

GOOD CAKE IS RARE

RULES THAT WILL HELP IMPROVE COOK'S WORK.

That Few Families Know What Good Cake is is Statement That Will Be Resented, But it is None the Less True.

Few families know what good cake is. This statement will be resented, but it is none the less true. It is equally true that few professional cooks make as good cake as that baked by the mistress of the house or one of her daughters.

As every one should know how to bake delicious cake whether she makes use of it or not, here are a few rules that are essential:

Use the best materials. So-called cooking butter and stored eggs will make poor cake, and let no economical one persuade you otherwise.

What is known as soft A sugar makes a cake of nicer grain than granulated or powdered sugar. In measuring stint rather than heap up the cup or the batter is coarse grained. Baking powder should be measured by gently rounding, not heaped or flat, teaspoonfuls. With sour milk recipes use baking soda and cream of tartar rather than baking powder.

Never guess at measurements. Most recipes give exact proportions—which a good cook sometimes modifies. A cup, when not defined, usually means the stone china kitchen coffee cup that holds a little more than half a pint.

The richer the milk the better the cake. More than is called for is often permissible to keep the batter from getting too thick.

Stinting flour is the secret of good cake. Few realize this, as can be told by two persons making up the same recipe with results totally different for the cook who is heavy on flour. It is safe to allow a quarter to half a cup less flour on most recipes.

Judgment is important in cake mixing. Flours differ in heaviness and eggs in size; therefore to keep the batter from being too stiff see that it runs easily from the spoon, yet is not "runny." Thinning must be done before baking powder and whites of eggs are in.

Have all ingredients ready before beginning to mix a cake. Once started it should go into the oven quickly. One mixing bowl and two smaller ones for eggs will be needed; also a wooden paddle and a wire egg beater sift into batter before measuring and put into batter through sifter.

Get ready pans before starting cake. There is but one sure way to prevent sticking—paper the bottoms of pan and grease it, not the pan, which is only buttered on the edge. Many persons use lard for greasing, but butter never tastes.

Papering is no trouble if ten cents worth of yellow wrapping paper is bought and cut in leisure moments to fit your various shaped pans. Keep in an air-tight box in the kitchen closet.

A good cake baker makes sure that her cake pans are not used for other purposes by keeping them under lock in the same place have all the utensils needed and there will be no delays. Here also have an extra supply of baking powder, favoring extracts, chocolate and the special sugar used. Do not get more than five pounds at a time of the latter, and see that it's rolled and sifted before using.

Pickled Oysters.

Two hundred large oysters, one cup vinegar, one cup white wine, four teaspoons salt, six teaspoons whole peppers, one-quarter teaspoon mace. Drain and clean oysters, scald the liquor. Strain and add the above named ingredients. Let boil up at once and pour, while boiling hot, over the oysters. After these have stood ten minutes pour off the liquor, which, as well as the oysters, should then be allowed to get cold. Put in a jar and cover tight.

Butter Cakes.

Sift two cups of flour, with four level teaspoons of baking powder and one level teaspoon of salt. Rub into this two tablespoons of butter. Gradually add three-fourths cup of milk. Roll out one-half inch thick as for biscuits. Bake on a hot griddle on top of stove, leaving room for them to rise. Bake rather slowly and turn but once. They will puff to double 'he size they were when put on pan.

Lamb Pudding.

The cold meat from yesterday's joint, bread crumbs, one tablespoon of butter, two eggs, a little gravy, pepper, salt and a pinch of nutmeg. Chop the cold lamb fine, season and wet up with a little good gravy. Mix in one-quarter as much crumbs and pour into buttered mold. Set in a pan of hot water, and cook covered in a good oven for one hour. Turn out and pour a little gravy over it.

Green Tomato Preserve.

Wash and slice green tomatoes, allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of tomato, together with one lemon cut in slices and put between the layers of tomato; cook until thick, add a 25-cent jar of preserved ginger put through the food chopper.

A Cooking Timetable.

Mutton, 15 minutes to the pound.
Beef, 30 minutes.
Veal, 20 minutes.
Ham, 15 to 30 minutes.
Pork, 25 to 35 minutes.

TEXAS SENATOR ENTERED CONGRESS AT AGE OF 28

Among those who have entered the United States senate and made notable careers Senator Joseph W. Bailey of Texas stands with the first. The progress and evolution of Mr. Bailey since he entered congress in 1891, when only twenty-eight years old, have been among the most interesting features of our national life during that period.

Personally, Senator Bailey is a man of a very genial disposition. His most conspicuous personal trait is loyalty to his friends, and he has always been found to be sincere, frank and candid. The senator is one who delights in retirement, and seldom if ever is he found frequenting the clubs and hotel lobbies where his political friends are wont to congregate. He is unconventional in many ways and he cares little if at all for even the simpler manifestations of social life. One of the laudable traits of Mr. Bailey's character is his love of the home and the family. When his colleagues are enjoying the luxuries and pleasures of their various clubs he delights in being at home surrounded by the peaceful influence of his family. His favorite hobby is the raising of fine cattle and blooded horses, and it is one of his ambitions to conduct the best farm in the land for this purpose.

Among the rank and file of the senate Bailey is probably the most enthusiastic patriot. The fire of his oratory when speaking on the consolidation of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, besides eliciting a burst of spontaneous applause from the galleries, thrilled and astounded his conferees. In his peroration on this occasion he branched off into an impromptu tribute to the Lone Star state and his commanding delivery and beautiful language proved beyond question that oratory still thrives in the federal congress and that the heart of true patriotism is still a living one.

WESTERN CHILD WONDER SPEAKS TEN LANGUAGES

Winifred Shackville Stoner, daughter of Col. J. R. Stoner, of the United States marine hospital service, is regarded as a rival of young Sids, the special student in Harvard who is a genius in mathematics.

Winifred, or "Cherie," as her mother calls her, is only 8 years old. She can speak 10 different languages fluently and uses the different tongues as she chats with her dolls and plays with children. She reads almost constantly, and has read the majority of Shakespeare's plays. She is also a poet, having written verse in several languages. The mother says the ability of the girl to speak French, Spanish, Latin, Esperanto, Japanese, Russian, Polish, German and Italian is due to careful training from the time she was a baby.

"Her advancement," says her mother, "is not due to anything except the way in which she was educated. I began with her when she was three weeks old, developing her mentally and physically, and the effect of the teaching and methods is apparent. The method used is the same as was employed in training William James Sids, the Boston boy. I started from the first to teach the child the best, to cultivate her taste and to improve her mind. I do not have her 'show off' and I know she is as normal as any child of the same age, but I would like to have her work known for the benefit of other kiddies, for any child may be trained the same way with the same probable result. The secret is to make their training the same as play for them."

Modern Public Highways.

The people of the city are not the only ones who pay tax money for the building and improvements of streets and highways that never is spent on the roadways. And this condition in the country gave John Winters a chance to say one of his occasional good things. It was a town meeting. The people of his village could not understand how the money appropriated for roads had vanished with such negative results, and some of them attended this meeting of the select men to discuss the matter.

"I'd just like to say one thing," he drawled, regardless of the fact that he had interrupted an indignant neighbor, "I don't want to make any fuss whatsoever, but I'd just like to ask this honorable board of public highwaymen"—

And that was as far as he got. A roar of laughter drowned his further words and showed his efforts in the red faces of the "highwaymen"—and, later, in the improvement of the before-mentioned roadway.—Judge.

Possibly.

Gotham—They say that the wireless business is still in its infancy. Flatbush—And do you suppose some day we'll have barbed wireless fences? —Yonkers Statesman.

The Discordant Note

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press)

Dushane lying lazily on the marble bench by the fountain could see Julia as she swept down the long shaded walk with the vista of the terraced gardens at the end. She was in shimmering green with a necklace and belt of turquoise. Behind her strutted a peacock with outspread tail. Dushane's artistic eye gazed over the perfection of the picture. "You beauties," he murmured under his breath.

Julia, coming nearer, said, "I know I should find you here. You are always lazy in the afternoons. Other men play tennis—but you—" She shrugged her shoulders.

"Would you like to have me play tennis—now?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No, you may talk to me."

"What shall I talk about?"

She gave him a swift glance. "As if you didn't know," she murmured.

He knew what she wanted. He had always paid homage to her beauty, and she liked to bask in the sunshine of his compliments.

Somehow he felt not in the mood to give her what she desired. A weariness had come over him, a sense of incompleteness. He had planned today to ask Julia to marry him, and now that the moment had arrived, he had no desire to speak.

Even as he hesitated the peacock raised his head and gave a harsh cry. Julia put her hands over her ears. "He is such a beauty," she said, "who would have dreamed that he could give forth such an evil sound!"

It flashed through Dushane's mind, as she sat there, touching her shining hair, setting the blue stones at



The Peacock Spread His Plumage and Gave Forth His Cries.

her neck, making a thousand little ineffective feminine movements, that she was not unlike the peacock preening itself in the sunshine. At his silence she pouted. "You're not interesting," she said, "I am going to leave you and find somebody who can talk."

He let her go, wondering why he did so, yet held from the declaration of his feelings by some intuition. When he was again alone he became conscious of a little sound in the stillness; a soft song sung in a quavering voice. He rose, followed the sound, and came upon a little summer house set at the foot of the vegetable garden. In it a little old lady sat with a big pan in her lap into which she was shelling peas. Dushane laughed delightedly. "Why, Mrs. Worthington—" he said. "Who would have believed it?"

The little old lady rose hurriedly, and the peas flew in all directions. "Oh, what would Julia say if she knew you saw me?" she gasped.

She was a quaint little figure. Her modish black chiffon gown was covered with a big, white apron; her hair, dressed with jeweled combs, was piled high on her head, and she had perched on it an old straw hat to shade her eyes.

"Julia doesn't like to have me do anything in the kitchen," she faltered. "You know Julia has been away to school, and since we got the big house she wants us all to live like people in the city; but I"—she drew a quick breath—"I have always shelled peas, and done such things, and I cannot get used to idleness."

"I know," he added, "my mother loves housewifely things. In our place in Virginia she is out in the garden half the time."

"Oh, is she?" The little lady's tone was eager. "I wish you would tell Julia, she thinks ladies—like your mother—do not do such things." Dushane knew now the cause of his instinctive suspicion of Julia's beauty. He had felt behind it there was a lack of character and a snobbishness that was plebeian. His own lineage was unquestioned, but the women of his family had been proud of their gardens, their kitchens and of their housewifely domain.

"Now Nell is different," the old lady was saying. "Sometimes she comes out and helps me. The other day we ran away and had a picnic. We bought a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk, and made milk toast over a little fire we built in the woods, and you cannot imagine how good it tasted."

"Indeed I can," Dushane said heartily. "The next time you run away you must tell me and I will go too, and I will catch some fish, and we will broil them over the coals."

She clasped her hands eagerly. "There comes Nell now," she said. "We've planned to go tomorrow, and I am going to tell her you want to accompany us."

Nell had none of Julia's haughty pride, but she was very fresh, and sweet, and enthusiastic as she talked to Dushane.

"Do not tell Julia," she insisted, "she hates to have mother and me do such things, but tomorrow there will be a lot of people for tennis and tea, and we thought we could run away, and not have to meet them."

"I will run away too," Dushane said. "I will meet you at the second bridge. They will never miss me in the crowd."

But Julia did miss this wealthy and important guest. It was because of him that she had invited her neighbors for tea and tennis. She was proud of her conquest, and wished to show him off.

Dushane appeared among them for a moment, and then he could not be found, and little did Julia guess that he was on the road to a tryst with her mother and schoolgirl sister.

Dushane caught a half dozen trout, and broiled them with bits of bacon. The little old lady made coffee, and Nell stirred up a cornbread and baked it over the coals. In the midst of the feast came Julia, flaming.

"What are you doing?" she demanded, sweeping in upon them, all in pale pink, with rosy plumes in her wide hat. "I missed you, and the servants said you had come this way. I thought something must have happened, and I ran away from my guests long enough to find you here. I cannot understand it. Why has mother come out here in that old lawn dress and wide hat? Nell, what if some one had seen you?"

In her anger she had forgotten that Dushane might sit in judgment. Her voice, usually low and well modulated, was harsh and rough. Dushane thought of the cry of the peacock. This was the discordant note!

"Yes, we ran away," he said, and his glance met Julia's steadily. "Your mother does not enjoy tennis and tea and crowds of people, and she enjoys this, why should not she have it?"

The direct question brought Julia to her senses.

"Why, of course," she faltered, "only nice people don't do such things."

"My mother does them," Dushane stated. "I have been with her in the woods many a day, and we have roasted potatoes, and boiled corn, and had all sorts of feasts."

Julia saw that she had made a mistake, and attempted to retrieve it. But Dushane had no eyes for her; he was watching Nell whose crimson cheeks and tear wet eyes showed her distress. He was watching, too, the old lady's trembling lip and nervous hands. His heart went out in sympathy and tenderness. These two women needed him; more than that, Nell was a girl to love.

They went home a dejected group. The little mother and Nell entered by the back door. Julia rejoined her guests, and Dushane drifted down the shady walk to the marble bench by the fountain. On the terrace the peacock spread his plumage and gave forth his cries.

At dusk a little figure crept like a shadow to the fountain. It was Nell in filmy white and pearls.

"Are we such sinners?" she whispered. "Wasn't it dreadful?"

Dushane rose and took her hands in his.

"No," he said, "but I am afraid Julia will never forgive me, and I'm not sure, Nell, that I want her forgiveness. But there is something that I do want, and I am not going to ask it now. You are the sweetest woman in the world, and your mother is just a little faded edition of you. Some day, and I hope it will not be long, I want to take care of you both; but this is not the time to ask it. Will you wait a little and then let me come back to you, Nell?"

"Oh!" she whispered, "but Julia?"

"Julia will find many others," he said, "who will adore her beauty. She doesn't need me any more than I need her, but you will fill my heart. May I come back?"

And the fountain heard her as she answered "Yes."

Full Particulars Later.

Mr. Dorkine—Maria, do you call that thing a hat?

Mrs. Dorkine (In a clear, metallic voice)—I think that's what the milliner will call it in the bill you will get next week.

Late Horror.

"Well, professor," said one of his young married friends, "I've done the usual thing; I've put a mortgage on my house and lot."

"Have you anything to chauffer it?" inquired the professor.

She Was Careful.

"But daughter, why didn't you tell him to stop kissing you?"

"Oh, papa, I thought it might be impolite to interrupt him."—Yonkers Statesman.

Evening Dresses



THE costume shown on the left is a combination of soft primrose satin and silver grey chiffon. The satin is used for the Princess underdress, the chiffon for the over-dress, which is slightly full at the waist, and at each side has a panel of dull silver and pearl trimming with fringed ends.

The front of bodice is veiled with the chiffon, over which trimming is laid, a narrow dull silver trimming edging the bodice; the chiffon is then draped on the bodice, the sleeves being cut in with it; the edge of sleeve is finished with the trimming.

Materials required: 7 yards double width satin, 8 yards chiffon, 42 inches wide, trimming according to width.

The other is in white satin charmeuse; the slightly trained skirt is trimmed with wide tarnished gold and pale blue embroidery, which draws the satin slightly in and gives the effect of a tunic, edged with handsome cord that is carried up to the waist each side front.

The over-bodice is of entirely the same embroidery, with underslip of white crepe-de-Chine, the whole edged with cord; waist-band of soft blue satin.

Materials required: Five yards double width satin, 1 1/4 yard embroidery for skirt, 1 1/4 yard embroidery for bodice, 1 1/4 yard crepe-de-Chine 40 inches wide.

SHOWING THE WINTER STYLES

Exhibits of London Dressmakers Give Fair Idea of What is Going to Be Popular.

All the smart dressmakers in London have been exhibiting their new models. The coat and skirt costumes were chiefly of "ratine," the latest novelty in materials, which when at its best resembles chamols leather in appearance, but is as soft and warm as a good Harris tweed. Coats, of course, were short and rather like the reefer of several years ago, while skirts, if not actually hobbled, were tight to the hobbling point and much trimmed. House and evening gowns were almost all fashioned with tunic effect. Sometimes the tunic was very long. Sometimes it reached but a little below the hips.

Black was much used to soften vivid color effects. Thus, a frock of purple and green had a long tunic of black net bordered with Persian trimming, while black and blue and black and magenta were blended on various evening gowns. Oriental embroideries, dull silver and gold tissues and gem-studded braids were also in evidence. Garlands of flowers were used in trimming some of the dresses, and one dainty pink and cream gown was shackled with ropes of dainty little roses veiled with chiffon.

FANCIES OF FASHION

There is a preference for white laces this season.

Light, filmy laces are trimmed with fur for winter gowns.

The popularity for the one piece gown does not abate.

More ostrich feathers are being sold than ever before.

Black velvet is paramount as trimming, while satin runs a close second.

Large colored wood buttons are seen on some of the new tailored suits.

There seems to be no cessation in the demand for allovers and baby Irish.

The style of the one piece afternoon gown depends upon the little French touches more than upon any special scheme of line.

Hints for the Table.

For a very delicious dish of deviled clams prepare a cupful of chopped clams and season them with cayenne, salt and the juice of a lemon. Mix them to a soft batter-like consistency with the yolks of two eggs and some powdered crackers. Put the mixture into little ramekins, broad scalloped shells or into tiny cups, spread the surface with soft butter and bake until well browned. For a change the mixture may be spread over crisp crackers and then browned in the oven.

Two Sewing Hints.

When silk pulls out of shape under a pattern, baste the edges of the silk evenly to a newspaper. Cut through silk and paper. To press tucks in crepe de chine put a sheet of white tissue paper over the right side. In this way the tucks may be seen and kept straight.

REVIVAL OF "GREEK BATH"

Beauty Doctors Are Recommending It—Said to Have Splendid Effect on the Skin.

If the skin happens to be dry and harsh, have you tried the soothing and smoothing effect of the so-called Greek bath? This was a favorite remedy of the ancients and has been revived by modern beauty doctors.

Mix seven tablespoonfuls of pure olive oil and one of lavender water and rub it well into the entire body. Apply a little at a time and rub in well with the palms of the hand, using a circular motion.

To get the best effects from this bath the body should be kept very warm during the rubbing. If hot cloths are applied first to open the pores more of the oil will be absorbed.

Take the baths three nights in succession, then stop for a week and take the series again as necessary. The skin quickly improves.

LATEST IN MILLINERY.



Parisian Idea in Novel Design.

Foot Comfort.

A shoemaker who has had wide experience with making women's shoes gives as the secret of foot comfort the simple rule: "Never wear a shoe that will not permit the great toe to lie in a straight line."

This may mean the elimination of some of the most fashionable cuts and the annoyance to vanity of asking for big sizes, but it will save bills to the chiropodist and improve dispositions.

Tea Gowns.

A lovely little tea gown which contains an idea for the woman with a similar garment to make over is of pale turquoise satin, draped in empire style and veiled with gray crepe de chine, hemmed with a finger's width of gray squirrel fur. The veiling is held in place over the underbody by a fleur-de-lis of seed pearls at the waist.

Find something more desirable than an honest man—and you will earn for yourself the title of chief discoverer among the gods.—National Food Magazine