MRS. WILSON WILL TEMPT YOU WITH THIS RABBIT PIE

She Gives Buckeye Recipe for This Delicious Meat—Apple Dumplings Have Fascinating Filling With Raisins and Chopped Nuts Added

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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Friday Market Basket

COLD and snappy December weather brings visions of savory dishes and the house filled with delicious and homey smells of good cooking. The markets are now abundantly supplied with rabbits and cottontails.

The meat of the rabbit is equally as good as chicken and other game, and if nicely prepared it should be delicious. Recently, while in Ohio, I visited the markets of one of the metropolitan cities there and found that not only the rabbit, but all poultry are drawn and dressed in the market stalls in a remarkable manner.

The rabbits are skinned and washed until they are snowy, pinky white and look quite appetizing. I felt that the good housewives in the Buckeye State, whose mothers gave to them the wonderful and true womanly heritage of housewifely arts—namely, cooking—must have stored away some very good, old-time rabbit recipes.

So, after considerable visiting about, I am bringing to this corner a truly delicious rabbit pie. This season should be the planning and making of good and attractive home foods that will keep the body in balance. At this time of year, too, it is wise to avoid over-rich desserts.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Cereal and Cream
Fried Country Pork — Brown Gravy
Rice Waffles — Coffee

DINNER

Celery — Home-made Relish
Buckeye State Rabbit Pie
Mashed Potatoes — Cauliflower
Beet Salad
Apple Dumplings — Coffee

SUPPER

Cold Sliced Brawn
Potato Salad
Apple Sauce — Crumb Cake — Coffee

The market basket will require:

One large rabbit.
Two pigs' feet.
Three-quarters pound of country (salt) pork.
One-half peck of apples.
Two small stalks of celery.
Two pounds of potatoes.
Two pounds of onions.
One carrot.
One turnip.
One cauliflower.
Bunch of parsley.

and the usual weekly staples.

Fried Country Pork, Brown Gravy

Have the butcher cut, sliced thin, three-quarters of a pound of country salt pork. Allow two slices for every person for five people. Remove the rind and then nick every half inch. Parboil and then drain. Dip in flour and then brown, and add four tablespoonfuls of flour to the fat in the pan. When nicely brown add one cup of milk. Bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Season. Do not add the fat to the pan when browning the pork.

Rice Waffles

One and one-half cups of milk.
Two cups of flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
Three level teaspoons of baking powder.
One level tablespoon of sirup.
Two level tablespoons of shortening.
One cup of boiled rice.

Place in a mixing bowl and then beat to mix. Bake in well-greased waffle irons.

Buckeye State Rabbit Pie

Cut the rabbit in suitable pieces for serving as soon as it comes from market. Wash well in warm water and then place in a bowl and add:

Two cups of sliced onions.
One-half cup of vinegar.
One teaspoon of thyme.
One-half teaspoon of sweet marjoram.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
One cup of finely chopped celery.

MRS. WILSON WANTS

To present the best and most tasty suggestions that she can find in this corner for you. Whenever she hears of any

New Recipes

She goes right off to get them, no matter whether she has to travel to Maine, Canada, Kansas or the South. If you know of any good, wholesome dishes that are economical and appetizing

Send Them to Her

And your name will be published with them.

Any questions that you want to ask about cooking will be answered by Mrs. Wilson in her query column. She cannot give personal answers, so do not inclose stamps, but she requires your name and address as an evidence of good faith.

WATCH THIS CORNER

Turn the rabbit frequently and let stand until dinner time. Now add three cups of boiling water, the carrot and turnip diced fine. Cook rabbit slowly while the Saturday evening dinner is cooking. Cook until tender and then set aside until Sunday. Drain the gravy and thicken with cornstarch. Line a shallow pie dish or pudding pan with plain pastry, lift in the rabbit and pour over the thickened gravy. Now add one dozen dumplings. Place on the top crust. Pinch the edges closely together. Brush well with milk and then bake in a slow oven for one hour.

How to prepare the dumplings:

Put through the food chopper sufficient green tops of the celery to measure

Two-thirds cup and then add:
Two finely chopped onions.
One-half teaspoon of thyme.
One cup of flour.
Two-thirds cup of bread crumbs.
One-half cup of finely chopped suet.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.
One egg.

Form into balls the size of an egg. Drop into a pan of boiling water and cook for ten minutes. Lift on a skimmer or wire spoon and then place in the pie.

Apple Dumplings

Try placing a baked apple in a well-greased custard cup and sprinkling with finely chopped nuts and a few seeded raisins. Then cover with a thin crust of pastry. Brush the pastry with milk and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Cool and then loosen the edges of the pastry from the sides of the custard cups and invert on a saucer. Garnish with jelly and serve with sweet cream sauce.

Brawn

This old-fashioned dish comes also from the Buckeye state. Have the butcher crack two pigs' feet and then wash to cleanse thoroughly. Place in a saucepan and add:

Fagot of soup herbs,

and sufficient water to cover. Bring to a boil and cook slowly until the meat falls from the bones. Turn into a colander and drain the stock. Now add to this stock:

One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.
Two-thirds cup of vinegar.
Two onions, chopped fine.

Bring to a boil and then cook for fifteen minutes. Now add the meat from the feet, chopped very fine, and three tablespoons of gelatin which has been soaked in one-half cup of cold water for one-half hour.

Stir to dissolve the gelatin and then bring the mixture to a boil. Rinse a loaf-shaped pan with cold water and then drain well and turn in this mixture. Let cool and then chill to become firm. Prepare this on Saturday so that it may be firm enough to slice. This is also called pork cheese.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Unvarnishing Your "God"

"You never know a man," we often hear, "until you live with him!" which smacks somewhat of the timeworn cynicism, "All is not gold that glitters!"

In all fairness, however, it must be said that young brides' "disillusionment" is due very frequently to nothing more than the transition of her young god from the artificial personality of a suitor to the more unaffected state of a husband.

More often than not it is simply that we expected too much—that through the rose-colored glasses of courtship days we saw only perfection and neglected to reckon with the certainty of human faultiness which "living with him" very soon brings upon the scene.

But unfortunately there are instances where living with a man or woman does bring out characteristics that, had we known of them before, might seriously have affected our choice.

And since we cannot live with the person who wants to marry us before we do marry him, we must take the second best way of finding him out. And that is to observe him with those who are living with him!

Observe your amiable young man with his mother. Is he affectionate and courteous? Is he chivalrous and kind to her? Then he will make a good husband. But beware of the man who is superior and patronizing or impatient and sharp with his mother.

Observe him with his sisters. Is he the kind of a big brother you always wished you had? Then he will make a good husband. But consider, girls, before you marry the man who is arrogant with his sisters, who has not condescended to be their pal, who sneers at them and seems to think it clever to hold them up to ridicule.

There is, of course, the perfectly good brother who is a terrible tease! But good-natured, harmless teasing is one thing and malicious backbiting, the kind of humor that depends for its spice on somebody's tears, is quite another. And if you marry a man who indulges in this sort of thing in his home, though now he may treat you like a queen, you are taking a chance of some day yourself being the butt of his self-fancied "cleverness."

Observe him with his small brother. In the nature of things he should be the little fellow's god. Is he? Does the youngster run to the door to greet him or does he flee in terror of a heavy hand?

Remember, girls, with you he is on his company manners. But at home he cannot long be anything but the man he is. If you marry him you will belong to his home. And off with his collar and tie will go his company manners. Ask yourself always—will you be content to receive what you see him giving in his home? If you will you are a lucky girl and will be a happy woman.

If you would not, weigh carefully the price you may have to pay. For while there are indeed exceptions where the fault may be with the particular parent or brother or sister, nine times out of ten a man's relations with his family, or at least his treatment of them, is a first-class indication of what is in store for his wife.

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The Unwelcome Wife

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Anthony Harriman's marriage to Charlotte Graves, a girl beneath him socially, was a great disappointment to Mrs. Harriman, who had expected him to marry a girl in his own set. Charlotte was treated so miserably and became so unhappy that she finally ran away from home and went back to the farm without telling any one that she was to become a mother. When Tony discovered the truth he was conscience-stricken because he had made no effort to go after Charlotte. He determined to make it up to her, but when she returned she was changed toward him. Love seemed dead in her, and then one day the baby was taken desperately ill and emotion awoke in her for the first time since Junior's birth.

Reconciliation

CHARLOTTE slept. Her nerves had been stretched to the breaking point and she needed rest. When she awoke at last, a dim light burned over near the dressing table and she was alone. She felt refreshed and there was a gladness in her heart that made her spring up, throw on a dressing gown and hurry out to the nursery.

A dim light was burning there, too, and the nurse sat nodding in her chair. Charlotte bent over the crib and saw her baby lying there safe and sound. His breathing was natural, his face was only normally flushed, his pink fists were thrown back against the pillow in a way babies have, and Charlotte stood and gazed for a long time without moving.

Then she went over and touched the nurse on the arm.

"You'd better go to bed, Norah," she said, as the woman started up.

"How do you feel, Mrs. Harriman; all right now?"

Charlotte nodded.

"When is the doctor coming back?"

"He will look in tomorrow morning, but the baby is all right. It's always that way with croup. Fighting for breath one minute and all right the next if it's taken in time."

Charlotte shuddered. She did not want to think of the afternoon, she wanted to forget everything that had happened. And yet, she mused, but for the afternoon's agony, her heart might have remained as it had been for so long, cold and unresponsive. For weeks she had doubted her ability ever to feel deeply again, and like a shot, emotion had awakened in her and she was alive.

As she stole out of the nursery, a feeling of shyness crept over her. She wanted to see Tony and yet she dreaded it. She remembered her tenderness when he had knelt at her bed, it had been easy then to show her feeling, now she was afraid. In the living-room door, she paused. Her approach in light slippers had been noiseless, the heavy rugs deadening all sound, and now she was suddenly conscious that she was very lightly clad, and Tony seemed a stranger.

He was sitting before the table and some blueprints were spread out before him, which he was studying closely. Charlotte wondered what they were and crept nearer. A loose board creaked and Tony looked up and saw her standing there. Her ash blonde hair was loose around her and her blue eyes were dark in the half light. He saw her as he had dreamed of seeing her, eager, palpitating and yet he could not believe that feeling for him had come back to her heart. He did not dare to hope too much.

He sprang to his feet, and they both stood hesitating. When he spoke it was not at all what he wanted to say, but the merest commonplace.

"You ought not to run around like this, you'll take cold."

"I've just been in to see the baby," Charlotte returned, drawing her light silk robe more closely about her. "What have you there?"

Tony turned and looked down at the loose sheets. "They're plans," he said slowly.

"Plans for a house?"

"For a house?"

"Yes; for our house, a little Colonial bungalow down by the sea. I wanted to surprise you. I've had them for a long time. I thought we could steal away in May some time, and be alone. I thought maybe I could win you back that way." Tony's voice faltered.

"Why, Tony," Charlotte's own voice was firm, and there was a little trill of gladness in it. "I am back. I don't think I was ever very far away."

She caught her breath as his arms closed around her, but she did not flinch. She wanted to be there. She felt that nothing could ever come between them again.

(Tomorrow—And They Lived Happily Ever After)

Jean Northrup is

"The Husband Hater"

But she hates poverty more than the man who asks her to marry him. Her life on the ranch out West, isolated from all the refinement and luxury in which she has been brought up, is dull and dreary until she meets a man of her own kind. And then—

Hazel Devo Batchelor

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The first chapter will appear on Monday, December 13.

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IT'S NOT QUITE RAGS, BUT'S MADE OF TAGS

By CORINNE LOWE

To get up a brand-new restaurant frock all you have to do nowadays is to get into a bureau drawer. From last season we have held over the thrifty fashion of putting a bodice of one material with a skirt of another. And a second avenue of economy still open to us is the demi-lace gown.

Black lace and black tulle are seen constantly in both the dinner gown and its more formal sister, the evening frock. Chantilly is particularly favored, and if we would get up a dinner frock something like today's drawing, all we have to do is to organize a raid upon our bureau drawers. Surely every one of us has some old black satin frock which would form the foundation for this dress and some other old lace frock which could be persuaded to do the draping.

For the rest, there is a girdle of jade beads, and these might plunge us into an investment.

HUMAN CURIOS

The Little Cockerel

On Sunday, May 16, 1920, the crowd which filled the arena at Talavera, a provincial city some fifty miles southwest of Madrid, in Spain, appeared in the brightest of costumes, and the most buoyant of spirits. And why not? Was not Jose Gomez, the foremost matador in Spain, the man whom the people idolized under the nickname of "El Gallito" ("The Little Cockerel"), going to fight the bull that afternoon? Had he not declined other offers of much money in order that he might assist in dedicating this new arena.

Every person present knew the story of "El Gallito" by heart. They knew how, from a poor boy, he had amassed a fortune of $500,000 in the short space of seven years—how he had been wounded seven times—how his graceful, almost delicate gestures enraged the maddened animals and thrilled the spectators—how, at the last minute, just as it seemed impossible for him to escape the horns of the onrushing beast, he would sidestep, and, laughing, thrust his short sword into the heart of his adversary.

But on this afternoon, just as the "Little Cockerel" prepared for the death blow, something went wrong. By some miscalculation the hero of 1000 battles lost his footing. It was only for a moment that he slipped, but the beast was upon him, goring him into the sand. There he died, with the plaudits of thousands of spectators still echoing from the surrounding mountains.

And all Spain mourned his death. Even the festival of the king's birthday and a cabinet crisis were overshadowed by the passing of the popular idol. The crowd at his funeral was estimated at 50,000 people, and, in the history of the national sport of Spain, the name of Gomez, the "Little Cockerel," will be enshrined for all time.

Monday—The Town Where Women Rule

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Fears Friend Will Be O. M.

Mrs. C. S.—Can you not give one or two little dinners or evening affairs and have some men and girls in to meet this young friend of yours? If she will not make efforts to make and keep friends herself, you can hardly take a man by force and tell him he is to see her fine qualities and fall in love with her. Marriage without love is a poor thing.

To "Lillian G."

One cannot exactly blame a girl's family for keeping a watch over her if she is so lacking in self-control that she leaves school when she should be studying and then runs from home when her family rightly remonstrate. Better go to night school now to make up for what you have lost. And, dear, stop thinking you ought to have your own way. No one is free to go against law and order.

He Asks Questions

Dear Cynthia—I was very much interested and also derived a great deal of benefit from your answers to "Nineteen" on "Etiquette." May I please ask you some more questions?

How should strangers introduce themselves upon becoming partners in a Paul Jones?

Is a man justified in refusing to take a girl to a dance or to the theatre because her dress is cut too low, her skirt too short or her face too covered with rouge?

Is it good form to call on a girl who has asked you to call in an offhand way after you have just met her?

I certainly would appreciate your answering these questions for me.

N. I. P.

The man should say "My name is John Jones," as they start to dance, and the girl answers immediately, giving her name.

The girl would probably be offended, but the man is justified if the costume is so extreme it makes him ashamed. If a few men would show their disapproval of extremes in low-cut bodices, very short skirts and common make-up, perhaps some of the women who go to extremes would stop and think a little. If the man is anxious to call on the girl, it would be perfectly good form to telephone to her and tell her you are going to take her at her word and call, and ask her when she will be in.

He Speaks of Love

Dear Cynthia—So Danny wants to know what love is? Ah, Dan, it's the philosopher's stone. No one knows. One can't accept the cold definitions of Noah Webster in such a case, nor can one follow up the inevitable paths of an unlimited philosophical field. Don't try to find out; for each road has a by-path, and every by-path leads into a veritable maze of intricacies. Humanity is too complex, far too difficult to analyze.

If you must know, you must experience it. If you understand the meaning of the term "passion" and the relations of an ordinary family I'll endeavor to bring a little light your way.

There is a high and low to everything; there are high ideals and low ideals, high passions and low passions. Every mortal thought and endeavor, including the scientific and the emotional, can be classified according to some standard. And only the struggle with time can enable us to set standards. Thus, when we speak of the low passions, we recognize that a certain coarse animal desire is meant. When we speak of the higher passions, we mean those emotions of a more noble nature, considered noble because they have originated in right thought. And here we have the ethics of love, the highest emotion.

It is human nature to have an affection for somebody. Whether or not that affection is decreased or increased within us depends on us. Never question love; it is inviolate. If your regard and friendship for some one has waned, loved has been subjugated, so to speak, within you by some external force. And this external force is invariably of the low emotions, as jealousy, envy, disgust, anger, etc. At times it manifests itself too intensely, and once more an extreme is reached. To endeavor to distinguish the kinds of love, to be able to separate the bonds toward our parents from the attachment to our sweethearts is useless, for our capacities are only within mortal range. Men have written volumes and volumes, but have merely touched upon the psychology. The description is even without the ken of the poet.

And that, Danny, is all. We can do naught but live through the thing. In our every-day lives we must adjust ourselves to be happy. We must listen to those who bore us, as well as to greater personalities and pretend to admire them. We must mentally apportion a reasonable amount of good things to offset the bad. We must "when passion holds the reins, let our reasons be the horse." And last, but not least, we must never ask foolish questions!

McWIZZBURGH.

HE EXPECTED GOOD LOOKS TO INFLUENCE THE JURY

Which Was Composed of Women—But, in Spite of the Jokes and Speeches and Cartoons, the Women Found Him Guilty

THERE was great talk, before women voted, about what kind of work they would do on a jury.

Pictures were drawn showing the jury powdering its nose, flirting with the handsome young lawyer and bringing its pet pom into the courtroom.

Jovial remarks were made about how polite everybody would have to be, how long the poor prisoner would have to be kept in suspense for the decision of the jury and how lenient that jury of twelve women would be if the poor prisoner happened to be a good-looking young man.

There have been a number of women juries since then.

The jokes are kept up and the funny prophecies and predictions are still being made.

But one man carried his joke a little too far.

HE WAS a peddler.

During the off hours of the peddling business he posed as a dentist, and managed to extract a number of teeth and a good many dollars from several "patients."

Then they found him out and took the case to court.

It was discovered that he had no license to practice dentistry and just as little knowledge of the subject.

There were some five or six witnesses against him.

But he wasn't afraid.

He was good-looking, he thought, with bright color, curly hair and flashing eyes, and he considered himself perfectly safe with a soft-hearted jury of women.

He even went so far as to announce that he was sure a jury of women would be much more lenient in his case than a jury of men would have been.

How fortunate, he seemed to think, as he flashed those killing glances toward the jurybox, that they were all women, and that he was so good-looking.

BUT he counted too much on the prerratification articles, speeches, cartoons and jokes.

He relied too strongly upon his convictions.

His jury of women listened to all the evidence, withstood his smiles—and within a very short time declared him guilty.

No doubt he will be more careful about his glances and his smiles hereafter, not to mention his actions.

And perhaps his experience will convince some of the jolly jokers that, after all, women are not so easily influenced by good looks.

It gets just a little tiresome sometimes, this lack of confidence in the common sense of a person just because she happens to be a woman.

OF COURSE, it is mostly in fun, and there are times, we must admit, when some of it is true, but there is such a thing as drawing it out too long.

We get sick of hearing ourselves forever considered as jokes in connection with anything serious or worth while.

And it's very nice to know that it was a jury composed entirely of women who "put over" this joke on one of the jokers.

What It Means

When the south wind blows, there will be heat.

Wind from the north means cold weather.

"No weather is ill
If the wind is still."

The south wind brings heat and plenty; the west wind brings fish and milk; the north wind cold and storms, and the east wind fruit on the trees.

A hurricane is revealed as described in Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus.":

"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear the hurricane.
Last night the moon had a golden ring
And tonight no moon we see."

Thunder in the fall indicates a mild, open winter.

The first thunder of the year is said to awake the frogs and snakes from their winter sleep.

Thunder in the evening indicates much rain.

When you hear thunder for the first time in the year, take a stone and tap your forehead with it three times, and you will be free from headache for a year.

"A rainbow in the morning is the sailor's warning.
A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight."

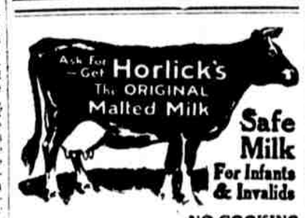
The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Who has been declared to be the most beautiful woman in the world?
2. Describe a convenient device which keeps the corners of a high soft collar smoothly in place.
3. How can a thin-looking velvet flower be made into a striking corsage ornament for an evening gown?
4. What will remove cocoa stains from a linen tablecloth?
5. Describe a striking girdle for a black lace evening frock.
6. Give a new way of trimming the dress hanger for a Christmas gift.

Yesterday's Answers

1. Mrs. James J. Brown, of Newport, R. I., is said to carry the largest amount of life insurance of any woman in the world.
2. A man's striped silk shirt, worn out just below the collar band and just above the cuffs, can be cut into an attractive blouse for his wife, with collar and cuffs to match the dark stripe.
3. When the old plush curtains are faded and shabby "new" ones can be made by painting the old ones, laid out flat on the ground, with hot dye and a large paint brush, and brushing them briskly with a stiff brush, when dry, to raise the nap.
4. A novel toothbrush that can easily be cleaned is of metal with bristles that can be detached for sterilizing.
5. An acceptable gift for the man who travels a great deal would be a leather case containing a military brush, comb, mirror, nail file, etc.
6. A surplice blouse is secured at the side of the waist by means of a long sash, end of the back breadth which passes through a slit in the front and fastens.



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