

DAINTIES FOR TABLE

RECIPES OF VALUE, BOTH NEW AND OLD.

Excellent Peach Cake That Is Guaranteed to Please—Preparation of Sheep Kidneys—Fried Bananas with Meat.

For an excellent peach cake use this recipe, which never fails to give satisfactory results if carefully followed:

Half a dozen eggs, the weight of eggs in sugar, half their weight in flour, grated rind of one lemon, and two tablespoonsful of lemon juice.

Beat the egg yolks till they become pale yellow in color and thicken. Gradually add the sugar and lemon juice. Have the whites already beaten stiff and dry. Cut and fold one-half the quantity into the mixture, and then cut and fold in one-half the flour the remaining whites, and finally the rest of the flour. Bake in two shallow pans. While the cake is baking peel some peaches and cut into sections from end to end. Sprinkle with lemon juice, which will prevent discoloration. Cover one layer of the cake with the sliced fruit. Sprinkle lightly with sugar. Cover this with the other layer, which must be right side up. Spread the top with the icing recipe for which follows, and decorate with sliced peaches.

Icing—Grate the thin rind of a lemon into a cup. Into this sift through a wire sieve enough peach juice and pulp to fill the cup one-half. Flavor with a few drops of almond extract and the juice of half a lemon. Gradually beat in confectioner's sugar to make a smooth spreading paste. The amount of sugar required is about three-quarters of a pound. The sugar must be beaten in slowly, a little at a time.

Oranges can be substituted for the peaches when desired, and these also make a delectable combination with the cake.

Two sheep kidneys, yolk of an egg, lemon juice, seasoning. Skin and core the kidneys and cut in small pieces.

Melt one ounce of butter in a stew pan, boil, then add pepper and salt. Stir briskly over the fire for about five minutes or until the meat looks cooked. Then take the pan off the fire, drop in the yolk of an egg and mix. Add a few drops of lemon juice. Have ready as many rounds of toast as there will be breakfasters. Butter these and spread the preparation on them, having all very hot.

Fried bananas make a tasty accompaniment to cold beef, mutton, or veal, and may be new to some where fried apples are quite familiar.

Slice them long and thin, mix lemon juice and sugar, and marinate the slices in this for from fifteen minutes to half an hour. Drain, dip in flour, and brown in hot butter. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Sheep and lamb kidneys furnish a number of delicate morning viands.

Finnish Roll.

Mix enough shortening into entire wheat bread dough, after the second raising, to make it tender; one-fourth cupful to each pound will usually be sufficient; roll out one-fourth inch thick and spread with creamed butter; then spread with dried cherries. Sprinkle with cinnamon and grated nutmeg; then roll as for jelly cake, wetting the outer edge with water and pressing together, forming in a ring and fastening the ends together with water; with shears cut into slices one-half inch thick, allowing each slice to lap a little on the previous slice, so the ring will remain intact when all are cut; let rise to double their size and brush with water and bake; serve hot with stewed cherries heaped in the center and covered with a sauce, or serve with coffee, omitting the fruit and sauce in the center.

Corn Fritters.

Cut the kernels from four good sized ears of young corn. Add two beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful salt, a saltspoonful pepper, a cup of flour pressed down and heaped a little, and a cup cold milk. Have ready a hot frying pan well greased and drop in the batter by spoonfuls. There should be enough for a dozen. Do not let the fritters touch. Cook in relays, frying on one side four minutes, then turn and fry the other. These are delicious as an accompaniment for chicken or to serve for breakfast.

Lemon for Washing.

A careful laundress always uses lemon on wash day. She puts half a lemon, sliced, in the boiler full of white clothes. She maintains that it not only whitens them, but is helpful in removing slight stains.

Chocolate Doughnuts.

One cup sugar, one egg, one cup milk, little salt, one-half cup cocoa, two teaspoons baking powder and pastry flour to roll. We are very fond of these. You can use sour milk and soda if you wish.

SMALL FEET ARE IMPORTANT

Women of China Still Consider Them a Sign of Beauty and Culture.

"All the Chinese ladies of superior rank, and even those of the middle class, will strive by every means in their power to make their feet small," said Rev. Father Martin Kennelly, S. J.

"If the women did not have small feet," continued the missionary, who has spent 25 years preaching the Gospel to the orientals, "they would find it most difficult to secure a husband. From a long standing custom in China small feet are signs of culture, refinement, education and beauty."

Father Kennelly has been attached to the Jesuit mission in Shanghai for a quarter of a century, and is the only Catholic priest from an English speaking country in the Shanghai province, and one of the ten in all of China, the great majority of Catholic priests in the empire coming from European countries.

"In America," said the missionary, "where woman occupies so important a position in society, it is hard to realize the true state of affairs in China. A Chinese wife has little or no standing in society, and even but little authority in her own family, as her jurisdiction is confined to the daughters who are less than eight years of age. Girls are considered of no account in the family, and at their marriage they are separated from their own family forever and become merged into that of their husband."

"When a marriage is to take place the husband gives a dowry to the wife, which is almost the same as a purchase of the woman for so much money. The girls were considered of so little importance that it is only within the last five years that the Chinese could be prevailed upon to allow them to be educated. This is a great step forward, and as present the government and the missions are educating the women."—Boston Traveler.

Bleriot Is Like a Jersey Mosquito.

Funny, some of the names that are applied to the aviators and flying machines by the uninitiated, who are seeing the flight of aeroplane and birdman for the first time. When the mechanicians haul the machines out of the hangar at Point Breeze and drag them down the incline into the aviation field, there's a running conversation something like this all along the ropes:

"That's a Farman biplane, is it? I should say it looks like a cigar box. See the queer looking box tail on it! Maybe that's where he carries passengers. What are those funny looking flaps hanging down at the sides? Suppose they are brakes they use when they slow up."

"Ain't it awkward in appearance? Pipe this funny one they're bringing out now."

"A Bleriot (such as Drexel broke the height record in) did you say? Well, if that doesn't look just like a Jersey mosquito I'll lose my bet. Hear it! Sings just like a mosquito, too! It has two side flops on it, just like the wings of a swallow."

What the Parrot Said.

A lady went to a bird fancier for a parrot. She complained that the last bird he had sold her used very bad language.

"Well, madam," said he, "here's a bird I can rely on; it was brought from a voyage quite lately, and the whole time it was in the ladies' cabin, and never heard the sailors talk at all."

The lady took the parrot. A week later she brought it back to the shop, visibly angry.

"Surely the bird did not swear," said the man.

"No, it did not swear; it was perfectly silent until my 'At Home' day, and then, when my visitors were talking and having tea, it made the most dreadful sounds—the most dreadful sounds—the most dreadful sounds, and in a low excited voice it said, 'Stewardess!' and then more dreadful sounds. It was too dreadful for anything. Take it, oh, take it; I never want to see a parrot again."

Choice of a Wife.

Jeremy Taylor very aptly summed up his opinion of the unwise choice of a wife in the following words:

"A very fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; his eyes are witty, but his soul is sensual. It is an ill band of affection to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white."

These are indeed true sentiments, and the man is both unwise and unlucky who merely selects his wife because she is a pretty girl. Prettiness alone never yet made for happiness; the girl who can be a true friend, a devoted companion and a loving wife is worth a great deal more to her husband than "the little thread of red and white" which the old-time divine condemns.

Lost.

"The doctors have given him up." "That's nothing new. His Sunday school teacher gave him up years ago."

GIRLS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Love Was Favorite Theme of Conversation—Relations With Young Men Very Distant.

Dancing, for something like three hundred years, was a function rather than a pleasure, though certain of the beautiful elaborate figures which have come down to us ended with the partners giving each other a kiss, says a writer in the Lady's Pictorial. Kissing indeed was held in high favor, and a medieval way of saying, "When I first met her" ran "The first time I kissed her hand." But the relations between young men and young women in ordinary day-to-day life were distant in the extreme.

As to the actual subjects of conversation between the sexes, and even when only ladies, young and old, were present, it was usual to choose some lofty theme and then discuss it in all its bearings. One of the damsels present would be asked to set a problem, and then those round her would deal with it to the best of their ability. Love, which is comparatively seldom discussed in any abstruse or impersonal way by the modern girl and her companions, was a very favorite theme; and as to the type of love question which interested our medieval maiden two or three examples may be given.

"Is it easier to feign love than to hide it?"

"Which is easier, to win love or to keep it?"

"How does a miser's avarice affect his love?"

"Is the knight who is in love more likely to show bravery on the field of battle, or will his love make him a coward?" Such were the problems set with earnestness by the medieval maiden.

These discussions sometimes took place before a circle of interested listeners, between a noble damsel and a youth who was supposed to be learned in the subtleties of the tender passion; and it is on record that so interesting and moving did these conversations become at times that the on-lookers shed tears! Such word tournaments often took place after great family festivals, and formed part of the entertainment of the guests.

The Quality Girl.

She is none other than the strictly up-to-date business woman. D. C. Larson, writing in the Progress Magazine, says:

It is necessary to be attractive as well as competent; and to be both you should aim to be a quality girl. Many a faithful girl has been left in the rear because she neglected her personal appearance; and many a girl whose appearance received the best of attention has failed to realize her ideal because she did not give expression to her best. Your appearance depends largely upon what you put on, but real quality comes from what you are, how you act, how you conduct yourself, how you express yourself, and how you have improved all those things in your nature that can be expressed. To be a quality girl, therefore, in the truest sense of that term, it is necessary to do your best, be your best and appear your best.

Thousands of good positions are open to the quality girl, and thousands of desirable young men are looking for just such girls to become their wives. Be a quality girl and you need not be disturbed about the future. You may have good positions in the world's work as long as you like, and you may have a worthy husband and good home whenever you like.

Care of the Family Pillows.

Eight or ten hours spent upon the family supply of pillows will prove anything but a waste of time. Although the busy housewife may gasp at the thought, if she be as wise as she is busy she will recognize the truth and act accordingly.

Pillows require beating with a stout rattan beater, which will neither cut the seam nor wear the ticking. If done on a dry, sunny day this will clear out a goodly supply of dust.

Scrubbing is sometimes resorted to when the old ticking covers are still firm and strong enough for continued use. With a hand brush a liberal supply of soapy lather is rubbed into the case, which is spread out on a table, preferably outdoors. After a forceful scrubbing it is rinsed in several clear waters and thoroughly dried in the sun.

"Raising" Names.

While walking through Academy street the other day, says the Newark News, Joseph A. Beecher was "braced" by two colored boys about seven years old, who asked: "Got any cigarette pictures, mister?" Explaining that he did not indulge, the lawyer asked the boys their names. "Johnsing," was the reply; "we're twins." "Well, what are your first names?" Insisted the amused questioner. "Mah name," answered one, "is Soda and his name," pointing to the other, "is Saleratus. Maw done lose all de others and she give us names she find ~~saleratus~~ in rale."

WAS SHE A HEROINE?

By CLAUDINE SISSON

Miss Myrtle Ashmore was not sitting in a graceful position. She was leaning back in a rocking chair, her hands clasped behind her head and one foot positively in the air. She was staring at a blank spot on the sitting-room wall as if she had never seen it before. Her mother had to speak her name twice before she aroused with a start and explained:

"I was thinking, mother."

"Well?"

"I want to be a heroine."

"What nonsense!"

"But I do. Just think! I am most nineteen, and nothing has ever happened to me. I haven't been rescued from the flames or a torrent. I haven't been chased by a wolf or a bear. I haven't been kidnaped and held for ransom—just the same old thing day after day."

"But heroines are only in books."

"No, mother. I read in the papers a while ago of a girl that swam out to an overturned boat in a river and saved three lives. Why couldn't I have been there?"

"Because you can't swim."

"And I was never in a hotel when it took fire and a young man lowered me from a window."

"You'd have had your hair and eyebrows singed off."

"Mother," continued the daughter as she rose up to pace the floor, "I shall not die content until I am a heroine. It may not come for years, and it may come—"

"Perhaps that's it," laughed the mother as the telephone bell rang.

"Hello, sister Myrt."

"Hello, brother Tom."

"Say, sis, I'm in a pickle and you must help me out. You've heard me speak of Arthur Chopec?"

"Yes. You were chums at college. He's in South America."

"But he isn't, you see! He's here in town. I ran across him two hours ago and invited him to go home with me on the six o'clock train. Boss has just told me that I may have to stay till midnight. I've telephoned Chopec to go right out on the six o'clock, and that he'll be met at the station."

"Well, I'll send Henry, although



Found the Gate Open.

there's a cold rain here, and it looks like snow to come."

"But I want you to drive down in your car. Chopec is rather queer. In fact, I have told him that you'd meet him."

"It seems to me you are rather queer yourself. It's a four-pound box of candy if I go."

"I'll make it five."

"There won't be anything heroic about it, but I'll go," said the girl after explaining to the mother.

"The road is a glare of ice. If the rain turns to snow and a blizzard sets in—"

"Then I may have a chance to be a heroine. I met Mr. Chopec. I handed him a scarf to tie around his tender ears, and a muff to hold to the nose which has been peeled by a tropic sun. With him I plunge through the awful blizzard. We are fast in a snowdrift. I put on the whip. We are through. I drive up here with a whoop-la! and lift the frozen Chopec out in my arms, and after an hour of playing the piano to him he revives and pops the question. I say yes, and marriage and a bridal trip to Europe follow. Bless you, my mother—bless you!"

"Myrtle Ashmore, you are a hoyden!"

"Ma Ashmore, you are the best ever!"

Six-forty was the train time at Meadville, and the railroad station and village were a mile away. At 5:30 the rain turned to snow. At six there was half an inch of the beautiful on the ground. Ten minutes later Miss Myrtle Ashmore, would-be heroine, set out with the pony and cutter, and she had hardly started when the wind came down from the North

Pole with a howl that meant danger. It had come to stay, and it had brought Doctor Cook's long missing records from Etah.

Of course, the pony was smooth, shod. The coachman had figured it out that it was to be a winter without ice. Twenty rods from the gate the animal struck an icy spot and went down. He got up again all right, but the fall had made him cautious. With his face to a blizzard and his footing insecure he preferred to walk. The gale brought more snow. It didn't fall straight down, as a girl falls from a cherry tree, but it sailed around in rings and wreaths and clouds, and neither girl nor horse could see five feet into the flurry. Down went the pony again and again, and twice he blundered into the roadside ditch and almost upset the cutter.

Could the depot and Mr. Chopec be reached? The driver asked herself the question, and the pony answered it. There was a farmer's barn on the road with a wagon shed attached. He had often noticed it. As he reached that point in his struggles, and as he found the gate open and felt the blizzard growing stronger, he turned in. He had no sympathy with would-be heroines.

Miss Myrtle figured it out that they were under a shed, but she couldn't figure where nor how to get out again. The pony absolutely refused to budge. He didn't care for all the Chopecs in the country. He stood there and listened to the screeching gale and the driving snow and was glad he was no nearer Hudson's Bay.

Could the girl find the farmhouse in the storm? No. Could she go forwards and backwards on foot? Impossible. Could she make any one hear her screams for help? Impossible again! What she could do and did do was to cuddle down. There were fur robes and blankets in plenty, and after crying for an hour because she was no heroine she fell asleep. The pony shook and shivered and shed tears that froze an inch from his eyes, but he had to stand it.

Once, as the shed threatened to come down under the pounding of the gale, Miss Myrtle woke up enough to remember how hot it was last Fourth of July, and then slept again. Again, she sort of dreamed that the pony had backed out of the shed, and that he was going home by the light of a lantern. When she did actually awake she was being carried into the front room of her mother's house in a strong man's arm, and as he deposited her on a lounge she heard him saying to her mother:

"I found her in a farmer's wagon shed off the road, but it was a mere chance that the pony whinnied at just the right second. No; I don't think she has come to any harm, as she had the robes over her. You had best give her a hot drink and then let her sleep as long as she will. Yes; the drifts are very bad and it was hard breaking a way for the pony and there's nothing I can do I'll go to my room."

That blizzard snowed up the country for a week. Then Mr. Chopec went away to be gone a week and return. Then he was off for a day or two at a time, but he made the house his home. Tom called him "old man" and pressed him to stay for a hundred years and mother and daughter got to think he almost belonged there. On that blizzard night, not finding any one at the depot, he had made his way to the house and then gone back to the rescue of the maiden.

"Myrtle," said the mother one day when she caught the girl craning her neck to look down the road, "that was a bad blizzard."

"A horrid one, mother."

"But are you not glad it occurred?"

"Glad? Why should I be glad?"

"Because, you had both little toes frost-bitten and made a heroine of yourself."

"What foolishness."

"And because if Mr. Chopec doesn't ask you within another month to be his wife then I never saw love in a man's eyes!"

"You silly mother!"

But he did.

A Polish Funeral.

The abbe describes the pomp of weddings and funerals. At the funeral of a prince three cavaliers entered the church on horseback. One carried the deceased's saber, another his javelin, the third his lance. Riding at full speed, they broke their weapons against the side of the bier. The last rider then let himself fall from his horse, as if he were dead. Priests seized the horse and he was obliged to redeem it. Money was thrown to the ground. Confusion reigned; in the scramble bishops, priests and noblemen were thrown to the ground. At the end of the ceremony the ecclesiastics had a great feast, at which Hungarian wine flowed copiously. George A. Dorsey in the Chicago Tribune.

Americans Meet.

"You don't talk dialect," exclaimed the city man.

"And you don't talk tough slang," responded the farmer, equally surprised.