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TAKE TIME WITH ASPARAGUS

Prepared Hastily or Carelessly a Great Part of Its Finer Flavor Will Be Lost.

The very best method of boiling asparagus is first to wash, scrape and tie into a bundle, and then plunge the stalks into a vessel of boiling water, allowing the tips to come above the water. The steam will be sufficient to cook these tender parts. Serve on toast or with melted butter. In Europe a little butter is placed on the edge of the plate and the hot head of asparagus dipped into it before eating, but in this country a white sauce usually accompanies this dish.

An economical way, and when there are children a more convenient way also, is to cut the tender parts into short lengths and cook in the least quantity of salted water possible. It should be done in about 20 minutes, when it is taken from the liquor and the latter thickened with a little flour, butter and cream. The asparagus is laid upon toasted bread and the sauce poured over. In this way one gets the full benefit of every bit of the vegetable while the tougher portions can be made into a nice asparagus soup.

To make this, cook the stalks in salted water until tender and press through a sieve. Put two cupfuls of milk over the fire or milk and a white stock mixed. When it boils, stir in two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter thoroughly rubbed together, by pouring the scalding milk over gradually. Put over the fire, and if found too thick when brought to a boil thin with hot milk. Add the asparagus pulp. Season with salt and pepper, then strain into the soup tureen.

Asparagus omelet makes a delicious dish for either luncheon or breakfast, and is a good way of using up cold asparagus that is insufficient for making into a salad.

Make a plain omelet with three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of hot water and salt and pepper to taste. Add the water and the seasoning to the yolks and beat in the whites at the last. Pour into a hot buttered frying pan and cook slowly. To test whether an omelet is cooked sufficiently press with the finger. If it comes away clean the omelet is ready to serve. Turn upon a hot platter and have ready the asparagus heated in a little cream or thickened milk. Fold over and serve garnished with parsley.

Strawberry Custard.

Now that strawberries are in their season one likes to find new ways of serving, and coming across this recipe, it sounded "quite good," so I am going to send it in, writes a correspondent. One that does not care for so large a recipe can halve it. Select the finest, freshest berries; hull, wash and drain carefully. Turn them into a deep glass dish, sprinkle each layer with powdered sugar, and just before serving pour over a cold boiled custard made with the yolks of six eggs, one quart of milk, one cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Whip the whites to a very stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and drop in large spoonfuls in a shallow pan of boiling water. When cooked lift them out carefully.

Cucumbers in Brown Gravy.

Prepare half a dozen medium-sized cucumbers and cut them into thick slices, place them in ice water, let stand half an hour, drain, simmer in unseasoned beef stock until tender, then skim out the cucumbers and lay them in a hot vegetable dish. Cook one tablespoonful of browned flour in one tablespoonful of butter, add the stock, stir until thick and smooth, season with one teaspoonful of onion juice and pepper and salt to taste. Pour the sauce over the cucumbers before serving.

Strawberry and Rhubarb Pie.

Have you ever tried strawberries in rhubarb pie? I substituted strawberries for part of the rhubarb in a pie yesterday, and the result quickly disappeared. The following is the recipe: One cupful finely cut rhubarb, one cupful strawberries, one cupful sugar, one egg, two tablespoonfuls flour, butter. Mix rhubarb, strawberries, sugar and beaten egg and let it stand half an hour. Add butter and flour rubbed together. Bake with two crusts.—Boston Globe.

Raisin-Apple Tapioca.

One cupful pearl tapioca, two cupfuls apples, one cupful raisins, two cupfuls brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful butter, two cupfuls water; soak tapioca in one-half cupful of cold water an hour; cut apples in quarters, lay in baking dish, with sugar, tapioca and water mixed and turned over them the last thing after other ingredients have been added to them. Bake an hour in hot oven. Serve without cream. Makes rich pudding.

Baked Tomatoes.

Cover the bottom of an earthen dish with ripe tomatoes sliced; then a layer of bread crumbs, seasoned with pepper, salt and butter, then another layer of tomatoes, and so continue till the dish is filled, letting the topmost layer be of bread crumbs. Bake about one-half hour.

To Make Fig Filling.

This filling can be used in almost any layer cake. Take a pound of figs, chop fine and put into a stewpan on the stove; pour over them a teacupful of water and add a half cupful of sugar. Cook all together until soft and smooth. When cold spread between layers of cake

Folk We Touch In Passing
 By Julia Chandler Manzy
 © M. C. LURE NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

SUPPOSE THERE SHOULD BE CHILDREN

"Well, I suppose you know that tuberculosis has developed in three generations of The Man's family?" questioned The Gossip.

"Yes," answered The Mother of The Girl quietly.

"And The Girl knows?" probed the visitor.

"Yes, she knows," came the even tones of The Mother again.

"And you will not interfere?" went on The Gossip, and before The Mother had time to tell her that the life of The Girl was her own to give or withhold, the talker said:

"Suppose there should be children."

And The Girl, reading in the next room, heard.

The first part of The Gossip's conversation amused her. She had gone through with all the struggle before she gave The Man her promise. But in her discussion concerning the matter with either The Man or The Mother the suggestion of The Gossip had not entered.

Suppose there should be children! The Mother had not suggested such a possibility, and The Girl had been too much absorbed in just loving The Man to think of it. Her consent to marry him had been merely a matter of personal concern. The heritage of The Man had already touched him with a ghostly finger, suggesting to him that he was marked for other things than marriage. But he was young. The Girl was young, and had so much of vital strength. They would go away together to the heights and

went of late, when, toward the dawn, the Dream Spirit came and touched her, bidding her follow him out into the shadows.

Suddenly she found herself standing on a naked beach—drear, cold, wind-swept. The waves of the ocean dashed their icy spray along the shore and the sound was that as of children wailing. A great darkness settled over the land; that darkness hour which comes just before the dawn. Then came the first gray streak across the eastern sky, and The Girl saw.

Along the barren shore ran little children—numbering many, many thousands. They were naked, and a great brawny hand scourged them as they ran until the beach was crimson with the blood which dripped from their little nude bodies, and the air was filled with their helpless cries for mercy.

The Girl covered her eyes with her hands to shut out the vision, but the Dream Spirit drew them down again.

"They are the thousands of little children brought into the world by mothers who knew beforehand that there was every possibility that they would be scourged down to death by the hand of inherited disease.

"Little, little children," went on the Dream Spirit, "children meant to live and to be happy; children meant to have strong bodies and untainted blood; yet children brought into the world doomed from the beginning."

The sea washed over the blood-stained beach, and the children were dissolved in the sunlight of a new day.

The affianced bride of The Man marked for other things than mar-



And the Girl, Reading in the Next Room, Heard.

riage found herself sitting up in bed, the sunlight of an autumn morning streaming in at her window.

"For myself it would not matter. Any suffering I might incur for myself I could bear. Gladly would I give myself in your place if I might," she told The Man touched already by his ghostly heritage when he came to her.

"BUT SUPPOSE THERE SHOULD BE CHILDREN?" she went on, looking bravely into his eyes. "Perhaps we have the right as far as we are concerned. BUT NO WOMAN HAS THE RIGHT TO BRING AN IMMORTAL SOUL TO LIVE IN A HUMAN BODY THAT WILL BE SCOURGED BY THE HAND OF INHERITED DISEASE."

Then she told him of the doomed babies wailing on the naked shore, lashed by the hand from which there was no escape.

And The Man helped her do the only right thing there was to do.

Ants as Sterilizers.
 Many schemes have been developed for ridding clothing of soldiers of vermin, as substitutes for the remedy used in peace times—simple cleanliness. Gasoline or kerosene rubbed into the seams is the favorite idea. A member of the French Academy of Medicine, however, has reported a simpler scheme, which is good during warm weather.

The soldier is directed to take off his clothing and lay it on an ant hill. The ants will soon discover the hiding places of the lice and capture them with enthusiasm.

The invitations to the wedding were in the house and The Girl and The Man had spent a very happy evening addressing them. The prospective bride had gone to bed a little less troubled in mind than had been her

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Some of Those Who Need Reforming.

"How nice it would be," mordaciously remarked J. Fuller Gloom of Sniffles, Mo., "if the village drunkard, the oldest inhabitant, the town gossip, the life of the party, the glee club, the woman who comes of a fine old family, the political wheelhorse, the natural-born humorist, the local poet, the dramatic reciter, the preacher who tries to get down to the masses, the lady who is greatly troubled over our lack of culture, and several others whom I could name, would experience a change of heart and reform!"—Kansas City Star.

Reason for His Politeness.

"Shoestring's untied, ma'am," a small boy called out to the stout woman who moved majestically up the street. "I'll tie it for you."

Even a less haughty woman would have found it difficult to treat with disdain so kind an offer, and she drew back her skirt in acceptance of his attention.

The little boy pulled the string tight and smiled up at her. "My mother's fat, too," he explained.—The Independent.

Oh, That Lash!

Tommy had watched the high-hatted and frock-coated ringmaster for some time. He was particularly interested in the way he handled the whip with the long lash.

"Well, Tommy," said his father, "what do you think of that fellow?"

The whip cracked again as Tommy replied: "I'm glad he isn't my father."

The Trouble.

"Did you see where the Anglo-German knight in London was told he could not resign his baronetcy?"

"Yes, that was not a title he could surrender."

Rather Risky.

"What's the proper way to indorse a check?"

"With the name of a man who has a good bank account."

The Look in French Faces.

Almost all the faces about these crowded tables (in the cafe at Chateaux)—young or old, plain or handsome, distinguished or average—have the same look of quiet authority; it is as though all "nervosity," fussiness, little personal oddities, meanness and vulgarities, had been burned away in a great flame of self-dedication. It is a wonderful example of the rapidity with which purpose models the human countenance.—Edith Wharton in Scribner's Magazine.

An Added Bit of Realism.

While watching an educational film a little girl's sympathy was aroused through the affection a handsome dog was showing his master.

"Why doesn't he love the pretty doggy, mamma?" she asked.

"S—h," returned the parent. "He is scenting a polecat."

"Oh," answered the child. "I never saw a polecat before, but I've smelled them."

He'll Get It.

"How about going to a show tonight, Jim?"

"Not for me. I'm going to Jiggins' party."

"Oh, come on with me. The Jiggins are dead slow. You never have any fun at their house."

"I know, but I need a new hat."

His Objection.

"Are you in favor of Woman Suffrage?"

"Decidedly not. It's bad enough to have to explain politics to women without having them explain it to us."

His Busy Day.

Mrs. Dixon—Why do you let your husband growl so much when you have company?

Mrs. Vixen—That's the only time he gets to grumble.

You can see the finish of some men written on the faces of their wives.



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