

MUCH GOOD IN SALAD

APPETIZING AND HEALTH-GIVING AT ALL SEASONS.

Housewife Who is Proficient in Their Making is a Treasure to Her Family—Three Recipes That Are Excellent.

By LIDA AMES WILLIS.

One of our readers delights in her skill in salad-making. She declares she can prepare salads that are her own—and her family's—greatest joy and satisfaction in this life, if not their salvation in the next. Another reader exhorts us to preach salads to the outer barbarian who will not adopt this higher phase of development. Virtue lies in the harmonious combination of a salad, the beauty and health-giving qualities that nature has imparted to the delicate, tender green vegetables, the oil of the olive, and other choice ingredients used.

Though salads vary with the season, happily there is no month in our year during which we may not obtain fresh materials in greens or vegetables for the production of choice salads. The American cucumber, hot-house or outdoor grown, should be eaten in all its pristine freshness, sliced into ice cold water to make it tender and crisp, but no salt added.

Dutch Salad.—The minced fish salads originated with the Dutch, who were famous for compounds of fish, cheddar cheese, and various roots and herbs. A herring salad is made with two broiled herring, skin and bones removed and meat shredded; put in a salad bowl a bleached head of endive; add to the fish and two anchovies cut up a dozen minced capers, two boiled and diced potatoes, two boiled and pickled beets cut in shreds, and some minced herbs. Pour over all a plain salad dressing; toss lightly together and serve.

French Salad.—Trim, wash and cut up a head of endive; drain perfectly dry. Rub your salad bowl with a cube or crust of bread rubbed with garlic or onion. Put in the endive and cover with a dressing made of olive oil, tarragon vinegar, salt, pepper, a little anchovy paste, pinch of celery salt, and toss lightly together and serve.

Spanish Salad.—Not to France or sunny Italy are our thanks due for the glorious tomato salad. By the law of eternal fitness it belongs to Spain, that land of vivid romance. Blend the tomato with the ripe Spanish olive, a few waferlike slices of Spanish onion, and shreds of green pepper, and cap all with a crown of golden mayonnaise, and you'll find joy in the eating thereof.

Meat Pie.

Select a couple of pounds from loin of pork, and a pound of nicely seasoned sausage links; rinse quickly and put to boil gently in sufficient water to cover it. The water should be cold to begin with, and salted. Add eight to ten potatoes which have been peeled and halved. Stew gently until all is tender, adding water if necessary; rub a little flour, butter and pepper to a paste with a little of the meat broth. Line a pudding or bake dish with a rich crust, turn in the stew with the thickening, cover with a buttered crust, leaving a hole in the center for steam to escape. Bake in a rather quick oven until crust is brown and flaky.

When You Sweep.

For sweeping a room neatly there is nothing like newspaper aid. Take a page of newspaper or other paper convenient, wet in hot water and squeeze it until it ceases to drip. Tear into pieces the size of one's hand, cast them all over the carpet, then sweep, and most of the dust in the room if you use your broom judiciously, will be gathered into the papers. After a velvet or other heavy pile carpet is thoroughly swept, a sponging with ammonia and water will preserve its brightness wonderfully.

New Apple Sauce Pudding.

Peel and quarter six apples. Add one-half cupful sugar, pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon and cook till almost done. Place this apple sauce in a buttered pudding dish and pour over the following mixture: One-half cupful butter, melted, one cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in a little boiling water and enough to make a thin batter. Bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve with thin pudding sauce. Most delicious.

Eggless Chocolate Cake.

Cream one cupful sugar, half cupful butter, one large teaspoonful salt, one cupful milk or a little more if needed; one and a half cupfuls pastry flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of powdered chocolate or cocoa, one teaspoonful vanilla. Cream sugar, butter, salt, chocolate and a little milk to make it creamy, add flour, baking powder and vanilla. Butter the pan well and try cake with straw.

Bride's Cake.

Sift three-fourths cupful of powdered sugar and cream with one-fourth cupful of butter; sift twice one and one-half cupfuls of flour; at the second sifting sift with it one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt, one-half cupful sweet milk, whites of two eggs beaten to a foam. Flavor with lemon. Beat the mixture from 20 minutes to half an hour.

SANDWICHES THAT ARE FINE

With a Little Preparation They May Be Made Choice Morsels Fit for Any Afternoon Tea.

An ingenious woman who prides herself on her sandwiches bakes the bread in round tin cans from which she has removed vegetables. When she wants an especially small and dainty sandwich she uses large-sized baking powder cans. The slices from the round loaves make dainty sandwiches.

To make perfumed butter sandwiches, both the bread and butter must be scented. The butter pats, wrapped in thin cheesecloth, or the thinnest of cotton, are put in a china bowl lined with blossoms of flowers. More blossoms are then heaped over the butter. Then the cover is put on securely, that it may be airtight, and the bowl is put in a cool place. The loaves of bread are also treated in the same fashion.

Take crisp new potatoes, slice evenly, and spread over them finely minced celery and mayonnaise dressing. Place this mixture between triangles of homemade bread.

Prepare a French dressing and dip into it slices of cucumber peeled. Lay these between slices of thin white bread, buttered. Prepare these sandwiches only a short while before they are to be eaten or they will become soggy.

A sweet pepper sandwich is a delicate bit to serve for luncheon, and is made by spreading between slices of bread a filling made of peppers and Neuchatel or cream cheese. Chop the peppers very fine and mix them with cheese and a few drops of olive oil or with a little rich sweet cream. Use in the proportion of one-third pepper to two-thirds cheese.

Use thin slices of wheat bread, buttered, cut in heart shape. Between each two slices place a layer of Neuchatel cheese mixed to a paste with equal quantities of cream and salad dressing, and cover with chopped olives.

Take the left-over bit of potato salad, add to it some minced cold boiled ham and spread it between slices of buttered bread.

Lettuce with a layer of horseradish on either side and placed on well buttered bread makes an excellent sandwich.

USE FOR FIRELESS COOKER

Breakfast May Be Prepared the Night Before and Enjoyed in the Morning.

Nobody appreciates better than the man or woman forced by circumstances to make an early start of mornings, the convenience and comfort of a fireless cooker. It is disheartening to most folks to go out in the morning—say at seven or even at six—and snatch breakfast en route. With the aid of a fireless cooker—a very small one will do—and a percolator, a breakfast may be enjoyed luxuriously in one's bathroom.

Oatmeal, brought to a simmer the night before and tucked cozily to bed in the fireless cooker, will emerge in the morning steaming and deliciously cooked. Coffee and water placed in the percolator before retiring need only the touch of match to alcohol wick during the morning process of dressing, to be ready, hot and steaming, when the oatmeal is placed on the table. Rolls and a bottle of cream, left by baker and milkman outside the door, will complete a breakfast—with perhaps an orange thrown in—that will sustain the average worker comfortably until the luncheon hour comes around.

Linen Closet.

Linen stored in a closet warm and poorly ventilated will become yellow and will crack earlier than if stored otherwise. The properly constructed linen closet should be in a cool, dry place. Each shelf should be covered with linen slips fastened up with drawing pins. Have the linen slips broad enough to fold back and cover the contents of the shelves. Old sheets may be used for this purpose.

Glazed Carrots With Peas.

Wash and scrape carrots, then cut in strips. There should be four cups. Cook in salted boiling water to cover fifteen minutes; drain and return to the saucepan with one-half cupful butter and one-half tablespoonful sugar. Cover and cook very slowly until tender. Add one can French peas, drained and cooked in boiling water ten minutes, three seasoned with butter, salt and pepper.

Separating Honey.

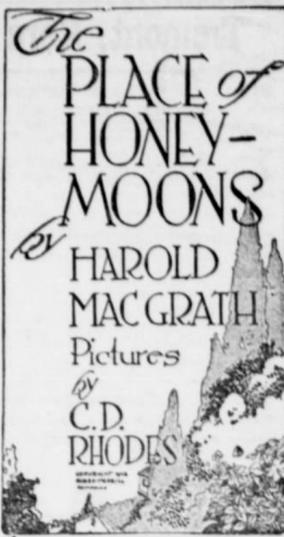
To obtain strained honey by separating the honey from the wax as it comes in the frame, place the frame in a bowl in the oven just warm enough to melt the honey and wax; then remove the frame and let the honey stand until cold, when the wax may be skimmed off the top without any trouble.

When Packing Linen.

When putting linen articles away for any length of time, to prevent them turning yellow, rinse until all the starch is removed, then dry and fold them away in blue paper. This also prevents the linen from cracking.

About Scrubbing Brushes.

When finished with your scrubbing brushes, if they are put to dry with the bristles downward, they will last twice as long. When turned the other way, the water soaks into the wood and rots the bristles.



SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtland's appearance there. Multimillionaire, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a pretty young woman. She gives him the address of Flora Desmonne, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courtland enters Eleanora's apartments. She orders him out and shoots at him. The next day Paris is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna. Realizing that he may be suspected of the abduction of Eleanora Courtland arranges for an alibi.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Nora, as she stood in the full morning sunlight, was like to gladden the eyes of all mankind. She was beautiful, and all adjectives applicable would but serve to confuse rather than to embellish her physical excellence. She was as beautiful as a garden rose is, needing no defense, no ramparts of cloying phrases. The day of poets is gone, otherwise she would have been sung in cantos. She was tall, shapely, deep-bosomed, fine-skinned. Critics, in praising her charms, delved into mythology and folklore for comparisons, until there wasn't a goddess left on Olympus or on Northland's icy capes; and when these images became a little shop-worn, referred to certain masterpieces of the old fellows who had left nothing more to be said in oils. Nora enjoyed it all.

She had not been happy in the selection of her stage name; but she had chosen Eleanora da Toscana because she believed there was good luck in it. Once, long before the world knew of her, she had returned home from Italy unexpectedly. "Molly, here's Nora, from Tuscany!" her delighted father had cried; who at that time had a nebulous idea that Tuscany was somewhere in Ireland because it had a Celtic ring to it. Being filled with love of Italy, its tongue, its history, its physical beauty, she naively translated "Nora from Tuscany" into Italian, and declared that when she went upon the stage she would be known by that name. There had been some smiling over the pseudonym; but Nora was Irish enough to cling to it. By and by the great muscle-loving public ceased to concern itself about her name; it was her fresh beauty and her wonderful voice they craved to see and hear. Kings and queens, emperors and empresses, princes and princesses—what is called royalty and nobility in the newspapers freely gave her homage. Quite a rise in the world for a little girl who had once lived in a shabby apartment in New York and run barefooted on the wet asphalt, summer nights!

But Nora was not recalling the happy scenes of her childhood; indeed, no; she was still threatening Paris. Once there, she would not lack for reprisals. To have played on her pity! To have made a lure of her tender concern for the unfortunate! Never would she forgive such baseeness. And only a little while ago she had been as happy as the nightingale to which they compared her. Never had she wronged anyone; she had been kindness and thoughtfulness to all with whom she had come in contact. But from now on! . . . Her fingers tightened round the bars. She might have posed as Dido when she learned that the noble Aeneas was fled. War; war; war; to the moths who fluttered about her head hereafter!

Ah, but had she been happy? Her hands slid down the bars. Her expression changed. The mouth drooped, the eagle-light in her eyes dimmed. From out the bright morning, somewhere, had come weariness, and with this came weakness, and finally, tears. She heard the key turn in the lock. They had never come so early before. She was astonished to see that her father did not close the door as usual. He put down the breakfast tray on the table. There was tea and toast and fruit.

"Mademoiselle, there has been a terrible mistake," said the man humbly. "Ah! So you have found that out?" she cried.

"Yes. You are not the person for whom this room was intended." Which was half a truth and perfectly true, paradoxical as it may seem. "Eat your breakfast in peace. You are free, mademoiselle."

"Free? You will not hinder me if I walk through that door?" "No, mademoiselle. On the contrary, I shall be very glad, and so will my brother, who guards you at night. I repeat, there has been a frightful mistake. Monsieur Champeaux . . ."

"Monsieur Champeaux?" Nora was bewildered. She had never heard this name before.

"He calls himself that," was the diplomatic answer.

All Nora's suspicions took firm ground again. "Will you describe this Monsieur Champeaux to me?" asked the actress coming into life.

"He is short, dark, and old, made-moiselle."

"Rather is he not tall, blond and young?" ironically.

The jailer concealed what annoyance he felt. In his way he was just as capable an actor as she was. The accuracy of her description startled him; for the affair had been carried out so adroitly that he had been positive that until her real captor appeared she would be totally in the dark regarding his identity. And here she had hit it off in less than a dozen words. Oh, well; it did not matter now. She might try to make it unpleasant for his employer, but he doubted the ultimate success of her attempts. However, the matter was at an end as far as he was concerned.

"Have you thought what this means? It is abduction. It is a crime you have committed, punishable by long imprisonment."

"I have been mademoiselle's jailer, not her abductor. And when one is poor and in need of money!" He shrugged.

"I will give you a thousand francs for the name and address of the man who instigated this outrage."

Ah, he thought; then she wasn't so sure? "I told you the name, mademoiselle. As for his address, I dare not give it, not for ten thousand francs. Besides, I have said that there has been a mistake."

"For whom have I been mistaken?" "Who but Monsieur Champeaux's wife, mademoiselle, who is not in her right mind!" with inimitable sadness.

"Very well," said Nora. "You say that I am free. That is all I want, freedom."

"In twenty minutes the electric tram leaves for Paris. You will recall, mademoiselle," humbly, "that we have taken nothing belonging to you. You have your purse and hat and cloak. The struggle was most unfortunate. But, think, mademoiselle, think; we thought you to be insane!"

"Permit me to doubt that! And you are not afraid to let me go?"

"Not in the least, mademoiselle. A mistake has been made, and in telling you to go at once, we do our best to rectify this mistake. It is only five minutes to the tram. A carriage is at the door. Will mademoiselle be pleased to remember that we have treated her with the utmost courtesy?"

"I shall remember everything," ominously.

"Very good, mademoiselle. You will be in Paris before nine." With this he bowed and backed out of the room as though Nora had suddenly made a distinct ascension in the scale of importance.

"Wait!" she called.

His face appeared in the doorway again.

"Do you know who I am?" "Since this morning, mademoiselle."

"That is all."

Free! Her veins tingled with strange exultation. He had lost his courage and had become afraid of the consequences. Free! Monsieur Champeaux indeed! Cowardice was a new development in his character. He had been afraid to come. She drank the tea, but did not touch the toast or fruit. There would be time enough for breakfast when she arrived in Paris. Her hands trembled violently as she planned on her hat, and she was not greatly concerned as to the angle. She snatched up her purse and cloak, and sped out into the street. A phaeton awaited her.

"The tram," she said.

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"And go quickly." She would not feel safe until she was in the tram.

A face appeared at one of the windows. As the vehicle turned the corner, the face vanished; and perhaps that particular visage disappeared forever. A gray wig came off, the little gray side whiskers, the bushy gray eyebrows, revealing a clever face, not more than thirty, cunning, but humorously cunning and anything but scoundrelly. The painted scar afloat on the nose was also obliterated. With haste the man thrust the evidences of disguise into a traveling bag, ran here and there through the rooms, all bare and unfurnished save the one with the bars and the kitchen, which contained two cots and some cooking utensils. Nothing of importance had been left behind. He locked the door and ran all the way to the Place d'Armes, catching the tram to Paris by a fraction of a minute.

All very well done. She would be in Paris before the police made any definite move. The one thing that disturbed him was the thought of the blockhead of a chauffeur, who had got drunk before his return from Versailles. If he talked; well, he could say nothing beyond the fact that he had deposited the singer at the house as directed. He knew positively nothing.

The man laughed softly. A thousand francs apiece for him and Antoine, and no possible chance of being discovered. Let the police find the house in Versailles; let them trace whatever paths they found; the agent would tell them, and honestly, that an aged man had rented the house for a month and had paid him in advance. What more could the agent say? Only one bit of puzzlement: why hadn't the blond stranger appeared? Who was he, in truth, and what had been his game? All this waiting and wondering, and then a curt telegram of the night before, saying, "Release her." So much the better. What his employer's motives were did not interest him half so much as the fact that he had a thousand francs in his pocket, and that all element of danger had been done away with. True, the singer herself would move

heaven and earth to find out who had been back of the abduction. Let her make her accusations. He was out of it.

"Mademoiselle," said the great policeman soberly, "this is a grave accusation to make."

"I make it, nevertheless," replied Nora. She sat stiffly in her chair, her face colorless, dark circles under her eyes. She never looked toward Courtland.

"But Monsieur Courtland has offered an alibi such as we cannot ignore. More than that, his integrity is vouched for by the gentleman at his side, whom doubtless mademoiselle recognizes."

Nora eyed the great man doubtfully. "What is the gentleman to you?" she was interrogated.

"Absolutely nothing," contemptuously.

The minister inspected his rings. "He has annoyed me at various times," continued Nora; "that is all. And his actions on Friday night warrant every suspicion I have entertained against him."

The chief of police turned toward the bandaged chauffeur. "You recognize the gentleman?"

"No, monsieur, I never saw him before. It was an old man who engaged me."

"Go on."

"He said that mademoiselle's old teacher was very ill and asked for assistance. I left mademoiselle at the house and drove away. I was hired from the garage. That is the truth, monsieur."

Nora smiled disbelievingly. Doubtless he had been paid well for that lie.

"And you?" asked the chief of Nora's chauffeur.

"He is certainly the gentleman, monsieur, who attempted to bribe me."

"That is true," said Courtland with utmost calmness.

"Mademoiselle, if Monsieur Courtland wished, he could accuse you of attempting to shoot him."

"It was an accident. His sudden appearance in my apartment frightened me. Besides, I believe a woman who lives comparatively alone has a legal and moral right to protect herself from such unwarrantable intrusions. I wish him no physical injury, but I am determined to be annoyed by him no longer."

The minister's eyes sought Courtland's face obliquely. Strange young man, he thought. From the expression of his face he might have been a spectator rather than the person most vitally concerned in this little scene. And what a pair they made!

"Monsieur Courtland, you will give me your word of honor not to annoy mademoiselle again?"

"I promise never to annoy her again."

For the briefest moment the blazing blue eyes clashed with the calm brown ones. The latter were first to deviate from the line. It was not agreeable to look into a pair of eyes burning with the hate of one's self. Perhaps this conflagration was intensified by the placidity of his gaze. If only there had been some sign of anger, of contempt, anything but this incredible tranquillity against which she longed to cry out! She was too wrathful to notice the quickening throb of the veins on his temples.

"Mademoiselle, I find no case against Monsieur Courtland, unless you wish to appear against him for his forcible entrance to your apartment." Nora shook her head. The chief of police stroked his mustache to hide the fleeting smile. A peculiar case, the like of which had never before come under his scrutiny! "Circumstantial evidence, we know, points to him; but we have also an alibi which is incontestable. We must look elsewhere for your abductors. Think; have you not some enemy? Is there no one who might wish you worry and inconvenience? Are your associates all loyal to you? Is there any jealousy?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORTH VISIT TO CALIFORNIA

Sight of Mount Shasta, in its Glory and Beauty, Well Repays Tourist for Long Journey.

The most impressive mountain in the world is Shasta in California. Unlike Pike's Peak and many other of the world's great mountains, it is not surrounded by a number of lesser ones, and its tremendous height—14,440 feet—is appreciated by the eye.

It is sublimely grand, and yet gracefully beautiful. Against the blue of a California sky its curved outlines seem to sweep in the perfect segments of a circle from the apex of the cone to the horizon. Far up on its base the dark green of the timber-line is met by the virgin whiteness of Shasta's snow, and then on, up and up, far past the summer clouds, points the alabaster pyramid.

Shasta is an extinct volcano, and has two large glaciers. The Whitney glacier is visible from the railroad. It looks like a narrow streak of snow, but it is over a mile in width, and is seamed with great fissures and crevasses.

At times a natural banner is unfurled from Shasta's Peak. This is called the "snow banner of Shasta." It only occurs when the gale attacks the summit and blows the snow in great gusts "streaming against the sky," as the railroad book has it.

Couldn't Blame Him.

Employee—"Sir, I would respectfully ask you for an increase of salary; I have got married lately." Manager of Works—"Very sorry, Horneyhand; can be of no assistance to you. The company is not responsible for any accidents that happen to its employees when off duty."

COURAGE OF A HIGH ORDER

Officers and Privates of Regular Army Risk Almost Certain Death in Search for Comrade.

A story of daring feats in mountain climbing by two officers and two enlisted men of the First and Second regiments of infantry of the Hawaiian brigade who sought in vain to learn the fate of a private who wandered into "Hell's Pocket" in the Koolan mountains, Hawaii, has reached Washington in a report of commendation from their commanding officer, Brig-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. A.

The exploits of the mountain climbers are described in the officer's report as the most perilous ever recorded. They unaccounted, dangled thousands of feet in midair as they were lowered down the sides of precipices and trailed ledges where a misstep meant instant death.

The officers commended are Second Lieutenant Thomas J. Camp, Second Infantry, and Thomas Lieutenant M. P. Nichols, C. A. C. The enlisted men are Corporal Farmer and Private Midkiff of the Second Infantry.

The detachment, with 4,000 feet of small rope, took six hours of hard climbing to reach the crest of the range, which is described as virtually a knife edge with sheer cliffs on either side.

Private Midkiff, a Kentucky mountaineer, was the first to volunteer to go down on the other side of the precipice, where the officers believed the trail led. Gen. Edwards in describing the work of the detachment said:

"Private Midkiff was swung over the cliff by a rope the size of a middle finger, followed by Lieut. Camp. Later Lieut. Nichols followed, and then Corporal Farmer. These men for three days prosecuted the search in a howling wind and gale, in driving rain and enshrouding mists, on ledges of rotten stones and vegetation, endangered by fallen boulders and rocks. A slight slip when not tied with a rope meant death.

"They were swung down to vertical pocket after pocket averaging about fifty feet. These men knew that it was impossible that the man unaccounted for would be alive, and therefore we have the fine picture of these young officers putting their lives in jeopardy several times to rescue the body of a private, the kind of work that emphasizes the interest taken by the officer in the soldier."

Gen. Edwards also gives particular praise to the work done by Private Midkiff and Corporal Farmer.

Flowers and Politics.

The election for members of the French chamber of deputies is over. The campaign in one district brought forward a poetic theme. This was in the great flower-growing district of Cannes-Grass. In the polemic outbreak of the opposing candidates were heard the words "neroli" and "petit-grain." Neroli is the commercial designation of orange flower. It is a souvenir of the Princess Neroli and the name was chosen by the producers of the department of the Maritime Alps, for to the princess was credited the establishing of the perfume industry which has since had such a remarkable development in that region. Neroli is often sophisticated by the addition of other essences. One of these is called "petit-grain," which is not of the flower, but of the leaf and fruit of the orange. This is why the two candidates shouted in the midst of the melee the cries "Neroli!" and "petit-grain!"—incomprehensible to a stranger—as were once shouted the battle cries "Montjoye!" and "Saint-Denis!"

Famous American Roads.

Something over 200 years ago there was built the first great American highway, "the old York road," between New York and Philadelphia. The construction of this famous road in 1711 was an example that led the colonists at other points along the Atlantic seaboard to make similar roads where there were no water routes. For the most part these roads were built by chartered companies, and were called turnpikes or toll roads. Pennsylvania, Connecticut and New Jersey had many roads of this kind.

The first macadamized road in this country was constructed in 1792 between Philadelphia and Lancaster. In 1811 there were said to be 4,500 miles of chartered turnpikes in New England and New York. During the next 20 years the government expended many millions of dollars in constructing great highways, but the panic of 1837 and the building of highways and canals put an end to that branch of the government work.

Baby Cut Off 200 Phones.

The birth of a baby in the home of Matteo Gionotti of Merionville, N. J., cut off all telephone service in that section for the greater part of the day, to the rage of 200 subscribers.

The boy arrived at the Gionotti home shortly after midnight. There was nobody around to help Matteo celebrate, so he grabbed his shotgun and proceeded to blow holes in the atmosphere.

Mr. Newton, the phone company's wire chief, discovered the lines were useless when he came to work early in the morning. He searched until late in the afternoon. Then, opposite Gionotti's place, he found the broken wires hanging loose from the pole, with about a pound of shot in the cross-arm. Gionotti told all about it. Newton started to swear, changed his mind, grinned, said "Hope the kid's all right," and started repairs.