MRS. WILSON SUGGESTS METHODS OF ECONOMIZING

And Tells About a Carefully Planned Sunday Menu—Market Basket, Recipes for Chicken and a Cake With Peaches

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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UTILIZE the bones and trimmings of meat for soups, and for making a pot of soup in the home once each week, instead of purchasing the canned variety. This is real economy. Make a sufficient amount to last at least two days.

If you are making soup, using the bones and meat trimmings, add a good sized piece of suet to give the soup a rich full flavor. The fat can easily be skimmed off.

Do not waste a single slice of bread. If it is put in a baking pan and toasted a light brown, when other baking is being done, and then cut into pieces of suitable size, it can be used as croutons, delicious with soups.

The French housewife uses them also in stews, braised meats and goulashes.

To plan a menu for three meals on Sunday and to supply the family with delicious and nutricious food, is the real ambition of every mother and wife.

A SUGGESTIVE SUNDAY MENU

BREAKFAST
Stewed Peaches
Cereal and Cream
Sausage and Hot Cakes
Coffee

DINNER
Celery Home-Made Relish
Chicken Dumplings with Gravy
Boiled Rice Brussels Sprouts
Coleslaw
Cream Tapioca Pudding Coffee

SUPPER
Chicken a la King
Potato Croquettes
Coleslaw
Peach Cake Tea

The market basket will require

Three and one-half pounds stewing chicken.
One pound of sausage.
One pound of dried peaches.
One stalk of celery.
One-half pound of rice.
One box of Brussel sprouts.
One head of cabbage.
One package of tapioca.
One can of evaporated milk.
Two pounds of potatoes.
Three eggs.

and the usual weekly staples.

Chicken Dumplings

Cut the chicken as for fricassee and leave the breast hole. Cook as for a stewing chicken and add:

One carrot, cut in tiny dice.
One finely minced onion.

Let cool. When ready to prepare the Sunday dinner place in a mixing bowl

Three cups of flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.
One small onion, grated.
One-eighth teaspoon of thyme.
Two level tablespoons of baking powder.
Four level tablespoons of shortening.

Rub in the shortening and use three-fourths cup of water to form a dough. Roll out one-fourth-inch thick and then cut in five-inch squares and fill with the meat, which has been removed from the bones. Use the wings, legs and thighs. Form into dumplings and then tie in individual dumpling cloths and plunge into boiling water. Cook for twenty-five minutes and then lift to a hot platter.

Mince the giblets fine and add to the stock in which the chicken was cooked. Season and thicken slightly, then pour over the dumplings.

To serve lift the dumplings on a slice of toast and pour over the gravy.

Cream Tapioca Pudding

Wash one cup of tapioca and place in a saucepan with four cups of water. Cook slowly until the tapioca is clear and soft and then add: One can of evaporated milk. Cream the yolks of two eggs.

One cup of sugar.
One tablespoon of butter.

Add to the tapioca, beating to mix well and then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Cool and then serve.

Peach Cake

Place in a mixing bowl:

Two-thirds cup of sugar.
One egg.
Four tablespoons of shortening.
One and three-quarters cups of flour.
One level tablespoon of baking powder.
Three-quarters cup of water.

Beat to mix and then turn into a well greased and floured deep layer cake pan. Spread higher on the sides than in the middle. Cover with the well drained peaches and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Chicken a la King

Cut celery in one-inch pieces and then parboil and drain. Place in a saucepan:

Two cups of cream sauce.
One and one-half cups of prepared celery.
Two red peppers, cut in inch pieces and parboiled.
The breast of chicken, cut in inch pieces.

Season to taste. Heat slowly to the boiling point and then serve.

This is the last week of the

Prize Menu Contest

Three prizes are awarded for the best menu for a $1.50 dinner for four people.

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.

The contest will close with the announcement of winners on Monday, November 22.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Up or Down

Everybody knows that if two different standards are to become one and the same, one must rise or the other must fall.

When we so flippantly speak, in the heat of our newly emancipatedness, of the end of double standards and the new sauce that serves for goose as well as gander, it might be profitable to give a thought to the question, "Which is it to be—the higher or the lower?" For in a moral issue there can be no compromise. One must rise or the other must fall.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his latest effort to disset us and tell the world, gives a very good example of how this works out. He is speaking of smoking, which happens to be neither a moral issue nor the issue of this article; but it makes as good an example as any other.

"Men," he says, "always were a little ashamed of it and were actually heading for its renunciation when women gave it an enormous impulse and made it quite shameless."

Of course we all heard in our cradles about the Rome that went into decline with the decline of its women. But the fact remains that the decline of both was due to a demand of the women for a single standard and their adopting the men's standard, or rather a philosophy prevailing among the men. This was Epicureanism. And as a standard of modes and morals it was very low. So the women declined with the men and Rome went down with both.

Fortunately our women did not attempt, as did the Roman women, to leap from obscurity to equality. In the free mingling of the sexes nowadays the way has been paved gradually for a single standard of morals, and girls have ample opportunity to work their influence for the higher standard, to make it the basis of the single standard.

And the question now is how are they going to do it? Will the single standard mean that girls are going to laugh at what formerly they would have blushed to hear, that they will go to questionable places and do questionable things in the name of a single standard? Will a girl's first kiss no longer be of moment? Will they prate "freedom" and practice laxness?

Or does a single standard promise a realization among young men that girls are to an line of them the same timeness and purity, the same wholesomeness of mind and heart that men have always expected of them? Does it promise a manhood taking pride in living up to the higher standard instead of down to the lower and a shame for the lower instead of complacency and arrogance in it?

Which shall it be, girls—up or down?

A Healthful Drink
With
No After Regrets
You are sure of satisfaction when you make your table beverage
INSTANT POSTUM
Coffee drinkers delight in the change because of greater comfort, and the price is attractive because so moderate. All the family will like the flavor of Postum
At Grocers Everywhere
Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Unwelcome Wife

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Anthony Harriman's marriage to Charlotte Graves, a girl beneath him socially, infuriates his mother, who had expected him to make a brilliant marriage. Her choice was Edith Comstock, and everything that Charlotte did was compared with Edith until Charlotte became so intimidated that she was afraid to tell Tony that she was to bear him a child. There was one man who appreciated Charlotte and was kind to her and the girl's innocent response brought down Tony's anger on her head. A quarrel ensued and Charlotte ran away and went back to the farm, where for a time she pretended that she was on a visit until she was finally forced to tell the truth to her mother.

Waiting

"SO SHE'S come back," Abner said bitterly that night after Charlotte was in bed and Mrs. Graves had told him the truth as they sat together in the kitchen. "Just as I said she would, for good."

"Yes, she's come back, Abner, she wasn't good enough for the Harrimans, but don't forget this, she is going to be the mother of the Harriman heir. Wait and see if that doesn't make a difference."

Abner removed his pipe from his mouth as though to say something, but he thought better of it and stared at his wife instead. For once he saw her as a personality. He wondered curiously what was going on in her brain, what she was thinking about; she interested him.

Jennie Graves sat and sewed on a piece of sheer material. Under her quick fingers it gradually shaped itself into a tiny garment. He watched that curiously and strange thoughts began to drift through his mind. Dreams of the long ago when Jennie had been young and sweet like Charlotte and they had looked ahead to the coming of a child. He felt strangely tender, and anger toward his daughter died suddenly in his heart. After all she was still his little girl, he would see her through her unhappiness.

In the days that followed Abner was very kind to his daughter. He asked no questions and his manner was gentle. Charlotte appreciated it, but she knew that the news of her coming home would soon begin to percolate through Westbury. There would be talk and her father was proud.

It was a time of dreary waiting through the long sombre fall, and there was nothing to do. To be sure, there was plenty of work at the farm, physical work, but there were no books, and most of all there was nothing to take her mind off herself. Charlotte thought a great deal in these days about life and she felt strangely humble.

She would watch her father and mother drive off to church on Sunday mornings and would visualize them sitting straight in the old pew with, perhaps, the curious eyes of the congregation turned upon them as they sat there. She almost screamed at her own impotence to do anything about it, but there was nothing she could do but wait.

Her one visitor was the old family doctor who had brought her into the world. Charlotte used to look forward to his coming, for he would sit and talk to her for a long time, and she saw the life of the entire village turnsun on shrewd old eyes. Sometimes he took her with him when he went to pay his calls and she would watch him as he walked up the little gravel paths to the houses, his shabby old bag in his hand, with tenderness in her eyes. When he came out she would say eagerly:

"How was the Baxter baby today?" or, "Did old Mrs. Brown ask about me?" or "Was it a bad fracture, doctor?"

Once Dr. Raymond asked her to go in with him. They had driven to the outskirts of the town and had stopped before a shabby tumble-down house. Charlotte never remembered having seen it before. It was a cold day in November, and she could see the curious faces of two children pressed against the dirty window panes.

"I think you can help me in here, Charlotte," the doctor had said quietly.

She looked at him startled, but she clambered out of the carriage without a word and followed him into the house. There were only two rooms and in the back of the front room on a low bed lay a woman and a baby. It was a very new baby, and the mother looked white and weak. The children pressed close around Charlotte as she stood a moment uncertain as to just what to do. Then the doctor lifted the baby and put it into her arms.

"You might heat water and give it a bath," he said practically. Charlotte never forget the joy of holding the little body in her arms, of bathing its little limbs with warm water, and finally of handing it to its mother and seeing it snuggle its little head against her while the woman smiled faintly and looked at its downy head with tender eyes.

Tomorrow—Tony's son

A RUSSIAN BLOUSE IN BROCADED PLUSH

By CORINNE LOWE

In this country we are inclined to dress our railroad coaches in plush rather than ourselves. It will be remembered, however, that Paris observes a wider rule of plush, and some of the stunning wraps, frocks and suits that have come to us from overseas are carried out in this fabric.

The accompanying suit from Paris is achieved in two kinds of plush—the plain black, which achieves the narrow skirt, and the brocaded black and beige, that makes the Russian-like coat.

And it will be remembered, by the way, that the Russian influence is strong in some of the autumn suits and frocks. The coat is trimmed with black plush and opossum, and is fastened by gold ornaments.

FASHION NOTES

Now, as last year, duvetyn is tempting even the wisest woman to give up Mary's music lessons and let the dining room shift with its old rug. Both the strictly tailor mades and the dressier models frequently elect this costly fabric. What is more, they elect it in gray. So pervasive is this tone in this fabric that we feel as if we might be justified in codifying and calling it duvetyn.

Some of the smart gray suits—this applies also to frocks—are trimmed with black fur. For example, one stunning suit had cuffs, collar and bands of seal. Another was set off with black astrakhan. It is a stunning thought, this black and gray one, as the Japanese found out long ago when they invented the prints which most people have taken lessons in learning to like. And, by the way, duvetyn is not the only material upon which gray has breathed its fog. Every other fabric is submitted to the same spell.

The suit of this year is by no means dependent upon fur for its trimmin sources. Both braid and embroidery often are intrusted with the entire task of taking the sting out of the tailor made. More frequently they work right along with fur.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Lovey Dovey"

Yes, it's all right to go out with girls, and it's always best to have lots of friends.

They Talk of "Heart-Breaker"

Dear Cynthia—We just could not resist answering "Heart-Breaker." So, Cynthia, please print this letter for his benefit.

We are going on eighteen; just passable when it comes to looks. "Heart-Breaker," don't you think you have been cruelly misled about girls? First, all girls are not alike, so don't judge all by the few you have met; second, some girls can, will and do live without kissing. And do you really think any girl would be annoyed kissing you? I am sure we wouldn't. You, "Heart-Breaker," evidently think you are somebody, probably a member of the V. C. C. We'd love to meet you and see just what your methods are. We think fellows are all right to have fun with, but, as to mushing over them and petting them up, never! We don't do the mushing up; we leave that to the fellows. And, believe us, they know how to do it. You must be rather good at it yourself. If we were to believe all that you say, we would take it for granted that you have taken lessons from the girls. And, oh, "Heart-Breaker," you are getting old. Twenty-two and not married yet! No wonder you are peeved. Of course, all the girls have thrown themselves at you. You want to get your own girl. You should have lived in the Dark Ages; things aren't run that way nowadays.

We hope you will answer this letter. You amuse us, so please write and let us hear what you have to say for yourself. Girls, please write and save "Heart-Breaker in Distress."

MARCELLA AND GLADYS.

Shall She Wait for Him?

Dear Cynthia—I have been going with a young man for about a year, and it seemed that we loved each other very much. I am more than convinced that he loved me. We were supposed to be engaged in a few months.

Just about two weeks ago, he left his place of employment on account of having a quarrel with one of the executives in his department. He was not able to find work, and he got disgusted. For two days we did not hear from him, until one day we were told by an officer of the Navy that he enlisted. He is now on his way to California. He enlisted for two years. He did not even come to say good-by to his mother or myself, but he sent us letters saying that he wanted to go away from here to make good and save up some money. His mother is very sick on account of it. I, myself, have not been able to work, as I am very nervous on account of it.

Now, dear Cynthia, please tell me what to do in this matter. Should I wait for him, or should I try to forget him, which certainly will be very hard for me to do. Let some of the readers give their opinion on this. Hoping you will print this as soon as possible, I remain ROSE L.

It depends on how great your love for him is. If you do not feel that you can be happy without him, wait. Otherwise, do not, as if you do not care enough to wait for him, you had better forget him.

Occupation for Young Married Woman

Dear Cynthia—What in the way of interests and activities is there for a young married woman who has always been used to working in some manner? I have had eight years' hotel experience and five years at normal school. I am anxious to get interested in something beside housework. Do the free libraries ever need home work done? I also paint china and would like to get tinting to do at home.

What is the location of the nearest library to you? Fifty-second and Chestnut streets? Also Y. W. C. A. branch, and do the Y. W. C. A's in this city have courses in dressmaking, etc.?

I fell as if I must keep up with some interests and, being a stranger, hardly know where to begin. I do not want to become narrow and stagnated. You helped me once before, and I will certainly appreciate this information.

MRS. L. M. W.

Are you interested in young girls? Why not take up a class at the Y.? giving several hours once a week to it? Could you not teach literature?

The nearest library to your home is at Fortieth and Walnut streets. There are branches in West Philadelphia branch at Seventieth street and Woodland avenue. There is a Y. W. C. A. at Fifty-second and Sansom streets, where they have classes for girls and where the girls go for gymnasium and swimming. Send self-addressed envelope about dressmaking courses.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Letters of congratulation are sent to friends who have been publicly honored in any way, whether by political office or promotion in business, or by some signal professional achievement or reward. When a boy or girl graduates from high school or college, congratulations are in order. When a girl is engaged or married she receives "best wishes," and the "congratulations" are tendered to the happy man.

But, by-and-by when, in the course of time, the stork comes, bearing "hostage to fortune" to the wedded pair, when a son or daughter is born, then the congratulations are extended to both. Sometimes a visiting card is sent with "congratulations" written in one corner, but this is rather cold formality among friends. A letter is best, a letter expressing the sender's rejoicing in the fortunate event, and his or her most cordial wishes for the health and happiness of the little newcomer.

SHE CAME TO THE BARN DANCE IN A LIGHT, AIRY COSTUME

While All the Other Girls Were in Sunbonnets and Gingham, The Other Girls Envied and Disliked Her and the Boys Were Disgusted

IT WAS a barn dance.

The room in which it was held was not a barn, it was a regular ball room but it had been decorated for the occasion and, with straw around the edges of the floor, it had a general hayseedy atmosphere.

All the girls had been asked to wear gingham dresses, aprons and sunbonnets, while the boys were to wear overalls and broad-brimmed hats.

Most of them were delighted with the idea, and some of the boys even went so far as to add chin whiskers and a "rube" accent.

It was late when Anita arrived—fashionably late. Most of the crowd had arrived, the jokes had been exchanged until they were getting a little stale and the orchestra was getting ready to start the first dance.

But that was just what Anita wanted. With a becomingly breath'ess manner she came into the room and everybody turned and stared at her.

INSTEAD of a sunbonnet she wore a leghorn hat hanging down her back by a ribbon tied beneath her chin; her hair was hanging in curls.

The "gingham dress" was organdie, in a lovely shade of pink; she wore the apron, but it was the stage milkmaid type of apron, tiny, frilly, and dainty.

She was the country girl de luxe. And she knew it.

The party was spoiled for some of the girls; they knew the sunbonnets were not becoming, and they had hated to wear them in the first place.

Now with Anita appearing in her dainty costume, with her hair so pretty and her hat so becoming—oh, how they wished they were at home in regular clothes!

Why did anybody want to give a foolish party like this, anyhow? Have to get yourself up all ugly and unbecoming!

Anita made just the impression—on the girls—that she had hoped to make.

BUT for some reason or other the boys didn't rush out and surround her as she had expected.

She didn't quite understand that, and it rather spoiled her evening.

It's a good thing she could not know what most of the boys were thinking—"She certainly does hate herself! Coming in here all dolled up like that, and trying to make the other girls look sl'v. I'll say she certainly hates herself!"

A girl who thinks so much about her looks that she has to appear prettier than the other girls at any cost will never be very popular.

The girls—well, you know what the girls say about her: "She makes me sick!"

And you can't say anything much stronger than that when you're a girl.

The boys have "got her number." She is too obvious. They haven't any time for a girl who works so hard to get a compliment; there's no fun in giving it to her.

In fact, it's much more fun to say something like, "What did you think this was, a fashion show? You didn't wear the right costume"—and see her squirm with offended pride.

THE other girls may not get so much open admiration or so many compliments; but when they do get them, they feel that there is sincerity behind the words.

They've won the praise, they haven't dragged it out by the hair of its head. And they'll go on getting it, long after Anita has given up hope and stopped working for it.

INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Two Stars

I went to a fresh-water college.
Co-educational, small student body.
My boy chum and I studied together.
I boarded at Clara Mack's.
She was the college widow.
All new comers made her jealous.
She centered on me—she liked Carl.
He and I botanized together.
She threw out my flower specimens.
Told Carl I was not at home.
I was up stairs studying, she knew.
Two sororities rushed me.
Decided to join the P. Q. O.'s.
All the girls I liked belonged.
Colors were white and gold.
Pin was a gold star, white letters.
Greek-letter girls were nice, too.
Wished later I had joined them.
For I was out up by the P. Q. O.'s.
Clara Mack black-balled me.
My girl chum told me, crying.
Although it was against the rules.
Carl tried to comfort me.
But I could see he was chilled.
He wondered what was wrong.
We drifted apart.
I felt disgraced about the P. Q. O.'s.
They had rushed me so openly.
The whole college knew about it.
Greek-letters girl I rebuffed.
Felt sore, fearing another slight.
These are tragedies to young girls.
But I braced up, studied harder.
And I moved away from Mack's.
Left school for newspaper work.
Was given a dangerous assignment.
A man was claiming to be Christ.
Hundreds were hypnotized followers.
Women were "angels," men slaves.
Schwein took all their money.
He lived in regal style.
I took anti-hypnotism lessons.
Then joined the Church Triumphant.
But I lived at a safe distance.
It made three Sunday pages.
Paper spent $3000 advertising it.
My story swept the country.
Schwein was jailed—dupes freed.
Columns of press notices came.
A tin reporter's star was given me.
It bore the Chicago paper's name.
I went back to college commencement.
Wore my tin star outside my coat.
Went into morning assembly.
The students rose and cheered me.
They got the point about the star.
It was a take-off on the P. Q. O.'s.
"OH HITCH—your WAG—on TO—a STAR!"
Their feet kept time to the chant.
Again the P. Q. O.'s. asked me to join.
They said there'd be no blackball.
"I know it," I replied with dignity.
"For there will be no chance."
Clara Mack? Fate blackballed her.
A negro killed her in an opium den.
Isn't it odd?
One little star seems all to youth.
Life's heavens are full of stars.

Dad claims "Bread is the staff of life" -but I know its POST TOASTIES -says Bobby

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Facts You Should Know
There are many different factors that go to decide the final quality of a coffee. In the first place, the coffee tree must have rich soil, high altitude and the right climate. It must have sufficient moisture. After the berries are picked they are then thoroughly cleaned and matured, and all foreign substance removed. Then finally, the scientific blending and roasting, to insure the maximum of satisfaction.
"Asco" Blend is the product of the world's finest coffee plantations.
It is only because we are able to bring the coffee direct from the plantation to your coffee pot—with the "middleman's" profits eliminated—that we are able to sell such a high grade coffee at such a low price.
"Asco" Blend has a full, heavy body, thus insuring economy, because it makes more cups to the pound. Its fragrant aroma and rich, delicious flavor always invite a second cup.
"Asco" Blend Coffee lb 29c
"Taste the difference?"
You can buy coffee most anywhere for 29 cents per pound, but we doubt if you can find coffee of the high quality of "Asco" Blend except in an "Asco" Store for less than 40c, 45c or 50c per pound.
There's an "Asco" Store near your home. They are located all over Philadelphia and throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.
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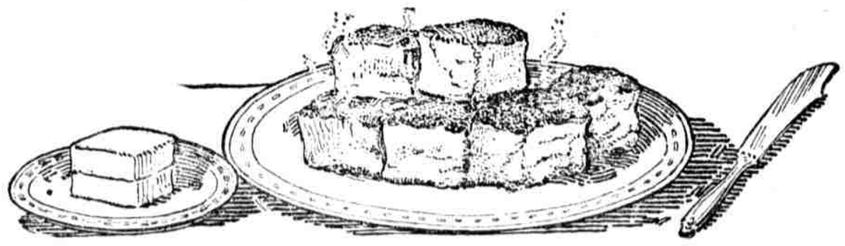
Kingnut MARGARIN
"for people of taste"



For baking powder biscuits use Kingnut in preparing them and as a spread.
For the Table Use of Particular People
The delicate flavor and the smooth texture of Kingnut appeals at once to people used to the best of everything on their table.
Kingnut is always the same, never varying in flavor or quality. Its ingredients are absolutely pure, wholesome, and nourishing.
Try it on your bread, waffles, and griddle cakes. You will find it equally satisfactory for cooking.
It is unusual to find an article of such all-round worth at such an economical price. Put Kingnut on your list today.
Kingnut is made and guaranteed by Kellogg Products, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.
Warning
Do not be misled by the word oleomargarine on the Kingnut package, made necessary by the survival of an old law. Kingnut contains no animal fats. It is made from the pure oils of the cocoanut and peanut, blended with pasteurized milk.

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