

ITALIAN HOUSEWIVES SEND MRS. WILSON SOME MENUS

Which She Has Adapted to American Tastes in a Tempting Way—Pancakes With Jelly Are Good for Breakfast

By MRS. M. A. WILSON (Copyright, 1921, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.) THE thrifty housewife is always on the lookout for palatable and economical dishes that will satisfy the hungry family. Hence, this week I have a real treat for this corner.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—We, the Italian housewives, send for your Friday market basket an Italian Sunday dinner. You know the work is very old but just now and we do not like to spend so much money. No I know you wish to eat well. In fact, it is my market list. No one is of course, you know the prices are not the same everywhere; here we have no delivery so we have to carry home the marketing for ourselves.

THE SUNDAY MENU BREAKFAST Stewed Apples Oatmeal and Milk Pancakes Spread With Jelly Coffee

DINNER Vegetable Soup Spaghetti a la Palermitaine Browned Beef Lettuce and Cabbage Salad Apricot and Raisin Pudding Coffee

SUPPER Risotto a la Milan Colery Salad Banana Fritters Tea

You will notice that while this is strictly an Italian menu, we have Americanized it so that many of our neighbors here like it. The market basket requires: One and one-half pounds of thin loaf, Two pounds of soup bones, One-half pound of salt pork, One-half pound of butter, One head of lettuce, One head of cabbage, One stalk of celery, Two turnips, One carrot, One pound of onions, Two cans of tomatoes, One-quarter dozen bananas, One pound of apricots, One package of raisins, One can of glass of jelly, One pound of spaghetti, One pound of cheese, Two loaves of fine bread, One-half pound of butter, One pound of rice, One can of condensed milk, One-half dozen eggs, Milk is left daily, the seasoning, tea, coffee and breakfast cereal are bought early in the week for supplies.

Pancakes With Jelly Place in a saucepan One and one-half cups of boiling water, One-half teaspoon of salt, Two tablespoons of syrup, One tablespoon of shortening, One egg, Three-quarters cup of cornmeal, Cook slowly for five minutes and then turn into a bowl, and add One cup of cold water, Let cool and then add, Two and one-half cups of flour, Two level teaspoons of baking powder, One egg, Beat to mix and then bake on a hot griddle. If no jelly is desired, then place One cup of syrup, Two tablespoons of butter, in a small pitcher. Heat by stand-

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

Jerry Page only wanted to see her. Jerry Page only wanted to see her. Jerry Page only wanted to see her. Jerry Page only wanted to see her. Jerry Page only wanted to see her.

CHAPTER V The Bargain

FRANCIS did not realize that she was hurting Jerry's own pride, that she was taking the matter of the engagement ring into her own hands and forcing him of the pleasure of giving it to her. No doubt her ideas were sensible enough and perhaps an extraordinary man might have appreciated the humor of the situation, but Jerry was an average man, and a hand deeply in love has no sense of humor. So that the entire situation as it unfolded, was serious and the pleasure of giving it was lost. Jerry was not a man who was initiated in the science of such an unheard-of arrangement.

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DO YOU MAKE YOUR OWN?

By CYNTHIA Approves of Contrite Dear Cynthia—Please may I make my "debut" in your column? I like it. I think there are lots of interesting letters in it and "Dopey" must be a terrible "person" to have condemned it, and I'm wondering what "The Modelist Tailor" is sure at "padding" about. My! he did read her. I wonder if she will retort; also "Uncle Walt" is there with the prose. Let's have some more. Thanking you, Cynthia. JEAN.



"Blackie" to "Plebe" Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly print this letter in the column? What the matter, "Plebe"? Didn't you ever see an individual with all those virtues walking around without his halo and a pair of beautiful baby-blue wings? What, in my description of my "ideal," gave you the impression that he would be an angel or a saint? Just as luck would have it he is a realness-to-goodness human, and as far as I know has not up to the present date traded in his old brown "kelly" for a nice shiny new halo, nor has he commenced to sprout pin feathers either. Of course, "ideals" only have virtues, so I left out the faults. He has enough faults to evenly balance his virtues, and is just a common garden variety of male. His custom is when he goes to a party, and if any one offered him a drink he wouldn't give a horrified shudder and swoon (even though it is a shock these days). He is all of those things I mentioned in my letter. The trouble is you have the right to describe your ideal? Let's have it. BLACKIE.

Another Method of Attack Dear Cynthia—"Sophisticated Sloop," you are looking for sympathy. What you really need is some one to roughly haul you out. You are too sensitive, too intensely sensitive. Going around with a martyr's air won't get you anywhere. The trouble is you have the right to a peevish and you make her so superior that you are afraid of her. No doubt the girl is as much at sea about you as you are of her. She probably can't understand you having a multitude of girl friends that you associate with and are popular with, and then because of bashfulness turn down her invitations to visit. Her trouble is you have been to see her but once and you have known her over a year. That's logical, you know. It can't be did, for when we really love we show our love and we make opportunities to be with the loved one. To sensible girl would believe otherwise. If she were entertaining and agreeable to you when you just met her, she must have liked you. You don't speak of being in any way attentive to her, except a few college love letters. They don't amount to a fig if the recipient is going around with other interesting boys. Maybe she thought they were "jolly." You started in wrong, young man. You have given the girl a wrong impression. You should have mastered your bashfulness and associated more with her. You did not give her a good opportunity to have a hold on her. She never got used to you. Instead of showing your affection you have been too shy and too reserved. If the girl is beautiful and popular, no doubt your bashfulness, or as she would call it, your "reserve," is what she does not like. You must be playing a little game of "sour grapes." How could she announce going to her friends that she has given you the house when you only called on her once since you have known her? If she is a sensible girl, she will appreciate your attentions. I would advise you to forget all about her. Make a list of the girls who are popular and popular she subjects you to, better than down by a patient kindness, seek out your indifference and her. You must make a serious effort for her. Apparent indifference might be effective in some cases. Write her a letter and tell her how you feel about her. You are a good bit to blame, and you are setting your own course. You are in a predicament. I would advise you to drop her. I warrant you, you would spend the remainder of your days in loneliness and misery.

HUMAN CURIOSITIES Tattooed Monarchs At the present moment, it appears likely that the mystery which surrounds the fate of the Czars of Russia may never be adequately solved. A number of stories, all of them apparently well substantiated, have been advanced to account for his disappearance—but these accounts range at the sea from his supposed murder by the Bolsheviks to the report that he is located in Siberia and is arranging a coup whereby he hopes to regain possession of the throne. What is not generally known, however, is that there will be no doubt his surviving. An inspector who claims to be "Nicholas, Czars of Russia," on file in England and also in London are photographs showing the magnificent red-and-gold dragon which the monarch had tattooed on his left forearm a number of years ago, merely as a whim and not with any idea that it might ever be useful in establishing his identity. The dragon is peculiarly colored and its appearance differs so radically from the conventional design that it would be impossible to duplicate it without a practically continuous reference to Edward VII, George V and the present Prince of Wales are other relatives of the czar who have been also tattooed.

FASHION BRIEFS Are they wearing the skirts short? Yes, yes, of course, and also quite long. Also, trained, draped, cascaded, paneled, sheathed, tiered, trousered—anything. Green is used in combination not only with brown and tan but with black. All sorts of alliances are found in blue and green, particularly among the French designers, and the rage for this combination extends from serge to crepe de chine. However, the most modish of the crepe de chine models which we have remarked in previous letters, just like the lily in their independence of adornment. They are trimmed by nothing and rely entirely upon clever draping for their ineffable manner. One of these untrussed crepe de chine which was originally created by Vionnet, has now actually found its way into the department store, where it interests to the name of the "Bag" or the "rag" dress, a designation inspired by the numerous handkerchief panels which draw the skirt. CORINNE LOWE.

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Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON The Art of Conversation I once heard a man dilating enthusiastically to his wife on the marvelous conversational powers of a young lady, his partner at dinner the night before.

Which would indicate that the young lady's conversational powers had consisted largely of the art of listening. In a somewhat heated discussion of this much-abused and, as he claims, lost art of conversation, a well-known author says: "We came down the hill in growing darkness, and as we did so the moon, attended by a star, came out of the clouds. A curlew overhead, as it flew homeward, and we could hear the plaintive bleating of sheep huddled together on the hillside, mingling with the sound of 'lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore.' I felt the awful meanness of men in the presence of mountains, and trembled slightly when I heard the trees sway with the soft noise of music played on muted strings—until I heard that lady say, with incredible banality, 'It's awfully nice, isn't it?' Some one beside her answered, 'Yes, it's rather jolly.'"

Then he comments, "the art of conversation in beautiful places is the art of holding one's tongue." And it was only yesterday that another phase of the frequently negative character of clever conversationalism was borne in upon me. It was at a symphony concert. She was known among us as a brilliant conversationalist. Fluent and logical, vivacious, chock-full of "pep," she had made street crowds fly Liberty Bonds, and drawing rooms listen with interest to the many subjects she knew a great deal about. But there was one thing she knew very little about, though in a primitive way she enjoyed it; and that was music.

Verily in more than one instance the art of conversation would seem to lie in knowing how to keep still.

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