

# Hungarians Eat 5 Meals Daily; Menu Gives Hints For Yankee Housewives

By the Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

This week the market basket travels to Hungary in search of low cost meals. To most persons the thought of Hungarian cookery immediately suggests goulash, which has extended its fame across boundaries and oceans thousands of miles from the humble campfire of the herdsmen where it originated. Though goulash is a simple shepherd's dish, it is as tasty as it is nourishing. Goulash is also the mainstay of the workers who gather in the vineyards each year to harvest the grapes.

The Hungarians are fond of well seasoned food and freely use onions, chives, chopped parsley and always paprika in cooking. They seldom fry vegetables, but serve them frequently with a sauce made from butter and flour mixed with a little of the vegetable water or, whenever they can afford to, with fresh or sour cream. They eat the same meats as we do here in the United States. Beef is always the basis of the goulash although it usually contains pork and mutton as well.

The hogs in Hungary are carefully tended. A common ration is buttermilk and corn. Hams are frequently prepared by covering them an inch or so deep with bread crumbs and slowly baking them in ovens for four or five hours. This dish is one of their great delicacies. The dough becomes impregnated with the flavor of the ham, and also prevents the escape of any of the juices. But the ham must be baked very slowly or the dough will burn. Pork chops are also popular, and Hungarians, especially the peasants, eat much bacon.

Lamb and mutton come in for their full share on the menus of the Hungarians. Hungarian housewives are partial to stewed cutlets, shoulder roasts and roasts of lamb. But they always use a little garlic with lamb and mutton, and in roasts of lamb-bacon strips are drawn thru the meat in much the same manner as a rack of beef is larded.

Goose is the Hungarian national bird as the turkey is ours, although they also have turkey as well as chicken. Even the poorest peasant family has a flock of geese which it herds carefully. The Hungarians have a practice of stuffing geese with noodles to fatten them, but not geese as extensively as the Strasburg geese are fattened to prepare themselves for pate de foie gras. Stuffing is literally the word in this case for they don't leave the matter of food to the appetite of the geese themselves, but catch them and hold their bills open and force the noodles down their throats.

Baked butter is alien to the Hungarian table and the sweet variety is eaten. For, popping, lard or bacon fat is usually used and not butter, although they do have a way of cooking down the sweet butter and storing it in crocks to be used only for cooking. This is usually done in the summer when there is a surplus of butter and when it is quite cheap. Sour cream is used freely in sauces and in many dishes such as we would butter.

Not to mention potatoes are eaten in this country. The Hungarians use noodles and dumplings prepared in many different ways. The noodles may be served with the soup or as a dessert. Sometimes they are combined with cottage cheese and butter and then with apples and sugar as a dessert. For these two dishes the noodles are brought piping hot to the table where the other ingredients are added. A preserve of cooked fresh prunes, an old and popular Hungarian article, is frequently used for this noodle dessert.

The Hungarians, in company with many other continental peoples, are fully aware of the value of the many varieties of wild mushrooms. During the season they gather them for the winter's use and drying of dried mushrooms is as familiar a sight in their kitchens and shops as the garlic plant is to the Italian. The Hungarian fondness for mushrooms is shown by the fact that scarcely one meal is served during the fresh mushroom season without including them in some form or other.

Five meals a day is the usual Hungarian custom, beginning with a simple breakfast of coffee, rolls and butter. At ten o'clock comes a mid-morning breakfast, with dinner at noon, coffee with a bun or cake at four o'clock in the afternoon and supper at the end of the day. Usually no beverage is served with supper, unless, perhaps, a light wine or beer. Since it is undesirable and impractical to offer a five meal menu, the bureau of home economics offers the usual American three meals. All of the meals are typical of Hungary, with the exception of the cooked cereal for breakfast, which is unknown in the land of the Magyars. Their cereals are barley, cornstarch and farina which are used in soups and for thickening purposes. The menu which follows might be termed an agricultural menu since all of the foods could be produced on the farm. The supper of liver, dumplings, squash and pancakes might be found in any Hungarian home. Pork liver is used for the dumplings, not only because it is less expensive but because it or calves' liver would be used in Hungary and not beef liver. Sour cream would be preferred to the milk and lemon juice in the cooked squash but except for persons with a cow, it would add considerably to the cost of the dish here in America. The Hungarian pancake roll calls for three egg yolks, one tablespoon of sugar, two cups of flour and enough milk to make a thin batter, with the stiffly beaten egg white added last. This is a more expensive mixture than the bureau's regular griddle cake recipe which is substituted in the following group of recipes. A recipe for goulash that has been tested and approved by the bureau, it is not given here since it is so well known.

Menu for One Day  
Breakfast  
Cooked cereal with milk  
Coffee  
Dinner  
Liver Dumplings  
Squash  
Pancake roll  
Tea  
Supper  
Pork Soup  
Fresh corn on cob  
Watermelon or other fresh fruit

1 can beef consommé  
Remove the membrane from the liver and put the liver through a meat grinder twice. Add the finely chopped parsley and onion to the liver. Then add the salt, pepper, fat and farina. Shape into small balls about 1 1/2 inches in diameter and drop into the boiling consommé, to which 1 can of water has previously been added. Simmer slowly for five minutes and serve piping hot. The broth should be saved and used as soup stock.

Cooked Squash  
2 quarts pared and sliced squash  
1/2 cup water  
2 tablespoons butter  
1 teaspoon paprika  
1 1/2 teaspoons salt  
1 tablespoon flour  
2 teaspoons lemon juice  
1/4 cup milk  
Cut the squash into uniform slices about 1/2 inch thick. Add the water, butter, paprika and salt, cover and cook until the squash is tender. Remove the cover and cook until the liquid is almost gone. Sprinkle the flour over the squash. Stir and cook for a few minutes. Add the lemon juice and milk. Stir well and cook up once and then serve.

Pen Soup Made With Pods  
2 quarts fresh green pea pods (2 lbs. peas about suffice)  
2 quarts water  
4 large carrots, cut in long slices  
2 large onions sliced  
2 teaspoons salt  
1/2 teaspoon white pepper  
2 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons flour  
Wash the pods thoroughly. Add the water, carrots, onions, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer about 1 hour. Remove the carrots, drain the stock and discard the pods and onions. Melt the butter and cook until golden brown. Add the flour, mix well and to this add a small quantity of the hot liquid. Stir until well blended and then return this mixture to the soup stock and cook for a few minutes.

Dumplings  
1-3 cup milk and water (half and half)  
1/2 cup sifted flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons melted butter.  
Add the milk to the flour and salt, stir in the butter and beat until well mixed. Drop the batter, quickly into the gently boiling soup by one-half teaspoonfuls. When the dumplings come to the top, serve the soup at once.

SMART COSTUMES STAY IN SWIM  
If you want to be in the swim this season, you must have a backless bathing suit. It may be a one-piece model with cross-stitch suspenders making a pretense at a back, or a two-piece one with a tiny detachable skirt that can be worn as a cape. Those who wish to display their patriotism are likely to choose a suit which combines the colors of the flag. Other fashion devotees will prefer the popular all white suit or some shade of turquoise or aquamarine. For less active seaside use, there are scores of attractive pajamas, hats, shoes, and minor accessories all the way from beads to waterproof pocket books.

BLUE AND WHITE DOTS APPEAL TO MISS GISH  
PARIS (AP)—Lillian Gish is following the rage for navy blue. On her recent annual shopping trip to Paris the motion picture actress bought a blue and white polka dotted jersey dress with short sleeves, finished with a deep V collar and belt in coarse brown linen. The dress was accompanied by a short navy blue jacket of ribbed jersey. A navy blue lightweight wool coat fastened in front by a large belt was another of Miss Gish's purchases.

Applegate Grange Hears Discussion Irrigation Matters  
Applegate Grange met August 14 at Applegate hall. Reversing the usual order, the lecturer's program was first devoted to speeches by representatives of the County Tax League, recently appointed by Governor Meier. W. H. Gore and J. B. Coleman gave facts on taxation and W. A. Gates represented the "Buy Home Products" league. Each speaker gave first hand data on their respective subjects.

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Health and work blend when there is NEW STRENGTH in the Blood  
Wheeler—John Benson opened dry goods store in Archibald building.  
St. Joseph, Mo., authorities are considering laying out a system of bridge paths for riding enthusiasts.

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At 4 o'clock you will be surprised how much better you will feel

# MOON of DELIGHT by Margaret Bell Houston

SYNOPSIS: Juanita Basara dreams exposure as a stowaway from the Dulera and does not seek police aid in escaping from Jason Divitt's New Orleans gambling place. But she and her mother, Mrs. Basara, are released with their mother's help. She feels that Gabriel, the dwarf, and his mother, Conchita—both employees of the place—are friendly and hopes to secure his help in getting away. But it is the evil Umberto, Divitt's henchman, who calls at her room. She, thinking Gabriel admits him, only to be subjected to his unmerciful embraces. But the dwarf enters and subdues Umberto, who then tells Divitt that Juanita had invited him to her room.

Chapter 6  
THE LURE OF A VEIL  
RUBIES or diamonds or the famous Belaise sapphires, or what Kirk liked best, the single strand of pearls!

Mrs. Belaise contemplated herself in the mirror. She was 74. Face and throat were withered flowers, but with the fine blue eyes, the delicate profile, the small foot, she was still the spirited ghost of beautiful Nelly Sartoris, belle of New Orleans when the 70's were young.

Faithful black Lorena had waved her mistress's thin white hair, had drawn the mascara pencil lightly along where the fine black eyelashes used to be, had rouged ever so delicately the sunken cheek.

"No lipstick, Lorena," Mrs. Belaise had remarked from the very beginning of lipstick. "Hard. That is what it makes us look. And all beautifying is merely a softening process."

"Yes ma'am," agreed Lorena, who really understood. Her mistress had not changed for Lorena in these 30 years of service. Lorena stood back now, contemplating the rubies on her lady's breast.

Mrs. Belaise shook her head, fumbled nervously with her gold vinaigrette. She was always delightfully nervous on the evenings she played roulette. It was the nearest thing she had felt to youth in 40 years.

"Rubies look common," she said, "stems they have learned to reconstruct them. Genuine pigeon-blood these are—Take them off. Try the diamonds. I never know what a new dress will like best."

Lorena held the links of platinum-capped light tentatively about her mistress's neck. "You look like a white angel, Mrs. Belaise!"

Nelly Belaise thought of the first time she had worn them, of the sensation they had caused. Thirty-one years ago at the old French Opera House, Delphine, her daughter, was a bride. She had grieved over Delphine's leaving, and Arthur Belaise had sought to comfort her with these. He had spent his inheritance on gems for her. Sometimes she had scolded him. "But these are investments, Nelly," he would say.

Nelly Belaise had not needed to realize on them. Kirk, Delphine's son, provided her with all she could desire. Delphine had died when Kirk was born, and Kirk's father had gone back north and married again when Kirk was a year old. Kirk had belonged to Nelly ever since. Indeed, he called her "Mother" when he didn't call her "Nelly." Now Kirk's father was dead and Kirk had come in to the greater part of the Stanard fortune, a solid New England fortune made in shoes.

Tonight Nelly Belaise took the diamonds from her neck. "They never bring me luck, Lorena. Nor the pearls either. I'll wear the sapphires again."

Delphine had helped her father choose the sapphires in Paris. Somehow Nelly Belaise could not remember Delphine as she looked after her marriage. Somehow she saw her only as she was that summer in Paris, or coming down the curved stairway as a bride.

The sapphires were perfect. Lorena fastened the necklace, clasped the earrings in the pierced ears, held out the tray of the silver jewel casket that the small veined hands might choose their rings.

Nelly Belaise rose at last in the full ivory satin gown that fell about her feet, the slim ankle and small gemmed slipper glimpsed and veiled again. Lorena sprayed perfume on the jeweled hands. Proudly Lorena watched her descend the stair.

Kirk Stanard met his grandmother in the hall. He was not unlike her. Brown hair graying at 30, the same fine blue eyes and slightly aquiline profile, her smile. They went into the drawing room, his arm about her. Two men rose. One was a portly person with a frown carved between black brows, a man of perhaps 50. Kirk Stanard presented him.

"Señor Basara, Mother. You remember meeting Señor Basara in Mexico City? We went to a ball at his home."

Señor Basara was kissing the fragrant hair. Nelly Belaise remembered. She remembered when Kirk spoke of Señor Basara's house. "The señor has just returned from a trip around the world," Kirk explained. "He has only this evening in New Orleans, but he is sharing it with us and with his consul."

Señor Basara smiled. His frown did not disappear even when he smiled. Ah, and there was Adrian Fouche who had introduced her to roulette and made life a different thing! Adrian with his youth, his black soft eyes and languid grace, bent his dark head over the hand of Nelly Belaise. Even to her he must make his murmurs significant, as if touched with love.

"I hope you have luck tonight," "Ah, but I shall. I am wearing the sapphires."

Pompey, the old colored butler, drew back the portieres. Mrs. Belaise put her hand through Señor Basara's arm and led the way to the dining room.

"Tell me about this roulette," Basara begged. "Have you just discovered it?"

"A month ago," Mrs. Belaise answered. "Adrian, the mighty boy, has known the place a long time. It was no resort for you, glorious one—before the days of Little Buttercup and her magic touch."

"Touch" is not bad," laughed Kirk. "All the same, I miss Little Buttercup. She used to beguile me while Mother played."

"Do you not play yourself?" Basara asked. Kirk shook his head. "I am a cotton man, Señor. Gambling is no recreation. I get my fun watching Mother. She's happier in Divitt's than at the races."

"And roulette lasts all year," said Nelly. "Señor Basara, won't you join us tonight?"

"But there is my boat, and my call on my consul—and if Little Buttercup is gone—"

Adrian lifted a slender hand. "You should see Little Buttercup's successor. Such eyes! Such a body! But me, she does not notice. I say to her, 'Señorita, I have a wager what your lips are like.' You see she wears a veil."

"A veil!" Basara was all interest. "Where is this place?"

"The old Croiselle house," Nelly informed him. "Ah, yes! That beautiful home. And this lovely decoy is covered with a veil."

"Not covered," Adrian assured him. "Only the lips, the nose. Tantalizing. I ask her to lift the veil. She does not even glance at me, but hurries by."

"Perhaps she didn't understand," said Nelly. "That is it. And she seemed afraid. But the next night she is different. She carries her cigarettes like in a dream. She looks at me calmly. And so the next night and the next. She has found American casinos are not so terrifying. Only she is silent. French, Spanish, English, we try them all. She does not understand."

"I approach Divitt about her. But unfortunately I spoke to him once about Buttercup, and she is his wife," Adrian sighed. "He has not liked me since. Little Buttercup is not gone. She sits in the cage taking in cash. She says the veiled one escaped from a harem, and I must speak to her in Turkish."

"And of course you can not," commiserated Basara. "Again the graceful lift of Adrian's hand. 'But wait! Eric Ledbetter, who spent five years in Turkey, has promised to be there tonight. He will talk to her in her own tongue. He will give her my invitations.'"

Kirk knew Eric Ledbetter. He had an engaging wit and he spent money with a certain negligent charm. Adrian would better be careful. "I know what you are thinking," Adrian said. "It is true that Eric is successful with women."

# MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS  
1. Highest card  
2. Secret military agents  
3. Before  
9. Father  
13. Gallo horse  
14. Fall island  
15. Source  
17. Helping  
18. Crooked  
19. Reimburse  
21. Characters in a play  
23. Pronoun  
25. Household pests  
26. Monkeys  
28. Large knife  
31. Sunburn  
32. Fast  
33. Wide lower part of a tidal river  
34. Guido's lowest note  
37. Ball  
39. Implements for propelling a boat  
40. Freedom from effort  
42. Ancient Irish capital  
43. Pronoun  
45. Familiar name for 12 across  
46. Turkish commander  
48. Formerly  
49. Move back  
52. Cubic decimeters  
53. Liquor  
54. Get up  
58. Late  
60. Animal's neck coverings  
61. Morning and evening molsters  
16. Web-footed birds  
18. Artificial barrier in a stream  
21. Clerical line collar  
22. Dramatic musical work  
23. Acoustom  
24. Afternoon functions  
25. That which produces an effect  
27. Go to not  
29. Remain  
30. Comparative ending  
34. This  
35. Leave  
38. Followed the track of  
41. Be present at  
43. Grow old  
45. Lifts with a lever  
47. Father of mankind  
48. Otherwise  
49. Male sheep  
50. Guido's high note  
51. Notable historical period  
53. Feme-mandrier  
54. Scatter seed  
57. Forward

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PHOENIX  
PHOENIX, Ore., Aug. 20.—(Sp1)—Mrs. John Greb, Misses Lucy Davis and Alpha Bangs were guests of Elva Caster at a waffle supper at the L. C. Caster home last week. Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Must have returned from a vacation trip to Brookings, Ore. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Burleson, Miss Sybil Caster and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Caster spent Sunday afternoon at H. P. Burleson's home on Applegate. Mildred, Marjorie and Gweneth Poling, Eleanor Sheets, Joan Johnston, Roe Mary and Janet Bishop, of North Phoenix were guests at a party given by Miss Carol Furry at her home in Medford last week. Grange members are reminded of the meeting Tuesday night, August 25, and are asked to come prepared to give some interesting facts about the history of Jackson county. Mrs. Mary Harkness of Emporia, Kan., is visiting here. Mrs. Ray Ward, Mrs. Ward's cousin, Miss Lotie Curry, who visited here last week left for Portland, Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ward, Miss Curry and Mrs. Harkness motored to Crater Lake. Mrs. C. B. Ward was a dinner guest Monday at the home of Mrs. Ray Ward. Tuesday, Mrs. Sam Childers, of Ashland, sister of Mrs. Ray Ward, visited at her home. Rev. E. Iverson of Medford will deliver the sermon at the Presbyterian church here next Sunday morning. There will be no evening service, but the Christian Endeavor meeting will be held as usual at 7:00 o'clock. Mrs. J. O. N. Poling will lead the meeting and all young people are invited to come. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Poling and family and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. O. Strain and Mrs. Walker Mow and children motored to Crater Lake Monday. Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Caster, and Mr. and Mrs. George Drake attended the Ted Top Grange Thursday evening.

Interest Boosted Savings HOLYOKE, Mass., Aug. 20.—(UP)—Charles E. Morey, now of Worcester, deposited \$5 in a local savings bank in 1882, when he was 16. When he withdrew the deposit recently it had increased to \$30.85 through interest.

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### Communications

Closes Dance Academy  
To the Editor:  
The Eve Benson Dancing academy will not open this season in its ideal location on the third floor of the Medford Center building, owing to recent active opposition on the part of one of the tenants occupying a portion of the space on the second floor, regardless of the fact that this tenant located there quite a while after the dancing studio had been established in the hall above, and regardless of the fact that he made no complaint at first when same work was carried on.  
After the recent complaints of this tenant the dancing studio endeavored to co-operate with him and altered its schedule of instruction, sustaining a certain amount of financial loss thereby, but to no avail.  
This dancing academy has been operating successfully in Medford for the past seven seasons, the thoroughly trained advanced students giving evidence of their excellent training and ability in numerous ways on various occasions.

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