



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Christmas Pudding

The mistletoe hung in the Castle Hall, The holly branch shone on the dark oak wall.

To make a Christmas pudding really requires a day and a half, if the work is to be a pleasure and not tiresome.

The nuts should be cracked, the kernels picked out and chopped, not too fine. The suet must be freed from tendons and fibres and chopped in a wooden bowl; the chopping machine crushes it. The spices should be measured and sifted into, and through the flour. The molasses may be measured and set to one side. The currants should be picked over and put in warm water over night, and the raisins, too, will need looking over.

The citron must be cut in thin, small slices; if a little butter be rubbed on the knife and over the fingers this need not be a sticky, unpleasant piece of work. Now chop the orange and lemon peel and put all aside until the following morning.

Here is the perfect Christmas pudding recipe:

One cup of light brown sugar, one cup of suet, two cups of seeded raisins, one cup of currants, one-half cup of citron and candied lemon and orange peels. One cup of New Orleans molasses containing a teaspoon of soda. Mix all these in a deep bowl. In another bowl sift three cups of flour containing three teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, and ginger; one-half teaspoon of allspice, mace and cloves.

Stir the dry ingredients into the first mixture, adding, as you stir, a cup of sweet milk. When smooth the mixture will be too moist and require more flour; you must use your judgment in regard to the quantity you add. The batter should be moist enough to drop from the spoon, but stiff enough to hold its shape in the bag and tin while baking.

Wet the pudding bag and flour it generously on the inside. Put the pudding in and bring the edges of the pudding bag together and tie with a strong string. Leave plenty of room in the bag for the pudding to swell. Place in a steamer over enough boiling water to last until the pudding is cooked.

Cover closely and do not remove the cover until the cooking is done. If you must renew the water in the under kettle, be sure the water you add is boiling, as the temperature must not fall.

If the pudding is cooked in molds or tins, oil them well and then sift flour in and shake it about; this prevents all sticking. Small puddings weighing half a pound will cook in forty minutes; a large one will require from an hour and a half to three hours.

All English recipes call for brandy or wine in mince pies and puddings. A fine fruit flavor may be secured by the American housewife by using grape juice, orange juice or any jelly in the place of the cup of milk called for.

An extra word of caution should be given in regard to this pudding swelling. Do not fill the molds much more than half full when you put them in the steamer or oven.

A very pretty way to serve a Christmas pudding is to decorate it with a wreath of holly around the platter and put whipped cream over the top.

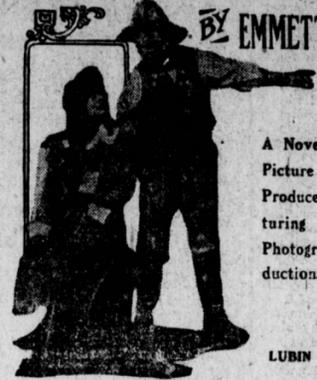
The sauce should be hot if the pudding is; not otherwise. One that is best hot is made with a cup of sugar creamed with half a cup of butter. Add one unbeaten egg and a teaspoon of flavoring. Put this in a porcelain pan and set over boiling water; pour on a third of a cup of hot water, stirring meantime. Cook over the water heat fifteen minutes.

CHRISTMAS MENU

- Breakfast
- Oranges
- Creamed Rice
- Hot Toast
- Broiled Mackerel
- Baked Potatoes
- Coffee
- Christmas Dinner
- Grape Fruit Cocktail
- Cream of Chicken Soup
- Celery Olives
- Salted Nuts
- Jellies
- Gherkins
- Boiled Salmon
- Egg Sauce
- Balanced Potatoes
- Candied Sweet Potatoes
- Creamed Turnips
- Roast Stuffed Goose or Turkey
- Fruit Salad
- Plum Pudding
- Pumpkin Pie
- Mince Pie
- Apples
- Tangerines
- Kumquats
- Dates
- Pomegranates
- Christmas Candies
- Coffee
- Supper
- Cold Baked Fowl with Mayonnaise
- Cold Slaw
- Fried Oysters
- Hot Tea Biscuits
- Honey
- Pickles
- Mince Pie
- Spiced Cider
- Cakes

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

"You do love me, my own," she whispered, "and I have never caused you shame. I would have known if I had waited to look into your eyes. I do not understand it all, but I do know I have been deceived and that I will never doubt your love again as long as we live."

"We are not to live, sweetheart," Ceell told her, gripping his pistol. She did not blanch, but pressed closer against him. The flames forward were now leaping high.

"You mean we cannot escape from the ship?" she asked. "I am not afraid, and we will be together," she said bravely. "How long will it be before it comes?"

"At any moment," he told her gravely. "If I were not wounded I might save you, but with one arm I cannot kiss me, beloved, and we will await it with a smile."

Instantly her arms were about his neck in a clinging caress, and her lips were pressed to his.

The motorboat had not gone a hundred yards from the schooner's side when the cry of fire and the following panic shrieked departure of the crew caused the waterman to urge his motor to its highest speed in order that he might be at a safe distance when the explosion which seemed to be expected occurred. At a quarter mile vantage he came to a stop in order to watch what promised to be interesting developments. The reports of revolvers came faintly, and he scratched his head wondering. They clearly distinguished the forms of Lord Ceell and Betty, and the waterman gasped.

"They uns didn't get away—him a come wi' us, an' a lass," he said. "They'll be blown up, belike!" Sarah Gray stared at the burning ship with horror.

"We must save them! He went there for my sake!" she cried. "Go back!"

The waterman stolidly shook his head.

"Ship may blow up any minute," he declared. "I wouldn't go alongside, not for fifty pound!"

"I will give you a hundred—see?" Sarah Gray cried and thrust before his dazzled eyes a handful of bank notes.

Without a word he seized the notes, crammed them into his pocket and started the motor.

"Every man must die some time," he muttered, "an' might as well be for a hunner pound as for nothin' at all, mayhap!"

As the boat shot into the illumination cast by the flames Ceell tightened his clasp about Betty's shoulders, and a smile lit up his face.

"After all, sweetheart, we may live," he whispered and hurried her to the ladder that hung over the rail.

Three minutes later, when they were half a mile away and headed for Whitehaven port, a great pillar of flame leaped into the sky and then where had been the burning schooner was only the black water.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Perilous Passage.

THREE months had passed since Lord Ceell and Betty returned to Croftleigh and a happiness even greater than that which they had known when they had first entered the old house had in hand.

On a day when the leaves of the ancient oaks were drifting lazily down to lie in rustling heaps of brown and gold, Ceell entered the library, where Betty sat reading, and with an air of delighted mystery asked her to come out and welcome a visitor.

"Oh, you darling! It's Pinto!" she cried joyously as her eyes fell upon a pony wearing the saddle and bridle familiar to the cowboys of the western world. Gurgling with pure happiness she danced forward and threw her arms about the horse's neck.

"How did you ever guess I missed him?" she demanded as Ceell lazily joined her.

Ready for one of her rides later, Betty, as usual, went to the library, where Ceell was accustomed to work, to say goodby. As she entered the room she realized that Ceell was not alone and would have withdrawn had he not called her name. With a sinking heart she noted that his face was grave and troubled. Collapsed miserably in a chair was a handsome, sun-tanned young man, who pulled himself together with an effort and rose as she came forward.

Ceell placed his hand upon the other man's shoulder with a kindly smile.

"This is my nephew, Bob Stanley, Betty," he told her. "He is in serious trouble, and I wish you to hear all the facts. We will call it a family council," he added, smiling a little sadly.

Briefly the story was as follows: Captain Robert Stanley had two months before been the senior surviving officer when the ragged remnants of a British column cut its bloody way to the heart of the fierce, little outlaw

kingdom of Gokaral, hidden away in the Himalayan mountains, and stormed the palace from which had emanated the orders that had spread desolation along the border, and it was to Captain Stanley that the maharajah gravely offered his jeweled sword.

Now, it is not good for the future peace of the Indian empire that such an one as the king of Gokaral, who had a son that would reign in his stead, should be unduly humiliated and Captain Stanley, devoutly trusting that his unauthorized act would meet the approval of the powers that were, begged his majesty to keep his blade as a boon from the emperor of India.

The maharajah returned the steel to its gold sheath.

"Had you touched it," he said, "mine honor would have been touched, and my son, the maharajah and his sons after him, would have continued a blood feud against the English. You serve your king and emperor wisely as well as with a stout sword. Wherefore you are fit to bear the message and token of a king to a king. And the message is this: Because it is obviously the will of God—seeing that your handful have overcome my thousands—that the emperor of India be overlord of Gokaral, the maharajah will be faithful vassal in the emperor's palace, though still king in his own. And for token I will send the Star of Gokaral."

Not a man in Asia but had heard of the Star of Gokaral. It was not merely a state jewel—it was the embodied an-



Betty Approached the Edge of Wide Fissure and Cautiously Peered Down.

thority of the state. Where it rested abode the fealty of Gokaral. The fact that it was a jewel of inestimable value, consisting of nineteen perfect blue diamonds, each as large as the Star of India, was a small matter compared to its political significance.

Captain Stanley daily landed in England and heaved a sigh of relief. His responsibility had lain heavily upon him, and he felt that now practically all danger was passed. He hurried from the dock, intent upon catching an early train to London. As he stepped into the roadway a motorcar charged swiftly, and to avoid being run down he stepped hastily back, directly into the path of another which sprang forward from the opposite direction. Rendeed unconscious by the blow received from the second motor, he fell to the pavement between the cars, both of which had come to a quick stop. From the first alighted a handsomely cozened woman, who for an instant knelt beside the prostrate man, apparently in solicitous examination. Seemingly satisfied that he was not badly hurt, she returned to her machine and had reset herself by the time an officer reached the scene of the accident. The occupant of the car which had struck down the soldier appeared to be overwhelmed with regret, and at the same time anxious that no one else should be held in the slightest degree responsible for the affair.

It was later discovered that no such address as that appearing on the man's card existed, and the name also appeared to be fictitious. The important point was that the Star of Gokaral had disappeared. It had obviously been taken by the unknown woman, and as obviously the whole affair had been a cleverly executed plot. Before reporting the loss of the token to his superiors, Bob had hurried to seek the advice and support of his uncle, Lord Ceell.

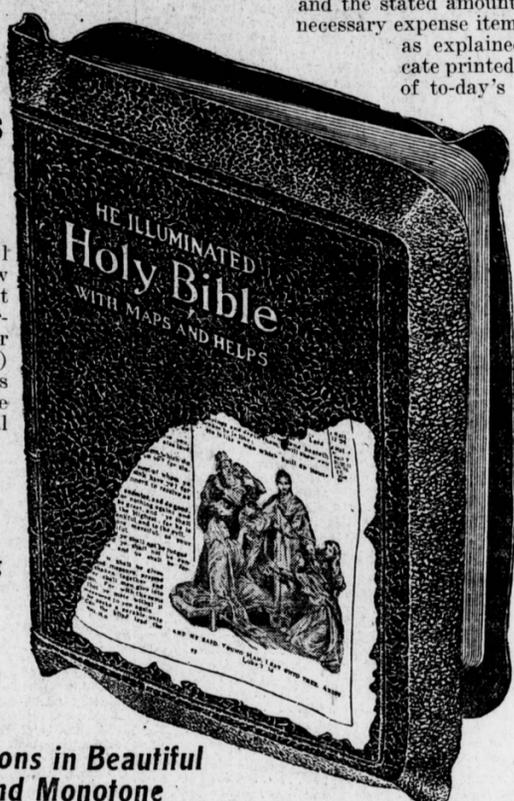
"It is evident that those people knew I had the Star, and no common criminals could possibly have known. They must be the secret agents of the only government that could possibly desire

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the thing. This may mean a terrible calamity to the empire," Bob groaned. "My God! What is to be done?" he added wildly, and his appealing eyes rested first on Lord Ceell and then upon Betty.

"By Jove, I don't know!" Ceell answered in helpless distress and lapsed into troubled pondering.

Unnoticed by either of the men, Betty rose and slipped from the room. She felt that if any idea was to come to her it would come the more readily in the open air.

Instead of mounting, Betty thrust her arm through her pony's rein and walked slowly, lost in thought. Suddenly she came to an abrupt stop, her face white with hatred. From the other side of the hedge came a mocking voice that she recognized.

"My dear duke, calm yourself," the countess was saying. "The affair has been wonderfully successful, and I am sure that we were not recognized. From here we must walk through the fields to the cliffs. The boat which will convey you to the yacht is hidden in a little ford. When you step into that boat and not before I will place in your hands the Star of Gokaral, as were his majesty's orders. The pretty thing! It is a pity that it is so much political importance."

"For heaven's sake be careful what you say and let us get on to the boat," a man responded nervously, and then the voices receded.

Betty's heart leaped. Fate had placed it in her power not only to wreak a just revenge on this woman, but to serve her husband's country and his nephew, whom he loved, by recovering the stolen Star of Gokaral.

Or had she this power?

To Be Continued.

KILLED IN WINDOW FALL

Vertigo Causes Old Soldier to Drop From Bathroom to Yard

Darby, Pa., Dec. 21.—Falling from the window of his bathroom in an attack of vertigo, Harry Green, a veteran of the Civil war, 72 years of age, was instantly killed in his yard, on Second street, above Main, yesterday afternoon.

Green was subject to spells of vertigo, and, as the window of the bathroom is but two feet above the floor, he evidently fell through in reeling. The family found him inanimate in the yard, and called Dr. Swisher, who found Green's neck had been broken.

Green served in the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania Infantry during the Civil war, and was prominent in the Delaware county G. A. R. For the last 18 years he had obligated himself to look after the graves of veterans in nearby cemeteries, and always on Decoration Day he took a wagonload of flowers and flags around and placed them where soldier dead lay.

CHURCH SCENES POLICE AID

Pastor Welcomes Invasion of Unemployed and Gives Them Hearing

St. Louis, Dec. 21.—Several scores of unemployed men entered St. John's Methodist Episcopal church, one of the most fashionable in this city, just before the morning service yesterday. Police, who had been warned of the visit, were at hand to eject them, but the Rev. J. A. Rice would not permit such action and seated the strangers among the congregation.

Mr. Rice was to speak on "The Common Task of Social Adjustment." The leader of the unemployed accepted an invitation to take five minutes to state his views on the topic before Mr. Rice preached his sermon. The visitors were permitted to sell tags after the services and the congregation purchased liberally. There was no disturbance.

MOTHER IS SHOT BY DAUGHTER

Letter and Spouse in Revolver Duel, With Victim Peace-maker

Richardson, Tenn., Dec. 21.—Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, 74, was killed accidentally by her daughter, Mrs. W. C.

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