

**MRS. WILSON GIVES WAYS OF COOKING CALVES' HEADS**

Various Methods of Preparing and Serving This Delicacy Are Handed Down From Days of Long Ago

**By MRS. M. A. WILSON**  
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REQUESTS for methods of cooking calves' heads in various styles have led me to seek from a daughter of an old Colonial dame some of the old time recipes for this delectable dish of long ago.

**Cal's Head Turtle Fashion**  
Have butcher split head, and upon receiving it wash thoroughly clean, removing tongue and brain; place tongue and calf's head in large pan, scald with boiling water, place in large kettle, cover with cold water and add

One loaf of soup herbs;  
Two onions, sliced;  
One bay leaf.  
Three-quarters cup finely chopped onions, tied in cheesecloth bag.

Bring to boil, simmer slowly until meat on head is tender, remove head and leg, season the head, strain the stock, place in frying pan.

One-half cup of shortening.  
One and one-half cups of flour.  
Stir to blend and cook until a deep mahogany brown; add to the stock, beating in well to blend; if part of stock is added slowly it will not lump.

One tablespoon kitchen bouquet.  
Cut meat from head in small pieces and season with salt and pepper and one-half of lemon cut in thin pieces, juice of one lemon; bring to boiling point slowly and serve.

Serve tongue and brains for luncheon or with the head.

**Cal's Head a la Mode**  
Have butcher prepare head; remove tongue and brain; scald head; place in saucapan and add

The tongue;  
Three-quarters boiling water;  
Five onions (whole) with close stuck in each onion.  
One teaspoon thyme.

Cook slowly until head is tender. Thicken gravy with cornstarch and add

One tablespoon kitchen bouquet;  
Two onions, sliced;  
One teaspoon white pepper.

Serve with triangles of toast and boiled beets for garnish.

**Cal's Head Cheese**  
Prepare head; place in saucapan and add the tongue and

Three onions;  
One teaspoon thyme;  
One-half teaspoon sweet marjoram.  
Two quart cold water.

Bring to boil and cook very slowly until meat leaves bones. Turn the bowl and remove head, strain the liquid into saucapan and hold to reduce one-half. Now remove the meat from bones and chop fine; add

Three tablespoons finely minced parsley.  
Two teaspoons salt;  
Two tablespoons paprika;  
One-half teaspoon white pepper;  
One-half teaspoon salt.

Mix and turn with china bowl to mold. This mince can be served on salad, with mayonnaise dressing, for lunch.

**To Prepare the Mince**  
Remove meat from bones; mince fine; place in bowl and add

One teaspoon onion extract;  
Two teaspoons salt;  
One teaspoon paprika;  
One-half teaspoon white pepper.  
Mix and turn with china bowl to mold.

This mince can be served on salad, with mayonnaise dressing, for lunch.

**The Woman's Exchange**

For a Freedom Party

To the Editor of Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam—As I would like to give my daughter her freedom party the middle of next month, I have come to you for advice. Will you kindly advise what decorations can be used for the table and also the room and also an inexpensive menu? (Mrs.) B. F. D.

For the table use a large, shallow pan filled with pansy or violet plants for the centerpiece; if any of the edges of the pan show, cover them with green crepe paper. Use pussywillow branches and holly or vases of rosebuds to decorate the room. Serve punch and cake, or hot chocolate, ice cream and cake would be appropriate, or else punch and sandwiches and small cakes.

**At a Wedding**

To the Editor of Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam—Kindly let me know if the maid's house is really a man of honor when a young couple is getting married.  
T. Z.

It is customary for the bridegroom to have a best man when the bride has a maid of honor. At times there is a best man when the bride has no attendants, but the best man is seldom, if ever, left out unless there are no attendants at all.

**Meaning of Phrase**

To the Editor of Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam—Kindly let me know through your column what is the meaning of E Pluribus Unum on the United States coins.  
MRS. F.

E Pluribus Unum means "One out of many."

**To Clean Aluminum**

To the Editor of Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam—This is the first time I have written to the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, but I read it every night and think that it is a very good paper. I enjoy reading it very much. I want to ask you a question. Not long ago I bought an aluminum kettle, and I have just used it once, but after I had washed it I noticed that it had the mark of the burner left on the bottom, and in the inside it has green and purple marks. How could I get this off? R. M. P.

Aluminum should be washed in hot soap and water and polished with steel wool. A dilute acid, such as lemon juice or vinegar, will clean it and make it bright. Some vegetables always discolor it, and there is nothing to worry about if the acid does not take the stain off entirely.

**Please Tell Me What to Do**

**By CYNTHIA**  
Manner of Introduction  
Dear Cynthia—Please let me know through your column the manner in which introductions are made.  
W. J. C.

Always introduce a man to a woman, unless the man is an eminent person, such as the governor, a bishop or a guest of honor at some function. In that case every one, man or woman, is presented to him. In ordinary introductions it is usual to say, "Miss May, I present Mr. . . ." "Miss . . . , let me introduce Mr. . . ."

**Sorry to Have Kept You Waiting**

Perplexed—You have probably done the wisest thing you could in going away to help yourself financially. I do not want to give you false hopes, but you know the old saying "absence makes the heart grow fonder." You would not want this young girl, no matter how much you love her, to marry you just because every one expects her to. You would not be happy if she did not love you, but the very fact of your not being there to show her every attention may make her miss you and value you more highly because she has you. Send her flowers and candies and a good book now and again and do not press your case for some months. Let her miss you, and you see other girls too. Very truly yours, Cynthia.

**A Great Imagination**

Dear Cynthia—No doubt in one of my former letters you recall that I made a promise to give some experiences. You are here: It was out in the Boxer uprising that I had the creeping feelings running all over my anatomy like a bunch of hoodlums playing tag and a bunch of wild lunatics in my life.

We had hardly landed in Hongkong when the salt air out of our clothing, when a mandarin stubbed his toe and the fun started. I never have seen such a bunch of wild lunatics in my life.

All New York seemed out for gore and fireworks. Every yellow man had a safety razor and a case of soap, the only thing saving our lives being the fact that we were in the front row what to do with either, in spite of directions wrangled around the article.

Of course, it didn't take us long to get the queue. Grabbing the snakes thing with one hand, we made a few passes, drew a loop and later discovered a neck in the center and a fearful silence on both ends.

After the battle we carefully swept away the smoke, cigar butts and safety pins, and walked back to ship, only to get sixty days in the brig for leave without orders and swiping the wrong crowd. After that, well, to most people life is nothing but one darned alarm clock after another.

**Adventures With a Purse**

Cynthia advises a vivid imagination sometimes, but "Kensington," in her letter you are poking fun at was not sent in for a joke.

**Now, although this goes by the name of "bridge set," is not necessarily for bridge exclusively; for you will live to have it if you occasionally have some people in to play five hundred or any card game. You see the set consists of a cloth to throw over the card table when refreshment time comes, and four napkins. It comes in a linen-colored material of some sort, and is stamped for each color.**

The money is white and the pattern is in black. I have one—and, well, if you have anything as a set, that will surely will "do you proud." There should be enough of the pattern left for you to have one, too. But if not, at least I am sure you can find a veil that you will like. And when you are paying the modest sum of twenty-five cents, you will be changing them often without feeling that you are being extravagant.



**MRS. JOHN H. MASON, JR.**  
Who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. William G. Warden, at Palm Beach, Fla.

**THE GLAD SURRENDER**

**By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR**  
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(Laurel Stone married Granville Burton because she loved him. She surrendered her newspaper work to become his wife and the mother of his two little girls, but she did not realize until after the wedding that she had not secured a divorce in an essential way at all. A year after the marriage a baby was born. It was then that Granville noticed a subtle change in Laurel, an indefinable something that he could not analyze, but which interested him. Finally he realized that he loved her and that she was absolutely indifferent to him. The tables were turned. Because she was miserable Laurel turned back to her old newspaper friends, and Harriet Long, Granville's sister-in-law, who had always been jealous of Laurel because of another man's world, tried to make trouble for her.)

Laurel had thought when she first decided to withdraw her inner self from her husband that she could get straight control to himself as she pleased, but she found herself menaced by all kinds of stranger currents. At first when she had treated Granville as she pleased she had not felt the same. It had not been difficult. Now it seemed almost impossible, and she was certain that it was because Granville had decided that he had made a mistake in marrying her.

Laurel had no one to go to for advice. She was too proud to confide in any one, even Winona. Everything had to be decided in her own hand and sometimes she did not know where to turn. Her one joy was the children and she relaxed whenever she was with them. She and Dulcie and Grace would go for long walks at twilight time. It was a time of shy confidence, for the girls trusted her and opened their hearts to her, and Laurel loved it.

They would come in from these walks flushed and rosy with happiness and sometimes she would sit in her room and hear their gay laughter. Then there would be a rumour in the nursery, for Junior was waxing fat and hearty again, and then Laurel would go down to her room to dress for dinner. It seemed as though they were always going out somewhere. Sometimes there were dinner parties at home and now that Laurel was becoming comparatively well known in the fiction world other people began to creep into the society crowd.

Well-known writers, a certain famous editor, an organizer of woman's clubs, people who do things. Granville found himself liking these writer folk and looking forward to meeting them. They added zest to the affairs; they always had something interesting to discuss.

Even though Laurel thought constantly of the breach between herself and Granville she never thought of separation. The idea of such a thing had never occurred to her. Womanlike, she still hoped that something would happen, but nothing did happen, and Granville, who had been convinced that the one thing to do was to give Laurel her freedom, finally brought himself to the point where he could speak of it. At least he would have spoken of it if several unusual hadn't happened. It was in early March and the weather had been miserable. Laurel, with a feverish desire to do something, had suggested that they make up a party and open the Cedars for the week-end.

"We might have a costume ball or something like that," she said to Granville eagerly. "This weather has been so miserable that I haven't been able to work."

They motored down the following Saturday in four machines. Servants had been sent down ahead and the place had been aired and fires lighted. Laurel had been careful to invite no one who was not a friend of Granville's. Not even when he had suggested people that

**DISCUSSING A "QUEER GIRL" IS FAVORITE INDOOR SPORT**

With Women When They Meet at Teas—We All Have These Friends, and We Are Often Talked About Ourselves

"WELL, you know Nancy's queer that way," remarked the woman in the red hat, as she sat beside a friend and sipped her tea.

"Yes," agreed the friend, "she's all right. I can understand that. But, then, with that family, she couldn't be quite normal, you know."

"Oh, isn't it awful? Why, my dear, I've heard—" and the conversation became interestingly soft-toned, as women's conversations do when they have reached the confidential criticism stage.

In another corner of the room in which the tea was being held, a girl in a crepe de chine dress took a generous bite of a cheese sandwich. "You know," she said thoughtfully, and not too distinctly, "I think I am the queerest girl. Some days she'll be good friends with you and the next day she'll hardly speak."

"Well, that isn't half," cut in another girl excitedly. "Why, I spent the night at her house one time, and I always thought she was pretty good friends. Then she had a big affair at her house and I wasn't even invited. I'll say she's queer."

The hostess was smothering a moment from her duties to exchange a few words with a long-distance friend.

"I came in on the train with Miriam, the day I left your house," she said, "and I do think she's the queerest girl. She didn't know what time the train left at all, she had just gone to the station and waited until something came along and took her with it."

"Oh, they're all that way in that family," returned the guest. "I don't know how her brothers ever get to their offices on time. They wander over to

**TO AID WOMEN PRISONERS**

Dr. Warner to Give Attention to "Correction" and Indigent Homes  
Special attention will be devoted to women prisoners of the House of Correction and inmates of the Home for the Indigent by Dr. Miriam Warner, who has just been appointed assistant to Dr. Blair Spencer, chief physician of the Bureau of Charities and Corrections.

Dr. Warner, whose home is at 839 North Twenty-fourth street, will live at the House of Correction in order to keep in constant touch with the cases there.

Dr. Warner was graduated from the Woman's Medical College in 1917 and served for nearly two years at Blockley Hospital.

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of other groups as the "queer" subject of their chatter. The "queer" subject does not realize it, of course! She was too busy talking about some other "queer" person. "We all have our 'queer' friends, and fortunately we do them no harm by mentioning the fact to other friends. It's merely a safety valve for a feeling that is not injurious to the friendship in itself; but might become so if it were allowed to mount up and stay bottled within us. Anyhow, this incident often happens.

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