Mrs. Wilson Gives Choice of Beverages Which Can Be Served New Year's Eve

The List Should Be Saved, for These Mixtures Will Be Deliciously Refreshing at Any Time

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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Wassail Bowl

Place in large punch bowl
One-gallon of apple cider.
Two quarts crushed ice.
Four oranges, cut in bits.
Little spice bag containing
One-half teaspoon cinnamon.
One-quarter teaspoon nutmeg.
One-eighth teaspoon allspice.
Tie securely
Six baked apples, cut in small pieces.
Serve ice cold in large mugs.

Mulled Cider

Place three quarts cider in large saucepan and heat, and when hot thrust into the cider a redhot poker; now add one quart plain cider and pour over a large lump of ice placed in the mixing bowl.

Fruit Punch

Place in punch bowl
One quart grape juice.
Two quarts water.
One medium-size bottle of maraschino cherries,
using syrup as well as cherries.
Four bananas, cut in bits.
Juice six oranges.
Juice of three lemons.
Three pints crushed ice.
Serve.

Fruit Cocktail

Make sirup as follows:
Four cups sugar.
Two cups water.
Cook five minutes, then add
Juice one dozen oranges.
Juice five lemons.
One medium-size bottle of maraschino cherries.
One quart carbonated water.
Two pints crushed ice.
Serve in thin glasses with few mint leaves.

Ramni Shrub

Make sirup of
Three cups of sugar.
One and three-quarters cups of water.
Cook five minutes. Now add
One can crushed pineapple.
One can crushed peaches.
Juice six oranges.
Juice three lemons.
Three pints carbonated water.
Two pints crushed ice.
Mix and serve.

Loganhead

Place in punch bowl
Two cups powdered sugar.
Two cups of water.
Three pints carbonated ginger ale.
Juice of three oranges.
Juice of two lemons.
Two bananas, sliced.
One orange, sliced, and slices cut in quarters.
Two pints crushed ice.
Mix well and serve.

Orange Souffle

Ream out juice of
Fifteen oranges.
Place in bowl and add
Three cups powdered sugar.
Three pints water.
Yolks of one dozen eggs.
One-quarter teaspoon nutmeg.
Beat with egg beater to mix thoroughly and then whip in the stiffly beaten whites of twelve eggs—fill into glasses—dust the top lightly with nutmeg.

Place spoonful of cracked ice in every glass before filling.

California Come and Get It

Place in large bowl
One can crushed pineapples.
Small can strawberries.
Juice of twelve oranges.
Juice of four lemons.
The sirup is made as follows:
Three and three-quarters cups of sugar.
Two cups of water.
Stir to dissolve sugar and bring to boil and cork for five minutes, then cool and add
Four bananas, crushed through sieve.
Two quarts of water.
Two pints crushed ice.
Stir to mix thoroughly. Serve.

Coffee Frappe

Make two quarts strong coffee and when cold place in punch bowl and add
Three and one-half cups powdered sugar.
Two pints cream.
Two pints crushed ice.
Four tablespoons vanilla.
Pinch of nutmeg.
Pinch of cinnamon.
Whip with egg-beater. Now add
One pint marshmallow whip.
Whip in the marshmallow mixture and then fill into glasses and garnish with spoonful of whipped cream and maraschino cherry.

Uncle Dudley

Three pints cocoa.
Sweeten well and turn in punch bowl while warm, and add
One pint marshmallow cream.
Whip well, then let cool. Then add
Two pints crushed ice.
Three tablespoons vanilla.
Fill into thin glasses and garnish with whipped cream and maraschino cherry.

Long Soo

Place in mixing bowl
Two cups powdered sugar.
Three cups water.
Juice six oranges.
Juice two lemons.
Stir to blend. Then add
Six cups of finely crushed ice.
Four pint-bottles carbonated ginger ale.

Stir and serve. A little crushed mint leaves improve this cup.

Simale

Place in saucepan
Four cups sugar.
Three cups water.
Cook ten minutes. Now add
One pint strawberry juice.
Juice of six oranges.
Juice of two lemons.
Crush six bananas.
Two quarts carbonated water.
Two pints crushed ice.
Stir to blend.

The serving of these beverages really does much toward their success. Tall, thin glasses garnished with mint leaves. A very pretty frosted effect can easily be made about the edge of the glass in the following manner:

Beat white of egg slightly and with a camel-hair brush paint a band of egg white about three-quarters inch to one inch deep, then roll in powdered sugar and let dry. This looks like frosted rim.

Whipped cream, marshmallow whip and stiffly beaten white of egg may be used to garnish the individual glasses, always dusting lightly with either the cinnamon or nutmeg. Learn a few clever toasts and use when toasting in the New Year.

We're all here—all here,
Happy New Year to my dear.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please give a recipe for frying French-fried onions?
MRS. P. BURNS.

To French-Fry Onions

Select large onions, peel and then cut in slices one inch thick, lay on a cloth for a few minutes, then fry in smoking hot fat. This fat must be as hot and deep as for French-fried potatoes.

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please print in your columns the recipe for carrot and lemon marmalade?
V. R. R.

Carrot and Lemon Marmalade

Place in a saucepan
Three cups of grated carrot.
Juice of three lemons.
Grated rind of two lemons.
Two quarts of water.
Boil slowly for one hour and then measure and allow three-fourths cup of sugar to each cup of the mixture, adding one package of seedless raisins. Cook until the mixture is thick like marmalade. Fill into glasses and store in the usual manner.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson — Give a recipe for beef roulades made with green peppers and bacon, also a recipe for a light suet pudding.
MRS. C. A. G.

Beef Roulades

Have the butcher cut round steak very thin and for four persons you will require about one pound. Now cut in pieces about four inches square. Now mince three strips of bacon fine and brown lightly. Turn in a mixing bowl and add

One and one-half cups of stale bread that has been soaked in cold water until soft and then turned in a piece of cheesecloth and pressed dry.
Four medium-sized onions, chopped very fine.
Two green peppers, chopped fine.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.
Three-quarters teaspoon of thyme.

Mix and spread on the prepared meat, roll like little jelly rolls and tie with piece of string in three places. Now roll in flour and brown in the pan with the bacon fat. Lift to a saucepan and then add a little flour to the fat in the pan and brown flour; then add one cup of water; bring to a boil, stirring all the time. Pour over the roulades; cover closely and cook very slowly for one hour, adding sufficient boiling water just before lifting to make sufficient gravy.

Suet Pudding

Place in a mixing bowl
Three-quarters cup of finely chopped suet.
One and one-half cups of bread crumbs.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
One cup of flour.
One level tablespoon of baking powder.
One cup of raisins.
One-half cup of finely chopped citron.
One-quarter cup of finely chopped candied orange peel.
One teaspoon of cinnamon.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.
One-half teaspoon of allspice.
One cup of brown sugar.
One-half cup of molasses.
One well-beaten egg.
Three-quarters cup of black coffee.
Mix and turn in a well-greased mold and steam one and one-quarter hours.

FROM NOW ON

By FRANK L. PACKARD
AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN"

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Dave Henderson, a child of the streets, has grown to manhood among but not of the "powers that prey." As Bookie Skarvan's confidential man he is sent to Martin K. Tydeman to get $100,000 to recoup racing losses. It seems, to Henderson's warped judgment, a chance to obtain a fortune and leave the world of crooks and he steals and hides the money. Skarvan also plans to steal the money from his silent partner in racing ventures, and the thugs he hires for the job discover that Henderson has forestalled them. They determine to kill him and take the money, but in this they fail, for Henderson hides it and makes his escape only to fall into the hands of the police. He is sentenced to the penitentiary for five years, and a short time before his time is up Detective Barjan tries to learn where the money is hidden and fails. Bookie Skarvan also tries to learn where Henderson hid the $100,000. Henderson refuses and is threatened with the powers of the "underworld." He knows that he will leave the penitentiary a marked man with little or no opportunity for visiting the spot where he has hidden the money and he determines to confide in a convict named Millman, a gentleman who has been railroaded to a cell. He hesitates to do so for two reasons: first, that it would be unfair to Millman and, second, because he distrusts every one. Millman, who is penitentiary librarian, is to leave the next day, and Henderson determines to talk with him under guise of taking out a book.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

MIND, body and soul were sick—sick with the struggle of the afternoon, sick with the ceaseless mental torment that made his temples throb and brought excruciating pain, and with the pain brought almost physical nausea: sick with the realization that his recompense for the five years of freedom he had sacrificed was only—wreckage, ruin and disaster.

He entered the little room. A guard lounged negligently against the wall. One of the two convict librarians was already busy with another convict—but it wasn't Millman who was busy. He met Millman's cool, steady, gray eyes, read a sudden, startled something in them, and moved down to the end of the sort of wooden counter away from the guard—and handed in his book to be exchanged.

"What's the matter, Dave?" Millman, across the counter, back half turned to the guard, spoke in a low, hurried voice, as he pretended to examine the book. "I never saw you look like this before! Are you sick?"

"Yes," said Dave Henderson between his teeth. "Sick—as hell! I'm up against it, Charlie! And I guess it's all over except for one last little fight."

"What book do you want?" said Millman's voice coolly; but Millman's clean-cut face with its strong jaw tightening a little, and Millman's clear gray eyes with a touch of steel creeping into them, said: "Go on!"

"The police!" Dave Henderson spoke through the corner of his mouth without motion of the lips. "Barjan was here last night. And I got another tip today. The screws are going on—to a finish."

"You mean they're going to see that you don't get that money?"

Dave Henderson nodded curtly.

"Why not give it up then, Dave, and start a clean sheet?" asked Millman softly.

"Give it up!" The red had come into Dave Henderson's face, there was a savage tightening of his lips across his teeth. "I'll never give it up! D'ye think I've rotted here five years only to crawl at the end? By God! No! I'll get it—if they get me doing it!" His hoarse whisper caught and choked suddenly. "But it's hell, Charlie—hell! Hell to go under like that, just because there isn't a soul on God's wide earth I can trust to get it for me while they're watching me!"

Millman turned away, and walked to the racks of books at the rear of the room.

Dave Henderson watched the other in a numbed sort of way. It was a curious kind of good-by he was saying to Millman. He wasn't quite sure, for that matter, just what he had said. He was soul-sick and body-sick. Millman was taking a long while over the selection of a book—and he hadn't even asked for a book, let alone for any particular one. What did it matter! He didn't want anything to read. Reading wasn't any good to him any more! Barjan and Bookie Skarvan had——

Millman was leaning over the counter again, a book in his hand.

"Would you trust me, Dave?" he asked quietly.

"You!" The blood seemed to quicken, and rush in a mad, swirling tide through Dave Henderson's veins. "Do you mean that, Charlie? Do you mean you'll help me?"

"Yes," said Millman. "If you want to trust me, I'll get that money for you. I'm going out tomorrow. But talk quickly! The guard's watching us and getting fidgety. Where is it?"

Dave Henderson rubbed his upper lip with the side of his forefinger as though it itched; the remaining fingers, spread out fanlike, screened his mouth.

"In the old pigeon-cote—shed back of Tooler's house where I used to live—you can get into the shed from the lane."

Millman laid the book on the counter—and pushed it toward Dave Henderson.

"All right," he said. "They won't be looking for it in New York. You've two months more here. Make it the twenty-fourth of June. That'll give you time enough. I'll be registered at the St. Lucian Hotel—New York—eight o'clock in the evening—June twenty-fourth. I'll hand the money over to you there, and——"

"You there Five-Fifty"—the guard was moving toward them from across the room—"you got your book, ain't you?"

Dave Henderson picked up the book, and turned toward the door.

"Good-by!" he flung over his shoulder.

"Good-by!" Millman answered.

CHAUTER VII

Bread Upon the Waters

It was dark in the cell, quite dark. There was just the faint glimmer that crept in from the night lights along the iron galleries, and came up from the main corridor two tiers below. It must have been hours since he had left Millman in the prison library—and yet he was not sure. Perhaps it was even still early, for he hadn't heard old Tony talking and whispering to himself through the bars tonight yet.

Dave Henderson's head, cupped in hands whose fingers dug with a brutal grip into the flesh of his cheeks, came upward with a jerk, and he surged to his feet from the hinged shelf that he called cot and bed. What difference did it make whether it was dark or light, or late or early, or whether old Tony had babbled to himself or not! It was pitifully inconsequential. It was only his brain staggering off into the byways again, as though, in some sneaking, underhand way, it wanted to steal rest and respite.

His hands went up above his head,

"Why not give it up then, Dave, and start a clean sheet," Millman said softly

and held there, and his fists clenched. He was the fool of fools, the prince of fools! He saw it now! His laugh purled low, in hollow mirth, through the cell—a devil's laugh in its bitter irony. Yes, he saw it now—when it was too late.

Millman! Damn Millman to the pit! Damn Millman for the smoothest, craftest hypocrite into whom God had ever breathed the breath of life! He had been trapped.

That had been Millman's play, two years of cunning play—to win his confidence; two years of it, that always at the end the man might get that hundred thousand dollars. And he had fallen into Millman's trap!

He did not believe Millman's story, or in Millman's innocence now—when it was too late! He couldn't reach Millman now. There were bars of iron, and steel doors, and walls of stone between himself and Millman's cell; and in the morning Millman would be gone, and Millman would have sixty-two—no, sixty-one days—to get that money and put the width of the world between them before he, Dave Henderson, was free.

Sixty-one days! And in the space of one short moment, wrecking all that the toil and agony of years was to have stood for, he had told Millman what Millman wanted to know! And that was the moment Millman had been waiting for through two long years with cunning patience—and he, Dave Henderson, because he was shaken to the soul with desperation, because he was alone with his back to the wall, in extremity, ready to grasp at any shred of hope, and because he was sick in body, and because the sudden, overwhelming uplift at Millman's offer had numbed and dulled his faculties in a mighty revulsion of relief, had fallen into the traitor's trap.

And it had been done so quickly! The guard had been there and had intervened, and there hadn't been time for his mind to win back its normal poise and reason logically. He hadn't reasoned in that brief instant; he had only caught and grasped the outflung hand of one whom, for two years, he had trusted and believed was a friend. He hadn't reasoned then; he had even stepped out of the prison library more lighthearted than he had been almost from the moment they had put these striped clothes upon him five years before; but he had barely stood locked in his cell here again when, like some ghastly blight falling upon him, reason had come and left him a draggled weakling, scarcely able physically to stand upon his feet. And then that had passed, and he had been possessed of an insensate fury that had made him fling himself at the cell door, and, with superhuman strength, wrench and tear the bars asunder that he might get at Millman again. He had checked that impulse amidst the jeers and mockeries of impish voices that rang in his ears and filled the cell with their insane jabberings—voices that laughed in hellish glee at him for being a fool in the first place, and for his utter imporence in the second.

They were jeering and chuckling now, those insane demon voices!

He swung from the center of the cell, and flung himself down on the cot again. They might well mock at him, those voices! For two years, though he had had faith in Millman, he had kept the secret of the hiding place of that money to himself because, believing Millman to be an honest man, it would have been unfair to Millman to have told him, since, as an honest man, Millman then would either have had to inform the authorities—or become a dishonest man. It was clear enough, wasn't it? And logical enough? And yet in one unguarded moment he had repudiated his own logic! He had based all his faith and trust and confidence in Millman, on the belief that Millman was an honest man. Well, an honest man wouldn't voluntarily aid and abet a thief in getting away with stolen money, nor make himself an accomplice after the fact, nor offer to help outwit the police, nor agree to participate in what amounted to stealing the money for a second time, and so make of himself a criminal!

And if the man was then dishonest, and for two years had covered that dishonesty with a mask of hypocrisy, it was obvious enough, since the hypocrisy had been solely for his, Dave Henderson's, benefit, that Millman had planned it all patiently from the beginning, and now meant to do him cold, to get the money and keep it.

He could not remain still. He was up on his feet again from the cot. Fury had him in its grip once more. Five years! Five years of hell in this devil's hole! And a branded name! He had thrown everything into the balance — all he had! And now—this! Tricked! That was it—tricked! Tricked by a Judas!

To be continued tomorrow

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December Electric Specials

HERE THEY ARE—extraordinary opportunities to buy standard well-known electrical merchandise at unusual inducements! This is absolutely the last week of the offer; it terminates Saturday, December 31st, at 5.30.

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Everybody knows that the Hoover is a first-class electric cleaner. And the terms of payment are so unusually convenient that you will want to take immediate advantage of them. Only $2.50 with the order and the balance in easy monthly amounts.

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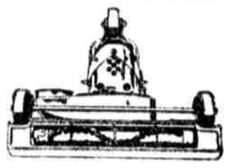
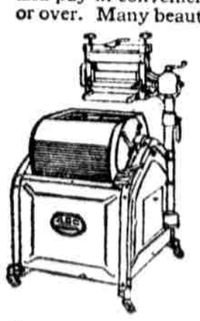


3. Beautiful Lamps on Easy Payments

Here is a splendid chance to invest to wonderful advantage that money gift. Our customers may take their choice of lovely lamps and pay in convenient monthly payments for any costing $15 or over. Many beautiful pieces from which to choose—be sure to make your selection before expiration of the offer—December 31st.



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(Gallery, Market)

Most Amazing Values in This Sale of Charming Dresses at $6.25, $8.65, $9.35, $13.25, $15 to $39

It's a sale that offers every kind of fashionable Winter dress, from the very simple tailored frock of tricotine or velour to the most frivolous party frocks and distinguished dinner gowns.

It's a sale that presents suitable dresses for young women, for their mothers and for their aunts. It's a sale that means real money saving.

$6.25, $8.65 and $9.35 for tailored dresses of navy blue tricotine and brown, reindeer or blue velour made in about twenty-five different ways. Many have the smart new metal link girdles.

$13.25 and $15 for dresses of twill-back velveteen and Canton crepe in blues, brown, black, etc.

$16.50, $18.65 to $23.50 for a most interesting collection of sample dresses—some with a hint of Spring—of taffeta, Poiret twill, Canton crepe and tricotine. Light and dark colors and a great variety of models, among them many party frocks.

$25 to $39 for some of the finest dresses that we have ever had at anywhere near these prices—in fact, many would be fairly marked at twice these prices. They are of the finest tricotines, twills and heavy silk crepes. Handsome tailored dresses, fine dinner gowns and distinguished afternoon dresses.
(Market)

Central Aisle Opportunities

Stenciled Fiber Rugs, 50c
The kind of rug that is always useful somewhere! Large ones (27x54 inches) of natural color fiber with conventional designs stenciled in oil in rose, blue or green.

Women's Fabric Gloves $1 to $1.50
Eight, twelve and sixteen button lengths in chamois lisle gloves. White, brown, champagne and mode. Priced according to length.

Novelty Aprons 85c to $1.50
85c for gay little tie-ons of flowered cretonne with edges contrastingly bound.
$1 for slip-ons of pink, blue, lavender or tan checked gingham.
$1.50 for bungalow "apron-dresses" of pink, blue or lavender figured percale with neck, sleeves and sashes trimmed with black stitching.

Fiber-Silk Sports Scarfs $3.90 to $5.50
Just the thing to protect throats from draft!
Plain or fancy weaves in plain colors.
Wide choosing at this low range of prices.

Men's Brushed-Wool Mufflers, $1.50
White and colors in these warm, woolly mufflers that men like for sport or street wear.

Women's Bodice-Top Vests 25c and 30c
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13th Street Aisle
Women's Flannelet Underclothes, 50c and $1
50c for striped flannelet petticoats with scalloped ruffles.
$1 for Billie Burkes of striped flannelet cut on full lines and made well.

Wool-Filled Quilts Special at $4.50
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(Central)

Clearaway—Children's Sleeping Garments, 75c to $1.25
Lowered prices for odds and ends of nightgowns, two-piece or Billie Burke pajamas of warm flannelet. White or stripes. Some are mussed or slightly soiled, but the lowered price more than makes up for that. Sizes 2 to 16 years.
(Central)

Half Price! Silver-Plated Novelties, 25c to $1.50
Clearaway at half and less than half their earlier prices. Silver-plated metal, glass with silver-plated tops or glass with sterling silver deposit in the lot, which includes marmalade jars, relish dishes, condiment sets, sugar sifters, vases, sugar and cream sets and other novelties.
(Central)

Mussed Neckwear and Handkerchiefs
A Third to a Half Under Price!
Slightly soiled from Christmas handling!
All-linen handkerchiefs for men, women and children. Plain white, embroidered in colors or colored, 10c to 35c.
Collars and sets of lace, eyelet embroidery, linene, pique, organdie or linen, 10c to 50c.
(Central)

Household Linens
Remnants of Muslin, Toweling and Damask
Half the Regular Price
Luncheon sets, table and luncheon cloths, table scarfs, doilies, etc., slightly mussed from handling.
Practical lengths of bleached and unbleached muslin, cotton and linen toweling, cotton and linen table damask.
(Central)

Gwan-to-Bed Stories : By J. P. McEVOY

The Turkey Named Elizabeth

ONCE upon a time there was a nice plump turkey named Elizabeth, who was raised out on the rural delivery, far from the so-called advantages of the big city. (Johnny, get off the piano.) She had never seen a street car or a crossing policeman, or an iceman, or any of those inspiring sights which tend to broaden the city dweller. Instead of awakening to the dulcet strains of an elevated train, flat-wheeling around a curve, her morning offering was an obbligato delivered with great boastfulness by a young Rhode Island Red rooster named Philip.

* * *

ONE morning Elizabeth did not hear Philip crow as was his wont. This was not so strange when you learn that Philip had been tastefully cooked and practically all eaten the previous day. This naturally ruined Philip for singing. But Elizabeth, who was a young, frilish, giddy thing, did not understand.

"What happened to Philip?" she asked a young turkey girl friend of hers named Priscilla.

"They have eaten him," said Priscilla, and a little tear stole out of Priscilla's eye and fell on her foot with a loud splash. For Priscilla loved Philip.

"Wasn't Philip surprised?" asked Elizabeth innocently.

"I believe he was," replied Priscilla. Just then a man came into the yard and chased Elizabeth into a fence corner and grabbed her by the leg. (I don't know which leg it was, Dorothy. Anyway, you might take the baby out of the dishpan. You are wasting the hot water.)

Then he shipped her to the city, where she was almost invited to attend a Thanksgiving dinner, as the principal attraction.

"Escape No. 1," cried Elizabeth, "I'll say I'm a lucky bird."

And then the weeks went by and along came Christmas and again Elizabeth was chosen to form the centerpiece for a small but honest family. However, the man who was going to feast off her came after the store was closed and Elizabeth escaped again. (Dorothy, stop hitting the baby on the head with the Chinese vase. That cost Daddy a lot of money.)

"Escape No. 2," cried Elizabeth. "The third time is the charm."

But the third time was not such a charm after all. The last words Elizabeth heard were: "I don't much care. You can cut it off or wring it." She never knew which they did, but I can tell you, because Daddy is the one who wrung it. And when you have your New Year's dinner, if you want to know what happened to Elizabeth, look right in the middle of the table and you will see. Gwan to bed.

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Avoid Imitations & Substitutes