

ORIENTAL DISHES—EXCHANGE—ADVENTURES WITH A PURSE—A POOR WELCOME—CYNTHIA

MRS. WILSON GIVES RECIPES FOR SOY BEANS

Oriental Use This Vegetable in Several Ways to Supply Protein Which Rice Lacks

Croquettes Are Delicious Made From This, and a Loaf of It Can Be Used More Than Once

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE soy bean is an erect annual plant with branching, hairy stems, trifoliate hairy leaves, with modest violet-shaded flowers. The seeds range in color from a whitish yellow to a greenish brown, shading to a black. This leguminous plant is a native of China and forms an important part of the diet of that country. It is also exported and is used for making an edible fat for salads and cooking purposes.

The soy bean contains about 38 per cent protein and 17 per cent fat. It is considered as a staple food next to rice, which is deficient in protein. When the rice is served with the beans the soy bean balances the diet. In India, where fresh fish is scarce, the soy bean is daily food.

The Orientals also use the soy bean for making shoyu or soy sauce. Soy bean cheese is a real Oriental delicacy. The American housewife may add the soy beans to her list of low-priced foods, and if they are properly prepared, physicians have for years used the soy bean, both in the bean and flour form, in treating various kidney troubles, particularly diabetes.

Soy beans may be served plain, as a vegetable, baked in many forms, made into croquettes or cut into vegetable chips, into vegetable or substitute meat dishes and entirely replace meat on the menu. The soy bean will require longer soaking than the navy bean, usually sixteen to eighteen hours, in a cool place. This gives the best results. Wash the beans and sort over carefully, then place in a large bowl and cover with water. Set in a cool place and soak for the given time.

To cook, place in a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes, then turn into a colander to drain. Let the cold water run on the beans and then return to the saucepan and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook for five minutes and then drain and blanch. Return to the kettle and cover with cold water and cook until soft. Drain and season as a vegetable, either whole or mashed.

To bake, turn into a bean croquette or baking dish after the second blanching and cover with warm water and butter. Four tablespoons of butter. One-half cup of good salad oil. One and one-half teaspoons of salt. One-half teaspoon of pepper. One-half teaspoon of mustard. Three onions, chopped very fine. Mix thoroughly and then bake in a slow oven for four hours. One and a half cups of tomatoes may be added if desired, or a pound of salt pork cut into small pieces.

Soy Bean Croquettes Mince fine four large onions. Place four tablespoons of fat in a frying pan and cook the onions slowly until soft. Now add: Three cups of washed soy beans. One and one-half tablespoons of finely minced parsley. One and one-half teaspoons of salt. One-half teaspoon of pepper. One-half teaspoon of mustard. Three onions, chopped very fine. Mix thoroughly and then turn into croquettes, round cakes or cutlets, dip in flour and then in beaten egg and fine bread crumbs. Fry until golden brown and serve with tomato, creole or cream sauce.

Try this new way of making Creole Sauce Place in a saucepan One and a half cups of water. Three-quarters cup of catsup. Five level teaspoons of flour. One level teaspoon of sugar. Stir to dissolve and then bring to a boil and add One-half cup of onions chopped very fine. Two canned pimientos, chopped fine. One teaspoon of paprika. One teaspoon of salt. One-quarter teaspoon of mustard. Cook slowly for ten minutes and then serve. Place the creole sauce in a fruit-jar and store. Use for biscuits, minces or in stews.

Soy Bean Loaf Place in a mixing bowl Four cups of cooked soy beans. One cup of finely chopped onions. Three pimientos, chopped fine. One-quarter cup of finely chopped parsley. Two level teaspoons of salt. One level teaspoon of pepper. One-half cup of catsup. One-quarter cup of salad oil. Work to a smooth mass, then grease and flour a loaf-shaped pan and pack the mixture into it firmly. Set this

The Question Corner Today's Inquiries 1. What use can be made of mailing tubes? 2. What is crepe velvet? 3. Describe a pretty vest appropriate for wear with a tailored suit in the late winter. 4. When a pen point is clogged and dirty how can it be cleaned off? 5. What makes a good pen nib after it has been used once? 6. Of what pretty material are dainty pajamas made?

Saturday's Answers 1. An unusual set of utensils for toasting and roasting before an open fire consists of a two-pronged fork called a "toaster" and two spars called, respectively, a jabber and a dujab. 2. Crepe de chine and crepette should be stretched gently before being hung up to dry after washing in order to prevent shrinking. 3. Wide lapels that continue from the collar of an attractive dress are made to run the entire length of the skirt, making a panel down the front breadth. 4. The most popular shade of blue is bluebird blue. 5. Feather trimming is used to edge a panel of velvet down the front of an unusual hat. 6. If a woman has a title of her own, as doctor, it is correct for her to use her Christian name instead of her husband's on her card.

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 in another pan containing warm water and bake in a slow oven for forty-five minutes. Unmold on a warm platter and serve with creole sauce, parsley or cheese sauce. It can be served cold on lettuce with salad dressing.

Mrs. Wilson Answers Queries

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly publish a recipe for cranberry jelly? I have used the cranberries and they all have a different way of doing it. I have just tried a recipe, but failed; it did not jelly. Would like this recipe as soon as possible. Thanking you in advance.

MRS. H. B. B.

Place in a saucepan One quart or pound of cranberries. One cup of water. Cover closely and cook until soft, then rub through a sieve and strain. Return to the saucepan and add Two cups of sugar. Bring to a boil and stir constantly. Cook for ten minutes and then turn into a mold.

The Woman's Exchange

She Writes Verse Too

Dear Madam—You have helped me before, so now I come again with my problem. As a correspondent said the other night, "I write verse by the notion strikes me," and I also ask your opinion of the few lines below. Watching the snow falling gave me an inspiration, and I jotted it down at once. Now what I would like to know is this: Is there a magazine that publishes verses like these, and if so do you think I stand a chance of its being accepted? Does not the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER accept poetry for publication?

Another thing, is there any work that I can get to do at home? I can embroider, but generally a person won't trust a girl of my age with fancy work. This is the poem:

Whirling little snowflakes, Falling from your home—the sky; How you make my lonely heart ache For my sleeping darling—safe with you. Tears during such a starry shower, That my loved one passed away; Now she's resting 'neath a bower Till the call on Judgment Day.

"IMAGINATION." You can send your poems to any of the magazines that I suggested to the other young poetess—Harper's, Scribner's, Century, Atlantic—or you might try Contemporary Verse or the Poetry Magazine. I am sure you stand a chance of having your work accepted, but, of course, I cannot guarantee your success. I can only wish you good luck and advise you to stick to it and send your poems around until you get them accepted. The EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER does not buy verse for publication. The Editor of Woman's Page has written an editorial in answer to your letter. Look for it in about a week or ten days. You could send some of your embroidery to the Woman's Exchange, 114 South Seventeenth street, to be passed on by the committee. If it is accepted, you may be able to make some money in that way.

Satisfied and Contented To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you kindly try to help us settle an argument in your valuable column. The subject is two words, satisfied and contented.

"A" says that contented and satisfied mean the same thing. For example, he says that if you are contented you must be satisfied, or if you are satisfied you must be contented.

"B" says that they do not mean the same. He says that you can be contented but still not be satisfied, or you can be satisfied and yet not contented. He kindly let me know who is right and why? Any information relative to these two words as to their proper usage will be very much appreciated by a steady reader, N. Y. S.

There is a very delicate shade of meaning in these words. They do mean the same thing. Satisfied means literally "made full," and contented comes from the word which means "contain." But satisfied implies that there is something which gave the satisfaction. That is, satisfied should be used with a preposition "with" or "about." "I feel satisfied with that." Contented implies nothing beyond a state of being. That is, you don't feel contented about something, you simply are contented.

So you could really be satisfied without being contented, because there might be some things that gave you satisfaction, but not enough to make you contented. But I don't think you could be contented unless you were thoroughly satisfied with everything about you. Have I made this clear to you? It is difficult to explain in such small space. A and B are both right and both wrong. I'm afraid you will have to toss up to choose the winner!

What Shall She Do? Dear Cynthia—A certain male friend of mine has been calling to see me every week for the last six months. He has told me he loves me, and I like him very much. A couple of months ago he lost his position, and since has been unable to find another suitable, permanent one, it seems. He told me that he was unable under the circumstances to take me to amusement places the way he really would like to. I realized that and have been satisfied to go only to the movies once in a while. Other evenings we stayed in and played cards or danced to the victrola. For the last few weeks I have not heard from him. Do you really think he is treating me fair if he loves me, especially after he tried to be agreeable while he couldn't afford to take me out to shows, etc? I would be satisfied to have a letter from him once in a while if he can't afford to take me even to a movie show. I care for him a great deal and think of him almost constantly. I know he doesn't go out with any other girls, but he is under the false impression that I will accept the men callers. I have had several offers of better positions out of the city than the one I hold here, but have always thought that we could not see each other often enough. Would you advise me to rely on him? I think he will hurt me up again when he has a permanent position and make up for lost time. But if he really did not care to see me, he would not work, again? I can't help thinking well of him, as he has such a splendid character and I have the utmost faith in him that he will make good. Should I accept his attentions again? ANXIOUS.

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THE GLAD SURRENDER

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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In this first chapter of Mrs. Batchelor's new serial, the reader is introduced to Laurel Stone, just as she meets for the first time Granville Burton. How she loves and marries, how her husband does not love her and the love he gives her is told in a series of events, installments that are all full of interest and suspense, and the climax of the story comes in the revelation of the two characters.

CHAPTER I GRANVILLE BURTON could be found ordinarily in one of three places. There was his business office in one of the largest downtown skyscrapers, an enormous room, sheltered and protected by an outer office, in which sat his secretary, Miss Rhodes. There was the town house, built of substantial-looking stone up on Madison avenue, and there was the Long Island estate, the grounds of which sloped to the sound, where he spent the summer months.

When Laurel Stone, special writer for the Chronicle, was assigned to interview Burton as one of the biggest corporations in the city, she made an appointment to see him in his office. A brief conversation with Miss Rhodes, the efficiency secretary, who received a pay envelope of \$40 a week and wore money, she had had stuck to her head with an invisible hair net, Laurel was ushered into the sanctum sanctorum.

Burton's office was very much like the offices of other successful business men. There was the long expanse of room that seemed to stretch out indefinitely before one's eyes reached the polished mahogany of the desk with its glass top and its arrangement of essentials. There were a few mahogany book shelves, some chairs placed meticulously without the richness of the Persian rug, and golden brown curtains at the windows through which the light was tempered to a soft mellowness.

There was nothing in the business or social world that could frighten or awe Laurel. She had been with the Chronicle three years and had developed into a first rate newspaper woman. She liked her; Burton, the city editor, said she had the coolest head of any woman he had ever met. He gave her good assignments and she made good money. She had a certain appeal to him similar to Burton's, had interviewed all types of men and had developed a canny insight into human nature. She was accustomed to the financier's attitude toward the interviewer, and she was kept waiting a few moments while the big man finished some pressing correspondence after which he would smile and say, "I am glad you are here. Granville Burton did not act according to precedent. He was waiting for her when she entered. She was conscious of his eyes studying her as she advanced toward him across the expanse of rug to the seat he indicated near his

desk, and she found herself annoyingly self-conscious for no reason that she could imagine. She had no chance to study him because she was at too close range; she was precipitated into the interview without being given a chance to make any observations. Granville Burton had given himself the advantage. During the interview, which was perfunctory, Laurel handled her subject with peculiar ease and while Burton answered her questions thoughtfully he studied her. She was sitting with her face to the window and the wind blowing in the curtains, for it was spring, interminably grayed her with sunshine. One's first impression of Laurel was of a tall, rather shabbily dressed girl. She had a great mass of ruddy hair and wonderful eyes. It was her eyes that gave her face the arresting quality that it undoubtedly had. They were so blue that at first one thought they were black, a dark blue flecked a little, like lapis lazuli. Her mouth was sensuously soft, but her chin was firm. Dressed as she should have been, Burton thought the girl would have been rather unattractive.

Laurel finished, closed her notebook and rose. She held out her hand. Burton took it for a moment in his, and then she was gone. Before she had passed Miss Rhodes' desk, in the outer office, Burton had turned back to his work and had completely forgotten her. Eight years before Granville Burton had married Madeline, the daughter of an old New York family. Delicately reared and with every whim catered to, she had been the typical languid society girl. Her daintiness and achieved by uniting this sleeve with the ruff at the neck, which, like the bands on the sleeves, is of white chiffon. Now don't try to convince yourself that just because this and other frocks showing ruffs have emanated from Paris ruffs are immediately going to supersede all other types of neck finish. They certainly are not, but they will be worn here and there by women who wish to achieve the ultra in fashion. The frock is of taffeta navy blue. The edge of the tunic is scalloped and embroidered with bright blue silk—and by the way, this combination of navy and bright blue is especially smart this season. The bodice is trimmed with groups of fine tucks and these tucks are likewise formed on the girle and tunic.

The hat that is made to go with the frock is of blue taffeta with a brim that is covered with tulle. The ostrich is placed jauntily at the back. (Copyright, 1920, by Florence Rose.)

Flannel Patches When you are patching old flannel garments be sure to use old flannel. If there is none of this at hand wash and shrink the new flannel before it is joined to the old, otherwise the mended part will soon be out of proportion and will not fit properly into the garment.

Mother Burned Saving Child Vera Goldstein, five years old, was slightly burned last night when a candle she was carrying set alight. Her mother in attempting to smother the flames was painfully burned on the hands. They were taken from their home, 515 Norris street, to St. Christopher's Hospital.

Wants to Be Rid of Him Dear Cynthia—While on my vacation last summer I met a man staying at the same hotel with his aunt and cousin, who introduced me. We were together a great deal, although I really did not care to know him much. After coming home he started to call to see me. About two months before Christmas we had a falling out and he stopped calling. I wrote him a note thanking him for remembering me, and for conventionally's sake I also asked him to call, much against my wish. He has called several times since; in fact, he asks if he may see me every week. I do not care to keep "steady company," as I am only sixteen and have lots of friends, and besides, I cannot stand to be with him more every time he calls to see me. He is not a bit talkative or sociable. I must do all the entertaining and talking if we spend our evening indoors. I would like to have your opinion of how I could get rid of him. He always makes a date before he leaves, and I do hate to tell him I have another date, as it generally is a week ahead. Please give me some advice of how I can rid myself of him without appearing to offend him. SWEET SIXTEEN.

You must have other engagements if you do not want him to call. Do other boys call on you? If they do, let them come once in a while; if not, tell him you do not want to have any one calling regularly till you are older.

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BRIGHT BLUE TRIMS THIS FROCK OF NAVY

Decidedly French this dress of crisp taffeta. Its sleeves are modestly shirred and its ruffled collar is extremely smart.



A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose AMERICA first and America for Americans, and all that sort of thing. Please don't think that I am trying in any way to prick the bubble of your complete allegiance to everything American. But in spite of our attempts to get along without French dress inspiration during the war we went back to it with even more enthusiastic allegiance as soon as ever it was possible to get frocks over from Paris and as soon as the dressmakers of Paris had gone back to their own and imported the business of inspiring the clothes for women throughout the world.

You see in this frock that the extremely short sleeve persists. But it is different from the shapeless short sleeve of last summer. It is fuller and it is held in a tight-fitting band. And somehow there is a certain unity of design achieved by uniting this sleeve with the ruff at the neck, which, like the bands on the sleeves, is of white chiffon. Now don't try to convince yourself that just because this and other frocks showing ruffs have emanated from Paris ruffs are immediately going to supersede all other types of neck finish. They certainly are not, but they will be worn here and there by women who wish to achieve the ultra in fashion. The frock is of taffeta navy blue. The edge of the tunic is scalloped and embroidered with bright blue silk—and by the way, this combination of navy and bright blue is especially smart this season. The bodice is trimmed with groups of fine tucks and these tucks are likewise formed on the girle and tunic.

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THE WOMAN WHO RESENTS A STRANGER IN HER CHURCH

Is Not a Loyal Representative of the Congregation—She Fails to Back Up the Assurance That "All Are Welcome"

"All Are Welcome," remarked the sign on the standard in front of the church. This is merely another way of saying that all the seats are free. And so the woman who had heard a great deal about the service and the clergyman in that particular church, she sat down in a pew in which there was one other person. There was plenty of room for both women, but the woman who was sitting there, turned and stared at the newcomer as if she had broken into a private house without ringing. Looking her up and down, she almost sniffed at the "intrusion."

All through the service the "intruder" was uncomfortable. "Have I trespassed upon her private pew?" she wondered to herself. "But I couldn't have, because all the seats are free." She was a stranger, but she didn't want to be. She had come there to get acquainted, to make a place for herself, perhaps because it was nearer than her own church, perhaps because she had moved her home, perhaps because she wanted to. And one of the things for which the church stands, the taking in and warming of strangers, had been droned her in such an emphatic, unmistakable way that she will never be able to go into that church again without an apologetic feeling. "All Are Welcome," the sign had told her, but oh, how unwelcome she had felt! Not for one minute during the whole service had she been allowed to forget that she was not in her own church, and most certainly not in her own pew. The chilling aloofness of the woman beside her seemed to be saying "All Are Welcome," the sign had told her, but oh, how unwelcome she had felt! Not for one minute during the whole service had she been allowed to forget that she was not in her own church, and most certainly not in her own pew. The chilling aloofness of the woman beside her seemed to be saying "All Are Welcome," the sign had told her, but oh, how unwelcome she had felt! Not for one minute during the whole service had she been allowed to forget that she was not in her own church, and most certainly not in her own pew. The chilling aloofness of the woman beside her seemed to be saying "All Are Welcome," the sign had told her, but oh, how unwelcome she had felt! Not for one minute during the whole service had she been allowed to forget that she was not in her own church, and most certainly not in her own pew. 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