



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

To Cook Calves' Brains

Why is it that many cooks never prepare calves' brains? This choice tidbit has a delicate, sweet flavor; pleases the eye and delights the diner. It lies in the animal's skull in such a position that it is protected from all contamination until removed to be sold and even then it is covered with a thin membrane that wraps it securely until it is ready to cook. It is really the cleanest and purest part of the animal and after you have prepared it once you will not dislike cooking it.

Some of the delicate dishes made from it are brain patties, fried brains, brains with mushrooms, with peas or with tomatoes.

First, remove the thin membrane that covers them and lay the brains in cold water for several hours. Have water boiling in a sauce pan and drop the meat into it for two seconds. Remove and change the water and to the second saucepan of boiling water add salt, a few grains of pepper, one small white onion chopped fine and little thyme and one bay leaf. Put in the brains and add one tablespoon of vinegar. Boil gently twenty minutes. Drain and remove all fibres. Cool the meat between two heavy boards or between two plates with a weight on the top one.

What ever way you intend to cook the brains requires this preliminary process. After they are cold they will be quite firm and may be cut into nice appearing, firm slices or even sized pieces.

A French dish is called brains a l'Aurora. After the brains are prepared and cut as directed arrange them

on a platter and put them in a warming oven or where they may heat through gently. Make a fine butter sauce and add the chopped whites of hard boiled eggs, chopped parsley and a few shreds of red pepper pods to give color. Pour this over the meat. Press the yolks of the eggs through an egg shredder or a sieve and sprinkle over the top. Brown a little in the oven and garnish with peas or with asparagus.

A simpler way, known as Pansant style, is to prepare the brains and roll the slices in flour. Brown in a little butter and serve very hot. Lemon juice should be sprinkled with them as they are so very rich.

Brains are also excellent soaked, seared and then scrambled with eggs. Brain patties are most delicate eating but requires a good pastry cook for the shells but these may be purchased ready made at almost any baker's. Rosettes or timbales make just as good shells as the regular pastry cases if you lack experience enough to make the regular patty shells.

After the brains are cooked, pressed and cooled, cut them into cubes. Have steamed mushrooms cooked also and cut these into smaller squares than the brains. Sprinkle both lightly with flour that has been salted and peppered (use white pepper). Sauté or brown them delicately in fine, hot butter. Fill the pastry shells with them. Now make a rich white or delicately brown sauce using the butter left in the sauce pan. Strain this and pour it over the filled cases just as they are needed to serve. They are ruined if they stand one moment as the sauce works into the pastry.

THE BELOVED ADVENTURER



BY EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Lubin Manufacturing Company. Illustrated With Photographs From the Picture Production.

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Continued

"Can't get used to that fellow wait in 'on me somehow," he muttered. "Always feel like I oughter ask him to have a cigar an' a drink."

Mrs. Harris disdained to make reply if she heard. She was already devouring the "society notes" in one of the papers and now, with eager interest, read aloud:

LORD CECIL COMES A-WOOING.

There is much excitement in high society over the arrival today of Lord Cecil of England, whose famous title dates from the Norman conquest and who is the only living representative of his distinguished family through the male line. Lord Cecil, who has the unique and envied hereditary right to address the king as "my lord," frankly admits that he is here to wed an American heiress. He is registered at the Hotel Triumphant.

With breathless eagerness Mrs. Harris looked at her husband, who, it must be admitted, had not heard a word, his attention being given those tormenting shoes, and with mounting color and a happy realization that at last she had the opportunity to use the line which she had so much admired as it sprang from the lips of the heroine in "How Angeline Won Her Way, or From Chorus Girl to Duchess," seen at the town hall in Redbank twenty years before, declared triumphantly: "This is the chance of my life!"

"Aw right, ma," Mr. Harris assented uninterestedly, and wisely handled an old pipe.

"Do you remember," she said, "the English lord we met when we were in Baden, the gentleman who straightened things out for you when you wanted to fight the waiter because you thought he was giving you short change when he was only holding out his lip?" Mrs. Harris lowered her voice impressively as she added meaningly: "But even if you do not I do, and he is in this country—has come to marry an American heiress."

"Well, let him. I don't care," Pa Harris responded indifferently.

Two hours later there was delivered to Lord Cecil the following missive:

My Dear Lord Cecil—I am so glad to hear that you are in America, because you promised when we met you in Baden last year that you would visit us if you ever came to this country. Let me know if you can come for as long as you will, and I'll send the motor for you tomorrow morning. Sincerely,

MRS. THOMAS M. HARRIS.

"The man—he appears a very proper sort of footman, my lord—is to wait for an answer," James informed his master.

"You might look up these people at all events, James," Cecil suggested and handed over the note. A few minutes later his attention was attracted by a discreet cough, and he read with sudden quickening of interest the paragraph James pointed out in a volume entitled "Social and Financial Register."

"Harris, Thomas M. (The Peanut Butter King)," the item ran. "Age fifty. Clubs: Commercial and Whole-



"Gracious! He's here!" she said.

sale Grocers'. Fortune \$5,000,000. Wife, Martha Jane. Daughter, Mary, age twenty, sole heiress."

Lord Cecil nodded with satisfaction. "You may tell the man they may send the motor," he instructed the attentive James.

The next day's sun beamed warmly, and the flowers of the extensive Harris gardens did due credit to the expensive imported gardener and his nine assistants, but neither sunshine nor flowers could coax from Mary Harris a smile. If the truth must be told, she was putting sulkingly and stamping her small foot upon the well rolled gravel. Then loud hammerings from the "cottage" in course of construction on the adjoining plot attracted her attention. She raised her violet eyes, her red lips curled into joyousness, and after a careful look about she waved her handkerchief. The distance was considerable, but the youth with blueprints in his hands evidently had sharp eyes. He also waved his hand and hurried toward a certain sheltered nook which,

as Mary had on a previous occasion pointed out, possessed the strategic advantage of allowing occupants thereof to command a clear view of the Harris castle while they themselves were safely invisible.

They met in what seems to be the accepted manner of lovers' meetings, in sheltered nooks. Presently Mary freed herself and with tragic eyes and trembling lips whispered the dread tidings.

"Mother is going to marry me to a horrid old lord," she said.

Horror banished the smile from Tom's face. He blanched, but heroically rose to the occasion.

"Fear not. I will save you," he cried, with a very creditable imitation of the hero in Broadway's latest romantic success.

Mary pouted. "Don't be silly," she said ungraciously. "You know you can't do anything. You are too poor."

In sorrow he bowed his head. "You're dead right; not a chance," he groaned. "Might get by the old gentleman—he knows a fellow doesn't have to stay poor—but your mother! No hope at all."

"But you know I will always be true!" Mary demanded. This acceptance of defeat seemed tame.

"Will you?" he asked eagerly, and somewhat pettishly Mary nodded. Just then, however, a slight confusion, a scurrying of liveried servants and a stopping motor attracted her eyes to the front of the palatial cottage. An excited flush sprang into her cheeks, and hurriedly she leaned forward to catch a better glimpse.

"Gracious! He's here!" she said, and with scant adieu hurried away.

"Oh, adored but fickle heart!" Tom murmured and swiftly returned to his labors.

A week later there was published the announcement of the engagement of Miss Mary Harris to Lord Cecil of England.

On the same day Lord Cecil stood looking from his bedroom window. His range of vision included a garden nook well screened from every other direction. He could see with unmistakable clearness that the girl, weeping bitterly and clinging about the neck of a young gentleman of tragic mien, was his promised bride.

"Really, y' know, can't have that sort of thing," Cecil remarked thoughtfully. "By Jove, it looks as though the little girl!" The sentence remained unfinished, and he hurried from the room.

As Cecil came upon them the young couple drew quickly apart, but Mary faced him defiantly.

"I don't care!" she asserted, while tears formed slowly in the violet eyes. "I love Tom, and he is going to Brazil, and I don't want to marry you, and I will die of a broken heart, I know I will!"

For a few moments Lord Cecil pondered gravely, then, with a cheerful smile, hurried away, first telling them to await his return. Mary, between fright and grief, just sniffed. Tom sullenly and uncomfortably shuffled his feet. They edged away from one another.

Between Thomas M. Harris and Lord Cecil there had developed a real though unspoken friendship. Each had rightly seen into the heart of the other. Harris, however, was for a moment bewildered when Cecil, finding him alone, made the unique suggestion that had come into his mind.

"You mean you don't want to marry Mary?" Harris demanded.

"My wishes need not be considered. It is Mary's happiness that is in question. I—aw—did not know that she was in love with any one," Cecil said gently.

Harris extended a rugged hand, and his voice shook.

"Shake, sir!" he said. "By George, sir, knowin'—I found out—how you need money, I'm bound to say you are a white man! By gun, sir, I'm willin'. Yes, I will call you 'm'lord after this!'" Cecil writhed in acute embarrassment—internally. His face gave no sign.

"As to your suggestion, I'm afraid it won't work," Harris remarked thoughtfully. "I know that boy—he's all right—but Martha is set on bein' mother-in-law to 'n lord, and she is ferrible set when she is set. However, maybe if you suggest it she will take to it. Let's get the children and see which way the cat jumps."

It was a constrained little party that presently found itself in the commanding presence of Mrs. Harris. Lord Cecil plunged to the heart of the subject. "Mary, y' know, would prefer to marry this gentleman," he said, indicating the restless Tom. "We might just let him take my place at the wedding next week, don't you think?"

For a moment Mrs. Harris was stricken dumb with amazement, but only for a moment. Then it became most clear that she did not think the suggested substitution of grooms in the slightest degree desirable. Weeping, Mary sought her own room. Sullen and obviously frightened, Tom departed.

To Be Continued.

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NEW YORK STATE'S VOTE

Total Cast 1,439,969, of Which White Man Received 686,701

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 5.—There were 1,439,969 votes cast for Governor at the last election, the State Board of Canvassers announced officially yesterday. Of these, District Attorney Charles S. Whitman, Republican, received 686,701. His plurality over Governor Martin H. Glynn was 415,432. The latter's vote was divided as follows: Democratic, 412,253; Independence League, 125,252; no party,

3,764. William Sulzer received a total of 126,270 votes, of which 54,189 were cast on the Prohibition ticket, 70,655 by persons registering no party affiliations.

Frederick M. Davenport, the Progressive candidate, received 45,586 votes; Gustave A. Strubel, Socialist, 37,793, and James T. Hunter, Social Labor, 2,350.

The vote for United States Senator was: Gerard (Democratic and Independence League), 571,419; Wadsworth (Republican), 639,112; Colby

(Progressive), 61,077. Wadsworth's plurality was 67,693.

Child Killed by Train

Sellersville, Pa., Dec. 5.—Myrtle Frederick, the 7-year-old daughter of Otis Frederick, was killed by a south-bound train here yesterday. Thinking the track was clear after a northbound freight train had passed, the child started across, when the train going south struck her. The accident occurred on Church street crossing, and it is said that the guard rails were down. Other school children were ready to cross, but waited for the guard rails to rise.

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TRESSES PAY ROOM RENT

Chicago, Girl, Penniless, Sold Hair to Liquidate Debt

Chicago, Dec. 5.—A girl of 19 years cut off her long hair and sold it for \$2.50 to pay her room rent. With a Scotch cap concealing her short hair, she told her story yesterday to the employment bureau of the Woman's Club.

"I had to leave the room I lived in," she said, "because my landlady said she wouldn't trust me any more. I had my hair cut off to pay the rent on that room, which was \$4 back. I

asked a woman on the street who had hair the color of mine if she didn't want more, and she said she would pay me \$2.50 for it. Now that is all gone but seven cents."

The girl, who gave her initials as R. L., had been an office clerk. Two weeks ago she had been dismissed from her place, where she earned \$7.50 a week.

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GIFTS FOR MINERS' CHILDREN

Mrs. Eckley B. Coxie Will Play Santa for Four Thousand

Hazleton, Pa., Dec. 5.—The names and ages of 4,000 miners' children in towns of the Coxe lands are being collected by Mrs. Eckley B. Coxie, widow of the Drifton coal operator, who will again play Santa Claus this Christmas, as she has done for the past 40 years.

Programs are being rehearsed in the schools of the various towns and Christmas trees will be decorated with favors furnished by Mrs. Coxie. Every inmate at the Larytown almshouse and all the patients at the State hospital at Hazleton will also get presents.

Butcher Slashed by Knife

Scenery, Pa., Dec. 5.—Chasing a hog in Upper Augusta township yesterday, Jefferson Lenkey, who was trying to stab it, stumbled over a rabbit and fell, running the knife he carried into his abdomen up to the hilt. His death is expected.

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