

# THE WOMAN'S CORNER

## What to do with the Tomato



By Cynthia Grey.

The meek and lowly but ripe and succulent tomato is in our midst—or ought to be! Originally a "love apple" to our forefathers for ornament and not for use—it has long since come into its own as one of the edible and nourishing vegetables the garden produces.

Here are a few hints to the housewife who would prepare them, either for present or winter use.

If one supplies oneself with good, wide-mouthed glass jars, new rubber rings each year, and perfect tops, one may can tomatoes without fear of time wasted.

Cut the tomatoes in pieces after the skins have been removed, and cook only until thoroughly scalded, skimming often. Can and seal at once.

Preserved—Remove skins from one pound of small yellow tomatoes, add one pound of sugar and let stand overnight. Next morning pour off syrup, and boil until thick. Skin and add tomatoes, two ounces of preserved gin-

ger and two seedless lemons. Cook until clear.

Uncooked Pickle.—Peel and chop three ripe tomatoes, add one cup chopped celery, four tablespoons chopped red peppers, four tablespoons chopped onion, four tablespoons salt, six cups of sugar and mustard seed, one-half teaspoon each cloves and cinnamon, one teaspoon grated nutmeg, and two cups vinegar, in order named. Put in stone jar and cover. Will keep a year.

Stuffed.—Cut thin slices from stem end of sufficient tomatoes to serve, take out pulp, sprinkle with salt and invert for half an hour. Cook a few minutes in a teaspoon finely chopped onion in two tablespoons butter, add one-half cup soft bread crumbs, the tomato pulp, and season to taste. Cook, and add an egg, heat again and fill tomatoes with mixture. Bake in buttered pan 20 minutes.

Fritters.—Cook six peeled tomatoes, six cloves, one-third cup sugar and one small onion sliced, for 15 minutes,

then rub through a sieve. Season, melt one-fourth cup butter, add one-half cup cornstarch and stir until smooth. Add tomato pulp gradually, cook up, then add one slightly beaten egg. Pour into buttered dish and cool. Cut into squares, dip in flour, egg, and then in cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain and serve.

Aspic.—Soak one-half box gelatin in one-half pint water an hour. Cook six tomatoes with one small onion, sliced, two teaspoons sugar, a bay leaf and a teaspoon mixed parsley, with pepper and salt to taste. Drain, add gelatin, stir until dissolved, and strain through coarse cloth into small molds. Put in ice chest and when cold serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Cream Toast.—Toast, brown, small squares of bread, make sauce by adding to three tablespoons melted butter, the same amount of flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one and a half cups of steamed and strained tomato to which one-fourth teaspoon soda has been added, and one-half cup scalded cream. Pour over toast and serve.

of all, and yet it hardly seemed he would come so openly if he meant me harm. Then as I saw his tall, handsome figure coming forward, I rose slowly and stood waiting for him at the top of the steps. He came on, looking out over the lake as he walked forward, and only turned to me as he suddenly paused at the bottom of the steps. Then with a surprised look on his face, as if he had just noticed my presence, he doffed his hat with an elaborate bow of mock courtesy.

"I crave a word with Mr. Meddler," "Then pray come forward," "The Meddler is well guarded," he said, not moving from where he was. "Did you come to pick a quarrel?" I asked, for if you did you had best go. I'm not ready to fight you yet."

"Yes," he answered, "the Meddler. You certainly are one are you not?"

"It would occur to me that I was the one that had the cause," he said. "It really matters little," I answered, "as long as there is cause."

"You had better lay in a goodly supply," I counselled, "for the injuries may even the present one." "Oh, no! oh no!" he laughed gaily, "it will be otherwise." He shot a glance at me from out his handsome eyes.

"I laughed with him, for his way was such you could but like him, no matter what he said."

"Come," I finally suggested, "you did not call simply to tell me we were liable to quarrel?"

"Hardly," he answered. "I never make unnecessary assertions."

"Then may I inquire?" I began. "Certainly," he interrupted. "If you'll take your hand off that pistol I'll come up."

"I think then you'll stay where you are," he shrugged his shoulders. "I'd rather you'd take your hand away, for a nervous man may make a mistake."

"It might not be such a calamity," "Well, I'll come up and take the chance, if only honest men will be present."

"It's a bit cold, and my hand is warmer where it is," I answered. "I'm not ready to quarrel, taking off his hat and fanning himself."

"Certainly you're cool enough," I suggested. "Oh, always, though you did give me a start the other night. Now I'll come up, but do so carefully."

"He mounted the steps slowly and I nodded to a chair across the table. Then I rang with my left hand, and in an instant the waiter appeared."

"Whiskey and soda?" I asked. "Yes," he nodded. "When the waiters were placed on the table and he had lit a cigarette, I took my hand out of my pocket."

"I feel better," he said. "I've been a bit nervous, but now I'm all right."

"I'm glad at last to have given you some rest to think of," I said, smiling at his frank, almost boyish way of speaking.

"Well, you have," he said, leaning back and sipping his whiskey. "I'm so lucky. Now who would ever have suspected those steps were moved?"

"He asked the question as if I had not the slightest interest in the matter. "You can't help but admit it was fortunate for me."

"I admit that," he nodded carelessly. "I watched him, slightly amused. Surely it took a brave man, and one possessed of great nerve, to so calmly discuss the outcome of such an adventure with the intended victim, when he himself had set the trap."

"Do you expect to be married very soon?" he demanded suddenly, looking at me from out the corners of his eyes. "For a moment I was tempted to lean across the table and strike him, for I

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## THE DAILY MENU

### BREAKFAST.

Blackberries.

Corned Beef Hash With Green Peppers.

Graham Toast.

Molasses Cookies. Coffee.

### LUNCHEON.

Tomato Cream Timbales.

Poppy Seed Rolls.

Cocoa Drop Cakes.

Fruit Custard in Cups. Tea.

### DINNER.

Tomato Soup With Fried Bread.

Roasted Beef, Overbrowned Potatoes.

Lima Beans in Cream Sauce.

Celery Salad.

Cocoanut Pudding, With Peaches.

Coffee.

## HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

Then, too, his last move to place matters where the princess could not ascend the throne, no matter what transpired, showed clearly he had grave doubts of the ultimate outcome.

We two were placed where, as the time grew shorter, action was demanded. The securing of the documents would alone guarantee the successful outcome of our plans. If the princess had to go before the grand dukes and present her claim, without any evidence of Joachim's birth, it would, at best, be a doubtful undertaking, the success of which would depend solely upon the strength of Zergard and the following Alvernun secured.

It was thus, on the first day of July, four days before the coronation, that events began to move rapidly toward a climax.

That morning, about ten o'clock I was sitting on the little balcony off my rooms at the inn. Karl had just left me, and we had just finished our daily bout with the foils. The need for a strong wrist was likely to occur at any moment, and so we had each day crossed blades, until I prided myself on my newly acquired skill.

For some time after Karl's departure I sat watching the lake, of which I seemed never to tire, and studying the grey towers of the old castles on the farther side, when suddenly I turned my head and saw one of my guards coming forward from under the trees. Personally I felt there was little need of such protection, but Kurimurt had insisted that

## SIMPLE LINEN FROCK



Green linen is the material used for this frock, with black linen yoke, belt, cuffs, collar and skirt trimming. Hand embroidery is used for the two details on skirt and blouse.

A black linen hat with a large green bow of silk and green wooden beads is worn with this dress.

## PLAYTIME STORIES

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### The Flies' Disappointment.

Mr. and Mrs. Sticky Fly were half-asleep, when Little Sticky came flying in with a great rustle of wings. "I have just been up near that cottage where they eat on the porch. I could hear a lot of hammering. I guess they must be getting ready for a party. Why don't we ever go there any more?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"Well," said Papa Fly, "I didn't fancy that man who always sat at the table with a newspaper in his hand. He almost got me one day."

The next day the little one went up to the cottage again, and soon rushed back with the news that a lot of people had come, and they all had baskets; that the hammering was stopped, so things must be ready, and the day of the feast here.

"We might try it again," said Papa Fly. So off they flew to the cottage. They decided to wait a little while on the leaves of a nearby tree until the feast was spread.

"Oh, my!" said Mamma Fly. "Did anybody ever see so many good things to eat? There's a roasted cake. I love that!"

"And honey and pie!" laughed the little one. "Now the people were sitting down, and the Fly family could wait no longer. On they rushed—but what was it that stopped them so suddenly in their flight?"

"Screens, on my life!" said Papa Fly. "Screens, on my life!"

"Well, that beats all!" added Mamma Fly. "Who ever heard of such a ridiculous thing as putting screens around a porch?"

## Just try

the delicious juice of fresh crushed green mint leaves.

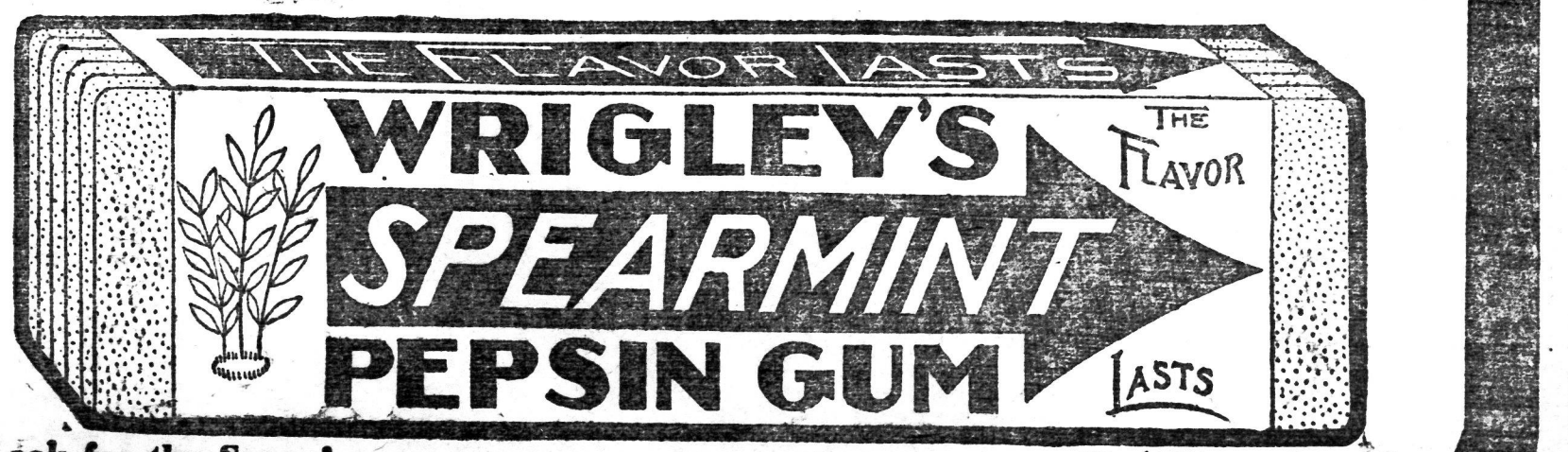
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16