

WHAT TO HAVE ON PANCAKE TUESDAY—DON'T FEAR CRITICISM—A FROCK WITH BEADING

PANCAKES FOR SHROVE TUESDAY; VARIED RECIPES BY MRS. WILSON

How to Make These Delicacies for the Day Before the Beginning of Lent—The French Pancake and the Irish One, and Then Some for Just Plain Hungry Boys

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THE Tuesday before Lent is called Pancake Tuesday. In some parts of England the tossing of the pancake between the upper and lower schools is a ceremony that marks the approach of the Lenten season.

The boys in many of the shires and counties visit the housewives, calling upon them for donations for the party which the boys hold in the evening. They greet her with:

"I be yer laddie, the laddie That come a-shroving, a-shroving So here be I. Give me a haddie, a haddie, A dumpling or something While I be a-shroving."

The making and baking of the pancake is indeed a ceremony. In the north of England the cake has spice and flavoring, and it is spread with jelly and rolled, while in Scotland this day is called Falien's Eve, and here the cake is spread with a mixture of sugar, butter and spices.

They are piled one on the other and when three are thus piled they are then served as the principal dish at the evening meal.

How to Bake the Pancake Use a frying pan that is perfectly flat; the iron ones are best, as they hold the heat longer and can be regulated so that the cake will not burn.

Pancakes for Two Yolk of one egg. Two tablespoonfuls of sugar or sirup. One cupful of milk. One teaspoonful of shortening. One teaspoonful of salt. One teaspoonful of vanilla or nutmeg. One and one-quarter cupfuls of flour. Two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Place in a bowl. Beat with a Dover egg beater to thoroughly mix and then beat in the stiffly beaten white of egg. Pour the mixture into a pitcher and then place two tablespoonfuls of shortening in a frying pan.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Send a Telegram Dear Cynthia—This is my query: Suppose I had received an invitation to a wedding and reception I had been called away to another city. Within a day or two of the date for the wedding I found it almost impossible for me to attend the wedding in the church and the reception held outside the bride's home. Should I have telegraphed or written to inform the bride and groom of my absence? And if so, what is the proper thing to have done to such a case. OBLIGING. ALTONA.

It would have been better to write a little informal note to the bride's mother, explaining that you were detained by business and not get to the wedding, after all, and expressing your regret at not being able to be there. If the bridegroom were your friend, a little note of explanation should have gone to him, too. And a gracious thought, though not a necessary one, would have been to send a telegram to the newly married pair which would have been received by them at the wedding breakfast.

Should Married Men Help? Dear Cynthia—The question, "Should married men help in the kitchen?" is one which every single man contemplating matrimony should discuss. Probably no experience would help the bride and groom to see that would be little need for a wife to call on her husband. No woman can be a gardener, carpenter, plumber, janitor, general utility man, combined with the general household duties of cooking, cleaning, laundry work, nurse, doctor, lawyer, decorator, dressmaker, assistant instructor to the children in their studies, social butterfly and devoted pal to her better half. There would be fewer apartment houses today if the man of the house liked to do the tasks necessary to keep the machinery running smoothly.

If the man thinks he does his duty by being the cash register he needs to be a mighty big one that these different machines can be turned to keep the house from falling down.

Some time ago there were many articles published in the daily papers about the man as well as of the woman. I have known many women credited with being excellent housekeepers. Where it was not much more than play to them, because daddy made convenient closets, shelves, boxes and did all the painting and mending of furniture. These women do not have to strain their backs with a coal shovel, broken down clothes pins and leaky tubs or endanger their lives on a broken step.

I remember a man who was out of work more than employed. I fully expected to see a very distressed home the evening I first went there, because I knew the income to be very small for four little mouths to feed. I was disappointed. That wife had mostly every modern necessity, including her labor-saving piece of furniture speeded comfort and those children had good solid toys that only the man of the house could afford.

How happy that wife was divulging the secret of this, that and the other. The lumber he used was usually old boxes, the hardware and ends he would pick up for a mere nothing. If that man earned only \$1 a day outside he saved \$2 with his ingenuity at home. Such a man is not looking elsewhere for a suitable because his poor wife is worn out trying to keep the family out of debt.

I have come in contact with many of both kinds and find that no matter how much wealth, the home is the happiest where there is that personal interest given by the head of the house.

Don't you think a man who knows at least enough to brew a cup of tea, when sickness occurs that dollars need not be sacrificed for outside help? How near right am I? I am going to come again, if I may, on the subject of "Does it pay a wife to work outside of the home?"

I do hope, Cynthia, you can read this. I am so limited I had to write hurriedly. However, I never miss the human page of the Ledger.

Ask Mrs. Wilson

If you have any cooking problems, bring them to Mrs. Wilson. She will be glad to answer you through these columns. No personal replies, however, can be given. Address questions to Mrs. M. A. Wilson, Evening Public Ledger, Philadelphia.

pan. When smoking hot pour in just sufficient batter to cover the bottom of the pan. When it begins to bubble turn the cake over and bake on the other side. Lift and spread slightly with jelly or roll, or use the following mixture:

Three tablespoonfuls of butter, One-half cupful of XXXX sugar. Cream well and then add One tablespoonful of boiling water. One teaspoonful of lemon juice. Beat to blend.

Pancakes for Hungry Boys

Place in a bowl one quart of milk and then add Two eggs. One-half teaspoonful of nutmeg. Five cupfuls of sifted flour. Four tablespoonfuls of sirup. Five level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Beat to mix and then bake. To insure sufficient cakes use two pans for cooking or bake on a griddle.

French Pancake

One egg. One-quarter cupful of milk. Beat to mix and then add One-half cupful of flour. One-half teaspoonful of salt. One teaspoonful of baking powder.

Beat well to thoroughly mix and then pour in a hot pan containing three tablespoonfuls of shortening; pour just enough to barely cover the bottom of the pan. Cover the pan with a hot lid. Let the cake bake. When ready to turn slip on the hot lid and invert, returning the cake to

Worried Mother

Dear Cynthia—I hope you can help me. I have a daughter who will be eighteen in March. She has a habit of staying up late with her boy friends, and I have a hard time trying to get her up in the morning. I called her on the phone where she works and they told me that she did not work steadily. I had her watched, and they reported to me that when she does not work she passes her time away going through parks and sitting on the railroad sidewalks. I never know what she does at all but just stays up late with her boy friends. I have talked to her, and she says she will try to be better, but I don't know how to help her. Please tell me what to do.

Worried Mother

I am afraid your trouble started when your daughter was a little girl and did not learn that mother must be obeyed. However, that cannot be helped now. You should not allow her to stay up late with the boys. Tell the young man that you cannot have them remain after 11 o'clock in the evening. Make them very welcome at your home and have some girls and boys in for the evening as often as you like. I never know what she does at all but just stays up late with her boy friends. I have talked to her, and she says she will try to be better, but I don't know how to help her. Please tell me what to do.

Join a Dancing Class

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl, fifteen years of age, and know quite a number of girls. But I don't go with many of them outside of school. I really do not know any boys at all and I surely would like to know some. I know of other girls who do and I would like to, too. Please tell me what to do. L. L. M.

For a New Baby

Dear Madam—Would you be good enough to suggest gifts that could be presented to a new baby? FRANKLY PEELED.

If you are handy with a needle you can make a very pretty gift by taking a large square of net and binding it with a wide band of pink or blue colored satin. In the corners of the square do tiny bits of delicate embroidery. The square is over baby's bed. Be sure the embroidery is far enough over so that it never gets in the way of baby's eyes, as this is injurious.

If you prefer to buy something for baby here are suggestions: Sterling baby bibs, a tiny comb and brush set or a set of baby pins.

For Library Work

Dear Madam—Kindly advise where I can take up the course of a librarian for the "Liberator." Thanking you in advance. D. S.

For information about the apprentice class connected with the Free Libraries apply to the chief librarian, in the Public Library, northeast corner of Thirtieth and Locust streets.

A Wedding

Dear Madam—Please answer me in your column as to how to get a marriage license. I have my intended wife with me. She is twenty-seven and a resident of New Jersey.

Can a Catholic man get married in his parish instead of here in New Jersey? It is the license office open and what is the fee?

It is necessary to have the young woman you are going to marry accompany you when you apply for the license. You can be married in your parish if the girl gets a note from the pastor of her church giving the permission. The license office is open every day in the week from 9 to 5, except Saturday, when the office closes at noon. The fee is \$1.

FOR DAYS OF SUNSHINE



This dainty straw hat was built to fit in the frame of a sunshiny spring day. The hat itself is of cream straw, and it follows the general trend of feminine fancy by taking to itself a bunch of posies.

BEADED OVERBLOUSE IS ITS FEATURE



This frock has been made graceful with beading on georgette. The entire overblouse is carried out with this effect. The skirt is of satin.

The Woman's Exchange

St. Patrick's Day Party Games To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Could you please print some games that will help to make a St. Patrick's Day party more enjoyable? I have a column before me and they have always made my parties a success. Thanking you in advance. M. M.

(The game is called "Blarney.") Write numbers 1 to 10 on cards, which are afterward cut in half. Let the players draw the halves and win their partners by matching the cards. The partners are then seated in two rows of chairs facing one another. Each player is required to give a compliment to his partner. At the end of the number shown the partners are read aloud and the winner is the one who reads the most.

"Letter box" contains an envelope for each guest. Inside this is another envelope bearing the fortune of the person to whom it is addressed. Before he sees his fortune, though, he must perform a stunt for the amusement of the company. When these stunts are among the company this is very amusing. The fortunes should be extraordinary and foolish enough to provoke laughter when read aloud.

They Irish flag are stuck up all over the room for another game. Some one at the piano starts to play an Irish ditty and the players all form in line. When the music stops the line breaks and everybody makes a rush for the flag. As soon as the music starts again the line reforms and the game is over.

But on the night of each party a bag or basket. Have a number of shams made of paper, placed about the room. The players are then required to pick up and place in their baskets as many shams as possible in a given time. All the picking being done with the left hand. At the end of the time the player who carries the greatest number of shams wins the prize.

I hope your party is a success. If you need a self-addressed envelope I will send plans for the decorations and refreshments.

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And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR Copyright, 1913, by Public Ledger Co.

START TO READ THIS TODAY

RUTH'S first sensation was of startled surprise. She could feel Nick Carson's heart beating madly against her shoulder. Her face was held buried against his. Then quite suddenly realization came and she struggled madly. Wave after wave of sick shame swept over her. She felt branded, degraded. Nick Carson buried his face in her hair, and she sobbed at the absolute futility of her struggles. Nothing availed against him, and when he finally forced her head back and reached her lips she ceased struggling. Then he released her and stood back, the blood whirling in his brain. Dimly he was beginning to realize at last what he had done.

"Ruth," he half whispered, "Ruth, dearest, don't look at me like that. I'm not looking at you, I'm looking at him with her eyes filled with hatred and loathing."

"Ruth, you were so lovely, I couldn't help it. I thought you understood that I couldn't wait forever. I thought you wanted to play the game."

"Play what game?" "Why, any woman but you would have realized how I felt. It's been with me every second since I've known you. I thought you cared a little bit for me."

"Why should I care for you? I love Scott. I'm married to him." "But you've let me take you every-where, we've seen each other regularly, I'm not made of the kind of material that can withstand everything. I've tried hard to be patient and wait."

"Wait for what?" "Ruth's questions were deadly in their directness. She felt frozen, stripped of emotion. Later her suffering would be plain, now she felt nothing at all. "Did you think I was another woman like Isabel Carter?" she asked evenly. "Was that why you were waiting? Just because you have always had your way with women, did you think you could win me? You said you were my friend, and I believed you."

"Of course, I am your friend." She laughed at that. They stood together in the little entrance hall facing each other like two young animals. The dim electric light in its Japanese lantern burned overhead, the flare of light from the room back of Ruth touched her vaguely, mysteriously. She was touching and holding life with both hands now, and she would suffer as youth always suffers for its lack of experience, for its eternal curiosity. In the little home that she and Scott had made together, another man had held her in his arms. She could never forget that fact.

"Listen to me," he said, taking a step forward. "If you had been my wife, do you think I would have allowed another man to see as much of you as your husband has allowed me to see of you in the last few weeks, do you? Do you think I believed any of this nonsense about platonic friendship between a man and a woman like you? Why, it is impossible. I tell you, impossible. No man can talk with you five minutes without feeling your charm. Scott should have known that, but in stead of interfering with you he took things for granted, and let me see you as often as I wanted."

"You let me believe you were my friend." "And you were willing to take everything and give nothing. You played with fire every time you were with me. You dangled your attractions before me constantly, and then said to yourself, 'I'm safe because I'm married.' Take tonight, for instance, you let me come for you here. Scott is away. You open the door in that suit. Why, it was more than I could stand. I tell you, it is a fair for women like you to play the game and then quarrel with the consequences."

Ruth had turned away and was leaning against the wall. She put a hand up to her eyes as a child might have done to stop the tears that were rolling slowly down her cheeks. All the passion of resentment had gone out of her. She had arranged her. She was as much to blame as he.

"Will you go now?" she almost whispered. "Then remorse robbed him of his anger. 'Ruth, forgive me,' he said, taking her by the shoulders and trying to make her look at him. 'I'll be your friend. I'll be anything you like. I promise you, only forgive me, dear little girl. I love you so much.'"

But she shuddered away from him, and without making another noise, he went out, closing the door softly behind him.

(The next chapter gives the solution of the problem.)

Adventures With a Purse

NO woman's wardrobe is complete without at least one pair of gloves. Of course, the lovelier the pair, the more complete her wardrobe. Those that I saw today are really deserving of the adjective "lovely." They are of sterling silver, some with blue stones resembling the lovely blue turquoise, and daintily bright brilliants; others with pearls and deep, clear near-sapphires. While still others are composed solely of sparkling brilliants which twinkle merrily. And most of them have their "pride work" effect under them, which all the real diamond and platinum pins have. And the remarkable part of it is that although originally priced at \$2.00 up to \$2.75 these pins have been reduced to \$2.

WOULD you buy gloves costing \$2.00 a pair for \$1 if you could get them? In the question asked of the envelope. French question, that? Well, the assurance is that this glove form will be worth that much saving to you. It is a new form, and the idea is this: Gloves which become damp from perspiration wrinkle up and lose their shape. But by keeping your gloves—at least your best white kid pair—on these forms, they retain their shape, the fingers do not stick, and the life of the glove is about twice as long. It sounds plausible, doesn't it? A pair may be secured for 75 cents.

MEMBER how you used to play paper doll, and what fun you used to have making dresses for her? I was wrong, I was wrong, I was wrong. I was the almost irresistible paper doll set. It consists of several dolls, a number of coats and things to cut out, and net only these, but several rolls of various colored crepe papers and plaid tissue papers, together with fancy bands and things for trimmings, and glue with which to "glue" them. Your daughter who has reached the paper doll stage will revel in this luxuriously complete set, which costs but 75 cents, and I'll warrant she'll not have a week before every one of her friends will want a set, too.

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And the fact that other women are choosing their clothes with this same point of view is really having a marked influence on fashions. It is the season when the feminine prevails. It is to be seen in the trends we wear and the hats we wear. It is the hat that is trimmed, and preferably trimmed with flowers, that is in prime favor. Could more charmingly feminine than the frock and hat here shown? The gown is made with an overblouse of beaded georgette and a skirt of satin. The hat is of straw with the brim turned up at the back so as to show the loveliest line of a woman's head and hair. The crown is trimmed with roses and narrow ribbon, which forms two bows, one at the center front and one at the center back. (Inquiries are solicited and may be addressed care of this newspaper.)

DOES CRITICISM ANNOY YOU OR HAVE YOU GREAT FAITH?

The Man About Whom Our Reader Writes Is Afraid of What People Will Say—He Has Not the Courage of His Convictions and Loses Sight of His Goal—Does This Apply to You?

JUST how far can a person go in business in the defiance of criticism? A woman reader brings up this problem in the following letter:

"Dear Newspaper Friend—Your much appreciated opinion is wanted. What do you think of a man afraid of criticism, of unjust criticism? Is he a weakling? A coward? I am referring to the business world. A man with brains, holding a good position, and well educated, is afraid of what others will say and afraid they will criticize. The matter to which I am referring has to do with business enterprise and personal feelings have no place in it. What is your candid opinion of him?" "DAILY READER."

THE man to whom you refer is not a weakling or a coward. He simply lacks self-confidence. As Matthew Arnold says, he sees his vision, but he does not see it whole. This man evidently has dreams and plans, but he fears to launch them for fear of the things men will say about them. Here is where seeing your vision whole comes in. To outsiders our plans are generally uncer- in things, to be criticized and to be perhaps laughed at until they pan out successfully. But it is up to the author of the plans to hold tight to his vision as a whole, to stick to it in spite of everything that might come to discourage him, until he has accomplished what he set out to do. Big, worthwhile ventures will always be criticized. And the difference between the world's big men and its little men is simply the amount of ability these men had to keep in endless sight their goal—to aim for it and work for it, in spite of the laughter, the ridicule and the storms of the world.

IT ALL sifts down to a matter of faith in self and faith in what you are going to do. These are practical

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

- 1. Who is Mrs. Leonora Z. Meier?
2. What is the birthday flower for March?
3. When buttonholes become worn out which clever little trick re-stocks them?
4. What will keep the heel of a stocking from wearing?
5. What free pamphlet is to be had on the planting and culture of fruit trees for small orchards?
6. How can true linen damask be told from highly sized cotton damask?

Saturday's Answers

- 1. Passementerie is beaded trimming.
2. The "raglan" got its name from Lord Raglan, of England, who first wore a coat of this type.
3. The china wedding anniversary is celebrated in the twentieth year of marriage.
4. A piece of art gum or a very clear white eraser will remove marks from wallpaper. If the color is any way removed rest it with a little water color, but be sure to wash the hands.
5. When lace or cash curtains have shrunk, to lengthen them crochet cotton lace at the top and bottom. The rods can be put through these bands.
6. An old hot water bag which has outlived its usefulness can be cut off at the top, covered with cretonne and used as a case for wash cloth and soap.



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