

MRS. WILSON TELLS OF OLD SANTA FE COOKING

Enchilladas Favorite Dish of Western States—Spider Bread, Indian Pie and Other Recipes

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

A FEW miles out along the Santa Fe trail one just naturally comes to a halt at the Last Chance Eating Emporium. This relic of early frontier days still is managed by a grand-daughter of the original founder, one Heather Fox. Early in '40, Heather Fox came to the spot and now, hale and hearty at eighty, tells of those meals of long ago.

Place two cups of water in a saucepan and add one teaspoon of salt. Just as soon as the water has come to a boil, add one cup of cornmeal. Stir to prevent lumping and cook until thick like mush. Turn into a bowl and then cool. Now add one-half cup of wheat flour. Take a spoonful of this mixture and pat out between the hands into a flat thin cake. When the cakes are all made, fry a golden brown in bacon fat. Place two-thirds pound of finely chopped meat in a frying pan and brown well. Add two finely chopped onions, two tablespoons of flour, four green peppers, minced fine, and one-half cup of cold water. Bring to a boil, and simmer slowly for one-half hour. Now add one and one-half cups of well-drained kidney beans, which have been cooked until tender. Season to taste.

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Menu Contest Honor List

Table with 2 columns: Name and Menu. Includes Mrs. Charlotte Bass, Mrs. A. C. Haussmann, Mrs. Charles Frank, and Mrs. J. Schwartz.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries: 1. What remarkable trip was recently made by Mrs. H. J. Luteher, of Orange, Tex? 2. In what attractive way are many new sport hats trimmed?

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A NOVEL BRIM



The hat is of panne velvet, with a full crown, cleverly draped, and a most interesting brim. The two sides are cut away and the vacancy is filled in with lattices made of crystal beads. Loops of the beads hang from beneath the hat.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Don't Wait Till You Have To

JUST can't take a vacation," a man once said. "It is impossible for me to get away. If I stayed away, things would simply go to smash." One day he rose to shave; heeled over; doctors, nurses and consultants were called in; a small fortune went to resurrect an overworked, much-abused body and brains. And the smoke went up the chimney just the same.

THE UNWELCOME WIFE

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Charlotte Greaves and Anthony Harriman were married before either of them had given much thought to marriage. Charlotte was a country girl, and when Anthony brought her to the city she somehow did not fit into his life so well as he had thought she would.

The Wallflower

THE dinner party was small, there were only twelve, but Charlotte, who had never been at such a party in her life, felt that she had never seen so many people. If any effort had been made to give her self-assurance, she would have been able to feel like a daughter of the house, and accepted as she should have been, she might, perhaps, have weathered this first social function, too.

Costumes

So many girls have written for novel costumes that there is scarcely space enough to answer them all. Here are some suggestions for everybody: Valentine girl—A plain white dress, trimmed with ten-cent store lace that has been stiffly starched. A tiny red heart here, an old-fashioned bouquet there, and a trailing message, "To my Valentine," on the skirt.

LA FRANCE

For the woman who prefers Oxfords for Autumn wear we are showing this charming La France model of Mahogany Calf—a type popular for all-round wear because of its comfortably rounded toe and Military heel.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Four Lonesome Y. Men" Hello, hoping you get some nice friends real soon. A LONESOME YOUNG GIRL.

Writes to Woman's Exchange The Club Admirers—Thank you very much for your appreciation of Cynthia's column. Your questions, however, should be sent to the editor of Woman's Page.

Oh, but He's Slangy! Heart-Breaker—Cynthia will be glad to print your letters if they are not so aggravated, as was the recent one sent to the column. She realizes you are having fun all to yourself, but at the same time your tone is not just as respectful as it might be.

Not the Right Motive A Sad Girl—No, my dear, there is no convent where a young girl would be admitted for the reason you mention.

Speak to Her in School Dear Cynthia—Please tell me what to do in this case. I am a young fellow studying here in a college. I am a stranger and I don't know the customs here very well.

"Hula Hula" Costume To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I would like to know how I could make a Hallowe'en suit they call "Honor Girl" or "Hawaiian Girl."

A Gipsy Costume To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Finding your column very helpful, I again come for advice.

Needs a Friend's Advice Dear Cynthia—So many people come to you with their troubles, and somehow you seem to help them out.

Stands Up for High School Girls Dear Cynthia—in answer to A. L. T.'s letter, I would like to say I'm sure the trouble cannot be with the West Philly girls, for most of the girls are really and like a good time in a nice way.

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THE "PEANUT" SHOCKS THOSE WHO NEVER SIT UP THERE

Because They Think There Are Only Terrible People Up There—But the "Up-Top" Audience Is Just Composed of Other Human Beings

"WASN'T it a good show? Where did you sit?" "Peanut gallery."

"Oh!" The "Oh!" is usually spoken in an almost contemptuous tone which, however, the speaker seems to claim, to sit way up there in that awful place. Such terrible people!

But most of the persons who give vent to these exclamations have never sat "up top" in the theatre, or they have done it once and have had the misfortune to sit next to a very fat woman on one side and a restless, sticky-handed child on the other.

It is only natural under either of these circumstances that they should look with horror upon even the thought of sitting in the "peanut gallery."

There are times when you find yourself "out of luck" after you have mounted the millions of steps that lead up to this haven and then climb precipitously down to your seat in the third or fifth row.

YOU get comfortably settled, and this mountainous person in voluminous furs and a large hat enters your row.

You grab frantically at your hat, your candy, your flimsy little family-circle program and stand up, slanting dangerously.

Then she begins the laborious task of removing her wraps. Her movements are all generous, and you move as far as possible in the opposite direction.

But you can't go very far on account of Lillian on the other side of you. For Lillian has been getting caramel, fudge and other sticky things until her fingers are all fly-paper, and she seems to be all over the theatre. On trips like that you appreciate the feelings of those who say "Oh!" when they hear that you sat in the family circle!

BUT other times you manage to crowd past the fat man (there are lots of fat people "up top") who guards

the end of your row, and you find that your seat is just above, in the middle of the house, couldn't be better. A girl in the fresh white waist and suit skirt of a business woman sits next to you and her mother in silk waist and best suit is with her.

On the other side you have a freshly-colored, pinkly shaven youth with his dimpling blue serge "lady friend." A sailor or two, leaning over with his elbows on his knees, trying to catch the eye of a friend on the other side of the house.

Mother, Aunt Jenny and the girls, with Freddy next to mother, all talking, laughing, having as good a time when the lights are on as they do when the curtain goes up.

A kinky-haired boy with a basket of "chocolate," puts all the emphasis in the world on the "lute." Another boy, light hair slicked straight back, bearing just a bit jauntily, in spite of his demure uniform, miraculously passes paper cups of water about without spilling any of it—fascinating to watch!

Sure-footed ushers going up and down those steep, wide steps, never faltering, never slipping, never even considering pitching headlong into the orchestra—remarkable!

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