

ALL ABOUT PUTTING UP QUINCES—NOVELTIES IN THE SHOPS—A TRAY TO MAKE—CYNTHIA

HOW TO MAKE QUINCE MARMALADE: OTHER RECIPES BY MRS. WILSON

The Directions for Making Jelly From This Fruit and Two Other Delicious Spreads

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE quince is the fruit of a tree of the apple and pear family, and a true native of southern Europe and Asia. It is cultivated in all temperate climates.

The ancient Greeks and Romans accredited the quince with many healing powers. There is a legend of a beautiful Grecian maid who discovered the true secret of making marmalade, and this was afterward served by the maids of Athens to their sweethearts after their conquests.

The name marmalade is from the Portuguese, which is marmelo. The quince is a fruit that cannot be eaten in its raw state, but is most delicious in jams, jelly, marmalade and quince butter, and vies with apple and guava as the best fruit for jelly making.

The large, smooth fruit is the first choice, and it must be carefully handled as it bruises quickly; parts which are bruised rapidly discolor to a dark brown. To keep the quinces any length of time wipe them frequently with a dry cloth, and set on a wire tray so that there may be a free circulation of air around the place, and place in a cool, dry and well-ventilated room.

The seeds of the quince are rich in a mucilage-like matter, and they form a jelly-like paste when soaked in water.

Quince Jelly Wash the quinces and then cut in half, and remove the seeds and cores and pare. Cut the pared quince in thin slices and then place in a bowl, and cover with cold water.

Place the parings and seeds of the quinces in a preserving kettle, and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook until the parings are very soft. Mash frequently and turn into a jelly bag, and let drip.

Measure the juice and return it to the preserving kettle. Bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Then add three-quarters cup of sugar for each cup of juice. Stir to thoroughly dissolve the sugar and then bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Pour into sterilized glasses. Cool and cover with melted paraffin and store in the usual manner for jellies.

Now place the quinces which were cut into thin slices and cover with cold water in the preserving kettle, covering the sliced quinces with water two inches above the fruit in the kettle. Bring to a boil and then cook slowly until the sliced quinces are soft. Drain off the juice and then measure the cooked fruit. Return to the kettle and add

One quart of sugar, One cup of water to every three quarts of cooked sliced quinces. Place on stove and cook slowly until a very thick jam. Fill in sterilized jars, and adjust the rubber and lid and seal. Process in hot-water bath for fifteen minutes, and then cool and store.

Use the liquid strained from the cooked quinces for jelly, following the rule for quince jelly.

Roman Quince Marmalade Wash the quinces, and then pare and cut into thin slices. Place in a preserving kettle and cover with cold water. Place on the stove and cook until tender. Now place the parings, cores and seeds in a separate kettle, and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook for fifteen minutes, and add two-thirds quart of sugar for every quart of the prepared quince pulp. Stir the sugar until it dissolves and then bring to a boil, and cook slowly until the mixture is a thick jam. Pour into sterilized glasses or bowls and cool. Cover with melted paraffin.

This Roman quince marmalade was accredited with the power to heal coughs and colds.

Fancy Quince Marmalade Prepare the quinces as for Roman quince marmalade and measure the fruit. To four quarts of cooked quinces and juice add

One package of seedless raisins, One medium-sized bottle of maraschino cherries, cut into tiny bits, Two cups of finely chopped almonds or other nuts, Two and one-half quarts of granulated sugar.

Place in the preserving kettle and bring to a boil. Cook slowly until a thick marmalade and then fill into sterilized jars. Adjust the rubber and lid, and seal. Process in a hot-water bath for fifteen minutes and then store in a cool, dry place.



MRS. M. A. WILSON

Quince Chips, a Tempting Greek Confection That Was Served at Banquets and Other Gala Occasions

hours and repeat for three days. Turn into a sieve or put through a colander to drain. When well drained and nearly dry separate each piece of quince and roll in granulated sugar. Let dry in a warm room and then pack into boxes lined with wax-paper. Place waxpaper between the layers. The liquid drained from the quinces may be placed in glasses and stored for quince jelly. This delicious Greek confection was served at banquets and on all gala occasions.

Mrs. Wilson Answers Queries

No. 1279 My dear Mrs. Wilson—You are so good in repeating recipes for people, can I ask you if you will reprint your recipe for Spanish bun. It was so good I hate to give it up and I do hate to trouble you, and I would thank you so much for it. E. B. S.

Spanish Bun One and three-quarter cups of sugar, Three-quarter cup of shortening, Yolks of five eggs, Cream until light lemon color and then add

Five cups of flour, One cup of milk, One package of small seedless raisins or currants.

Beat just enough to mix and then cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of five eggs. Pour into a square pan which has been lined with paper and then greased and floured. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Ice with water icing and mark off into slices with a knife while the icing is soft.

Adventures With a Purse

ONE shop has a table of laces at most remarkable prices. Most of the lace is narrow edging or insertion. The patterns are lovely; one, in particular, is of fine fillet design. This is an edging and would be just the thing for trimming underwear. Although there are numbers of patterns, the prices vary but slightly. You will find them to be mostly five cents, eight cents, twelve cents or at the most fifteen cents a yard. And you'll find many a real bargain among them.

I saw stunning little purse-size bottles of smelling salts today for thirty-seven cents. You could easily tuck one away in the corner of your pocketbook. Particularly if you are subject to headaches or sickness, you will appreciate the comfort of having with you at all times a bottle of fragrant, refreshing smelling salts.

From the girl who has a hope chest to her whose purse admits the purchase of really fine underwear for every day use, this soft, little nightgown will be appreciated. It is made very simply, with high waist, pointed neck and sleeves. And ending neck and arms are a banding of hand-made Irish crochet. As Dorothea so aptly put it, "it's a darling." And it's been very specially priced at \$2.95.

A number of us, unknown to one another, set out in quest of leather hand bags for everyday use. Dorothea's, commodious and sturdy, cost almost \$4; Mabel's was \$3.50, and was quite similar to the one I bought for \$2.95. It measures probably four inches wide by five inches deep, an unusual shape—comes in several colors, and also in the popular leather finish, and has, of course, an inside pocket-book and mirror. Taking it all in all, I think I got the best of the bargain.

The telephone at its shiny best is not a particularly ornamental object. And I am not one who holds that its use justifies any lack of ornamental qualities. That's the reason I am in sympathy with the roughish little telephone girls one attaches to the mouthpiece, and whose wide spread skirts demurely disguise the instrument. One shop has these girls for the unusual price of twenty-five cents. I believe this is a rather special sale.

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 3000.

DESIGN FOR A PAINTED WICKER TRAY



Have you ever considered the possibility of making one of those attractive painted wicker trays yourself? A good-sized one costs only seventy-five cents plain, and with a little decoration would make a very pretty Christmas gift. The pattern given above can be transferred to the tray with tracing paper. Make the outline in black, the leaves green, the fruit orange and yellow and the bird blue, with a red bill and brown tail. Use oil paints. The tray can be varnished when finished or frequently the background is painted white or some other effective shade.

The Woman's Exchange

Wedding Menu Dear Madam—Would you kindly tell me if there is any possible way in cleaning a fawn-colored wool jersey dress without sending it to the cleaners? Also please suggest a simple but dainty menu for a wedding supper, the time of the wedding being at 4 p. m. READER.

You can take the spots from the fawn-colored dress with the commercial cleaner of which you speak. By spreading French chalk over the indefinitely soiled places you can freshen them up. The dress is more apt to stretch than to shrink at the cleaners.

To Waiter To Waiter—It would be better for you to consult a doctor as to the efficacy of the place you mention for actual hay fever. You could find out very accurate details about the climate and, in fact, all about everything by addressing your inquiries to the chamber of commerce in each city.

Getting Rid of Ants Dear Madam—I have been living in the same house for ten years and this is the first year that I have seen red ants. I have tried several things which have proved unsatisfactory so I want to ask you if you could suggest any way of getting rid of them. I. M. G.

Have you tried unslaked lime? If you will send me a self-addressed envelope I will forward you the name of something that has been successfully used in hotels to drive away ants.

To Clean Baby's Shoes Dear Madam—Could you tell me what to use to clean rose velvet curtains which are soiled by people walking past them; also what to use to clean white hickskin shoes. My baby gets hers black from walking and I try scrubbing them, then whitening them, but do not have good results.

It is very hard to clean curtains and I would advise you to send them to the cleaner's. You could freshen the curtains by using any absorber, such as sorrel, French chalk or muslin. Sprinkle these well into the goods and allow to remain for a day or so, then brush well. A mixture of one part benzine would remove individual stains, but in using it be very careful no ring is left. Work from the inside out and draw a circle of French chalk around each spot to prevent spreading. The benzine preparation is inflammable. Never use near light or flames and let them dry well, before applying the whitening try rubbing up the nap with fine sandpaper. After you have used the liquid whitener then go over them with powder.

Coin Not Valuable Dear Madam—Will you kindly publish in your paper the following answers: How much is a three-cent piece worth dated 1865, and where could I sell it, if it is worth anything? ANXIOUS.

I am sorry to report that the piece is only worth four cents at the present time. It is the piece with the head of Liberty that you have. I presume. Under "coins" in the business section of the telephone directory you can find the names of experts who deal in old coins. Perhaps you might like to know this for future reference.

"NERVES" ARE A CONFESSION THAT THE JOB IS TOO BIG

Do You Let Piled-Up Work Conquer You or Do You Conquer It?

DO YOU let the things you have to do get the better of you or do you get the better of them? I heard a gentleman give a very terse definition of nervous prostration the other day. "It's nothing," he said, "but letting your work conquer you instead of making yourself conquer your work."

Looking at it in this light getting nervous or worked up about things is not a feat to boast about. Nobody likes to openly admit the job is too big for him. And the job is too big, no matter what our capability to fill it, when we let it get on our nerves. That, in fact, as far as accomplishment is concerned, is the pathetic thing, the personal and economic waste about nerves. They can lay low any amount of latent ability. Hide it not only from our employers, but from ourselves, which is, of course, far worse.

WHENEVER I hear any one say: "I get all worked up over things—I can't help it," I think of that little classic of letter-writing, "I take my pen in hand." Take yourself in hand. You can do it. If you're not captain of your will, who isn't? None can stiffen your spine and hold your chin high—higher than the petty upsets and the bewildering whirl of the day—but yourself.

Find a steady bit of philosophy and lean on it when your desk is piled high with work, and the telephone is ringing and the salesmanager is calling for reports. One very strengthening one is "A month from now the troubles of today won't seem like a drop in the bucket. I had a day like this three weeks ago. I'm still alive. I went to bed with a sick headache, that time. What good did it do me to get worked up? I am going to stay calm this time if the house falls down. Telephone, do your worst."

There is this to consider when work, whether at home or in the office, piles up. You can't do more than one thing at a time. You are no doubt coping with the situation just as well as the next person. Simply keep this little classic of letter-writing, "I take my pen in hand." Take yourself in hand. You can do it.

The Free Course in Book-Selling Opening at the William Penn High

A FREE course in book salesmanship and library work will begin its fourth year at the William Penn Evening High School on Monday evening, September 29. The course, which is open to both men and women, is highly interesting because it offers unusual opportunity for advancement to any person bent on self-betterment. While the average book seller is not ordinarily well paid, the trained bookseller is and the graduates of the course are all receiving an advance over the usual wages. The students are so much in demand among employers that they are all spoken for before graduation.

Book salesmanship comprises library methods of classification, card cataloging and indexing, with instruction in the book news of the day, and an introduction to the leading books in all departments of literature. The course is about books and deals with their authors, dates, publishers, editions, etc. In no respect is this course a study of literature, nor is any analysis or appreciation of literature required. Opportunity will be given the class to hear practical talks from book buyers and salesmen, librarians, dealers in second-hand books, and from others in the trade.

Book advertising, which may be called book salesmanship in writing, is a special attention. The library work includes a very thorough course in all the systems of filing, the alphabetic, numeric, classified, automatic, geographic, etc. During the war many of the graduates of the school found employment in camp libraries. The cataloging of private libraries is a profession often engaged in. The school has frequent requests for private catalogues. The making of publishers' book catalogues is another line of special work which graduates have taken up. Women are successfully engaged as owners of book shops, as well.

The Philadelphia Booksellers' Association, at whose suggestion book salesmanship courses were introduced, offers prizes every year for the best examination papers from the students of the course.

Absence

I am tempted to tell you I want her— But Circumstance holds us apart. And why should my yearning haunt her— Who has the same ache in her heart? So I put my feelings in letters: I hammer and shackle my pen! The proof seems plain in my letters That I am the coolest of men! Yet she knows that my hours are aged: She sees that my coldness is fire! She reads in my empty pages The gulfs of my soul's desire! (Poem by Robinson in The Woman's Page)

The Testing of Julia Grant

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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READ THIS FIRST Julia Grant, a quiet sort of girl, of an unusual type of beauty, has been engaged to Dan Carson nearly a year, when she begins to worry about a steadily growing indifference on his part. The wedding date has been set, but three weeks before she can stand the agony no longer and decides to ask him what is wrong. Finally, Julia wrings from Dan the admission that he no longer loves her—that there is some one else. Although completely crushed, she bravely renounces her claim and returns the engagement ring. On the day on which she was to have been married Julia goes forth alone in the pouring rain.

THEN START THE STORY

JULIA, walking along in the rain with her head bent and her thoughts turned inward, was suddenly startled by some one speaking her name. "Well, upon my soul, Julia Grant." "Martha Blake, where on earth did you drop from?" "My dear, I've been in France since I saw you last. But what has been the matter with you, Julia? You don't look well, child." "Oh, I'm all right," Julia was looking eagerly at Martha Blake. Martha was inclined to be stout, but her round, cheery face was infinitely appealing. Julia noticed that she wore a trim dark blue uniform and looked very well in it. Julia felt suddenly that she could tell Martha everything.

"Let's go somewhere and talk," Martha was saying. "Have you had lunch?" Julia shook her head, and the two walked off together. Before she knew it Julia was telling Martha everything, her thoughts and dreams, the fact that Dan Carson had jilted her, everything. "And I can't seem to get back my self-respect," Julia finished. "I keep thinking that there is something lacking in me, something that I should have had in order to hold Dan."

The girls were sitting opposite each other at a small table. It was early, and there were few people there. As Julia finished speaking she saw that Martha's face was flushed with anger. "The man is a cad," she flamed hotly, "an utter cad! He's not worth a single thought from a girl like you." Julia opened her wide, black-lashed eyes. "Oh, but, Martha, you don't know him. He's so dear and so big and so worth while."

"How can you say he is worth while, Julia Grant, when he has treated you as he has?" "A man can't help it if he falls in love with another woman," Julia insisted. "O, can't he?" exclaimed Martha. "Well, the right kind of a man can, let me tell you that much. But I won't waste any more time on him, I want to talk about you, Julia. Do you know you're thinking too much about the whole matter? You've got to get your mind away from it and interested in something else. Why don't you go to work?"

"But I don't know anything." "You can learn." "What, for instance?" "Do you think you would like nursing?" Julia's lovely brow wrinkled. "I don't know. I have never thought about it. I might." Julia leaned across the table. "Julia, my dear, life is just beginning for you, you're not waked up as yet, and when you do wake up you're going to look back on this experience as something that helped you. I know you don't believe that now, but you will some time. You're young, life is still an adventure, and, my dear, you're beautiful—so many girls haven't that." "Martha, just now I can't think of anything but the fact that I wasn't big enough to hold Dan." "If I could forget that, I could go on."

"You will forget it after you have started work. You haven't known enough people, Julia. You have lived too much in your own narrow circle. You need to get out in the world now and be independent." "I can get you into one of the hospitals, but you want to be sure; some girls can't stand it at all." "Julia raised her proud little head. 'I could stand it,' she said. Then go to it and work so hard that you can't do anything but fall on your bed at night exhausted. Work has cured many heartaches as real as yours. And work is what you need; it will take your mind off your own troubles and give it to others who need it worse than you do."

Julia had not thought of work of late. She and Lucy had always had plenty at home—never an abundance of everything, but always plenty for clothes and necessities. Lucy had gone away to boarding school for ever, and she had a great deal of persuasion on her part, but Julia, although she wanted more than anything to go, hadn't thought it worth the family arguments that were necessary when either of the girls wanted to do anything. Julia had always wanted to do something, but this wish had been discouraged by both her father and mother.

"It isn't as if you had a marked talent for anything," her mother would say. Mrs. Grant wanted to go along in the same rut without any change, and she was quite confident that both her daughters would marry well. "I'll try it," Julia said suddenly, smiling a faint little smile at Martha. Martha had brought the first ray of hope into the grayness of Julia's heart, and she was quite sure that this was life. She hadn't the faintest idea of what a hospital training would be like, but it was Julia's creed to like to do things for others. She had done too much for Dan Carson, only that she hadn't realized it as yet.

(Monday Dan Carson discovers that all women are not cut out of the same pattern.)

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

A Poem About Cynthia Dear Cynthia—Somebody asked you last evening in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER to disclose your identity. And they say a woman cannot keep a secret. If we just knew what you look like, maybe we would be satisfied. I have tried to content myself with this picture of you, which I am putting in poetry. Won't you let me know if I share the secret? Here is it: Cynthia

She's a girl, in her teens, oh, no! She's been wooed and courted by many a beau. She's just five feet three inches tall. Have I guessed right? But that isn't all!

Her hair is of the raven hue. Those eyes of brown, they look at you! Her teeth are of the mother of pearl. She's just the sweet up-to-date girl. Her cheeks are of the roses, red. Maybe she's single and maybe she's wed. She's just the picture you think she is. She's the picture that no artist can paint.

ANXIOUS. What a perfectly scrumptious poem to have written about a body! Thank you, ANXIOUS. Half of it's true, but don't you think it's more interesting not to know which half?

Here's to "Judy"! My dear Cynthia—May a very busy girl offer a few humble opinions in regard to some of the topics under discussion in your interesting column? First of all, I should like to express my approval of "Helen J. B.'s" letter. Isn't it refreshing to read something like that after the many pessimistic letters that so many of the men write? To read those mournful lamentations about the "painted dolls," and so forth, one can't help but feel that American girls have degenerated into selfish, humorless creatures with no interests in life but idle-pleasure.

I should like to tell you a few things about myself and then ask you a few things you do not think that I am one of thousands of educated, intelligent, well-built, American girls who are to be found everywhere. It is not with conceit, Cynthia, but with a vast amount of just pride that I describe myself impersonally as the typical American girl. As to my personal appearance, I shall say little. I am tall, and so forth, one especially figure, but at least I can say that my nose is straight, my chin firm, and my complexion clear.

My interests in life are many and varied. Of course, I love dancing, an every normal young person does. I am also very fond of all out-door sports, especially hiking, canoeing and motor-ing. One of my favorite pursuits is reading—not only the "best sellers," but also the classics, history, biography and even psychology. I have high ideals in regard to art, music and literature.

Boys and Girls Care for the Skin with Cuticura

PIEDMONT Peanut Oil —is a wholesome and easily digested American food oil—ideal for both table and cooking purposes.

IF YOU LOVE THE CENTURY FLOWER SHOP