

# NEWS OF WOMEN FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

## EGGS, MORE EGGS, AND MOSTLY EGGS—TO BE EATEN TOMORROW

AUNT MATTY'S SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO RENDER THEM APPETIZING.

### BY AUNT MATTY.

We're going to eat eggs tomorrow, every Man Jack and Woman Jill of us, country eggs, fresh eggs, strictly fresh eggs or store eggs, according to our circumstances. It's appalling, the number of babies, farmyard stocks we're going to consume.

Of course, hard-boiled eggs will be greatly in the lead, though not for breakfast. They will wear wonderful jackets of red and blue and yellow and purple and all sorts of variegated patterns, and the children of the house will go on an early-morning search to find them in odd nooks and corners, where the Easter rabbits will have laid them. As fast as the shells are cracked from "pecking" or from rolling the golden and white contents will be devoured, regardless of salt and pepper, for at Easter time the youngsters regard eggs as some sort of choice fruit, highly different from those properly served at the table on other days of the year.

But for the housewife who wants eggs in some form to be the main dish at her Easter Sunday morning breakfast there are problems. She thinks of "soft-boiled," "hard-boiled," "medium-boiled," "fried," "omelette" and "poached" and shrugs her shoulders, for there's nothing new or attractive about them. For her I have collected the following tested recipes and trust that she will make a happy choice.

### Eggs, Swiss Style.

Cover the bottom of a dish with two ounces of fresh butter, and on this scatter grated cheese; drop the eggs upon the cheese without breaking the yolks; season to taste. Pour over the eggs a little cream and sprinkle with about two ounces of grated cheese; set in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes.

### Potted Eggs.

Take the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs, one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, little salt and cayenne pepper. Pound the eggs and butter well together in a mortar, then add the salt and cayenne pepper, and lastly the anchovy sauce.

### Royal Creamed Eggs.

Boil six eggs and cut in slices. Make a sauce by creaming one level tablespoonful of butter with two-and-one-half tablespoonfuls of flour and adding one pint of cream or cream and milk; let boil three minutes. Mix in thoroughly a teaspoonful of salt and one shake of pepper. In a granite basin put a layer of cream, then a layer of eggs; another layer of cream, and so on. Sprinkle rolled cracker over the top, lot with pieces of butter and brown in the oven.

### Omelet Souffle.

Take three eggs, two ounces of butter, one dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, one salt-spoonful of chopped onion, one pinch of dried herbs. Beat the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth, mix the yolks with the parsley and a little salt and pepper. Stir the herbs gently into them and proceed as in a plain omelet. Double the omelet and serve immediately.

### Egg Rissoles With Ham.

One-half of a pound of ham or salt pork or bacon should be cut into small dice and fried gently until cooked. Break in six eggs and stir once or twice. When the eggs are sufficiently cooked place on a dish and serve very hot.

### Eggs a la Mode.

Remove the skin from one dozen tomatos, medium size, cut them up in a saucpan, add a little butter, pepper and salt; when sufficiently boiled heat

up five or six eggs and just before served turn into the saucpan, with the tomatoes, and stir one way for two minutes, allowing them time to be well done.

### Steamed Eggs.

Break one-half dozen eggs into separate cups and have ready a well-buttered dish, into which each egg should be placed carefully. Cover the dish to prevent the heat from escaping and set it over a pan of boiling water, first putting small bits of butter lightly over the top of the eggs. When they are set sufficiently sprinkle them with a little salt and serve with fried ham. It takes four minutes to set.

### Stuffed Eggs.

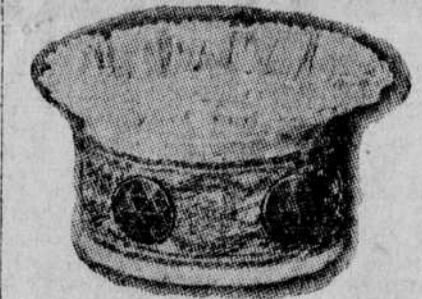
Hard-boiled eggs cut crosswise, the yolks removed and mashed fine; add to yolks two teaspoonfuls of butter, one of cream, two drops of onion juice, salt and pepper to taste; mix all thoroughly and fill the eggs with the mixture and put together. With the filling that is left add one well-beaten egg. Cover the eggs with this mixture and roll in cracker crumbs. Fry a light brown.

### IN FINE BLACK CHIP.



The very smart black hat shown above is of fine chip, with a wide band of sequin net around the high director's crown. At the left side is a cluster of shaded rose ostrich tips.

### A PRETTY COLLAR.



Big buttons are even found on milady's stock, no matter how soft the material of that particular article. Gold and silver tinsel braid on a foundation of white messaline formed the above dainty collar. Two large jet capuchons gave a rather startling note. A finish was furnished by the soft chiffon trim at the top.

## Newarkers Interested in Wedding of Newark Curate and Jersey Girl

Miss Maud Davenport to Become the Bride of the Rev. Ezra Floyd Ferris.

MANY Newarkers are interested in the marriage of Miss Maud Davenport, niece of Mr. J. S. Henry Clark, of 363 Union avenue, Elizabeth, and the Rev. Ezra Floyd Ferris, formerly a newspaperman and now curate of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, this city, to take place in St. John's Episcopal Church, Somerville, Saturday evening, April 24, at 6:30 o'clock.

The wedding will be very quiet, with the Rev. Louis Shreve Osborne, rector of Trinity Church, this city, officiating, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Sylvester, rector of the Somerville church. Somerville will be the scene of the wedding, because it is the "home" town of the prospective bride, though she has not lived there for several years.

Mrs. John Davenport, of Scranton, a sister-in-law of the bride, will act as matron of honor and the maid of honor will be her niece, Miss Sarah Henry Clark. There will also be a little flower girl, but no bridesmaids. The Rev. Henry H. Hadley, of this city, will be best man, and the ushers will be William McClure, of Somerville; Samuel Clark, of New York; Benjamin H. Ferris, of Chatham; Schuyler Van Ness, of this city; Charles P. Henry, of Basking Ridge, and James L. Hyde, of Princeton.

Following the ceremony there will be a reception at the residence of Mrs. William McClure, of Somerville, a cousin of the bride. Later the couple will leave for a honeymoon trip, probably through the South, after which they will reside in Newark.

Mr. Ferris has a large circle of friends in this city. He was engaged in newspaper work for several years before he studied for the ministry.

### MR. AND MRS. J. HENRY SMITH.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Smith will arrive in this city from Chicago this afternoon at 5 o'clock, preparatory to taking up their residence in their new home, 241 Mount Prospect avenue. Mrs. Smith was Miss Blanche Plamondon, a well-known society girl of Chicago. Their wedding was one of the most important social affairs of the winter in that city. Mr. Smith has entirely recovered from an attack of appendicitis which curtailed their honeymoon.

### TO GIVE CHARITY DANCE.

A dance for the benefit of the Eighth Avenue Baby Shelter and Day Nursery will be given on Monday night in Orator Hall by the Young Ladies' Auxiliary of that institution. The committee in charge of the affair includes: Miss Nina Bissell, Miss Isabel Gregory, Miss Rose Wirtz and Miss Pearl Blevney. The patronesses are: Mrs. William H. Brown, Mrs. Walter D. Gregory, Mrs. Thomas Barclay, Mrs. Thomas J. Bissell, Mrs. Robert H. Illingworth, Mrs. Edward E. Worl, Mrs. John C. Blevney, Mrs. Theodore P. Huffman and Mrs. William J. Wirtz.

### READING CLUB TO MEET.

A meeting of the Forest Hill Reading Club will be held on Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Henry G. Heller, 234 Montclair avenue. George MacDonald will be the author studied.

### W. D. ELLIOTT'S ENTERTAIN.

A dinner in honor of Miss Rosa Bruce, of Suffolk, Va., who is staying with them, was given last night by Mr. and Mrs. William D. Elliott, of Burnet street. The table was decorated in green and covers were laid for Miss Bruce, Miss Erbacher, Miss

Bertha Erbacher, Vincent Hartman, Henry Smith, Frederick H. Erbacher, John L. Elliott, Milton T. Elliott and Mr. and Mrs. Elliott.

Miss Bruce is the fiancée of Milton T. Elliott.

### KENNEY-KANOUSE.

Miss Bertha Kanouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orlin Kanouse, of 841 Broad street, and Arthur Cleveland Kenney were married today at 424 James street, the residence of the Rev. James C. Howard, pastor of the Halsey Street Church.

The bride was attended by Miss Lillian Van Iderstine, of South Orange, and wore a traveling costume of blue serge, with blue chip hat to match, adorned with cherries and red velvet. She carried lilies of the valley. Miss Van Iderstine was gown in a green cloth gown, with leghorn hat topped with cherries. Her bouquet was of sweet peas. Joseph Spendlove was the best man.

Only the immediate families witnessed the ceremony. The young people left immediately for a few weeks' stay in Atlantic City.

The bridegroom is a son of Mrs. Charles K. Mann, of 47 Fulton street, and upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Kenney will make their home for the present at that address.

### W. A. C. ELECTS.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the W. A. C. was held at the home of Amy Stradling, 364 Bank street, yesterday.

## NOTES OF WIDE-AWAKE WOMEN

Mrs. Navarro, or, as she is better known on this side of the water at least, Mary Anderson, has been honored by having one of the most stunning of the new English chrysanthemums named after her.

A woman writing in a London paper says that the American man is only a cipher. Generations of servitude, she says, has so taken the spirit from him that he hugs his chains and goes on working for more dollars for the woman who holds the whip over him.

Miss Lillian Wilson, a Leicester (England) girl of 16, has just accomplished a remarkable bell-ringing feat by taking part in a peal of 5072 bob major on St. John's Church bells. Although the task occupied three hours and fifteen minutes, she accomplished the feat with comparative ease, and is the first woman to achieve such a performance in the Midlands.

Annette Kellermann, the champion woman swimmer, says that candy is good food for women provided they do not eat meat at the same time. Miss Kellermann is herself strictly a vegetarian. For breakfast she eats a pint of rice, with cream, and a cup of hot water. She eats only two meals a day, breakfast at 12 o'clock and dinner at 6. She is a woman of most perfect form and believes that most women would be handsomer if they took more exercise and ate less meat.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs addressed the meeting of kindergarten enthusiasts, who met lately in the New York home of Mrs. J. Greenough for the purpose of establishing kindergartens in small towns and villages. The scope of this new kindergarten society will be national, though its members declare that nowhere in the country is there such a demand for the schools as within a radius of 100 miles of New York city. Richard Watson Gilder, Maria Kraus-Boelte and the Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie also made speeches in favor of the movement.

Away off in the strange land of New Guinea it is leap year all the time in one important sense, for out there all the proposals of marriage are made by the women. It is considered beneath the dignity of the male inhabitants of New Guinea to even notice a woman, and consequently the woman perforce must notice the men, and must start any idea of weddings, etc. So when the island belle of New Guinea becomes in love she promptly sends a piece of string to the sister of the lucky man. If he has no sister, she sends it to his mother, or anyhow to some female relative. This because the man and his male relatives are assumed to be above taking any steps toward acquiring a wife.

## VERY BEST APPLE SAUCE CAKE.

(By Courtesy of a Subscriber.)

One and one-half cups of apple sauce, sweetened as for table; one cup of sugar, 1/2 cup of butter, 1/2 pound raisins, 1/2 pound currants, 2 teaspoons of soda, 1/2 teaspoon of cloves, 1/2 teaspoon of cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon allspice. A little salt, 2 cups of flour. Bake in a bread pan.

# The Lure of the Mask

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER AND KARL ANDERSON

Third of Series of Powerful New Serials by Prominent American Authors to Appear in the Evening STAR

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### Synopsis.

Hillard, a wealthy New York bachelor and clubman, who had been born in Italy, was called during a foggy night in January by a voice of a woman in the street passing a window. He was singular, an Italian operative, and with happy abandon, Hillard, drawn against his better sense by the mysterious, tried again to find her, confining his inquiries to the nearest policeman and to his valet, Giovanni, and an interesting figure with a history in his native land. Hillard, to love with the voice, adventures man is against such a procedure. Hillard's friend, Jack Merrihew, discloses his love for Kitty Killgrew, an actress.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

They nodded pleasantly and took their separate ways. Merrihew stood very high in Hillard's regard. He was a jovial fellow, and there was something kindred in his soul and Hillard's, possibly the spirit of romance. They had met years before, at a commencement. Merrihew in his mortar-board and gown and Hillard as an old graduate, renewing his youth at the fountain. What drew them together, perhaps more than anything else, was their mutual love of outdoor pleasures. Their first meeting was followed by many hunting and fishing expeditions, and many long rides on horseback. Take two men and put them on good horses, send them forth into the wilds to face all conditions of death and inconvenience, and if they are not fast friends at the end of the journey, rest assured that they never will be.

For all his aversion to cards, there was a bit of the gambler in Hillard; as, once in his office, he decided on the fall of a coin not to withdraw his personal from the paper. He was quite positive that he would never hear that voice again, but having thrown his dice he would let them lie.

Now, at eleven o'clock that same morning two distinguished Italians sat down to breakfast in one of the fash-

ionable hotels. The one nor the other had ever heard of Hillard, they did not even know that such a person existed; and yet, serenely unconscious, one was casting his life-line, as the palmist would say, across Hillard's. The knots and tangles were to come later.

"The coffee in this country is abominable!" growled one.

"Insufferable!" assented his companion.

The waiter smiled covertly behind his hand. He had a smattering of all tongues, being foreign born. These Italians and these Germans! Why, there is only one place in the world where both the aroma and the flavor of coffee are preserved; and it is not, decidedly not, in Italy or Germany. And if his lip exceeded ten cents, he would be vastly surprised. The Italian is always the same, price or peasant. He never wastes on necessities a penny which can be applied to the gambling-tables. And these two were talking about Monte Carlo and Ostend and the German Kursaal.

The younger of the two was a very handsome man, tall, slender and nervous, the Venetian type. His black eyes were keen and energetic and roving, suggesting a temper less calculating than hasty. The mouth, partly hidden under a graceful military mustache, was thin-lipped, the mouth of a man who, however great his vices, was always master of them. From his right cheek-bone to the corner of his mouth ran a scar, very well healed. Instead of detracting from the beauty of his face it added a peculiar fascination. And the American imagination, always receptive of the romantic, might readily and forswarily have pictured villas, maidens in duress, and sword-thrusts under the moonlight. But the waiter who had served him time in one or another of the foreign armies, knew that no foil or rapier could have made such a scar; more probably the saber. For the Italian officer on horseback is the maddest of all men, and in the spirit of play court hazards that an-

other man might sensibly avoid in actual warfare.

His companion was less handsome but equally picturesque. His white head and iron-grey beard placed him outside the active army. He wore in his buttonhole a tiny bow of ribbon, the usual badge of the foreign service.

"I'm afraid, Enrico, that you have brought me to America on a useless venture," said the diplomat, lighting a thin, strong cigarette.

"She is here in New York, and I shall find her. I must have money, must! I owe you the incredible amount of one hundred thousand lire. There are millions upon my hand, and I can not touch a penny."

"Do not let your debt to me worry you."

"You are so very good, Giuseppe!"

"Have we not grown up together?"

Sometimes I think I am partly to blame for your extravagance. But a friend is a friend, or he is not."

"But he who borrows from his friend, loses him. Observe how I am placed! It is maddening. I have had a dozen opportunities to marry riches. This millionaire is eternally round my neck. I have gone through his part of the fortune which was left us independently. She has all of hers, and that is why she is so strong. I am absolutely helpless!"

"Poor friend! These American women! They all believe that a man must have no peccadilloes, once he has signed the marriage contract. Body of Bacchus! the sacrament does not make a man less human than he was before. But this one is clever. She might be Italian born."

"Her mother was Italian. It is the schooling in this country that has made her so clever. The only thing Italian about her is her hatred. She is my countrywoman there. Without her consent I can touch nothing; and if I divorce her, I must divorce her. Sometimes I long to get my two hands round her white throat. One

mistake, one little mistake! I am willing to swear that she loved me in the beginning. And I was a fool not to profit by this sentiment. Give me patience, patience. If I say to her, so much and you may have your freedom, there is always that cursed will. The crown of Italy is never withdrawn from its hand; no. With his wife's family on his hands, especially her brother, the king will never waive his rights."

"Zut! softly, softly!"

"Oh, I speak with no disrespect. But let me find her."

"I doubt it. And remember, we have but ten days."

"We shall not find time heavy. I know a few rich butchers and grocers who call themselves the aristocracy."

"They laughed."

"And some of them play bridge and cards."

The diplomat jinked his keys. He was not averse to adding a few gold pieces to his purse.

"I have followed her step by step to the boat at Naples. She is here. She is not so inconspicuous that she will be hard to find. She has wealthy friends, and from these I shall learn her whereabouts."

"You say she is beautiful; I would that I had seen her."

"Yes, she is beautiful; and a beautiful woman can not hide, even in a city so big and noisy as this. Think of it! Chateaux and villas and splendid rents, all waiting to be gormandized by the State! I have led to her, I have humiliated myself, I have offered all the reparation a gentleman possibly could. Nothing, nothing! She knows it. She is money, and she knows it is money. The American native shrewdness! My father was a fool and so was hers. And on July first comes the end! Let us get out into the air before I become excited and forget where I am."

"As you wish, amico!" The diplomat beckoned to the waiter.

The waiter stepped forward with his coats and hats. His tip was exactly

ten cents, and out of this the head waiter must have his percentage.

Three nights later, as Hillard and Merrihew were dining together at the club, the steward came into the grill room and swept his placid eye over the groups of diners. Singling out Hillard, he came solemnly down to the corner table and laid a blue letter at the side of Hillard's plate.

"I did not see you when you came in, sir," said the steward, his voice as solemn as his step. "The letter arrived yesterday."

"Thank you, Thomas!" With no small difficulty Hillard composed his face and repressed the eagerness in his eyes. She had seen, he had written, the letter lay under his hand! Who said that romance had taken flight? True, the reading of the letter might disillusion him; but always would there be that vision and the voice coming out of the fog. Nonchalantly he turned the letter face downward and went on with the meal.

"I did not know that your mail came to the club," said Merrihew.

"It doesn't. Only rarely a letter drifts this way."

"Well, go on and read it; don't let me keep you from it. Some charmer, I'll wager. Here I pour all my adventures into your ear, and I on my side never so much as get a hint of yours. Go on, read it."

"Adventures, fiddlesticks! The letter can wait. It is probably a bill."

"A bill in a fashionable envelope like that?"

Hillard only smiled, tipped the cradle and refilled Merrihew's glass with some excellent Romanee Conti. "When does Kitty sail?" he asked, after a while of silence.

"Where do they land?"

"Naples. They open in Rome the first week in March. All the arrangements and bookings seem to be complete. This is mighty good. Bureaucracy, Jack, I don't see where you pick it up!" After coffee Merrihew pushed back his chair.

"I'll reserve a table in the billiard-room while you read your letter."

"I'll be with you shortly," gratefully. So, with the inevitable black cigar between his teeth, Merrihew sauntered off toward the billiard-room, while Hillard, and picked up his letter and studied it. His fingers trembled slightly as he tore open the envelope. The handwriting, the paper, the modest size, all these pointed a woman of culture and refinement. But a subtle spirit of irony pervaded it all. She would never have answered his pointed inquiry had she not laughed over it. For, pinned to the

## Heart to Heart ADVICE On the Road to Tomorrow

BY MARGERY DOON

Dear Margery Doon:

A young man, whom I cannot bear, is always asking me to go to places, and if he may call. He is a gentleman, so I cannot treat him mean, but I am uncomfortable when with him because I dislike him so much. Please tell me how to make him understand. He is always telephoning. IMPATIENT.

Next time he calls up tell him that if his message is not important you will have to ask him to excuse you, as you are very busy. Or if he writes, wait several days before replying. If he is not exceptionally stupid he'll begin to understand.

### He Loves Himself Best.

My Dear Miss Doon:

I am 18 and in love with a man of 27. He says he cares for me, but is such a confirmed bachelor that he does not think he would make a good husband. Miss Doon, he is well to do, and has no one but himself. Do you think he would talk like that if he loved me? WORRIED.

If he really cared for you he would not hesitate about asking you to be his wife. I would advise you to give him up and try to interest yourself in younger folk. You are very young and will soon forget him.

### His Feelings Were Hurt.

Dear Miss Doon:

One night my friend called unexpectedly, and when I opened the door I was surprised and said, "What brought you?" He got mad and said I was trying to make him feel small in front of my folks. This was not true, but he

will not believe me. I think my remark was quite natural, don't you? He said he would never call again. SORRY.

You should have followed up the remark by a few cordial words that would have made him understand that you were glad to see him. Wait a few days, until he has had time to recover from the sulks, and then write a little note, asking him to call.

### Will They Be Happy?

My Dear Margery Doon:

I am a young man of 23 and make \$15 a week, with \$10 in the bank. I love a girl who is poor, like myself. Could we make a success of married life on my wages? The girl is twenty-two and willing to marry. She has no mother. ANXIOUS.

You could make a success of married life, if your love for each other was strong enough not to mind the little sacrifices. I advise you to try, by all means.

### He Doesn't Like Her Hat.

Dear Miss Doon:

I have been engaged to a young man for some time. Two weeks ago I bought a "peach-blossom" hat, and now he refuses to go out with me, if I wear it. I cannot afford to buy another. What would you advise? BERTHA.

He is silly to quarrel with you over the matter of dress. Tell him you cannot buy another hat just to please him, and that if he objects to the way you dress he'd better not call again. Perhaps when he sees you do not care he will change his tactics.

tartlet is wanted a little jam may be put over the custard. Time, about fifteen minutes to make the tartlets.

## NEWS FOR SHOPPERS

Hair brushes with good wooden backs and stiff pig bristles are among the special bargains at Hahne & Co.'s this week.

Little imported dresses of white plume, made in plumed models, with belts of black or red patent leather, are shown at L. Bamberg & Co.'s.

Linen coat suits, made with high-waisted skirts and closely fitting coats, are among the modish garments displayed at the Bee Hive.

Manicure scissors, with sterling silver handles in pretty designs, are offered cheaply at the W. V. Snyder Company's.

Good values in kid gloves in all sizes and most of the leading shades will be found on a bargain table at Lissner's.

Fine black lisle thread stockings with embroidered clocks are among the week's specials at the Goerke Company's.

### EGG RACING ABROAD.

Egg racing is a favorite amusement of Russian, German and French children.

The eggs are rolled down a hill, the prize going to the child whose egg rolls the greatest number of races without damage to its shell.

In Germany tracks are made of twigs, down which each egg may roll without interference from any other one, and the boy whose egg arrives unhurt at the foot of the hill collects toll from his opponent whose egg is cracked.

He made off for the coat-room. Hillard laughed, and went up to his writing-room to fetch a part of his destiny. He took the letter out and read it again. A woman of wit and presence; a mighty good dinner companion, or he was no judge of women. He replaced the letter in its blue covering, and then for the first time his eye met the superscription. Like a man entranced, he sat there staring. The steward had brought the letter to him, and in his first excitement this had made no impression upon his mind; he had seen nothing peculiar nor strange. And here it was, not his initials, but his name in full.

She knew who he was!

### CHAPTER III.

Madame Angot.

IN a fashionable quarter of the city they stood a brownstone house, with grotesque turrets, winding steps, and glaring polished red tiles. There was a touch of the old English manner; just a touch, however, a kind of blind-man's-buff of a house. A very rich man lived here, but for ten months in the year he and his family dined at the social centres of the world. And with a house like this on his hands, one could scarce blame him. Twice a week, during this absence, a caretaker came in, flourished a feather duster, and went away again. Society reporters always referred to this house as "the pallid residence."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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