

MRS. WILSON LEARNS SOME NEW INDIAN RECIPES

And Passes Them Along to Her Readers—Frits el Pinto, Chile la Valencia, Is Good Chicken Dish

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE white man pushed the Indian farther West and in days gone by conflicting strife between them led to the establishing of a reservation or Indian territory—now the state of Oklahoma.

Today the average Indian is a peaceable, well-dressed and educated citizen, and while a few of the older ones cling to the ancient rites and customs of their forefathers, by far the larger number of them are like their neighbors in other states.

The Indian woman is an admirable cook and quick to catch and imitate the ways of her white sister; she places upon her table some delicious dishes that are a combination of the Indian, Yankee and Spanish cooking. For the Spanish style of cooking surely dominates the old Santa Fe trail—a thirty-five-mile square tract of Indian reservation, that only a few years ago was an open prairie of waste land—today it is sprouting with oil wells, which are now located upon a richly irrigated soil held as worthless—this has made many of the Indians quite wealthy.

When we stopped one time at a little Cherokee place for dinner we were treated to a delicious frits el pinto, chile la valencia, a sort of fried chicken and pinto beans. Our dinner menu:

- Chilled Cantaloupe
Frits el Pinto
Chile la Valencia
Baked Cucumbers
Boleto Sauce
Cream and Butter
Plum Custards
Coffee

Menu Contest Honor List

- Miss Helen McAllister, 1720 West Ontario Street
Menu
Breast of Veal With Stuffing
Corn on Cob Braised Sweet Potatoes
Coleslaw
Lemon Sauce
Bread and Butter
Sliced Peaches
Iced Tea With Lemon

- Mrs. G. W. Yerger, Jr., Atlantic City, N. J.
Menu
Pot Roast (English)
Brown Potatoes
Bacon and Lettuce Dressing
Bread and Butter
Cornstarch Pudding

- Mrs. L. Y. Brendle, 5520 Woodland Avenue
Menu
Ham
String Beans
Potatoes
Tomato Salad
Bread and Butter
Iced Tea
Sliced Peaches

THE PRIZE MENU CONTEST

Offers three prizes each week for the best dinner menu submitted for four people. It must not cost more than \$1.50.

The prizes are: \$2.50, \$1, \$1. Be sure to put your full name and correct address on the menu. Also the date of sending it. The foods suggested must be staples and in season. And you must send a sales slip, too, which will give the cost of all materials used.

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

zash the skin with a knife, and then place: Two cups of milk, Three eggs, Two-thirds cup of sugar, One-half teaspoon of cinnamon

and silks and crepes the apron trimming ideas holds and we have lustrous satin gowns of rich colors adorned very simply with a few artfully-made roses

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IT TRIMS ITSELF



Photo by Central News.

CARELESS HEARTS

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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A Sudden Blow

Julius and Diana Long, after three years of married life, decided that the one thing to do is to separate. They have not quarreled, but neither have they ever been really in love with each other.

TO RETURN to Julian, from the time Diana had discovered the truth about her, he had not been able to get her out of his mind. He had discovered that his separation had played havoc with his old circle of friends.

Constance Loring was still in town, and out of sheer loneliness and boredom Julian saw her occasionally. After that costly stay at her hotel, she had been rather piqued, and had shown her hand a bit too plainly.

The Question Corner Today's Inquiries 1. Describe a dainty handbag that resembles the head bands carried this summer.

Yesterday's Answers 1. A breeze for amateur theatricals or a "bleaux can be "faked" by placing an electric fan where it will blow directly upon the actors.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Away in Oklahoma "Eastern C. T." Okla.—The person to whom you refer could not possibly have had any connection with your case.

He Wants Advice Dear Cynthia—I would like you to help me out. She has met a girl to whom I took a liking.

Isn't He the Post? Dear Cynthia—Some time ago "Acetylene" (?) raised the question as to whether one loves with one's heart or one's brains.

Admires the Column Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of seventeen and although I have a steady reader of your column this is the first time I have ventured to write.

Shall They Wed or Wait? Dear Cynthia—We are three girl chums of seventeen years of age—one blonde and two brunettes.

Another Outburst Dear Cynthia—What manner of miracle is this which hath been visited upon us? Has Abaddon, tormented beyond measure by the ceaseless din of the Philogon's siren waves, been driven to mourn and repent the deeds of iniquity which he committed?

Tomorrow—A Matter of Good Taste Things You'll Love to Make Scarf With Filet Crochet Band.

The High Cost of Books Can Be Avoided By Renting New Popular Fiction From WOMRATH'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Welsbach "THRIFT" Gas Lights 15c At Cost To replace wasteful open-flame gas burners. Give more light than open-flame burners and use less than half as much gas.

The United Gas Improvement Co. HICKORY GARTERS "FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S SAKE"

are made of the same high grade, reliable elastic, non-elastic and metal parts, despite the increased cost of materials.

Chicago A. STEIN & COMPANY New York

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PARIS GARTERS

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DEWIS



Behold Mr. Jollyby, who has his own notions of "carrying sunshine" to a shut-in friend upon whom he is calling!

Making More Money The Cash Value of a Smile A well-known public utility advertiser says "The voice with the smile wins."

French More Helpful To the Editor of Women's Page: Dear Madam—I am a young girl fourteen years of age and will complete public school in February.

Wants to Reduce To the Editor of Women's Page: Dear Madam—Will you please let me know how to reduce? I try exercise and swimming, but it does not help.

Typewriting at Home To the Editor of Women's Page: Dear Madam—Kindly advise me where to apply for typewriting or envelope addressing to do at home.

Watch the papers for advertisements of dice addressing. From that wasteful work of that kind done in great quantities once in a while, and if you keep watching you can catch the first chance that comes.

THE PRESSER CHRISTMAS CLUB Is Ready for You. By Joining It You May Select Your Phonograph Now

ANY STYLE OR PRICE of the Three Leading Makes Each an instrument of standard excellence and acknowledged superiority.

THE VICTROLA THE BRUNSWICK THE CHENEY Some of the Advantages the Club Secures for You

1—Every instrument is sold at the lowest cash price. No extras. 2—A cash payment of only \$5.00 is required on all machines priced up to \$150.00, and only \$10.00 on machines priced at \$200.00 or more.

3—Convenient monthly payments satisfactory to every customer will be arranged. Terms from 6 to 24 months to complete the purchase. Records, your own selection, may be included.

4—If, after a trial, any other make or style of machine is desired, the exchange will be cheerfully made without cost.

5—In the event of sickness, injury or loss of employment, only one-half of the regular monthly payments will be required.

6—Presser service one year free, including oiling, graphiting and replacing of broken parts.

7—Free delivery will be made to any point in Pennsylvania, New Jersey or Delaware.

SHE WAS ALONE IN A WORLD THAT WAS NEW AND FOREIGN

She Couldn't Understand Anybody or Say Anything Until an American Young Man Talked the Language That Everybody Knows—Sympathy

SHE was all alone in a great big foreign world that didn't know her. She had never seen that part of it before, and how she got there was a dark mystery.

All she knew was that she had been walking along and then suddenly she didn't know where she was. And she was so little that she couldn't even speak her own language very plain.

So she resorted to that language of childhood which everybody understands—a burst into heaving, heart-broken, headlong sobs.

A man of her own nationality stopped and tried to find out what it was all about. But she spoke their own language so badly, and he spoke English so badly that neither of them got anywhere.

AND then, like the prince in the fairy tale, the American young man came along. Those deep-drawn sobs were too much for him.

He almost had to sit on the pavement to get down on a level with the misery little face that was so tied up with misery, but he managed it.

At first he was just another strange, fearful thing in such a strange world. Then she recognized that other thing that is the same in all languages—and understood by every nationality—sympathy.

The sobs became slower and hope began to dawn, slowly, but every minute more confidently.

The grimy hands washed the tears back from the big dark eyes, leaving a weird design of dirt wherever they touched.

IN THE broken, mixed language that she spoke she managed to gasp out the name of a street, then part of a number—not quite two and two to put together, but at least two and two.

So they started off in search of home. Unhappily had left the little girl's eyes now entirely as she pulled herself up the steps of a trolley car. She turned around and smiled confidently at the American young man.

They reached the street and she winked while they looked across at him, while they were riding along in the car, he winked at her.

She knew that, too, and she winked back with the white side of her face. Then they had to change cars, and that was great fun; it really was fun to have been lost and picked up and taken riding by such a nice person.

They reached the street and she winked while they looked across at him, while they were riding along in the car, he winked at her.

With a glad cry and a wave of her arm she pointed out her own house—there was some one standing on the step.

She dropped the American young man's hand and ran, laughing joyously, to her mother.