MRS. A. BALTERA WINS FIRST PRIZE IN CONTEST

Winners of Three Awards for Best Dollar-and-a-Half Dinner for Four People Are Announced Today

FIRST PRIZE, $2.50

Mrs. A. Baltera
1329 South Taylor street

Menu
Deviled Eggs
Beef Broth With Rice
Boiled Beef With Home-Made Catsup
Boiled Potatoes and Corn on Cob
Sliced Tomatoes With French Dressing
Whole Peaches
Bread Butter Ice Tea

SALES SLIP

Two eggs	$ .10
Rice	.04
Beef	.50
Potatoes	.08
Corn	.10
Tomatoes	.10
Peaches	.10
Bread	.10
Butter	.15
Tea	.06
Sugar	.05
Lemon	.02
Spices for all around, including oil, vinegar, mustard, etc.	.10
Total	$1.50

SECOND PRIZE, $1

Mrs. A. Zurich
3420 Salmon street

Menu
Risotto With Oysters
Fried Fish
Potato Salad
Bread and Butter
Crackers Coffee

SALES SLIP

One pound of rice	$ .16
One onion	.02
One tomato	.03
Five potatoes	.05
Three oysters	.10
Lard	.10
Salt and pepper	.02
Fish	.25
Flour	.02
Salad dressing	.10
Bread	.10
Butter	.10
Coffee	.05
Milk	.05
Sugar	.09
Crackers	.15
Parsley for salad	.02
Total	$1.41

You Will Win $2.50

if your $1.50 dinner for four people is the best one sent to the

Prize Menu Contest

Three prizes are offered each week—First, $2.50; second, $1; third, $1.

Address all menus to

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

Your full name must be given and correct address on the menu. Also the date of sending it. The foods used must be staples and in season, and a sales slip giving the cost of all materials must be included.

THIRD PRIZE, $1

Mrs. Karl Heiner
Wilmington, Del.

Menu
Beef Goulash
Potatoes Hot Slaw
Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce Coffee

SALES SLIP

One and one-quarter pounds lean beef from leg	$ .38
One quart potatoes	.08
One small cabbage	.05
Bread and butter	.15
Coffee and milk	.10
One quart apples	.08
One-half pound of sugar	.08
Two tomatoes	.02
One carrot	.01
One-half green pepper for meat	.01
Three onions	.02
Vinegar, pepper and salt	.03
Shortening	.05
Total	$1.07

The honor list includes Mrs. Anne Schlek, Mrs. William J. Lawless, Miss Dorothy Sherman, Mrs. G. W. Douglas, Mrs. William J. Chambers, Mrs. B. Lyndell, Mrs. Frank Camp, Mrs. E. Thomas, Mrs. John H. Graham, Mrs. C. A. Miller, Mrs. M. P. Johnson, Mildred Mattern, Miss Neulah Whitekettle, Mrs. A. J. Spause, Miss Mary E. Reese, Mrs. Royal R. Richards, Mrs. James Grimes, Minna B. Straubel, Miss Elizabeth F. Myers, Mrs. Beth Mintzer, Mrs. Joseph Graves, Mrs. Charlotte Bass and Mrs. W. S. Musser.

GOODIES FROM PUMPKINS SUGGESTED BY MRS. WILSON

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE frost is now glistening on the pumpkins, the moon hangs high in the sky and the baying of the hounds brings visions of spicy goodies that can be made from the pumpkin.

Pumpkins belong to the squash family; they are grown in many varieties and in varying sizes, from that of a large orange to one of fifty pounds. In many parts of New England it is used for a vegetable, in muffins, fritters, puddings and pies, and it furnishes a pleasant variety for the winter menu.

To conserve the pumpkins until spring, place them on a shelf in a well-ventilated and cool cellar and take care that they do not touch each other. Wipe them off occasionally with a cloth which has been wrung out of warm water.

Pumpkins may be pared, cut in thin slices and dried, stored in all glass or tin containers and kept until needed. It may be peeled, cut into small pieces and stewed until tender. Add just enough water to prevent its burning. When tender rub through a sieve and then fill into sterilized jars. Adjust the rubber and lid and partially tighten the lid. Process in hot-water bath for thirty-five minutes. Remove and then seal securely. Store in a cool, dry place.

Squash Pancakes

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of cornmeal,
One teaspoon of salt,
Two tablespoons of sirup,
One tablespoon of shortening,
One cup of boiling water.

Beat mixture and then let cool. Now add

Two cups of stewed pumpkins,
One cup of flour,
One level tablespoon of baking powder,
One-quarter cup of milk.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then bake in the usual manner for pancakes.

Pumpkin Waffles

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of milk or water,
One cup of stewed pumpkins,
One egg,
One teaspoon of salt,
Two teaspoons of sugar,
Two teaspoons of shortening,
Two and one-half cups of flour,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder.

Beat to mix and then bake in a hot well-greased muffin iron.

Indian Pudding

Place two and one-half cups of water in a saucepan and add

One teaspoon of salt,
One-half cup of molasses,
One-quarter cup of shortening.

Bring to a boil and add one cup of cornmeal and stir to prevent lumping. Cook slowly for ten minutes and then turn into a mixing bowl. Now place in a shallow bowl

One cup of brown sugar,
One egg.

Cream sugar and egg together and then add

One teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg,
One-half teaspoon of ginger,
Two cups of cooked pumpkin,
One and one-half cups of milk.

Turn into a baking dish and bake in a slow oven for forty minutes.

Pumpkin Muffins

Place in a mixing bowl

Two and one-half cups of flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
Two level tablespoons of baking powder,
One level tablespoon of shortening,
Four level tablespoons of brown sugar,
One cup of milk,
One and one-half cups of stewed pumpkin.

Beat to mix and then pour in well-greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

Pumpkin Custard

Place in a mixing bowl:

One cup of stewed pumpkin,
One cup of milk,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-half cup of sugar,
Two tablespoons of melted butter,
Two well-beaten eggs,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg,
One-quarter teaspoon of ginger.

Beat to mix and then turn into well-greased custard cups. Set the cups in a baking pan and fill the pan with two-thirds of the depth of cups with cold water. Bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes.

Pumpkin Pie

From the early Colonial days this delicacy has always been a great favorite. To prepare the pastry for this pie place in a mixing bowl:

Two cups of flour,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
Two tablespoons of sugar,
Two level teaspoons of baking powder.

Sift to mix. Now rub into the flour seven tablespoons of shortening and use six tablespoons of cold water to form a paste. Divide for two pies.

Roll out and cover pie plates and then roll the trimmings into a long thin and narrow strip and cut in inch-wide strips. Wet the edge of the pastry and use this strip to build up the edge to prevent the filling from overflowing. Now rub the bottom of the pastry with salad oil to prevent the filling from soaking the lower crust.

Now place in a bowl:

Two cups of stewed pumpkin,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One and one-quarter cups of brown sugar,
One and one-half teaspoons of ginger,
One teaspoon of cinnamon,
Tiny pinch of allspice,
Four level tablespoons of cornstarch,
Two level tablespoons of butter,
One and one-half cups of milk,
Two well-beaten eggs.

Beat mixture to blend thoroughly and then fill into the pies and bake in a slow oven for forty-five minutes.

Note—Brush the pastry liberally with a good salad oil before pouring in the filling. This prevents a soggy crust.

Mrs. Wilson's Answers

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Have been following up your recipe and have been patiently waiting for one for cup cakes or some other recipe for nice little cakes. So wish at your convenience that you will publish one.

MRS. R. M. F.

Sponge or layer cake mixtures may be used for these cakes. To make a butter sponge add three tablespoons of melted butter to the sponge cake recipe, before adding the whites of eggs. The shortage of sugar and its high price have prevented an article on these little cakes.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly inform me just what gluten bread is and how it is made? Can you purchase it in the bakeries? E. T. E.

Gluten bread is a bread made from gluten flour. This flour has a large percentage of starch removed. It is sold in delicatessen stores and bakeries. Consult the classified part of the telephone directory under the heading of bakeries.

A Jaunty Little Suit

By Corinne Lowe

We cannot escape! The cape is featured more conspicuously than ever in the autumn modes, and among its manifestations is the suit with the cape. Above we show one of these costumes from Lanvin carried out in black bolivia cloth. To this is added a waistcoat of green duvetyn fastening with silver buttons and belted with black braid. The cape, differing from the usual forms, falls in handkerchief points and is faced with green duvetyn bound on by silver braid. The silver braid is repeated on the sleeves and pockets of the jacket. And, by the way, the connection between cape and the suit proper is generally made by lining or facing, which echoes in color and fabric some trimming touch upon the remainder of the costume.

THE UNWELCOME WIFE

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Anthony Harriman married Charlotte Graves, a girl he met when he was camping in the Berkshires. He was very much in love with her, but when he brought her to the city and saw her in a different setting doubts began to assailhim. His mother, too, helped matters on by treating Charlotte like an interloper. She was plainly disgruntled by the fact that Tony had married beneath him. On the morning after Charlotte's arrival in the city, Mrs. Harriman took her shopping and they met Edith Constock, the girl Mrs. Harriman had always hoped Tony would marry.

The Evening Dress

"TONEY'S wife?" Edith said uncertainly.

"Yes," Mrs. Harriman hurried on. "The marriage was very sudden, a real love match. They were married up in the Berkshires, and Tony brought her home only yesterday."

It was a strange little trio there in the bright sunshine of the brisk fall day. Mrs. Harriman so plainly trying to make the best of things, Charlotte standing silent before the bright dark eyes of the older girl. Into those eyes had crept a look of comprehension as though she understood what had happened. Quite suddenly Charlotte realized that there was to be no friendship between them. All hope of anything of the kind had been nipped in the bud by those fatal words, "This is Tony's wife."

"You must come and see us very soon," Mrs. Harriman went on, "Tony will be eager to see you."

"Oh, but not during his honeymoon," Edith said lightly, with another glance at Charlotte, "he will want to be alone for a time."

"Oh, I imagine he'll be quite ready to see his friends any time," Mrs. Harriman returned. "He and Charlotte did their courting in the country, you see."

Edith laughed. "All right, I'll come very soon—it will be nice to see Tony again, although I don't suppose he'll be a bit the same now that he has annexed a wife. What a surprise for all his friends!"

She glanced at a tiny platinum wrist watch hurriedly, and exclaimed at the time, "I must be rushing off now, I have an engagement for luncheon. Good-bye, Aunt Evelyn; good-by, Mrs. Harriman." And Edith, tall, dashing and vivacious, was off.

When Mrs. Harriman turned back to Charlotte, her graciousness was gone, and she had assumed her aloofness of manner.

She said nothing at all about Edith, but Charlotte knew intuitively that this was the woman Mrs. Harriman would have had Tony marry. She thought of this all during luncheon, which at any other time would have claimed all her attention, for Mrs. Harriman had taken her to one of the larger hotels, and the crowds, the music and the strange delicious foods were all fascinatingly new to Charlotte, who had never seen anything of the kind before.

Afterward there was more shopping, an afternoon frock, a dinner dress, and an evening dress cut so as to show the girl's lovely arms and shoulders.

Madame Delphine had had very little experience with girls of Charlotte's type. So that when the glittering cloud of silver gauze was slipped over the girl's head, and the shoulder straps were snapped in place, Madame stared in amazement as Charlotte flushed scarlet at the expanse of shoulder that the gown revealed.

"Oh, but I couldn't wear anything like this," she protested.

"It's lovely on you, ravissant!" Madame exulted.

Mrs. Harriman looked at her daughter-in-law critically. The silver gauze made Charlotte's hair look almost silver in tone, the flawless skin was exquisite in texture. There were possibilities in this girl; she could be made very picturesque if she responded and apparently she could be easily managed.

"Nonsense, Charlotte," Mrs. Harriman exclaimed impatiently, "the dress is not too low. Remember, you're not a debutante; you're a married woman, and must dress the part."

It was true. Charlotte was a married woman, but she had been married only a day in spite of the days of dreary waiting before Tony had claimed her, and the idea of wearing such a low dress shocked and frightened her. Mrs. Harriman could not appreciate the fine points of the girl's attitude; she simply thought the idea of objecting to a low-necked frock stupid and rather bourgeois, exactly what she might have expected from a girl of Charlotte's type.

(Tomorrow, the art of holding a husband)

Moyen-Age Frock

Everywhere, at the openings of the great Paris houses, were high collars, long sleeves, and lines reminiscent of the Moyen Age. Though this high-necked and long-sleeved mode is new—an ultra note—it is not likely to be the prevailing style in America this winter, though it will make its first appearance. It will have a tendency, however, to make the open-necked dress a little higher, and the sleeves undoubtedly will be long, sometimes close fitting or sometimes flaring.—In November Good Housekeeping.

A Coincidence

It was Friday—June 14, 1912—that the Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide ascended the throne of Luxemburg. By a coincidence it was also a Friday, October 1, of this year, that the former grand duchess turned her back on the world and donned the simple habit of a nun in the Carmelite convent at Modena, Italy.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Scores "Heart-Breaker"

Dear Cynthia—Would you be so kind as to print this, for the benefit of the poor child who signs herself as "Heart-Breaker?"

My dear child, were you old enough to join the army? I'll wager you fibbed by a few years to be accepted, because you, indeed, are nothing but a wee young mother's child, or your true sentiments would not be of those you sent "Cynthia way."

So you prefer to gaze into her eyes and let her do the slushing. It is not your eyes that make fools out of some girls; that kind of girls are fools without the making.

We've got to give you credit for one thing and that's that you admit you are a jest of nature. We see you've been glancing Baron Limks' way. Would not our famous philosopher be terribly angry did he know how incorrectly you placed his quoted words into statement?

We agree with you, it is the soul that inspires, but cannot the beautiful possess such a soul as well as the ugly? You have contradicted a previous statement if you will notice.

All in all, "Heart Breaker," I think before writing Cynthia again you had better let "mother" censor your ideals. If you would put your time to such thoughts as "Happy's" it would be worth your while. ZOE.

What He Thinks of Love-Making

Dear Cynthia—I have just finished reading your column and wanted to say that I am glad to know that there are a few people left in this world of ours who have some sense about the so-called "love-making" business. Personally, I have never been able to consider the modern way as true "love-making"; for when a man really loves a girl he respects her enough to be sensible in his actions. I suppose I am an extremist in this matter, but it was really thrust upon me. I am eighteen years old, play football, baseball, golf and tennis, have a car of my own and an allowance that will permit me to have as good a time as I care to have. But for some reason, I don't seem to enjoy myself when I am with girls as they are today as I used to when I was younger and the girls didn't have this society idea in their heads all the time. Why, Cynthia, the girls of today consider it an insult if you ask them to go for a walk. They must ride or will not go at all. If you don't keep telling a modern girl how much you love her all the time, she won't have anything to do with you. I am glad to know that there are a couple of sensible ones left like "Mickey" and "Innocent Lonely, 17." May we find more like them. DISGUSTED.

Wants an Address

Dear Cynthia—I have read your columns ever since I have been here. I am a young man, twenty-three years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, weigh 175 pounds. I attend college here and take part in all athletics.

I have been going with a girl a long time, yet I never feel satisfied that she and I are well mated. I often meet girls, but never make a good impression, because I do not dance and say the smart things they like, and be frivolous in general.

I enjoy a good time in a sensible way, and I do not have a mustache and all those freaks which go to make an up-to-date, modern young society man.

I am well liked by my boy companions, but when I first meet girls I can't impress them. I suppose I am too sensible or something. Will you kindly help me out?

In regard to the other girl, would you drop her? I read your advice, this evening, which impressed me very much. This girl seems to be my type, and I feel sure if we could meet we could become real good friends. If you will kindly publish your opinion on this lengthy note, and if the lady will publish her address, I shall be pleased to write to her.

AN UNSETTLED YOUNG MAN.

Sorry, but Cynthia cannot publish addresses nor bring about introductions. If you do not care for the girl you see so much of, you should not go with her any more, as you may be giving her the impression that you care for her.

Knows Her One Week

Dear Cynthia—I am a young man in my teens. I have met a girl one year my junior. I have taken a strong liking to her. I have only known her for one week. Would it be proper to have her meet my parents as she has had me meet hers? LOVE SICK.

Yes, have the girl meet your parents, but wait a while before you fall in love.

Questions in Propriety

Dear Cynthia—I've read your column for over a year and I like it so much that I, too, would like to ask your advice.

I go with two girls and we all have boy friends. We have jolly times with them and our parents usually know when we are with them. They often ask us if we will be at a certain ice cream parlor or picture house. If we say yes and go, they are always there and then they take us home. Now is it proper to go to that place and meet them like that?

Also, will you please tell me how you should start and end a note written a boy friend in school.

Please tell me if your parents were willing, would it be proper to ask two boys and one girl, making a party of four, to your home some time to spend the evening. If so, what could you do besides dance, and what kind of refreshments could you serve?

MILLIE JUNE.

It would be better to have the boys call for you to take you to get ice cream.

Begin your letter "My dear Charlie" and end "Very sincerely."

Play cards or some other quiet games, dance and sing together.

Lemonade and cake; or crackers and cheese and ginger ale.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Nowadays no one addresses the whole table, excepting regular after-dinner speakers at a banquet. Yet too-absorbing a tete-a-tete conversation is also to be discouraged as being distinctly unsocial. A man should pay chief attention to the woman he has taken in to dinner, but he should not ignore his neighbor on the other side. It sometimes happens, indeed, that the other side receives all the attention and the dinner partner must then depend for conversation upon "the next chair."

In the illustration, the hostess, having waited for a pause in the talk to her right has addressed a question to the man. He remains deaf and blind to all but his other fair neighbor, and she, to avoid additional embarrassment, must convey to him the fact that his hostess is awaiting an answer to the query which he has not even heard.

As a wit once said, society pardons absence of mind only when it is accompanied by absence of body.

The Woman's Exchange

Removing Grease Spots

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me what will remove from plain tan-colored wall paper small spots made from blowing out a white wax candle which had melted to liquid in a candle stick? B. L.

Press powdered fuller's earth lightly upon the greasy spots, and I think you'll find they will disappear.

Wants a Dog

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — Is there any place where I could obtain a dog for a little boy who is ill? It would be such company for him. I should like a black puppy. ANXIOUS.

You could probably find a dog at the Animal Refuge, 22 South Eighteenth street. I hope the little boy gets his black puppy, for he probably has his heart set on just such a dog.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a novel "spider" costume for Halloween.
2. In what shape are some unusual andirons made?
3. What is noticeable about the neckline of many new evening gowns?
4. Describe a good-looking handbag of silk.
5. How can varnish be removed from dark woodwork that is to be painted white?
6. When it is necessary to use a quantity of narrow ribbon to trim a dress, what less expensive kind can be used?

Saturday's Answers

1. A popular style of sleeve this year is one that widens until just below the elbow, and then tapers to the wrist.
2. A novel way to make short curtains for bedroom windows is to gather them in at the bottom to a wide band of filet crocheting, in the style of the new silk scarfs.
3. A child's beaver hat that is worn down and out of style can be cut into flat soles for bedroom slippers.
4. A pretty spread for a single bed is made of plain white chintz with a flowered valance, and a single spray of the flowers appliqued in the center of the white part.
5. A candy box with a folding lid can be covered with a remnant of cretonne and used as a doll's house shirtwaist box.
6. A substitute for fur on collar and cuffs is made of loops of ribbon.

WE NEVER HAVE THE SAME 'WONDERFUL TIME' TWICE

There Is Always Something Missing When We Try to Reproduce It All—It Won't Bounce the Second Time—But Memory Keeps It Fresh for Us

ONCE upon a time there were two little girls who made up a wonderful game all their own.

They were inseparable friends, and when they thought of a game they played it together as hard as they could play.

One winter when the snow came, deeper and drier and more beautiful than usual, it drifted into a soft, white mound under a group of fir trees that grew near the kitchen door.

The two little girls, bundled up in their warm clothes and leggings, started out to play—build a fort, or make a snow man, or anything they could think of.

And they hit upon the plan of making a trench, packed down and patted flat until there were two comfortable little seats in it—all made of dry, comfortable, safe snow.

That was great fun for a while, but not active enough, and they were almost tired of it when one of them brought a basket and began filling it with round, glistening eggs made of snow.

THEN there was great sport! The kitchen bought so many eggs that they were obliged to hurry back constantly to the cozy little shelter under the hemlocks, [illegible] more eggs and rush back to sell them.

It went on all [illegible] this manufacturing and selling, and they were tired, hungry and thoroughly happy when supper time came.

As long as the snow lasted they played in their little grove, watching the wind blow harmlessly past their walls, taking little flakes or snow with it as it went.

When the next snow came they played their game again; but somehow it wasn't so much fun; something seemed to have gone out of it.

That one snowstorm and their good time with it stood out in their minds as the greatest fun they had ever had in winter time.

Each year they tried to find the snap of it again, but each year they failed, and took to building forts instead.

HOW many times have you tried to repeat your "most wonderful time" since you grew up?

And how many times have you failed? It can't be done.

You may remember every little part of it, everything that was said and done, but when you try it the second time the spring has gone out of it, it doesn't bounce.

No one has ever found out just exactly why.

Sometimes it's because of your companion; you thought it was the place you went and the things you did—but, you know, "it's not so much where you are, it's whom you're with."

Again, it may be your own attitude; perhaps the first time you were in unusually high spirits, just ready for a good time, maybe you felt that your new hat was becoming, or perhaps you were thinking about that letter from "somebody," or that raise that had been promised—you can't bring back things like that when you want them.

"I did have such a good time that day," you mourn. "Why couldn't it happen again just that same way?"

THOSE happy times, those unforgettable days that have gone into the past, how we yearn to have them repeated, just once, in every little detail.

That day last fall, why, it was just a year ago, that evening last summer—oh, that moon! Why can't it happen just like that again?

Memories, clear, some of them, in every detail, vague; others, except for certain features, dear, all of them, and getting dearer with each year that comes between them and the present.

We can never have those experiences in reality again—other events take their place in life, but memory cherishes them, adds something to them, makes them sacred and lives them over and over for us whenever the mood strikes us.

Fashion Briefs

There is a new game now very popular. It is to distinguish this season's models from those of last season. So far nobody seems to have a very high score, but the game provides us with a constant exercise for faculties somewhat dimmed perhaps by the ease of former approximations.

First of all, the skirts are apt to be odd and uneven. Second, the collars have mounted to the ears, and are still moving. Third, the waists are inclined to be long. Fourth, there are symptoms of the yoke. For the rest, we have the same old chemise frocks, the same embroideries, the same apron tunics and panels and sometimes even the same short sleeves.

Let it not be thought that the collar of the moment has nothing to do but to chin itself. There are so many setting-up exercises which an ambitious collar may take nowadays. For example, one of the newest calisthenics is to wrap around the neck and then tie in a bow at the left side. A collar such as this is bound to bring your frock of last year right up to the minute.

CORRINE LOWE.