

MRS. WILSON GIVES RECIPES FROM PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

Various Delicious Kinds of Pie, Lemon Cheese Cake, Apple and Raisin Strudel Are Among Them.

By MRS. M. A. WILSON (Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.) THE thrifty Pennsylvania Dutch housewife usually regards her family with delicious desserts; in fact, it is well known that these good women have educated their family's sweet tooth to the extent of eating pie for breakfast.

A visit to the community of these thrifty folk, if you are fortunate enough to receive an invitation to visit their well-filled farms, will convince you that they not only serve two and often three varieties of pie for breakfast, but one may have his choice of two or more kinds of preserves.

This week I am bringing you some of the famous recipes from Little and Lancaster and York counties, and I must not forget to mention the Bethlehemans.

Pennsylvania Dutch Apple Pie Cake This delicious cake is made in an entirely different manner in two separate communities, so as both of the methods are splendid I will give you both recipes.

The first method: Pare and cut the apples in quarters and then place one-half cup of water.

One-half teaspoon of nutmeg in a saucepan and boil for ten minutes. Now add the apples, poaching in the syrup just long enough to give them a clear, transparent appearance. Line a deep cake pan with plain pastry and then brush with melted butter. Spread with a layer of the prepared apples, having the layer at least three-quarters deep. Now place in a mixing bowl.

Two-thirds cup of sugar. Yolks of two eggs. Cream until a light golden yellow color and then add.

One cup of flour. Two level teaspoons of baking powder. Six tablespoons of milk.

Beat to mix and then cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Place three-quarters inch layer of this batter over the prepared apples and then a second one-half-inch layer of the prepared apples, then a layer of the batter, having three layers of the batter, dust with powdered sugar and bake for one hour in a slow oven.

The second method: Grease and flour a deep cake pan and place a layer of batter as prepared in the first method, having the layer about one-half inch thick, then a layer of the prepared apples, then a layer of the batter, having three layers of the batter, dust with powdered sugar and bake for one hour in a slow oven.

Two tablespoons of shortening. One teaspoon of cinnamon. Rub between the fingers until a crumbly mass and then spread over the cake. Bake in a slow oven for one hour.

Note: The pan in which this cake is baked should be at least four inches deep. The old style straight-side wedding cake pan is the one generally used. No bottom crust of pastry in the second recipe.

Lemon Currant Cheese Cake Line a deep layer cake pan with plain pastry and then place in a saucepan one cup of water.

Four tablespoons of flour. Stir to dissolve the flour and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for three minutes. Remove from the stove and let cool. Now place in a mixing bowl.

Two-thirds cup of sugar. Yolks of three eggs. Cream until a light lemon color and then add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, the prepared cream sauce, made with the milk and yolks.

Use a half teaspoon of grated nutmeg. One-half teaspoon of salt. One cup of cottage cheese. Beat to mix and then add three-quarters cup of well-cleaned currants, pour in the prepared pan and dust the top lightly with cinnamon. Bake for five minutes in a slow oven.

Use the whites of egg in a snow cake. Snow Cake Sift two-thirds cup of sugar.

One-quarter teaspoon of salt. One-half teaspoon of powdered sugar. One cup of flour.

Menu Contest Honor List

Mrs. M. B. Shallcross, 5545 South Seventh street.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Lamb Stew with Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes, Buttered Beets, Cucumber Salad, Muffins, Apple Tapioca, etc.

Mrs. E. B. Edwards, Wildwood, N. J.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Baked Ham, Creamed Carrots, Milk Rissole, Butter, etc.

Mrs. F. M. Turnbull, Riverton, N. J.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Kidney Bean Croquettes with Tomato Sauce, Watermelon Pickle, Potatoes, etc.

Use mayonnaise dressing for the potato salad and creamed coleslaw. Prepare the eggless mayonnaise and then reduce to the desired consistency with equal parts of evaporated milk and vinegar.

Why not select one of those small ovens that can be placed on top of the refrigerator? It is a real stove! It will bake and roast for you.

HOLLYHOCK SEEDS ARE GOOD



A reader has discovered that hollyhock seeds are good to eat. So you can make that beautiful specimen the double purpose of pleasing the eye and providing food.

There is nothing new under the sun. I have found out that hollyhock seeds, cooked with green make a good vegetable. About forty seeds are contained in the pod of the hollyhock, arranged around in a circle about as big as a twenty-five-cent piece.

These white seeds are tender, taste like green peas, when chewed they become mucilaginous; cooked, they remind me of okras. I believe they belong to the same family (the mallow or malva family).

The mallow belongs to the same family, as does the little plant which produces cheese that as a child I ate. The members of this family are all harmless to eat. The flowers are all beautiful, notably those of the hollyhock and the hibiscus.

The hollyhock seeds, if very young and not at all black, are tender and cook easily. The seeds do not loosen. Stewed with meat and potatoes they add to the stew, contributing some food value and flavor to the dish. In soup they thicken the fluid and flavor it as do okras. Stewed with mushrooms they are quite delectable. The pods must be removed before cooking.

There is nothing more beautiful than a long row of hollyhocks in a June or July garden. They produce a large number of seeds, are easily cultivated, come up the second year and require no fertilization. Since the high cost of living has hit most of us hard, the seeds require some seasoning with herbs and condiments.

No doubt, a thoughtful reader will come forth with the statement that in her early youth she ate them about the time tomatoes ceased to be an ornament and became a food. R. L. P. M. D.

CARELESS HEARTS

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR (Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.)

Julian's Dip Into Bohemia Diana and Julian Long, after three years of courtship, decided to do the unconventional thing and separate. They have not quarreled, but they have known each other for years before they were married, and they have never been so close to each other as they are now.

When he did go with Jimmy Lawrence to call on Miss Carroll, who did not like him, he was surprised. She was charmingly artistic, she seemed different, she was the first of her kind that Julian had seen. He had never met a woman like her.

She shared an apartment with another woman, a Miss Carroll, who did not like him, and together the two women had made a real home out of the place, which was the first of her kind that Julian had seen. He had never met a woman like her.

Julian felt that he had never met a woman so well pleased, and so coldly superior and businesslike. There was a note about her air of complete self-confidence, she was crisply efficient, entirely capable of the old-fashioned, entirely practical, and entirely unromantic.

She wore a plain, tailored blue suit, with a large fur collar, a trim little blue hat and a veil. Her shoes were pink, and her eyes, which met his level, held violet hints, as though his level, where in this young woman's makeup there was suppressed femininity.

Julian learned afterward through Jimmy Lawrence that Miss Lowell was one of the best-known advertising women in the city, and that she made \$100,000 a year.

"She's a peach of a girl," Jimmy said enthusiastically. "Want to meet her some time?"

"Don't tell me she's human," Julian returned. "She's a statue, and she's interesting. She's the new woman, and it takes a worthwhile man to attract her, believe me."

A man doesn't want to feel that he is a bookish hang-around. "Exactly," Julian said, smoothly, setting back in his chair in the expectation of a good laugh.

"But why?" Hortense asked, her slim brows raised, her violet eyes full of wonder. "Because she can't do a man's job and still be a woman?"

"But what do you mean by that?" "I mean that I'm still old-fashioned enough to believe that a woman's chief asset is charm."

"Charming men," interrupted Lotta Carroll. "Exactly," Julian said, smoothly, setting back in his chair in the expectation of a good laugh.

"Chill drinking water and such foods as butter and olives by letting them stand in the ice chest rather than by serving them with iced cream."

"What use can be made of a broken handkerchief?" "Describe a novel clock that is pretty for the bedroom."

"How can fresh collars and cuffs be kept flat and unwrinkled when they are packed in a suitcase?"

Yesterday's Answers 1. A lemon squeezer can be used in place of the glass top of the refrigerator.

2. When there is danger of moth in a closet in which woollens are stored, give extra protection in wrapping the packages by sealing all the edges with strips of gummed paper.

3. A mirror for a doll's house can be made by sticking a piece of cardboard and edging it with paper.

4. A dainty candy jar suitable for the parlor is covered with pleated silk to match the room and edged with gold lace.

5. When the crown of a rubber bathing hat with a wide brim becomes shabby or worn out, substitute a full crown of surf satin and keep the hat for rainy days in a winter.

6. The newest coat for autumn is a short unbuttoned one, very often with a military collar.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

No More Letters, Please Myrtle G.—If readers of the column want to take valuable time and cheat their husbands about their problems, wait one day for lack of space, while an untrue problem is answered. Cynthia will not be able to answer the column is not for jokes, and Cynthia will greatly appreciate it if you do not write to it again unless you really need help and advice.

There are too many letters waiting for answers for Cynthia to give space to the second letter, "Myrtle G."

To "Distressed" Dear Cynthia—Through you, a few words to "Distressed." I am writing this on the eve of the eleventh anniversary of my marriage, and you can see I am no unsophisticated girl who cannot understand your perplexing (?) situation.

You do not love your wife with the deep, true, all-absorbing passion which a husband should feel for his life-partner, and you finally found the true mate for which your affections yearn. It is the old story of the eternal "triangle" and may I woman, in a similar position to your wife, give you a little advice which would save her the agonizing pain which she is now suffering with your present mate?

You cheer up the woman you came in touch with, giving her the privilege of hearing your name and your life, and you are man enough to give her the same in return. She has worked hard, and with you she has a monotonous round of home duties, year in and out. You are a man, and you should give her a home, the clothes she needs and a hand of gold on her left hand. What she needs is a man who will sympathize and understand your condition of your career and thoughtful consideration of the four quarters of the world.

Was she your "pal," or was she permitted to live the life circumscribed by the four quarters of the world? Did she depend on her mere reading of outside events to keep in touch with the world outside? Would you take her here and there, thinking and planning for her, and making her feel that you love and appreciate her goodness?

Perhaps she does not meet you on the level of your high intelligence. She feeds the unsatisfied longing of your aspirations, but she is going on, day by day, doing the things which you do not do, and who knows what unsatisfied longings and heartache disappointment are in her mind? Do you know what she is really feeling? Do you know what she is really feeling? Do you know what she is really feeling?

There is nothing more beautiful than a long row of hollyhocks in a June or July garden. They produce a large number of seeds, are easily cultivated, come up the second year and require no fertilization. Since the high cost of living has hit most of us hard, the seeds require some seasoning with herbs and condiments.

No doubt, a thoughtful reader will come forth with the statement that in her early youth she ate them about the time tomatoes ceased to be an ornament and became a food. R. L. P. M. D.

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WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE



NOON in the city. That means the lunch hour. It was a hot noon, too, in the latter part of August.

Standing on the step of an entrance into a store, you could look down the street and see a bobbing, surging mass of heads for several blocks down.

It didn't seem possible that there could be room for so many people. And they had all had one idea in their heads—to get lunch, get cool, and get back to work again on time.

Men came hustling out of office buildings, consulting their watches, looking up with worried frowns to catch a safe moment between traffic to cross the street.

Girls in "serviceable" dark blue dresses that tried to be neat in spite of the hot weather came out by twos, all hot, all intent upon food, ice cream, and putting on clothes that look well.

Even the trolleys and cars seemed to be going faster than usual. Everywhere there was that hot, bustling atmosphere of a city in a hurry and anxious to get there in a hurry and get back on time.

Everywhere people greeted one another with a "hello" or "good day." It was midsummer, hot, at noon, the lunch hour.

BUT there was one cool, unperturbed person on the street. Her name was Alicia, and she looked

just as calm and dainty and undisturbed as her name sounds. She wore a wide, unbusinesslike, floppy straw hat, loaded with frivolous flowers.

Her dress was blue, indeed, but it had little white dots all over it, and a white collar, and white wash and white flowers.

She had short sleeves with wide or-gandy cuffs, and she carried her gloves in her hand.

She looked as if she didn't have a care in the world, as if she had never lifted a finger to do a stroke of work, as if she seemed to be purely decorative.

She strolled along with a half-smile on her face, and a "hello" to the world, that made two hard-working young stenographers dislike her at sight and say so to each other.

IF THEY had only known the truth! Fifty weeks out of the year Alicia dons a hat that will stand hard wear, and puts on clothes that look well without being too frail to endure rough usage.

Fifty weeks out of the year Alicia wears a hat that will stand hard wear, and puts on clothes that look well without being too frail to endure rough usage.

But for two weeks she "vacates." And during that vacation she just loves to stroll about with a half-smile on her face, and a "hello" to the world, that made two hard-working young stenographers dislike her at sight and say so to each other.

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ALICIA STROLLED ALONG IN THE LUNCH-HOUR CROWD

And Smiled to See Them All Hurrying to "Get Back on Time." Fifty Weeks a Year She Has to Hurry That Way, Too

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