

MRS. WILSON TELLS HOW TO MAKE THE OLD ENGLISH EASTER CAKES

Those Called Biddenden and an Interesting Legend Concerning Them. Try Making Some.

Recipe Also Given for Parisian Charlotte Russe With Russian Cream and One for Crullers

By MRS. M. A. WILSON
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THERE is an old legend that in the parish of Biddenden, Kent, England, there is an old endowment, dating back many centuries, for the purpose of supplying folk of the parish with cakes on Easter Sunday afternoon. This endowment is derived from a parcel of lands, and is known as the bread and cheese lands. All those who attend services Easter Sunday receive a loaf of bread weighing nearly four pounds, one-half pound of cheese and a Biddenden cake.

This cake is made from an old English recipe as old as the endowment.

Biddenden Cakes:
Place in a bowl
One and one-half cups of scalded and cooled milk.
Two tablespoons of sugar.
One teaspoon of salt.
Now add one yeast cake crumbled into tiny bits, and then stir well until dissolved. Now add three cups of sifted flour. Cover the bowl closely and let rise for two and one-half hours. Now place in a separate bowl.

One cup of flour.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
Four level teaspoons of baking powder.
Sift to mix and then rub in one level teaspoon of shortening, and mix to a dough with
One egg.
Six tablespoons of milk.
Turn on a lightly floured pastry board and roll out three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut into strips one-inch wide and three inches long. Fry golden brown in hot fat. Now place four tablespoons of jelly in a bowl and beat to soften. Brush each cruller lightly with the jelly, and then roll in sugar. Pile in log cabin style on a platter.

Easter Cakes
Place in a bowl
Two-thirds cup of sugar.
Two eggs.
Mrs. Wilson Answers Questions

My dear Mrs. Wilson—I have had splendid success with the recipes of yours that I have tried. I never miss reading your section of the paper. Can you give me a recipe for cake icing which resembles whipped cream, but is much firmer? The frosting seems to be coffee used between layer cake and spread on top an inch thick. Thanking you in advance,
M. E. R.
Butter Cream Icing
Two ounces fresh butter.
Cream well. Now add
One cup XXXX sugar.
One teaspoon vanilla.
Two teaspoons meringue flavoring.
One teaspoon lemon juice.
Beat until well blended.
Spread on cake.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—I make a study of your recipes and use a great many of them. You had a very nice one in the paper the other week; it was very easily made, but I lost my recipe. Will you kindly publish it in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER Postscript, also how to make peanut butter? Thanking you for past kindness,
Mrs. L. F.

Sponge Cake
Yolk of two eggs.
Three-quarters cup sugar.
Cream well and add
Four tablespoons water.
One cup of flour.
Two teaspoons baking powder.
Beat to mix, cut and fold in stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in moderate oven thirty-five minutes.
Use nut butter knife on food chopper for making peanut butter, adding one teaspoon of salt to each pound of shelled nuts.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—I am a faithful reader of your column and enjoy it very much, and am going to ask you a favor, which I hope and trust you will answer. I would like to have, if possible, the recipe for making Turkish coffee.
E. S.

Turkish Coffee
Make a strong mocha coffee. Sweeten to taste and add
One-half teaspoon vanilla extract or flavoring.
The genuine Turkish coffee is made from the pulverized bean, is not strained and served very sweet.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly tell me how to make the chocolate sauce, the kind the drug-gists pour over the sundae? Thanking you, I beg to remain, sincerely,
J. T. S.

Chocolate Sauce
Place in saucepan
One-half cup syrup.

AN EASTER BASKET TABLE



Here is a most novel suggestion for fixing the Easter table or, in fact, any springtime festive board. With the aid of crepe paper, wire and garlands the plain, ordinary table becomes a veritable fairyland basket that the bunny himself might have brought. Bunnies and novel little baskets aptly ornament the table as favors. This idea, with variations, can be beautifully adapted for the shower to be given for the engaged girl.

Cream until very light and then add two tablespoons of shortening. Now add
Four tablespoons of water.
One cup of flour.
Two teaspoons of baking powder.
Beat hard to mix. Now pour on a prepared baking sheet and spread out one-quarter inch thick. Bake for twelve minutes in a hot oven. Remove from the oven, and turn out on a towel that has been dusted with XXXX sugar. Trim the edges and spread with jelly. Roll in a towel to hold in shape until cool. Now cut in slices one-inch thick. Cover each slice with water icing and place a maraschino cherry in the center of each one.
To prepare pan, grease pan, line with paper, grease paper, and dust lightly with flour. Use baking sheet with the one-half inch turned edge for this.

One-half cup water.
Two tablespoons cornstarch.
Three tablespoons cocoa.
Dissolve starch, bring mixture to boil, cook five minutes and add
One teaspoon vanilla.
One-half teaspoon cinnamon.
My dear Mrs. Wilson—Would you please publish a recipe for Thousand Island dressing, also Roquefort cheese dressing? Thanking you kindly for the favor,
W. N.

Thousand Island Dressing
One-half cup salad oil.
Juice of one lemon.
Juice of one orange.
One-half green pepper, chopped fine.
One-half medium-sized onion, chopped fine.
Four tablespoons catsup.
Two teaspoons salt.
One teaspoon paprika.
One-half teaspoon mustard.
Blend well.
Roquefort Cheese Dressing
Mash one ounce cheese, adding
One-half teaspoon salt.
One-half teaspoon paprika.
One-quarter teaspoon mustard.
Six tablespoons salad oil.
Two tablespoons lemon juice.
Mix and serve.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly publish a recipe for creamed cabbage, such as delicatessen stores sell? Mrs. F. H. L.

Creamed Cabbage
Chop cabbage (medium-size head) fine, adding
One green pepper, chopped fine.
Two tablespoons celery seed.
Place in bowl
One cup mayonnaise dressing and add
One-half cup vinegar.
One-half cup evaporated milk.
Beat to mix, season highly and pour over cabbage.

Of Interest to Women
Four women have been elected constables in Juniata township, Michigan.
The Denver Woman's Club is to celebrate its silver jubilee on April 20.
Japanese girl babies have their heads shaved until they are three years old.
Miss Lilly M. Hansen has the distinction of being Chicago's only woman bank cashier.
Three women, including Lady Stafford Howard, have been elected to the County Council in Carmarthenshire.
The Women's Engineering Society has been formed in London to aid in securing for women equal opportunities with men in the engineering professions.

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR
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START THIS STORY TODAY
THAT Sunday morning conversation resulted in the installation of a maid in the Raymond domicile, even though Ruth, as a matter of fact, did not really want a maid.

"How are we going about getting one?" she had asked, hesitantly.
"How about asking your mother?" Ruth considered. "Well, we might ask," she said finally and called her mother on the telephone.
"A part time maid?" Mrs. Rowland had said eagerly. "Well, you are coming to your senses, aren't you? I wondered when you were going to discover that you couldn't manage alone. I'm surprised that Scott allowed you to do it."

"Don't blame Scott. It's his idea about the maid now."
Mrs. Rowland loved being asked to do things, she loved to advise, and in consequence Izfa was installed in the tiny apartment and the first day she was there, she ate four eggs, drank all the milk in the house, and neglected to dust at all.
Ruth came home to a disorderly apartment, the beds were wrinkled, everything had a look of general carelessness, and Ruth with her lips set in a hard line did everything over, sent Scott to the store for more supplies, and got the dinner ready without saying a word. Liz had a home of her own and had found it impossible to come in the afternoon, so they had engaged her for the morning instead and she had invited herself to lunch. Lunch had not been in the original agreement.
Liz was very much surprised when Scott told her she wouldn't do, and the next maid was a rather pretty washed out young woman with a weary smile. Scott had advertised this time and she had been waiting outside the apartment one evening when Ruth came home.
She smiled her weary smile at Ruth and hastened to say:
"I hurried here so that I could be the first. I need the job."
Ruth took her inside and talked to her. She carefully explained what had to be done, and then spoke about dinner.
"I couldn't stay for dinner," the woman objected. "You see I'm married and I have a little boy to take care of. I could come in the morning, and do up the work."
Mrs. Jones was such a relief after Liz, and Ruth was so certain that the weary look in her eyes was due to some reason why she needed money, that she engaged her anyway, and when Scott came home, she told him of the arrangement.
"But we said we wouldn't engage another woman who wouldn't come in the afternoon and cook dinner," Scott said quickly.
"I know, dear, but after all, this is best. If she cooked dinner we'd have to feed her and it would cost twice as much. This way is much better, really it is."
"But it doesn't relieve you for the evening."
"Yes it does, if I don't have to wash the dishes. I don't mind getting dinner a bit."
Scott was doubtful, but they decided to try it, and Mrs. Jones was installed as an experiment.
Mrs. Jones was thoroughly honest, but she was not farseeing. If she washed the dishes well, she neglected to dust, and if she cleaned the bathtub she left the stove a mess. She seemed to have her mind eternally on something else. Ruth took to writing her notes and leaving them pinned to one of the towels in the kitchen. Her kitchen that she had been so proud of and which had at one time been so spotless now wore an eternally dingy look. Ruth could not tell exactly what gave it that look excepting for the fact that things in the kitchen were never all cleaned at the same time; there was always an omission.
At the office Ruth's job had taken on in routine fashion. She realized what was wanted of her, and she tried her best to be easy and gracious, but with a sense of injustice smoldering in her heart, and the worries of the apartment constantly on her shoulders, the thrill of having a position and all the little things that had once seemed an exciting part of it now went for nothing.
Ruth had to do a great many things these days that she hated. For one thing she was forced to eat alone, but she had never grown used to it, and she always hurried through her lunch as fast as she could. One evening when she unlocked the apartment door, she found everything just as she had left it in the morning, the beds were unmade, the kitchen in wild disorder, the breakfast dishes on the table, and there was nothing to explain it. That was the evening that Ruth realized just how she had grown to depend upon Mrs. Jones, unsatisfactory as she had been. That was the night that she almost gave up and confessed to Scott that she knew quite well that she would never be a success in the business world. She hated it all thoroughly, and most of all the fact that she somehow was not efficient in an office. Ruth was realizing a great many things and one important thing was that it takes more than the will to do things, to do them well.

(In the next installment Helen Ware attempts to take a hand in Ruth's business venture.)

PINK ORGANDIE WITH NAVY TAFFETA



The combinations in materials like this are as unusual as they are delightful. Here we find the bodice and apron effect in pink organdie embroidered in white silk and the rest of the dress in navy blue taffeta. The sleeves are short, of course.

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose
IF YOU have any old-fashioned ideas as to what goes with what you had better get over them. At least in the matter of dress fabrics. If the same main for unusual combinations were to extend to the realm of things culinary, we should be serving greens peas with roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with lamb chops. As it is, we are trimming gingham dresses with lace! Now doesn't that seem too utterly ridiculous? It is the sort of thing that you might expect from some little country seamstress, but when the perpetrator is one of the leading designers we simply have to put it down as one of the oddities of this season's odd combinations. Then there are callow dresses combined with sheer organdie and the finest of suits and capes in Paris were some of them lined with unbleached muslin!

One of the most attractive of these new unexpected combinations is shown in today's sketch. That is taffeta and organdie. To be sure the idea of having organdie collars and cuffs on taffeta would never have been surprising. The surprise comes in when the organdie is introduced in the body of the dress. It is a draped frock, the taffeta being in navy blue. Pink organdie forms the bodice and apron front. By way of proving that this is a season of much embellishment the pink organdie is embroidered in white silk. The sleeves are as short as American dressmakers do to make them. If they were producing the frock for the Parisian instead

of the American they would have made them more abbreviated.
A well-known critic on matters sartorial—a buyer for one of the smartest New York shops—pointed out after returning from Paris recently that the sort of hat that was the artistic, not to say logical, outcome of the much-abandoned sleeve was the wide-brimmed affair. The small shape, she pointed out, would be bad selection for this type of frock. And here we can see how well a broad hat does look. This hat is of straw with velvet flowers around the crown.
(Copyright, 1919, by Florence Rose.)

Adventures With a Purse

THERE is something most appealing to a woman about a soft pink nightgown. Show her a white one, and she will admire it, if it be pretty, but show her one of pale pink, and she will want it. The pale pink one I saw has a dainty design to be embroidered, stamped on it, simple enough not to require too much time, and all ready made up. And when you have a nightgown that is not only pink, but is hand embroidered, you have, I was going to say, a combination, greatly to be desired, but that I really mean is a nightgown greatly to be desired. And the price of this nightgown, stamped and made up is but \$1.

"You really ought not to write about this," I reason with myself, "for although it is a duck of a tea set, it costs money." Well it does, but at that price for this set of six cups and saucers, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, and tea pot is most reasonable. The upper part is pale blue, and the white of the lower half of each piece is formed by a group of—"What is the national bird of Japan," I asked Dorothea, in perplexity, "a stork?" Dorothea, who knows ever so much more than I do, says it's a heron—well as I was saying, a group of herons then form the lower part. It is indeed, an exquisite Japanese tea set, and the price is \$11.50.

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Adventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone the Woman's Department, Walnut 3900.

Things to Know
Before washing a sweater, remove the buttons if they are colored, and sew up the buttonholes. This will prevent them from stretching.

RICH Gravies
THEY prevent waste because they make the meat go farther. Make yours luscious by flavoring them with plenty of the sauce with the Frenchy tang—

A-1 SAUCE

KEEPING THE NEIGHBORS A WAKE ALL NIGHT LONG

Spring, the Season of the Open Window, Brings to Light the Family That Starts to Settle Its Affairs at One o'Clock in the Morning—What Shall We Do With Them?

TO SPRING—season of the open heart and the open window. Now is the time when all good neighbors learn the affairs of other good neighbors as the lace curtains sway gently in the breezes and voices float ever and anon through them. In the daytime this is splendid and it really affords excellent opportunities. But in the nighttime—
Well I might as well be out with it. This is to be a spring lecture, a do-over, right spring lecture given in the name of all those queer, unexplainable persons who like to go to sleep when they go to bed at night. No one wrote a letter to the editor about it, but I am sure it was an oversight. The subject should be discussed.

I went visiting some hundred and fifty miles from here last week. We had our smart leather traveling bags with us and had on our new spring suits, shoes we liked to look at, and spring hats. All dressed up and some place to go! It was ideal. Our host and hostess met us at the train and took us to a very expensive-looking hotel for dinner, then home for a genuine good time overhauling reminiscences. At half-past eleven said our hostess, "I guess you're tired and want to go to bed. Don't you think you ought to?"
And we said "we guess we'd better," and in another couple of minutes found ourselves yawning soul-satisfyingly behind the closed doors of the two cozy little rooms we had put our bags in earlier in the evening.

All went well and quickly. The lights were snapped out and from Clementine's room came the sigh of the justly and happily weary:
And then—
"John-N-N, did you give Junior his medicine?" It was enough to wake the dead! And it came from the house next door.
"And did you open his window? I want his window wide open. Do you hear?"
Muffled words from the third floor. "Who-AT? We have OUR windows wide open."
"Of course we'd never guess it," floated in from Clementine's little pink and gray room.
Dear reader friends, I will spare you the hour of clearly cut conversation, the "What did you SAYS" and the "I didn't hear," that bounded in and out of our ears for sixty of the longest kind of minutes on record. Suffice it to say, if the politician-orator had a voice with the carrying power such as that which seemed a family talent next door, he could get his message to the people without ever stirring off his own front porch.

MY LITTLE story stops here. It was funny in a way; at least it was in the morning in the sunshine of the breakfast table trying to see who could remember the whole show word for word. But while they are haphazard these things are not funny at all.
For the most part men people cannot afford to lose their night's rest. It is all right for those who can make it up the next day, but in a busy world these fortunates are few and far between. Men and women who never give a second thought to waking up their neighbors at night and keeping them awake are extremely selfish. I wish I could suggest a way to cure them, but all reports tend to confirm that they are incurable.

Stahl Flowers
Decorations
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Bidding
5th Ave. at 46th St. 1422 Walnut St. New York.
West of Bellevue Stratford
are showing swaggar new effects
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SPORTS APPAREL
FOR COUNTRY CLUB-OUTING GOLF-TENNIS AND OTHER OCCASIONS WHERE THE SMART SPORTS COSTUME IS THE PRIME REQUISITE

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