MRS. WILSON PREPARES MEAL FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

Three Menus Are Given, One for Bride and Groom, One for Average Family and One Which Requires a Turkey as Main Dish

By MRS, M. A. WILSON right, 1920 by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All

TEASONS are changing. It is no longer bleak and cold and man has hade such a great stride in the line of eating apparatus that it is always

The calendar tells us that in a few nort days our great all-American holiay-Thanksgiving-will be here and hat it is high time the housewife looked ell to the pantry, for this year our raise and thanks for the many bless-igs of a bountiful harvest and preserity will be great.
The choice of the piece de resistance

st naturally be decided by the family that even the modest purse can feel at it, too, may celebrate. I am planing three menus-one for the bride and r husband, the 'we twos'; one for e average family, and the last, using e majestic national ird—the turkey.

MENU No. 1 elery Oyster Cocktail Roast Squab or Squab Chicken Cranberry Jelly andied Sweet Potatoes Lettuce

Mince Tarts Coffee The market basket will require: ne small bottle of catsup..... quab or one and one-half pound broiler ne-half pint of cranberries

Total\$3.18 There will be sufficient left from this al for a cold supper.

MENU No. 2 Brown Onion Soup Roast Chicken, Filling. Cranberry Sauce Candied Sweet Potatoes

Coleslaw Pumpkin Pie Coffee
To market for a family of five or ou will need
we stalks of celery
ne small bottle of olives.
one quart of onions

and filling
one pint of cranberries
we pounds of sugar
Three pounds of sweet potatoes ne can of peas ne head of cabbage. nall pumpkia out of bread . ne quarter pound of butter.... ne cup of salad oil......

Four and one-half pound roasting chicken 2.70

For the menu with the turkey:

MENU No. 3

Grilled Oysters on Half Shell
Filet of Fish, Tartar Sauce
Celery Olives

Roast Turkey

Giblet Gravy Cranberry Sauce
Baked Sweet Potatoes Cauliflower
Hothouse Tomato Salad

Mince Pie Coffee

For the family of eight you will re-fine 20
Four stalks of celery 25
One large bottle of olives 55
Eight-pound turkey 6,00
Four pounds of large sweet potatoes 40

One quart of cranberries One and one-half pounds of sugar. olls Butter

Each individual family will have its preferences and the housewife should certainly stretch a point and have a real Thanksgiving dinner and infuse the 05 real Thanksgiving spirit into the day, 10 A few autumn leaves lend a festive air to the home. A roast of pork may re-place either the chicken or turkey.

To Grill Oysters Have the oysters opened on the deep shell. Remove and look carefully for bits of shell. Roll in the breadcrumbs and then spread over with the finely-mined bacon. Cook in broiler for four minutes. Serve with a teaspoonful of melted butter poured over the oysters and a slice of lemon for garnish.

Candled Sweet Potatoes Parboil the potatoes until nearly tender and then place in a frying pan and cover with sirup. Dust with cin-namon and then cook on top of the six stove until the sirup candies over the

Eggless Pumpkin Ple
Crush two-thirds cup of soda crackers very fine and then sift and measure sifting. Place in a mixing bowl

and add One and one-half cups of thick stewed pumpkin, One-half cup of sirup One-half cup of milk, One-half teaspoon of ginger. One teaspoon of cinnamon,

One teaspoon of channel.
One quarter teaspoon of nutmeg.
Beat to mix and then pour into a
pastry-lined pie plate and spread very
smoothly. Dust lightly with cinnamons

THE UNWELCOME WIFE

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.

Anthony Harriman's marriage to Charlotte Graves, a girl beneath him cocially, was a great disappointment to Tony's mother, who had expected the marry Edith Comstock, a girl the his own set. Charlotte was treated with scant courtesy and everything the did was criticized, until she Anally ran away without telling any one that the was to become a mother. The night the baby was born Charlotte lay at the point of death and her father sent Tony a telegram, which was his first intimation of the true state of affairs.

Public Ledocr Co.

finally loomed in sight looked dreary and desolate. Mrs. Graves was set in worried lines, it told Tony nothing, and there was no sign of coppromise in it as she held the door open for him to enter.

"Charlotte Graves a girl beneath him to girl desolate. Mrs. Graves was set in worried lines, it told Tony nothing, and there was no sign of coppromise in it as she held the door open for him to enter.

"Charlotte," he burst out, "How is she?"

"She's very weak."

Tony had set his bag down. "May I see her?" There was such boylsh entreaty in his voice that Mrs. Graves sopened the door to his ring. Her face was set in worried lines, it told Tony nothing, and there was no sign of coppromise in it as she held the door open for him to enter.

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Tony's Arrival

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Tony's definition to Westonbury. He had a great deal of time
to think as he sal looking out at the
nowy country. The last time he had
raveled on this road Charlotte had been
with him. he remembered plainly her
hildshe eccluses she had made herself and him
conspicuous. It seemed such a little
thatter now, and the many times he had
criticized his wife rose up to torture him
tow as he thought things over. What a
cad he had been, why he must have
been blind to have ever doubted Charottle's goodness, or to have given her
the moment of unhappiness!

Tony prayed as the train rushed on.

Ie prayed that Charlotte would live so
hat he might have another chance to
ake good. He wanted to spend a lifeme surrounding her with happiness he
could have planned, only he ddn't dare,
le knew that he didn't deserve to be
forgiven.

As he neared the town a cold fear
began to settle around his heart, a precentiment that he might arrive too late,
the conviction was so strong upon him
that when the train finally stopp d and
le got off at the dreary little station.

Than was a to conveyance of any kind

There was a too so hard as she led the
way upstairs.

The house seemed very cold to Tony,
and the room that they entered ley. It
was a large room, and the bed seemed
too large for the tiny little figure that
lay so quietly there. A man was sitting
beside her, and he looked up interestedly
as Tony came nearer and bent over his
wife.

Mrs. Graves would have interfered,
but the doctor motioned to her, and she
drew back. Then Tony had forgotten
everything but the fact that Charlotte
was here, and that somehow he must
keep her from dying, not so much for
nimself, but because she must live so
that he could make her happy.

"Charlotte," he whisperd passionately.

"Charlotte, little sacetheart, speak to
me."

A moment passed and he bent lower.

In the background Mrs Graves was holdling her breath, somewhere in the house
a baby's wall sounded, and like a
shadow, the woman slipped out to ten

she?"
"She's very weak."
"Tony had set his bag down. "May I see her?" There was such boysh entreaty in his voice that Mrs. Graves softened toward him in spite of herself.
"Yer all, he was only a boy, they were herself, and her heart was not so hard as she led the

be got off at the dreary little station.

If the pelessly convinced that there is no hope.

There was no conveyance of any kind to meet him, the station itself was derived and it was very cold. With his bag in his hand, Tony truiged along the by road. Snowbanks were piled high in both sides, and the farm when it

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in, most resulting times nor size and assessing the configuration of 2 yards and more of 38 to 45 in, best quality All-Silk Chiffon Velvet, value 57, 88, 89, \$10 a yard in, All-Chiffon Breadcloth, \$6.50 value (all colors) in, All-Wool Men's Coating, Jersey finish, \$6.50 value in, Washable Salin, white only, \$1.75 value.

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A NOVEL FROCK



Two Minutes of Optimism By HERMAN J. STICH

The "Corked Bottle" Pessimist THE most insidious, repressive, depressive and misleading pessimism that dis

THE most insidious, repressive, depressive and misseance, barters many people today is the "CORKED BOTTLE" variety. "Don't go in for law!" glooms the "corked bottle" pessimist. "Don't go in for law! It's overflowing with talented lawyers who are destitute. Corporations are absorbing all the individual lawyer's clientele. Big opportunities are few. Clients are wary and scarce. Competition is bitter. Hundreds, no. thousands of embryos are turned out of the schools every time you wink. Any way, there are only a few bottles and they are all corked!

"Medicine?" he grouches. "Well, are you prepared to starve for five years after beginning to practice? Do you feel like marrying for a living-if any girl's fool enough to have you? Don't you know that the average man regards the physician as a legalized thief just a half-shade removed from the lawyer? Anyway, boards of health are supplying medical needs and supplanting medical practitioners. Free dispensaries, hospitals, advice, printed laws of health preservation—all are offered the public from the proceeds of taxation; and only experienced and famous doctors maintain a profitable practice. Yes,

there are only a few bottles and they are all corked!

"Business?" he croaks. "It's fearful. To get ahead you need a mile-long pull. To get a fat salary you've either got to own the shebang or be a brother or father or who-not to the boss. If you're merely unattached you'll be underpaid and overworked. Big department stores and chain establishments make it impossible to develop a small independent concern, and bring thousands of modest business men into bankruptcy. Yes, take it from me, there are no more good chances anywhere and what there were have long since been grabbed up. can see that there are only a few bottles and they are all corked!"

And so he goes on, with all his rot and cant, in the face of thousands of

fresh enterprises daily succeeding; with business men crying vainly for men capable of holding UP worthwhile jobs; with new names constantly cropping on top in the ranks of the professions, arts and sciences; with an ever-increasing number of people coming across with bulging income taxes! Today real worth is surer than ever of its reward. Everywhere sheer merit is bid for.

Throughout the length and breadth of the United States any kind of ability paid a premium.

The "CORKED BOTTLE" pessimist is a liar.

He ought to be crammed into a bottle which should be hermetically sealed, carried several miles out to sea, and dropped into an outgoing tide

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Send a self-addressed, stamped en-velope to the editor of woman's page, asking for suggestion.

Says She Can't Understand Men Pear Cynthia—Will you please print hese few lines to Mr. Kensington?

Dear Cynthia—Will you please print these few lifes to Mr. Kensington? "Thank you."
Well, Mr. K., so you're in again. Well, Mr. K., so you're in again. Well, well, it has been a long time since we heard from you, but we are giad you are interested in Cynthia's column, and always come back. You certainly did give "Mickey" good advice all right, but one thing I can't understand is that you've said in Cynthia's column that it's impossible to understand a woman. Mr. Kensington, would you mind explaining the reason "why?" We readers would appreciate it very much. By the way, Mr. K., I think it's impossible to understand you men also nowadays. Never mind "Mickey," perhaps you've got enough experience for yourself, but not too much, as Mr. K. said. Oh! well, the older you get, the more you know. Am I right, Cynthia, or am I wrong? MISS FRENCHY BOWSHAW.

Both Love the Conductor

Dear Cynthia—We are two brown-eyed girls. We are both well educated and accomplished, are familiar with French and Latin, and are quite pretty. We are considered very attractive, but our parents have brought us up in strict our parents have brought us up in strict seclusion and we do not know much of the world. The only real parties we have ever been to are church suppers. We have both fallen in love with the conductor on our school train. He seems to like us, for he helps us on and off the train very kindly whenever he cancomes and talks to us, and he couldn't only look at us the way he does unless he liked us. But how are we to let him know that we like him, and then, we are not sure which of us he likes best. He is the finest-looking young man we have ever known, and it makes us very unhappy. Would it be proper to ask him to a tea at home to introduce him to our families? Please, dear Cynthias you have helped so many people, teil us what to do.

UNHAPPY BROWN-EYES.

UNHAPPY BROWN-EYES: Cynthia fears you will have to be as the maiden Viola speaks of in "Twelfth Night." She never told her love, but "let concealment like a worm !" th' bud feed upon her damask cheek—"

Making More Money

Vintha fears you will have to be as the malden Viola speaks of in "Twelfth Night." She never told her love, but "let concealment like a worm !' th' bud feed upon her damask cheeke."

And Now She's Jealous

Dear Cynthia.—This is the first time I'm coming to you for advice; please help me out as you did others. Thank you, Dear Cynthia, I met a young man in the place where I'm working. At first he place where I'm working. At first he place where I'm working. At first he place where I'm working han't to a sail. Many times when he time to coat and talk to me I use to get angry at thin, but never let on I was angry. Not long ago he was away for a few weeks, so during his absence we got a new girl in our place. Now he's back again, and he seems to talk with this girl, more than he does with me, and when I see that I get terribly jealous; I can't help being jealoff, it's just right, in me. Now, dear Cynthia, does min. I wouldn't let him know for the world, because I know I'm yrong, but I just can't help being jealoff, it's just right, in me. Now, dear Cynthia, does man I don't see him I forget about him, but as soon as he comes around if just feel like crying.—Please help mo out.

And here is another correspondent to the column who seems to be proud of being jealous. You say you can't help it. It wouldn't let him know for the world, because I know I'm years, there would be more female ticket sellers, there would be more female to other work in the propose of pleasing to do the passenger service, as one of the being jealous. You say you can't help it. My dear little girl, you should right that green-eyed monster with every available weapon. Nothing makes us so unnappy as jealousy, and nothing is so unnappy as jealousy, and nothing is so unnappy as

THE GIRL WHO FINDS OUT THE REAL TRUTH OF THINGS

Makes a Profession of Taking the Joy Out of Other Girls' Lives-She Creates Such Unnecessary Doubts About Such Unimportant Things

As THE train stopped at a station of person; don't pay any attention to her. She seems to go about picking up stray bits of news that she considers harmful, and then spreading them where they will do the most "good."

And you sometimes wonder just what she sees in her mind's eye when she uses that word "good."

"Eleanor, I don't want to discourage you, but I really think you ought to know that Dan isn't making half so much money as you think!"

her your stunning new dress. only velveteen!"

"Eleanor, I don't want to discourage you, but I really think you ought to know that Dan isn't making half so much money as you think!" "Well, —" you defend it, feebly.
"It really isn't at all. I know a girl who is a buyer at one of the stores and she told me that those dresses like that are not velvet, they're velveteen. Eleanor answered without a second's

"Oh, yes, he is," she replied, reas-suringly, with none of the indignation that she might have been expected to eel-Dan evidently being her fiance.

are not velvet, they're velveteen.

"When you buy them you are just allowed to understand that they're velvet, but they're nat, they're velveteen."

And having taken all the pride out of your best frock, she departs, on some more of somebody else's business.

What difference does it makefi anyhow, whether 'it's velvet or velveteen, it's still a good-looking dress! feel—Dan evidently being ner nance.

"No, he isn't, at all. I know that."

"Oh, yes, he is, I know that for a fact, my brother told me."

"Well, he isn't at all. He's with his father, and he isn't making anything like what you think he is."

"Oh, yes, he is. I'm sure of it," insisted Eleanor, still amiably.

"Well, he isn't, and I think you're making a great mistake."

"Well, he isn't, and I think you're making a great mistake."
There was a silence for a time.
"I think you're making a great mistake," repeated the professional joy-killer.
And the silence continued.

After while she remarked casually, "I saw Frances the other day in town." town—"
"Oh, did you?" answered Eleanor, interestedly. And the conversation was resumed along that line.

ELEANOR is wise, or perhaps she has learned by constant practice. That's, the only way to treat this kind

Making More Money laying a Man's Game

ASCO

style, low heels and everything. You were just cheated, that's all."

Her hostility is always directed against the person who is cheating you, but you feel as if she were blaming you for allowing it. She comes along and puts a doubt in your mind about something that you have been perfectly sure of, or perfectly indifferent about, for years. She's always taking the joy out somebody else's life.

Things You'll Love to Make

Combination Powder-RougeBox



hape of a rouge and powder box. Glue two small round boxes together, bottons to bottom. Cover the outside with a piece of plain silk, preferably to match the color scheme of your boudoir. Trim with gold braid, silk flowers and a ribbon hanger. In one side is kept the rouge, I indignastly, when you appear in new pair of \$10 shoes, "for \$8."
"Just as good looking, the same dainty Christmas gift? in the other the powder. Isn't this a

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ASCO.

He fell in love with her --- and then found that she was married

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