# MRS. WILSON SHOWS THE WAY TO KEEP OUT OF COOKING RUT

## Some Delicious Recipes for Tea and Coffee—A Wholesome, Appetizing Breakfast and How to Prepare It

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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IN SPITE of many recipes, our philosophy and the steady flame of the gas range, the ever-ready and glowing coils of the electric range and cookers the fortunate possessor of all this culinary equipment of such a modern character—glass ovenware, shining pots and pans—the fortunate possessor of all these things faces one real difficulty, that is, keeping clear of a rut.

Coffee, clear and fragrant and as refreshing as morning dew, should be the rule in every household. Yet alas! 'tis but an occasion so rare that when it really happens the man of the household loudly comments upon the fact.

To make a truly delicious and fragrant cup of coffee is not the catch-as-catch-can method, but rather a careful and conservative experiment upon the family, until you have secured a blend that is pleasing to their taste.

The act of just washing or rinsing out the coffee pot is responsible for much of the poor coffee that comes to our tables. The coffee pot, regardless of style, should, after being emptied, be washed in a pan of warm suds; use a cloth to cleanse the inside—this cloth should be used for this purpose alone. Then rinse the pot in plenty of water, fill with cold water and gently heat to the boiling point. Rinse again under a good running water and then place in a sunny, airy spot.

Remember that aluminum pots require vigilant care if they are to be prevented from absorbing the volatile and essential oils of the coffee. Do not permit the coffee pot to stand with the coffee in it, in a partially filled or empty condition. Just as soon as the pot is used it should be removed from the table.

Brewing a cup of tea seems simple enough, unless you have tasted some of the concoctions served under this name. In China, even the poorest family enjoys a delicious cup of tea, while the peasant, even though he resides upon the steppes of Russia, knows the taste of a good bowl of tea.

Quality instead of quantity should be your motto. Rather one-quarter pound of orange-pekoe or black breakfast tea than a half pound of the ordinary tea. It is impossible to make a good cup of this beverage unless you have quality to start with.

The teapot requires the same care as the coffee pot to keep it sweet and clean, and for choice select an earthenware or china pot, and when ready to make tea rinse out the pot with cold water and then fill with boiling water to warm it.

Now rinse out kettle and fill with required amount of water. Bring quickly to a boil, and then just before the water starts to boil turn the water out of the teapot and dry it; add the required amount of tea and then pour in the boiling water. Cover the pot closely. A tea cosy is just the thing for this. Permit the tea to steep for a few minutes—about eight minutes will do.

Pour the tea. Drink the tea at once. The fact that the leaves are permitted to stand in the tea infuses into it undesirable acids that are injurious to digestion.

The Russian is particularly fond of black tea with a slice of lemon placed in the cup just before pouring. Many virtues are claimed for tea prepared in this manner. Among them is one—that it will help break up a cold or relieve a headache.

Are you just a fry cook? That is, does the frying pan take an active part in the preparation of your daily food? Many women, because of the adaptability with which it enables them to prepare food, have become devotees of this style of cooking without realizing the fact that fried foods are the real cause of indigestion and other intestinal disturbances. It is not necessary for the housewife to devote her entire time to the preparation of food for the family. A little planning and arranging of a menu for the entire week is time well spent.

When there are children in the family, and they are of school age, each child should have a part in the regime of the home. This not only teaches him to be industrious and thrifty, but also helps to lighten the labor of the mother. Let daughter put the room to air and dust, while breakfast is being prepared and sonny help to prepare the meal. In one family I visited quite recently, the entire family arose at 6:30 and one-half hour was allowed to dress and tidy the room. The son, a clever lad of fourteen years, prepared breakfast; the daughter, put the bed to air and dusted the sitting room. The entire family sat down to breakfast at 7:30.

The menu:

Baked Apples
Cereal and Cream
Creamed Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes
Toast Coffee

When I asked Tom how he prepared the meal he said that mother prepared the fruit and placed it in the icebox overnight and then all he had to do was to put it on the table. The cereal is also prepared overnight and placed in the fireless cooker.

The creamed beef is prepared in its cream sauce and placed in a china bowl and the potatoes are cut in dice. The coffee is measured and ready to put in the pot, so that all he does is turn the creamed beef in a chafing dish and plug in the cord for the dish and the percolator. Then he fries the potatoes, makes toast, and breakfast is ready. Other menus are prepared in the same way.

Panned Scrapple
Creamed Potatoes, Chafing Dish

Eggs Scrambled in Chafing Dish
Panned Corn Mush

Creamed Finnan Haddie
Lyonnaise Potatoes

Boiled Eggs, Chafing Dish
Fried Potatoes

French Toast
Creamed Eggs, Chafing Dish

And on Sundays when they have more time, they usually have sausage and hot cakes, or waffles, baked mackerel and boiled potatoes. This lad takes real pride in the fact that since they are unable to have a maid his mother looks just as pretty as when the queen of the pots and pans presided in the kitchen.

Mother washes the breakfast dishes and during the morning prepares food for luncheon, dinner and breakfast the following day. As she wisely arranges her menus to include stews, braises and pot roasts, with browned potatoes, baked macaroni, meat loaves, these meals are prepared in the fireless cooker, hence only an hour is required in the evening for the actual preparation of this meal.

The son and daughter care for the dishes after the evening meal.

Menus that are planned for use in the fireless cooker:

Lamb Stew with Vegetables
Braised Cabbage

Pot Roast of Beef
Brown Potatoes Braised Carrots

Beef Goulash, using leftover Pot Roast
Braised Onions Dried Peas

Baked Lima Beans and Pork
Baked Potatoes Spinach

Braised Liver and Onions
Buttered Beets Cauliflower

Spare Ribs and Sauerkraut
Potatoes Tomatoes au Gratin

Chicken Fricassee
Baked Potatoes Lima Beans

An appetizer, a salad and a dessert are included in the evening meal. Sufficient food is prepared each day to provide a lunch for the mother and three children.

### Make Your Own Christmas Cakes

Mrs. Wilson gives you some perfectly delicious recipes in her article for

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21.

A fruitcake that requires no eggs, some Swiss goodies, and sponge dropcakes to serve with tea—wouldn't you like to make them?

*Don't Miss These Recipes*

## IT'S DIFFERENT NOW

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

It used to be correct to wear all your fanciness on your blouse, and keep your skirt severely plain. Now it's all changed. You wear the simplest of tailored blouses for morning, afternoon and sometimes evening, but your skirt can be as frivolous as you like it. The costume above consists of a simple waist of crepe de chine with a satin skirt made decorative by graceful panels of brocade looped under the hem

# THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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*Jean Northrup and her father have lost all their money and are living in a cheap apartment hotel. Coming home one afternoon with their simple dinner, Jean calls as she enters the door and receives no answer.*

### Death Claims a Failure

"FATHER," she called again, a little tremor of fear in her voice, and then dropping her bundles on a chair in the little hallway she rushed into the sitting room of their tiny apartment.

Mr. Northrup was lying back in a long chair. Jean had bolstered him up with pillows before she had left that afternoon and aside from the fact that his clean-cut features were very white and his eyes were closed there was nothing alarming about his condition. Jean drew a little breath of relief as she looked at him.

"Poor dear," she murmured to herself, "he's asleep. What a little silly I am!"

And humming a tune under her breath, she began to get things ready for the meal. A small folding table was brought out and covered with a heavy lace cloth. Jean had kept most of the linens that had been in use in the big house uptown; they helped to make her feel less the sordidness of their way of living.

She made a French dressing for the salad, and heated the soup on the electric grill. A couple of flowers which she had bought cheap because of their wilted condition stood in a tiny vase in the center of the table, and with a final touch to everything, Jean went over and touched her father lightly on the shoulder.

He did not respond as usual and with a little laugh she bent down and kissed him on the forehead. Instantly she sprang back, her eyes wide with terror. His face was cold!

"Father!" she almost screamed. "Father, speak to me!"

But Everett Northrup did not answer. He had slipped away from the life that had become so difficult for him, slipped away painlessly, leaving Jean behind to face everything alone.

A week later Jean stood alone in the sitting-room of the apartment. Her simple black dress made her look almost too slender, and her skin seemed whiter than ever by contrast. Out of the nightmare of the last few days only one fact remained clear in her mind, and that was that she had no money, not a penny to go on with. It had taken all of their slender resources to pay for the funeral expenses. For shortly before his death Everett Northrup had put almost everything he possessed in one big venture, a venture that he had been sure would yield big returns, and which, like all the rest, had dropped to zero.

In winding up her father's affairs Mr. Heaslip, the family lawyer, had been very kind. He was sorry for this slim, black-robed girl who had been brought up in luxury and had never wanted for anything.

"I suppose you know you have a guardian?" he had said to Jean on her visit to his office.

"A guardian?"

"Yes, your father appointed a guardian for you, over two years ago. Evidently he was none too sure then of his prospects and wanted to leave you provided for. Do you know anything of this man? He lives in the west, is a ranch-owner, I believe. His name is Brand, Mark Brand."

Jean shuddered. "I never heard of him."

"I have sent for him to come to New York, and in the meantime I should be glad to have you come and stay with us, my dear. Mrs. Heaslip would be glad to have you."

Jean thought of cool-eyed Barbara Heaslip and Janet, with her sharp tongue, girls who had once belonged to her own gay set, and she shuddered away from the thought of seeing them now.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Heaslip," she had said tremulously, "I'd rather be alone for the present."

"Of course, my dear, of course. I understand. Stay where you are until Mr. Brand comes. He ought to arrive in a day or so now."

And so Barbara had gone back to the apartment to wait, and this very afternoon Mark Brand—she winced every time she heard the name—was to arrive!

Tomorrow—Jean Meets Her Guardian

### Adventures With a Purse

I HAVE seen her make them myself—I even helped her one brisk fall evening after we came from a glorious hike in the fragrant woods. They are jolly little dolls called "The Spirit of Christmas." I wish you could see her as she bends over the table, cutting first a little body of white net. Into the long legs go two sticks of good candy, and into the fat "tummy" go a whole host of little round candies. The happy, friendly faces she paints herself, and over the tummy goes a smart, red cardboard vest, while on the black-painted hair goes a pointed red cap. Then when she has a great collection of these delightful little men, who stand some six inches high, she takes them all down to the shop I shall tell you about if you phone me. And there you can buy them—and every one does—they are going like hot cakes. Many mothers like them to put in the tops of Christmas stockings, while others like to hang them on the tree, where they dance and nod in a most friendly manner. Her own children adore them, and yours will, too.

Buying car tickets has both its advantages and its disadvantages. They're nice to have, but they are so unpleasantly easy to lose. Which is why a nice case would be nice. I know of a shop that has leather cases just of a size to hold tickets. They come in cowhide and cost twenty-five cents. These are just single cases, but one also can buy little folding cases of pin soul, as neat and smart as they can be, for seventy-five cents and $1. One would make a very nice Christmas present.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor, or phone Walnut or Main 3000.

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

### About High School

X. Y. Z.—As you have not signed your name to substantiate your letter, it is not possible for Cynthia to print your letter. Though signatures are not printed when writers to the column ask that they be withheld, there should be the signature and address of the writer.

### Parents Object

Dear Cynthia—I am engaged to a young man one year my senior. We had been going together five years before we announced our engagement. Two years ago my people decided that I liked the boy too much and they wanted me to go with as many boys as would take me out. They said he should never come in the house again, but gave no reason why. My friend asked father why and he said he had nothing against the boy's character, but would not say any more. This same thing happened to my sister after she had decided to marry a certain boy. They never saw her again till she passed away. I would hate to have this happen.

It is almost impossible for me to stand it, as they make it as unpleasant for me as they can. WORRIED.

How old are you? Cynthia's answer depends on that. If you are of age and the young man can support you, your parents will surely be persuaded to accept him as a son-in-law. But if you are not of age, you should listen to your parents, but if you are so much in love with this young man you can agree to marry after you are of age.

### Wants to Help Others

Dear Cynthia—I read in your column some time ago of a lonely girl who claims that she is very lonely. I also am of her city and was once lonely, but have finally found a few good friends with whom I can have a good time. I was prevented from writing sooner on account of my studies, for I am a student like the lonesome westerners. I may already be acquainted with the lonely girl from the "mountain city," but whether or no I would like to meet her. It may seem impertinent in requesting her and the other lonesome westerners to call on the telephone some evening.

THE EIGHTH WESTERNER.

Your offer is most kind, but Cynthia has a rule not to bring about introductions through the column, so it will not be possible to comply with your request. She is sure the other seven will appreciate your sympathy and hopes they have found friends in the meantime.

### Deplores Pursuit of Pleasure

Dear Cynthia—There comes to me very often, as I read this column, a ridiculous sense of the semiplitful, semiludicrous and semidisdainful, nauseatingly mixed, when I come across letters that lovelorn infants have dared to send in for publication.

It really is burlesque to attempt to study them, and after that bad taste in the mouth has passed away, we come to the realization that an awful thing is taking place. The unfortunate youth of today has too much of the contagious urban environment around him to insure normal growth and development; he is in the midst of a dance-crazy world, marveling at the gayety around him and envious of the gay ones, into whose ranks he desires to be initiated.

The temptations and alluring immoralities he is subjected to are for the most part irresistible to the mind that downs dull care and peaceful occupation when the bells are heard. They drift slowly but surely into the corps of "high-timers," and take their places in the march to ruin. It is inevitable.

And what a farce it is to listen to and read the stories of "puppy" love and unnatural infatuation told by sallow-faced children in short skirts and knickerbockers! But beneath the laughter comes to the conscientious citizen a realization that tragedy is afoot; that the very cream of the next generation is wasting away its youth and pleasure in dance halls, at innumerable social functions, and places where tendencies lead to immorality night after night, and often deep into the morning. And the remarkable thing about it all is that the youngsters cannot even support themselves, let alone others.

Legislation can and must be effected to stop this and the consequences.

What you say is unfortunately true in many cases, but, my dear young man, laws will not change people. Legislation may close an objectionable hall, but legislation will not take the taste for dissipation from the young. The remedy lies nearer home. Let the parents have a little more thought when the children are little, teaching them self-control and temperance in all things. And let the home be a bright and cheerful place (if it is only two rooms) where the boys and girls can bring their friends. There'll be less beau hunting and street corner standing by a large per cent.

Enactment of laws against pleasure will not stop evil; it will break out in other ways, but proper training and direction of outlook on things will always help. What is lacking is proper foundation of character.

## WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Although the time now left for the buying of Christmas gifts is little more than a week, purchases should not be made without due thought in advance—that is to say, in advance of the actual shopping. A holiday counter with an overworked sales clerk on one side and a throng of anxious buyers on the other side, is no place to be "thinkin' long."

Gift lists made out at home should carry not only the names of the friends to be remembered, but also the names of the probable gifts—two or more choices for each person in case it is not possible to secure the first choice. This precaution is especially necessary when books are to be given, since foresighted book-buyers always order these holiday gifts long in advance, and because of preliminary sales, the regular retail stocks are likely to be depleted long before mid-December.

In Christmas shopping, as in other transactions, the first step is to know what is wanted; the second is to secure it before it is wanted; the rest is as easy as child's play.

# The Woman's Exchange

### It Wouldn't Be Rude

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Will you please solve for me a small question concerning some gifts for Christmas? I know a young woman to whom I intend sending a gift. I feel that the acquaintance between her husband and me is a bit more formal. Do you think that it would be rude or poor taste to send her a gift and not him? MISS F. R.

It would not be poor taste or rude to send a gift to your friend without sending it to him also. You could send something for the house so that her husband could enjoy it, too, or you could send the gift to her and inclose a Christmas card for both of them, if you feel uncomfortably about it. But it would be perfectly proper to send her just a little personal gift just as you did before she was married.

### A Home for the Aged

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Will you kindly let me know if there is a Catholic home for aged people in or near Philadelphia?

MRS. M. C. R.

There are three homes for the aged, both men and women, under the charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor, within the limits of the city. Any priest would be able to tell you how to get in touch with them, or any other information that you would like to have.

### Wants to Make Money

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—I am a girl of thirteen and would like your advice very much. I want to earn a little money to help buy some of the things girls of my age want as my parents cannot afford it. Please help me.

SERIOUS BROWN EYES.

You have not told me of anything that you can do, like sewing, making candy or something of that kind. If you are clever at anything like this, you might be able to sell your handwork at the Women's Exchange, 114 South Seventeenth street. Send some samples to be judged by the committee. The articles are sold on commission and there is an admission fee which is taken out of the first payments. Just what kind of things do you want? You know there are lots of little girls of your age who have to do without the things they want because their parents cannot afford to buy them, but they are content to wait until they are old enough to leave school and start work so that they can buy these things themselves. You might be able to get some work to do after school hours by applying at the Junior Occupation Bureau, 1522 Cherry street, but the people of the neighborhood might know about this. If you do not want them to know that you are working, it would be better not to work until you get older. There is nothing to be ashamed of, in work, you know. Why don't you ask your mother for suggestions about making some money?

# "THE MISHAP OF AN OLD LADY" IS A DELIGHTFUL STORY

## Written by a Little Girl—It Is Published So That She May Keep It and Read It Ten Years From Now

THE following story was sent to me the other day:

"The Mishap of an Old Lady

"Alma Rubens was sixty years old. She lived in a women's home all her relatives were dead she was a small woman with white hair and very neat

"One day she was taking a walk she went to cross the street an was run down by a auto-mobile she was taken to a hospital by the owner of the car when her conscious was restored she looked up and saw the nurse above her 'What is the matter?' she asked.

"A old man stepped up and said 'You were run over by my car. The Doctor said you will be a invalid all your life I am old and live by myself. I have so much money I don't know what to do with it all an I want a companion. I will get a private nurse for you and you can live with me.'

" 'But I live in a old women's home but I don't like it, I will go."

"She was taken to a large mansion and had all the luxuries she wanted.

"We find a very old and happy couple. They have married and live very happy.

The End."

IT WAS written by a little girl of twelve.

She wanted it published as a story, but, as you see, it wasn't quite long enough or full enough to do for a story.

But it was too good to be sent back, too delightful not to be shared.

And so I am using it in this way with the hope that others may see and enjoy it and that the author may cut it out and cherish it among her dearest treasures.

Some time when she is older and bigger and her mind is very much more grown up she'll find it and read it over—and think some thoughts of her very own about it.

THERE is romance in this story; it isn't every mishap that turns out so happily as Alma Rubens'.

The writer wastes no time in flourishing descriptions, or explanations; yet the whole episode can easily be visualized.

She makes her "old lady" of sixty very prompt and decisive; there is no girlish hesitation or coyness about her reply to the old man's proposal.

She doesn't like the women's home and she is glad to get away; she makes no secret of it.

She is refreshing.

And after all, what could be more expressive than "all the luxuries she wanted"? Nobody could ask for more than that, or describe it better.

Yes, I'm sure the author will have some pleasant thoughts when she comes upon this little romance about ten years from now.

IT'S so much fun to read over the story you wrote when you were twelve.

Don't you remember sitting apart from the family strangling a pencil cruelly in a firm grip, pressing your whole weight upon it as you wrote in a lined copybook?

Your tongue curled up over your upper lip with the effort of writing as fast as your thoughts ran.

There were phrases caught vaguely from story books, from the lips of your elders; there were words, marvelous concoctions, entirely from the jungle of your own brain, and there was a plot, yes, indeed, a simple, direct, virile plot, and that plot was started, worked out and finished without a misstep or a pause.

And it ended happily—how? What difference does it make? Suit yourself, imagine your own ending—all you need is that all-embracing statement, "And they lived happily ever after."

It's so simple, so easy, to write a story when you're twelve or thirteen.

And so delightful to read it over again when you're about ten or twelve, or even twenty or fifty years older.


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## Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON

GIRDLE OF VENUS

A—It extends from between the Index and Middle fingers to a point between the Ring and Little fingers. The deeper and clearer it is, the greater the degree of nervousness it indicates.

LXIII

Starting between the index and middle fingers and running with a graceful curve through the palm until it loses itself between the ring finger and the little finger, is a line known as the Girdle of Venus. It is seen in comparatively few hands. Its presence indicates either extreme nervousness or strong affections. Which of these readings is applicable depends, in every case, upon the person's nature, character and disposition—qualities which are shown by thumbs, heart line, Mount of Venus, the third phalanges of the fingers, etc. Big, coarse thumbs; a deep heart line fiery red and with many lines ascending from it; big, red, greatly criss-crossed Mount of Venus, and very thick third phalanges of the fingers indicate a gross nature with correspondingly coarse appetites. If the heart line is thin and pale, Mount of Venus small and smooth, third phalanges of the fingers slender, and thumbs larger but of good quality, the Girdle of Venus indicates nervousness. It is a bad sign in the hands of very young people whose other markings indicate weakness. When temptation comes they find it almost impossible to resist.

(To be continued)

## Making More Money

"Jes' Whittlin' "

Possibly the majority of people wouldn't care to earn their living in the way that W. T. S. McCleery makes his, for it is somewhat akin to a sideshow in a circus. But then, as "Lonesome Mac" says, "It's a field that ain't overcrowded an' it's a doggone sight more interestin' than a heap o' things I could mention."

The specialty of "Lonesome Mac," for that is the nickname by which he is known in all parts of the globe, is the carving of beautifully formed figures on the smallest imaginable objects. Mac claims that he has carved everything that walks, swims, flies or grows. Even the buttons on his clothes, his watch chain, his cuff links and his hat ornaments have been whittled from peach stones, cherry pits, nuts and wood of various kinds, and he carries a cane valued at $2500, upon which are carved more than 500 different figures, ranging from Adam and Eve to a sand flea. One of his most prized bits of work is a mustard seed, on one side of which he has carved a spider and on the other an elephant.

"Ever since I was a boy," says McCleery, "I've been interested in carvin' things. Guess it was a gift. When my daddy died I didn't have a relative in the world, so I set out trampin' earnin' my way in the world, an' the things I made. Did it pay? Well, I've made eight trips around the world, and you can't do that on a nickel, nowadays at any rate. It's fascinatin' work an' it keeps your hands so busy you haven't time to think about your troubles. I wouldn't advise no one to take it up as a steady thing, but there's good money in it all right."

Tomorrow—The Girl Who Wanted to Know.


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