



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Bananas Cooked and Uncooked

Persons who enjoy a fresh banana with cream and sugar on it feel amused or contemptuous when they hear their less fortunate friends declare this excellent fruit is responsible for all sorts of ills and that it should not be eaten unless cooked!

Someone asks, "What is the truth about the banana?" To answer this, first consider that most of the fruit that finds its way to our stores and finally to our tables is plucked before it is ripened, packed in holds of vessels and later in storage houses and reaches us too ripe or too green.

The banana is the most nourishing fruit we have; it is a food and in the same class with potatoes, bread, and cereals. Persons with normal digestions can eat them in any form, others may have to secure them at some especial stage of ripeness and prepare them in some particular way.

Because they are a food element, furnishing heat and energy, give them a frequent place in your diet.

To bake bananas, select good-sized, ripe ones, peel and split them in halves and place in a shallow baking platter. Sprinkle with sugar, lemon juice, and butter. Add two tablespoons of water and bake until fruit is brown over top, basting often. Serve in the baking dish. This is the most popular way to cook bananas; other ways are to broil them and to bake them in their skins.

Children may be given fresh, ripe, uncooked bananas, without any fear of consequences if the rough, hairy fuzz between the fruit proper and the skin be scraped off. It is this that irritates tender stomachs.

One of the well liked banana dishes is cake put together with this fruit filling. The only drawback to this delicacy is that bananas turn an unsightly brown after they are exposed to the air a few moments. Therefore, the cake should be made and filled just as it is needed to be served.

Banana butter cake is made with just such a dough as one uses for short-cake. Thin slices of banana are arranged over the dough and sprinkled with sugar, spice and butter. When baked, serve with cream and sugar.

DAILY MENU

- Breakfast**
Bananas, Sugar, Cream
Jelly Omelette Little Pig Sausages
Hot Rolls Coffee
- Luncheon**
Kidney Brochettes French Potatoes
Relishes Jelly
- Dinner**
Rice and Tomato Boath
Broiled Steak
Mushrooms Peas
Baked Potatoes
Cheery Zest Pickled Peppers
Berries Bread Pudding, Hard Sauce

HEARTS and MASKS

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(CONTINUED.)

No turning back for me now. I picked up by suit case and got out. On the platform I saw the curio-shop fellow again. Tramping on ahead, the smell from his villainous pipe assailing my nostrils, was the man who had asked for a match. The former stood undecided for a moment, and during this space of time he caught sight of me. He became erect, gave me a sudden sardonic laugh, and swiftly disappeared into the darkness. All this was uncommonly disquieting; in vain I stared into the blackness that had swallowed him. What could he be doing here at Blankshire? I didn't like his laugh at all; there was at once a menace and a challenge in it. "Any baggage, sir?" asked one of the station hands.

"No." But I asked him to direct me to a hotel. He did so. I made my way down the street. The wind had veered around and was coming in from the sea, pure and cold. The storm clouds were broken and scudding like dark ships, and at times there were flashes of radiant moonshine. The fashionable hotel was full. So I plodded through the drifts to the unfashionable hotel. Here I found accommodation. I dressed, sometimes laughing, sometimes whistling, sometimes standing motionless in doubt. Bah! It was only a lark. . . . I thought of the girl in Moquin's; how much better it would have been to spend the evening with her, exchanging badinage, and looking into each other's eyes! Pshaw! I covered my face with the gray mask and descended to the street.

The trolley ran within two miles of the Hunt club. The car was crowded with masqueraders, and for the first time since I started out I felt comfortable. Everybody laughed and talked, though nobody knew who his neighbor was. I sat in a corner, silent and motionless as a sphinx. Once a pair of blue slippers attracted my eye, and again the flash of a lovely arm. At the end of the trolley line was a carryall which was to convey us to the club. We got into the conveyance, noisily and good-humoredly. The exclamations of the women were amusing. "Good gracious!" "Isn't it fun!" "Lovely!" And all that. It must have been a novelty for some of these to act naturally for once. Nothing lasts so long as the natural instinct for play; and we always find ourselves coming back to it.

Standing some hundred yards back from the road was the famous Holly-bonk inn, run by the genial Moriarty. Sometimes the members of the Hunt club put up there for the night when there was to be a run the following morning. It was open all the year round. We made the club at exactly 10:30. Fortune went with me, doubtless it was the crowd going in that saved me from close scrutiny. My spirits rose as I espied Teddy Hamilton at the door. He was on the committee, and was in plain evening clothes. It was good to see a familiar face. I shouldered toward him and passed out my ten dollars. "Hello, Teddy, my son!" I cried out jovially. "Hello!"—grinning. Teddy thought it was some one he knew; well, so it was. "What's your card?" he cried, as I pressed by him. "The ten of hearts," I repeated. "The ten of hearts," repeated Teddy to a man who was keeping tally on a big cardboard.

This sight did not reassure me. If they were keeping tally of all the cards presented at the door, they would soon find out that there were too many tens of hearts, too many by one! Well, at any rate, I had for the time being escaped detection; now for the fun: It would be sport-royal while it lasted. What a tale to give out at the club of a Sunday night! I chuckled on the way to the ball room. I had dispensed with going up to the dressing-room. My robe was a genuine one, heavy and warm; so I had no overcoat to check. "Grave monk, your blessing!" Turning, I beheld an exquisite Columbine. "Pax vobiscum!" I replied, solemnly. "Pax . . . What does that mean?" "It means, do not believe all you see in the newspapers." Columbine laughed gaily. "I did not know that you were a Latin scholar; and, besides, you gave me to understand you were coming as a Jesuit, Billy."

Billy? Here was one who thought she knew me. I hastened to disillusion her. "My dear Columbine, you do not know me, not the least bit. My name is not Billy, it is Dicky." "Oh, you cannot fool me," she returned. "I heard you call out to Teddy Hamilton that your card was the ten of hearts; and you wrote me, saying that would be your card." Complications already, and I hadn't put my foot inside the ball room! "I am sorry," I said, "but you have made a mistake. Your Jesuit probably told you his card would be the nine, not the ten." "I will wager—" "Hush! This is a charity dance; no one makes wagers at such affairs." "But—Why, my goodness! there's my Jesuit now!" And to my intense relief she dashed away.

I carefully observed the Jesuit, and made up my mind to keep an eye upon him. If he really possessed the ten of hearts, the man who kept tally on the cardboard was doing some tall thinking about this time. I gilded away, into the gorgeous ball room.

What a vision greeted my eye! The decorations were in red and yellow, and it seemed as though perpetual autumnal sunset lay over everything. At the far end of the room was a small stage hidden behind palms and giant ferns. The band was just striking up "A Summer Night in Munich," and a wonderful kaleidoscope revolved around me. I saw Cavaliers and Roundheads, Puritans and Beelzebubs, Musketeers, fools, cowboys, Indians kings and princes; queens and empresses, fairies and Quaker maids, white and black and red and green dominoes. Tom Fool's night, indeed!

Presently I saw the noble Doge of Venice coming my way. From his portly carriage I reasoned that if he wasn't in the gold-book of Venice he stood very well up in the gold-book of New York. He stopped at my side and struck an attitude. "Pax vobiscum!" said I, bowing. "Be at the Inquisition Chamber, directly the clock strikes the midnight hour," he said, mysteriously. "I shall be there to deliver the supreme interrogation," I replied. "It is well." He drifted away like a stately ship. Delightful foolery! I saw the Jesuit, and moved toward him. "Disciple of Loyola, hast thou the ten of hearts?" "My hearts number nine, for I have lost one to the gay Columbine." "I breathe! Thou art not he whom I seek." We separated. I was mortally glad that Columbine had made a mistake.

The women always seek the monk at a masquerade; they want absolution for the follies they are about to commit. A demure Quakeress touched my sleeve in passing. "Tell me, grave monk, why did you seek the monastery?" "My wife fell in love with me,"—gloomily. "Then you have a skeleton in the clothes-press?" "Do I look like a man who owned such a thing as a clothes-press, much less so fashionable a thing as a family skeleton?" "Then what do you here?" "I am mingling with fools as a penance." A fool caught me by the sleeve and battered me gaily over the head with a bladder. "Marry come up, why am I a fool?" "It is the fashion," was my answer. This was like to gain me the reputation of being a wit. I must walk carefully, or these thoughtless ones would begin to suspect there was an impostor among them. "Aha!" There was mine ancient friend Julius, "Hall, Caesar!" He stopped.

"Shall I beware of the Ides of March?" I asked, jovially. "Nay, my good Cassius; rather beware of the ten of hearts," said Caesar, in hollow tones, and was gone. The ten of hearts again! Hang the card! And then with a sigh of relief I recollected that in all probability he, like Columbine, had heard me call out the card to Hamilton.



Still, the popularity of the card was very disquieting. I wished it had been seven or five; there's luck in odd numbers. . . . A Blue Domino! My heart leaped, and I thought of the little ticket in my waistcoat pocket. A Blue Domino! If by chance, there should be a connection between her and the ticket! She was sitting all alone in a corner near by, partly screened by a pot of orange trees. I crossed over and sat down by her side. This might prove an adventure worth while. "What a beautiful night it is!" I said. She turned, and I caught sight of a wisp of golden hair. "That is very original," said she. "Who in the world would have thought of passing comments on the weather at a masque! Prior to this moment the men have been calling me all sorts of sentimental names." "Oh, I am coming to that. I am even going to make love to you." She folded her hands—rather resignedly, I thought—and the rollicking comedy began.

CHAPTER III. When they give you a mask at a ball they also give you the key to all manner of folly and impudence. Even stupid people become witty, and the witty become correspondingly daring. For all I knew, the Blue Domino at my side might be Jones' wife, or Brown's, or Smith's, or even Green's;

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THE SONGS OF OTHER DAYS

Selected By J. HOWARD WERT

No. 315. Lord Lovel
Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed.
"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?"
she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see."
"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?"
she said,
"Oh, when will you come back?"
said she;
"In a year or two—or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thought came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.
So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round.

"The Mother's Dream"
Beneath the soft white snow to-night
A little form is sleeping,
While o'er her darling empty crib
A mother bends with weeping.
Almost she sees the curly head
Upon the pillow lying;
Her outstretched arms clasped but the air;
Her soul is sick with sighing.
A cry bursts from the tortured heart,
"Oh why to us was given
This fair white blossom when so soon
He's snatched from us to Heaven?"
On angel hand her eyelids press,
Straightway she falls to dreaming,
The gates of Heaven open wide,
Within she sees the gleaming.
Of thousand lights and happy groups
Of little children playing.

POKE AROUND THE FURNACE

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BROWN NOW CHIEF JUSTICE

Robert F. Frazer Takes Oath As Member of Supreme Court
Philadelphia, Jan. 5.—The Pennsylvania Supreme Court convened here yesterday and Associated Justice J. Hay Brown, of Lancaster, was sworn in as chief justice to succeed D. Newlin Fell, of Philadelphia, whose term expired at the beginning of the year. Justice Brown became head of the court because of seniority. The oath of office was administered by Justice Potter. The commission of Robert F. Frazer, of Allegheny county, was read and the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Brown. Justice Frazer was elected last November and filled the vacancy created by the retirement of Chief Justice Fell.

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WILL OPPOSE CUT IN WAGES

Grand Trunk Employees Decline to Accept Reductions in Pay

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 5.—More than 14,000 employees of the Grand Trunk Railway Company and thousands of other men employed by the Grand Trunk Pacific railway have declined to accept reductions in pay and in reply to notices of reduction have notified officials of the two companies, that they will oppose vigorously any attempt to cut wages.

The proposed reduction on the Grand Trunk railway is to take effect from April 1 next; that on the Grand Trunk Pacific was effective January 1. Both are necessitated, it is claimed, because of decreased business since the beginning of the European war. How great the cut is to be depends upon reports, not yet completed, showing results of operation for the six months ending December 31, last.

Increases Freight Rates on Poultry

Washington, Jan. 5.—Rating of poultry in car loads by western railroads as third instead of fourth class freight, thus increasing the charges, was held yesterday by the Interstate Commerce Commission to be justified.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 9:30 p. m.
For Danbury at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
J. H. TONGE, Supt.
H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.

Ineligible as Commissioner

Washington, Jan. 5.—Oliver P. Newman, chairman of the Board of Commissioners which governs the District of Columbia, was held by the Court of Appeals yesterday to have been ineligible for the office, because of questions of his legal residence, when President Wilson appointed him in 1913. The case will be carried to the United States Supreme Court.

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