and minerals; and today these methods are long since obsolescent, for the slimy fluid which gushes from the soil in certain parts of Mexico, South America, the United States and Europe is turned into a treasure trove and made to yield a myriad of variegated shades and tints and hues.

"The best way to make something different," runs an advertisement, "is to make it better"—that is to say, to weave into the workmanship EXTRA goodness, EXTRA style, EXTRA quality and comfort.

And, the advertisement might have run on, the best way for a man to be different, to stand out from the rest, is to do ordinary work EXTRA ordinarily well; to do not only what he is paid to do, but something EXTRA, to do his DUTY PLUS—yes, every time one man supplants another, every time a man makes good, it is because he does something EXTRA.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Many merchants testify to the selfish courtesy of that peerless patriot, George Washington. Early one morning an old country man called to see the President. During the new breakfast was announced and the hospitable host invited the visitor to eat breakfast with him at the table. The woman poured his coffee into the saucer and scraped the bottom of the cup on the saucer edge before he put it to his lips. Some of the people present were inclined to giggle but their smiles were knocked sideways when Freedom Washington followed them by following the old country man's example even to the loud scraping of the cup.

No one is rude should notice any breach of manners committed by a guest. You should not be a party to embarrassing a guest in any way and one of the safe ways is with kindness of action. It is always good manners to ignore the bad manners of strangers.

Inexpensive Dinnerware

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Blackheads, Pimples

And Similar Skin Blemishes Quickly Disappear

All who have used Beauty Bleach enthusiastically proclaim it a wonderful blemish remover and skin beautifier.

This delightfully fragrant, pink-tinted cold cream is lightly applied at bedtime. The invisible, shiny coat remains on overnight. The next morning the skin is cleansed with Black and White Soap, with the addition of a little Black and White Cleansing Cream—if the skin is irritated.

This Black and White Beauty Treatment is effective—will not harm the most delicate skin, and is so inexpensive—Black and White Beauty Bleach sells for only 50c; Black and White Soap, 25c the cake, and Black and White Cleansing Cream, 25c and 50c a can. You can find them all for sale at your favorite drug or department store.

Write Dept. C, Plough, Memphis, Tenn., for your Birthday Book and leaflet which tells all about Black and White Toilet Preparations.

Do you discriminate at the dining table—or are you thoughtless?

In thousands of homes, a "line" is drawn at the breakfast table. Tea or coffee is served for "grown-ups" and Postum for children. But some parents do not discriminate. Caffeine and tannin, the injurious contents of coffee and tea, seriously retard the development of the delicate nerve tissues in children.

Consequently, instead of rich, satisfying Postum, children are over stimulated by the drugs in tea and coffee; and so may grow up irritable and nervous. Any doctor can tell you that this is a great evil and should be corrected.

Although some parents feel a certain justification for the personal indulgence in coffee, yet the harm to them may be equally serious. It may take a little while longer for the drugs in coffee and tea to affect an older person, but in many cases the nervous system and allied bodily functions will become weakened. The surest way to avoid such possibilities is to quit coffee entirely and drink Postum instead. The change permits you to get sound, restful sleep.

Postum is the well-known, meal-time beverage. Like thousands of others you will like it because, in flavor, it is much like a high-grade coffee.

Do away with the distiction at the table. Serve delicious Postum, piping hot, to all the family. One week's trial and it is likely that you'll never return to tea and coffee.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum for Health
"There's a Reason"