Mrs. Wilson Describes New Year's Dinners From Virginia, Alabama and Rhode Island

Young Roasted Pig Is Part of One Menu, and There Are Delicate Beaten Biscuits Served in an Original Manner

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE Scotch housewife believes in old traditions that bring to her the thought that many feet crossing her doorsill this day will bring her good luck throughout the year and so she sets forth her best efforts to provide the refreshments for those who come a-calling.

Many traditions from Old Scotland were brought by the early pioneer settlers to our Southern States and so one still finds a revival of these old customs for which the South was so justly famous. Southern hospitality, the most gracious courtesy of the season, was offered to all who came a-calling on New Year's Day.

I will give here three famous dinners:

A Virginia New Year's Dinner

This menu is from the old stately plantation in Suffolk County and Mammy Tammy, though she is well past eighty, and no longer able to take active part in the preparation for this blessed day, still supervises the arrangement and the cooking. Mammy has never had but one family and she prides herself upon the fact that three generations have come since she first stepped into this kitchen.

Mammy needs no pencil or card for the menu. She rolls it right off her tongue as if it were a hymn at campmeeting.

Oyster Cocktail

Celery Salted Nuts
Celery, Oyster and Chicken Gumbo
Toasted Beaten Biscuit
Roast Suckling Shoat
Brown Gravy Cranberry Jelly
Sweet Potato Pone Cauliflower
Coleslaw
Mince Pie with Suffolk County Sauce
Black Coffee
Cheese and Toasted Beaten Biscuit

The second dinner comes from the State of Alabama:

Mrs. Betty Lea, wife of General Allen Lea, is mistress of a splendid old Colonial plantation, almost beneath the shadow of the Capitol of the old Southern Confederacy.

In this beautiful home among the rolling hills of Alabama, Uncle Toby is major-domo, and a very pompous oldtime Southern darky is he. "Miss, you all tell de folks, I was your carriage boy before de wah and den when you all marries up wif de General I comes to help cook in de kitchen."

Uncle Toby's New Year's menu:

Louisiana Shrimp Cocktail

Celery Salted Nuts
Chilled Olives
Oyster Gumbo
Toasted Beaten Biscuit
Fried Chicken Cream Gravy
Currant Jelly
Cranberry Sherbet
Fluffed Sweet Potatoes
Baked Cauliflower
Mexican Salad
Colonial Plum Pudding
Coffee
Cheese and Toasted Beaten Biscuit

The third New Year's dinner comes from Mrs. Susie Belford, a Colonial New England housewife, living in Rhode Island.

New Year's Day really meant a great deal to the Puritans—throwing off the old year, its mistakes, hatreds or jealousies and trusting and hoping for peace, prosperity and happiness of the new and coming year.

Early New Englanders on the stormy barren shores of New England coast needed plenty of optimism to carry them through the coming year. Here necessity and struggle for existence made grim and stern characters.

Mrs. Belford is now ninety years of age and comes from a direct line of old Puritan stock, the "Allens." Old diaries and family Bible tell the grim tales of their early struggle for existence and few indeed were the holidays.

Grandmother Betsy Allen's New Year Dinner—1824

Oyster Soup
Celery
Fillet of Cod Egg Sauce on Bannocks
Baked Lobster Tartar Sauce
Baked Potatoes Baked Beans
Mashed Carrots Creamed Onions
Coleslaw
Mince Pie Plum Pudding
Nutmeg Sauce
Coffee

Grandmother Allen's diary tells us that lobsters were sold for a shilling a gallon—the gallon measure holding five or six lobsters.

Celery, Oyster and Chicken Gumbo

Cut stewing chicken as for fricassee. Place in deep saucepan and add three quarts of water—cook very slowly until chicken is tender.

Now lift breast, thighs and legs to bowl and let cool. They can be used for another meal. Pick meat from neck, back, carcass and wings—add

The cooked giblets.

Mince all very fine. Add to the chicken stock with

Three-quarters cup of well-washed rice,
One cup of finely minced green tops of celery,
One cup of finely minced onions,
One cup of finely minced okra.

Cook very slowly for one hour. Now add

Twenty-five stewing oysters, minced fine,
One cup flour, dissolved in one cup of oyster juice.

Now add

One level tablespoon of salt,
One level teaspoon of pepper,
One level teaspoon chili or gumbo powder,
One-half level teaspoon thyme,
One-quarter level teaspoon of marjoram.

Stir and bring to boil. Cook slowly for one-half hour and serve.

Beaten Biscuit

Place in mixing bowl

Three and three-quarters cups of flour,
One teaspoon of salt.

Rub between fingers to mix and then rub in four level tablespoons of lard or butter substitute.

Use one cup buttermilk or sweet milk to form a dough. Beat with rolling pin for five minutes then put through the food chopper four times—beat again with rolling pin for ten minutes—roll out on a lightly floured board about one-half inch thick; cut and prick on both sides with a fork—lay on ungreased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven until delicately browned—this usually requires about twenty-five minutes.

Roast Suckling Shoat

Shoat is the suckling pig. Wash pig well, then wipe dry, rub liberally with lard and then dust over with flour and place in large baking pan; cook in moderate oven for three and one-half hours, basting every fifteen minutes with this mixture. Place in saucepan

Three pints of water,
One-half cup of bacon or sausage drippings,
Three onions, sliced,
One-half cup of vinegar.

Keep mixture boiling hot.

Suffolk County Sauce

Place in saucepan

Three-quarters cup of sorghum sirup,
One and one-quarter cups of water,
Four tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve and bring to a boil. Cook for five minutes and add

One-half teaspoon of grated nutmeg,
Two teaspoons of vanilla extract,
One cup seeded raisins.

Let cool and then add one cup whipped cream. Serve over mince pie or plum pudding.

Louisiana Shrimp Cocktail

Place in bowl

Three-quarters cup of catsup,
One-half cup of chili sauce,
Three tablespoons of grated horseradish,
Five drops of tabasco sauce.

Mix. Divide in six portions and add

Five wet packed shrimp to each cocktail.

Oyster Gumbo

Place in saucepan

One can of tomatoes rubbed through sieve,
One cup of finely chopped onions,
One cup of finely chopped green tops celery,
One cup of finely chopped okra,
Four cups of cold water,
One-half cup of washed rice,
One-half teaspoon of thyme.

Cook slowly until rice is very soft. Now add

Forty stewing oysters, chopped fine,
Three tablespoons of finely chopped parsley,
Two teaspoons of salt,
One teaspoon of pepper.

Cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Now add

One teaspoon of chili or gumbo powder,
Tiny bit of garlic.

Cook five minutes longer and serve.

Fillet of cod is boiled slices of cod served on bannocks, which are thin corn meal cakes baked on griddle.

To bake lobsters, split lobsters and brush with melted butter and bake thirty minutes in hot oven.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Tell Him the Truth

Dear Cynthia—I would like to meet some of the writers to your column. I have been keeping company with a rich young man for some time past, but all of a sudden my parents forbade me to go with him, so when he asked me why I stopped going with him I did not know what to tell him. Please, Cynthia, tell me what to do, as I do not know what to answer him. I am very young in age, but I look older than I am, and the boys think I am old.

EVANGELINE.

Quite All Right

Dear Cynthia—Am coming to you again for advice. For a month or so have been going with a man who has taken me out a good deal, but not as steady company. Have not heard from him for some time. Well, Sunday, while out walking, I happened to meet him and we stopped and talked. I asked him what had become of him lately. He said the reason he hadn't called me up was because he didn't think I wanted to see him any more and that I had discouraged him. Other fellows have told me the same thing. I do not usually give people that impression unless I dislike them, and then I certainly show it. Would it be all right to call him up or write him a note asking him to dinner? DISTRESSED.

It will be all right to invite him in to dinner some evening.

Approves of "I'm a Girl"

Dear Cynthia—Being a reader of your wonderful column, I have often wished to publish something. This is my first request, and I do hope you will publish it.

Last week I read the letter of "I'm a Girl," and really would like to meet some girls like her. I don't know how it is that the young men of today always fall for the painted and rouged-up, impolite girls.

It's always that way. The nice, charming girls who can dance and play the piano are always overlooked where the rough, impolite, noisy girls are always having a good time—what they call a good time.

Now, fellows, don't pick that kind. They only get you into trouble sooner or later. I am a young man eighteen years of age, and for the last year I have been looking for a nice, polite pal, and it took me six months before I succeeded. But it was worth waiting for a nice pal. Try, fellows, try and succeed. A. O'N.

Challenges "Just a Modern Girl"

Dear Cynthia—First of all allow me to comment on "Just a Modern Girl's" letter of December 21. Her very signature "just" does not go well with "modern," for "just" means simple, sincere, [illegible] and the kind [illegible] which the "modern" girl [illegible] out war [illegible] is wild [illegible] less and unstilted. I hope and suppose that I am mistaken in this case, but generally they run this way. Where does the original "pure" product come in? With the exclusion of rouge and its sister freaks a little powder is tolerable to those who seek the pure, but personally I prefer the girl with the healthy, invigorating odor of cleanliness to the scent of twenty-seven intoxicating flavors. I defy anybody to contradict me here.

It is sadly amusing to observe the enthusiasm of most of our foolish youths of today over blind, vacant amenities. And perhaps the cause of it is that their parents did not concern themselves too seriously over imbuing them with a spirit of what is right and what is left and a sense of recognizing and appreciating the good and the beautiful.

My parents are Russian Jews and I was born in London, but now we're all Americans, for we're living here, and if we die we'll die here. Within the last year I went to about ten shows, and to five of these I took my mother. I never go to dance halls, as I know I'm not missing much. One can't be a student and a "big-timer" at the same time, for many reasons. And don't you get the impression that I can't dance, either. I'll say I can. And when I dance, about once a week at a friend's house or my own, I get more pleasure out of it than does the "I'm a Boy" type from his worn-off novelty, which soon becomes hackneyed and irksome when continually engaged in.

Anyhow, I spend most of my time at the piano, and jazzers can't feel the joy a pure boy has in delving and roaming into those vast realms of magical beauty and exploring the intricate channels of heavenly expression far from the trials and vexations of daily life. Besides this, there is always a book at my pillow, without which it has become impossible for me to fall asleep.

If I had more time I would write oftener, instead of chuckling inwardly to those who are continually "feeling sorry" for others that don't share their views. But their children will some future day wonder why their daddy [illegible] rich.

However, when I don't write I'm trusting that some one else will pick up the dangling end and tie it to something fast. We miss a terrible lot in a lifetime, but I figure that if a soul does not know he's missing anything he does not mind missing it.

I hope my letter's not too long to be in print. Here are best wishes for even a better column in the future. B. G.

ARE YOU "HEADIN' SOUTH"?

Photo by Central News.

If you are you'll want a nice simple little frock like this to take along with you. Its very short sleeves make for coolness, which would not be welcome at home right now, but the fashionable neckpiece makes the costume more reasonable. Five bands of narrow trimming around the skirt are all that is necessary to decorate this dress, for its basque-like waist and full skirt have style enough in themselves.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Adventurer

THE business for the firm was completed the very first day. The houses to which Paul bore his important commissions executed them with a promptness that amounted to a distinctly impersonal brusqueness. There was none of the friendly courtesy that he was accustomed to at home.

"That's the way to do things, though, at that," he muttered as he reached his hotel on the evening of the second day. "We're poky and stick-in-the-mud back home. I'll just show the boss that I've learned a thing or two in New York."

He paused suddenly as he was shaving in the very clean and well-appointed bathroom adjoining his room.

Virginia!

He burned with the guilty knowledge that he had scarcely given his wife a thought all day.

"Gosh, I must send the kid a night-letter so she'll know I'm all right. No need to rush off home, though, just because I've got my work done sooner than I expected. The firm expects me to stay here a week, anyway. Boss said so."

The argument soothed him and he finished the job of shaving and changing.

"Virginia—she wants me to stay a week, too, and enjoy myself. See things. Can't tell when I'll get to this big burg again."

He whistled gayly as he selected a necktie and knotted it carefully.

"Virginia would—"

He stopped in the beginning of the thought.

"Dash it, how quiet a hotel room is—even in New York."

He hurried out of it and down into the noisy, bustling lobby of the great hotel. He wondered who all the men might be; their mission in the great city. He heard bored page-boys calling the names of men who must be important. He ate luxuriously of dishes with exciting names, but which seemed not quite like Virginia's cooking.

Broadway blazed with its millions of lights.

The great crowds jostled him on the broad pavement, but the eyes of these millions were not eyes that held the light of the faintest knowledge of Paul the Adventurer. He passed the gilded portals of a score of brightly bedizened theatres, cabarets, hotels. But the feast of them was so gorgeous he could not choose the one he should taste.

The crowds. The bustle. The noise. He did not feel overawed. He was quite possessed. He looked upon the spectacle as just the part of a show devised and staged for the entertainment of such as he.

It seemed as if he must have walked for miles through this avenue of enchantment and lost it must be midnight. But he saw by a great illuminated clock dial that swung high over the avenue that it was only 9 o'clock.

He was suddenly conscious of a great throb. A thought flashed and zigzagged through his mind, and he felt a delightful little tremor spring through his heart.

The midnight train for home.

Why not?

Of course, it was tremendously absurd. It was foolishly sentimental. Here he was in New York and might stay a week and delve in the romance, the mystery of the greatest city in the world. The boss expected him to. Virginia expected him to. He thought of that. She expected him to.

And that was just it, he told himself delightedly. She expected him to. And so—!

Tomorrow—The Conquering Hero

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Santa Claus' Sister

By DADDY

(Jack and Janet, seeking with Dame Instinct for a summer bird that sings spring songs in the wintry woods, come upon Little Curly-Head, whom Santa Claus had overlooked.)

CHAPTER III

The Fairy Promise

"I HAVEN'T finished my story," said Dame Instinct to Little Curly-Head, who lived in the cabin in the woods. Jack and Janet listened eagerly. They, too, wanted to know what happened after Santa Claus gave to the motherless sick girl the bird he was bringing to Little Curly-Head.

"When Santa Claus got home he felt very bad because he didn't have another bird for Curly-Head."

"Perhaps he will have one next year." Little Curly-Head broke in. "I am glad he gave my bird to that motherless sick girl. It may help to make her better."

"Yes, Santa Claus will surely have a bird for you next Christmas," said Dame Instinct. "But you may get one before that." Little Curly-Head's eyes opened wide with joyful eagerness.

"Is Santa Claus coming again?" she cried.

"No," replied Dame Instinct with a beautiful smile. "But Santa Claus has a sister who is a fairy, and when he told his sister how he had given your bird to the motherless sick girl, his fairy sister made up her mind you should have another bird."

Dame Instinct winked at Jack and Janet and they chuckled, for they knew Dame Instinct was Santa Claus' fairy sister. She was planning a surprise for Little Curly-Head.

"Will she bring the bird soon?" cried Little Curly-Head, her eyes glowing. "It would make the cabin joyful in the dreary winter months."

"She is looking for the bird now and trying hard to find it," said Dame Instinct. "Keep whistling so she will know where to find you."

"And shall I see Santa Claus' sister?" asked Little Curly Head. "I always have wanted to see a fairy."

"Yes, you shall see her," promised Dame Instinct, "and the sooner I hurry along the sooner I can bring her to you."

Dame Instinct set off through the woods, with Jack and Janet following on their snow shoes. Little Curly-Head looked after them and whistled. She was a good whistler and her shrill piping was much like the singing of a bird.

Suddenly Jack and Janet heard a piping ahead of them as well as behind them.

"Listen to the echo," cried Janet, stopping short.

"It is the clearest echo I ever heard," added Jack.

Dame Instinct laughed. "That isn't an echo," she said. "That is a mocker. And unless I am much mistaken it is the mocking summer bird we have been seeking."

Dame Instinct turned in the direction from which the second piping had come. There was no bird in sight—nothing except drifts and snow-laden trees and bushes.

"It has gone again," said Janet.

"Sh-sh-sh-h-h!" warned Dame Instinct. They listened intently. From the drift beneath them came a faint, sad peeping.

Tomorrow will be told how they find the summer bird.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

Ma made a coconut pie today, and this afternoon I saw it out in the kitchin, nobody being there but me and the pie, and I took a little hunk out of one side to see what is tasted like and then I took a little hunk out of another side to see if it taisted the same all over, and then I took a little hunk out of another side to detrack attention from the hunks out of the ferst 2 sides, and tonite wile we was eating suppir I kepp on thinking of the coconut pie and wondering wat would happin wen Nora brawt it in with the 3 little hunks missing.

Wats the matter with Benny, he dont seem to be eating mutch, is he sick, or is the world merly coming to an end? sed pop.

Is enything rong, Benny? sed ma.

No mam, I sed. Me not being sure wether there was not till the pie came in, thinking, G, I wonder if I better offer to go out and bring it in myself and then axidently drop it to disguize how it looked.

Being the ony ideer I could think of and I sed, Hay ma, do you wunt me to go out and bring in the pie and save Nora the trubble?

Wats your hurry, we're not half throo suppir, sed ma, and I sed, Well wen we're throo do you wunt me to?

Certeny not, sed ma. And we kepp on eating suppir, espeshilly everybody but me, and Nora took the dishes out and then came back looking like a axsident, saying, O Mrs. Potts wat you think, do you know that coconut pie you made?

Me thinking, Heck, good nite, and ma sed, Yes yes, wat about it, and Nora sed, Well I jest dropped it upside down on the floor and it was sutch a mess I had to throw it completely out.

O shaw, thats too bad. O well, I sippose you couldent help it, sed ma, and Nora sed, Certeny I couldent, how could I tell it was going to land upside down?

Being the reason we didn't have eny coconut pie for suppir, me being glad as enything I had some wile it still wasent a rack. Proving everything sometimes happins for the best.

The Pleasure That Can Be Given by a Little Word or Note of Thanks

Is as Great as That Which Is Caused by the Gift—Children Who Learn This Gracious Habit Keep It All Their Lives

THE bride's mother stood, as is the custom, at the head of the receiving line at the reception which followed the wedding.

And in some miraculous way she had memorized or remembered which present each guest had sent.

"It was so lovely of you to send those candlesticks," she would say graciously. "I'm so glad you got here—oh, how do you do? That picture you sent was so beautiful that I just hate to have it leave the house."

There did not seem to be any memorandum book near her, and there certainly was no prompter hidden behind the palms.

But she didn't forget a single gift.

Even the various candy jars were separated in her mind. She mentioned the pink and blue flowers to the Joneses and the amber to the Smiths; the Greens were thanked for that cute little one with the cherry on top, and the Browns were complimented upon their choice of the dark blue with the gilt edge.

How she did it nobody will ever know.

But that she did do it nobody will ever forget.

THE bride cannot remember what everybody sends, she has too much else to think about.

And no one expects much of the bridegroom on his wedding day except a pale face and an embarrassed smile.

But that one wedding left such a nice remembrance with all the guests. To have their simple little gift mentioned specially was a courteous, gracious thing.

So much pleasure can be given by a word of thanks or appreciation, and so much is missed every year after Christmas on account of an ungracious acceptance of gifts.

Some children, for instance, have so many presents that they are not deeply impressed with any of them.

Or else their parents neglect to emphasize the necessity of being grateful for what they get.

WHEN Christmas comes they are busier thinking about what they are going to get than they are in planning what they will give.

And after Christmas, having consented to receive their things, they add them to their possessions and begin to be proud of them.

Not in a pleased, grateful way, but as if they were giving themselves credit for possessing so much, instead of giving thanks to their family and friends for giving them so much.

They do not learn the value of either money or the things it can buy when they are brought up without any thankfulness.

They get into a habit of lordliness that is insufferable to others, although they can see no wrong in themselves.

Expecting, getting, accepting and possessing are their only verbs of desire.

There is no prospect of not getting, and no sense of gratitude for having got.

OF COURSE if you have been brought up to take things of that kind as a matter of course, you will go on that way until some bump makes you realize where you are heading.

If your parents never made you sit down a few days after Christmas and write careful, polite, cordial little notes to Cousin Mary, and Aunt Martha, and Uncle John and all the rest of the relatives who have sent presents from a distance, you naturally expect them and everybody else to go on doing it without thanks all your life.

But if you do you won't be half so much liked and admired as this thoughtful mother of the bride who remembered everybody's wedding gifts by their first names.

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne refuses Nick Tracy because she does not love him. She seems afraid of any demonstration of love, but Nick is willing to wait, and when next he asks her he makes no attempt to show his feeling for her.

CHAPTER III

A Bad Mistake

BECAUSE he was so calm and his voice so matter of fact, Carol, although she looked up quickly at Nick's first words, was not frightened.

"Nick, you're not going to begin that kind of thing all over again, are you?" she asked anxiously.

He kept a tight rein on himself, and answered her evenly.

"I want to marry you, Carol. I want everything between us to be always just what it is now."

"But we needn't marry to be friends; that's a foolish argument."

Nick was silent. How was he to argue without showing her how he felt, and yet how could he win her unless he tried to show her how necessary it was for her to marry him?

"There needn't be any unnecessary sentiment about it," he said finally. "I know you don't like that kind of thing, but we'd go right on being friends and yet we'd be closer, don't you see, dear?"

He drew closer to her, his voice insensibly deepened. He felt that blinding surge rising within him, and getting the better of him, in spite of his resolutions.

They were sitting out a dance in the dimly lighted conservatory, and their chairs were rather close together. Carol drew back abruptly and then rose uncertainly to her feet.

She felt a sudden emotion, an impulse to cry. She felt like a little girl defrauded of something she wanted very much. She thought it inconsiderate of Nick to be so insistent. He was spoiling her happiness, and as the muffled rhythm of the orchestra came to her from the distance, she wanted suddenly to be out there with the gay dancers. The remoteness and quiet of the conservatory frightened her. Being alone with Nick frightened her. She didn't want to be married, she didn't want to know anything about love. And if Nick wanted more than she had to give, she would have to stop seeing him; that was all!

"You promised not to mention this again," she said finally, and, in spite of herself, her lips quivered. "I trusted you, and all the time you were planning to pounce on me when you had a chance. I don't think I'd better see you any more—that's the best way, really. And now will you take me back to the ballroom, please?"

Nick's heart leaped at her words. He had done the very thing he hadn't wanted to do, and now she was putting him out of her life. Better the agony of restraint, the long hours of waiting than never seeing her again. At least it was something to be her willing slave, to be near her, to watch the color come and go in her face.

Like a drowning man clutching at a straw, he clung to the threads of their friendship, and forced a laugh.

"You can't blame a man for trying," he said lightly. "But I see now that it is hopeless."

"Then why did you do it? This time you've spoiled everything, we can't go back to the old friendship."

"Oh, yes, we can," Nick said quickly, "nothing easier in the world, now that you've convinced me that there's no chance."

"But I thought I did last time," Carol protested, "and you promised me."

Suddenly something seemed to snap in Nick's brain. Nothing mattered but the fact that he must have her in his arms, and with a half-smothered exclamation, he reached out for her.

He caught her dress and he felt the thin material tear like gossamer in his fingers. Then she had wrenched herself away from him, and, without a backward look, had fled from the conservatory.

Tomorrow—Tea for Two

Dainty as You Can Imagine

It's a round pillow, small and covered pale pink, and over it goes the dearest cover of white net, with tiny ruffles around it, starting at the center and going outward, until there are four or five of them. They are all put on with pink stitches that can just about be seen, and you'll have to agree that the pillow that is made like this is pretty enough for any use.

Things You'll Love to Make

A jaunty LEATHER-TRIMMED SCARF is just the thing to wear with a winter suit or sports coat. Make the scarf of woolen material or light weight fur fabric. Thirteen inches above each end of the scarf make a row of one-inch slits, two inches apart. One inch below this row make another row; two inches below, another row; then one inch below, still another row; continue to the bottom. Cut three-quarter-inch strips of leather or kid. (Crepe ribbon would be pretty, too.) Stitch these strips to the underside of the scarf, just above the first row of slits. Lace the strips in and out through the slits. Leave long ends to form fringe. A LEATHER-TRIMMED SCARF is very smart for all sports wear. FLORA.

The Woman's Exchange

Learning English

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly let me know where I can attend a night school so as to learn the English language.

ANNA G.

The nearest night school to your address would be the Miller School, at Forty-first and Ogden streets. You could take a course in English there.

For Bobbed Hair

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am an interested reader of your column and enjoy it very much. I see you help others in difficulties, and I am positive you could help me in mine. I have bobbed my hair and I wish to know how to make it fluffy or curly without injuring it.

DOT.

Unless the hair is naturally curly, the safest way of continually making it that way is to "put it up" in kids or curlers, although this is not any too good for it. Always brush it well, for this will have a tendency to make it fluffy if you use an upward motion.

How to Care for Dog

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—My boy has received as a gift from his daddy a French poodle that he bought in South Carolina. Would you kindly tell me in your worthy paper how he is to be fed and taken care of in general? He is five months old. MRS. B. W.

Feed puppy biscuit to the little dog. He can have gravy, too, which you might give to him with rice. Vegetables are all right for him, with the exception of potatoes. Of course, he should have enough fresh air, and be bathed quite frequently.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

New Year's Eve, or Sylvester Night, as the last evening of the year used to be called in England, witnesses a greater number of theatre, hotel and restaurant parties than any other night in the year. Many people who dine at home or in the homes of their friends all the year round treat themselves once a year to a public dinner in order to hear the chimes "ring out the old, ring in the new" at midnight on the 31st of December.

Inviting country friends to a New Year's Eve dinner of this sort is a good way to return an earlier week-end hospitality extended by them. If the former social obligation seems to call for a "splurge" the evening may include a visit to the theatre as well as the dinner. As hotel tables and theatre seats are in demand for this date, reservations should be made in advance.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Fluctuating Letters

By this we mean that the size of the letters vary in size, without any consistency. And the characteristics indicated by this trait are quite different from those indicated by the letters which have a tendency to increase in size as the person comes to the end of a word or line.

The primary significance of the fluctuating letters is versatility. People who write such hands are the kind who are able, as a rule, to do many things well.

But they are not the "dependable" kind. That is to say, you never know exactly what stand they will take upon a given subject, though they may be conscientious enough. They're changeable, impulsive, and likely to be lacking in poise, unless they have acquired the latter characteristic with years.

They are not likely, for instance, to have projecting chins, for the projecting chin is usually a sign of slow and steady action, but they are as likely to have a prominent as a slanting forehead. They may belong either to the mental, vital or motive type, with perhaps a shade less chance of their being of the dominantly mental type.

Tomorrow—The Sign of Locality

Vogue for Rust Color Continued in Wrap

By CORINNE LOWE

These rust and henna tones—how they do keep up! In spite of their long vogue, they are still seen everywhere, particularly among the felt hats.

The charm of the rust-colored wrap has been exemplified by several of the French designers, notably by Poiret, whose coat of rust-colored poplin with its deep border, gauntlet cuffs, and high collar of otter, designed for his own wife, will be remembered by all who saw either it or its copies.

The above coat of rust-colored kashaduvetyn follows this formula by being trimmed with otter. The application of this fur is most attractive. So, too, is the gray cord which confines the front of the waist and dips into a tassel at the side.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Opening Our Treasure Chests

There they were, a group of women, talking [illegible] about the men to whom they were married, exchanging experiences and putting each other wise.

One's husband did this, and that was how she put a stop to it.

Another's would like to do thus and so—if he could get away with it.

Oh, yes, all men were alike, and their wives had their hands full.

So they waved round their soiled linen until the very atmosphere seemed stained, until nothing in love and life remained sweet or worthwhile or free from their taint.

And a young bride was sitting there, fresh in her new happiness and joyous (she had been when she came) in her unstaled outlook on a good world and the possession of the most wonderful man in it.

She was going home, prepared perhaps to divorce her husband when we took her aside and told her to use her toothbrush and get rid of the dark brown taste, to fumigate her ears and forget all she had heard.

Now if anybody else had said a word to one of those women against her husband she would have been up in arms with a hundred of his good points, a thousand reasons why it was a privilege to live with him. Why then couldn't she defend him against herself to herself and spare both the humiliation of a public house-cleaning?

Detailing the sordid and unhappy phases of married life is letting off poison into the air as surely and as dangerously as liberating any noxious gas. It needs an antidote. The trouble is that the antidote is scarce, because happy wives but infrequently talk about their husbands. They don't open their treasure chests to the public stare.

But, like it or not, it is up to every single one of us to do our part to sweeten the atmosphere by bringing out and burning some of the incense that we have been offering only in our hearts.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. When invited at the last minute to a New Year's Eve masquerade, what costume can easily be got together without buying anything?
2. In order to give silver that has just been cleaned a brightness that will last, what should be put in the rinsing water?
3. How is a new umbrella made and sold so that it can be conveniently carried when traveling?
4. What was the first book printed in this country?
5. To make a plaited belt that looks like leather, but is softer and more clinging, what material can be used?
6. How can the round neckline of a dark dress be made lighter and more becoming without the use of a white collar?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Any girl can make for herself an attractively unique calendar to be used during the coming year by putting together cards for each day of the month, on each one of which has been written a small "thought" by a different friend.
2. A convenient ash-tray is fashioned to fit into a variety of places by being made to clamp onto any flat surface, so that it can be placed on the edge of a card table, a window sill or a porch railing.
3. To avoid the noise and clatter of putting away the silver and cutlery after each meal, line the drawer that contains them with felt.
4. John Lofting, a metal worker in England, invented the first thimble 200 years ago, when it was called thumb bell, on account of being worn on the thumb.
5. A girdle of crimson crepe meteor is used to give an effective touch to a white dress, beaded in crystal.
6. Appearing to charming advantage on a large hat of black velvet is a new trimming of glycerined ostrich.

After-Dinner Tricks

No. 45—To Make a Penny Disappear.

Lay a penny on the table, near the edge, and place the tip of the second finger upon the coin. Hold the wrist horizontal, and give the coin a quick sweep with the second finger. It will shoot up the sleeve so rapidly the eye cannot follow it, and every one will be surprised at the sudden disappearance of the penny.

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