

## SOME GOOD OYSTER RECIPES—WHY GIRLS ARE FICKLE GAMES FOR FEB. 22—A SPRING FASHION

DIFFERENT WAYS TO SERVE THE OYSTER;  
MRS. WILSON GIVES ATTRACTIVE RECIPES

First the Cocktail and Frappe, and Then Dishes That Will Serve to Make the Body of a Meal

The Right Way to Make a Stew and a Broth—Dry Oyster Pan and Cooked a la Crouton

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE oyster is one of our most democratic luxuries; it is in very high favor in our most luxurious restaurants, and yet it is held in equal esteem in our most moderate-priced lunch rooms. Oysters are sold both in and out of the shell, fresh and canned, and they may be eaten and cooked in almost every conceivable way.

Among the best-known varieties are the blue point, Buzzard Bay, Cape Cods, Lynnhaven, Maurice Rivers, Rockaways, saddle rocks, sea tags, Shrewsbury and cotuit and Oak Creek. Many of these titles have really lost their real significance by trade misuses. Blue points, for example, is often, though incorrectly, applied to all small oysters, irrespective of their source.

The oyster season opens in September and continues on until May. Three sizes are usually recognized by the trade—half shells, the smallest culls, the medium size and the box, which is the largest. True oyster lovers really prefer the large Lynnhaven and others on the deep shelf.

The epicure delights in eating raw oysters; and while this satisfies his appetite, it is also understood that the raw oyster virtually is assimilated without taxing the digestion.

Oysters may be found in almost all parts of the civilized world, each locality having its own special species.

It is a universal custom to omit the oyster from the bill of fare during the months of May, June, July and August. We have in their places the salt oyster and the clam.

Oysters may be served on either the deep or flat shell, on a bed of finely crushed ice, with a slice of lemon, Worcestershire sauce, catsup, horseradish or tabasco sauce. Nice crisp celery and toasted crackers generally accompany raw oysters. Do not, under any circumstances, cover the oyster with ice. Oysters may be made into cocktails or may be frozen.

To Make a Cocktail  
One-half cupful of catsup,  
One tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce,  
One tablespoonful of grated onion,  
Two drops of tabasco sauce,  
Juice of one-half lemon.

Mix well and use for four oyster cocktails, allowing five small oysters per person.

Frappe Oysters  
Place oysters in freezer and freeze until soft mush, and then serve in cocktail or sherbet glasses, with garnish of lemon and finely minced parsley.

Oysters may also be prepared in many ways—stews, pans, broiled, baked, fried and roasted are among the popular ways of preparing them.

To Prepare a Stew  
Wash and look over the twenty-five stewing oysters carefully to

## BEGIN WITH OYSTER COCKTAILS



First impressions count at dinner parties and a table looks very tempting and dressy indeed when the first course consists of oyster cocktails. In today's article Mrs. Wilson tells just how to prepare the cocktail sauce

free them from bits of shell. Place in small stewing pan and heat until the edges begin to curl. Then add three cupfuls of scalding milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of paprika. Let the mixture come to the scalding point and then remove at once and serve.

## Oyster Broth

Drain twenty-five oysters, saving the liquid. Wash and carefully look over the oysters to free from bits of shell. Chop fine and place in saucepan and measure the oyster liquid, adding sufficient water to make two cupfuls. Simmer slowly for fifteen minutes. Let boil up once. Strain, season to taste with salt, pepper and then the broth is ready to serve. Equally good hot or cold.

## Purse of Oyster

Prepare two cupfuls of thin cream sauce and add

Twenty-five oysters, chopped fine,  
One and one-half cupfuls of oyster liquid.

One tablespoonful of grated onion  
Simmer slowly for twenty minutes and then bring to a scalding point. Strain, season to taste with salt and pepper, adding two tablespoonfuls of finely minced parsley.

## Dry Oyster Pan

Wash and look over one dozen large oysters to free from bits of shell. Lay on a cloth to drain. Now place two tablespoonfuls of butter in a clean saucepan and add the oysters and

One-half teaspoonful of celery salt,  
One-half teaspoonful of paprika.

Bring to a boil, cook for three minutes and then turn in a hot dish and serve at once.

To prepare a wet pan add one-half cupful of strained oyster juice to the dry pan.

## Pan a la Crouton

Prepare a dry pan and then dish on a slice of nicely browned and buttered toast.

## Pan a la Suisse

Dip soda crackers in hot water and then place in a hot oven to toast. Prepare a dry pan, adding

One tablespoonful of grated onion,  
One tablespoonful of finely minced parsley.

Three tablespoonfuls of finely minced celery.

Cook slowly for eight minutes and then dish on the prepared crackers and garnish with a slice of lemon.

## Mrs. Wilson Answers Questions

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Please tell me how to make candied sweet potatoes and request dressing and oblige.

A. W.

## Candied Sweet Potatoes

Wash and cook the potatoes in their skins until tender and then drain and peel. Now place in a frying pan

Three-quarters cupful of sirup,  
Piece of butter size of a walnut,  
One-half teaspoonful of cinnamon,  
One-quarter teaspoonful of nutmeg.

Bring to a boil and then add the potatoes and then let them marinate in the sirup, turning frequently for twenty minutes. Keep the pan where the potatoes will cook slowly, adding four tablespoonfuls of boiling water.

## Roquefort Dressing

Mash two tablespoonfuls of roquefort cheese with

One teaspoonful of salt,  
One-half teaspoonful of paprika,  
One-quarter teaspoonful of mustard.

Blend well and then add

Six tablespoonfuls of salad oil,  
Three tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

Beat well until creamy and then serve ice cold.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Can you publish in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER the recipe for pimento cheese? I have tried a great many of your recipes and find them very good. Thanking you for any help you may give me, I am,

Pimento Cheese

M. E.—Open a can of pimentos and drain well. Use the nut butter of the food chopper and add

One cupful of cheddar cheese to one

cupful of cream cheese. Blend well and then add

One cupful of cream cheese to one

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## HORRORS OF HAT HUNTING

By DIANA RUTAN

HAVE you donned your straw bonnet and sailed gaily away to summer skies in Florida or some other blissful spot for a season of relaxation after the suspense and strenuous service of the last two years? But wherever you are, if you have the feminine penchant for frumpiness and have been replenishing a Hooverized wardrobe you have doubtless discovered this: One of the most trying ordeals mortal woman is called upon to endure, let her age and circumstance be what they will, is the terrifying torture of selecting a new hat.

Sounds like a joke, doesn't it, to the average male reader? But it is no joke, I assure you; and none are exempt from the lowliest of her sex to the homeliest of her tribe, from that horrible sinking sensation which follows the first glimpse you get of your self in the latest Paris model as reflected by that hateful object, the milliner's mirror.

## Dressing the Part

It matters not by what method of reasoning a woman may arrive at the decision that a new chapeau is an imperative necessity, her mode of procedure is much the same. She groins herself with infinite care and goes forth jauntily to choose a hat that will enhance her particular style of beauty and mayhap match some special costume.

Lightheartedly she seats herself in one of those fascinating little chairs before an innocent-looking triple mirror, gives a sidelong glance into it while removing her veil and hat and in a flash of satisfaction is half stifled as she inspects herself from every angle while her special high priestess at this shrine of the Goddess of Fashion is doling in hidden recesses for the chic of that hat to charm her eye and make for her a perfect ensemble.

"Ugh! That hat of mine is a sight," she murmurs. "I wonder why I wore it." And she quickly slips it in a convenient ambush of shades near by. "And this suit is looking very shabby. I'll send it to the tailor tomorrow. Horrors! Is that a wrinkle? I must see a masseuse at once. And then she suddenly discovers a few straggly locks have been disarranged while removing her hat for the trying-on process. Nervously she fluffs for the guilty hairpin that allowed them to escape from their moorings, for the high priestess and a companion of headgear are at her elbow and she must look her best.

Her Hair Falls Down  
But alas! In her haste she pulled out the wrong hairpin and down tumbles a floppy mass of marceling over her left eye. Of course her hair had just been shampooed and the perfect coiffure is now a mess of tangles.

She hurriedly tries to repair the damage while the High Priestess of the Hat Emporium taps the girl impatiently in the military business.

## Gingham Trims Georgette Blouse

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose



The blouse on the right introduces a distinctly new note—collar and cuffs of plaid gingham on georgette crepe. The other waist is of georgette, too, with an unusual effect worked out in the yoke-line. The skirts are described in today's fashion talk

IT REALLY does require considerable cleverness on the part of designers to bring distinction into anything so usual as a separate blouse. For we really don't want anything too striking. Some of us wouldn't wear a very unusual blouse if we could get it, and at the same time we don't want to wear blouses just like those we have worn before or like those worn by every one else.

The two shown here are of this type. They are not in the least freakish, yet they have distinction.

The blouse shown at the left is rather simply developed in georgette. The combination of the yoke line, tucks and the shawl collar is cleverly worked out and makes it generally becoming, especially to the slight figure. With this blouse is worn a skirt of crepe de chine, the skirt portion of which is laid in tucks. It closes at the front with pearl buttons, which continue the line of the buttons of

the blouse. There is a clever use of hemstitching in the ornamentation at the top of the skirt.

At the right there is a blouse of georgette crepe, with collar and cuffs of gingham—a new and charming combination. The skirt is of linen, with vertical pockets trimmed with buttons, and the lower part of the skirt is finished with a deep cuff.

There is every indication that the separate skirt and blouse is to be in especially good repute this spring and summer, and women who have in previous seasons scorned the separate blouse save what worn under a suit jacket will now wear it with a separate skirt and feel well enough dressed for almost any daytime occasion.

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

## The Woman's Exchange

## TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Suggest a pretty trinket that can be made with sewing silk on an old shirt-waist?
2. In looking down the aisle of a theatre who precedes, the girl or the man?
3. When placing a mirror what principle should guide the home-maker?
4. In arranging a mantelpiece what is the principle involved?
5. No one except the subject that will help the housewife to rid her home of clutter and of rats and mice. How can these business be obtained?
6. What is the silversmith, or "licker"?

## YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. When making a little girl's hat his wife is addressed as the housewife.
2. A novel gift for the housewife who takes pride in her home is a set of oven markers with the names of different dishes on them. These are made of white enamel and are used to mark the position of the oven and the position of the oven markers. These are made of white enamel and are used to mark the position of the oven and the position of the oven markers.
3. A "rain letter" is one written to oneself, and is a rule written in an envelope and is given to the subject that will help the housewife to rid her home of clutter and of rats and mice. How can these business be obtained?
4. A silversmith, or "licker," is a person who makes silverware.
5. A person who makes silverware is called a silversmith, or "licker."
6. A person who makes silverware is called a silversmith, or "licker."

## A Pretty Afternoon Costume

To the Editor of Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam: I have a blue charming dress that I would like to have made into a costume. It is a blue dress with a white collar and cuffs. It is a blue dress with a white collar and cuffs. It is a blue dress with a white collar and cuffs.

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MISTER SKEPTIC ASKS WHY  
THIS GIRL PROVED FICKLE

They Met at a Dance and Life Was One Mad Chasing Here and There Together After That, Until One Day She Subtly Dropped Him—A Possible Reason

"WHY are women fickle?" writes a man to our page. "I am perplexed at their fickleness. For instance, now what would you make of this? I am a young man of thirty-two and met a young woman of, say, twenty-three, at a dance. The young lady—you will pardon me if I say so—seemed to like me. I asked her for several dances and each time she was willing to be my partner. I of course asked to call and she seemed very willing. After that, life was one mad rush for as to the theatre, to luncheon and to visit her friends. Then suddenly, like a cold wind coming up without warning, I was dropped. Well, anyway, if it was sudden it was subtle. I am wondering. What do you make of it?"

DEAR Mr. Skeptic, did you live to be thirty-two and not learn to be wary of the girl who lets you make life one mad rush for her immediately after meeting her? I am going to be swift and cruel. Mr. Skeptic, the girl stood in need of a man temporarily. They were in other words, a tulle in her popularity and you came at the opportune moment. If it hadn't been you, Mr. Skeptic, it would have been some other poor deluded mortal.

There are some girls to whom life simply ceases to be worth the living if there is no man around. They seek in their own homes, refuse to become enthusiastic about "just girl" parties and, in other words, make life more or less miserable for all with whom they come in contact. Secretly through all the days and evenings they are hoping something in

the line of masculinity will turn up. And when he does—well, the mayor's committee for reception of troops has nothing on the royal welcome. This, in spite of who you are or what you are so long as you are a man.

It would be folly, Mr. Skeptic, to judge all women by the certain ones of this type that are always cropping up when you least suspect them. But still because a fact is a fact and man was ever gullible where a pretty face is concerned it is necessary to keep on your guard. Remember this: A real genuine yard-wide dyed-in-the-wool young woman can't make room for you in her life at a moment's notice. She has other interests. There are her women friends, whom she is not willing to "ditch" entirely simply because a new man has loomed on the horizon. There is her mother. She is used to reserving an afternoon or two a week for going to the movies with her. On these things are always cropping up when you least suspect them. But still because a fact is a fact and man was ever gullible where a pretty face is concerned it is necessary to keep on your guard. Remember this: A real genuine yard-wide dyed-in-the-wool young woman can't make room for you in her life at a moment's notice. She has other interests. There are her women friends, whom she is not willing to "ditch" entirely simply because a new man has loomed on the horizon. There is her mother. She is used to reserving an afternoon or two a week for going to the movies with her. On these things are always cropping up when you least suspect them.

BEWARE of the girl who jumps down your throat and accepts every single invitation you tender her the first week you meet her. Mr. Skeptic, it listens jolly at the time, but what's the use of telling you? You have learned your own lesson. This is the fickle woman. There is no "why" about her. Like the faithless man, to those who have studied her she is like an open book.

## And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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"GOOD-BY, old boy."

"Good-by, have a good time."

"Oh, I'll have a breath of fresh air and see some people, and that's all I need."

Ruth gave a glance around the room. "Sure you have everything? Enough to read while I'm gone. Did you have enough lunch?"

"Everything was fine."

"All right, then I'll be off."

"Don't hurry back, you look very sweet."

Ruth glanced into the mirror of her dressing table. She had taken unusual pains with her costume that day and she wore a new little hat. Yes, she did look nice.

"I'll be back about 4 o'clock and I have a surprise for you dinner tonight. We'll have a nice chummy evening. Perhaps you can get in a nap this afternoon."

Then she was off.

Polly Dayton met her in the lounge of a downtown hotel, and some one else rose from the maroon couch beside her and smiled quizzically down into Ruth's startled eyes. It was Nick.

"Oh," Ruth said with a little catch of the breath. "I didn't expect you."

Polly was watching this little display out of the corner of her eye. "Ruth going to be just like all the other women who had fallen for Nick, she wondered? Somehow she had felt that Ruth was different, that for all her sweetness there was a wholesomeness about her fondness for her husband, a certain stability about her character."

"Well," Polly shrugged her shoulders. "It wasn't her lookout, Ruth Raymond was a married woman; she could take care of herself."

Then they went into the dimly lighted dining-room, where there was music and all manner of life swirling about them.

Ruth drank everything in. She had been accustomed to plenty of admiration, plenty of the froth of life before she had been married. She realized now how she had missed everything. Of course, it wasn't that Scott had failed to make her happy, but one can't do a great deal of traveling about a big city on fifty dollars a week, and their good times had to be planned ahead.

Ruth compared herself with the other women sitting at tables near her. Were they more attractive than she was? Did they have to be careful of every penny they spent, as she did? It wasn't fair. For the first time since her marriage she was missing what money could buy.

Nick Carson ordered an expensive

(Next Chapter—Ten without Polly.)

lunch. He insisted that Ruth take a cocktail, which she did. Polly Dayton accepted here as a matter of course. Ruth was beginning to like Polly Dayton better every moment. Her dry remarks about things and people were often strikingly original. They were bitter, but so clever that somehow one laughed anyway.

The unaccustomed drink made Ruth dizzy and she had a very merry time to tell. Afterward Polly carried Ruth off to shop.

"Nick can meet us somewhere and take us to tea," she said just as they were leaving him.

"Oh, but I can't possibly stay that long," Ruth protested. "I must get back home. I have a sick husband, you know."

"As long as you're back for dinner what does it matter?" asked Polly. She did not seem at all that feeling that she had not had her fun out. Then, too, as long as she reached home in time for dinner, what did it matter? No doubt Scott would kiss her anyway.

"If we can have tea early, I can stay," she said finally.

"We'll have it at 4:30. That will give us plenty of time," said Polly.

And so it was decided.

Ruth did very little shopping, but she rushed around with Polly, who did a great deal. At 3 o'clock Polly looked at her tiny watch and exclaimed at the time.

"I have an appointment with the hair-dresser at 2," she explained. "Do you think you can put in the time while I have my hair waved?"

"Of course," Ruth responded. And she drifted about the shops, made some small purchases and was back in time for the appointment at the place where they had agreed to meet. But Polly was not there, and Polly did not come. Ruth did not know what to do. The hair-dresser, so there was nothing to do but wait. Finally Nick appeared and Ruth realized that it was 4:30 and that she would probably have to take tea with Nick Carson alone.

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