

# MRS. WILSON GIVES RECIPES FOR SUGARLESS DESSERTS

Present Shortage Recalls Substitutes Used by Food Administration During the War

A Number of Puddings and Cakes That Are Sweet Enough to Please Any One and Take No Sugar

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

USUALLY the housewife refuses to plan a definite menu and prefers to depend upon the suggestions of the market man. This is indeed a serious mistake, for it means, when brought down to its most simple form, a sure waste and carelessness.

Each housewife should plan to serve attractive menus that will be appetizing and nutritious; and if she has a limited amount of money to spend for the marketing, then she must exercise unusual care.

To market successfully, the prudent housewife will find it necessary to visit the markets to ascertain the prices; for the motto of the business world may be applied for the housewife's benefit—that keen competition makes business. This means that many shoppers visit the markets and they are alert to the various quotations, and in this way vary the prices. Shop around for real economy and plan to use the winter vegetables that are now coming into the market.

**The Beet**  
Beets are considered next to the potato as an important root crop. The small and medium-sized ones are popular as a table delicacy. Two varieties of beets that are unusually good are found on the markets' stalls—the red or flesh and yellow beet.

The red flesh beet is familiar to most housewives, while the yellow beet makes friends only when the housewife is familiar with its peculiar color. This beet contains a larger percentage of sugar than the red or flesh beet, and for this reason it is very well adapted for various dishes.

**Puree of Red Beet**  
Wash and thoroughly cleanse and then pare and grate three medium-sized beets. Place in a saucepan and add three cups of water. Bring slowly to a boil and then cook for twenty minutes. Strain and then add

One cup of milk.  
Six tablespoons of flour.  
One teaspoon of salt.  
One teaspoon of paprika.  
Four tablespoons of grated onion.

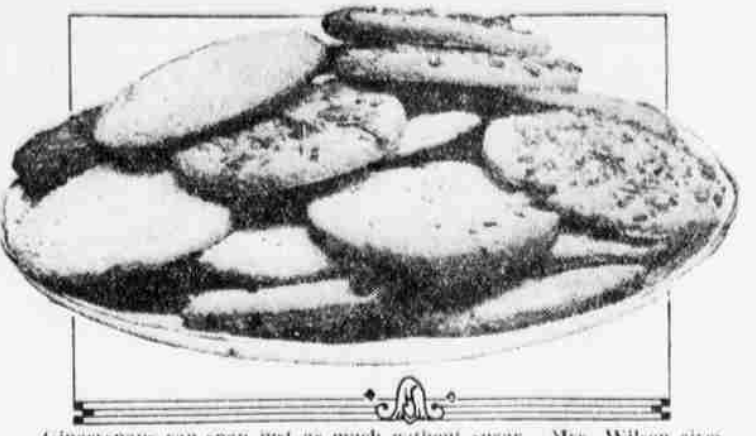
Dissolve the flour, salt and paprika in the milk and add to the strained puree. Stir and then bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Then add three tablespoons of finely chopped parsley and serve.

**Baked Beets**  
Wash large beets to cleanse thoroughly and then place in a crock and cover with boiling water and place in the oven and cook until tender. The oven of the kitchen range may be used for this purpose.

**Russian Beets**  
Wash and cook until tender four or five large beets and then remove the skins and cut into half-inch slices. Place in a bowl and add

Four whole cloves,  
Ten whole allspice,  
Two dried pepper pods, cut into bits,  
and a tiny bit of garlic, the size of a small pea, and sufficient vinegar to cover. Serve as a salad and for relishes.

**Beet Cups**  
Wash and cook until tender medium-sized beets and then cool and remove the skins and with a spoon scoop out the center, leaving a thin unbroken wall. Roll the cups in flour and then in beaten egg and fry in hot fat until golden brown. Fill with creamed chicken or sweetbreads and serve for luncheon or supper. Use the portion of the beets which has been removed from the center for beet relish.



Gingersnaps can snap just as much without sugar. Mrs. Wilson gives a delicious recipe for this kind in today's article.

## Mrs. Wilson at Food Fair: What She Does and When

Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, food expert of the Evening Public Ledger, is giving cooking demonstrations daily at the Food Fair in the First Regiment Armory, Broad and Callowhill streets.

Her program for today and tomorrow follows:

**TODAY**  
2:30—Fireless cookery, bread-making, sugarless apple cake.  
7:30—Bread-making, sugarless sponge cake, crullers.

**TOMORROW**  
2:30—Fireless cookery, bread-making, cream puffs, pastry.  
7:30—Bread-making, eggless mayonnaise, salads.

**Beet Relish**  
Three-quarters cup of chopped cooked beets,  
One cup of finely chopped onion,  
Two green peppers, chopped fine,  
One-half cup of mayonnaise,  
One teaspoon of salt,  
One teaspoon of paprika,  
One teaspoon of mustard,  
Three tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar.

Mix thoroughly and then serve on lettuce or as a relish with oysters or fish.

**Spiced Pickled Beets**  
Select twenty-five beets and then wash and cook until tender. Cool and remove the skins and then place in a preserving kettle the beets and the following spices tied in a piece of cheesecloth:

One dozen whole cloves,  
One dozen whole allspice,  
One piece of stick cinnamon,  
One piece of garlic size of a pea,  
One tablespoon of salt,  
One tablespoon of paprika,  
One teaspoon of vinegar.

Tie close and place in a kettle and add equal parts of vinegar and water to cover. Bring to boil and cook for ten minutes. Fill into all-glass jars and adjust the rubbers and lids and seal. Store in a cool place.

Note—It is vitally necessary that all-glass jars are used. The reaction of the vinegar between the porcelain lining and the metal top is dangerous. Dr. Charles La Wall, the state chemist, has found this to be a deadly and dangerous poison.

In these days of sugar shortage the following recipes will prove to be a big help to the housewife:

**Indian Apple Pudding**  
Scald one-half cupful of cornmeal with one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Beat smooth and add

Three-quarters cup of sirup,  
One-half cup of water,  
One-half teaspoon of grated nutmeg.

Mix thoroughly. Now grease a pudding dish well. Place in the dish a layer one inch deep of peeled and thinly sliced apples. Cover one inch deep with the cornmeal mixture. Repeat until the dish is full. Bake for thirty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with plain fruit sauce.

**Soft Gingersnaps**  
One-half cup of melted shortening,  
One cup of sirup,  
One teaspoon of soda,  
One teaspoon of cinnamon,  
One-half teaspoon of cloves,  
One cup of sour milk,  
Three and one-quarter cups of flour.

Beat to a smooth batter. Pour into well-greased and floured pan. Bake

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Answers "Marine Mater"

Dear Cynthia—I cannot lay claim to have always read your letters, but there was one which was brought to my attention, which was signed by "Marine Mater" and to whom I am replying through your column. First of all, she states that her friend promised her money thing, but she did not get them. Did she take into consideration that this friend of hers had been away from the States for more than two years, and on coming home did probably forget? I know what it is to be sailing home to those I love best on some "tub" called a transport. Thoughts are not all that generally give to one's "tub" but back with all the limbs he sailed away with. And as for "Marine Mater's" opinion of all nations being stacked up well, there are fellows in the army and navy who have been bunkies with our fellows overseas and they see no cause to say "stick up," so "Marine Mater" has a little phrase all her own to console herself with while she "roots" for the "gobs." There is one of the flaws in her letter. Having fallen out with her former friend she "falls" for the "gobs," but "Marine Mater," if they "let you lay," root for the army. Maybe they will be nice to you, but if your case will seem hopeless and upon application we will give you a candidate's "free pass" to the "old mids'" boat.

Your last paragraph contradicts itself. The first part claims that all men are fickle, yet you say that you attend to the service you owe to the boys of your boys. Sorry I have to go out so early this evening or I may have been able to show you a few more contradictions, flaws and last but not least, the narrow belts fastening in front are interesting.

**One on the Boys**  
Dear Cynthia—I would like to say a few words in behalf of the so-called "dolls." I am a girl eighteen summers, considered cute and a good girl by both boys and girls. I have a "dollar" for the girl with the baby stare, etc., and I surely would be indignant if some one suggested that I overdid it. Personally, I think that the "doll" is a very nice thing and have to resort to the artificial all well and good—in moderation.

Back surely knew what he was talking about when he mentioned the chaps who sleet with their hair in stockings, greased their hair, etc.

A great many of the fellows spend more time "dolling" up than the average girl could afford to do. Please, boys, think of your mothers before being too hard on the "dolls."

ONE OF 'EM.

**Shall He Go to Italy?**  
Dear Cynthia—I am twenty-four years of age and have lived in this country ten years. I always wanted to come to America and after much difficulty gained my father's consent and came here as a boy. When the war broke out I enlisted in the American army and won honors in France.

Since I left home everything there has changed. My father died at sixty-seven, my sisters married; one brother is a judge in Naples and the others are in the Italian army. My mother wrote and asked me to come home, and they have all left her. I was then still in the United States army and I promised to go over to Europe as soon as I was discharged, however, I have a very good position in the railroad and I do not want to give up and go home.

She has sent me out a letter written after the service and has written an estate of \$25,000, consisting of an olive oil shop, a brickyard, etc.

She says she is too old to marry again, that the other sons cannot stay with her as they are in the army and if

you are only twenty-four and this is a wonderful opportunity to make good in Italy. If this young girl to whom you are engaged loves you she will be willing to marry you and go with you to Italy. It would be well to make sure that the statements about the estate are correct and that you will have this property to look after and will thus be able to support your wife. As, if it should not be correct, you would certainly have the right to remain here and make a headway in order to marry. It is difficult to advise on these matters as there are always two sides to a story, of course. Your going back to Italy for a few years would not make you have to give up America; you could come back. Perhaps you could sell out the business over there and come back to America with your wife and bring your mother to live with you. I do not think you would regret heading your mother's call for assistance.

**Mrs. Wilson Helps in Sugar Shortage**  
You don't have to give up your sweets. Just read this table and follow.

**What She Suggests**  
When the recipe calls for one cup of sugar, use one cup of white corn sirup in place of the sugar and then reduce the amount of liquid required in the recipe to one-quarter. This means that a recipe that calls for

One cup of sugar,  
One-half cup of milk or water,  
may be adjusted to this formula:  
One cup of white corn sirup,  
Four tablespoons of water, or  
One and one-half cups of sugar,  
One cup of milk or water,  
in place of which you may use:  
One and one-quarter cups of white corn sirup or molasses,  
Eight tablespoons of water or milk or one-half cup.

The regular amount of shortening, flour and baking powder may be used that the recipe calls for.

# Two Unusual Sweaters

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose



These newcomers into the realm of smart-looking sweaters are carried out respectively in blue silk tulle, with a collar of fur, and brushed wool with contrasting collar and cuffs. The narrow belts fastening in front are interesting.

PROBABLY the makers of the first of those garments known as sweaters would hold up their hands in mute surprise if they could see some of the creations that since that time have been dubbed by the name of sweater. For you must know that the first sweater was so called because it was worn by athletes when exercising and afterward. It was knitted of wool and protected them from taking cold when their pores had been opened as a result of their activity. Well, the term sweater is still applied to their sort of garment. But it is also applied in many others that are quite different from the prototype.

It really does seem as if in the realm of sweaters fashion was always running away from popularity. You know how it is an American citizen never of prodigy invents a new sort of sweater. It is taken up by well-dressed women, and for a while—a very short career usually—it enjoys the reputation of being exclusive. It is worn only at the smartest of resorts and is made only of the best materials. Then it becomes popular. And then, presto! that type of sweater ceases to be good style, and the really smart woman discards it. She is again in search of a sweater that

is different. And so the endless circle begins anew.

So it went. There were slip-on sweaters, silk sweaters, coat sweaters, flit crocheted sweaters and angora trimmed sweaters. And there were those sweaters with fullness below the belt, and sleeves that were buggy about the wrists. They all had their brief day in the high favor of the best-dressed women and they passed into the limbo of the overpopular.

Occasionally some one produces a sweater that rather defies cheap reproduction, and then there is something that you can invest in without the immediate danger of having it become too popular. In the out today you may see one of this type of sweater. One is of blue silk tulle, embroidered in white and blue wool. The collar is edged with fur. There is a narrow belt tied at the front. At the right is a sweater of brushed wool, with shawl collar and cuffs of contrasting color of brushed wool. The hat worn with this sweater is of tan felt with a wreath of silk flowers around the crown. The hat on the other figure is of brown divetina with two brown quills placed on the top, and a narrow band across the front.

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# EVERY LIFE MUST HOLD JUST A FEW MISTAKES

And, Anyhow, No Time Is Ever Wasted That Teaches the Folly of Wasting Time

HERE are the circumstances. When Virginia B. finished high school she went to college. But after a year and a half of it slowly but ever so surely it dawned upon her that she had made a mistake. You see it was this way: Virginia B. had always wanted to sing. There had been a few lessons during the high school days, and she made up her mind to keep right on with them at college. It would mean traveling to a nearby town twice a week and practicing a great deal in the interim, but Virginia was ambitious and was sure she would find time for it all somehow.

But there was the rub. A year and a half of trying to keep up with college social affairs, athletics and studies, and to make something of her voice at the same time told her she could not possibly find a sufficient number of hours and minutes in the day to make room for everything.

Therefore, after a good bit of decision and indecision Virginia gave up her college course, went home and turned her whole attention to vocal lessons. For two years she kept at it quite steadily, and then came another opportunity in the way of a very good opportunity to enter the business world. By this time Virginia had discovered that she was never scheduled to become a star in grand opera, so she accepted the business position.

Do you know how Virginia spends most of her spare time now? Bewailing the fact that she gave up those years at college in order to devote them to her voice. She simply cannot forget the fact that she spent two years chasing a rainbow that did not materialize.

WE HAVE christened it "holding a post-mortem." Our grandmothers styled it crying over spilt milk. Whatever it is we may choose to call the economic crime we commit when we waste time over things that cannot be recalled, it's all wrong! In the first place, if we can ever style the gaining of experience a loss in days and hours there is this to consider: No time is ever wasted that teaches us the folly of wasting time.

The thing to do is to profit gamely by our mistakes; not to let them become millstones around our necks. Every life must hold an average number of mistakes. If we don't make them in our youth we blossom forth with them in middle age or save them for our fading years. It is a consoling and steady thought that this is so. If you cheerfully turn to it every time you feel like brooding over one, you might have been," then chances to one you smile and gamely change the subject.

**Adventures With a Purse**  
MY WORD, but all of England is whistling it! I can picture its being sung in the English music halls, and the Englishman clapping in his deliberate impenitent manner, and murmuring, "Love, that's jolly good!" It's a song, not a dance, popular song, but a "batter piece," with some lovely chords, and a nice, climatic ending. Although very well known and liked in England, it is just becoming known here. I'm telling you about it now, so that you can get your copy early. Whether you just play, or just sing, or both, I think you will like it.

Even before I could think what in the world it was for, I liked it. It's a kind of metal bar, enameled in lovely colors, looking like a spray of beautiful flowers. It fastens to a clamp which fits against the wall, and which is also brightly colored. On the end of the bar is a hook. And its use? To be sure. From it you suspend your bridge. The design is so flowery and light, it makes a happy addition to the range. The price is eighty-five cents. This would make an exceedingly nice suggestion to add to the Christmas list I hope you have begun to make.

When you see it, you will vow it has been brought over bodily from New York, direct from that much-talked-of Greenwich village, which has so many fascinating little treasures, and quaint shops. There is one difference. This room is slightly more subdued in color and decoration. It is restful and, oh, so cozy and chummy. The rich yellow curtains harmonize beautifully with the painted black-and-yellow tables. The old prints and interesting bits of china and pottery look down approvingly at one, and the antique chest of drawers with its satiny finish lends a touch of dignity by its presence. Here you may purchase delicious luncheon (and you don't know how golden brown and melting French-fried potatoes can be until you have tried them here). And here, after a busy afternoon of shopping, you may drop in for a fragrant cup of tea, with cinnamon toast and marmalade. Special dollar dinners are served here. And best of all, on cold crisp days there is a fire burning merrily!

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