

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Hints on Home Management Piquant Sauces That Redeem Doubtful Dishes

By MADGE MARVEL

THE wise cook masters the art of disguise. He disguises the original source of supply that the dish becomes something as novel as delicious.

The first requisite of a sauce is that it should be smooth. The second is that it should have a reason for accompanying the dish. It should so blend with the food with which it is served that it becomes a part of it and gives the impression that it is absolutely necessary. The flavoring of a sauce must partake of the nature of the dish to which it belongs.

Many cooks use potato flour for sauces, claiming it gives smoothness and richness.

White sauce is the most familiar of fundamental sauces, but the experienced cook knows there are white sauces of different kinds which cannot be used interchangeably with uniform results. The same sauce one would use for cream soups, or for toast, is not the same sauce one would use for meats. It is all in the proportion. But the difference is very apparent to the discerning palate.

The white sauce, which is the foundation for cream soups, is made as follows:

One tablespoonful of butter, the same quantity of flour, one cup of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful salt and half as much white pepper.

The sauce to be used for creamed meats, or vegetables, or fish, is made with twice the quantity of butter and flour and the same quantity of other ingredients.

In making a white sauce for soups, you would use three tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and the same amount of milk, salt and pepper as in the first sauce, and if you intended the sauce to pour over croquettes you would take four tablespoonfuls of butter and flour.

The process of making is the same for all. Melt the butter, stir in the flour and seasonings, and cook without browning till it begins to bubble. Then remove it from the very high heat and add the milk slowly, beating all the time till it thickens.

If you want to make a vegetable sauce, add celery, peas, or mushrooms, asparagus, or cauliflower to the second sauce, the one with two tablespoonfuls of butter and flour, using half a cup of vegetables.

Cheese sauce has the same foundation and half a cup of grated cheese is added. Paprika takes the place of the white pepper.

Drawn butter sauce is made by melting two tablespoonfuls of butter, adding two tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper and cooking till the mixture is bubbling. Add one cup of water, beating till the sauce thickens. Then remove from the fire and slowly beat in two more tablespoonfuls of butter. If this is to be used for fish, it may be seasoned with chopped cucumber pickles.

Caper sauce is made by adding two tablespoonfuls of capers to drawn butter sauce.

Brown sauce is often needed and is the basis of all gravies. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a slice of onion and let brown, then blend with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook until it is darker, then add a cup of brown stock, if you have it, and the salt and pepper. If one has not the brown stock, let the sauce cook until it is a desirable brown without burning and use water with some beef extract, to give it a rich brown color. This brown sauce should be cooked for a minute or two and then strained.

Hollandaise sauce is delicious. Take half a cup of butter, six tablespoonfuls boiling water, yolks of four eggs, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. First cream the butter without burning and add the yolks and beat well. Add the lemon juice, water and seasoning and beat five minutes with an egg beater. Cook over hot water, stirring all the time, until it is thickened.

FEW ULTRA FADS ARE FAVORED



Lucile McVey, Who Says Nature Is the Best Artist

Advice to Seekers After Beauty

By MAGGIE TEYTE

Prima Donna of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.

In five months she had lost 30 pounds. She is still losing. She never felt as well. And she looks 10 years younger.

This is all an answer to the dozens of women who have written me pleading for "a harmless remedy for obesity."

I were too fat. I would see my family physician and be treated for it as if it were any other disease. That is, if I had tried a rational diet and careful and well planned exercise, and they had all failed.

It is not the work of a minute, this matter of getting thinner. It requires persistent and well directed effort.

And the attitude of mind. I firmly believe, has a lot to do with it. When one starts to diet and exercise with the idea "Dear me! How terribly fat I am," but "Well, I will grow thin and all I have to do is to keep at it!"

Almost as many letters have come to me about the Paris fad for red hair, which is clipped short in quite boyish fashion about the forehead. It is bright red hair, too, not the Titian hue. "Do you think it will be worn here?" writes one young woman. "And what can I use to turn mine that color?"

So, just because the newspapers tell tales of red wigs in Paris, there are women who feel, perhaps, they are called on to have red wigs in America. That seems to be the idea. It is a regular craze in Paris, they tell me. Well, what of it? We are not in Paris, and even if we were why should we feel called on to dye our hair some outrageous color?

They have worn purple and green and blue wigs in Paris. The latest and most favored combination, they tell me, is red hair and bright green combs. If I had red hair, I should wear it. But I should never make it red, or blue, or purple, or any other color but the one nature gave it.

I have said this often. I mean it. If we all kept the hair we have in the best possible condition and accentuated all the lovely lights which lurk in the strands of all well cared for tresses, regardless of color, I think we would be so well pleased with the results that we should never think of changing the color.

As Lucile McVey, who is well known to theatregoers, says, "Any charm we may exercise will be palpably artificial if our hair is not what nature intended it to be."

Neglect is what makes us dissatisfied with the color of our hair. We are too busy keeping up with the merry-go-round of fashion to make our scalp glow and our hair bright with systematic and generous brushing. If women would only brush their own locks with half the energy they groom the coats of Pido and Piff and all the other pet Poms, they would have beautifully glossy and burnished hair.

If your hair has red shades in it, it is quite permissible to bring them out with an occasional application of henna.

If there are threads of gold in your locks, hot camomile tea will make them more evident without doing any harm. What you do not want is hair that seems to be made of threads of gold and red, there is nothing which will so surely revive it as brushing, but if you wish to hurry the work use sage tea.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Life's Span Will Grow as Diet Habits Improve

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).
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ALL that in this world is great or gay will vanish as a vapor and decay. Yet the hours have grown and grown in recent years. With each new laboratory and workshop discovery they become more elastic.

The Caesars themselves, with their great philosophers and healers, worried over the average span of life of the Romans. With all their wealth, cleanliness and aristocracy of learning, 30 years was the life of most of them.

Roman infants could never look forward to a rosy morn, any more than can babies of today who live in the large cities. Like the leaves on a tree, some fall and some grow. For the most part, infants reared on their mothers' breasts from human milk grow. Many of those who are given other food die.

The Egyptians passed round a skull at their feasts for the purpose of warning mothers against infant mortality and men against over eating and drinking.

Behind the Roman general in his triumphal chariot there always stood a slave whispering in his ear: "Respice post te hominem memento te," which in presentable language means: "Don't be stuck on yourself, for pride cometh before sickness," or "put pride behind you; remember you are but a vulnerable man."

Yet the commonplace span of life in civilized lands, where anti-typhoid vaccines, smallpox vaccination, sanitary plumbing, running water, filtered reservoirs, asphalt streets, anti-toxins, clean city campaigns, fly screens and mosquito nets are the fashion, has risen to nearly 50 years, as compared with the pre-Christian 20 of Antony and Cleopatra's day.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day—Some break their fast and so depart away; Others stay to dinner, then depart full fed; The longest age but sure and good to bed.

O, Reader, then behold and see! As we are now, so must you be!

Up then, friends, and stave Old Mortality off from his most defenceless innocents, the babes and sucklings, both the baby's drinking water, give mother's milk, eliminate the germ-breeding pacifiers.

The scourge of Malignant Mortality can only be encompassed with the discovery of perpetual life, but this eternal quest may, like a lobster boiled from black to red, be made to turn, and all the babes destined to die next summer from diarrhoea may be snatched now from his slowly reaching grasp.

Answers to Health Questions

L. K. C., Switchback, W. Va.—Kindly state your charge or fee to answer medical questions. I live in a mining town and cannot come to consult you.

There is absolutely no charge at all. If you will state fully and explicitly all the symptoms and outward signs of your trouble, I shall gladly answer as far as possible and tell you the actual probabilities.

M. D.—Please give me a remedy for a weak tongue, split by my false teeth. Doctors and dentists have failed to help me.

Use glycerine as a mouth wash and apply this often and thoroughly over the open spots. You will thus gradually toughen the membrane of the tongue.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and condition subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

Pity the Poor Artist

By Tom Jackson

ONCE artists used to wear long hair and in an attic dwell; they'd turn out pictures by the yard, but very few they'd sell. They frequently had hunger pains; of bread had not a piece; they wore no creases in their pants; for there was naught to crease. The landlord used to chase them up—he had a "kitty heart." He wanted cash, and didn't care a tinker's rap for art. With landlord and the grocer man a-hunting artists' scalps, they had a hard time painting things—like "Sunset on the Alps." Although beset by care and debt, to do their best they tried; still never earned enough for food until they up and died. Their pictures then would quickly sell for prices most immense—for which the artist, when alive, could not get thirty cents.

The artists of today own cars, and live in houses fine. They've check books, too, steam heated dens and on good breakfasts dine. They just draw pictures of fair maids in every sort of pose, and decorate them early in the latest style of clothes. They take them to the magazines, and say, "Five hundred, please," and then the man who is in charge says: "I'll take all of these; bring in another bunch of blondes and a brunette or so, and have 'em thin as barber poles; those are the kind that go."

Yes, art has changed from olden time, "Sunsets" and "Monks" are done. The tango girls with fluffy hair that bringeth in the mon.



MAGGIE TEYTE

ONE hears dreadful stories on all sides about lost health in an effort to lose weight. If a woman dieted until she reduced her system to the point where she contracted rheumatism, or some other malady, and that one took some powerful drug and completely upset her digestive organs so she has to live on the simplest of foods and is but a wreck of her former self. One hears such stories each day!

When the remedy has done the work and has left no ill results the women are less willing to talk about it. I find they usually say, "Oh, I just dieted."

I talked the other day with one of the best known women in America who has recently lost 30 pounds, and she told me that before she ever lost an ounce she had tried everything which had been recommended to her for five years.

She went to a French physician last summer while she was in Paris and he told her it was mal-assimilation of her food and the treatment which he would give her would be slow but sure.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

You have your own silly little feminine fancies and you expect your sweetheart to overlook them, don't you? Well, the next time you're out with Beau and he won't ask his way, just smile to yourself and say, "Nothing about it. It's cheaper in the end. You can talk till doomsday and he will never change. He can't understand why you want to powder your nose every few minutes and you can't understand why he is so stubborn about little things. Don't try—just love him—and you'll both be happy."

Annie Laurie

Willie Rites on "Papur"

I AM now ritten on papur because I cant find nuthin else to rite on as I busted my slate trying to rite downed bill on it. If we didnt have no papur we wouldnt have no papur munny to pay over bills with an then agen if we didnt have no papur the grocer an the butcher wudnt have nuthin to kepe trak on. Sew we see we wud be just about as well off run way or the other or maybe they could kepe trak of yewer bill on a cake of le but if we didnt have no papur my slater cund hav natcherd born curls as that how she gits em dun up in papur. Papur is mayed out of woud pulp an is made in this way. yew see the lumber-

When Days Were Jewelled with Dreams

By WINIFRED BLACK

AND so," said the one who read, "the prince mounted his jet black charger and rode away—for a year and a day."

"A year and a day," repeated the little girl who listened—"a year and a day." Her blue eyes grew very soft, and when she went out to play I heard her say to her doll, "Now, Isabel, you must be patient—for a year and a day."

They don't seem to read fairy tales much these days, the children I know. They read stories about Billy Whiskers, the humorous goat, or about boy scouts, or girl campers on the Yukon, or something else equally everyday and unromantic.

I said something to a little boy who was reading about a genie, and do you know he hadn't the faintest idea what a meant.

Witches, gnomes, goblins, brownies, kelpies, pixies, fairies—where have you all gone in this our day of commonplace?

I remember when I never passed a nice, fuzzy, low-growing bush without looking into it to see if the elder-tree mother, by any chance, was sitting under it telling stories to the elder-tree children. And every bit of red I glimpsed on any winding road always made my heart leap with the wild hope that at last I was going to meet a pixie face to face, and see whether his red cap was becoming to him or not.

Do you remember the big flat stone you found the day you and your cousin from the city went to the woods after hazel nuts? Your cousin from the city didn't seem to notice it at all—except to put her foot on it and her shoe—but you, why, you fairly choked with excitement the minute you spotted it.

It looked like a regular stone all right, enough, but you knew perfectly well that if you could only say the right words and grab hold of the stone the right instant you could lift it—and there would be a flight of mysterious steps leading right into the depths of the earth.

What was at the foot of those steps—ah, that was always in the next chapter.

I remember a flat stone that I found once. It was in a cornfield, not so very far from every-day houses and commonplace barns.

A field full of tall and rustling corn—was used to run in there and play, my little curly black dog and I, when it was too hot in the sun outside; and, oh, how green and cool and still it was in there—except for the whispering of the leaves of the tall corn. Sometimes if I sat very still and boxed the puppy's ears hard enough so that he sat still, too, I could almost hear what it was the leaves were whispering about.

And the earth was very brown and dry and cool to my little hot hand. We used to build wonderful castles out of it, the puppy and I; at least, I built, and the puppy looked on with great approval.

Sometimes he would help dig, but somehow he always dug in the wrong place.

We found the flat stone one day when nobody loved us and we couldn't have any more cookies, and they said we had tracked up the pantry floor going in after raisins. So we ran away, the puppy and I, into the wide, wide world—to make our fortunes and come home some-time years and years afterward, riding on a snow-white palfrey and crowned with sparkling gems.

We started to the wide world through the corn field, and we went deeper into its green depths than we had ever ventured before.

I think I was crying a little, anyhow my eyes were blinded and I tripped and fell over a great flat stone right in the middle of one of the corn rows.

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Somehow he would help dig, but somehow he always dug in the wrong place.

We found the flat stone one day when nobody loved us and we couldn't have any more cookies, and they said we had tracked up the pantry floor going in after raisins. So we ran away, the puppy and I, into the wide, wide world—to make our fortunes and come home some-time years and years afterward, riding on a snow-white palfrey and crowned with sparkling gems.

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