MRS. WILSON LIKES DISHES PREPARED IN CHINATOWN

Chinese Omelet Is Made With Salt Pork, Celery and Onions. Chop Suey, Toy Mein With Southern Isle Sauce and Rice a la Tartar

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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CHINATOWN in San Francisco, Calif., is so vastly different from the Oriental sections of other cities that one must needs visit it to realize its true picturesqueness.

The soft-stepping Oriental has arranged many tea rooms and restaurants that today vie with the most artistic cafeterias and tearooms of the Occidental. There are dainty and fragile china, thick grass and reed mats and beautiful Oriental draperies.

Chinese Rice

Wash one cup of rice in plenty of warm water and then rinse. Now place five cups of boiling water in a saucepan and add:

Two onions, finely diced.
The prepared rice.

Cook slowly until the rice is soft and the water absorbed. Now mince very fine the well-cooked giblets of a fowl. Mince two ounces of salt pork fine.

Fry brown and then add the giblets and one-half cup of flour. Cook until a deep mahogany brown and then add two cups of cold water. Stir to blend. Cook for five minutes and then add two tablespoons of soy sauce. Serve with rice in saucers with gravy poured over it.

Chinese Omelet

Mince very fine
Two onions,
Four branches of celery,
Four ounces of salt pork.

Place in a frying pan and cook very slowly. When tender place three eggs in a bowl and add

One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-quarter teaspoon of white pepper,
Two teaspoons of soy sauce (Chinese sauce),
Two tablespoons of cold water.

Beat hard to blend and then add to the herbs, cooking in the pan. Stir to blend well and then cook very slowly. Fold and turn and then roll and dish on a hot platter. Serve with Chinese rice.

Chinese Fried Noodles

Break into small mixing bowl
One egg,
Two tablespoons of milk,
One-half teaspoon of salt.

Beat to blend and then add sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Work well into the bowl, cover and set stand for ten minutes. Divide into three parts and roll on lightly floured board until as thin as paper. Cut as for bread noodles and then drop at once into smoking hot oil.

Fried Onions

Use large onions. Peel and cut in slices one inch thick. Lay on a cloth to dry and then fry until crisp in smoking hot oil.

How to Make Bean Sprouts

Wash navy or lima beans and soak overnight. Now cover a wire rack with a piece of cheesecloth and then with cotton batting. Lay the beans on in single rows and cover with cotton batting. Keep moist with a slightly warm water in sunny window.

The coarse outside branches of celery may be scraped and parboiled for ten minutes in boiling water.

Fried Bamboo Sprouts

Open a can of bamboo sprouts or prepare the celery as directed. Dip in flour and then in beaten egg and again roll lightly in flour. Fry until golden brown in smoking hot fat.

Bean Sprouts

Mince four ounces of salt pork fine and then place in a frying pan and add

Two and one-half cups of bean sprouts,
Three tablespoons of soy sauce,
Salt and pepper to taste.

Turn continually until well blended and cook for fifteen minutes.

Chicken Chow Mein

Wash one and one-half pounds of lean pork loin and remove the bones and chop fine. Cover with cold water and simmer for fifteen minutes. Drain and save the liquid. Now chop four ounces of salt pork very fine. Prepare the noodles as directed. Place the salt pork in an iron frying pan or stoker and add

Two white onions, chopped fine,
One stalk of celery, cut in tiny dice,
Four ounces of mushrooms, peeled and diced,
Prepared pork,
Three tablespoons of soy sauce.

Toss to mix and then sift two tablespoons of flour over all. Toss to blend and add the liquid in which the meat was cooked. Simmer for one half hour and then fry the noodles and lift to a hot plate. Turn over the prepared pork mixture.

Chop Suey

Cook one and one-half pounds of lean of pork until tender. Cut in one-inch pieces. Chop [illegible] fry [illegible] one-half cup of [illegible] in an iron spider and when [illegible] half cup of [illegible] over the hot meat. When the fat is hot add the meat and brown slightly. Now add [illegible] celery and

One quarter cup of [illegible] chopped fine,
One-quarter pound of Chinese [illegible] nuts,
One-half pound of bean sprouts prepared as directed,
One can of broiled mushrooms,
One teaspoon of salt,
One teaspoon of white pepper,
Three cups of liquid from cooking pork.

Simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour and then serve with Chinese rice.

Chinese Pigtails

Scald and cleanse the tails. Cut the tails in two pieces and then roll them in flour and pat well. Fry a crisp brown in hot fat. Now add one-half cup of flour to the fat and brown well. Now add

One cup of thick canned tomatoes,
One and one-half cups of water,
Three onions, sliced,
Two stalks of diced celery,
One-half pound of bean sprouts,
One-quarter cup of soy sauce.

Cook very slowly for one and one-quarter hours. Season and serve with fried noodles.

Toy Mein

Dice either fresh pineapple or small can of sliced pineapple. Turn into a sieve to drain. Now place one and one-quarter cups of juice in a mixing bowl and add

One egg.
Beat and add
Two cups of flour,
One tablespoon of baking powder,
Pinch of salt,
Pinch of cinnamon.

Beat to mix and then fold in the diced pineapple. Drop in boiling hot fat and fry until golden brown. Lift and drain well. Turn on a soft paper napkin. Dust with powdered sugar and serve with Southern Isle sauce.

Southern Isle Sauce

Place in a saucepan
One-half cup of sugar,
One and one-half cups of water.

Use equal parts of sirup from the canned pineapple and water, and

Six level tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve the starch and then bring to a boil. Cook for three minutes and then add

Juice of one lemon,
One-quarter teaspoon of nutmeg extract.

Rice a la Tartar

Wash one-half cup of rice and cook in two and one-half cups of water until the rice is soft and the water is absorbed. Now peel and dice

Three oranges
and add
One cup of sugar,

and cook very slowly until the rice is clear and add

One-quarter cup of finely chopped Canton ginger,
One cup of finely chopped almonds,
One cup of finely chopped pulp of oranges.

Mix and then simmer slowly for five minutes and pour over the rice.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Please tell me in your column how to make huckleberry jelly and blackberry jam. I shall be very much obliged. MRS. J. M.

See the issue of August 3 for blackberry and huckleberries.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Could you please tell me how to make peach jelly out of the parings? I guess I am a little early, but I would like to have the recipe on hand so if I can get any from the farmers, they will not spoil. Also tell me if when whipping cream that you get from the milk men you have to put anything in it so as to make it like the whipped cream you get at the fountains? MRS. E. R.

With the price of sugar so high it will not pay you to make jelly with peach skins. Peaches do not contain sufficient pectin or jelly-making material for the making of jelly, and they must be combined with another fruit, preferably apples.

Nothing need be added to the cream, just sweeten to taste and then whip with a large dover-style egg beater.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Society—which, in its larger sense, means any intelligent social group—is [illegible] that is to talk of business [illegible] hours intended to be given over to pleasure. It is true that [illegible] "trade" [illegible] whether the dinner is [illegible] or professional, every [illegible] supposed to contribute something [illegible] and "shop," to the discussion. When the social affair is one of congenial groups [illegible] would expect painters to refrain from discussing art or [illegible] literary topics and [illegible] the music, are an interesting [illegible] cultivated people [illegible] that no [illegible] label can [illegible] applied to [illegible] information [illegible] conversational or business nature which is not of special interest to any one [illegible] the speaker and [illegible] two listeners [illegible] shop. Because it pleases the other guests outside the counter, waiting impatiently for change.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Questions on "Company Keeping"

Dear Cynthia—To settle an argument that has arisen in our office I am writing to you:

First. Is it correct form for a girl and man to keep so-called "steady company"?

Second. If so, does this mean they are engaged, although nothing along that line is understood?

Third. Under that condition is it permissible to allow an osculation, not meant for a pastime, but as a symbol of friendship? "A STEADY."

First. Steady company is not only bad form, but is a mistake. Either be engaged, or good friends.

Second. Steady company-keeping does not mean that the two are engaged.

Third. A kiss should not be exchanged between a man and girl unless they are engaged.

Scolds "Wise Guy," Too

Dear Cynthia—Let me say a few words to "Wise Guy" and "Dopey." Thank you. You say you do not like this column and it is nothing but a lot of foolishness. Yes, I will agree, to some of the letters. But can you tell me what in the name of common sense makes you two nuts read them? There are about twenty more pages in this paper. Why do you have to read this column if you don't like it? Can you answer this? And, furthermore, you say: "Oh, death where is thy sting?" I don't see why it doesn't sting such nuts as you and "Dopey," and sting you right every time you try to write to this column the way you have just written your last letter. Why not mind your own business for a while and let us alone? The next time you write insulting Cynthia or any one else in this column you ought to get writers' cramp. You sign your name "Wise Guy," but you ought to change it to "Dopey II" or a couple of nuts. Let's hear from "Frank" on this subject. ANGELO.

Thank You, "Frank"

Dear Cynthia—"Dopey" still persists, doesn't he, Cynthia? When I answered his first letter I felt that he had underestimated the qualities of this column and the help that it affords to some of the readers. Every one, however, is entitled to his or her own opinion, and I thought that after he had read and digested the views of others in regard to this question he would recall his hasty and unwarranted criticism and perhaps become one in our midst.

After reading his answer to the forceful but respectful letters refuting his assertions, I have come to the conclusion that he not only lacks sufficient material with which to prolong this discussion further, but that he also lacks some of the qualities of a true gentleman. That is a broad statement, but, nevertheless, it is true. In resorting to vulgarity in his remarks to Cynthia "Dopey" has, in my opinion, given us sufficient cause to ignore any further remarks from him.

"Dopey," you didn't expect to win many followers when you started this discussion, did you? No, I don't believe you did. You realize, I believe, that you've worked yourself into a corner. You have nothing with which to support your statements except your own personal opinions, and surely after your last letter you can't expect the readers to respect them.

Let us suppose that we two have decided to place our respective versions of this case before one qualified to render an unbiased verdict.

You have presented your case in the following manner:

"Who was the first lovesick fool that wrote to this column? Can you tell me why this column was ever started? Why don't the questioners of this column ask their parents or relatives about advice when they need it? Is Cynthia a tutor for feeble-minded and lovesick fools?"

"Dopey," you've sent two letters and you have presented only one sensible question, and that one was satisfactorily answered several days ago. Who cares who first wrote to Cynthia asking her for sound advice? A judge in any debate would rule that question out as not pertaining to the subject. Question No. 2 also should be ignored, but I would refer you to Mr. H. P. Lebanon for an answer to that one. In asking the third question you take for granted that we all are blessed with parents and relatives to whom we can go for advice with the utmost confidence. This space is too limited to go into details, but your worldly experience must be very limited if you contend that every boy or girl is in a position to seek such advice from his or her relatives. This is a big world and it contains many peculiar specimens of mankind, so it is not for you or me to decide which course is the proper one to pursue. Your fourth question is awful, weak "Dopey." You realize that, don't you? You tell us all about Cynthia, or rather you tell us her every fault and then you ask the readers if she is a tutor for the "feeble-minded." This question proves conclusively that you are lacking in a thorough understanding of your subject. For goodness' sake, "Dopey," stop asking foolish questions and tell us something. Your last letter is as foolish as any one that I have ever read in this column. This space is entirely too valuable to be taken up by a subject which interests only you. If you are still "in the dark" as to the merits of this column and still intend to pester us with foolish questions, tell us kindly do this little thing for us: If, of course, Cynthia might object, but it is really the better method if this discussion is ever to be finished. Send a letter on next Wednesday evening to "Frank" and in the same envelope place letters to both agree to present our material and to abide by a decision rendered by some one of the readers to be named by Cynthia. If you are game you will accept this challenge.

Let me know your answer as soon as possible, and please remember that the "Dopey" you write will be expected to "come across."

Please excuse this very long letter, Cynthia, and I assure you my best support if you decide in favor of our little dispute. FRANK.

THEY'RE WEARING IT IN PARIS

It looks rather wild, doesn't it? But you'll have to admit that it is attractive. The ribbon is wide, but is crushed to the more becoming size shown, with the feather twisted through it at the back. One end trails piquantly over the shoulder, while the other stands triumphantly erect. With an evening dress of the striking type this headdress would be decidedly arresting

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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The marriage of Jerry Page and Frances Carter began on a fifty-fifty basis. Frances even insisted on paying half for her engagement ring, and Jerry, because he loved her and wanted her to be happy, tried to be agreeable about it. After the marriage Frances began to feel that she had solved the problem of marriage, particularly when she compared her own independence with the "narrow" lives of other women.

CHAPTER IX

At the Breakfast Table

IT WOULD have been so much better for Frances if Jerry had told her exactly as he felt about their money arrangements and had refused to go on. If, for instance, he had been firm with her, as Fred Marriott had been with Elsie, Frances might have chafed under it for a time, but she would have gloried secretly in giving in to him. All women do whether they deny it or not. They love to be mastered.

But as it was, things jogged along, and a cloud that had been scarcely perceptible on that day long ago when Frances had so confidently suggested that she pay half on the investment of the engagement ring grew a little larger with each successive happening. It wasn't a cloud that made for bickering or quarreling, but it effected a change in Jerry's attitude, and although Frances did not know it herself, it affected her feeling toward Jerry.

One morning they were at breakfast when he remarked casually enough:

"By the way, I think we're going to have some new neighbors."

Frances looked up eagerly. She was very lovely in the bright sunlight that streamed through the windows and splashed the sewing-in with gold. She and Jerry ate their breakfasts al fresco from a tea wagon drawn up into the window. But Jerry seemed scarcely aware that Frances was delicately feminine with her rapid, light talk and her flawless skin like that of a child's in the very trying morning light.

"Oh, Jerry, who are they?"

"Well, I met Harlowe at the office yesterday, an awfully likable chap, and he was telling me what a terrible time they're having trying to find a place to live."

"He's married then?"

"Yes, yes. He's been married about as long as we have, or perhaps a little longer."

"Do you know his wife?"

"I've seen her a couple of times. Seems like a nice little thing, very small and blond. Well, I told Harlowe about the vacant place here and he seemed tickled to death about it. It might make it very nice for us to have friends in the same building."

"But, Jerry, can they afford it? The rents here aren't small by any means."

"Of course they can afford it, why not?"

"I just thought—well, you see—" And Frances stopped. She felt somehow awkward about explaining that it was easier to pay a high rental when two people were splitting the bills, and she was angry with herself for feeling as she did.

"Oh, I see what you mean," Jerry said suddenly, breaking in on her thoughts almost rudely. "No, I don't believe Mrs. Harlowe does anything interesting, so that Jim probably pays his own bills."

"Why, Jerry," Frances' tone was hurt. The bubble of her complaisance had been pricked. Was it possible that Jerry wasn't satisfied with their arrangement?

But he caught the hurt in her voice instantly.

"Dear, I was teasing you!"

"Really?" She was still not reassured.

"Of course."

"You see," Frances went on rather lamely, "the rents are high here and I did wonder. Mr. Harlowe must be doing very well."

"Oh, he is," Jerry said carelessly. "Well enough to get along. Well, I must be off."

His kiss that morning as he bent over Frances was perfunctory and careless. Frances worried over it for several moments after he had left and then forgot all about it. When she thought of it later it was to chide herself on her foolish imagination. Of course, Jerry meant nothing by it. Men were always queer and unemotional in the morning.

Tomorrow—A new neighbor.

Loneliness

I like to walk at eventide
When dusk shuts out the din,
I like to watch the friendly light
Of lamps that shine within—

Warm shadows play upon the walls
Where heart fires gleam and glow,
I like to warm my heart with love
For folk I do not know.

I like to feel the fragrant dark
Close round my shoulders pressed,
I like the witchery of stars
That eases my unrest.

At eventide, when shadows fall,
This is the hour I go,
And heal my loneliness with love
For folk I do not know.

—Mary Barron Brubaker, in Good Housekeeping.

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Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Out of Style

"I'll leave you—I'll go home to mother—I'll get a divorce tomorrow! Good-by!"

What was it? Oh, just one of those April showers that usually bring May flowers. But that was the bride's first thought—I'll leave you—divorce!

Of course, she knew he would follow her to mother's and bring her back. But the pitcher goes to the well once too often. And if the little bride knew of the many crushed lives caused by that once-too-often when she expected him to know that she didn't mean it, but he thought she did, she would be more careful about whirling the knife that might cut them unawares.

The knife is out of style, anyway. Physicians generally have supplanted it with the more scientific methods of modern discoveries and are using it only as a last resort. And that is all any knife, marital as well as surgical, should ever be used for—a last resort.

As a protest against the unnecessary marital surgery there is a new institution spreading over the country—a Reconciliation Court of Domestic Relations. There are investigations and probation officers and interviewers, and it is a potent challenge to the knife that in Philadelphia, for instance, one out of every four cases is reconciled before getting even before the judge.

Jack has a grievance, and not having the knack of proving it to Jill, gives her a grievance. The knife is hanging precariously above their heads when a sympathetic, judicious stranger to both goes into the tangle and leads them out of it. This is done with as much privacy as possible.

Of course, it would be better if the third person were not necessary or could be found in the intimate family circle. But if it will deflect from all these hearts and homes the danger of the knife the new court is a boon for which we cannot be too thankful.

And then, in one way, a third person is a distinct advantage. For frequently a Jack and Jill, who are excoriating between themselves, become dumb when it comes to telling anybody else. Talk to a stranger about his Jill! Complain about her Jack! I guess not. And that's the beginning of the end of the trouble.

So you see, little bride, the knife is quite out of style. But be careful about waving it. Don't run home to mother; it might just happen that he won't go after you again and then it might take a court reconciler to get him back for you!

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The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. How many women are now said to be practicing law in New York city?
2. Describe an unusually attractive bowl for goldfish.
3. What forms a striking trimming for a soft gray satin hat?
4. How can a pretty scrap-basket be made from a wire frame for a lamp shade?
5. Into what shape is a new utensil for chopping vegetables fashioned?
6. How are the sleeves and neck of a smart rose-linen frock finished?

Yesterday's Answers

1. If the tortoise-shell rim of an eyeglass breaks, a simple way of mending it is to press the two broken ends together with a collodion preparation.
2. A narrow belt that would prove an attractive ornament for a sweater is made of colored kids, in a patchwork design.
3. For saving the housekeeper a vast amount of energy, a new electrical device that has been invented is a scrubbing machine.
4. A striking, draped skirt has the edge of the over-part trimmed with fringe.
5. In making a number of the up-to-date sports sweaters camel's hair wool is used.
6. Egg stains can be quickly removed by first rubbing them with cold water and then with hot water and soap.

SHE IS STIFF AND FORMAL WITH ONE OF HER FRIENDS

And the Other Girl Cannot Find Out What Is the Matter With Her—This Childish Behavior Is Annoying and Hard to Deal With

"I'M SO unhappy!" writes a schoolgirl, "there's a girl in my class who takes every little joke seriously.

"She jokes a lot herself, and sometimes says things that hurt, but she never seems to realize that—you just have to grin and take it as a joke.

"But the other day I said something that she didn't like—we were joking; I don't even remember what it was—and she took it seriously.

"I never paid any more attention to it, because I thought she understood—she laughed about something else afterward—but the next day when I spoke to her in school she didn't smile at all.

"And ever since she's been stiff. When I say hello to her she bows in the most formal way and says, 'Good morning,' as if I were a teacher or somebody's mother or something.

"It's awful. I can't make her do anything else. When I try to talk she just answers me as short as possible and turns her back.

"Now what can I do? I hate this awful formality and stiffness; it gets on my nerves, and yet everybody tells me not to give in to her."

GIVE her her own medicine, that's the only thing you can do with this kind of childishness.

If she is going to take her toys and go home to mother, let her go.

If she thinks you took her stick of candy, let her think so.

You can be just as dignified as she is, just as aloof, just as unconcerned about her presence.

She will begin to realize pretty soon, if you ignore her thoroughly, that you are not impressed by her behavior.

You will notice after a day or two that she gets red in the face when you come near her, and that the haughtily lifted brow is just a trifle self-conscious.

SHE'LL get over it, she'll forget it, or she'll tire of it in time—you can count on that.

But isn't it annoying while it is going on?

It is so bothersome to have something unpleasant always on your mind; even if you forget that relations are strained for a time, you are reminded of it as soon as you start to speak to her or pass her, and come in contact with that elaborate coolness.

"What is that thing that isn't just right?" you keep asking yourself, when you get into bed at night and there's one train of thought that won't relax. "Oh, yes, that silly girl. Why doesn't she come out and say what's wrong, or else take a joke the way she gives it?"

You don't want to give her the satisfaction of knowing that you are worried or that you even notice her—but it's so hard to keep from going to her and saying, "What is the matter with you? Why don't you behave like a human being?"

SHE is one of those time-wasters, who want to show you that they won't take anything like "that," whatever it is, from you or anybody else.

And she really doesn't show anything except that she hasn't grown up very far in one respect and that she wouldn't be very easy to live with.

New Top Coats

Topcoats are of four distinct varieties: those that are long, straight and slender, those that are belted snugly, those that are drawn tightly about the hip line and blouse just above this tight section, and those that are beltless and circular in cut, often decidedly full.—Vogue.

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When the Winds Sweep 'Cross the Hielands

the hardy Scot goes singing on his way. With his tunic flapping about his shoulders and the snowflakes chasing each other around his bare knees, he laughs defiance at the wintry blasts.

A morning pot of porridge is a national institution in Scotland. The Scots have long been known as one of the hardiest races on earth. Read those two sentences again; they have a significance for each other.

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