THE ART OF MAKING PASTRY—BARGAINS HERE AND THERE—CYNTHIA'S ANSWERS—LETTERS

HOW TO MAKE DELICIOUS, FLAKY PASTRY; MRS. WILSON TELLS THE SECRET OF IT

Pointers That Were Picked Up in New England, the Home of the Famous Tempting Pie

Sufficient of the Right Sort of Dough Can Be Made to Last Two or Three Days. How to Keep It

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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MANY inquiries have come to me of late from housewives asking questions like these: "Can I make pastry that will be fit to eat?" "Is pastry digestible?" "My men folk just crave pie." "How can I make good ones?"

About two years ago I spent some time in the central part of Pennsylvania studying the cooking of the Pennsylvania Dutch, and later I made an intensive study of the New England cooking. Nowhere in the eastern portion of the United States is pastry so frequently served.

In the New England States pie is served for breakfast, dinner and supper. For, you see, these good folk still stick to the old-fashioned meals. Upon questioning an old resident not many miles from Boston he informed me that "mostly they had three kinds, the open, the kivered and the cross-barred." He "reckoned that there were many varieties," and he said, just while we were talking about pies, "I can eat most every kind; I don't care much just so it is pie."

To see this six feet two inches of hale and hearty man, rubbing close to his eightieth year, with sparkling eyes and eager ways, just chatting about the luscious pie with its juicy filling peeping between the tender, flaky crusts causes us to doubt the dietitian who tells us that pastry is indigestible and unwholesome.

In most European countries little pastry shops abound in most out-of-the-way places. Delicious-looking tarts, sliced and morsels of flakiness just melt in your mouth—all this seems to belie these statements.

Now, it all rests with the cook as to whether we are going to have a cut of pastry that fairly melts in your mouth or a tough, doughy mass that is only fit for food.

Any little housewife may turn out delicious, flaky pastry if she will but follow the directions carefully. First of all, just let us study for a minute just what pastry is. It is a mixture of flour, shortening and water. Each grain of flour is thoroughly coated with shortening and then mixed to a dough with water. Do I hear you say, "Well, I know that"? Surely you do. But do you know the real knack of putting it together? For here is the real rub. The minute you thread or squeeze pastry, that is the moment you make it tough.

LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE

Cutting, trimming and folding the dough is an important step in the art of making good, flaky pastry

The Real Secret

Sift

Two cupfuls of flour,

One-half teaspoonful of salt,

Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder

together twice, and then cut or rub into this ten level tablespoonfuls of shortening. If you cut it in, use your griddle cake turner and chop it in rather coarse. Now mix to a dough with one-half cupful of ice-cold water, using the cake turner to mix the water in, just keeping on in the chopping and turning back until the mixture is formed into a ball of dough. Do not knead or pat with the hand. You cannot hurt this dough if you will just mix it as a man does when mixing mortar with a hoe. Keep working it back and forth, chopping it each time until well mixed. This amount will make the tops and bottoms for two pies.

To roll the dough, divide it into four parts and then lift one piece on a slightly floured board and roll out the dough, keeping the rolling pin working to and from you and turning the dough as often as necessary to secure the size and shape desired.

Should the dough tear or not come to the desirable shape, just fold it into squares or oblongs and then roll again.

Place on the tin and then trim the edges. Proceed in the same manner with the top crust, and then, when ready to place on the pie, fold from corner to corner, making a thin fold, and then cut quarter-inch gashes with a knife. Lift and cover the pie and then trim to shape. Now, do not form the trimmings into a ball, but lay them one piece upon the other in a pile and flatten with the rolling pin. Roll and fold into shape, and roll as desired.

You can roll pastry as often as desired by this method. Keep in mind the fact that kneading or squeezing the pastry forms it into a sticky mass. This method will give you a delicious, flaky crust. You may spread two tablespoonfuls of shortening on the top crust instead of a fold and roll. Fold again and roll, then use as desired.

Sufficient pastry may be made at one time to last for two or three days. Just wrap the dough in wax paper so that it does not dry out. Various fillings may be used—fresh or canned fruits, custards, mince meat, etc. If you use fresh fruits place

One-half cupful of sugar,

Three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch

in a bowl and rub between the hands to thoroughly mix, and then use this by sprinkling over the fruit. This will prevent the juice from boiling out the pie while it is cooking and it will form into a jelly when cold.

To use canned fruit, drain the fruit free from the liquid and then cut in thin slices. Measure the liquid and then add

Four level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch,

Eight tablespoonfuls of sugar

to each cupful. Dissolve the starch and sugar in the liquid and then bring to a boil. Cook for three minutes and then add the prepared fruit. Cool before placing in the pastry.

To prevent the lower crust from becoming soggy, just before putting in the filling brush it well with a good salad oil or shortening, taking care that each part is covered. This will give you a tender, flaky lower crust.

Just before the pie is ready to put into the oven brush it well with a wash of egg and milk, using

Yolk of one egg,

One-half cupful of milk,

Two tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and mix in the egg. Then wash the pie. This will keep a week in a cool place.

The correct temperature to bake a pie is 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. This means a moderate oven. Too much heat will brown the crust before the filling inside has had the time to cook. Custard pies—this includes those made of eggs, milk, lemon meringues, sweet potato and pumpkin—require a slow oven, 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Boys Love Fat Girls

Dear Cynthia—Having read "Fatty Arbuckle's sister's" letter, I think she is all wrong. We certainly love fat girls. They make great pals. Fellows, you ought to know that!

FLATTERED PERCY.

Husband and Wife

Dear Cynthia—I would greatly appreciate if you would print in your interesting column who, in your opinion, is closer related, a brother to a sister or a wife to a husband. DAILY READER.

Husband and wife are held by most to be nearer and dearer to each other than any other two people. Brother and sister are, of course, bound by blood relationship, and, in the opinion of some, therefore this bond seems to be stronger than the marriage bond. Personally I believe husband and wife are closer.

To a Very Undecided Person

Wouldn't it be possible for your mother to make a few excuses for you on several days in succession? When the young man comes to the door in the afternoon or whenever he does come, let her say you are busy practicing. And this wouldn't be an untruth, because if you are aiming to become a concert artist, certainly practice a great deal. On other afternoons go out. If the young man comes uninvited and you do not wish to see him, there is surely no reason why you must stay around waiting for him.

Why They Won't Spend Money

Dear Cynthia—In your column of the 20th, "Just Twenty-one" answered F. G. W. "about spending money." In answer to that I write this. Indeed, there are some "wise guys." Now, being around to company and want to go to a party, one is expected to spend any money, course," but not all.

The reason why most of the fellows are flush with their money can be explained. Last Saturday night my "Sunday evening" I went down to a restaurant in town. Across from me sat two young men. The girl looked innocent enough at a glass shaker, but on the second "Tom" (pardon their familiarity) I did. We had cocktails, then sailors dished up their "Irish stew" to the boys sore, for the poor fellows had a whale away. Then the waiter picked up the girls.

After getting there two fellows we never saw any more. They left them and looked sullen ever after. Now, this make fellows right with their money.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

One in Love

Dear Cynthia—I have been going with a young man for the last ten months steadily. Every Wednesday and Sunday night he takes me around and shows me a good time and we often go away for week-ends, until Sunday to stay with his friend, a married lady.

I love him very much, and I think he loves me, but he has never told me. I would like to know would it be proper for me to write to him? Yours Swinger (Dear Dear, he tells you that. Does he come and offer you a ring?—Ed.)

I would like to know what your readers think of my case on the subject, so will wait and watch patiently for an early reply. G. B. R.

Still Rides in the Flivver

Dear Cynthia—I want to thank you for the valuable advice you gave me some time ago and also for the discussion of that problem which appeared on Monday evening, January 20. I certainly do appreciate your kindness and will take advantage of it again, if another troublesome problem confronts me.

I still ride in my flivver and think it is none of the large cars, for after all it does not matter in what one goes; the main thing is to get there. The right person, Eh, Cynthia?

Just a few words of advice to F. G. W. Don't think about yourself so much. The next time you meet a boy friend I think that self-consciousness is the cause for most blushing, for one thinks, is my hair disarranged? Are my shoes dusty? Is my nose shining? If the person 10 feet behind one is shining looks at one's hair, shoes or nose. So, near F. G. W., just forget about yourself the next time you meet a boy friend and try to be self-confident, and I am sure that you will be able to overcome this habit. Yes, soon.

GIRL WHO RIDES IN A FLIVVER.

An Ex-Marine Speaks

Dear Cynthia—I have been interested in your debates on artificial beauty and would like to join. I am an ex-United States marine and have seen quite a few girls of different nationalities in different countries, and more or less have seen what is termed artificial beauty.

If a girl chances to use a little rouge, should it damage that girl's reputation among her friends? It should not.

I know several nice young ladies who use rouge, but still maintain their lovely disposition. The real object I have in entering into this subject is this: Do you think a man should choose a girl especially the girl, by her beauty or the clothes she wears? I for one would rather have a girl with a nice disposition and a little personality than all the beauties in the United States.

Do you think a fellow really cares for a girl because her cheeks are like the roses, her eyes like the skies above and her lips meant only for kisses, as the poet was heard to murmur, or is he just amusing himself to while away the dull evenings?

We know that it is a breach of etiquette to accost an acquaintance on the streets, but still if a fellow does this with the object of picking through the persons whom he meets in this manner, new friends, by their dispositions and personalities, then he is justified in doing so.

I would like to know what your readers think of my views on the subject, so will wait and watch patiently for an early reply. G. B. R.

Mrs. Wilson Answers Questions

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Have read a good many of your recipes in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER and would like to know if you could give me one for a cake called Spanish bun? I get it in a cake store. It has raisins in it and is not a pound cake, because it is very light and flaky, and yet it is not a sponge cake, because it is not so dry. I hope you will be able to help me out, as it is a very nice cake for children and yet not rich or heavy. Hoping to hear from you soon. MRS. S.

Spanish Bun

Mrs. S.—Scald one cupful of milk and then cool to eighty degrees Fahrenheit and pour in a bowl and add

Three tablespoonfuls of sugar,

One-half teaspoonful of salt,

One-half yeast cake dissolved in four tablespoonfuls cool water,

Three cupfuls of flour.

Beat for five minutes with a spoon and cover and let rise for two hours. Now cream

One and one-quarter cupfuls of sugar,

One-half cupful of shortening

until very light and creamy and then drop in, one by one, four eggs, beating the eggs for three minutes. Add this to the yeast-raised dough, together with one cupful of sifted flour. Beat with a wooden spoon for ten minutes and then pour into a greased and floured pan, filling the pan half full. Put the raisins on top and then cover and let rise until it fills the pan almost to the edge. Bake in a moderate oven for fifty-five minutes and then cool and ice.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly publish a recipe for clam chowder with vegetables? Thanking you in advance, MRS. P. H. R.

MRS. P. H. R.—

Clam Chowder With Vegetables

Chop fine

Two medium-sized onions,

One branch of celery,

Five branches of parsley,

Three ounces of fat salt pork.

Place in a saucepan and cook

Ask Mrs. Wilson

[illegible] Mrs. Wilson [illegible] No personal replies [illegible] Address questions to Mrs. M. A. Wilson, Evening Public Ledger, Philadelphia.

gently for five minutes, taking care not to brown, and then add

Three cupfuls of cold water,

Five cupfuls of diced potatoes,

One cupful of canned tomatoes,

Two teaspoonfuls of salt,

One teaspoonful of white pepper.

Cook slowly for one-half hour and then add

One dozen clams chopped fine,

Four tablespoonfuls of flour,

One and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt,

One teaspoonful of white pepper,

One teaspoonful of powdered sugar,

dissolved in one-half cupful of cold water. Bring to a boil and stir well, and cook slowly for twenty minutes.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you give me a recipe for old-fashioned suet pudding through the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER? Miss E. E. A.

Suet Pudding

Miss E. E. A.—Make a batter of

One and one-half cupfuls of flour,

One egg,

One cupful of milk,

One-half teaspoonful of salt,

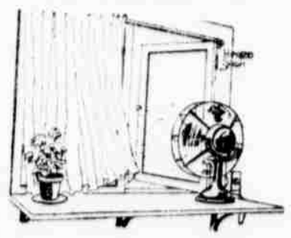
Three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Beat until smooth and then add three-quarters cupful of finely chopped suet, and then pour into well-greased mold and boil for two hours. Or it may be placed in a baking dish and baked in a moderate oven for one and one-quarter hours, setting the dish in a pan of warm water.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—I have been reading your columns in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER with great interest. Although I notice that you answer questions through the column and always on food, I am taking the liberty to write you about utensils. In the near future I am planning to go housekeeping and, although very much interested, know little about kitchen necessities. Will you please give me a list of utensils I shall need? My purse is not very fat, but I do want good things, although not so many. What ware is best? I shall be very grateful for this help. H. R. S.

H. R. S.—Shortly I am going to tell a bride how to furnish her kitchen.

The Wintertime Fan



From the Household Magazine

Here is a wintertime use for the electric fan. It helps to prevent cooking odors and smoke from spreading through the house and letting the company become aware of what it is to have for dinner. The fan is placed so as to face the open window and create a strong suction. In a short time the smoke and odors vanish.

Things to Know

Nothing turns a hardboiled egg rubbery than scrubbing.

A girl hath three in a street—[illegible] in the street.

[illegible] sticks [illegible] to a [illegible].

[illegible] will remove [illegible] grease stains and shoe polish.

Blanketing clothes are [illegible] pulled straight on the line.

A [illegible] mop can be made from the [illegible] of an old bedspread.

What Fashion Says

An evening frock of silver lace is lined with pink velvet and has a silver rose at the girdle.

A delightful tea gown of blue chiffon is patterned all over in huge green and blue circles.

The dolman wrap for spring is very pretty, the one need for winter except that it is fur less.

The Woman's Exchange

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is the French "factory mother"?
2. How many States granted women suffrage during the year 1918?
3. What is a "dinner dance"?
4. When it is feared dancing on good carpet will injure it what measure of precaution may be taken which really affords an excellent dance floor?
5. In putting away linen what plan should be followed?
6. How should pillows be placed on a bed?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. When the income is two hundred dollars a month and there are five in the family sixty-five dollars monthly is a proportionate amount to spend on food. Forty-five dollars is a balancing amount to be expended in rent and heating.
2. Wyoming was the first State to grant women suffrage.
3. It is a courtesy for a girl to answer letters that come to her on the occasion of the announcing of her engagement if these come simply because their writers have "read it in the paper." Very often a girl writes of her engagement to a few close friends before it is publicly announced. It is not necessary to reply to notes that come in answer to these.
4. The beauty of the eye depends largely on diet, bodily exercise and plenty of sleep.
5. A novel little necessary for the sick tray is a tiny teapot, cream pitcher and sugar bowl that fit all in one. This saves space on the trays and daintily painted is very attractive indeed.
6. In washing curtains before you pour the boiling water mix in the bluing and starch. This will prevent their turning yellow.

Will Hair Stay Up All Day?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

[illegible] statement eminently true. To hold the respect of one's [illegible] that matter, one should not only be [illegible] neat and tidy, but the whole person should present the same exterior. She has lost sight of the fact, however, that elaborately coiffured hair is neither "neat" nor "tidy," and an ordinarily dressed head does not require to be "[illegible]." If there is something in names, ought to know this, don't you think? I am going to the theatre tonight and my hair has not been taken down since I took this morning. Nobody in the theatre will know that it was not done a fresh half an hour before coming time, but I don't wear "puffs" or stuffings.

Wrote to France in Poetry

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am sending you the Christmas letter in poetry that I sent to my brother, who is overseas. I thought it might be of interest to some of your readers who have been over there. The boy is still up waiting for him to come home.

MY CHRISTMAS LETTER TO FRANCE

My Dear Brother—

Just a few lines to let you see
That we wish you a Merry Christmas wherever you may be.
We are all well and hearty and full of cheer
And we all wish you could be here.
I am writing you these few lines on Sunday night
And I hope you will get my letter all right.
Ma and I are glad you came through the fight.
We are sending you some Christmas boxes
And hope you are in the best of socks and shoes.
I am going to tell you about our Christmas dinner.
I can almost see how it is going to be.
We are going to trim it with colors so true.
And the colors, you know, are red, white and blue.
There is the turkey stuffed that shall shine
In honor of the boys who crossed the Rhine.
We will have to [illegible] to Heaven, where
[illegible] Jesus over
[illegible]
We all send you our best regards,
[illegible]
Your loving sister, who remains dear
And a very Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

E. S.

Remodeling Skirt

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Now that bouffant waists are in style, would Mrs. Grace (Feb. 11) be good enough to remodel her skirt and make a skirt of satin dress? As the item is only about two and a half inches wide, will it be necessary to add a flounce? What material would you advise? What do you consider a good width for skirts? I do not like narrow skirts, but like to feel up to date. Also, I like the one skirt to vary and the waist to remain.

BROWN EYES.

Why not use a small yoke at the top of the skirt to lengthen it? Then you can drape and tack a wide girdle over the yoke, thus hiding the material if you are not able to match it. Long-waisted effects are very good now and this, I think, would be a particularly effective style for the satin dress. If you use facing for the silk frock use silk. Use silk or lining for the skirt. Two yards is considered a rather tight skirt, now. I should say two and a half yards would be a conservative and at the same time smart width.

Dress Hints

Sapphire blue brocade with a mole collar makes a superb evening cloak.

Blue serge is sometimes hand-drawn and hand-fringed for the sake of novelty.

A large black velvet cape has an odd lining of white satin striped with black velvet.

A 'GOING-AWAY' GOWN FOR THE PEACE BRIDE

This frock, which can serve for a quiet wedding and going away as well, is of navy blue silk gabardine with open-work embroidery

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

IF THE war bride of spring, 1918, was a personage of interest, how much more so will be the peace bride of the spring, 1919?

There really were not such an amazing number of girls who were married just because the war carried the man of their choice overseas. A very large number preferred to postpone the wedding until peace should bring their loved one back again. And then there were the many who did not discover the state of their own feelings until the wide ocean lay between. At any rate, with two or three million men coming back to this country you may be prepared for a continued ringing of the wedding bells, and the stores are already showing a generous supply of just the sort of frocks that the peace bride will want. She won't want anything severe and won't want anything masculine. The Sam Brown belt and the khaki suit were well enough for the war bride, but the peace bride will want something extremely feminine.

Here is a frock that was chosen by one young woman who is planning to be married in church with only her immediate family as witnesses. It is to serve, also, as a going-away frock, and a better selection could not be made. It is delightfully feminine and decidedly ornate, but it also shows interesting lines of severity, so that the ornateness does not detract from the becomingness.

It is made of navy blue silk gabardine, with panier effects very rich in open-work embroidery in Venetian design. The same sort of embroidery is shown on the sleeves. French blue appears in the embroidery to match the silk used in the collar and cuff facings. The hat is made expressly to go with the dress and is of the same sort of navy blue silk gabardine as the dress, with French blue ostrich becomingly arranged around the brim.

(Inquiries are solicited and may be addressed care of this newspaper.)

BEING HUMAN IN YOUR JOB IS ONE WAY TO MAKE GOOD

Don't Act as Though You Are Doing Your Work Minus Salary, and Therefore Confer a Favor on Your Employer and the Public by Serving

SHE was "information" at a busy railroad station in a city some thousand miles away from here, and judging by the law of things as they go she was paid for being "information"; that is, telling people what time trains come and go, how much is a sleeper for Timbuctoo and other interesting matter.

She was paid, but really you would never suspect it. One came from the telephone, having, by means of three distinct questions, discovered the departing hour of the train for C——, with the overwhelming impression that a large favor had just been conferred. Ungraciously conferred.

All over our cities you will find women who take their positions just in this way. Turning their minds inside out would be interesting. I have often wished, on seeing such a person, to have the opportunity of meeting her in off-hours. For instance, the ungracious "information" lady. When she goes a-traveling does she expect to have the conductor snatch the ticket from her hand? Somehow I imagine this girl would go to the president of the railroad if the conductor snatched her ticket.

WHY can't we be consistent? When we spend money we want service, all of us. On trains, in the stores, at summer hotels and all the rest. Why can't we all, in our particular positions, realize that we in turn must give service? It may grate on a woman to sit at a telephone all day answering endless questions and she may think it does her soul a little good to vent her tiredness on a feminine voice. But one must understand that most of us are workers. The feminine voice over the wire is very apt to belong to a woman who has worked very hard to be able to take perhaps a trip home. No doubt she, too, holds down a job that calls for endless patience. There are perhaps many "cranks" who march in and out the office each day, taking up her time, just as there are endless numbers of unthinking persons who ask foolish questions of information. But that is the way jobs are. If things went smoothly all day, we all realize we could finish our work in half the time or at least with half the effort.

BARRING those who inherited their father's fortunes, no man or woman ever got anywhere without working hard and no one ever succeeded without being human in his or her own particular field. It is not enough to smile at the world and to try to understand people when the day of toil is over. Days of toil are a very large part of our lives. We must be human in them.

Adventures With a Purse

"I DON'T care a fig for that," says the haughty lady, as she snaps her fingers contemptuously. And her implication is that figs do not amount to much in her young life. Which is all very well for the contemptuous lady; but suppose you are very fond of figs. Why, then, you avoid the expression and seek the shop where you can find the juiciest, fattest of figs and purchase as many as your purse will permit. The shop you should seek is the one I found today, where the most luscious and tempting of figs come preserved in sirup. But, they look good, these figs. And as to taste, try some for yourself.

My friend's cosy little home is always spotless and shiny. Tables glow with soft, rich luster, silver and glassware sparkle merrily and curtains are fresh and dainty. "I can and retand it all," I said, "but the radiators. How can you keep the dust out of the little whaddye-callums?" "Why," she replied brightly, "I use this radiator brush." It is a black bristles brush, with a long metal handle and, in fact, looks like a grown-up bottle brush, the bristles being arranged all around the handle instead of on just one side. The long handle and the arrangement of the bristles enable one to get in all the radiator nooks and crannies. It is most convenient and costs but ten cents.

Whether the original purpose of a veil was to cloud the complexion as to give it a soft, elusive appearance or whether it was meant to restrain and hold in place rebellious curls I do not know. But of this I am sure: Whether it was meant for one purpose or the other—or both, for the matter of that—it was not meant to hang loosely and untidily in the back. I speak, of course, of the little face veils, which should be neat snug and secure in the back. One way to do this is by the use of a veil-holder, blunt-edged little fasteners resembling barrettes, which hold the veil tight without catching and tearing it. The price of one of these convenient little arrangements is five cents.

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Adventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone the Woman's Department, Walnut 2000.

And So They Were Married

Episode Three—(Jealousy)

By HAZEL VEYO BATCHELOR

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CHAPTER XVIII

AFTER she had time to cool down, Ruth felt very much ashamed of herself. She walked aimlessly about the streets in her charming little street things, wondering what to do about it. She was willing almost to say she was sorry; her wrath and somewhat evaporated, and she realized that she had been in the wrong in speaking that way to Helen. Helen had certainly never given her any reason for it as Isabel and Betty had. The truth of the matter was that Ruth was allowing her jealousy to run away with her reason.

She walked and thought until she was starvingly hungry, but she dreaded going back to the apartment and eating alone. She wanted to keep going; she longed to go back to Scott and make peace; she wanted to go and see Helen, and yet she didn't know what to do.

In her aimless wandering downtown, she found herself almost back at the place where she had started. Scott's big office building loomed up just ahead of her. Somewhere in it was Scott thinking bitter thoughts of her. O, if she only had the power to go in and tell him how ashamed she was, if only she could say truthfully to him that at last she had learned a lesson, but had she? Could she tell when another fit of jealousy would seize her? No, she was not sure of herself.

She finally found herself passing one of the cheaper restaurants that infested the neighborhood. It was late, and there were only a few people inside, so she went in and seated herself at one of the marble-topped tables. She ordered some tea and toast and felt better after she had eaten. Then she took the subway uptown and went over to see Helen Townsend.

She hoped that Mrs. Brander would be out as she got out of the elevator and rang the bell outside of the apartment door. She despised Mrs. Brander as a completely heartless woman. She recalled the days when Jim Townsend had gone to France and Helen's mother had devised all manner of small cruelties to hurt the girl. She had prated constantly of Jim's poverty, of the fact that his family amounted to nothing socially; she had bought Helen expensive clothes and had insisted that the girl go everywhere in society. And then had come Jim's death, and no sooner had the news come from Washington which prostrated Helen with grief than Ruth had overheard Mrs. Brander at the telephone conferring with the dressmaker about fashionable mourning. Ruth had even heard the remark that perhaps now that the inevitable had happened, Helen might after all make a brilliant match. Then had come Helen's determination to go to France, and her father's unexpected sponsoring of her cause. It had been the one thing that had helped to lighten the darkness for Helen, this discovery that her father could be a friend and could understand her viewpoint after all.

Ruth, who had been closest to Helen all during the time before she left for France, thought of all these things as she stood waiting for the door to be opened, and was more than ever ashamed for speaking to Helen as she had today. How childish it was; how petty in the face of the big problems the two girls had faced together. Why, if it had not been for Helen, she, Ruth, might never have married Scott at all. She might this very minute be married to Jack Bond, ensconced in the beautiful little apartment on West End avenue, because she had been afraid to face things and to tell Jack she didn't love him. What a miserable little coward she was; how could Scott care for any one so weak. No wonder he wanted other women for friends. Ruth was by this time working herself up into a regular frenzy of self-disgust. It was a complete reaction from the self-pity that almost completely enveloped her these days, for wasn't she constantly being sorry for herself at not keeping Scott's love for herself, when she actually did very little to try to make him love her?

The door was opened in the midst of these cogitations by a neat maid. Ruth knew that maid; she was Helen's mother's personal attendant, a hypocritical, lying creature who had done her part in making things miserable for Helen. She smiled at Ruth, and in response to Ruth's request for Helen, replied that Miss Helen was not living there now.

"Not living here?" Ruth's tone was incredulous. Was this something else that had happened that she did not understand?

"No, Miss Ruth, she's living downtown somewhere. If you'll come in for a few minutes, I'll ask Mrs. Brander for the address."

Ruth, fearful of a conversation with Helen's mother, shook her head at this.

"No, I won't stop, but I'll call up for it later on. Thank you very much." And as she turned away from the door she had an unpleasant feeling that the maid was smiling craftily behind her back. Ruth was no longer as important in the household as she had been when she was engaged to marry wealthy Jack Bond.

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You see, Jim and I haven't been married for very long, and we like to do a lot of entertaining. Jim, especially, loves to show me off, and he blows about what a good cook I am—you know how husbands are?—so I have to live up to my reputation. I'm really not a wonderful cook at all, but I know what Jim likes and I try to devise things with the relish he's so fond of.

One evening last week we had a whole houseful of company and I thought I'd try something in the new chafing dish.

I had bought some cold boiled ham which I chopped very fine and moistened with mustard. I spread a layer of this between thin slices of stale bread, dipped the sandwiches into a mixture of beaten eggs and milk, and fried them in the greased chafing dish until they were golden brown on both sides. Before serving I sprinkled them well with that piquant A1 Sauce that Jim is so fond of. It gives everything a different taste that is indescribably good. And I discovered that Jim isn't the only one who likes that flavor. You would have thought that we had never eaten before! I know they all had a wonderful time at our house that night, and Jim fairly burst with pride. He said I was the life of the party, but I wasn't. It was the A1 Sauce!—Adv.

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