Passengers on European Trains Huddled Like Cattle.

PEOPLE Herded Worse Than Animals in the Cars of Italy, France and Other Continental Countries—Public Scandal of the Shocking Treatment of Passengers on the Railroad Systems of Europe Has at Last Resulted in a Semi-public Agitation—Travelers Defense League Being Formed in England for the Abolition of Abuses—Pilfering of Passengers' Baggage Goes on Night and Day.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, March 26, 1909.

HAVE you ever traveled on the "cattle trains" of Europe? Have you ever had your luggage broken into and everything of value stolen; been roused from your slumbers at night and compelled to change trains after paying exorbitant charges for the privilege of traveling by a through train; been insulted by conductor, guard or station master or forced to sleep standing up in the draughty corridor of a smoke-ridden car? Have you been charged extra because at some stage of your journey a "fast" engine is said to have been hooked to your train and then traveled hundreds of weary miles at a snail's pace; or paid a fancy price to ride on a "lightning express" that finds it utterly impossible to negotiate more than twenty-five miles an hour and stops at every little one-horse station? No? Then render thanks to the fates which have evidently been kind to you and cease envying your globe-trotting neighbors.

The indictment against the railroads is a heavy one. There are few people who have traveled much on the railroads on the continent who have not at one time or another addressed a scathing protest to the management. But despite these hundreds of thousands of protests the services get gradually worse and worse. The majority of the letters are consigned to the waste paper basket and are not even answered. The only possible means of getting reparation for the most flagrant case of neglect and injury on the part of the railroads is to put the case in the hands of a lawyer and take the first steps toward a suit in court.

* * *

For years past, with increasing frequency, the baggage of passengers has been plundered almost openly on the railroads of France and Italy. It is hard to believe that there is a single honest employe on any of the railroads of these two countries, for pilfering that could not be accomplished except with the knowledge of everybody connected with station and trains goes on night and day. Those intrusted with the handling of luggage are armed with tools for filing locks and sawing woodwork, and so expertly is the work done that the unfortunate owners seldom discover it until they arrive at their destination.

Nor is the pilfering of baggage the only serious charge against these railroads. Through passengers are ousted out of their uncomfortable seats in the middle of the night to change cars at the pleasure of the officials. Cars which start moderately full are, after a short run, taken off and the passengers crowded into the remaining cars to stand on their feet in the corridors through the long nights or to attempt to snatch a few hours of fitful slumber reposing on the top of their luggage. In the middle of a journey, at some lonely mountain station, third class cars are taken off and the occupants, many of them of the poorest, dirtiest and most objectionable class, after being compelled to pay the difference in fare are bundled in with the long-suffering second class passengers. This practice has made it almost impossible for women unaccompanied by male escort to escape insult if traveling by second class. As a matter of fact, if female passengers are lucky enough to escape insult at the hands of their fellow-passengers they are almost sure of meeting with it in the officials of the road.

* * *

Nor is the indictment yet complete. Extra charges for fictitious services are a favorite means of official thieving. So-called fast engines are hooked on at stopping places and additional fares collected from the helpless passengers. Extra charges are made for express trains, although the speed is rarely over twenty-five miles an hour. The "fast" trains all stop at a dozen or so stations to every hundred miles, and there isn't a local service in the United States, however bad, from which the continental systems, with a few exceptions, could not learn enough to fill several fat volumes.

Although it holds true generally that the further south you travel in Europe the bigger thieves you meet, till in Sicily you find yourself among a veritable nation of petty bandits and brigands. What the employes don't steal from the passengers you can make up your mind is not worth much. If you have any temper or composure left after accomplishing a journey you may congratulate yourself on being an angel without wings; and if you do not damn the whole system, the continent in toto and traveling in general and swear to stick to your little old United States the rest of your life you will be a glorious exception among the multitudes which have gone before—and will probably come after you.

* * *

A branch of the P. L. M. runs between Rome and Paris. One of the daily services is a so-called "express," for which you pay a special fare. The distance between the two cities, as the bird flies, or rather as the ruler lies, is about 720 miles. You who are used to the magnificent train services throughout the United States will find it hard to credit it when it is stated that the time occupied by this "express" train to do these 720 miles is just over twenty-eight hours. Imagine paying a special fare to travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. This same train, designed, primarily, to get people who are tired of Italy and its railroads away from the scenes of their discontent and into Paris as soon as possible, finds it necessary to stop fully a score of times between the two cities. Indeed, at one city a lay-over—it is impossible to call it anything else—is made of three-quarters of an hour, presumably to give the heated axles of the swiftly moving train a chance to cool.

When The Star correspondent traveled over this particular stretch of road apparently no attempt was made by the railroad officials to cope with the passenger traffic. Many of the passengers were compelled to spend the night in the corridors. Those who were fortunate enough to get a seat, were crowded eight in a compartment with windows tightly closed and almost suffocated to death. No cattle were ever herded closer or with less regard for their comfort. Your correspondent had sent his baggage on to Modane the first town over the French border, and it was necessary for him to register it from there to Paris. Forty minutes were allowed at the station and there was one clerk on duty to cope with the luggage of the passengers. This clerk had no knowledge of the rates and found it necessary frequently to leave his desk to consult some superior official at the other end of the big station. The first to fall into his hands was an Englishwoman who was traveling with her maid. It took the intelligent clerk just five minutes to reduce her to tears through nervousness, and close upon half an hour to determine how much the company could legally or safely steal from her.

* * *

By the time your correspondent reached the window there were two minutes left to catch the train. His luggage weighed twenty-eight pounds and it was so marked on the receipt slips. Yet, although it was two pounds under the weight carried free, the clerk declared that there was 12 francs due for excess. He refused to argue the point, but tossed the ticket back, exclaiming with a grin: "If you don't like it, leave it." Your correspondent left the baggage. Upon his arrival in Paris he had the luggage sent through in bond and made a claim for the $7 which it cost him. The sum total of a lengthy correspondence, including an endless variety of pleadings, demands and threats, was that the P. L. M. finally denied that any attempt had ever been made to register the luggage. To cap the climax when the luggage did reach its destination it was found that the heavy lock had been filed through and that what remained within would not have provided a wardrobe for Father Adam.

Frederic Harrison.

The Austrian railroads are a little bit better than the Italian. Traveling some time ago from Vienna to Venice, your correspondent had a typical experience. When the train stopped at St. Michael all the passengers were bundled out and after the cars were shunted back and forth a couple of times a new engine was attached. A few minutes later the conductor called around for an additional charge of about 50 cents on the ground that a faster engine was now pulling the train. As a matter of fact, it was crawling along at about fifteen miles an hour.

At the Italian border town the third-class coaches were withdrawn and amid the greatest confusion the occupants were informed that they would have to pay the difference between the amount they had already expended on their tickets and the second-class charges. Then they were crowded in with the unfortunate second-class passengers. This occurred in the evening, so that all were compelled to say good-bye to sleep or comfort.

Overcrowding is, of course, one of the chief scandals of the Italian railroads. Traveling from Milan to Florence at night your correspondent has counted eighteen passengers compelled by lack of room to sleep, or to try to sleep, in the corridors, either standing up or half reclining on their baggage. Those who were unable to sleep kept up a constant stream of conversation, such as only Italians are capable of, so that sleep was out of the question even for those who had secured seats.

In Italy there is a legalized system of brigandage among the railroad officials. A well known English writer on philosophy recently told me of an exciting experience he had at Pisa. "I found," he said, "a party of American women in great distress because the railway officials refused to permit their baggage—consisting of a number of Saratoga trunks—to be put on the train because they were not sealed, or 'plombi'—that is, stamped with little pieces of lead holding the ends of a wire together. A new regulation had been made that week that all luggage must be treated in this way. When I found that the women were in such distress I offered to assist them. I told the official that I knew all he wanted was money, and after a little diplomacy and bribery I managed to get their trunks 'plombied' and put on the train.

* * *

"I then decided to have it out with the station master. I said: 'You fellows are all a lot of robbers, you know. You held up the baggage of these women simply for the purpose of extracting blackmail.'

"He was a gorgeously dressed official and he flew into a terrible rage. I stepped into my carriage and sat down. He came to the door and began to abuse me. Italian is a splendid language to swear in, and both of us used the vernacular in the most picturesque manner for some little time. I managed to keep fairly cool throughout the altercation, and my opponent kept getting hotter and hotter. I said a number of extremely unpleasant things about the Italian system of robbing passengers. Finally the train began to move off. The station master was in such a rage that he stepped on the footboard of the coach and threw his card into my lap, with a challenge to come back and fight a duel with him.

"I laughed heartily in his face and managed to finish him off with a Parthian shot:

"'Fight a duel with you? Not much!' I exclaimed. 'In my country gentlemen don't fight duels with brigands.'"

Not only are passengers systematically and deliberately robbed by the "official brigands" employed by the railways, but the head officers of the various companies take every possible advantage of the traveling public.

* * *

For instance, not long ago a tourist paid $25 for through sleeping compartments for himself and family to the south of France. At a small station, after they had all retired for the night, they were compelled to get up, dress, and go into another car. The car into which they were placed was not a sleeper, and they had to sit up all night. They had not been in this car more than five minutes before two French ladies, half clad and crying, were thrust into the compartment and had to finish dressing before the other passengers. The officials had been most brutal in turning them out. They had pleaded for time to dress, but it had been refused. There was no excuse for this whatever, as the car they were turned out of was left standing on a siding for two hours. The whole thing was such an outrage that the tourist began an action against the sleeping car company. First, however, he wrote them several strong letters, threatening all sorts of things. It was only when he employed a lawyer that he managed to get back his $25.

The attitude of the continental railroads toward the complaining passengers may be likened to the "What are you going to do about it, gentlemen?" of Boss Tweed. But the worm has turned, in England, at least, and a travelers' defense league, with many prominent Englishmen and women as members, has just been formed, with the intention of kicking up such a rumpus that the offending officials will be compelled to inaugurate some reforms. A leading part in the movement has been taken by Frederic Harrison, the famous positivist philosopher, who has been bombarding the newspapers with letters of protest. The author is especially bitter against the English railroads, which, he declares, are accessories before the fact.

* * *

"I have been complaining for years about the outrageous treatment accorded to passengers traveling from England through to various points in Europe," says Mr. Harrison. "The London and South Eastern railway, which is amalgamated with the London, Chatham and Dover, undertakes, for instance, to send a passenger right through from London to Switzerland without change, with exception, of course, of the channel passage. These railways engage in deliberate swindling of the public, for they accept an extra fee in addition to the ticket for this through journey. Where a lady is traveling alone, or where an invalid is being sent to some health resort, it is often necessary that they should go right through, but once on the French trains you are at their mercy.

"Not long ago I and my family went to Basle. When we got to France we found a car labeled to go through to Basle, and our names were written up on the doors and seats of the carriage. We made ourselves comfortable for the long journey and were fixed for the night when, at Paris, a guard told us that that coach would go no farther. We pointed to the tickets over our seats, showed our receips for the extra fare for the through journey, and after having a long squabble with the station master at the Garre de Lyons, finally all had to turn out and wait two hours in the station. Of course this meant spending a certain amount of money in the station restaurant and for having our baggage looked after. This is part of the game of graft."

* * *

In another case an invalid woman had every arrangement made for her to be carried through to Switzerland without change, paying the English railway company extra for the privilege. On arriving in France she was placed in a first-class carriage labeled to go through. She was made comfortable and her friends left her, arringing for her to be met on arrival in Switzerland. She was too ill to be moved without great danger, and yet at Paris she was compelled to leave her compartment, had to wait two hours in a cold station, and finally was thrust into a compartment full of other passengers. This was a great outrage. The woman was made critically ill and her life was said to have been considerably shortened by the terrible experience.

In another case a baroness was traveling with her family and servants—a party of seven. First-class compartments were engaged through to Italy. In the party were a young boy and girl about ten and twelve years, respectively. On arriving in France the same farce was re-enacted. They were placed in a coach marked to go through to Marseille. At Paris, however, they were all turned out at the Gare de Lyons. They had to wait some hours in the bleak and comfortless French station, and finally the two young people were put in a different carriage, separated from their mother, where they had to stand up all night. In this carriage were some drunken soldiers who were carousing all night, drinking out of a common bottle of brandy, and the experience of this young girl of title was a most distressing one. With only her young brother to protect her she could scarcely defend herself against insult. Her mother was nearly distracted and spent a dreadful night, owing to the anxiety caused by the separation.

(Copyright, 1909, by Curtis Brown.)

Riviera Express Leaving Genoa.

Favorite Excuse for Collecting Extra Fare Is the Hooking On of Additional Engine.

Mrs. Richard A. Ballinger Well Equipped for Social Success.

THE Wife of the Secretary of the Interior Is a Charming Hostess—She Is a Native and Devoted Admirer of the Berkshires, the Famous Highlands of Massachusetts, and Was Born in Lee—She Is a Trained Musician and Possesses a Fine Soprano Voice.

AMONG the new hostesses of the cabinet are three who are not new in the sense that they occupy a high place in official society for the first time. Mrs. Knox is so well identified with the resident set that her change of official status makes little appreciable difference. The same is true of Miss Flora Wilson, Mrs. George von Lengerke Meyer, and in a less degree of Mrs. Richard A. Ballinger, wife of the Secretary of the Interior. During her husband's term as commissioner of the general land office Mrs. Ballinger presided over a pleasant home and became thoroughly conversant with the duties that will devolve on her as one of the social assistants of Mrs. Taft and the presiding lady of a cabinet home. That she is eminently qualified for the lofty station and charmed with the prospect of fulfilling her onerous social duties makes an excellent reason for the capital to rejoice.

Mrs. Ballinger spent but a short time in Washington, arriving a day or two before the inauguration and departing within a week after. But she remained long enough to mature her plans for the coming season. The home of the Secretary of the Interior will continue to be the Shoreham. From a multitude of home obligations Mrs. Ballinger will be compelled to remain in Seattle the greater part of the year. She will come to Washington permanently only during the official season from December to March, and then make as many brief visits as she can steal from home. Mrs. Ballinger is the most devoted daughter to her husband's mother, and on her account the home in Seattle must be maintained. The elder Mrs. Ballinger has been an invalid for some years, and her health is such that it would be impossible to bring her to Washington. With commendable affection neither the Secretary nor Mrs. Ballinger permits public or private interests to encroach on the comfort and well being of their venerable mother. However, as society is now organized in Washington, it is possible to fulfill all obligations in three months.

* * *

The wife of the Secretary of the Interior is the type, fortunately for the nation, frequently noted in studying the home environment of successful public men. She is devoted to her home and her family interests, yet she is broad in her scope and intelligent in her grasp of all which concerns the outside mission of women. Speaking of patriotic societies in which she is deeply interested, Mrs. Ballinger explained during her recent visit that her early youth was passed in an environment happily conducive to developing love of country.

"My home was in the pretty town of Lee, in the heart of the Berkshires," she said, "and the very air seems charged with patriotism. The names of the Berkshire towns suggest the stirring chapters of the war of independence, though the settlements antedated that struggle, and the impress of British proprietorship is suggested in the general designation of Berkshire, called for the earl who was so friendly to the interests of the colonists, and Lenox, which is the family name of the earls of Berkshire, England. But all around the towns bear such names as 'Hancock,' 'Adams,' 'Washington,' 'Lee,' 'Dalton,' 'Otis' and so on. Pittsfield is one of the towns named before the revolution and is called for the Earl of Chatham, also a colonial sympathizer. Since going to live in the west it has been brought home to me how much historic association does to develop patriotism and a love of inculcating its principles.

* * *

"The Berkshires, so famous for natural beauty, unsurpassed in this country, and now a great playground for the prosperous citizens of adjacent states, were not discovered, so to speak, for nearly a century after the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth Rock. But the locality is fascinating in its connection with the Indian tribes, the Mohawks in particular, and the picturesque warfare known as the French and Indian uprisings. Wolfe is honored in the Berkshires for his victory over Montcalm at Quebec, when he pushed back the frontier of savagery from the outposts of the British colonists and made the beginnings of material prosperity in the mountain settlement."

Mrs. Ballinger was before her marriage Julia Bradley, daughter of one of the most revered citizens of Lee, and a descendant of eminent pioneers of the great Commonwealth state. She received an excellent education at the private schools of Lee and entered Wellesley College, where she remained for almost four years and where she would have undoubtedly made an enviable finish had not Cupid interfered. Judge Ballinger was studying at Williams College in Williamstown, Mass., and in his class was Walker Bradley, brother of Mrs. Ballinger, and now a professor in the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. Young Ballinger's home was far west and Bradley's within a few hours of the college, so the two boys, who were like brothers, as a consequence began to spend the holidays at the Bradley home, with the result that he soon longed to be Bradley's brother in truth and by law. The story was a very pretty one and closely identified with Mrs. Ballinger's deep devotion to her old home in Lee.

Her brother, after graduating with high honors at Williams, determined to go abroad and pursue his studies in Berlin and Paris, and his sister, having decided that higher education for a woman in love was not very alluring, accompanied him. The two remained abroad for about two years. During this period young Ballinger kept up a brisk correspondence and even crossed the ocean to look after his interests at close range. Mr. and Mrs. Ballinger were married within two weeks after her return to this country, and their subsequent life is another evidence that boy and girl romances often develop the happiest and most useful lives.

MRS. RICHARD BALLINGER
COPYRIGHT BY CLINEDINST

Mrs. Ballinger naturally places a high rating on college training for women and on the excellent results of close study and mental discipline. "I am not an enthusiast over public careers for women, nor can I be said to take a serious view of many things which at present occupy their attention. Home and its duties has filled my time almost to the exclusion of all extraneous interests. But I can appreciate that many lives are not so filled, and to them philanthropy, knowledge and various societies make a powerful appeal. But for women in any walk of life I approve of their knowing all they can, and I think that the present trend toward higher education means a giant stride in our national life. The mother who reveres knowledge and who has herself walked in the narrow path which its acquisition means makes a more sympathetic helpmeet for the children she must train in their efforts toward an education. Then the more a woman learns the more her character is strengthened and the more useful she becomes in the home.

* * *

"Nearly every one talks of the higher education for women as something wasted if the recipient does not adopt a professional career. This limited view is a false one, for in the home are the benefits of any learning put to the supreme test. I think if a woman cannot justify the innovation of getting as thorough and profound an education as her brother by fulfilling more intelligently and nobly her natural vocation of making a happy home for her husband and children, then I see no reason for the added burden of a college course. Teachers and professional women certainly have their mission and they are doing a noble work in their field, but the mothers of the coming generations have the larger scope, and it is to them that the loftiest mission and highest responsibilities belong."

The Secretary and Mrs. Ballinger have two sons, Edward Bradley Ballinger, who is nineteen and a student at his father's and grandfather's alma mater, Williams College; and a small boy of ten, Richard A. Ballinger, jr., who is in a private school in Seattle. Williams College is a prime favorite with many prominent Washington officials, and the younger generation bids fair to add luster to its ancient fame. Among Judge Ballinger's classmates in Williams were the former Secretary of the Interior, his immediate predecessor, James R. Garfield. The assistant secretary of the interior, Pierce, was also among Judge Ballinger's associates at college. "Ned" Ballinger, as he is known to his intimates, will be a welcome addition to the younger contingent during his vacations, though report makes him a grave and sedate youth, who is more interested in the ancient Greeks than the modern concepts of loveliness. The younger boy will continue at school where he is now until he is ready for college.

* * *

One of the accomplishments of Mrs. Ballinger which awakens wide interest is that she possesses an unusually fine and well trained voice, and that she has given much time to the study of music. Society congratulates itself that, beginning with Mrs. Taft, all the new official women have charming qualifications.

In her home city, Seattle, Mrs. Ballinger has been an organizer and director of the most ambitious musical ventures. She was organist and conductor of the choir in the Congregational Church of Seattle, of which she and her family are regular attendants. This choir attained great proficiency and had more than a local reputation. Mrs. Ballinger was reluctantly compelled to give up this beloved duty through increasing domestic cares and added social duties. She is also a sympathetic admirer of literary merit, and she has been a member of all the associations which had literary excellence in view. Mrs. Ballinger joined the Daughters of the American Revolution just as soon as the first chapter was organized in Seattle, and she has been a faithful and intelligent worker in the cause at Washington as well as in her old home, Lee, in the Berkshires.

* * *

If another touch were needed to depict this new cabinet hostess in most glowing colors it is that her own mother, Mrs. Edward Bradley, and her husband's mother have made their home with her almost constantly since her marriage. Mrs. Bradley is an active woman, who looks and seems to feel more like the elder sister of her daughter and who has been her invaluable aid in her domestic duties. Mrs. Ballinger relies on her mother to preside over the Seattle home while she is in Washington, and she declares that otherwise she could not take up the social end of her duties at all.

In appearance the wife of the Secretary of the Interior is very prepossessing. She has the soft complexion of a girl, with the waving red-brown hair which so often accompanies that type. Her eyes are blue and bright as a girl's. She is medium size and rather slender, and possesses easy grace in manner and conversation. Judge Ballinger has a large family connection in Washington, in which there are many charming women who will become the natural assistants of their distinguished kinswoman in the discharge of her social obligations. Decidedly, Washington, which was inclined to put on sackcloth and ashes at the loss of so many tried and appreciated hostesses at the change of administration, is taking heart more and more as the personality of the new cabinet chatelaines is disclosed.

(Copyright, 1909, by Margaret B. Downing.)

THE FEAST OF PALM SUNDAY AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

THE last Sunday in Lent, known generally in the Christian world as Palm Sunday, from the custom of blessing branches of the palm trees, is known in Italy as Olive Sunday, in Wales as Flower Sunday, and in eastern Europe as Hosanna Sunday.

In England, where the palm cannot be procured, the branches of willow with catkins on them are substituted, and an old Lincolnshire saying is that unless catkins are in bloom by the fifth Sunday in Lent, the season will be a hard one for the farmer. In many places in England it is a time-honored custom to eat figs and drink sugar and water or honey and water on Palm Sunday afternoon, while the children of country schools often begin on Palm Sunday to go from house to house begging bacon and eggs in preparation for their Easter feast.

The week preceding Easter is a busy one for the housewife, who likes to keep up tradition. There are hot-cross buns to be baked for Good Friday—the home to be made sweet and clean for the coming "days of gladness," with fresh garments and plenty of dainty, seasonable dishes to show that gladness in tangible form.

The children will all be home from school for their Easter holidays with consequent Easter dinners, luncheons, teas and entertainments to be planned for.

Hot-Cross Buns.

In all the large cities the bakers make a specialty of Simnel and Good Friday cakes, hot-cross buns and cheese cakes—and when these come from sanitary bake shops it is a great saving of time and strength to buy them, yet even so, many have a sentiment for the homemade products—even as they prefer their own homemade mince pies and plum puddings. For such ones, here is an old English recipe for the buns to be eaten for Friday morning's breakfast.

Set a sponge over night, allowing three cupfuls sweet milk, one compressed yeast cake dissolved in one cup of lukewarm water, and flour to make a thick batter. Beat vigorously. In the early morning add one cup of sugar, half a cup of softened butter, a grated nutmeg, a salt spoonful of salt and flour to make a firm dough. Knead thoroughly and set to rise in a warm place. When quite light, place the dough on the molding board, well sprinkled with flour; knead again, and roll into a sheet half an inch thick. Divide into pieces weighing about three ounces each and mold round. Let them stand a few moments, then with the palms of the hands roll into oblong shapes about six inches long by three wide. Lay in rows, a little way apart in a buttered dripping pan, and let them rise in a warm place for ten or fifteen minutes. Make a deep cross on each bun with a sharp knife and instantly place in the oven. Bake a light brown, and as soon as done brush the tops with a sirup made of sugar and water boiled together. Eat warm and well buttered. Currants and shredded lemon peel may be added to the dough if desired.

Simnel Cake.

Though the old Bury Simnel cake belonged originally to the middle Sunday in Lent, it may now be found on hand at the confectioners' from the beginning of Lent until Easter. The modern rearrangement of the old-time Simnel is as follows: Bake as a foundation a fair-sized round pound or madeira cake, flavoring with essence of almond and coloring a rich yellow by the liquor extracted from a little saffron dropped in boiling water and squeezed through a piece of cheesecloth. When the cake is perfectly cold build a wall of frosting on top of the cake around the edge, leaving a good-sized hole in the center for the candied fruit. To make the frosting, blanch a half pound of fine almonds (preferably the Jordan) and pound to a paste in a mortar, moistening with a tablespoonful of orange flower water. Add to the almonds the whites of two eggs, and confectioners' sugar to make a stiff frosting that will stand of itself. Having built the wall on the cake, place in a slow oven until the almonds have dried thoroughly, like almond macaroons. When the cake is cold again, fill the well in the center with a mixture of candied fruits, plums, pears, orange slices, cherries or strawberries interspersed with blanched whole almonds. Almonds already pounded to a paste can now be obtained at any first-class grocery, if one wishes to save time and strength.

Good Friday Cake.

This is a simple tea cake, not very sweet, and is served hot or cold as preferred. To make it, beat to a cream a scant cupful of butter and a quarter cupful of sugar. Add a teaspoonful of the grated yellow rind of lemon, a half teaspoonful of lemon juice, a pound of flour and enough water to make a stiff paste. Divide the dough into two equal parts and roll into large round cakes about the size of an ordinary pie tin. Mark the edges with a "gigger" into some fancy design, or simply pinch with the fingers. Cut each cake into quarters, brush over with the white of an egg, lay a strip of candied lemon peel on each, sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake.

Cheese Cakes.

These are a modern adaptation of the old "flawns," a favorite Eastertide cake. As formerly made there was a tedious separation of curds and whey; but the housewife of today eliminates that by taking a Neufchatel or cream cheese as the foundation. This is crumbled fine and added to the other ingredients, allowing to each Neufchatel cheese one small cupful of sugar, the grated rind and half the juice of one lemon, a half cupful each sifted cracker crumbs and currants, one tablespoonful melted butter, half a nutmeg grated, half a cupful of cream or rich milk, a salt spoonful of salt and four eggs. Crumble the cheese and cracker crumbs together, beat the eggs and add, together with sugar, salt and spices. Next add the butter and cream, and lastly the currants, lemon juice and rind. Mix thoroughly and fill patty tins lined with puff paste. Ornament the top with currants and slender strips of citron and bake in a quick oven, taking care that they do not get too brown.

Angel Cake.

Angel and sunshine cakes are both specially appropriate for Eastertide. This not only by reason of their names and their delicacy, but because—better reason still—eggs are much cheaper, and the thrifty housewife feels she can use them without bankrupting the family treasury. While there are variations in stock recipes for angel cake, this is perhaps best: Have in readiness one cupful of granulated sugar and one cupful of flour measured after once sifting. Now sift both together five times. Put onto a large, clean, cold platter the whites of nine large or ten small eggs, add a saltspoon of salt, and with a flat wire beater whip to a foam. When this stage is reached add to the whites a half teaspoonful sifted cream of tartar and continue the beating until the eggs are so stiff that you can turn the platter upside down without their slipping off. Now turn this stiffly whipped white of egg into the large bowl of sifted sugar and flour and cut and fold them into the flour very carefully, so as not to break the air cells. Flavor with a little extract of almond. Now comes the critical moment. Have the cake tin in readiness—a regular angel cake tin or a narrow bar tin lined with lightly buttered paper—and turn in the cake batter, lightly folding to the last moment. The oven must be in readiness—a very slow, steady heat. If there is any danger of its being too hot leave the oven door open while the cake is being made. Set the cake in carefully, using an asbestos mat under it if apt to bake too fast on the bottom. Close the oven door without jarring. This "wrinkle" about having the oven cool is one secret of success in the evolution of this delicious cake. It enables the batter to rise slowly and steadily like a souffle before "setting." On no account should an angel cake or sponge cake be allowed to color until until it reaches the top of the tin. Bake about forty-five minutes. If baked too rapidly the albumen of the eggs separates and toughens in the intense heat; but when exposed to moderate heat it remains united with the sugar and flavoring to form an altogether delightful compound.

When done, take out from the oven, invert and let it stand until the cake falls out. Frost with icing made from the white of one egg, a half egg shell full of cold water and confectioner's sugar stirred in to make a consistency for spreading. Flavor lightly with almond or vanilla. The yolks of the eggs can be utilized for mayonnaise, custard or a gold cake.

Gold Cake.

To make the gold cake beat to a cream one-half cupful of butter and a cupful and a half of sugar. Sift together two and a half cupfuls pastry flour and two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat until very light the yolks of five eggs and white of one. Add the beaten eggs to the creamed butter and sugar, turn in one-half cupful of milk, then the sifted flour and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla or orange extract. Beat lightly, turn into an ungreased pan and bake in a moderate oven.

Easter Eggshell Favors.

If care is taken in breaking the eggs for the Easter baking, the shells may be utilized in a variety of pretty decorations or in molding corn starch eggs for the Easter dessert. For flower vases, take the half egg shells, rinse out with cold water, then fasten on a strip of cardboard using a few drops of hot sealing wax or candle grease to hold them in place. Pour in a little water, then fill with violets, wild flowers, delicate vines, clover leaves or even blades of grass and set at each place for breakfast. If preferred a lovely centerpiece can be made by placing a circle of the shells close together with sides touching, then gluing them on cardboard or setting them upright in a plate of moss and filling with delicate flowers.

These eggshell cups may also be appropriately decorated with tracings of gold, then glued to a card and used to hold bonbons or salted nuts.

Bird's Nest Pudding.

For the bird's nest pudding that children dote on for Easter, empty the eggshells by punching a tiny hole in each end of the shell and then blow steadily through until the contents of the egg are removed. Cut one end large enough to fill with blanc mange before it has hardened. Prop the shells up in a basin of corn meal the day before the pudding is to be served then fill with the hot blanc mange, made quite stiff so that it will retain its form when molded.

For the nest, make a ring mold of either orange or lemon jelly. If you have no regular ring mold you can set a small basin within a larger one that can be readily removed when the nest is turned out. This, too, should be made the day before it is to be served. When ready to use, pick off the eggshells and arrange the eggs, which may be all white or variously colored with chocolate, yolk of egg or pink gelatin, in the jelly mold which has been loosened by wrapping a cloth wrung out of hot water about the form. Decorate the nest with bits of shredded orange peel, plain or candied, to imitate straw, and partially cover with whipped cream to indicate feathers. Some of the curious little Japanese feather chicks that can be purchased very reasonably at Japanese, department or confectionery stores, can be perched about the edges of the nest as a bit of realism always attractive to children.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.