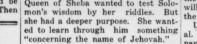
cones, balls or cylinder forms. Dip is crumbs, then in egg whites and in crumbs again. Cook the sauce well before adding the cheese. Serve as on as it is melted. Carrots.—Peel and cut in rounds,

in cubes or long strips. Cook in boil-ing salted water until tender. Serve with cream sauce or toss the carrots

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leaves, and garnish with star of may-onnaise. Grape Sherbet.—One tablespoon of granulated gelatin, one pint of grape juice, one pint of water, one cup of sugar, two lemons, one orange. Soak gelatin in half a cup of cold water. Boil sugar and water to syrup and add dissolved gelatin. When partly cooled add juice of lemons, orange and grape juice. Freeze and serve in sherbet cups with mint leaf garnish. sherbet cups with mint leaf garnish.





Italians Use Bulls to Charge Defences.

**FAMOUS BEAUTY** WAS GERMAN SPY

GAVE ELABORATE DINNERS AT LONDON HOME.

Kept a Coffin With an Engraved Nameplate as a Mascot in an Upper Room

Thousands who had never heard of Mme. Bertha Trost knew her quite well by sight. The curious relic of bygone days regularly drove in the park, dressed in figured silks worn over an ample crinoline, and a poke bonnet perched on bunches of white curls, which she wore on each side of her beautifully tinted cheeks. Mme. Trost, with her early Victor-ian getup, was ostensibly a beauty specialist with an exceedingly aristo-cratic (inited) who raterized her bygone days regularly drove in the

cratic clientele, who patronized her "Beauty Shop" in the West End, and many of her clients even visited her at her beautiful house at Marlborough Gate, Hyde Park.

Gate, Hyde Park. The "business" was in reality merely a blind. Mme. Trost was for over twenty years in the pay of the German Government, and utilized those wonderful parties at 4 Marlborough Gate for strictly "political" pur-poses. There she mingled freely with many people who were in a position to give information such as she need-

ed and was skilled in extracting. The "Lady of the Crinoline," as she was called, has been unmasked, and London will see no more of her Victorian gowns and poke bonnets. She has been deported as an undesirable

alien. Last December she moved to the house at Marlborough Gate, where she lived in considerable style, with a staff of seven servants, including a butler, whose dignity of mein was the envy of the neighborhood. It was about this time that ma-

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