

RECIPES FOR MAPLE DAINTIES—LITTLE SISTER'S SPRING DRESS—LETTERS TO CYNTHIA

MRS. WILSON TELLS WAYS TO USE MAPLE SUGAR AND SIRUP, TOO

Recipes for Maple Cake Filling and a Tempting Mousse That Isn't Frozen — A Way to Bake Apples With the Sugar and Combining It With Gelatine—Sweet Doughs and Pie

By MRS. M. A. WILSON Copyright, 1919, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.

IN THE time of long ago our granddads nurtured and kept off the woodman's ax the maple tree; because he knew full well that shortly after the winter closes and just before budding time he could reap a wonderful harvest of maple sap, which could be quickly turned into sugar to repay him for his trouble.

Today many of these groves have fallen before the axe of civilization. The woodman feels that his needs are greater than those of us who crave the natural sweets.

Almost in sight of Lake Erie, in Geauga County, Ohio, the farmers have preserved their maple groves. This wonderful maple district, as well as those of New England and the western states, gives us a supply of this deliciously flavored sugar.

Up in the Vermont woods, along about March, the natives keep their weather eye open for the first indication of the breaking of winter. This is the time the first sap begins to run. The experienced woodsmen know very well the first heavy run carries the most sugar. So the sugar from the first run is almost golden in color, because the first sap is the lightest in color. From then on the color and quantity of the sap steadily decreases, until the buds begin blooming; at this time the sap usually takes a bitter flavor and is unfit for sugaring.

Just about the time the sap begins to flow, the air softens into gentle southern breezes; the woodpecker begins drumming and the blue jays and crows are cawing their first spring love notes from the boughs of the trees.

Sugar making in Vermont means early rising. There are chores to do and like as not snow to be shoveled. The evaporation must be set up and a roaring fire started. Everything must be scrupulously clean. Buckets and containers that hold the sap are scoured and rinsed and are then ready to receive the golden liquid.

The whole family must lend a hand now, for as the men folk tap the trees the children hang the buckets on the spouts. These buckets must be watched, and as soon as they are full, they are taken to the evaporator or boiler, where the process of boiling or sugaring commences.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Please publish this recipe. I want to know how you make timbale shells for oysters, etc. The recipe in my box of iron makes them so thin that they fall off the iron. Please send recipe and explain my trouble. I shall watch the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER for them.

Mrs. M. B. W. B.

Swedish Timbales Mrs. M. B. W. B.—Place the yolk of one egg in a cup and then fill with water. Place in a bowl and add One and one-quarter cupfuls of flour. Beat with a Dover egg-beater to blend and then place some vegetable cooking oil in a saucepan. Place the timbale iron in the fat to heat. When the fat is sufficiently hot enough to brown a crust of bread while you count from 101, 102, 103, etc., to 110, then lift out the iron and cool by swinging for a few moments. Wipe the fat by patting the bottom of the iron with a clean rag. Now dip the iron in the batter, taking care that it coats the iron about three-quarters of its depth. Fry in hot fat and remove from the iron. Wipe the iron and then dip again. Care must be taken to reduce the flame and keep the fat from getting any hotter. Your trouble seems to be that you fail to wipe your iron off each time after frying and then the grease causes the timbale to float off.

Mrs. Wilson Answers Questions

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Having read many recipes in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER and found them very good, I would like you to help me out on this one. When I make noodles for chicken soup I use two eggs and two table-spoonfuls of water and a pinch of salt. Well, after I have them made and dropped in the soup to boil they absorb all the broth and then there isn't any broth left. What is the cause of this? Please tell me, and also explain the proper way to make noodles. I will be watching for an early reply.

A BRIDE.

To Make Noodles A BRIDE—One egg, One-quarter teaspoonful of salt, One tablespoonful of water.

Place in a bowl and then add sufficient wheat flour to make a stiff dough. Let the dough stand for ten minutes, covered over, and then roll up until thin as paper. Then roll up and let stand for ten minutes. Cut with a sharp knife into broad or narrow strips. Let dry for two or three days in a cool, well-ventilated place.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please publish a recipe for the sticky cinnamon bun? A READER.

A READER.—In reference to sticky cinnamon bun see the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER of December 27 and 28, 1918.

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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.

In large groves teams, and sometimes oxen, are used to haul the sap. The boiling of the sap in the open kettle, except in small communities, has given way to the evaporation process, which not only prepares the sirup in a more uniform way, but also does it in less time, which is a marked contrast to the lengthy old-fashioned way.

This method leaves nothing to chance. A hydrometer is used to gauge the density of the sirup and if it is to be marketed as maple sirup, the gauge must register three degrees; it is then drawn off into cans which are hermetically sealed and then you have the delicious maple sugar that delights the heart of every epicure.

If sugar is to be made, the heat is now reduced and the sirup is cooked until it reaches the crystallizing stage. Then it is poured into a brick-shaped mold. This product is vastly superior to the old-fashioned open kettle sirup and sugar of the Colonial days.

How to Use Maple Sirup and Sugar Surely very few of us need an introduction to the delicious golden maple-flavored sirup that gives real zest to our hot cakes, muffins, puddings and sauces. And many of us know the delicious honey desserts that can be made with this product. Try filling the center of apples that are to be baked with maple sugar. Frequently substitute maple sugar in your recipes when making custard pie, gelatin and sweet doughs.

Maple Bisque Use one cupful of maple sirup. Heat the sirup to the boiling point and then pour it on the yolks of two eggs. Beat constantly and then let cool. Now beat the whites of two eggs very stiff and add to them One pint of whipped cream.

Then gradually blend in the maple sirup and yolks of eggs, adding

ing water in a saucepan and then add One teaspoonful of salt, Two slices of onion.

When boiling drop in the noodles. Cook for ten minutes and then add to the chicken broth. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. The cause of your trouble is either your noodle dough is too soft and the noodles are not sufficiently dry or there is not sufficient chicken broth to cook them in.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Have been ever so successful in trying some of the recipes you have published in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER and am taking the liberty of writing to ask you if you will kindly furnish me with a recipe for candied sweet potatoes, also one for deviled cake. Thanking you in advance, I am, H. E. W.

Candied Sweet Potatoes H. E. W.—One cupful of sirup, Six table-spoonfuls of sugar, One teaspoonful of nutmeg.

Place in an iron frying pan and then cook slowly until it will form into a soft ball in cold water. Then add the sweet potatoes, which have been boiled in their jackets and peeled. Turn the potatoes over and over to coat them. Now add four table-spoonfuls of water and let simmer slowly until the potatoes are hot and well candied.

Devil's Food Cake Three-quarters cupful of sugar, Six table-spoonfuls of shortening, Yolks of two eggs, Six table-spoonfuls of cocoa.

Now add Two cupfuls of flour, Three-quarters cupful of water, Three table-spoonfuls of baking powder, One teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Beat to a smooth batter and then cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of egg. Bake in well-greased and floured layer-cake pans in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. When cool put together with a meringue made of

White of one egg, One-half glassful of apple jelly.

Beat until stiff and then melt two blocks of sweet chocolate, adding one teaspoonful of hot water, then spread on the cakes.

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A FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL

One teaspoonful of almond flavoring. Pack into a mold and then bury the mold in salt and ice, using three parts ice to one part salt. Set aside to freeze for four hours.

Unfrozen Maple Mousse Line a dish with thin slices of sponge cake. Now place one cupful of maple sirup in a double boiler and add two level table-spoonfuls of gelatin, which has been soaked for twenty minutes, in four table-spoonfuls of cold water. Stir until the gelatin is melted and then fold in one cupful of whipped cream. Mix thoroughly and then pour into the prepared dish. Set aside to mold and, when firm, unmold and serve with custard sauce, using the maple sirup in place of the sugar to sweeten.

Maple Cake One cupful of sirup, Five table-spoonfuls of shortening, One teaspoonful of vanilla, Two and one-quarter cupfuls of flour, One-half cupful of water, Three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Beat to thoroughly blend and then carefully cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in two layer cake pans in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Place together with a filling prepared as follows:

Maple Cake Filling One cupful of milk, One cupful of maple sirup, One teaspoonful of vanilla, Five level table-spoonfuls of corn-starch.

Place in a saucepan and dissolve the starch in the milk and then add to the sirup and flavoring. Bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Now add the yolks of two eggs. Remove from the fire and beat well. Cool. Spread the top of the cake lightly with jelly and cover with cocoanut.

Please Tell Me What to Do By CYNTHIA

Should She Invite Him In? Mrs. A. L. let your little girl invite the young man in, if it is not too late. It would be well to have some few boys and girls, including this boy, in for an evening. Let them play cards or some interesting game and have some light refreshments. Do not allow your daughter to "keep company" with any boy, but let her have plenty of boy friends and later when she is older it will be time to think of love affairs for her. Now let it be healthy, sensible friendship under the wise supervision of her mother. You need not feel and should not feel obliged to stay with her when this boy calls, but be in the house and greet him when he comes. Do not let her or other boys who may call, stay later than 10 o'clock, of course. If you have several in for the evening they might stay a little later, but for young people half after 10 or 11 o'clock is late enough.

Women Are for It Dear Cynthia—"Ought a wife to wash the dinner dishes?" To me this seems a question that each individual should decide for himself. Personally, although married eight years, my husband says he does not enjoy the evening paper if I am working in the kitchen, so we do them together. Incidentally, we have some of our most enjoyable chats while doing the work. The great mistake some women make is to take it for granted that they get, instead of showing their appreciation each time assistance is rendered.

For "Paul's" information would state that for a real live woman the washing of dishes does not involve such mental strain to keep her out of mischief. It is a very mechanical task, and one's thoughts can roam far and wide while doing the dishes. Nowadays it is just as much a sacrifice for a woman to leave a good business position to undertake the management of a home, as it is for a man to provide for two, so why not both help with the monotonous dish-washing? EXPERIENCED.

Invite Her to the Party Dear Cynthia—I have been reading your columns as long as I can remember, and seeing the good and wholesome advice you have given others, I hope you will do what you can to help me. I am seventeen years old (that is, I will be very soon) and I intend to have a birthday party. Now some time ago, when I was going to business college, I met a girl who was about six months my junior. We became very good friends, nothing mushy though (I don't believe in that stuff) until she left school, about last Christmas. Shortly after I left myself and have not seen her since. I have never called at her house, as at the time I thought I was a little too young to be calling at girls' houses. Now what I want to know is, would it be good manners to invite this girl to my house to the party?

I intend to have a few others there, boys and girls, some of whom she is acquainted with. If I do invite this girl, should I call at her house for her, as she does not know any of the boys who will be there, who could escort her to the party? If you can answer this for me in

your column soon as possible, I will be very much obliged. "BARNEX"

Yes, invite the little girl to your party, but it does not seem practical for you to call for her or take her home, since you are to be the host. Some of the guests might arrive before you did. Surely the little girl has a father or brother or some other relative who can take her to the party and call for her, to take her home. If there is no one, arrange with her to let you call for her and bring her to your home earlier than the others then take her home after the party is over. If you are not sure there are all the time guests are there, as host.

Answers "Trained Nurse" Dear Cynthia—That nurse who is lamenting her loneliness may learn that there are men in Philadelphia just as lonely as she is, but who, for the sake of self-respect and decency, restrain themselves.

Not all men care to make a hobby of idle and foolish talk, rickety, railway and social and civic activities of city life. I have always lived in the country and the change from a quiet, pleasant country home to city life is far from congenial to my temperament.

I do not care a snap for society, the movies, theatres, cabarets or dances. For several years I had a very nice business in the city, but at the closing hour my first thought was my home.

My only companion now is a book or the daily papers. I like to go to good entertaining shows, but merely become disgusted with the staid and unimmodest array of personalities.

My gratification is that I could meet a few friends and discuss some things to confine their talks and discussions to the more noble and elevating matters of happiness and events.

It must be evident to persons of free social liberties that often their absence from home causes undue hardship and inconvenience to their families and living quarters.

They are the cabaret kind. And the men who are so very popular with the same class usually have a well-drained bank account.

It all depends what men and women want to be dependent or independent. I certainly feel sorry for the young man or woman wholly at the mercy of capitalists and regular traders and grafters.

To me it appears as a legitimate plan and policy to deny an occasional visit to the gay and white-light district. Men and women are pretty safe in their homes. I never entertained a thought but that 1 per cent of married women would agree to spend their evenings in their homes.

I am greatly surprised to learn of single women expressing such a desire. It is something so very, very unusual. There are plenty of extravagant women driving their husbands to bankruptcy and the divorce court. If you are still on the safe side feel proud of it. Virtue is not without a just reward. D. C. K.

War Insurance Inquiries Dear Cynthia—I have just received word from a friend that another friend of mine was killed in action. Now the one that was killed wrote me that half of his insurance was for me, but I have no paper of any kind and have moved several times since he went away.

I know I did not get all his mail. Would you please advise me what to do? How to find out about his insurance and if he is really dead? And I wish to say frankly your advice to others is excellent. J. D. M.

It would be well to find out if this friend died before you look into his insurance. Write to the adjutant general at Washington for news of him. If you have no papers to prove what your friend said and he has not made out his insurance as he told you, I am afraid you will have a hard time to get it. Be sure to keep the letter he wrote you telling you that you were to have half. That might help your cause. After you have heard from Washington and are assured of the death of your friend, write to the War Risk Insurance Bureau, Washington, and tell them your friend's name, his statement to you, etc.



This smart little frock for the little girl of twelve could easily win its way into her heart. The foundation is blue plaid taffeta, with a tunic of plain blue taffeta. The lines are very simple, but a sweeter little dress would be hard to find.

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

RUTH sat on the floor of her room taking stock of what she possessed. A pile of freshly laundered underwear decorated the chair nearest to her, and she glanced at it with distaste in her glance. It had not been improved by frequent laundering, and its once pristine freshness was somewhat yellowed. Pink crepe de chine is lovely when it is fresh, but two or three even careful washings will render it pallid and anemic looking.

Any woman who is at all feminine will appreciate the feeling that approaches a psychological bolstering process put into effect simply from gazing upon a scented drawer full of dainty things to wear. Ruth no longer possessed this. To be sure she had the drawer and the sachet and plenty of lingerie in all stages of wear, but she hadn't one single fresh, entirely unworn, perishable piece of lingerie to her name.

She viewed her possessions with extreme distaste and that night when Scott came home from work he found her surrounded by a sea of lacy-looking things. She was sewing, and a pile of freshly ironed ribbon was nearby waiting to be run through the mangle. "Oh," she said, starting up, "I didn't know it was so late."

"What's the girl doing?" Ruth was recalled from the blissful forgetfulness that Scott's kiss always awakened to a remembrance of the disaster that had filled her during the afternoon.

"O, just going through this old trash. Scott viewed the piles of feminine fripperies. Of course to the uninitiated male mind it looked like anything but trash. What man, understanding a woman's ideas, has a spoiled sense of what is good to me," he observed.

Ruth looked at it scornfully. "If that doesn't sound just like a man," she flung back. "Do you know, I haven't had a single new thing since I have been married? None of it is new."

"But if it isn't worn out, what difference does it make?" Scott persisted with maddening masculine perversity. "It means that I want something new, something fresh, something that hasn't been worn." Ruth said like a spoiled little girl, "I'm sick of buying things because I need them."

Nothing more was said that night, but the next morning after Scott had left for the office, Ruth found a ten dollar bill folded up and slipped under the ivory mirror on her dressing table. Her eyes filled with tears. Ten dollars to Scott meant a quick rush of joy in having had sense enough to marry Scott out of all the world. The next minute her mind leaped ahead and she was viewing the money comparatively. How would a ten dollar bill go toward buying silk underwear? She had seen a window full of the lovely luxurious things. A nightgown of silk and lace at the very least. What was the use of spending the money for one piece of lingerie. Scott would feel that he had made her happy because he had given her ten dollars and that would be the end of it. He would feel that he had done his share, and in reality she wouldn't be getting anything out of it at all.

(In the next installment a bridge invitation brings complications.)

Beaded Buckles One of the most unusual—although by no means freakish—of the evening slipper buckles is the beaded one. That does not mean that an elaborate design is worked out in colored beads. It means instead that a buckle is formed of row after row of very small beads, fastened snugly on a stiffened form. Jet and steel beaded buckles are worn on black slippers and on bronze and brown slippers buckles of tiny brown beads are worn.

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ABOUT THOSE WHO STAND UP FOR THEIR JUST RIGHTS

Such as Getting Every Item Included in the Sixty-Cent Dinner and Making the Ladies Put Down Train Windows—Do You Wear Out Your Life on Petty Triumphs?

IT WAS in a rather inconspicuous restaurant where you do very well in the evening for sixty or seventy-five cents, according to which bill you select. One of the prices you pay for getting good food at moderate cost is to share your table with any one who happens to come along. The lady in question had said "bring me the sixty-cent dinner."

She tranquilly sipped her soup and then in a few minutes arrived the time for the main act. In came the turkey cutlet, in came the lima beans, in came the sweet potatoes, the cup of coffee and the roll. The lady in question began to eat. Then slowly, like a cloud, a troubled scowling look crossed her brow. She laid down her knife and fork, picked up the menu card and began to take inventory of what was on the table.

Suddenly a look of satisfaction jumped onto her face and settled itself there. The knife and fork were allowed to remain inactive and there was a sharp knocking on the table with a spoon.

The busy waitress disengaged herself from a table nearby and came over.

"Waitress," said the voice that belonged to the strangely satisfied expression, "do you see bees written on this card? Is there any reason why I should not have them?" Then my friend tossed a gleaming glance of triumph across the table, just as though all the people who eat in restaurants were aligned in one solid army against girls who forget to bring bees.

Then she spoke still taking for granted the admiration from the other side of the table.

"Not that I care for bees," she said, "but I believe in sticking up for my rights." And hugging what seemed to be a triumph to her heart, she resumed the eating of her dinner.

HOW much time and energy some people spend in sticking up for their rights! Enough of both to really accomplish something worthwhile. Isn't it so? There is the man who gets in the hotel at eight and finds the clerk, in

some unaccountable way, has given out the room reserved for him on certain nights. There are two women already established in it and there is a room down the hall furnished something like it and with as many windows. Will he take it? Not if he has to sit up all night in the lobby! What right had they to give his room out? In the end he gets it, of course, and the two women with their bags and bundles are shifted. Triumph! No, 1001 for Johnnie Triumphant. What he wants he gets! Proud of his tactics, too.

YOU will find them in the stores; you will find them going to the manager of the theatre. They are the vast standing army who will neither allow the traveling public to keep the train window up nor to put it down—if they can possibly find a reason to prevent. They get their way as a rule, because, strictly speaking, they are "standing on their rights."

Petty triumphs! You can spend your whole life reaching for little things and you get them too, if you strive hard enough. But there is, after all, only just so much time, just so much energy given to each man. If we spend them on details, be assured we will not at the same time spend them to gain big things.

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Advertisement for MARCH 8. Includes text: "MARCH 8", "Then the specialists will be through and will return to you the Child of the Housewifery as nice as before the war.", "[ Watch this page ]".