A Loving and Loved Wife Asks Whether She Shall Leave Her Husband or Not

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

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HOW many married women, in their secret hearts, cherish fear or worry or dislike of their husbands? How many, were it not for loyalty, or pride, which prevents their confiding in relatives and friends, would be glad to discuss their woes and tribulations?

It is because of a surprised horror at the coldness or cruelty of the man who selected them "from out the innumerable companies of earth," because he loved them, that they sometimes confide in a complete stranger.

Here is a wife who begins by saying she loves her husband and he loves her. Yet before the letter is finished, asks me, "Shall I leave him?" It is not a matter of quarreling and bitterness and mutual distrust. It seems to be a feeling of fearing him and his ideas.

Constantly we are surprised that men and women who live together in the closest intimacy, and are not on terms of enmity, remain silent strangers. Each may tell of problems, and ask advice from outsiders, when it would seem such a simple and honest and effective thing just to talk things over together. I cannot conceive of a wife's worrying and not asking him plainly.

THIS one speaks as though they were well fixed financially, yet she has a terror of her future. She fully believes that her husband is to will the bulk of his property to his relatives, and that her old age will be jeopardized by poverty. This seems a singular thing for a husband to contemplate, unless he is spiteful. He surely must know that a widow who is past her own age of wage-earning cannot suddenly be thrown on the world, impoverished. Unless he has an abnormal love for his own relatives, he surely would not deflect most of his earnings and his wife's savings to them.

If she is a fine housekeeper and a good comrade, why should he place her in this really unfortunate position? We wonder why she does not tactfully talk this over with him. Of course, one does not wish to seem mercenary or selfish, but in all families nowadays, life insurance to provide for dependents after the man's death, is frankly discussed. If they are on terms of kindness and love one another, surely she can broach a subject of this kind. Yet she speaks of leaving him, and taking up a position to earn money, "while there is yet time," believing that if she does not do so, when young enough, it may be too late when she is left unprovided for!

IN THE first place, she should realize that nowadays the laws are very fair, indeed generous, in most States, and that a husband cannot leave his wife abandoned, while willing the bulk of his fortune to relatives.

Then, too, she may be mistaken. Sometimes one gets morbid about old age and its terrors. She has had a hard life, having supported an invalid mother, which prevented her from getting the education that she wished. She believes that her husband is a little ashamed of her deficiencies in this matter, and that his relatives slur her. If so, the man and his mother and sisters are unkind and cruel cads, for she has made the most of her opportunities, and perfected herself as she could. If these people really treat her unkindly and her husband is weak and snobbish, it might be best to leave him and begin a life of independence and self-support.

But never so drastic a step before giving him a chance at thorough understanding and explanation! Too many persons go on the rocks through stupid beating round the bush and looking at life from different angles.

THERE seems to be an especially obnoxious sister, whose influence on the husband has been strong for a lifetime. She has grafted on him, and it is a matter of laziness and selfishness. In cases of this kind, almost a hypnotic power sometimes ruins a weak person. It might be too late for the wife to combat this, as he evidently does not confide in her. As we said, it is inconceivable that a man and a woman live together intimately, yet preserve a wall of mystery and silence. We would suggest an affectionate, yet firm and dignified explanation and query as to whether he wished her to leave him, or to be a real mate, knowing and sharing his inmost life.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers that can be given in the column will please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

Consult Legal Aid

Dear Cynthia—Will you be so kind as to answer the following questions for me as soon as possible:

I have been married fourteen years and two years ago my husband left me and went out West somewhere. Since that time I have never heard from him and don't know where he is. I want to get a divorce, but as I left my home town and place where I was married I don't know how to go about it. I was told that you have to live one year in a State before you can get a divorce. Also, how long will it take? I have an aged mother and a boy and want to take them back to my father's people by Christmas, but my dear mother will not go unless I am free, as she always despised my husband. I want a divorce as soon as possible and I have been living in Philadelphia now seven months. Some man told me he could help me, but as I don't know anything about it I am writing to ask you to tell me how long it will take and also the other question.

MRS. E. B.

It seems too bad that you feel you must get a divorce. Why not have a separation if it is necessary? Have you no other reason for wanting it but that your mother dislikes him? That's a poor reason.

He Has Not Written

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl in my twenties and met a young man at the shore in May. He happened to be from out of town.

We corresponded for three weeks when I went over to where this young man lives on business and he took me out while I was over there.

Then we still wrote to each other two or three times a week. I also was over there about two weeks ago for five days and he also took me out all the time I was there. He has never told me that he loves me, but shows lots of affection for me.

At the present time we are both on our vacation. He went to the mountains and I have received but one letter from him since he has been gone.

He stated in his letter that he would write on a certain day and has not done so.

If I receive any mail from him would you mention anything about his not writing when he said he would, and would you take him seriously?. Does it pay to correspond with an out-of-towner?

BETTY

Better let the matter pass. When he writes again simply answer his letter. Cynthia does not encourage correspondence between boys and girls as a rule. It's wiser to talk, not to write.

Has Grown to Care

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl sixteen years of age and have a boy friend whom I have known for five years and who, during that time, has been my best and truest friend, apart from my father and mother, and I know that he has learned me in a like manner.

But lately my regard for him has changed to love. I do not say this lightly. I really and truly love him, but have tried, and I think successfully, to conceal it.

During the last year this boy has pretended to care for at least six different girls, but to this one he has always treated me as his best friend and has never done anything to offend me. He has been heard to say that he didn't class me with those girls.

About two months ago he began paying me more than mere friendly attentions, but I did not pay any attention to his advances because I could not bear to be treated like those other girls and he seemed offended. I have not seen him since because I have been away since June and do not expect to be back until the third week in September.

Now, Cynthia, do you think that, being friends all that time, he would treat me like those other girls? How could I find out if he loves me and how could I make him love me?

FAITHFUL READER.

The boy would hardly wish to play fast and loose with an old friend. When you treat him he more cordial. You are too young to be sure about the love.

He Scorns "J. Fra B."

Dear Cynthia—I am truly surprised at you for publishing such a torpid defense against all the finer sentiments as the eternal flame as that which "J. Fra B." had the astounding audacity to promulgate.

It was a cowardly, underhand letter, for it was evident that "J. Fra B." knows her and has a personal grudge against him.

I, too, know "Jon" and am proud to say that Jon calls me his friend.

I asked him what he thought of the letter and he replied:

"I shall laugh at first at the seriousness with which he (J. Fra B.) took my comment—that of preventing the further profanation of the finer feelings of Cynthia's readers from more persons you like that emanating from Oscar. I also must laugh at the thought of J. Fra B. closely scrutinizing the column all the next week to see what response the precocious 'Jon' would make to his silly challenge.

"As for the insults contained in the letter, they reflect very badly upon J. Fra B.

"To epitomize it all, 'Jon' finished by saying that he hoped it was a boy very much like that letter and not a girl—a girl 'a product of the gods'!

Any one who could not see the 'faintest glimmer of sense' in 'Jon's' innocent expression must be entirely devoid of it.

I had just to write this letter, because my conscience business refused to consider a thought of replying. I feel myself weeping I could lay my hands upon that pen-name—J. Fra B.

In conclusion, are we to accept as a criterion of J. Fra B.'s intelligence the use of 'haughtiness' in the first sentence of his letter as an adjective instead of an adverb, or is it merely a typographical error? VIVE 'JON'!

ONE OF THOSE PICTURE HATS

Aside from making a charming pose very possible, these wide-brimmed affairs are extremely useful in summertime when you want to go out in the evening. This one, with its broad ribbon in your most becoming color, has the distinction of being stiff and opaque. In direct contrast to most summer hats which are floppy and transparent. Also that same ribbon, not satisfied with merely stretching itself across both sides of the brim, drapes coyly about the fair throat of its wearer, making a bewitching frame for her face

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

William and Mary Writing Furniture

In the latter part of the seventeenth century there was a great development in writing furniture. Not only did furniture expressly designed for writing purposes come into far more general use than previously, but there were many different types of secretaries, desks and cabinets all constructed especially for convenience and comfort in writing. One particularly pleasing type was the small slant-top secretary of the sort shown in the illustration.

These secretaries were generally made of walnut, either solid or else veneered so that the grains of the wood might form a decorative pattern. The slant top was hinged at the bottom, and when opened and let down was supported on slides pulled out from the "stiles" or uprights of the framework that were really continuations of the front legs. As shown in the cut, these slides had little knobs or pulls by which they were drawn out when needed. In the lower part of the secretary body were usually one or two drawers with brass drop pulls. The trumpet-shaped legs had inverted cup turnings at the top and tapered toward the bottom, terminating in ball feet. The flat stretchers connecting the legs were shaped in front and at the sides and contributed greatly to the grace of the design. Secretaries of very much this type are being reproduced.

Tomorrow—"William and Mary Cabinets"

The Woman's Exchange

Tarnished Meshbag

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please tell me how I can clean a silver-plated mesh bag that has turned black. BETTY.

If regular silver polish will not clean this, the silver paste must be wearing off. This will give it a tarnished appearance. Do not rub it as you will only rub off the silver, but take it to the store where you bought it or to a jeweler and let them clean it for you. If you want them to they can re-dip the bag and make it look like new.

Some Birthday Gifts

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you please suggest a few birthday presents to a man about twenty-seven years old from a fifteen-year-old niece? I would like to choose from a few suggestions which would not cost more than from two to three dollars.

Also I'd like to know how to spell that weaving material with which people make lunch baskets or crocheting baskets. I think it is pronounced "raffeau." I looked it up in the Webster's New Revised Dictionary, but couldn't find it. Will you please if you can, tell me where I can buy "raffeau."

S. R.

A necktie, a pair of sox, a book or a box of candy are all quite inexpensive presents and I'm sure that your uncle would love to have one of them. The material that you speak of for weaving baskets is raffia. You can buy it at any millinery supply shop or department store.

Swimming as an Exercise

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would appreciate very much if you would please explain to me why girls who wish to reduce are told to go swimming, and why girls who wish to gain are told to do likewise. Also, what is the best way of acquiring a complexion? I have an olive skin and have no color at all. Does water make one stout?

A READER

Strange as this may seem it is perfectly true. If you are thin swimming helps to develop your muscles and put on flesh, and if you are fat it hardens your muscles and takes off flesh. Swimming puts into play those muscles that are seldom used and if they are flabby they become toughened and if they are underdeveloped they will become rounded out. If you take more exercise and cut out all sorts of greasy foods you will soon have rosy cheeks. Drinking water at meals is fattening, but if taken between meals nothing is better for your system. Six glasses a day is none too much and it will help to keep you thin.

The Wife Cheater

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. She chooses him in preference to Herbert Livingston, a man who loves her devotedly, but who lacks Norman's charm. Norman is the kind of man who has never known what it was to care for one woman more than a few weeks at a time, and after he and Joan are married, he makes her miserable because of his attentions to other women. When Edith, Joan's younger sister, comes to visit them, Norman is obviously interested. Edith is twenty and full of airs and graces. Men to her are an amusement, and she is not averse to a flirtation with her brother-in-law.

Edith and Herbert

MY DAYS began to be filled with a kind of a sick fear, as I kept wondering what was to be the outcome of all this. If Norman liked Edith as a companion so much more than he did me, perhaps the time would come when he would realize that he had made a mistake in marrying me. If that time ever came I would not fight, I would give him his freedom gladly and admit my failure. But the scandal of it and the knowledge that every one would pity me were things I could not bear to contemplate.

And all this time the antipathy between Herbert and Edith had increased. Herbert was courteous, but he had a way of ignoring Edith that was very noticeable and, although she was too clever to let any one suspect that she noticed this, I could not help but feel that she did and that it piqued her pride whether she cared anything about Herbert or not.

One night when we were all at the club at an informal dance, I had stolen outside to be alone with my thoughts. I sat on the balustrade behind a huge pillar, and I heard voices behind me before I could move and let it be known that I was there.

Edith's purring voice paralyzed me for the moment and, after they were seated, I hated to appear from the darkness and interrupt them, so I just kept still and involuntarily heard what was said.

I could hear the creak of the chairs as they seated themselves, and then there came a short silence, broken finally by Edith.

"It would be interesting to know, Mr. Livingston, why you hate me so much."

I held my breath. Herbert was with her. Punctiliously at every dance, he asked Edith to dance with him just once, after which he avoided her for the rest of the evening. Evidently this was the dance and Edith was determined to make an effort to draw Herbert into her toils. I could have laughed aloud to think what she would have said if she had known I was behind the pillar listening, and I fairly held my breath as I waited for Herbert's answer. It came at last.

"I don't hate you, Miss Stockbridge; what an absurd idea."

"Ah," Edith returned softly, "not so absurd. You see I have had a chance to observe you with Joan, and your manner toward her is very different."

My hands clenched in the darkness. What a little cat Edith was, and how unscrupulous in her tactics! That she could speak of me that way to any one when I had refrained from any interference in the affair between Norman and her was worse than disloyal, it was malicious.

"I have known your sister for a very long time," Herbert replied stiffly. "And I have had no opportunity at all to know you." His chair creaked and I knew that he had moved uncomfortably. He was probably anxious to go inside and break up this enforced tete-a-tete with Edith, but she was too clever for him, and her reply made me catch my breath.

"That's easily remedied. Please don't keep me in your bad graces any longer; let's be friends." Her voice was very soft and alluring, and there was a ring of sincerity about it that almost deceived me. If I had not known Edith and observed her at close range day after day, I might have thought that she was in earnest. Would Herbert be able to resist her? Would he, like most men, succumb to her charms? I strained my ears for his reply.

"I am sorry that anything I may have said or done has given you the wrong impression of my feelings." Herbert's voice was polite, but without feeling of any kind, and I knew that to Edith, who had always had her way with men, a reply of this kind would be like a slap in the face.

Tomorrow—The Breach Widens

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

What the "Whipping Boys" Were

"Whipping boys" originated in England and were found in every school attended by an heir to the English Crown. The idea originated in the period when the line of Henrys were Kings of England. If a son of the King was placed in a school, he was to all intents and purposes subject to the same rules and regulations as other students and, therefore, subject to the same punishments. In those days the punishment for an infraction of any kind, even for backwardness in class, was flogging or whipping with a stick, and a boy was as liable to receive a whipping for being dull as for practicing one of the many schoolboy infractions of the master's rules.

The heir to the throne of England could not, however, be treated as any other boy, even though he had the same desire to break the rules, or was, as happened more than once, a dunce. Yet when a rule was broken or a boy, whoever he might be, exhibited more than the average percentage of stupidity, some boy had to take a whipping. In the interest of fairness, if the culprit happened to be the King's son, the punishment had to be applied just the same, and a whipping boy was provided to take the punishment of the royal son. This honor, and it was considered quite an honor, was given to some noble friend of the Prince, and whenever a Prince needed a flogging his husky young friend was dragged forth and whipped in his place. In this way the dignity of the young heir to the throne was saved and the people were spared the disgrace of learning that the future King was stupid, while at the same time the rules of the school were upheld and discipline preserved.

Tomorrow—Who Wrote "Home, Sweet Home"?

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Brain Exercise for High Heads

A man with strong arms and a weak back would make a very poor baggage handler, though his strong arms might give him the ideal physical equipment to become a first-class blacksmith.

What would you think the best thing that man could do with his physical equipment? Would it not be to use the powers with which he is exceptionally well endowed for the important task of earning his living and that of his family? But at the same time would it not also be very wise for him to develop strength in that weak back by exercise? Would he not be a better blacksmith in the long run if he had a well balanced physique? Would he not be more healthy? Would he not get more fun and pleasure out of life?

The same thing holds true of the brain. High-headed people are naturally better suited to such callings as those of teaching, medicine, theology, art, literature and various forms of social service, and they do well to follow such callings. But they are weak in those brain functions which have to do with the materialistic and practical side of life, and they will also do well to deliberately cultivate these functions even at the cost of some effort. It will keep them from becoming eccentric and one-sided in their mental development. In cultivating one side of their characters they will give rest to the other and keep it fresh, and the better balance will increase the worth of their special functions.

Tomorrow—Exercise for the Short-Headed

Big Ruth Waited for Years to Be Able to Buy the Pretty Clothes She Wanted

But Then She Found That Little Ruth Didn't Care Anything About Shopping or Having Nice Things

WHEN she was a little girl she always wanted pretty clothes.

Like most other little girls.

But she never had them because her father had died when she was a baby and her mother had to struggle along as well as she could on very little.

So, all Ruth's dresses were durable things or else made from left-overs of her mother's old frocks.

As Ruth grew up enough to go to work herself, she began to be able to have a few things that she wanted.

When she married and her husband made plenty of money she was thoroughly happy because she could have all those pretty clothes, not durable, but becoming and stylish and pretty, that she was denied as a child.

That is, she would be happy now except for one cloud in her sunny skies.

There is a little Ruth, and it would be the joy of big Ruth's life to buy her what she wants if she only wanted it.

But they go into a store together and big Ruth picks out some dresses that she thinks are nice for little Ruth to try on.

Little Ruth tries them on dutifully enough, but when it comes to making a choice she has no interest in the matter at all.

"I don't care, mother," she says, listlessly. "Any one will do. I don't really want any of them."

SHE would rather sit comfortably at home and read than go out on those shopping trips that are big Ruth's Promised Land, realized at last.

Why, to the mother it is the greatest privilege in the world to go into a store, see a dress, try it on and say, "I like that. I'll take it. How much is it?"

But to the daughter it is nothing but a bore.

That's just because big Ruth couldn't do it at one time in her life, while little Ruth has always been able to and thinks that she always will be able to.

It is impossible for her to realize what pleasure shopping is for her mother. She can see no joy in wandering about through a crowded store, getting all tired and worried trying to find the right thing, when you might be at home doing something that you enjoy. And, of course, she is not entirely to blame for feeling that way.

But it is pathetic to think of her mother, waiting all those years herself to be able to buy as she wanted to, then waiting more years until the little one should be old enough to share the delight with her, only to find that the little one didn't care.

THIS happens so many times.

A mother always wants her children to have the advantage that seems greatest to her.

She will deny herself the privilege of it for those years when they are growing up so that she can share it with them or save it for them exclusively.

Unfortunately, training so often differs, customs change, likes and dislikes are molded differently, and by the time they are old enough to appreciate what she is cherishing for them, it has gone out of style, or they have reached a point where they take it for granted, or they prefer something else.

All those years of sacrifice on her part have been in vain; her thought for them goes unappreciated.

And often she loses the advantage herself because she has got beyond the age, or she is too disheartened to care about it any more.

THIS is a tragedy, a small one, but very great to the heart that suffers it, which is going on all the time without anybody knowing much about it.

Mothers usually do keep their deepest disappointments to themselves and try to arrange that their children who have caused them may never have the same experience themselves.

An Unusual Cape

A thoroughly smart cape is of black charmeuse edged with long black silk fringe. However, its most striking feature is the trimming on the back. A double row of black water lilies is placed on the slant just above the waist and continues to the shoulder. These flowers are made of cire ribbon and their centers are bright yellow beads.

An Attractive Menu for the Sunday Meals, as Suggested by Mrs. Wilson

It Is More Economical to Buy Fruit and Vegetables by the Crate and to Can Those That Are Not Eaten

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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WHEN the market stalls are fairly groaning under the weight of the fresh and succulent vegetables it seems a great pity to plan a menu that contains meat. The season for the succulent vegetables is, at best, a very short one, and then when the products of the garden have gone their way we can return with profit to our meat ration in the menu.

The average family can easily use up a large-size watermelon if it is chilled and served for the breakfast, as the morning fruit, and for a dessert for the dinner and supper.

This is the time to purchase many of the vegetables in basket lots. There is quite a difference in the price, too. This will enable you to work in a set of menus that can utilize the special product that is most reasonably priced.

The peach season is here and you should take full advantage of it, planning to purchase the peaches in basket lots. This is a real economy if you can arrange to do this on Friday, canning all the best, and then using the balance while the largest part of the family is home.

A Suggestive Menu for Three Meals on Sunday

Sunday Breakfast

Chilled Melon
Rice Waffles and Bacon
Peach Preserve Coffee

Dinner

Salpicon of Peaches
Nut Loaf Brown Onion Gravy
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Corn on the Cob
Lima Beans Spiced Beets
Celaslaw
Chilled Melon Coffee

Supper

Derby Cheese
Scalloped Potatoes
Sliced Tomatoes Spiced Beets
Ginger Cake With Peach Preserve
Chilled Melon Tea

Rice Waffles

Wash one cupful of rice and place in saucepan, add four cups of boiling water and cook until the rice is tender and the water is absorbed, cool and rub rice through a ricer or sieve. Place in mixing bowl and add

Two cups of milk,
Three tablespoons of melted butter,
Two and one-half cups of flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder,
Yolks of three eggs,
One tablespoon of sugar,

Beat well to blend well, and then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Whip up well for two minutes, and then bake in the usual waffle manner.

Peach Salpicon

For the salpicon of peaches, pare and slice peaches thin and then chop again to make fine. Fill into sundae or sherbet glasses and place a spoonful of marshmallow whip on the top. Dust with cinnamon.

Nut Loaf

Cook one package of macaroni in boiling water for twenty minutes. Drain and drop very fine. Place in mixing bowl and add

Two teaspoons of kitchen bouquet,
Two teaspoons of salt,
One teaspoon of pepper,
One teaspoon of poultry seasoning,
One-half teaspoon of thyme,
One cup of finely chopped onions,
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley,
Two cups of thick cream sauce,
One-half cup of finely chopped nuts,
One-half cup melted butter,
Three well-beaten eggs,
Two tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce,

Mix well and turn in well-greased and floured loaf-shape pan and spread smoothly on top. Bake in moderate oven for forty minutes. Turn on hot platter and serve.

Derby Cheese

Toast a slice of bread and place in shallow baking pan. Place a slice of nicely fried tomato on each piece of toast. Place in skillet

Three tablespoons of butter,
Three onions minced fine,

Cook slowly until the onions are soft. Now add

One-half pound of cheese cut in small pieces,

and as the cheese melts stir in

One cup of milk,
Three eggs,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of mustard,
One-half teaspoon of white pepper,

Beat eggs, milk and spices together well before adding to the cheese. Cook until thick like custard, then pour over the prepared toast. Dust thickly with paprika. This will make six large portions.

Fruit Gingerbread

Place in saucepan

One and one-half cups of molasses,
One cup of brown sugar,
One-half package of raisins,
One tablespoon of cinnamon,
Two teaspoons of ginger,
One-half teaspoon each of allspice and cloves,
One and one-half cups of black coffee,
Three-quarters cup of shortening.

Bring to boiling point and cook for five minutes. Turn in bowl and cool. Then add

Four cups of flour,
Three level tablespoons of baking powder,
Two cups of sliced peaches,

Beat to mix, and bake for forty-five minutes in moderate oven

Things You'll Love to Make

A Handy Holder for Valuable Papers

The fastidious woman will like this dainty and handy holder for her valuable papers. Fasten together a number of good-sized brown or manila envelopes. (The them together at the bottom as shown.) Mark the envelopes with the name of the papers that are to go into them; as, INSURANCE (Life) or (Fire), LEASES, etc. Now cut a piece of strong silk, cretonne or leatherette, three times as long as the length of one envelope and five inches wider than the width. Divide the material into three parts as shown by the dotted lines. Then fold up the sides to fit around the back of the envelopes. Crease with a hot iron. Sew snaps on as shown. Parts A, B and C go on the under side of the pattern, which is the right side of the material. The other three parts of the snaps go on the upper side of the pattern. FLORA.

Adventures With a Purse

IF YOU have not bought your bathing suit yet, if you have been waiting for some to be specially priced, I know of a store selling suits at remarkable value. For as little as eighty-five cents you can buy a black sateen one, and a soft, surf-satin suit with a lovely sheen for $2.75. There is a variety of sizes and styles, and I am sure that you'll find one among them that you will like.

Of course, by now, you are thoroughly convinced of the fact that I am quite a confirmed crank when it comes to a bit of white about the neck of a dark dress. Round and circular necks present a problem because the ordinary collar will not fit. But you can buy circular banding for the neck of sheer white material for the silk frock or of heavier texture for the sweater or woolen dress you are taking to the mountains with you. The banding can be had from sixty-five cents to $1.25 a yard.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

Hot-Water Bottles

After you have filled the hot-water bottle with water, gently squeeze out all the air that is in the top of the bag. You will find that this will prolong the life of the bag, as the air has a tendency to rot the rubber. This also stops that gurgling sound that is so annoying.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Deese

A ragged, barefoot pickaninny in a recent patch devouring a huge section of "watermelon," his eyes rolling with enjoyment of the treat, is an amusing spectacle to the passing. But a man or woman eating watermelon at table, as illustrated, with the unwieldy "slice" held in both hands, a moist semi-circle half concealing the eater's face, is by no means a pleasant sight to behold.

The correct way to eat sliced watermelon is to use a silver fork, held in the right hand, separating the red pulp from the rind and lifting the delicious morsel, one bit at the time, on the tines of the fork. At some tables watermelon is served without the rind, all in portions of convenient bite. This method of serving the refreshing August fruit makes it impossible to eat watermelon in picknicking fashion. Another dainty way to arrange watermelon is to cut the pulp into individual glass containers and serve it ice cold in the manner of fruit cup.

Safe Milk
For Infants & Invalids
NO COOKING
The "Food Drink" for All Ages.
Quick Lunch at Home, Office and Fountains. Ask for HORLICK'S.
Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

Keep a box of
TASTYCAKE
Juniors
on the pantry shelf. They will come in handy between meals and when you need something extra
10 pieces
50c
TASTYKAKE

R&B
Boned CHICKEN
Makes delicious salads, sandwiches, and other dishes requiring chicken.
Just tender chicken meat in sanitary tins
Wholesome and economical. Approved by housewives and campers for over half a century.

JELLY
PEN-JEL
Makes Old Fashioned Jelly In a New Fashioned Way
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