

MRS. WILSON ADVISES REVIVAL OF OLD METHODS

Of Marketing in Person and Taking Advantage of Good Opportunities for Cheaper Food—Poited Meat Recipe

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

A MATTER that today is forcing its way into the public attention is that although we have many large markets in various parts of the city, yet the housewife reaps little actual benefit from the food she purchases...

The winners of the PRIZE MENU CONTEST

will be announced on Monday. Three prizes are offered for the best menu of five courses and a half dinner for four people.

- First, \$2.50
Second, \$1.00
Third, \$1.00

Rules: The foods used must be staples and in season. Each menu must be accompanied by a sales slip showing the cost of all the materials.

Address all menus to Mrs. WILSON'S MENU CONTEST, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

Don't send the children to purchase foods, and always ask for a definite amount.

The by-products of lamb are reasonably priced; hearts sell for from twelve to fifteen cents; kidneys from three to twenty-five cents; Lamb liver is equal in quality as good as calves' liver and very much lower in price.

How to Prepare It Put the meat, after removing the bone, skin and gristle, through the food chopper.

One medium sized onion, One-quarter cup of parsley, To every pound of meat strain one and one-half cups of stock into a bowl and add two level tablespoons of gelatin.

One teaspoon of salt, One-half teaspoon of pepper, Two teaspoons of Worcestershire sauce, One-half teaspoon of thyme.

Wash and then cut the tomatoes into small pieces and squeeze over in a hands to mash. Add to the stock with one onion.

Clear Tomato Soup Two cups of stock, Five large tomatoes, Wash and then cut the tomatoes into small pieces and squeeze over in a hands to mash.

Now a word about the scale. The spring or dial-balance scale that is usually sold in the house furnishing department stores cannot be depended upon for accurately testing the grocer's weight.

Every housewife should own a dependable pair of scales that all purchases may be checked up.

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Menu Contest Honor List

Table with columns for names (Miss Grace Vandegrift, Mrs. J. Kolosky, Mrs. Mimie De Martin, Mrs. Amanda Hooper), menus, and sales slips.

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON

Macaroni with Tomatoes and Cheese Stuffed Peppers, Fried Veal Cutlets, Bread Butter Cake Coffee

Found and a half of macaroni, 1 lb. Quarter pound cream, 2 lbs. Two pounds tomatoes, 1 lb. Lard, 1 lb. Stuffing, 4 lbs. Four pounds, 1 lb. Half pound veal cutlets, 1 lb. Butter, 1 lb. One-eighth pack of potatoes, 1 lb. Coffee, 1 lb. Sugar, 1 lb. Home-made cake

Conic Tips Called also artistic tips, not because they necessarily imply artistic creativity, but because their results possess a level of beauty which is indispensable in art.

Yesterday's Answers 1. An easily worked nut cracker, sold at five-cent stores, is made of metal cup with a hammer that screws down tight on the nut and breaks it open.

The Sand Spoon Nothing gives more pleasure than the sand-bath and it is necessary to have a number of assorted spoons for measuring out sand for the various cakes and pies, but they are very easily lost when the children are playing.

Things You'll Love to Make Knitting Bag—Linen Applique. For your darning, knitting or crocheting, you will find a linen bag in the shape of a linen bag, one in skirt and waist for the little lady from lavender material. The collar and cuffs from white hair and stockings from black. Stitch the eyes, nose and mouth in the white cotton. Applique the quaint little lady to your bag and see the smiling effect.

STRAIGHT FROM PARIS



Photo by Felix Comes this fall for lining your wrap with the same material that you use for your silk dress.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

The True Story

Superstition burnt Joan of Arc at the stake. Because he lived for a great idea, the discoverer of our country died in chains.

"The Crazy Wrangler," Galileo, was anatomized for insisting the Bible was intended to teach us how to go to Heaven, not how the heavens go.

It is so much easier to reject than to respect, to scold than to uphold; that stantipation, envy and cussedness generally reign supreme—and make most of us cheer a grudge against the new, and grudge it a cheer.

The man whose eyes are stronger, whose vision is longer and whose thought is deeper than the mob's immediately becomes its prey.

Every contribution to progress has emanated from the heart and brain of an individual, whom the multitude first fiercely tried to down and deny.

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WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DEKIE

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Tell Your Mother Florence M.—If you are telling the truth, tell your mother, she'll believe you.

Letter Not Printed The Inseparable Two—You probably realize that some persons reading your column, or perhaps you, believe in her and love her you can survive two years for her. You are only nineteen years young to marry for a few years anyhow.

He's Only Fifteen; She's Sixteen Dear Cynthia—I have read your column for a year and find it very interesting. Will you please answer these questions? I was once invited to a party by a girl who lives in my neighborhood. To be sociable I went with her. She is a very nice girl and she seems very much for me. I am not in love with her and don't care to make her feel that I am. I am only fifteen and she is sixteen. I am not in love with her and don't care to make her feel that I am.

Says Cynthia is a Woman Dear Cynthia—Am a Bay State girl and since I have been reading your column, especially your column, I think you do think you are a wee bit strict, which I am not. You are a woman.

Disapproves of Column Dear Cynthia—Having arrived in Philly but a few months ago, I was quite a surprise to me to see a "Please Tell Me What to Do" column in such a worthy paper, being cheered by publishing "passionate" love affairs of the daily "Please Tell Me What to Do" column.

Adventures With a Purse I PICKED up a fancy peep-toe box and lifting the lid peeped inside, to find a little poem printed on a card, headed "Dames of Silence." I laughed to myself and felt the old dame, who upon seeing a giraffe for the first time said, "there ain't no such animal."

It's a Splendid Idea Dear Cynthia—Is it wrong to save money with the man you love? I am sixteen. He is seventeen years old. I have always loved each other as friends, till we were promised to be true to each other. We are now engaged.

Writes to "Distressed" Dear Cynthia—A few lines to "Distressed" would be very welcome. I am a girl who is in a very good idea for you to put to save and if the boy wants to you both can have the same thing together. I know what he saves in his name and what you save in yours. It is better so.

A Stunning Suit FRESH FROM PARIS The girl with the bobbed hair or short curls who is not fortunate enough to possess "curly curls," will appreciate the hair curlers I saw. They are small and made of wire covered with a fabric of some sort. I know of a girl who has bangs, and when venturing forth on a damp day, she puts her hair up in one or two of these.

Discuss Fiance's Obligations Dear Cynthia—Will you be kind enough to settle the argument which was laid before two persons the other day? Your word will be considered as final.

To Miss L. B. Since you do your own work, why don't you make it just an informal affair and either call up or see your friends about it? They will be glad to bring you a watermelon. It is always good at this time of year and people always enjoy it.

THE WISTFUL LITTLE GIRL WHO WATCHED THE TRAIN

Was Alone on Her Drab Little Porch With Mary Jane Doll and Teddy Dog—And a Dream That She Dreamed



THE long train went thundering along vacation-ward.

It was filled with hot, tired people, seeking the refreshing air of the beach and the bounding sea.

Some of them were going for the rest of the summer, others were going for a week or ten days, and there were a few who were just snatching a week-end.

But they all had that eager anticipation that people always have when they are getting away from everyday life into the holiday spirit for a while.

A thunderstorm went scurrying past with the scenery one time; next, carefully nourished ferns spread out like a fan and closed again as the train hustled along; limp "natives," interested, but apparently indifferent, stared up into the brick windows at stations.

It was just as we left one of these stations that we saw the little girl.

She stood on the porch of her frame house and Mary Jane Doll was clasped in her arms.

Teddy Dog lay comfortably curled up on the grass in front of the porch. A few straggling chickens pecked busily about the yard.

It was a dismal little place, as drab and dull as the little girl's dress, which was meant to be black and white, but looked gray.

She stood all alone on the little porch, all alone except for Mary Jane Doll and Teddy Dog.

Her eyes had the most wistful expression, as she gazed steadily at the train.

We could imagine her turning to look after it as it thundered out of sight and left her alone there with Mary Jane and Teddy.

For there was a dream in those wistful eyes.

And the dream was this: "Some day when I'm big, and Mary Jane is put away and Teddy is old and I'm going to ride on a train like this too."

"I'm going away of where that goes of night as the train is going to have my clothes like the ladies in there."

"And I'm going to that place where the ocean is, where those people go. I won't be afraid of it at all."

"I'll live in a great big, beautiful house, with lights all in the ceiling and carpets and everything."

"The train will look at people and them wish they were as rich as us."

THE train arrived at the resort and everybody left it and made for the hotels, and then for bathhouses.

The little girl who had watched the train was nothing but a day-waitfulness of those eyes as they stared in the windows that wasn't easy to forget.

She gets plenty of amusement out of watching that train and dreaming of it. I dream about it as she stands on the drab porch with Mary Jane Doll and Teddy Dog.

But some time, I hope, she'll be that looks gray and put on a pretty dress and get on that train.

She'll be like to see yearning in the eyes, and when she sees the ocean and that great big house with lights in the ceiling.

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THE GOLDEN-PLATED RULE

By Lillian Paschal Day

Getting Square With Trouble

I was trying to telephone. It took fifteen minutes by my watch. Four operators (count 'em) replied. Each said sweetly, "Number, please?" Then she cut me off.

I was left alone in the silence. I got "Trouble" on the wire. (Plenty of it, too!)

"I need more minutes to get her. I asked her how about it?" She snapped, "Ho! jertun!"

Er you'll get nothin'! Then she rang off. I was left alone in the silence.

She insisted on seeing the boss. I waited seven minutes just. She was left alone. But there was no silence.

She raged and kicked the chairs. It was sweet music to my ears. Then I came out and said: "It's something to your advantage."

I handed her a paper. This was printed on it: "As you would that others do to you, do even so to them."

Miss O. Operator cried and fled. I feel better now, thank you. Isn't it odd?

Folks take Golden Rule measure. It makes them so small. They love the yardstick of conceit. It makes them so large.

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THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

accept it with thanks and then open your pleasure eyes. When you open it will not be necessary to say more than, "Thank you very much" when you receive it, and a pretty story or "Just what I've been wanting" something like that when you open it in general at the table. You open show your gifts to every one. But there's no need of telling this to any one and it might be embarrassing if you tell it, for they will feel that they are bringing you something. Some of them may not feel that they know you, and they don't want to hire men who would better not to speak of the birthday of it.

THE BUTTERSCOTCH KING "I'm getting too old to manage hotel. In fact, I'm getting too old to do most anything that I used to do. I've got to turn my hand to something else."

This was the decision which Charles Powell, of Springfield, O., reached some five years ago when, at the age of sixty-seven, he found himself unemployed. Powell's experience was mainly along the lines of management, a profession in which he had spent many years and had been successful. He determined to make his living by his own efforts. This was a memory of his younger days that suggested the butterscotch.

"The making of candy," he figured himself, "is a field in which a man of my age would have no competitors. I couldn't do it and do it well—perhaps if he hits upon something equally to the popular favor. I see I am able to make a kind of butterscotch that wouldn't sugar, but it wouldn't be any worse than a batch of creamed buttercane and started in. So Powell made up a batch of creamed buttercane and started in. He took over a tiny place of his own, and a half feet wide by thirteen feet deep. He has built up a useful little business. He has a regular customer list and a sufficient revenue to be independent in Toledo. They call it "The Butterscotch King."

"Yes," he admits, "it took some time for me to branch out from my own little business. I've been in it a long time, I feel that I'm safe as long as I'm strong enough to mix my own butterscotch. It's a matter of determination."

Monday—A Hospital Idea There's a long, frosty glass of complimentary—iced

awaiting you at Gimbel's. The demonstrator will be glad to serve you.

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