MRS. WILSON AGAIN PLANS SUNDAY MEALS AHEAD OF TIME

And Gives Recipes—Newtown Chicken Pie Has a Distinctive Cheese Flavor—Apple Honey Tastes as Good as the Name Promises

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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SOME forty years ago it was a common custom for the housewife to market personally twice a week. She carried with her a large market basket, and if the family was particularly large mother always took along some one to help her. This basket was considered a very necessary appendage for this occasion.

Visiting the market early afforded a chance for wide selection. The housewife of those days also carried a bright tin kettle covered with a lid, and as the kettle was oval shaped, to accommodate the roll of butter, it was called a butterkettle.

Many a young lad accompanied mother to market in those good old days, and now he is sometimes to be seen in the markets, not too proud to take home a well filled basket of provisions.

For the last few years these dear old-fashioned ideas have been passe, but today we are turning, some of us perhaps reluctantly, to the good old market days. The wealthy woman, who has a large menage upon her hands, with many social duties to claim her attention, is employing professional marketers, who are trustworthy and are capable and familiar with the market conditions, and the law of supply and demand.

Today is the first Friday of the new year, so let us, too, take our basket and go a-marketing. Many [illegible] have already returned [illegible] before the war [illegible], and today there is little real excuse for poor meals and indifferent cooking or wasteful methods.

Take real pride in the fact that you are able to set a dainty table with substantial and palatable food at a minimum cost.

Arrange for the menu on Sunday:

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Cereal and Cream
Grilled Fresh Sausage Buckwheat Cakes
Sirup Coffee

DINNER
Fruit Cocktail
Newtown Chicken Potpie
Cranberry Jelly
Mashed Turnips Peas
Lettuce French Dressing
Cereal Apple Pudding
Apple Honey Coffee

SUPPER
Celery Radishes
Creamed Chicken on Toast
Rice Cakes Coleslaw
Bread and Butter
Tapioca Cream Pudding Tea

The market basket will require:

Two medium sized grapefruit,
One pound of fresh sausage,
Package of buckwheat flour,
Sirup,
Coffee,
Three pounds of apples,
Three bananas,
One orange,
One lemon,
Two pounds of turnips,
One can of peas,
Head of lettuce,
Celery,
One carrot,
Radishes,
Two cans of milk,
One-half pound of rice,
One small head of cabbage,
One package of cornflakes,
Butter,
Flour,
Spices,
Tapioca,
Two eggs,
[illegible]
One-half pound of cranberries,
Sugar,
Onions,
Potatoes.

To grill the sausage, cut each sausage in half and then lay in a baking pan and [illegible] in a broiler of the gas range.

Fruit Cocktail

Pare [illegible]
Two apples,
Two oranges,
Three bananas.

Toss to mix and [illegible] cocktail glasses and pour one teaspoon of lemon juice over each glass.

Newtown Chicken Pie

Prepare the chicken as for fricassee and cook until tender. Lay the breast aside. Lift the balance into a large baking dish and add two medium-sized boiled onions for each person and

One carrot, diced and parboiled,
One half cup of finely chopped parsley.

Thicken the gravy and then pour it over the chicken. Reserve one-half cup. Now spread a crust over the chicken of well-mashed and seasoned potatoes. Have the potatoes about one and one-quarter inches thick. Brush the top of the potatoes with the left-over gravy and [illegible] rough with a fork. Sprinkle with fine bread crumbs and sprinkle with three tablespoons of finely grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven for one-half hour. Baste frequently with left-over gravy.

Cereal Apple Pudding

Butter a deep pudding dish and then place a layer of corn flakes four inches deep, then a thick layer of thinly sliced apples and season apples with cinnamon and plenty of brown sugar. Place a second layer of corn flakes two inches deep and a second layer of thinly sliced apples. Season the same as the first layer. Now cover with thin strips of pastry and bake for forty minutes in a slow oven. When cold loosen by running a knife around the edge. Invert on a plate and then serve with apple honey.

Apple Honey

Place in a saucepan

One cup of apple sauce,
One cup of water,
[illegible] cup of sugar,
Four level tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes. Remove from the fire and add

One well-beaten egg,
One teaspoon of vanilla.

Cool and use.

Creamed Chicken on Toast

Place in a saucepan

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

Season to taste. Heat slowly until very hot.

Mrs. Wilson's Answers

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly give me a recipe for canning corn? Our family appear to think it too uncertain to attempt.

E. H. T.

See recipes in issue August 2.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Your recipes are very good. I used your recipe for rice cakes, which was in the paper a short time ago, and they were delicious, as well as inexpensive. Can I use this for layer cakes?

A. A. D.

Yes.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—What can we do to get grape jelly stiff? We use only skins and pits, and add apple skins, too. The taste is delicious, but it does not jelly. Mrs. C. A. E.

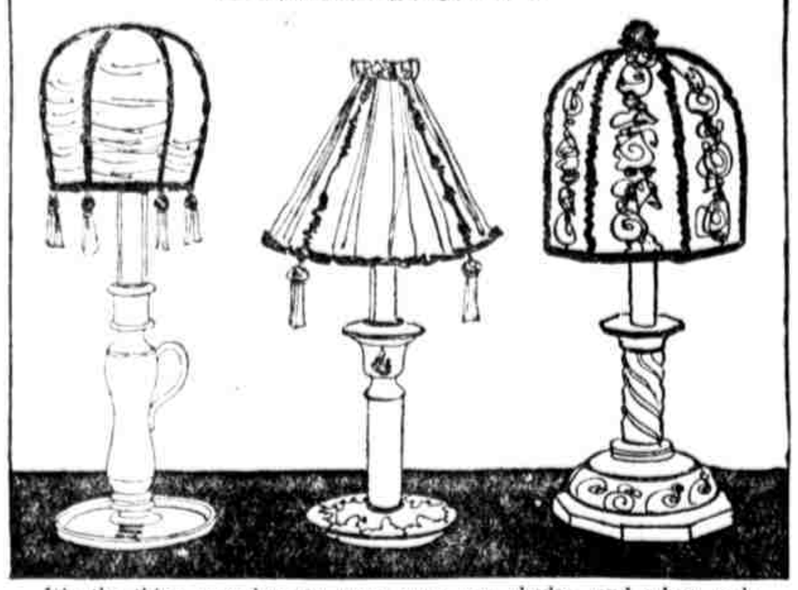
A good acid base is needed to make such jelly. I am afraid little can be done to make the jelly stiff. Try setting it in a sunny window.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly tell me how to dry corn for winter use? They say it is far better than canned. I have never had [illegible] when I followed your directions. Mrs. K.

To dry corn remove the husk and silk from the corn, plunge into boiling water and cook for ten minutes to set the milk. Then dip in cold water. Cut from the cob and dry in the sun or in the drier.

This corn may be dried in the oven. Leave the door open and have the temperature of the oven from 110 to 125 degrees Fahr. and then use the oven thermometer.

SOME NOVEL SHADES



It's the thing nowadays to cover your own shades, and when such small lights are used it is not hard to do this

The shade at the right is a pretty novelty in white linen, which would not be hard for the artistic woman to make. The linen is stretched tight over the wire frame and painted in a conventional design with bright colors. It is then shellacked to make it stiff and give it an attractive sheen. The middle one is made of old blue silk, each rib outlined in a darker blue chenille and finished with a silk tassel. The shade is open at the top, with a ruffled heading. The third style of shade is gathered on the ribs instead of merely at the top, and each shirring is covered with a band of braid which terminates in a tassel made of loops of beads. Any one of these would make a decorative addition to your living room or bedroom

THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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[illegible] brought up in [illegible] the death of her father. Fear of poverty forces her into a marriage with her guardian, Mark Brand, and she goes west to his ranch with him an unwilling bride. Mark has promised Jean not to make love to her until she is ready, but he breaks his promise because he [illegible] Jean is miserable until Dick Mason, a young engineer, comes to the ranch and a friendship develops between them. Gradually Dick learns to care more for Jean than he should, and he comes to the ranch one night when Mark is away and tells her he loves her.

The Eavesdropper

JEAN drew back in her chair, striving with all her might to get free from Dick's arms. His face was so distorted [illegible] all from her, and her eyes as she looked down into them were wild and [illegible]. Jean strove to be calm, but she was genuinely terrified now. She knew that Dick was not himself and that it would not be easy to reason with him; nevertheless, she determined to do the best she could.

Some intuition told her that it would be useless to try to get free. What she must do was to arouse his sense of fair play, to appeal to his chivalry if she could.

"[illegible] you're behaving foolishly," she began. "You're taking advantage of a situation that is unfair to me."

"Tell me you love me," he said wildly, ignoring her plea. "You know you do, Jean. I've seen it in your eyes a hundred times. You love me and you hate your husband. [illegible] but you can't hide the truth from me, and [illegible] coming away with me tonight. We're going to find happiness in [illegible]."

Jean [illegible] of revulsion swept [illegible] degraded. The [illegible] that had meant so [illegible] had been besmirched. Dick [illegible]

had, for he was past that, and with a sudden movement she succeeded in freeing herself from his arms and springing to her feet.

"I want you to leave here now," she said, standing slim and straight before him. "You're not the man I thought you were, or you would never have come here with your terrible suggestions. You talk to me of love, but what you have to offer isn't love. No man would ask the woman he loved to go away with him dishonorably. Do you think I'm the kind of a woman to be happy with a love like that? Even if I cared for you, what you have done tonight would have made me hate you forever. And I don't care for you. I liked you as a friend, to [illegible] a friend, you never have [illegible]."

[illegible] went white and he [illegible] for a moment. Then with [illegible] cry he sprang forward and [illegible] Jean in his arms. At the same [illegible] a voice spoke out of the shadows, [illegible] even voice, that Jean heard [illegible] sob of relief.

"Hands off, you poor apology for a man!" and Mark strode into the light, [illegible] by the collar and shook him, [illegible] flinging him aside finally so [illegible] stumbled and almost fell.

"So you're that kind of a man," and Mark's voice shook. "You come to my house in the guise of a friend and poison the atmosphere with your vile suggestions. Get out, do you hear me, get out, and don't let me ever see you again!"

Mark's appearance had sobered Dick, and had cooled his passion, so that he stood his ground. Dick genuinely cared for Jean. He wasn't a cad, but he was a weakling.

"You're stronger than I am," he said, and his words came in gasps, "but that doesn't make her love you, does it? Jean, I'm sorry, I was a fool, I want you to forgive me."

But Jean shuddered and turned away. She felt dizzy and faint, all she wanted was to be left alone.

"Get out!" Mark ordered, and his voice was like the crack of a whip. It was the voice of a man at the end of his rope, and without another word Dick went.

(Tomorrow—Husband and Wife)

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Names for Canoe

[illegible]

Dear Madam—[illegible] of your column which I find extremely interesting. We are a club of ten girls and would like to know [illegible] would [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Take-it-Easy

Wants to Place Quotation

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly [illegible] through your column where I [illegible] quotation which I heard quoted [illegible] Kipling. [illegible] the [illegible] Please tell me [illegible] of the [illegible] and where I will [illegible] to find it. I thank you for [illegible]

If [illegible] one of the readers is acquainted with this line of Kipling it would be kind to [illegible] the column.

The Business Colleges

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Being a daily reader of [illegible] valuable column, I wish to ask [illegible] I would like to know which [illegible] are the reputable business [illegible] Philadelphia? MARY.

[illegible] a college [illegible] courses. This is at 17th [illegible]

A Social Secretary

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly advise me whether or not there is a school [illegible] with a knowledge of the duties of social secretary in Philadelphia? [illegible] have never heard of any one taking a specific course for one [illegible] interested in it [illegible] could advise me.

There is no course [illegible] duties of a social secretary [illegible] take a course in stenography [illegible] letter writing at a business [illegible] it is not at all necessary [illegible] notes, acceptances, regrets [illegible] and things of that kind, and they should never be written on a typewriter. A knowledge of etiquette [illegible] and how to do it [illegible] any training [illegible]

A Contemporary Author

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you [illegible] a biography of Grace Livingston Hill Lutz? GRACE M.

Grace Livingston Hill Lutz was born April 16, 1865, at Wellsville, N. Y., and is the daughter of the Rev. Charles Montgomery Livingston and Marcia Macdonald Livingston. She took a special course at Elmira College, New York state. Later she studied art at the Cincinnati Art School and [illegible] private tutors. In 1892 she married the Rev. Thomas G. F. Hill, of Pittsburgh, who died seven years later and she became the wife of Prof. Flavius J. Lutz, of Philadelphia, in 1904. For several years Mrs. Lutz was in charge of the Christian Endeavor Hour Department in the New York Mail and Express and the Philadelphia Press. She is a Presbyterian and her home is in Swarthmore.

Some of her most recent books are "The Red Signal," "The War Romance of the Salvation Army" and "The Search."

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Are You Disappointed in Your Friend?

Are you disappointed in your friend? Had you a way of finding the stand among the [illegible] looked to her [illegible] the whole hearted admiration and respect that are necessary to true friendship—and has she disappointed you?

Are you [illegible] going as [illegible] spot?

You [illegible]

[illegible] fully at all. And [illegible] great pity [illegible] It is a real sorrow [illegible]

But it is the sad, sad story. None of us [illegible] one is perfect. The biggest of us have some [illegible] the best of us have in us some [illegible] if only a wee bit [illegible] of our little weaknesses [illegible].

But it does not [illegible] good that is tucked [illegible]

The sweetest [illegible] of the great [illegible] may [illegible].

The broadest and biggest of men may [illegible] or two.

And the good, better, best of real [illegible] human beings—not inhuman [illegible] a little self-[illegible] in a while.

Don't be foolish, little friend, with [illegible] "through with [illegible]" and don't [illegible] for them.

Defend them rather to the world and to yourself.

Think of all that is good and fine and [illegible] better in them—you're sure to find it.

And, little girl, defend them to themselves. As a true friend, help them to keep that most precious possession—self-respect. Don't be the one to tear the veil from the ideal face of your friend, even to herself.

And anyway, little friend with the ideals, there is another truth that you must know—they would not believe you. It's funny but it's true. Your spirit of truth would be branded as malice. It wouldn't do anybody any good and it would leave you mighty lonely.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What [illegible] Twelfth Night [illegible] on January 6?
2. Why is it [illegible] to store gasoline [illegible] in the [illegible] ment or cellar?
3. Describe a comfortable carriage blanket which keeps drafts off baby's shoulders.
4. How can satisfactory [illegible] ing be made inexpensively at home?
5. What is the prettiest kind of cover to use on a gateleg table when it is folded and set against the wall?
6. In what novel way can an attractive [illegible] be trimmed?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A charming "breakfast nook" can be arranged by placing two long stools on each side of a small table beside a window—one against the wall, with a high screen behind the other to shut off the rest of the room.
2. A new way of using a garden hat that has been worn is to soften the straw by dampening it and then to shape a bag, which can be trimmed with a design in colored felts and a gay tassel at the bottom.
3. A simple device which will be a great help in keeping things in order is a partitioned rack to be placed in one's dressing table drawer.
4. A novel mirror to be hung on the wall is oval, with a long gilt handle like that on a hand mirror.
5. A dried-out typewriter ribbon can be renewed and freshened by applying sewing-machine oil to it with a mucilage brush.
6. Another way of lighting certain safety matches besides scratching them against the side of their container is to run them over a window glass.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Father Objects to Parties

Dear Cynthia—I am seventeen years of age and I am cared for by both sexes. I was often invited out to different dances and parties, but my father would not let me attend them, as he was afraid I would get into bad company. I went to only a few parties last year. I don't ask any boys to the house, as he might get angry. Please tell me how to get acquainted with some nice boys that my father will approve of. I always act agreeable to my friends and they seem angry if I don't go out with them.

KITTY.

You would do well to have your friends go see you at your home. Talk to your father about it. He will realize that you want young people about you and that it is better to have them at home where he can meet and know them than outside of the house.

Wants to Test Friend

Dear Cynthia—I am a boy, fourteen years old, and work. Now I have a boy friend who goes to high school and I wish to test his friendship. This may seem trivial to you, but it is most important to me for several reasons. Could you suggest a method? I would also like to know what my height and weight should be. B. T. S.

If you do not trust your friend you had better not keep up the friendship. It does not seem to Cynthia that it is strictly honorable to put one's unsuspecting friends to test, which may or may not prove their worth, according to the ideas of the tester.

If you want to know how much you should weigh, write to the Editor of the Woman's Page, Evening Public Ledger, giving your height, as there is no regulation height for fourteen years.

Explains How Some Girls Help

Dear Cynthia—With your kind permission, may I address a few words to "Whitey," thank you.

What an odd sort of a girl you must have had that "date" with. Surely if you are the right sort of a chap, no girl would refuse a request for a small loan after you had stated the circumstances for your lack of funds. I know it is not customary for young men to borrow from their female friends, but may I cite an experience of my own?

A boy friend of mine called up at my office and said his employer had left word for him to follow him (his employer) to Washington, but failed to leave trainfare and said boy had not enough with him and asked me for the loan of some money. I never carried much money with me to work, so I told my employer the case and asked for the loan of my next week's salary in advance. This money, by the way, was a long time coming back to me and only then when I had to ask for it.

Again, another boy, who is now my husband, and I went to see a New Year's parade and then we went to buy tickets for a theatre. They were all sold out of good seats, so we decided to try elsewhere. The money was carelessly replaced in his pocket and then, withdrawing his handkerchief, must have drawn the money out too. Anyway, he lost it and he then only had a few cents in change. Now, I did not want to spoil his or my pleasure, so I "treated" the dinner bill and theatre tickets. I was not engaged to this boy at the time, but felt it was only a "square deal" inasmuch as he has lost his money. I am not an extraordinary person, but feel any fair-minded girl would do likewise.

Forgive me, Cynthia, for imposing on so much space.

AN ORDINARY GIRL.

"Margie" Answers "Whitey"

Dear Cynthia—To "Whitey": No, brother, I'm not a piano player in a five-and-ten cent store. Guess again, as I am guilty of a very humiliating position. I take "dictation" from a "man." Stenog, in other words.

And, "Whitey," much as I am "mad" at your reply, I feel compelled to tell you that you certainly are a master at the art of slinging your English, with just the right tinge of sarcasm; not overdone, but just enough to "madden" me.

I think the trouble with you is that some girl has just "thrown you over," or otherwise ruffled your feelings; hence your cynical pose.

No, you say "maybe he was a fish, too." No maybe about it, because even a fish doesn't catch on the same bite twice, and you say you have many times.

But you weren't such a fish after all if you finished her up before Christmas. Just think of the money you must have saved.

That you are a lady-tamer seems to be the fact you want to impress most. Well, the next time get yourself a "real girl" and invite "her" out.

I don't quite understand this "hockshop" business, because if you earn the money you claim to why do you have to put the "family rubbers" on "hock" when you take a girl out? Do you think you may need a reserve fund for a hinted-at taxi?

Too bad I don't know you, "Whitey," because I could tell you a lot more "wisdom" that I can't "express" here. You know years don't always bring sense. "MARGIE."

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

A generation ago every young man contemplating matrimony was supposed to learn how to carve, so that, as mine host, in later life, with skill and grace, he could cut and administer portions of fish and meat. If he was an accomplished carver he managed very well, but about four times in ten he was more or less clumsy and slow, and the embarrassing wait during the cutting-up process had to be screened by a barrage of small talk.

So, by degrees, the very much more sensible Russian service was adopted; the cut meat brought from the kitchen smoking hot on warm plates, served quickly to each guest and followed by the prompt passing of the hot vegetables. In this way the dinner begins at once, each course is served swiftly, and there are no awkward pauses. Young men who marry and set up housekeeping in this age know and care little about carving. The service a la Russe has saved them infinite trouble.

HUMAN CURIOS

The Case of Ou-wang-wa-k

Carried on the wings of gossip, flashed by the tongue of scandal, came the news from the heart of the Arctic Circle that the Eskimo Ou-wang-wa-k had slain Al-e-cum-elk and Ou-luk-ou-lak, in order that C[illegible], wife of Al-e-cum-elk, might become his wife. It was a particularly cold-blooded crime, according to the news which was brought to Sergeant Douglas, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, early last winter, and the sergeant lost no time in thinking about it. He knew what his duty was and, without delay, he packed his kit and started for the dreary wastes which lay north of the circle.

The further he went the more bloody became the tales which surrounded the missing man. Not only had the Eskimo sworn to kill any white officer who attempted to capture him, but he had also promised to visit his vengeance upon any native guides who piloted the police to his hiding place. Finally these tales became so alarming that Douglas' guides mutinied and refused to go on with the chase. So Douglas started off alone. Just before dawn he came to a collection of igloos. Entering the first one of these, his revolver ready for instant action, he demanded to know if Ou-wang-wa-k had been seen in the vicinity. Hardly had he finished speaking before there was a flash in the semidarkness and a fur-clad figure flung itself upon the officer. It was the Eskimo murderer, but Douglas managed to overpower him without having to resort to his gun and, after weeks of traveling through the trackless wilderness of snow and ice, brought his prisoner back to stand trial before the white man's court at Dauphin, where he is now lodged, awaiting sentence after a chase of more than 2800 miles.

Monday—Arthur Kemp, Long-Distance Pianist

Of Interest to Women

Constantinople has several woman-suffrage clubs.

Keene, N. H., has five women in its City Council.

Boston's policewomen are to receive the same pay as policemen.

All but eight states have adopted some form of a mothers' pension.

Santiago, Chile, has one high school attended by more than 1500 girls.

In the United States there are four times as many women church members as men.

HE WANTED CANDIED FRUIT WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY

And When He Was Older He Bought Some, but, Like Most Desires of the Heart, It Didn't Agree With Him

WHEN he was a little boy he used to pass a window in which candied fruit, orange peel and citron were displayed conspicuously.

He longed for it.

Every time he got near the shop he would cross the street, hang lovingly on the outside of the window and gaze with yearning in his eyes at the desire of his heart.

But he never could get any of it.

It was too expensive for the slender purse which bounced about for very lightness in his pocket.

And as chocolate mints and peanut brittle succeeded the candied fruits as an exhibit, and time added years to his extreme youth, and dollars to his few pennies, he forgot all about it.

Years later when he was a good deal older he saw it again, and remembered it all—to use his own words, his whole heart went out to it.

He bought it, lots of it, and went home in great glee to eat it. And it disagreed with him so that he gave it all away and resolved never, never to let his eyes look upon it again!

THE heart's desire! What a sad fate it has!

Do you remember the time that same thing happened to you? You wanted a hat, a blue hat, with just a touch of embroidery on the crown—but it was "too high."

You stared at it and stared at it, until your eyes grew dim and your heart grew sick.

But it was "too high!"

And then one day it was reduced!

You went straight in—remember?—and tried it on. It was so big that it came way down over your ears and the color made your eyes look muddy and dull.

Your heart's desire—"they all look good when they're far away!"

THERE was a girl who used to gaze with wonder down a beautiful, long, white road which her car crossed every morning as she went to work.

It must lead to some delightful place, she thought; it was so straight, so evenly lined on both sides with trees.

It went up a slight hill, and stopped abruptly at the top.

What was beyond the top? Where did it lead? If only she could follow it.

But her car always clanged on past its inviting smoothness, and the trees shut it out of her sight.

And then one day she was in an automobile.

She came down a roughly paved street, bumped over some trolley tracks with nothing more attractive for scenery than a former saloon, a drug store, a grocery store and an office building.

Turning into a smooth macadamized road she rolled along an uninteresting street between dull, uninspiring houses, with neat trees in front of them.

At the end of it there was another trolley line—and she recognized it as the one she used every morning!

She had come from, her heart's desire at the other end of that long, straight, white road; it was the former saloon, the drugstore, the grocery store and the office building.

DISILLUSION!

If only we didn't have to take off our rose-colored glasses in order to see clearly.

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