AT THE TABLE IN LENTENTIDE—WHEN A MAN'S GROUCHY—A SUIT FOR SPRING—LETTERS

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR LENT; MRS. WILSON'S SUGGESTIONS

Seven Nutritious Dinners in Which No Meat Is Served—Tasty Salads and Good Desserts

The Right Way to Fix Planked Shad, an Old English Pease Pudding and Bean Croquettes

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE word Lent is from the Saxon term Lententide, which means the lengthening of the days of the coming of spring. Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent, may come as early as the 2d of February or as late as the 8th of March.

Aside from the religious observances of Lent, it is a most acceptable time for us to give our bodies a spring housecleaning as well—simple foods, meat once a day, using plenty of fresh vegetables, fruit and garden greens. If this period in the early spring is overlooked or neglected a rich diet of liberal amounts of beef as the spring approaches finds the body overloaded with acids and sluggish with overrich blood.

This period of the year brings to mind that after months of cold weather Dame Nature is awakening to life once more. The robins are twittering, the pussywillows are in bloom and the trees bursting into bud, so we may awake each day feeling buoyant, hopeful and eager and willing to be about our work enjoying health and success.

Some Lenten Menus

Many attractive meals may be prepared without meat.

DINNERS

No. 1
Watercress
Egg Cutlets — Cream Sauce
Baked Potatoes — Braised Onions
Celery Salad
Baked Apple — Whipped Cream
Coffee

No. 2
Radishes
Navy Baked Beans
Whole-boiled Potatoes — Cauliflower
Coleslaw
Junket — Cake
Coffee

No. 3
Scallions
Planked Shad
Baked Potatoes — Braised Celery
Hothouse Cucumber Salad
Sliced Oranges — Coffee

No. 4
Coleslaw
Old English Pease Pudding
Mashed Potatoes — Buttered Beets
Tomato Salad
Banana Gelatin — Coffee

No. 5
Celery
Bean Croquettes
Potato Cakes — Stuffed Mushrooms
Lettuce — Cheese Dressing
Cup Custards — Coffee

No. 6
Home-made Relish
Corn Pudding
French-fried Potatoes — Peas
Tomato Salad
Sliced Pineapple — Cake
Coffee

No. 7
Olives
Fishcakes — Tomato Sauce
Creamed Celery — Succotash
Stuffed Tomatoes
Jelly — Cake — Coffee

Egg Cutlets

One cupful of milk,
Five level tablspoonfuls of flour.

Place in a saucepan and dissolve the flour in the milk, and then bring to a boil. Cook for five minutes and then add

Three hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine.
One and one-half cupfuls of fine bread crumbs,
One and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt,
One teaspoonful of paprika,
One-half teaspoonful of mustard,
Three tablespoonfuls of finely minced parsley,
One tablspoonful of finely minced onion.

Mix thoroughly and then turn out on a well-greased platter, setting to cool for four hours. Then form into croquettes and dip in flour, then in beaten egg, and then roll in fine crumbs. Fry until golden brown in hot fat. This amount makes eight small croquettes.

Baked Navy Beans

Wash one pound of beans and then cook overnight in warm water. In the morning discard the bruised beans. Place in a saucepan and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Drain and then return to saucepan. Cover with boiling water and cook for ten minutes. Drain and then place in a baking pan or bean pot, and add

One-half cupful of vegetable salad oil,
Two onions, chopped fine,
One green or red pepper, chopped fine,
One and one-half cupfuls of tomatoes, put through a fine sieve,
Five tablespoonfuls of sirup,
Two teaspoonfuls of salt,
One teaspoonful of white pepper,
One-half teaspoonful of mustard.

Mix thoroughly and then pour over the beans. Then add sufficient water to cover and bake slowly for three hours.

Planked Shad

Shad are now coming in from the southern waters and will cost very little more than other fish. Have the fish dealer split the shad for planking. Soak the plank in cold water for two hours and then place the fish on the plank, and brush it with lemon juice. Place in the lowest part of the broiler of the gas range. Begin to baste with cold water after the fish has been in the oven for twelve minutes. Allow thirty minutes for planking a two-and-a-half-pound shad.

Old English Pease Pudding

One cupful of cream sauce,
One cupful of canned peas, rubbed through a fine sieve,
One-half cupful of bread crumbs,
One egg,
One and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt,
One teaspoonful of paprika,
Two teaspoonfuls of grated onion,
Two teaspoonfuls of finely chopped parsley.

Beat to mix and then pour in well-greased casserole dish or individual custard cups. Set in a pan of warm water and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes or until firm in the center. Remove from oven and serve from the dish with cream sauce, if baked in a baking dish. If baked in custard cups, turn out on thin slices of toast and cover with cream sauce and garnish with parsley. Let the cup stand for three minutes after removing from the oven before unmolding, then run a knife around the edge to loosen.

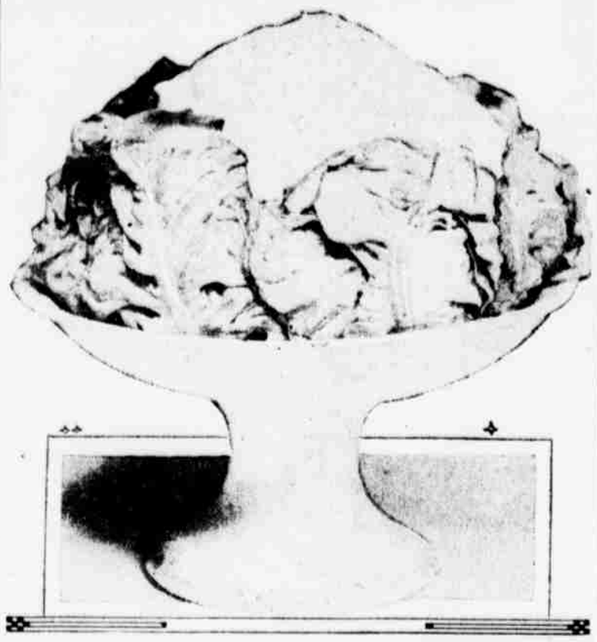
Bean Croquettes

Mash the leftover beans and then mold into croquettes. Roll in flour and dip in beaten egg and then in bread crumbs. Fry until golden brown in hot fat.

Corn Pudding

Substitute the corn in place of the peas in the old English pease pudding recipe.

PLENTY OF SALAD IN LENT



Even aside from the religious observation of Lent, it is a most acceptable time for spring housecleaning with one's health. A crisp salad, temptingly served, as the one in the picture, should make frequent appearance on the menu

Mrs. Wilson Answers Questions

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please give me a recipe for making chocolate maraschino cherries, also one for making sticky cinnamon buns? I had the paper with your recipe in it, but lost it. It is not clear to me just what you mean by cream sauce. Do you simply mean the thickened milk? One more question, in your recipe for souffle of spinach you say serve with cheese sauce, but give no recipe for it. Will you kindly give me your recipe for these sauces, and also am thanking you in advance. Mrs. M. R.

Chocolate Maraschino Cherries

Mrs. M. R.—Melt the Dot chocolate in double boiler and then add one tablespoonful of butter or salad oil in each one-half pound of chocolate. Shave the chocolate fine and then melt slowly, stirring frequently to prevent streaking. Drain the cherries well and then drop them in the chocolate and place on wax paper to dry.

See the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER of December 27 and 28, 1918, for cinnamon buns. For cream sauce, yes. To make cheese sauce add four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese to one cupful of cream sauce.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly advise me in your paper how sticky coating for the top of cinnamon buns is made? Also inform me how to make sweet pickle chowchow. Mrs. J. L.

Mrs. J. L.—See the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER of December 27 and 28 in reference to information about cinnamon buns. Recipes for chowchow, etc., will be given in the pickling and canning season.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Thank you ever so much for the rich ginger cookies and the ginger bread recipes. The southern prize bread was raised with yeast. It had, as I said before, milk, sugar and potatoes in it. The crust was a rich brown. The bread itself was snow white and fine; delicious as any fine white mountain cake I have ever tasted. Indeed, we all preferred it to the cake. I would like to find a recipe for it again. There was also a seven-pudding, so called from the seven ingredients in it, flour, raisins, etc., a fruit pudding like plum pudding, but taking only one-half hour to cook. H. L. S.

Virginia Potato Bread

H. L. S.—

Three cupfuls of mashed potatoes,
Five tablespoonfuls of butter or shortening,
One cupful of milk, scalded and cooled to 80 degrees Fahrenheit,
One-half cupful of sugar,
Three level teaspoonfuls of salt,
Two eggs.

Mix and then add one yeast cake crumbled in fine. Stir until the cake is dissolved and then add sufficient flour to form a dough. Turn on a molding board and knead for fifteen minutes. Wash the bowl and then grease it. Place in the dough and then rub the top with shortening to prevent crusting over. Set in a warm place between 75 and 80 degrees Fahrenheit and let rise for three hours. Punch or knead down and then let rise again for one hour. Turn on a board, mold into loaves and then place in well-greased pans and let rise for forty-five minutes. Bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes, then reduce the heat to moderate and finish the baking for fifteen minutes more, baking the loaf full forty-five minutes.

You may use one cupful of home-made yeast in place of the yeast cake, and either sweet or white potatoes.

Is this the pudding that you want?

One cupful of sirup,
Two eggs,
Four tablespoonfuls of shortening,
One-half cupful of sour milk,
One teaspoonful of baking soda,
Two cupfuls of flour,
One cupful of raisins.

Beat to blend and then pour in well-greased mold and bake for forty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with fruit custard or vanilla sauce. Spices may be added if desired.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please publish a recipe for oysters au gratin and oolige? Mrs. P. W.

Mrs. P. W.—See the oyster recipes for the week of February 15 in reference to oysters au gratin.

Ask Mrs. Wilson

If you have any cookery 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.

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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RUTH was hardly conscious of taking off the lovely Turkish costume; she only knew that somehow she got out of it and into bed. She lay there shivering and crying for hours, it seemed; going over in her mind what had happened, trying to think of a way to tell Scott, wondering if she could ever be the same happy carefree Ruth of a few weeks back; startled and amazed at the long way she had come, hating and despising herself for the part she had played in what had turned out to be a sordid intrigue.

"I'm no better than any woman who deliberately seeks to deceive her husband," she said over and over. "Nick Carson was right. I did play a game. I tried out all of my charms on him and expected him to treat me like a friend. Why did I do it? I don't care for Nick Carson. I hate him, and he held me in his arms. He kissed me. How am I going to tell Scott?"

Thus her thoughts ran over and over as she looked wide-eyed into the darkness trying to think of a way out. Suddenly a definite noise detached itself from the hum of noises that can always be heard around a city apartment. Ruth listened a moment and then sat up in bed. Someone was in the hall outside their door. She strained her ears and was sure she heard a key fitted into the lock.

Instantly she was out of bed. She pulled a bathrobe over her and tiptoed into the entrance hall to listen. Someone was certainly trying to unlock the door.

Her nerves were all on edge anyway and she stifled a scream. A wild thought pierced her brain that it might be Nick Carson come back. And so she stood cowering against the wall, as she had before that night, when the door swung in quietly and Scott came in.

The relief was so great that she staggered, and he caught her in his arms.

"Dearest, dearest," he said over and over again in an ecstasy of gladness that he had found her there. All the way home he had visualized her at the Dayton masquerade, scintillating, beautiful, bewitching, and all for Nick Carson, and here she was frightened and trembling, held fast in his arms in the blessed privilege of their own home.

And she was clinging to him with mumbled words, holding to him, kissing him, touching the rough coat, pulling his head down closer to her. It was good to be home.

"You frightened me so," she half sobbed.

Then reality swept down on him and he remembered.

He drew her into the living room and snapped on the electric light.

"I thought you'd be at the masquerade. Why didn't you go?"

Ruth was caught helpless. She had no time to plan what to say, no opportunity to tell Scott diplomatically. The time had come either to tell him the truth or to be miserable in concealing it from him.

"No, I didn't go," she began helplessly, and then flinging discretion to the winds, she threw out her hands to him beseechingly. "Oh, Scott, I can't pretend any longer. I hate Nick Carson. I haven't wanted to be friends with him, but I've done it because you said a woman needed men friends. I wanted you to think that I was as modern as the women you knew. And then, then," her voice trailed off miserably.

"Yes, dear, then—," he prompted.

"Nick came for me tonight," she wailed, "and when I opened the door for him he caught me and kissed me and said I deserved it for leading him on, and now I'm not the same Ruth any longer, but it's your fault."

This illogical arraignment was strangely feminine, but even in her own tortured mind Ruth was amazed when Scott only held her closer and admitted his part in the matter.

"You couldn't understand, and I didn't try to make you understand, so I know it was my fault. Dearest, listen to me; don't cry so. I trust you. I know that you haven't meant to do anything wrong. I was afraid of something like this, but you wouldn't understand that that was what I meant when I told you about Nick Carson's reputation. You thought I was jealous. Of course he thought you were playing a game with him. He plays it with every woman he meets whom he takes a fancy to. And you were playing a game because your friendship with Nick Carson was no more like my friendship with—well, we'll say Betty—than day is like night, only that it wouldn't have done any good to tell you so."

Ruth's sobs had become less agonized. She began to feel wonderfully safe and protected. And let it be said to her credit she did not resent the fact that Scott took the entire thing as he did. If she had expected him to be ready to fight Nick Carson for what had happened, and to divorce her, she was no longer surprised that he took the matter so calmly and blamed all three of them equally.

"And as for friendship with other women," he said to Ruth, holding her close, "I'm going to leave the entire thing to you, dearest, after this. We've both learned a lesson that I'll never forget."

"And you're not really angry because some one else beside you has kissed me, even if I hated it?" she asked, a catch in her breath.

"No woman is really kissed by a man if she is kissed against her will," said Scott gravely. "I could have prevented this thing if I had forbidden you to see Nick Carson, but I felt that you were big enough to learn the lesson by yourself through experience."

(The next episode of this serial begins tomorrow. It is called "Temptation.")

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Kathleen

It would not be necessary to have an evening dress to go to a supper at a hotel, unless the affair is a formal one. Haven't you some sort of little afternoon dress that you could freshen up with a little chiffon yoke. Or if the affair is to be formal, couldn't you buy some cheap silk and have your mother help you to make up some sort of a little evening dress.

What you suggested in your letter would be out of the question.

To "Blue Eyes"

You do not seem to be ashamed of the fact that you are going around with a married man. If you were a young wife, how would you like to feel that some one was meeting your husband and willing to win his love away from you? I am sure you do not realize what you are doing. Make up your mind not to bother about this man again. He does not care for you. He does not even keep an appointment with you. Things like this bring untold misery and the girl always loses out in the end. There is a good man waiting somewhere in the world to marry you, "Blue Eyes." Watch out for him. Make yourself worthy of him and the little home you will have some day. Let the married "flirts" alone.

To That Contented Bachelor

Dear Cynthia—Would like to say a few words about should a husband help his wife with dishes. In the first place, it is not when a couple are first married that the wife requires a little help. It is after twenty years or more of the tiresome routine of work. If a wife is a real housekeeper and homemaker it is no small task.

As the Contented Bachelor says, it is not such a difficult task to take care of a few rooms and wash a few dishes, if that is all housekeeping and homemaking is composed of. But what about the hundred little things that come in between to be done, such as washing, ironing, mending, baking, and preparing meals, and also making one's clothes, if the wife is not fortunate enough to have some of this work done? And to prepare the kind of dinners I am sure the Contented Bachelor would enjoy, it takes more than a half hour.

The terribly fagged-out husband often dresses after dinner and spends the evening out. Not too fagged out for that. Then comes Sunday, his day of rest. What about wife's rest? Sunday is usually her hardest day.

So while we all know it is not a man's place to help with the dishes, it is such a small thing for him to take a towel and dry the dishes for wife that it repays well. It is such a help to her and she does appreciate it, I am sure.

The Contented Bachelor better stay the way he is, for I am sure he would make a nice girl very much discontented.

For myself, I would rather be a man any day.

I do all the above things and plenty others I have not mentioned, and when night comes on am very tired. I don't have any help with the dishes, either.

ONE WHO KNOWS (MRS. M.).

P. S.—This is the first time I have written to you, but have often been tempted. Am very much interested in your letter.

Excellent Advice for T. G.

Dear Cynthia: I am deeply interested in "Thoroughly Disgusted's" letter on the 24th of February, having fought the same battle and indeed it is a battle, the thought of knowing that the one person in the world who should know you best and trust you most won't trust you out of his sight is maddening.

My case was identical with T. G.'s, two babies in the first three years married, and an insanely jealous husband. If I went out of an evening he sulked for two days; fair-minded and liberal in other respects, he made life miserable for me.

We had no one to mind the babies either. I was heading for a nervous breakdown which overtook me on the way and T. G. is on the same road. Oh, I know the symptoms and the cause, broken rest, care of two babies and worse than all, the iron band of jealousy crushing the life out of you. I would like to tell T. G. how our trouble was settled.

First she must right about face, stop crying, get a good hold on herself, square her shoulders and say what she has to say plainly, and stick by it. If she is afraid, then all is lost.

You owe it to your babies, T. G., you must check yourself now. I can tell by the tone of your letter you are worked up to a terrible pitch. I selected a nice quiet evening, babies in bed, husband having a nice quiet smoke, when I launched my surprise attack.

"Do you realize," I said, "there is none of the color left in my cheeks that you admired so much?" He stared at me as I went calmly on, "do you know my wedding dress hangs on me shamefully. Do you know it's a mental condition causing most of this or don't you care? It's your idiotic idea that a woman needs no recreation. I will tolerate this condition no longer, I must have an evening off occasionally. Understand the next time I plan a little pleasure and you spoil it I will take it that you no longer care and something will happen that I hate to do, but in justice to myself I must. This is my declaration of independence and I stand ready to see it through."

After that things were very quiet; I was barely courteous. I was afraid it would blow over if I was my usual self. Three days later he said, "Don't you think you have carried this thing far enough?" The whiteness of his face alarmed me. I stepped back a few steps and said, "I am not going to slip back into my old life; something must give." He threw himself on the couch and buried his head in his hands. After a while in a voice which showed me what a fight he had had with himself, he said, "I cared too much. I was selfish; I satisfied myself regardless of you; I see it all now and hate myself. You will never be troubled that way again."

Now he suggests a good movie, dries the dishes, puts the babies to bed while I'm gone and smiles when I come in. I am so happy. Oh, T. G., don't leave him. Teach him a lesson, but you must be firm. INTERESTED.

A FAVORITE TYPE OF SUIT FOR SPRING

This little suit is of a type that is extremely popular this spring. The one in the picture is in man's blue serge

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

SOMETHING like the survival of the fittest takes place every season in the realm of suit fashions. Of all the many types of suit that are brought forward by the designers and shown by the shops or made by the tailors there is always one type that for some reason or other assumes a very marked lead over the others. It is not so popular as to appear commonplace. It is the model that you would select if you wished to appear most modish at the time, and there is no reason why this should not be your ambition.

Now the type of suit that persisted this spring, the type that won the laurels as far as this universal appeal is concerned, is just the sort of suit that you see here portrayed by our artist. It is varied in different cases, but always the dominant line is the same. The waistcoat is always there and the line that flares slightly from the neck to the hips. In any other season you might have declared that this was not especially graceful. In truth, it is rather trying to the woman whose figure is not willowy, but it is the choice of the season. For some reason it is the one model that stands out as pre-eminently in vogue, and with most of us that is enough.

The one shown here is made up in what is probably the best material for the suit that is to be worn pretty constantly—man's serge in navy blue. The coat, of course, is a box model and the collar is turned down. The trimming is the note that characterizes this suit and makes it different from the others of its like.

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THIS GIRL WAS AFRAID NO MAN WOULD PROPOSE TO HER

But They Did, Four of Them, Four Years After She Had Thought the Thing Never Could Happen—How What She Wanted Came to Her When She Stopped Thinking About It

THERE are just two ways for a girl to grow up, to await from day to day the coming of a man who will marry her and to just go straight ahead acting as if life were perfectly well worth living even if a husband never turned up. And it is a queer paradox that the girl who does go straight ahead building interests that have nothing to do with men generally makes a success of matrimony while the girl who builds dreams around every other man she meets frequently turns it into a shilly-shally failure.

When you don't wish for a thing it generally comes around and camps on your front doorstep, but when you do, it seems as though wild horses cannot drag it from the hidden places. This applies to happiness, husbands and money, but most particularly to husbands.

HERE is an instance. Janet was a nice-looking girl, with clear skin, nice blue eyes and brown hair that she knew how to fix nicely. After she finished high school, occasionally boys called her up and asked her to go out, but there was no reign of popularity into which other of her classmates plunged. There were no flowers, for instance. As for invitations to fraternity houseparties, to the biggest football games of the season, they simply did not ever come her way.

To tell the truth, as the years went by Janet was worried about it. Who, she would feverishly think, as evening after evening went by when there was nothing to do, would ever marry her? What if no one ever did? It is no exaggeration to say she was terribly worried and afraid. She was afraid no man would ever ask her to marry him.

I THINK it was one of her school friends who first put it into Janet's head to take a course in a line of study that had to do with investigating factory conditions where children were employed. Janet was worried. She was getting older and older, you see—fully twenty-three! So silly as it may seem to some, it was desperation and neither interest nor ambition that led Janet to the school.

Then there happened to Janet the thing that happens to every girl with normal intelligence who takes up work that has to do with dealing with human beings. She became amazingly wrapped up in her work. Her parents were surprised, the girls she had gone around with were loath to believe it was true. Not only did Janet give the best that was in her to her studies in the daytime, but she went to the public library at night and took out books about children in labor fields that opened new worlds to her.

THAT was four years ago. Today Janet is twenty-seven. She has an excellent position with the Department of Labor with headquarters in Washington and traveling quarters almost anywhere. Since that important day four years back, four of the nicest men in the world have asked our little friend to marry.

How did it happen? Janet, who has always told me her troubles, freely confesses that from the day she absolutely stopped worrying about men, in some accountable way they began to worry about her.

"I have decided," she explained, "that men like best the girl who is smartly dressed and womanly, but who at the same time has the air of being able to worry on through her whole life, if necessary, without them."

A Famous Tree

In the main street of the principal town in the little island of Kos, a Turkish possession off the coast of Asia Minor, stands one of the most famous trees in the world. It is a huge tree, eighteen yards in circumference and more than 2000 years old. Under its branches tradition says that St. Luke and St. Paul rested.

WISE WOMAN
SHE is saving money every meal buying second cuts, using up odds and ends, and her husband says the food has never been so good before. She is using the miracle-worker of cookery—
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