

WHEN THE CHANCE VISITOR COMES—AN UNUSUAL BEAVER HAT IN THE SHOPS—CYNTHIA LETTERS

MORE TASTY HURRY-UP DINNERS SUGGESTED BY MRS. M. A. WILSON

They Make Use of the Government Canned Food and Offer Attractive Menus

By MRS. M. A. WILSON. Copyright, 1919, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All Rights Reserved. SOMETIMES, no matter how carefully we plan, it will happen that an unexpected guest will arrive when the actual preparations for the dinner are so far under way that it will be almost impossible to make a change without displaying to the guest that his unheralded appearance has caught us napping.

The emergency ration in the navy is for a time of great need, so, too, the housewife must learn to provide emergency rations in her pantry that can, with a few minutes' preparation, be turned into splendid meals. To apologize for a makeshift meal when a guest descends upon us at mealtime means that we are not keeping up to par.

Many housewives who have purchased some of the government foodstuffs know how delicious the canned meats are and how quickly they can be prepared. The cans are full of juicy, tender, delicious meat without waste, fat or bones, and every bit of it can be utilized.

Some Emergency Dinners. Start right now, if you have not been using the delicious little pick-ups at the beginning of the meal; they are known as hors d'oeuvres to the French and tidbits to the English.

To prepare these dainty bits, it need not materially increase the cost of the meal, and it is a very good way to utilize the small amounts of food that are left over and are too small to utilize otherwise. For instance, a tablespoon of any vegetable may be used for this purpose. In fact, no amount is too small, as in any case can be combined with onion, parsley and a little sausage.

The use of hors d'oeuvres will piece out a plain meal, giving it an elegance all its own. For variety it may be a canape of some kind or a vegetable pickle or Italian relish, which is made by serving on small bread and butter plates two or three vegetables and a bit of sausage or highly seasoned left-over meat.

Emergency Menu No. 1. Radishes. Celery. Canape a l'Anglaise. Creamed Potatoes. Lettuce. Russian Dressing. Canned Fruit. Coffee.

Emergency Menu No. 2. Baked Veal Loaf. Spanish Sauce. Macaroni Croquettes. Peas. Celery Salad. Coffee. Jelly Sandwiches.

Emergency Menu No. 3. Olives. Stuffed Celery. Hash with Baked Eggs. Southern Style Sweet Potato Croquettes. String Beans. Romaine Salad. Coffee. Sliced Pineapple.

Emergency Menu No. 4. Chop one large onion fine and add two tablespoons of finely minced green celery leaves and one tablespoon of butter. One-half teaspoon of salt. One-quarter teaspoon of mustard. One-half teaspoon of vinegar. Mix to a smooth paste and then spread on thin strips of toast or crackers.

Roast Beef. Open a can of roast beef and cut into thin slices. Heat in the juice in the can and lift to a hot platter and garnish with parsley. Serve with the creamed potatoes. Roast mutton or pork may be substituted for the beef, as these meats are equally as delicious as the beef when canned.

Emergency Menu No. 5. Place in a bowl. Four tablespoons of grated cheese. One-half cup of milk. Six tablespoons of flour. Stir to dissolve the flour and then bring to a boil and cook for four minutes, and then add one teaspoon of salt. One teaspoon of paprika. Four tablespoons of finely minced parsley. Open and heat until very hot one can of hash and then put in a glass baking dish and place on top of the hash a pouched egg for each person, and sprinkle with a little grated cheese and place in a hot oven for a few minutes. Serve with the prepared sauce.

Emergency Menu No. 6. Place in a bowl. One-half cup of grated cheese. One-half cup of milk. One teaspoon of paprika. One pimento or red pepper, chopped fine. One teaspoon of vinegar. Work to a smooth paste and then fill into the grooves of the celery. Dust with paprika and serve. Every one of the above meals is dainty and yet sufficiently appetizing to set before a guest, and they can be prepared from the canned food sold by the government.

Always remember that once a can of food is opened it is wisest to immediately turn the contents into a china or glass dish until it is needed. Any left-over portions may be placed in the icebox, and they will keep just the same as any other cooked food. Store canned foods in a cool, dry place.

Where You Can See Mrs. Wilson's Movies

WHAT is more tempting on a crisp fall morning than... CORN MUFFINS. Today in her scenario at the Globe Theatre, Market and Juniper streets, Mrs. Wilson is showing how to make delicious ones.

LEBANON CRUMB CAKE will be shown as follows: Saturday—Sherwood Theatre, Fifty-fourth street and Baltimore avenue.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE. Saturday—The Idle Hour, West Chester. For copies of the recipes apply at box office or send self-addressed envelope to Editor of Woman's Page.

Emergency Menu No. 2. Homemade Pickle. Italian Salad. Cheese Sandwiches. Baked Veal Loaf. Spanish Sauce. Macaroni Croquettes. Peas. Celery Salad. Coffee. Jelly Sandwiches.

Place in a bowl. Four tablespoons of grated cheese. One-half teaspoon of paprika. One-quarter teaspoon of mustard. One tablespoon of grated onion. One tablespoon of butter. Mix thoroughly and spread on squares of toast or small crackers and place in the oven to heat for a few minutes and then dust lightly with paprika.

Baked Veal Loaf With Spanish Sauce. Mince fine. Four pimentos. Two onions. Place in a saucepan and add one teaspoon of salt. One teaspoon of paprika. One cup of tomatoes. One can of veal loaf.

Emergency Menu No. 3. Olives. Stuffed Celery. Hash with Baked Eggs. Southern Style Sweet Potato Croquettes. String Beans. Romaine Salad. Coffee. Sliced Pineapple.

Make a sauce as follows: One cup of tomatoes, rubbed. THE RIPPLE SUIT COMES INTO FAVOR.

Ring Toss de Luxe. Ring toss (you can buy this game in the five and ten cent stores) becomes a wonderful contest for the children if the rings are covered with gold and silver tinsel. The stand is also decorated.

A Guessing Contest. Ten trays full of little favors from the ten-cent store is held up and each child is required to take a guess as to how many articles are in the bag. The one guessing nearest gets a party on his card, but at the end of the party those favors are distributed.

Remembering. Put a number of objects on a table and let each child go in one by one and say while you count a certain number. When the little one goes out he is obliged to tell some grown-up in another room just what he saw on the table. The child who remembers best wins.

Varied Information. Dear Madam—Kindly publish some games that are appropriate for little children to play at a birthday party. The children range from four to six years of age. MRS. J. B.

Searching for Flowers. Some grown-up persons begins the game by setting a poem about a violet or some other flower. At the last word of the poem the little people begin their search about the room for real or artificial flowers that have been previously hidden. Signal for discontinuing the search is given by bell. The boy or girl who by the end of that time has collected most flowers gets a prize or a mark on his card. A similar mark may be given to each child who wins any of the games and then a prize given to the little boy and girl who have the most marks on their cards.

These Emergency Meals Are a Boon When the Unexpected Visitor Drops in at 6 o'Clock

through a fine sieve. One-half cup of milk. Six tablespoons of flour. Stir to dissolve the flour and then bring to a boil and cook for four minutes, and then add one teaspoon of salt. One teaspoon of paprika. Four tablespoons of finely minced parsley.

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The Woman's Exchange

Kittens Want Home. Dear Madam—We have four beautiful kittens, all white with blue spots. I was going to send them away, but I can't bear to part with them as I can keep only two myself. If any one desires one of the kittens he can have one, for they are at our summer home and a party is going to bring one on Monday.

MRS. B. A kitten has already been secured for the little boys. Would some other reader like one of these? Will you hold them, Mrs. B.

Games for Children. To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Kindly publish some games that are appropriate for little children to play at a birthday party. The children range from four to six years of age. MRS. J. B.

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Varied Information. To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Kindly tell me how to take chewing gum out of the husk of a dark blue georgette dress.

Second. How may a light blue sash be kept until next summer so it won't lose its life? Third. What is an easy way to file one's right nails? Fourth. How may white enamel beds be cleaned?

Fifth. Is there any way of cutting paper exactly straight without the use of a paper cutter? I've tried scissors and cannot get it straight.

READER. First. If you rub a piece of ice on the gum it will get very hard and you can crumble it off. Second. Wind the ribbon around a pad of tissue paper and wrap the whole up in tissue paper. I do not know of any other way to protect ribbon from so many seasons. Perhaps some reader can tell.

A MODISH OUTFIT FOR FALL



This smart coat dress for fall and winter wear is fashioned in blue tulle. The elaborate embroidered design on the coat is done in black silk floss; the vestee is of white silk, satin and lace. The unusual hat worn is worthy of note. It is black beaver and "off-the-face"

The Testing of Julia Grant

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR. Copyright, 1919, by Hazel Devoy Bachelor.

When Julia Unintentionally Betrays Grace Merritt and Receives a Confession From Her

READ THIS FIRST. Dan Carson obtains his release from Julia Grant three weeks before their marriage. He gives as his reason the fact that he is in love with another woman. However, when it goes to Miss Tully with his so-called love, she discovers that she has been playing with him. Rather than let people know that he has been hired by the girl he allows the Grants to think that he has repented of giving Julia up. Julia has, in the meantime, entered a hospital to take the training there. On a visit home Lucy Grant, Julia's sister, tells Julia about Dan and asks her if she is sorry for him.

NOW START THE STORY. WAS she sorry for him? Julia searched her inmost soul for a true answer. She knew that that night was the question unanswered. Lucy was wise enough not to press it. She knew that telling Julia was enough for the present—Julia had such a strict confidence that she would turn the matter over and over in her mind and would do what she thought best. But she did not wish him unhappily, she did not want revenge as some girls would have.

But with her thoughts the hospital came in sight and she looked up at it with a thrill that she could not explain. A small car was standing out in front and as she came up to it she saw that it was the car of the girl. A moment later a girl in a long cape and with a veil over her face ran down the steps and into it. In an instant the car was off, but not before Julia recognized Grace Merritt. She had not seen the other person in the car, but she had an idea that it was Doctor Nugent. Julia sighed.

In the hall she met Miss Tully, who looked at her keenly. "You're not on duty tonight, are you?" Miss Tully asked, in her curt manner. "No." "Well, you're needed in the operating room, an emergency case."

Julia was hurrying off to get ready when Miss Tully stopped her. "By the way, Miss Grant, did you happen to see Miss Merritt going out as you were coming in?" The color came in a flood over Julia's face. For the life of her she couldn't have prevented it.

Miss Tully looked at her keenly. "All right," she said, "go and get ready, you needn't answer." And Julia fled with the consciousness that Miss Tully knew that she had seen Grace Merritt and that, of course, Grace would think that she, Julia, had told.

The excitement of getting ready for a time and when she hurried up to the operating room it was to find Dr. John Norville there alone. Julia felt strangely embarrassed, although she couldn't have told why. He looked at her keenly and nodded in a courteous fashion. He was busy with a case of instruments and as Julia began to get things ready she watched him under her lashes. And with that face he had, thin and eager, and with that slightly upward tilt to the chin which gave him the appearance of looking out from narrowed eyes. She was glad that he was to perform the operation and she was glad that she was to help even in a small way.

He redeemed himself for her weakness the other evening. Somehow, she couldn't have told why, but she wanted Doctor Norville to think well of her. Julia saw those keenly clever fingers save a man's life. When she stumbled wearily to bed after it was all over and again, she kept recurring to her again and again. Strange, Julia had been deciding a problem before she had reached the hospital that evening, and it had

Please Tell Me What to Do ON FRIENDSHIPS FORMED IN THE WORKADAY WORLD

By CYNTHIA

To "Just-a-Pearl" It would not be very polite to call up a young man and reverse the toll charges on him. Let him do the phoning, anyway. Wait for the salter to make the first advances about furthering the acquaintance. If you join a club connected with your church you will no doubt meet some nice girls and boys. The evening classes at the Y. W. C. A. also afford opportunity to get acquainted with nice girls. How about swimming or gymnasium classes?

Speak Up, Marines. Dear Cynthia—I have always read your letters, but have never written before. Would you kindly publish this letter to Clair, who wrote on September 26, 1919.

As to men being more fickle than girls, it seems, Claire, my friend did something just like yours. He left on the 10th of July, 1919. He wrote me more than friendly letters and promised me so many things. Which, of course, I never got. He came back home on the 31st of August, 1919. I was waiting for him on his first evening home, and he spoke so often of being engaged to some other girl that I wrote him a lousy letter telling him I never wanted to see him again.

Which I never did. I have several things for him which I was unable to send overseas, but that means nothing to him. He left Philadelphia and has gone to where his so-called girl is. But even his officer over him says he is engaged to a nice girl. So goshaped him on his journey. There are too many nice men to worry about one.

He is a marine, so you see my opinion of marines is not very much, as they're all stuck up and "hate themselves." I'm strong for the "gobs," as they're called of late. Don't worry about any one who doesn't worry about you, as all men are fickle and don't know who they really like. I go to several service clubs and meet lots of nice boys and am forgetting the one who treated me meanly. Why don't you do the same?

A MARINE HATER. Can This Be Love? Dear Cynthia—No gods and little fishes! Did some one ask you in last evening's EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER for the definition of love? Since you left the question for readers to answer, I am sending you a few notes for your benefit selected from the many collected in my scrap-book. First of all, can any one doubt that love is the greatest thing in the world?

Ask not of me, love, what is love? Ask what is good of God above. Ask of the great sun what is light. Ask what is darkness of the night; Ask sin of heaven, what is hell; Ask what is happiness of heaven; Ask what is folly of the crowd; Ask what is fashion of the shroud; Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss. Ask of thyself, don't you? You with your air of mystery and that red hair.

Julia was furiously angry for a moment and then she saw that Grace Merritt was beside herself and did not know what she was saying. "Why did you do it?" Julia said simply. "Why? Why?" Grace Merritt broke down then. "Because I love him," she wailed, dropping down on Julia's bed. "And I'm a fool. I know he doesn't love me, I know he asks me to go out with him I'd take any chance to do it. Women are made like that and men aren't. It's the next pretty face with any man. You may not have learned that from life, but I have."

Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing; Love is much in winning, yet is more in losing; Love is ever sick, yet is never dying; Love is ever true, yet is ever lying; Love does date on liking, and is mad in loathing; Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing. O, love, love, love! Love is like a dizziness. It winna lead a poor body gang about his business.

—Jas. Hogg (1772-1855). I do hope the Goldie sisters will find their love in these lovely poems. A LOVER OF LOVE. To "Worried" I would forgive him and take him back but make him wait a while and prove he is not going to change his mind again.

None He Couldn't Kiss. Dear Cynthia—I have been contemplating writing you for the last several days to ask "Where is the ideal girl?" By that I mean a real girl who asks a fellow to call and spends the evening talking sense to him. I'm not fastidious nor am I feathery-brained, but I have yet to meet one of the opposite sex who is particular enough to save her kisses and hugs for her husband-to-be some time.

Oh, surely they act very refined and aloof during the first several times you are with them, but after that the barrier disappears and they are perfectly willing to be loved. Kisses are hard to get in a bottle. The first one is hard to get, but after that they come easy. I don't mean to insinuate that I never tolerate such things. Far be it from me to refuse anything on that line, especially from a really pretty girl—and I know a few—but at the same time I'd feel better contented if I knew one girl whom I might know as a real friend saying to me, "Come here, my dear, especially for her hubby-to-be some time."

Perhaps some of your feminine readers will take exception to the above. All right, let them enlighten me. "SERG" AMEX. For Thinking Boys. Dear Cynthia—Can you and will you and your kind and tolerant readers help a failure?

Of course, before you can help me you must know me, so I'll proceed to tell just what I am. I'm just twenty, rather young for an acknowledged failure, is it not? I'm tall, with a good figure, and am considered pretty. I dance well and am very athletic and really, though this doesn't sound like it, I am very optimistic and cheerful. Now, why in the name of all that's just an "I" not popular? I have a refined home, cultivated and attractive parents and everything that attracts people. But somehow I seem to have a date with myself every evening and I seldom get to a dance and a trip to the theatre is like a glimpse of heaven.

I have fully eight devoted girl friends—four of them in other cities—and now and then I visited. But, stopped, I can't reciprocate their good times. Now, to be honest, I want to marry. I want a home of my own and I want

IF YOU LOVE. Flowers you should be interested in THE CENTURY FLOWER SHOP 1218 Below Chestnut St. Cuticura For Baby's Tender Skin All druggists, Soap & Oil Store, and First-class Hotels and Tourists' Supply Stores.

Never Mix Business With Pleasure? Oh, Wise Little Maxim, Surely You Do Not Understand!

THERE is a dyed-in-the-wool little office maxim to which I strongly take exception. It is this: Never mix pleasure with business. Those who work spend most of their lives in the places where they are employed. What a dull, mechanical thing the world would be then for the worker if he did entirely separate pleasure from business.

The friendship between those who work together comes nearer to meeting the real requirements of friendship than any other sort. To play together with manners on dress parade is not, after all, a gigantic thing. But to strip off the veneer of the parlor, roll up your sleeves and answer the challenge of the business world shoulder to shoulder. Oh, Little Trite Maxim, you ask a great deal that we who go through so much together should be so callous.

Why, humans could play together for years and not begin to approach the mutual understanding and quiet toleration that runs unobtrusively through the places where men work. That is the unique and paradoxical thing about friendship in the office. It is built strictly on calling a spade a spade, and yet at the same time the whole unwritten law of it is kindly toleration—for human frailty. One day it is you who has the grouch and the rest of us are afraid of waking the baby. But how well we understand, Companion-at-the-Next-Desk. Wasn't it Tuesday we watched you out of the corner of our easily irritated eye, too looting around lest you knock the chip from our shoulder? Oh, how could it be otherwise? The game is so swift; no time for pretty manners. We must be our own irrita-

children and a husband. And I fear I'm going to miss it all. I see other girls who are homely and had tempered marrying, and it only makes me feel worse. I have had a few spells of popularity—but very few—and you could eat in a hat hour the candy I've gotten. And as for flowers—well, a bunch of sweet peas and one bunch of violets with an orchid—from a sentimental college boy—no limit! I dress very well, as I have a nice dress allowance, and make it a point to be always well groomed. I even design clothes for my girl chums, who are nice, good-looking girls.

Now, be honest, what is the matter with me? I don't jump down their throats and yet I'm not bashful. They come to me to like me, and yet I'm always lacking an escort. It's humiliating and dreadful. A cut-in at a dance keeps me treading on air for a week. I want to marry, but I want a good time first; but it looks like I'll be lucky if I get either.

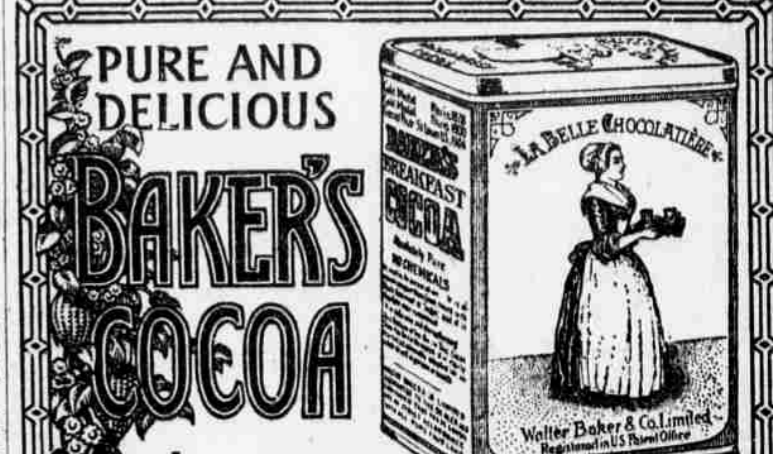
I'm not a prude and I'm not fast. I use rouge (with discretion) and wear my hair in a Eclair Ferguson. I'm so what I want is opinions from male readers. I need a lifeline thrown to me in the form of some helpful suggestions. Many some of the popular girls will help, too. ZADEE. Your answer is going to come in the way of a special article on the Woman's Page within the next ten days or so. But in the meantime I am hoping our boys who are philosophers and deep observers, too, will write their opinions.

Never Mix Business With Pleasure? Oh, Wise Little Maxim, Surely You Do Not Understand!

ble selves sometimes. In an hour the nervous tension will be over, and we will be laughing and joking again. NEVER mix business with pleasure? To run the big breath-taking gamut of everyday life together and not be friends? Oh, Little Maxim, you ask too much. When you have seen a business venture launched, worked over it with bated breath and sweating brow and then have seen it win out? Surely, Little Maxim, you do not understand. The times we have been put on our matts with a challenge to each to go the last day better. Our silly jokes that relieved the tension for a minute, and then sent us flying back to our desks at breakneck speed to make up for lost time. The parades and fire engines we ran to the window to watch together. The work we have done for each other that the vacation might take out longer. The times of the flu! The night we volunteered to work till 12, and then all went out for better cakes and hot coffee in a white frock restaurant. \* \* \* Our service flag.

THE folks we meet at card parties I and dances, chips that pass in the night, yes. But those of whose company we have rolled up our sleeves, forgotten our shiny noses and worked 350 days of the year? Oh, Little Maxim, gloriously we admit we have disobeyed you. We have mixed pleasure with business, and found out that these are the lights that do not pass. Kindled slowly in the fires of everyday things, they show the way to their divineness and long after more flaming rays have flared and spent themselves, we know they shall be there, burning quietly and clearly.

Herpicide Mary Says: No Matter What the Color of Your Hair Is—NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE Will Not Change it in the Least Sold Everywhere Applications at Barber Shops



PURE AND DELICIOUS BAKER'S COCOA Is a most satisfactory beverage. Fine flavor and aroma and it is healthful.

Well made cocoa contains nothing that is harmful and much that is beneficial. It is practically all nutrition.

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Get a Free-Westinghouse Electric Sewing Machine For that cumbersome, old-fashioned treadle machine substitute an up-to-the-minute Free-Westinghouse Electric with a motor built right into the arm of the machine. Easy, Swift, Efficient. It costs only one cent to operate it for three hours.

See at nearest electric dealer's or ask us where you can have it demonstrated in your neighborhood. H. C. ROBERTS ELECTRIC SUPPLY COMPANY Wholesale Distributors PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Cleaning Jewelry. Ammonia and water are excellent to clean jewelry. Use a small brush, rub a little soap on it and then wash in the ammonia solution. Rinse in cold water and dry on soft cloth and polish with a clean cloth.