MRS. WILSON GETS MORE IDEAS FOR COSMOPOLITAN KITCHEN

Cornmeal Makes a Fascinating Variety of Breads and a Dumpling That Can Be Served With Meat or as a Dessert

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THERE comes to the cosmopolitan kitchen a letter from a southern plantation:

Dear Mrs. Wilson: For your cosmopolitan kitchen I am sending some Carolina dishes. The colored mammy is still to be found in many of our communities. I enjoy your articles very much and thought that perhaps these recipes would be appreciated by some of your readers. B. E. C.

Off from a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the state of North Carolina there is a dear old plantation with its gateways nearly a mile apart. The place is well kept, after the manner of many of these southern homes. As one drives in the gateway there are quite a number of little pickaninnies ready to open the gate for you and grin pleasantly to display their ivory white teeth and sunny nature.

Mistress Colfax, the stately mistress of this beautiful home, that lies about twenty-five miles as the crow flies from the railroad station, is a real mistress of a home; she has many of the dainty mannerisms that recall the days of splendor in the South that have gone by. An aristocrat who holds herself aloof from the rush of the modern day, she is an adept at the art of cooking, and while she relegated most of this work to Aunt Beulah, she still supervises and oversees and plans the menus, not only for the family, but for the help upon the plantation.

Aunt Beulah is a pupil of Mrs. Colfax, and she surely is a credit to her mistress' teachings. And while modern methods, in spite of all their efforts to resist, have invaded the plantation, they still have many of the old-time dishes there.

Corn bread, corn pone, batter bread and other good old-time homey dishes are daily upon their table, and the meal used below the Mason and Dixon line is the white meal ground by the old stone burr method; this has all the goodness of the corn. If you are unable to obtain the white meal you can use the Indian or Yankee meal with very good results.

Corn-Nut Bread

Mince four ounces of salt pork very fine and cook in a stider until a delicate brown. Turn this into a mixing bowl and add:

One-quarter cup of syrup.
Three-quarters cup of cornmeal.
One and one-quarter cups of flour.
Two level tablespoons of baking powder.
One level teaspoon of salt.
One egg.
One and one-quarter cups of milk or water.
One-half cup of finely chopped nuts.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then grease and flour a narrow oblong loaf-shaped pan and bake for forty-five minutes in a hot oven. This bread may be cut into slices when a day old and toasted.

Corn Pone

Mince four ounces of salt pork and brown lightly. Turn into a bowl and add:

Four tablespoons of syrup.
One and one-quarter cups of cornmeal.
One and one-half cups of boiling water.

Stir to blend and then let cool. Now add:

One egg.
One cup of milk.
Three-quarters cup of flour.
Two level tablespoons of baking powder.
One level teaspoon of salt.

Beat to mix and then grease a large baking pan and pour the mixture in about three-quarters inch deep. Pour two tablespoons of bacon fat over the top and bake for twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. Cut into squares and then pile on a plate covered with a napkin and serve.

Corn Dodgers

Mince very fine one-half pound of salt pork and then brown. Now lift the brown salt pork with a skimmer into a saucepan. Leave the fat in the spider. Place in the bowl:

One and one-half cups of cornmeal.
One teaspoon of salt.
Three and one-half cups of boiling water.

Stir to prevent lumping and then cook until the mixture is thick enough to hold a spoon upright. Turn into a bowl and let cool. Add:

One-half cup of finely chopped nuts.
Four tablespoons of finely chopped parsley.
One onion grated.
One-eighth teaspoon of thyme.

Form into round cylinders or sausages and then roll in flour and brown in smoking hot fat. Serve with cream sauce or gravy.

Batter Bread

This is also called spoon bread. Place in a saucepan:

Two and one-half cups of boiling water.
Four tablespoons of syrup.
Four tablespoons of shortening.
One teaspoon of salt.
One cup of cornmeal.

Stir to prevent lumping and then cook for ten minutes. Turn into a bowl and cool. Now add:

One and one-half cups of milk.
Yolks of two eggs.
Three-quarters cup of flour.
One level tablespoon of baking powder.

Beat to mix and then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Turn into well-greased baking dish and bake in a hot over for forty minutes. This dish is usually served for breakfast and is lifted from the dish with a large tablespoon.

Cornmeal Dumplings

Place in a saucepan:

Three cups of water.
One teaspoon of salt.
One cup of cornmeal.

Stir to blend and then to prevent lumping. Cook slowly for twenty minutes and then add the meat picked from the giblets, back of carcass and neck of chicken; this should be about one cup.

One-half cup of finely chopped salt pork.
One-half cup of finely chopped onions.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
One-quarter teaspoon of thyme.
Two thirds cup of finely chopped nuts.

Mold into large sausage shape and then turn into a pudding cloth. Tie, plunge into boiling water and cook for one hour. Serve with parsley sauce or brown gravy. This pudding is just as adaptable as the Indian meal pudding of the early colonial days. To use it for a dessert place in a saucepan:

Three cups of water.
One-half cup of syrup.
One-half teaspoon of salt.

Bring to a boil and add:

One cup of cornmeal.

Stir to prevent lumping and cook for after minutes. Turn into a mixing bowl and add:

Four tablespoons of butter.
Two-thirds cup of brown sugar.
One cup of raisins.
One cup of finely chopped nuts.
One-half cup of finely chopped citron.
Three cups of milk.
Two well-beaten eggs.

Beat hard to blend and then turn into a pudding dish and bake for forty-five minutes. Stir every ten minutes for half an hour and then dust the top with cinnamon and finish baking.

Thank you, Mrs. Colfax. I am sure we will enjoy these southern mountain dishes very much.

THE WAIST LINE HAS THE WANDERLUST

By CORINNE LOWE

Please page the waistline! And that is no light request either, for the volatile thing may wander almost to the hideline at present. That, too, it has no intention of returning to its old address is indicated by the latest models from Paris. Some of these show skirts reduced to mere ruffles by the uncomfortable length of the corsage. The above frock of green serge shows a waistline which, though not inordinately long, is wandering enough to please the mode. Its claim to distinction, however, is not based on this detail so much as it is on other features. First of all, there is the draping of the waist, disposed to make the most of the long black velvet tie which circumnavigates the rather Pickwickian collar of white voile. Both the collar and the tie constitute a second claim to attention, while the third is made by the originality of the trimming bands, consisting, as they do, of white voile striped with black velvet.

The Woman's Exchange

A Poor Circulation

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly answer the following: How can brown rings around the eyes be removed? How can I make blood show on my cheeks? What's the best way to make a dark neck light? How can I put on more weight in a short time? M. M. R.

Your circulation must be sluggish if your complexion is dull and your eyes ringed. Exercise would be the very best thing for you. Go to a gymnasium, if you can, and take a course of instruction or join a basketball team or dancing class. Drink lots of water and eat plenty of food so that the exercise will not make you thinner, but will build up your muscles and make you stouter by means of the extra food that you eat. If you exercise well the color ought to show in your cheeks, and another good way to produce it is to bathe your face in cold water after you use warm water on it and then rub your cheeks with a downward motion.

Lemon juice will bleach your neck unless it is natural for you to have a dark skin. Spread it on every night before you go to bed and rub it well in.

Exercise and food will make you gain weight. Eat plenty of eggs and milk, potatoes and starchy food.

To Mrs. L. S.

Try massaging with cocoa butter every night before you go to bed, and take three or four deep breaths of fresh air, counting six while you inhale, and six while you exhale. Make this slower and deeper as you go on until you are used to it, and then after you have been doing it for several weeks, try filling your lungs with a deep breath and then "packing" them with more and more until you can't take any more. This will fill up your shoulders and chest in the most surprising way, and will do your health a great deal of good in the meanwhile.

Correct Etiquette

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please answer the following questions through your valuable column:

Is it proper to put R. S. V. P. on the left-hand corner on a wedding invitation?

Also, where can two young girls take up swimming? R. J. S.

It is not correct to put the R. S. V. P. on a wedding invitation unless it is a home wedding at which everybody is invited to the reception afterward. At a church wedding, there is no R. S. V. P. on the invitation to the church, but it is put on the reception cards. The only reason it is necessary is to help the hostess in arranging her orders for refreshments. She must know how many to order for, but, of course, it does not make any difference how many come to the church, and so the response is not needed.

Two young girls could take up swimming at one of the pools where instruction is given. There is a list of them in the business directory of the telephone book and you can find out the charges by calling on the telephone.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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The honeymoon of Frances Carter and Jerry Page begins on a fifty-fifty basis. Frances was working and insisted upon paying half the bills, but she did not realize until the Harlowes moved into the same apartment house and she saw Jerry's attitude toward Clarissa, that he resented this assertion of her independence. As Mildred Hartlett, a friend of Frances, said, "Men don't like to be robbed of their masculine prerogatives." Frances could not help but realize that it was necessary to change her tactics somewhat.

CHAPTER XXI

Realization

JERRY stared. He could not believe his ears. Frances, who was so eminently sensible, who never spent more than she should, had bought a fur coat and hadn't the money to pay for it!

Frances could have laughed at the expression of incredulous disbelief on Jerry's face and yet her heart was anything but light.

"It's quite true," she said lightly. "Did you think that I hadn't any silly woman's tricks in my make-up? Oh, woman's tricks!" she mocked him with a slim forefinger.

"You see, it's—she went on—I've been spending more than I should of late, and for once I just didn't be myself be sensible. But I thought—here she took a deep breath—"I thought that you might like to give it to me. You could wonder, you know, Jerry, why I wanted it."

Jerry was still trying to adjust his thoughts. He was still trying to believe that Frances, Frances who had always been so sensible, had gone off on a tangent like this.

"How much was it?" he asked finally.

Frances heard said. This wasn't at all what she had expected. If she truth, he told she had looked for something quite different. Jerry would take her in his arms and tell her that he was more than glad to give her such a gift, that she would be prouder him than she had been in many days. And here he was asking her how much the coat had cost.

With a sudden determination she got up quickly and went over to Jerry's chair, sat on the arm of it and nestled herself against him with one hand around his neck. It wasn't so very much, after all, to do for the man she loved. And a beautiful dear, generous, unselfish man with squirrel, much too fine for the one dim gamin she was. Jerry's attitude was drive Frances to bold. After all, this was a free country. She had asked him to share her money with her. Hadn't she helped to pay for her diamond ring?

Hadn't she paid half the household expenses since their marriage, and had she ever asked Jerry for anything before? For those reasons if for no other Jerry should be glad to give her this present. Surely she had saved him enough money during that time to pay for her coat many times over counting what she had spent on furnishing of their apartment and everything else. But Jerry was speaking.

"Of course, I want you to have the coat, but why? I can't understand it. You would do anything like this. You've always been so different somehow. I guess you've spoiled me, dear. I've grown to think of you as sensible. But, of course, I can manage the expense, and it's all right. I want you to have the coat."

Frances was beginning to realize dimly what had happened. She had expected after weeks of living in Jerry's home as the independent wife who looked after herself to become by one rash act what Clarissa Harlowe was by nature. She had expected Jerry to accept her immediately on the terms of a gold digger, and instead of that he thought that she had simply done a rash thing and would return immediately to the old arrangement. He did not take her seriously; his habits had been formed, and would take more than the purchase of a fur coat to change. He had an idea of Frances, his wife, and he could not suddenly think of her as something entirely different. The fight was only just begun and the beginning was not very auspicious at that, but she could go on with it no matter what happened.

Tomorrow—The New Frances

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Don't Interfere Between Husband and Wife

To Mrs. H. B. C.—Do not interfere between husband and wife. If your brother is not satisfied in his married life he should talk to his wife about it and come to an agreement with her. Let them work out their own lives. They are mature people and should settle their affairs themselves. Cynthia never advises divorce. There are times when it is expedient for persons to separate, times even when that separation should be made legal, but the sooner many persons make up their minds to stand things, matters of disagreement, and so on, the better.

Why does this woman work? Can your brother not support her? Perhaps she has some good reasons on her side for unhappiness. Let them work it out themselves.

"Jack" to "Sunshine"

Dear Cynthia—In answer to "Sunshine," I would like to state that I agree with her. I do not believe that a real he-man is so foolish as to think he is deriving a lot of pleasure or complimenting the girl by kissing. I spent twenty-seven months on the Mexican border and in France with the Sixth Regular United States Cavalry and subjects like the one "Sunshine" mentioned were the cause of much argument and helped spend many a lonely evening for us in the army. I have found that the great majority of soldiers seem to share "Sunshine's" opinion, so I advise her to stick to her belief. Pay no attention to that outfit of lizards and coyotes, as they are only kids. They will learn yet, if some one doesn't give them a "necktie" party first. "Sunshine," there is nothing wrong with the boys of today.

It is just possible that you have been looking in the wrong places for them.

Why not look for them in some of the evening schools in the city before you try the dance halls? I must say I admire a girl with pluck enough to hand these horned toads the "cold shoulder."

JACK.

Don't Worry About It

Dear Cynthia—Kindly pardon the liberty which I, a stranger, take in writing you. I have read your column and the various kinds of letters sent for your advice. My trouble is this, boys. Although I am twenty years of age I have never been kissed by any one. I call company with any young man nor do I care to do so, and it causes a lot of comment. Having a brother, he has quite a few gentlemanly boys at the house. I speak to them casually and leave the room. Sometimes I joke with one I think nice. As for encouraging their attention I never dream of it. I laugh quite a lot, have a good deal of fun with the girls at the office, so you see I am normal. Now the question is this: Do I have to, am I compelled to have callers if I don't want them? Am I too childish, as people say? Is it disgraceful to laugh and joke with men I know well, as I do with my uncle? Kindly imagine I am your daughter and tell me what you think of me. I don't want boys' treats or to have them take me out. I don't know why. I don't care to be obligated for one thing. The reason I write is to find out if you are of the same opinion as others concerning what is the matter. I hope nothing ails me, but people, even mother, make me feel there is. I know I am going to marry some day, but I'm satisfied to wait until that time comes of its own accord, not hurry it or question the future. I go to the theatres and concerts with mother and Buddie, my brother. I hope I have made things plain. I am hurrying this as the office boy has returned with paper for letters I'm to type. Good-by and thank you. May I write again?

MARGARET D.

You sound quite normal to me, my dear; don't worry over silly things people say. A normal friendly interest in your brother's friends is quite all right and it's nice to welcome them for his sake, but if you do not care to have callers, there is no reason why you should.

It's natural for boys and girls to be attracted to each other and personally I think it's always wise to have several good boy friends. It broadens one's point of view and keeps a girl from being "prissy." But there need be and should be no sentiment in the friendship until the right man comes, and when he does come you will know it and be glad you were not "boy crazy" as so many of the girls are nowadays.

"Sophist" Writes Again

Dear Cynthia—Allow me to compliment "Taurus" on the rare taste he exhibited in the selection of his columnar alias. Applied to an experienced pitfle vender like himself, no trade mark could be more appropriate than the taurine zodiacal sign. But be that as it may or June, I desire to assure the gentleman that his unselfish interest in me and my future has sluiced mon coeur with a flood of gratitude; his suggestion that I follow in the hoof marks of W. J. Bryan, the distinguished wordster, verbalist, and vocabulist, will receive the consideration it deserves, which is no consideration at all. To reciprocate in some degree his unsolicited counsel, I would fain offer "Taurus" the following dab of advice: Id eat (also sellict), to close nigh to the fine art of blacksmithing, in which occupation he could swing the sledge until prohibition begins to prohibit.

To "Ex-Top-Kick"—When I expressed the conviction that you would not begin burning Greek fire and sending up paper balloons on learning that I was still above terra firma, I had no intention of forcing you to the mat with my "foolish inquiry," which is the erroneous conclusion you seem to have reached.

Concerning the subjoined sobriquet, over which you hoisted an interrogation sign, I am pleased to be able to inform you that it has two separate and widely dissimilar definitions to its credit, and if you prefer to string yourself into believing that the rather uncomplimentary one suits me best, I can't very well procure an enjoinment forbidding you from doing so. (Right here would be the proper place to ring in the old bound about "What's in a name?")

But I diverge. What I started out to say at the commencement of this harangue is that I detest verbal tiffs, and so I shall restrain myself from answering the letters of "Taurus" and "Ex-Top-Kick." SOPHIST.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Some correspondents are in perplexity regarding the proper way to address a professional woman who is married. Should she be entitled Mrs. James Harlow, or Mrs. Susan Harlow? It should be said that, with the exception of doctors, professional women themselves are not in uniform agreement on this subject. Who, outside of a few intimate friends, knows the "Mr. and Mrs. name" of Louise Homer, or Margaret Deland, or May Wilson Preston, to name but a few famous artists who are not spinsters? Some Englishwomen—for example, Mrs. Humphry Ward—keep the name of the "mister," even in their professional work, while others, like Alice Meynell, retain their own first names.

The rule most generally observed is to use the husband's name, prefixed by "Mrs.," for all social matters, including correspondence; thus, letters should be addressed to Mrs. Lorin Deland, Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, Mrs. James Preston, etc., instead of using the names by which these women are best known in their respective professions.

'A WOMAN OF YOUR SIZE OUGHT TO WEAR A LARGER WAIST'

Said the Saleswoman Severely—She Wasn't Human Enough to Think That Perhaps the Customer Might Prefer the Smaller Size

"HAVE you any of these in size 38?" asked a prospective customer, indicating a pile of blouses.

The languid saleswoman looked her over.

"A woman of your size ought to wear a 40," she remarked, reproachfully.

"No, that's too big; I like them rather close-fitting."

The saleswoman looked swiftly over the pile, flipped one out, and laid it down on the counter.

"That's a 38," she admitted; "but you ought to wear a 40——"

"How much is this?" asked the customer, searching for a price mark.

"Five dollars."

"That's more than I want to pay—is there anything less expensive than that in this style—without so much embroidery?"

"Yes, but you'd do much better to get this one. It's a lovely waist, and it wears much better than the cheaper one. A woman of your size is very hard on waists, and you really ought to get the ones that will wear——"

"I don't want it, thank you," said the customer wearily, walking away.

AT ANOTHER store she approached a woman whose double chin seemed to betoken good nature.

"I want a rather plain waist with just a little hemstitching," she appealed.

The saleswoman looked at a row of boxes, each exactly like its neighbor, put out a confident hand and lifted one down to the counter.

"This is nice for $3.85," she said, hopefully.

"Have you that in 38?" asked the shopper.

"A woman of your size ought to wear a larger one than that," said the saleswoman severely. "It doesn't look well if it's too tight."

"It isn't too tight. I always wear 38 and it fits perfectly."

"Well, I can give you 38, but for a woman of your size that's too small—draws like, across the front—here's a pretty one in 40."

ARGUMENT was useless and the woman of her size walked away again.

There was still one more store in the neighborhood, and although it was not one of her favorites, she tried it.

With hesitating step she entered and went to the waist department; she had to have something to take away with her that afternoon.

And back of the first counter she came to there was a real human being.

"Do you think," she pleaded, as she noticed that gleam of human kindness, "that you could give me an inexpensive waist in size 38 without telling me that a woman of my size ought to wear a more expensive, larger one?"

The human being laughed.

"Sure I could," she replied. "How do you like this one?"

The customer could have wept on her shoulder with joy and relief.

And all because she had found just one woman with a heart instead of a mere head and a voice!

WHY is it that there are so many who are ready to disapprove, reproach and suggest changes, and so few who are willing to comply amiably without question?

After all, what difference would it make whether the customer bought a 38 or a 40, as long as she bought something?

And she would have bought something if she hadn't been so coached and prompted to buy what she didn't want.

There are some of us who aren't quite sure just what it is that we do want, and some of us don't quite know what size we ought to wear.

But, if we are affected that way, we at least have sense enough to ask for advice.

And the rest of us have our minds all made up before we speak, and we have sense enough to do all our wanting for ourselves.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

How About It, Mary?

Mary Garden, the first woman grand opera impresario, says women are better fitted to manage opera companies than men. Because, she says, in such an organization the personal equation is very important—and in this women have an advantage. In tact and diplomacy, she says, lies the answer.

"Women for years," says Miss Garden, "have been trained in the use of diplomacy, of tact, of a velvet glove that hides the iron hand. In society, in love, in managing their children, women have learned to be diplomatic—to rule and yet not to rule. That is what you must do in managing grand opera."

Miss Garden speaks from experience in grand opera. And any of us who have had experience in any profession or business, or in the home, know that the other phase of life—that tact and diplomacy are no less necessary there.

We cannot go business alone, we can't exist for ourselves. In everything we do we must come in contact with other people, who play their part in making us or our self happy. And wherever there is this contact with other people there is the necessity for those prime factors in the personal relationship, tact and diplomacy.

But do women really have more of these requisites—more than men? Is it often that lies more in saying such a thing than in what one says? Do women do it better than men?

Two women meet. "Why, you look simply fine! Isn't it a ten to one bet that you will be told, "Why, dear, you're actually getting slim!" Or if she has an age complex, it would be "Why, dear, you look years younger than the last time I saw you!" How old one must have looked to lop off ten years this!" Whatever it is that she would like to forget for a while, there is a hemming and hawing and edging to find the proper thing to say about it. "One must say something."

Two men meet. "Hello, old man, you're looking great!" "Hello, old man, shake

When Grapefruit Is Wanted

[illegible]

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Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
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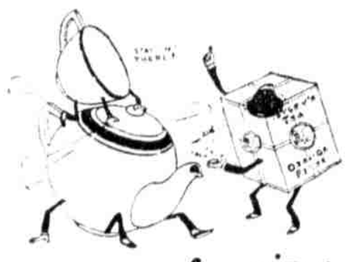

From three to five minutes

should be allowed for steeping. One-half teaspoonful of tea leaves for each cup—*and* fresh boiling water. And warm the teapot first. That's the right way to make tea. And the *right* tea is Tetley's Orange Pekoe, amber-colored, fragrant, and delicious.

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Every drop of Tetley's you drink is the representative of 100 years' blending experience.

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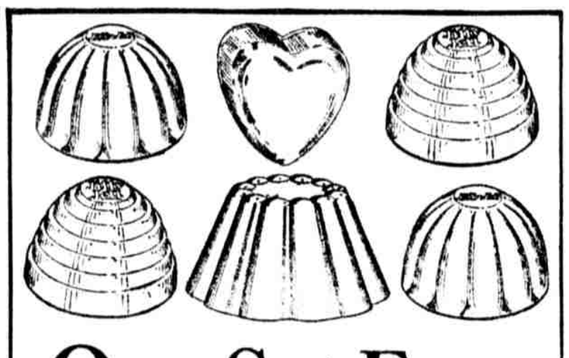

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Send the coupon below, with six (Jj) trade-marks cut from Jiffy-Jell packages, and set of six will be sent postpaid.

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The best dessert
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The flavors are abundant. Each package contains the essence from a great deal of ripe fruit. So Jiffy-Jell is rich and fruity. It is so much better for the children.

No extra price
Jiffy-Jell sells at pre-war price—as low as it ever sold. It costs no more than like desserts with the flavors in dry form. So all this extra quality costs you no extra price.

Get it for the children's sake. It is the fruit that makes these dainties so healthful and delicious. Get the real fruit, not a mere fruit taste.

Make no mistake
Be sure you get Jiffy-Jell. That's the only way to get these bottled fruit-juice flavors.

Get an assortment—have it on hand. Then cut the (Jj) trade-marks from the package fronts. Send them to us for this set of molds.

We also make Jiffy-Pie, a new dessert, in two flavors—Lemon and Chocolate. Ask your grocer

10 flavors in glass vials
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