

MENU FOR FORTY—EXCHANGE—ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE—CYNTHIA—FLORENCE ROSE FASHIONS

PARTY REFRESHMENTS GIVEN BY MRS. WILSON

Appetizing Menu for Forty Men Is Given, With Directions for Preparing Various Dishes

Potato Salad and Peach or Apple Shortcake Following Chicken and Waffles Will Be Welcomed

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

Dear Mrs. Wilson—I am a teacher of domestic science in the Senior High School and have all returned except one and he will not be home for some time. We will give our refreshment here a little supper and a good evening. I would like to have your advice as to decorations. We have a large hall to decorate and if it is not asking too much, will you kindly send me a menu for about forty men? Thanking you in advance, I am yours truly, L. R. O.

Supper for Forty Men

- Decorate hall with pictures of domestic scene. Pictures of our boys were in the picture of Uncle Sam and have all returned except one and he will not be home for some time. We will give our refreshment here a little supper and a good evening. I would like to have your advice as to decorations. We have a large hall to decorate and if it is not asking too much, will you kindly send me a menu for about forty men? Thanking you in advance, I am yours truly, L. R. O.

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The Question Corner

- 1. What use can be made of the empty can of the candy box afterward?
2. Describe a pretty way of finishing a narrow ribbon strip on a dress that has a straight panel down the back.
3. What makes a good, strong substitute for the brittle straw with which to try cakes, bread, etc., on baking days?
4. How can a good-looking crown of silk be made to slip over the thin lace hat for dressy occasions on cold winter days?
5. What are the ingredients of a good paste for making the hands white and soft?
6. What can be made from discarded blouse slipper?

Ask Mrs. Wilson

If you have any cooking problems, bring them to Mrs. Wilson. She will be glad to answer you through these columns. No personal replies, however, can be given. Address questions to Mrs. M. A. Wilson, Evening Public Ledger, Philadelphia.

thoroughly. Now rub one end and one-quarter of a cup of water. Cover with two and one-half quarts of water.
Mix well, then spread in well-greased and floured shallow pan. Cover top with thinly sliced apples or canned peaches and dust well with cinnamon. Sprinkle one-half cup of brown sugar over each layer. Bake in moderate oven twenty-five minutes; cook out each cake in six pieces.

How to Make Coffee

Place five gallons of water in a large boiler and then two pounds of finely ground coffee in a cheesecloth bag. Place in water and bring to a boil, then simmer slowly. This will give ninety cups of good coffee.
Materials required:
Eighteen pounds chicken.
One-fourth peck onions.
Three stalks celery.
Six heads lettuce.
Two cans pimiento.
Three-fourth basket potatoes.
One quart vinegar.
One package cornstarch.
One box paprika.
One box pepper.
Two ounces mustard.
Eggs.
Fifteen pounds flour.
One pound baking powder.
Five pounds granulated sugar.
Four pounds brown sugar.
Three cups milk for coffee.
One basket apples or one dozen cups of peaches.
One pound butter.
One dozen loaves bread.
One gallon pickles.
One dozen bunches radishes.
Plan a menu for the boys should note that these boys should be served with a hot, filling, substantial food. The usual portion that would be fully adequate for the evening refreshment would hardly fill their hollow tooth, so give them a large portion of each. This menu will cost about \$22 and will satisfy the hungeriest of them, as all portions are liberal.
Fruit needed for cocktail:
One large bottle maraschino cherries.
Two dozen apples, peeled and sliced.
One-half peck cornstarch.
One dozen oranges.
One dozen bananas.
One can pineapple.
Dice and mix gently and serve in cocktail glasses.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—As I am a great admirer of your recipes, would like you to publish a recipe to make a green tomato relish. I had about four and a half pounds of green egg tomatoes given me and would very much like to put them to use.
A DAILY READER.
Green Tomato Relish
Cut the tomatoes into pieces and sprinkle with salt; let drain for four hours and then turn into preserving kettle and add:
Two and one-half pounds of sliced onions.
Two pounds of sliced cucumbers.
One ounce of celery seed.
One ounce of mustard seed.
One pound of brown sugar.
One quart of cider vinegar.
Four tablespoons of mustard.
One tablespoon of cinnamon.
One teaspoon of cloves.
One teaspoon of allspice.
One-half cup of salt.
Cook until thick and then store in all-glass jars in a cool place.

Mrs. Wilson Answers Queries

My dear Mrs. Wilson—About three weeks ago I wrote you asking for a menu to serve forty persons at a 6 o'clock wedding supper. I have looked every evening in the paper and have not as yet found a reply. Have I overlooked it? If so, I would appreciate it greatly if you would let me know, through the paper, what date the reply appeared. Thanking you very much, I remain,
(Mrs.) W. S.
See recipe June 19. There is no date on this letter.

Adventures With a Purse

I HAVE set myself a difficult task. I want to tell you of a muff holder. It consists of a rod, into which another rod fits, and on the ends of which are a cord and tassel. It is not necessary for me to discuss upon the difficulties of finding a place where your muff will hang and "stay put." So that I need not explain the many advantages of this holder. You see, the rods go inside your muff and fit together. Then the tassel is hung up by the cord which connects the two handles. Isn't that a good idea? The rods are hand painted with tiny colorful flowers for decoration, and the cord is in a harmonizing color. The price is \$5.
Here is another novelty. It is an inch wide. The top of the handle is decorated with the face of a clock, having movable hands. When the clock person takes a spoonful of her medicine, she holds the hands on the top of the hour at which she should take her next dose, and then need not tax her memory or anyone else's to remember the next medicine time. I think it would be a good plan to have one of these. And they cost only 25c.

Playing Games

"Pinning the Tail on the Donkey" brings as many laughs in Turkey and in France as it ever did in the U. S. A. A. Y. W. C. A. Secretary in Hartford, Turkey, writes that redecorating the tail-less donkey broke the ice most effectively at a party of about one hundred Armenian women from a Reunion Home there. The donkey's tail goes in the same place no matter what language you speak.
In France, the donkey seems to be in ill-repute for the girls of the Y. W. C. A. Foyer at Ivery prefer a pig and find infinite amusement in each other's blindfolded efforts to find the proper location for his curly appendage.

Cleaning Range

When cleaning the nickel on the kitchen range, use a little baking soda on a damp cloth when the stove is cold, then polish with a dry cloth. The soda takes off any burned grease and does not scratch the surface.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Should She Have Gone?
Dear Cynthia—A school chum of mine recently invited me to a dance at her home. The young man who was going to escort me there disappointed me at the last minute by letting me know that he was unable to go as he was sick. Would it have been proper for me to have gone to the dance alone or to have remained at home?
PINK EYES.

If you had accepted the invitation you should have gone. The fact that this man, who I judge, had been invited too, could not go did not disable you.
I have to be realistic. Why you should not ask after his health, if you want to, but do not run after him.

Aunt Objects
Dear Cynthia—My aunt objects to my going out in the evening. I am a working girl of teen and I would like to have your opinion on the subject. I assist in the housework after work. Hoping to see my aunt in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER soon.

BLUE EYES.
Can you not have your friends come to your house, or you go to theirs? It is not well for little girls of sixteen to go out in the evening with young boys. The street is not the place to meet. Meet in your own home.

Just Nervousness
Dear Cynthia—Three years ago I was engaged to a young man. I loved him dearly and I thought my love was mutual in the same way. But to my sorrow I discovered that he did not love me, so at the end of eight months we broke our engagement.

It took me a whole year before I got over it. And at the end of two years I met with a very nice young man whom I learned to love, and after keeping company for a short time he proposed to me and I agreed to marry him. He was engaged for six months, and we decided to get married. Now, dear Cynthia, I am married four months, and my husband has made me so happy that I have entirely forgotten the other one. My first friend was very mean to me. He had an awful character and a terrible temper. He was very jealous and very quarrelsome. And my husband is just the opposite. He has no temper and is very good-natured. He is very happy and loves each other dearly. I am sure of one thing I cannot understand. It is this: Every time I meet my first friend on the street or on the street my heart starts to beat and I get very nervous. But it does not last long and I get over it. It is possible that I still love the other one? Can any of your readers help me with this?
ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

It is nothing but nervousness, dear. True love is not determined by the heart. Forget this man. You are married to another who makes you happy. Why should you trouble yourself about it?
Thinks Them Conceited
Dear Cynthia—I am a faithful reader of your column in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, and although I have never written to you, I have profited by the letters of others.

I think that by this time Anna C. would feel daily reproved. Certainly she has been severely scolded by your readers. I agree with "Baby" and "Engaged" and think that "Alpina" has the right idea on the subject of kissing. "Germantown" asked the boys to answer his letter, but I would like to think that I should say she was rather conceited. Now, Cynthia, when your readers start out their letters by saying, "I am good-looking, a good dresser, a good dancer," etc., don't you think there is a little conceit attached to it. Often girls think they see beauty in themselves that no one else can see. I should like to know what kind of boys M. K. and her friends were with whom she refused to take the girls home after midnight. The girls who have been boys of much self-respect.
A. M. J.

Approves of "N. Y. S."
Dear Cynthia—Please print these few lines in your column to congratulate N. Y. S. for laying the right idea. I have the same opinion. "Baby" and "Dancer" states, that he likes smacking. I think that he has not met any respectable girls until now; only those who give him smacks. So he goes on and on receiving smacks as the girls have gotten in the habit of giving.
M. D. OPINION.

Answers "Bustleton"
Winfred S.—Cynthia will be very glad to print the letter you send in. She must make the writer know to candy citron? Thanking you in advance, I am,
L. B.

The present shortage of sugar prevents the candying of citron, which requires a large amount of sugar.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Would you please give me a correct recipe for Scotch short bread? I tried it once, but could not get the ingredients to hold together, whether it be baked in a hot or slow oven. Thanking you very much,
E. S.

Scotch Short Bread
Two cups of flour.
One-half teaspoon of sugar.
One level tablespoon of baking powder.
Two-thirds cup of shortening.
One tablespoon of water.
Flavoring, if desired.
Work to a smooth dough and then form into a flat cake; flute the edges and bake in a moderate oven.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Please give me a recipe for making pumpkin pie, keeping its natural color. I do not like it when a dark color. Thanking you kindly,
(Mrs.) G. A. M.
Omit the cinnamon and use white sugar.

RED AND SILVER



Georgette crepe is the material and the color is victory red. The lines of heading fill in the sheer place where the georgette is made single instead of double. The piquant ties that hold the sides of the neckline and the cuffs of the short sleeves are of silver cord.

"CINDERELLA'S DAUGHTER"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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SYNOPSIS
Kathleen Foster and Virginia West, who live together after life has touched both girls. Kathleen's life has stayed practically free from trouble because of her selfishness, but Virginia, at the age of twenty, has known more than her share of the world's sorrows; she has married a poor man, has stayed with him through his illness and death, and has given birth to a baby girl too late for the father to see it. Kathleen has been engaged, but broke the engagement even though she cared for her selfishness, but Virginia, at the age of twenty, has known more than her share of the world's sorrows; she has married a poor man, has stayed with him through his illness and death, and has given birth to a baby girl too late for the father to see it. Kathleen has been engaged, but broke the engagement even though she cared for her selfishness, but Virginia, at the age of twenty, has known more than her share of the world's sorrows; she has married a poor man, has stayed with him through his illness and death, and has given birth to a baby girl too late for the father to see it.

When Virginia mentioned her wish to go on the stage, Kathleen at first seemed to believe it was worth a try. All those stories about girls going on the stage that used to be told have gone by the boards, and Virginia certainly has talent. His eyes grew reminiscent and he grinned. "Why, I can remember that night of the school play as plainly! Virginia in those green trunks singing that 'Lumber' song. Somehow it did not seem like the Virginia we know—she was an elf that night."
Kathleen's eyes were cast down. If they had been lifted at that moment a sudden envious light could have been glimpsed in them. Every one had raised their feet about Virginia's part in that play, as though it were something unusual. It was absurd. And now Virginia imagining that she could go on the stage and make good, and Bill encouraging her!

"Yes, but the school play is one thing and the professional stage quite another," Kathleen said slowly. She was choosing her words carefully, for it would never do to let either Bill or Virginia know what was in her thoughts. "But it's my only chance," Virginia said almost pleadingly.

"And I for one believe you're going to make good," Bill said quickly, patting the hair that for a moment had been raised unconsciously upon the table. Bill's touch was surprisingly comforting, just as it had been that night when she had sobbed her heart out on his great white Jimmy lying in the next room.

If Virginia had known it, at that moment when Bill touched her hand, every bit of honest feeling that Kathleen had ever felt for her died in a sudden wave of jealous fury. A perfect storm of emotion raged in Kathleen's heart. Were all her careful plans to draw Bill back into her life to be spoiled now by this whining, big-eyed girl? Was this prating of a talent to fascinate Bill more than her own subtle attractions? She had made no headway at all at lunch. Her careful dressing so as to throw Virginia as much in the shade as possible had gone for naught. Bill had not seemed to notice any difference in their appearance. If things were going to happen this way it would be necessary to hurry things. She would have to surprise Bill as she had that night at school when he had taken her in his arms. Once that happened she would never let him go again. It would have to be soon. Then, there was the disquieting feeling that Virginia might make good on the stage, that she might soon be out of the Cinderella class, and that the talent that every one seemed to think she had might develop her into a very fascinating woman.

(Tomorrow—A decision to hurry matters.)

Kitchen Shower
A novel shower was held recently for a prospective bride. A rope on a pulley extended from the kitchen to the room where the guests were seated and while one girl played, "Oh, Promise Me," on the piano, another girl worked the pulley line so that the girls appeared one by one, daintily wrapped and fastened to the rope with spring clothespins. The bride-elect received and opened each gift as it came and much merriment ensued.

In the dining-room the table was decorated in blue and white, with blue candles, and nut cups surmounted by miniature kettles and pans. Each guest was given a surprise package by the bride which afforded great amusement.

The dishes on the table were all intended for the bride, and consisted of "lass cooking," champagne, tin and ordinary kitchen dishes.—In Today's Housewife.

Baby's Things
In washing fine flannels, such as baby's little shirts and petticoats, always add a little borax to the water about a tablespoonful to a gallon. Flannels should be washed in warm (not hot) soapy water. They should be rinsed in lukewarm water, to which should be added a little ammonia, which will aid materially in keeping them soft and nice. Do not wring flannels at all, but hang them up and let the water drip from them. This method of cleansing and drying will cause the minimum amount of shrinkage.

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PUTTING OFF THAT TRIP TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Why Is It So Much Easier to Go On Suffering With An Ailment and Asking Everybody but the Right Person About It?

The subject that brings the most spontaneous laugh from readers of the joke columns or audiences at comedy movies is the failure of human nature to make itself go to a doctor. We see a man suffering with toothache, his jaw swollen to twice its size, as he paces the floor at 3 o'clock in the morning, counting the minutes until the time when he can see his dentist. We see him again at 9:30, wandering slowly, uncertainly toward the doctor's office, his courage and the toothache, his jaw swollen to twice its size, with each step. He reaches the door, hesitates—and discovers that he suddenly has no more pain than he has nerve. So he goes by. About ten steps further on the ache comes back again harder than ever, but it is too late; then; the doctor has gone out, or someone has taken his appointment time.

The Woman's Exchange

State Marriage Laws
To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—Would you kindly publish in your paper full information in regard to getting married in Doylestown, Pa.

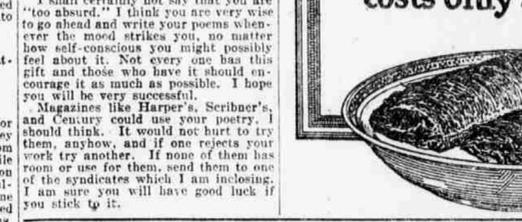
How long must one from another state hold license before usable?
A BRIDE-TO-BE.
The state laws require that both parties appear in applying for a marriage license. If either is under twenty-one, the father, mother, or guardian must appear to give consent. The license must be applied for at the county seat, and as Doylestown is a county seat, that simplifies that. The license may be used immediately and is good for sixty days.

She Writes Poetry
To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—I have come to you in hopes that you might be able to help in my dilemma. I write poetry—oh, just "oodles" of it. I have never had a verse rejected, I never receive a recompense. Of course, I have only sent to newspapers.

I write by mood. Some of my poetry is jocular and some calm and dignified. It is full of originality, if I do say so myself, and all of my friends and teachers have urged me to have a collection published.
I will here quote one I wrote last year:
My Flag
My flag has eyes in a field of blue,
And each eye winks, 'Be true, be true.'
It has big wide bars leading into the land
Of bravery, friendship and courage, too.
The little eyes are the stars of heaven,
And they shine to me through your sky of blue.
The big wide bars lead to victory,
Revealing the beauty of heaven and—
you."

Do you know of any really nice magazine that has a use for this line of verse? Please don't say I am too absurd. This dreaming is my life, and my verse is but the expression of a caged soul.
I shall certainly not say that you are "too absurd." I think you are very wise to go ahead and write your poems whenever the mood strikes you, no matter how self-conscious you might possibly feel about it. Not every one has this gift and those who have it should encourage it as much as possible. I hope you will be very successful.
Magazines like Harper's, Scribner's, and Century could use your poetry, I should think. It would not hurt to try them, anyhow, and if one rejects your work try another. If none of them has room or use for them, send them to one of the syndicates and I am including, if I am sure you will have good luck if you stick to it.

Easy to prepare
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Delicious—when served hot for breakfast or as dainty desserts—Farina Pudding and Farina Jelly. A nutritious delicacy when fried and served with syrup.



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