

FAMOUS DIXIE FOOD BROUGHT "UP NO'TH" BY MRS. WILSON

Mummy's Mock Turtle Soup Would Suit the Most Fastidious. When Fried Chicken Is Served With It, Nothing Could Be Better

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE old mummy of the sunny South was real adept at the art of making mock turtle soup. Just as sure as the fall butchering came mummy scoured her calf's head and soon the family had a treat of the most delicious concoction that ever came from the kitchen south of the Mason-Dixon line.

A platter of creamy, flaky beaten biscuits, a tureen of mock turtle soup and a generous pat of golden butter—what more can mortal man or empire crave?

Ant Sophie lifted her turbaned head and looked at me as I laid a nice fresh calf's head on the table and then with arms akimbo, she said: "Star above, child, whatever on earth is you agoin' to do out dat head?" And when I explained that I wished to make some mock turtle soup, then the deat of the kitchen fell to with right good will to prepare the soup that would tickle the palate of the most particular epicure.

As you all know, mock turtle soup takes time. Ant Sophie remarked, you can't loaf from the time you begin water to the table stuff. First of all you cleanse the calf's head. Before it leaves the butcher's have it split, and then remove the eyes, tongue and brains. Place the head in plenty of water and scrape and wash nice and clean. Lift to a large soup or preserving kettle and cover with plenty of cold water. Bring to a boil and then skim well. Stirring very slowly until the meat is tender. Lift the head and then take off the meat and lay aside the best pieces. Return the bones and rough parts to the stock, adding a few herbs.

One-half pound of hard chopped ham. One and one-half cups of sliced onions. One large bunch of soup herbs. One large turnip, cut in slices. One carrot, sliced. One onion, cut in bits. Handful of finely chopped parsley. One teaspoon of sweet worcester. One-half teaspoon of sweet ham. One-half teaspoon of salt. Pinch of nutmeg. One-half pound of hard chopped ham.

Water add it to the boiling stock. Cook for one-half hour. Season with salt and pepper, and then strain again through two or three cheesecloths. Return to the saucepan and add a little finely chopped parsley. Juice of two lemons. One and one-half pounds of fine, firm hard-boiled eggs, chopped very coarse. And the meat reserved from the head, cut in small pieces.

Beaten Biscuit. Place in a mixing bowl four cups of sifted flour. One cup of milk. Two tablespoons of lard or other good shortening.

Roll between the hands until well mixed and then add one cup of cold water and work to a smooth dough. Put this dough through the food chopper fifteen times. Then lay on a board and beat with a rolling pin until smooth, biscuit and break into fine pieces. Put out with a biscuit cutter, then mark each side half a dozen times. Bake on baking sheet in hot oven for twenty minutes.

These biscuits are delicious when split and toasted. Down in Dixie land when mock turtle soup is served the meal is usually planned as follows: Homemade Pickles. Beet Relish. Mock Turtle Soup. Toasted Biscuits. Fried Chicken. Canned Sweet Potatoes. Snap Beans. Soups, Cakes, Raspberry Jam. Coffee.

The southern housewife likes the small square or frying chicken weighing about one and one-half pounds each. With a menu like the above, one chicken can be made to serve four people. Split the chicken down the back and then cut in half, and then in quarters. Dip in flour and bread crumbs in hot bacon or lard fat, and when the chicken is nicely browned add one cup of cold water and simmer slowly until tender. This usually requires about one-half hour of very slow cooking. Do not let the chicken cook dry.

Now make a cream gravy as follows: Place in a bowl two cups of milk. Dissolve the flour in cold milk and add to the chicken. Let come to a boil and simmer for five minutes. Lift each portion of chicken on a slice of toast and pour over the gravy. Garnish with finely chopped parsley. Brains and tongue of calf's head are cooked separately.

SOMETHING NEW IN EMBROIDERY



New designs in embroidery are always welcome to women who are interested in doing their own sewing, and the one shown today was intended especially for an evening gown, although it would be equally suitable for a dressy afternoon frock.

A black satin dress seen recently had the tunic in the form of four straight panels that moved back and forth prettily with every step of the wearer. On these panels were large flowers, with smaller leaves, thorns, in beautiful shades of blue, reds, greens, etc. The stitches used were the Kensington and plain outline. The above design could be used in this same manner, using part or the whole of the design on panels, or on the front of a skirt, repeating some parts of it on other parts of the gown.

The rings can be done in beads or in the outline stitch, using different colors for the leaves. French knots are much used also; the rings could be done entirely in these.

To transfer this design, take a perfectly smooth piece of tissue paper and a soft pencil with a rather sharp point. Hold the paper firmly over the design and trace the pattern exactly on the tissue paper. After this has been done, remove the tissue paper, and lay, pencil side down on the dress material, fastening it carefully with thumb tacks.

Then go over each part of the design with the pencil again. This second tracing will make the pencil marks on the under side leave an impression on the cloth.

Try this first on some scrap of cloth until you find just how to handle it best.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A Mistake. By JULIA A. FORTINSON. Marie Banks was perplexed, yet she must decide. Mark Forbes was coming in the evening, and she must give her answer. She had begged for time, for she did not know how to answer. She had Mark, but he was poor. All her life she had known the privations of poverty, how could she marry a poor man? Her love was hardly great enough for that. If he were only rich.

Mark came and she gave her answer. "Yes," she said, and she went away. Years passed and Marie did not hear from Mark. She did not know where he had gone, but she often thought of him, and wondered—did he think of her? Had he found riches—would he ever come back?

One day a letter came from an old school friend who had moved to a distant city, begging her to come for a visit. Marie joyfully accepted the invitation, and she went away. She was to stay in a hotel. Perhaps she would find an adventure there.

Her first day was very interesting. She found a number of her old friends, and she was very happy. She was to stay in a hotel. Perhaps she would find an adventure there.

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Ah, Ha! She Thinks She Knows. Dear Cynthia—I've been a reader of your column for a great while, but have never written before.

He tells "Perplexed" not to "flatter" her. "They might be only little white lies," but she lies all the time.

My dear Cynthia—Please grant me space to write a "what to do" column for you. I am a stenographer, and I have a very good time, but I am a little lonely.

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WHAT'S WHAT BY HELEN DECHÉ

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DOES REAL LOVE EVER ENTER TWICE INTO THE SAME HEART?

Some Say That It Cannot, While Many Feel That Actual Experience Has Proved It Possible—What Do You Think?

"Does a girl ever have more than one real love in her life?" asks a correspondent.

"What do you think about it?" "I am engaged for the first time in a girl is certain that she has found the right man, the only man."

"Why, I couldn't love anybody else, ever?" one of them asserted solemnly.

Yet, after he had gone back to college for the last term, and a certain stay-at-home began to take an interest in the almost-engagement, she didn't mind.

In fact she liked it. To tell the truth she began to realize that, after all, the man who had gone back to college was a bit young, rather overzealous in his outlook on life, and not half so nice as the stay-at-home, who had blue eyes and one dimple.

Before long her engagement was announced to the stay-at-home. Real love had come into her life for the first time; the other had been infatuation, puppy love, call it what you like, but not real love.

It was not long in college, but not half so hard as it might have been if she had gone on with the engagement.

THE woman who realizes, with the thought of the marriage ceremony, that she has mistaken infatuation for love, is not a happy woman in the years that follow.

Her conscience keeps her true to her word, and she never looks back at her heart that is empty and aching and unhappy, but that little corner gets in its gnawing work just the same.

She knows that she has not waited for the right man and that she can never have the feeling for any other man that she would have had for him if she had only waited.

This is a tragedy that exists in many lives, but a woman knows how to keep such things to herself.

Sometimes she is released from this first marriage and finds the real love for the first time.

People say that she has proved that a woman can love twice, but they don't know about the silent yearning of all those years.

A GAIN death interrupts the course of a woman's real love, and takes away the man she has loved and married; she feels that she will never, never love any one else.

She has her children to live for, and her memories to live upon, and no desire ever to see or know any other man.

And then, a number of years later, she meets her friends that she is going to marry again.

She seems happy in this new love and there are no regrets, no sighs for the old life.

Does this prove that a woman can really love twice, but is this second love the same deep, tender passion as the first?

Or is it more of a contented, comfortable affection, as if young love had grown up with the years and changed into something more like an exaggerated friendship?

Or is it really possible that love, unlike lightning, does sometimes strike twice in the same place?

What do you think about it? What has been your own personal experience?

may be, when you are married it may be you.

However, you may be confident that he would forever curl himself as far as you personally are concerned. Then it is well to recognize and consider carefully how much it will cost when you are going to get married. Ask yourself whether the vexation, the embarrassment, would make you sorry you married him. If you decide that it would not, then at least you will be forewarned against the unwhimsicalness of disillusionment.

I am going to be guilty of repeating the same old story. Whoever has, if you give him the once over in the rays of the sun instead of using rose-colored glasses by the light of the moon, you are going to get married. Ask yourself whether the vexation, the embarrassment, would make you sorry you married him. If you decide that it would not, then at least you will be forewarned against the unwhimsicalness of disillusionment.

The leopard cannot change his spots; neither will men and women change theirs. True, love has worked miracles. It might be called miraculous that the above-mentioned young man, after being married a year and a half, did not include his wife with the rest of the world that it was his pleasure to make uncomfortable. But the fairy tales and mere exceptions notwithstanding, a fool married remains a fool, a knave a knave, and all the little spots that comprise one's particular individuality, weaknesses or eccentricities are there unchanged after marriage as before.

Therefore, if your sweetheart is unsocial, if he is narrow-minded, if he is a bull in a china shop, even though he is not so with you, you cannot afford blissfully to ignore the fault or assume that when he is your husband he will be purged of it. You would be certain to be disillusioned and therefore unhappy.

Theodore Roosevelt said, "College doesn't make fools, it develops them." In the same way marriage does not produce fools or eccentricities, it merely affords an outlet for whatever is in them. And though love and infatuation and strenuous efforts have been known to cure a man, being short of a real miracle can change him.

Whatever the weak spot it is best to leave you to consider just how much it will cost. If he "doesn't care who knows" his habits with his humor, when you start your first spring sweater?

Tomorrow—Down, But Not Out.

THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

Jenny Northrup brought up in the city, and her own love of poverty led her to marry a man who was a miser.

"I don't worry about it," Jenny said, smiling at her husband's look of surprise. "It looks very lovely, and making me feel like a queen. I don't mind being a queen, but I don't mind being a queen."

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HUMAN CURIOS

The Man Who Is a Whole Naval Brigade. While he never served on the good ship Nancy Lee, Henry Hecker, president of the Hecker Grocery Co., of Houghton, Mich., might well have been the original of the poem, "The Crew of the Nancy Lee," for, so far as is known, he is the only entire naval brigade in existence.

When the war broke out the Hancock division of the Michigan Naval Brigade was ordered into service and Hecker was its commander, with the rank of senior lieutenant. As it happened, however, he had just organized his grocery company, had a number of family responsibilities and felt that he could not make the sacrifice at the time, so, having served in the Spanish war and being over age, he submitted his resignation as a matter of course. But it was evidently misapprehended or sidetracked somewhere. At any rate, he heard