

MRS. WILSON PROVIDES FOR THREE DAYS' MEALS

Monday, Being a Holiday, Will Have to Be Planned and Ordered For as Well as Saturday Night and Sunday

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

MARKETING today must be for a double holiday, as the Fourth of July, our natal day, falls on Sunday; this year we will celebrate Monday, the fifth. It is important, when planning a menu to cover three days, if possible, to select a meat that may be cooked and then served cold, for at least two meals. Hence, this menu will plan a menu from Saturday dinner until Monday evening tea.

SATURDAY DINNER Chilled Cucumbers Boiled Ham New Potatoes Cabbage Sliced Tomatoes Pineapple Pie Coffee

SUNDAY BREAKFAST Berries Poached Eggs on Toast Watercress Coffee

DINNER Tomato Canape Baked Ham Cider Sauce Macaroni au Gratin String Beans Lettuce

SUPPER Radishes Scallops Creamed Tomatoes Hashed Brown Potatoes String Bean Salad Berries Cake Tea

MONDAY BREAKFAST Radishes Grapefruit Creamed Cod on Toast Coffee

DINNER Platter Meal Cold Sliced Ham Rice Croquettes Butter Beans Sliced Tomatoes Deep Dish Cherry Pie Coffee

SUPPER Eminence of Ham on Toast Boiled Macaroni Sliced Tomatoes Pineapple Shortcake Tea

The market basket for the family of six or eight will require: Nine-pound ham. One and one-half dozen eggs. One and one-half pounds of butter. Two packages of macaroni. One-half pound of rice. Two packages of shredded codfish. One bottle of sliced tomatoes. Three pounds of cherries. Five boxes of raspberries. Two pineapples. Four grapefruit. Two bunches of scallions. Two bunches of radishes. Three heads of lettuce. One-quarter peck of tomatoes. One-quarter peck of string beans. One-quarter peck of potatoes. Five pounds of cabbage. Two cucumbers.

Wash the ham on Saturday morning. Then place in a large boiler, cover with cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Boil slowly until tender; this usually requires about half an hour to the pound. Care must be taken not to boil the ham hard or rapidly—this causes the meat to become hard and strings when it is cut. Slow and continuous cooking is the best. If you have a fireless cooker, it will attend to cooking the ham to a turn. When ready to cook the cabbage and potatoes, add about half of the water in which the ham was cooked and the balance of fresh water.

After cutting sufficient ham for the meal, return it to the water in which it was cooked and allow it to cool. To bake: On Sunday remove the

ham from the water and remove the skin. Place in a small bowl. One-half cup of brown sugar. One tablespoon of cinnamon. One teaspoon of nutmeg. One-half teaspoon of allspice. Mix and then put mixture into the ham. Place in a baking pan in a moderate oven for one hour. Baste with one cup of cider. One-half cup of vinegar. One-half cup of water.

Cider Sauce Place in a saucepan One cup of cider. Five level tablespoons of cornstarch. Six level tablespoons of vinegar. One-quarter teaspoon of nutmeg. One-half teaspoon of cinnamon. One-quarter teaspoon of allspice. Stir to dissolve the starch and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes.

Frozen Raspberry Custard Crush one and one-half baskets of raspberries and then cover with one cup of sugar. Place in a saucepan. One pint of milk. Four tablespoons of cornstarch. Stir to dissolve and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for three minutes. Now cream.

Yolks of three eggs until light and then beat into custard. Then add the crushed raspberries and the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Freeze in the usual manner and pack and then allow to stand for one and one-half hours to ripen. Then measure of ice to one measure of salt for the freezing mixture.

Creole Tomato Fritters Make the following batter One cup of milk. One egg. Two tablespoons of shortening. One teaspoon of salt. One-half teaspoon of paprika. Pinch of mustard. One teaspoon of sugar. One onion, minced fine. One green pepper. One and one-half cups of flour. Two teaspoons of baking powder.

Heat hard to mix and then cut the mixture into slices three-fourths of an inch thick. Dip in the batter and then fry in hot fat. The creole chef always drops a spoonful of the batter over the tomatoes when in the pan frying. Try this and you will certainly enjoy it.

For efficiency serve a platter meal. Wash one-half cup of rice in plenty of cold water and then grease the top compartment of the double boiler with salad oil. Place Two and one-half cups of boiling water. One teaspoon of salt. Two finely minced onions. Two finely minced green peppers. One-half cup of finely minced parsley.

When boiling add the rice and cook until the water is absorbed and the rice is soft. Cool and then form into croquettes and roll in flour, then dip in milk and beaten egg and roll in fine crumbs, then fry until golden brown in hot fat.

Deep Dish Cherry Pie Wash and then stem the cherries and add one cup of sugar and one-half cup water; cook slowly until soft. Now place four level tablespoons of cornstarch in one-half cup of water and stir to dissolve thoroughly. Add to the cooked cherries and cook for three minutes.

To make the pie: Turn the cherries in a large flat baking dish and cover with the crust of pastry. Bake for thirty minutes in a slow oven. Cool. Now run a knife around the edge of the crust to loosen from the dish. Turn a large platter over the pie and invert. Cut into wedge-shaped pieces and serve with custard sauce.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—I am inclosing a menu I served for two guests and ourselves. We had plenty to eat. I am not married a year yet, but every one enjoys my meals and tells me what a cook I am. I must thank you for aiding me in securing these compliments, because I have tried a good many of your recipes and have found them delicious. Hoping to see my menu among the prizes the next time.

Mrs. B. K. K. you evidently failed to inclose the menu, as none came with this letter.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—I am sending my Friday night's menu. MRS. W.M. B. Cream of Spinach Soup Fried Trout with Bacon Mashed Potatoes Egg Scallops Stewed Rhubarb Raisin Bread Butter Tea

Four small trout. Bacon. Eight potatoes. Two eggs. One-half loaf of rhubarb. One-half loaf of bread. One-eighth pound of butter. Two bunches of scallions. One head of lettuce.

Total \$1.44 This menu is good for extremely cold weather. The potatoes, carrots, pudding are all energy foods, and are far too abundant in energy for this season of the year.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—The following is a menu that I serve for dinner, as have just four people in my family: MRS. M. T. Potatoes Creamed New Carrots Spinach Green Peas Scallops Rice Pudding Bread and Butter Tea

One pound of stewing beef. One quart of potatoes. One quart of peas. One bunch of carrots. One bunch of scallions. One-half loaf of bread. One-quarter pound of butter. One quart of milk. One-quarter pound of sugar.

Total \$1.32 This menu is good for extremely cold weather. The potatoes, carrots, pudding are all energy foods, and are far too abundant in energy for this season of the year.

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PRIZE MENU CONTEST?

Well, you'd better get busy at it! You might win one of these prizes: FIRST—\$2.50. SECOND—\$1.00. THIRD—\$1.00.

RULES—The foods used must be staples and in season. The sales slip for the materials must be sent with the menu. The name and address of the sender and the date must be clearly written. Address all menus to:

Mrs. Wilson's Menu Contest Evening Public Ledger Independence Square

HOW WHOLESOMELY CAN YOU MAKE A DOLLAR AND A HALF GO INTO FOUR?

Head of lettuce. .05 Mayonnaise. .05 2 eggs. .10 Tea. .05 Sugar. .05 Rolls, butter. .20 Pineapple. .12 1/2 pint cream. .14 Buttermilk (for potatoes). .09 Total. .84

Ellen Randolph, 5909 Spruce street

Beef Stew New Green Peas Baked New Potatoes Lettuce and Tomato Salad with Mayonnaise Dressing

Rolls and Butter Tea or Coffee Fruit Gelatin

SALES SLIP 1 pound beef. .40 1 carrot. .02 1 potato. .02 1 potherb. .02 1 pepper. .05 1 onion. .05 1 pea. .10 Lettuce. .05 Tomatoes. .10 Dressing. .05 Rolls. .10 Butter. .10 Potatoes. .12 Gelatin. .14 Banana. .04 Orange. .04 Coffee, tea, cream, sugar. .15 Total. .84

The Marriage Trifler By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.

Katherine Again

Barbara Knight, who all her life considered herself the center of the universe, the most eligible man of the season. She really loved him, but she accepted his love as something she must work to keep. She does not realize just how much she is losing. His selfishness, one day she met a woman for real friendship. It was Katherine, who was in the office, who professed him that friendship, while Barbara goes on in her gay, sweet life. In the meantime, Barbara's younger sister, Eleanor, is worrying her.

Barbara's visit to her mother left her filled with conflicting emotions. There is in every girl's heart a conviction that her family is safe and secure, and that she can depend on them when everything else goes wrong. Barbara had been confident that her mother would help matters that she could not handle. Barbara would be improved. Barbara forgot that she herself would have brooked no interference. Barbara remembered only one thing, that Eleanor was headed for the rocks, and she had a guilty little smile, for she had not settled the right kind of an example for her younger sister.

It is one thing to do as one likes and to expect an entirely different code of etiquette for another person, and it is quite another thing to refrain from doing something that is perfectly safe for you because it might influence another. Barbara knew now that she could expect no help from her mother. She knew also that to influence Eleanor would be the most difficult thing in the world, and she knew that she did not want to manage her own life so that it might appeal to her mother's ego. It was quite all right for her to listen to cynical views, to hear other women mocking the most sacred things in life, because she, Barbara, was happily married. But it was anything but safe to ask Eleanor around to affairs, when everything sentimental was laughed at as old-fashioned, and it was considered ultra-smart to be callous and hard.

When Barbara reached home she found a telephone message from Leslie Benham. The dinner and opera that evening were off. Leslie had tonsillitis, and would have to stay in bed. Barbara was rather glad to take her to the theatre. But in the afternoon when she was dressing for her reception that evening, Barbara had a momentary feeling of irritation that Keith took so little interest in their social affairs and their many little triumphs. He was always so naturally willing to accompany her wherever she liked, but he was unenthusiastic. Marcella told her that a man had to be born with a social sense, and Barbara tried to believe it, so that she stifled her momentary annoyance and told him laughingly that they had no plans.

"That's fine," Keith said delightedly, and Barbara was just about to suggest that he telephone for some theatre seats when he went on speaking. "I wanted to make an engagement tonight, but I wasn't sure what we were doing."

"We did have an engagement with the Bernhams," Barbara's voice sounded cold when she said "the Bernhams." "That's too bad," Keith said politely. "Will you be home to dinner?" Barbara was formal now. "No, I think not. It is everything all right with you Barbara, you sound as if you were for even thinking of such things. Of course Keith had not thought to ask her what she would do, and why should he when she was always over-whelmed with engagements? No doubt he thought that she would be sure to do something, you have heard of you days of old, and he have them? Surely she was not going to develop into that awful thing, a divorcee, when she was so young and so beautiful. There were so many little courtesies that he showed her in the office, he was so naively boyish, and so evidently grateful for her friendship, it was the first time in her life, too, that Katherine had ever known a man who had unlimited wealth. For the first time in her life she was allowing herself to dream a little, to drift a little, harmlessly, it is true, but in a way that is so apt to result in discontent.

Tomorrow—Katherine's changed attitude

BRID IS POPULAR AS TRIMMING AGAIN

Please Tell Me What to Do By CYNTHIA

Is it Because He is Lame? Dear Cynthia—You see, I have given advice to many people who write to you columns, so I am going to ask for some of it now. I am a young man of sixteen and beginning to come in contact with many girls. I am very popular among them, and they all seem to be satisfied with me. But somehow the girls do not want to go out with me. I do not know why, because I am considered a nice-looking boy by my friends. May it be that a crippled leg, which I have had for some time and with which I wear a high shoe, is the cause? I am anxious to know, so please answer as soon as possible. ANXIOUS

You are perhaps sensitive about your lameness, for surely no right-thinking girl would refuse to go out with a man because he had a crippled leg. If the girls are that kind, better let them go, and find other worthwhile friends.

"Billie" and "T. B. P." Write Dear Cynthia—"Billie" and I discussed this evening to some length the character of one of your correspondents—one who signs himself "De Jure." I finally decided that even though it might be wiser to keep out of the turmoil of his life, it was better to write him a letter. I put my hand in my pocket to illustrate—and I couldn't find a cent. She paused dramatically. The man looked at her with the same sickly expression.

"Then," she took up her story. "I put my hand in my pocket. I didn't want to wear a coat today, but Mary—Mary's my daughter—she made me wear one because she said it looked like rain. She knew, didn't she? Well, as I say, I put my hand in my pocket and there was a ten-cent piece. What do you think of that?" She laughed merrily at the thought. The man she was talking, gave up the newspaper and settled himself to hear her out. His expression had changed to puzzled boredom.

"Well, so I was all right then," his neighbor was going on. "And I got up around a little—we have a charge account, you know, at most of the big stores—and then started to come down here to the station on that five cents. I put my hand in my bag to get it, and what do you think happened? Well, you'd laugh. Why, down in the bottom of the bag was all my change! This pocketbook, this one here, is loose, and I think when I put the bag down somewhere the pocketbook just came open and dropped all my change right down into the bag. Now, what do you think of that? But, as I say, if I hadn't found that ten-cent piece, goodness or anything else knows where I'd have been."

The man next to her got off the car and then met a friend as he went down the steps. "Who was your friend?" asked the other man. "Can't prove it by me," he replied. "I never saw her before. Some talker, though."

That woman has a very happy, bright life. No matter where she goes, she always finds a friend. The other person may not consider himself or herself a friend, but there is no choice given. She has decided to talk, and her next neighbor has to listen.

Most of us "wouldn't think of doing such a thing." We avoid contact with strangers as if they were all snakes. When we see somebody who looks talky we shy clear of her, or else become

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SHE HAD A CONVERSATION WITH THE MAN NEXT TO HER

She Didn't Know Him, But Then She Would Talk to a Post if Nothing Human Was in Sight

THE cheery little woman in the flowered dress turned to the man next to her. "Well, that was lucky she exclaimed. He looked at her in a half-embarrassed, half-annoyed way, smiled a little and returned to the news of the stock market.

"Yes, sir," continued the cheery little woman. "If I hadn't found that ten-cent piece I don't know where I'd have been. You see, I was caught in that rain while I was in the store, and I wanted to go uptown in the subway. Well, I put my hand in my pocketbook in this bag"—she waved it a little to illustrate—"and I couldn't find a cent." She paused dramatically. The man looked at her with the same sickly expression.

"Then," she took up her story. "I put my hand in my pocket. I didn't want to wear a coat today, but Mary—Mary's my daughter—she made me wear one because she said it looked like rain. She knew, didn't she? Well, as I say, I put my hand in my pocket and there was a ten-cent piece. What do you think of that?" She laughed merrily at the thought. The man she was talking, gave up the newspaper and settled himself to hear her out. His expression had changed to puzzled boredom.

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Tomorrow—Katherine's changed attitude

Washing Hems

When washing the hems of white dresses and undershirts I have found the best way to do is to wet them and spread them on the sink board, rub soap on and then, with my small hand brush, rub the soap in thoroughly. After soaking in hot water for half an hour the dirt will come out with almost no rubbing on the board. Napkins and towels which are a good deal worn will last longer treated in this way than if rubbed on board.—Modern Practical.

For Pillows Raveled yarn from worn-out garments cut into bits make a soft filler for cushions and sofa pillows.

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The taste of Walker-Gordon Certified Milk is quite different; it has none of the flavors to which some people object.

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Its quality does not vary—a fact which all mothers will be glad to know.

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Distributing Agents for Philada., Atlantic City and Vicinity Telephone, Poplar 3503

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bored and almost frightened when anybody dreses in speak to us. Are we silly and wrong? Or is this talkative type who would converse with a post if there was nothing human in sight, the one who is wrong and tiresome?

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Advertisement for Hires beer. Features a large illustration