



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

The Kitchen Comfortable

Much comment is heard on the class of improvements known as household conveniences. What these are depends on various points of view. To men they suggest plumbing, heating and lighting systems and some mechanical power for running the household machinery. But to women, if one is to judge from what one hears, all convenience in the home begins and ends in the kitchen.

As the kitchen is the work shop of the house, this is not so narrow a vision as it seems. Labor economy in the house is in exact proportion to the excellence of the kitchen arrangements.

Some kitchens cannot be made comfortable or convenient, they are too large or too small, and often a kitchen is laundry, dining room, and quasi dressing room, as well as the cook shop.

It is well enough to say that tasks unrelated to preparing food should not be carried on in the kitchen; "circumstances alter cases," in every home. "Common sense," says someone, "has rung the knell of the large kitchen," so, eventually kitchen convenience will become general, sometime.

The size of kitchen should depend on the amount of pantry space available and if possible, these pantries should be on the north side of the room, for this solves the problem, to a great extent, of food storage. The windows and doors of the kitchen should be arranged with an idea of proper ventilation, as well as correct lighting.

The equipment should be as convenient and complete as the purse per-

mits. There should be two tables—one a solid, heavy work table, the other a movable one on castors, and there should be a double decked, wheeled tray for carrying dishes and for a hundred and one other purposes.

This brings us to the sink. By all means have it high enough so one will not stoop when working there. This is the important thing to consider, whether the drain board is of wood, iron or zinc, or whether the sink is supported on legs or encased—all this is insignificant if the height is not right.

Arrange all the rest of the kitchen appliances with a view to saving steps, then will kitchen work cease to be drudgery and become interesting.

DAILY MENU

- Breakfast**
Baked Apples with Cream
Flaked Steamed Rice
Toast Eggs Coffee
- Luncheon**
Waffles, Maple Syrup
Baked Stuffed Potatoes
Cold Tongue
Asparagus Tips
Lemon Cream
Coffee
- Dinner**
Mock Turtle Soup
Planked Fish Duchess Potatoes
Celery Stuffed Olives
Cheese Canapes
Braised Ducks
Asparagus Tips Potato Roll
Dessert Coffee

ELLEN TERRY, 'DOWAGER EMPRESS OF STAGE,' HERE WEDNESDAY



The title of "Dowager Empress of the Stage" bids fair to remain with Ellen Terry during the remainder of her life. It was bestowed upon her by Joseph H. Choate when he introduced her to her audience in New York City a few days ago. Miss Terry and Mr. Choate have been long-time friends. In presenting her to her New York friends, Mr. Choate was fulfilling a promise made to Miss Terry several years ago, when, while he was American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, he was among the guests at a dinner given in honor of Miss Terry and the late Sir Henry Irving, with whom she was connected in Shakespearean roles, when both of them were at the zenith of their artistic strength. Miss Terry will appear at the Majestic Theatre in this city Wednesday evening in a Shakespearean recital, giving scenes from several of her successes. —Adv.*

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PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

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(CONTINUED.)

"We can't go," she repeated, her body crumpled up limply in the chair. "And why not, Angela? I know I can't take ye back as I brought ye here, dear, if that's what ye mane. The luck's been against me. It's been cruel hard against me. An' that thought is tearin' at me heart this minnit."

"It isn't that, Frank," she said faintly. "Then what is it?" "Oh," she cried, "I hoped it would be so different—so very different."

"What did ye think would be so different, dear? Our going back? Is that what's throbbin' ye?" "No, Frank, not that. I don't care how we go back so long as you are with me." He pressed her hand. In a moment she went on: "But we can't go, we can't go. Oh, my dear, my dear, can't you guess? Can't you think?" She looked imploringly into his eyes.

A new wonder came into his. Could it be true? Could it? He took both her hands and held them tightly and stood up, towering over her and trembling violently.

"Is it—is it"—he cried and stopped as if afraid to complete the question. She smiled a wan smile up at him and nodded her head as she answered: "The union of our lives is to be complete. Our love is to be rewarded."

"A child is coming to us?" he whispered. "It is," and her voice was hushed too.

"Praise be to God! Praise be to his holy name!" And O'Connell clasped his hands in prayer.

In a little while she went on: "It was the telling you I wanted to be so different. I wanted you when you heard it to be free of care—happy. And I've waited from day to day, hoping for the best—that some good fortune would come to you."

He forced one of his old time, hearty laughs, but there was a hollow ring in it.

"What is that yer sayin' at all? Wait for good fortune? Is there any good fortune like what ye've just told me? Sure I'm ten times the happiest man since I came into this room." He put his arm around her and, sitting beside her, drew her closely to him.

"Listen, dear," he said, "listen. We'll go back to the old country. Our child shall be born where we first met. There'll be no danger. No one shall harm us with that little life tremblin' in the balance—the little precious life. If it's a girl child she'll be the mother of her people, and if it be a man child he shall grow up to carry on his father's work. So there—there, me darlin', we'll go back—we'll go back."

She shook her head feebly. "I can't," she said.

"Why not, dear?" "I didn't want to tell you, but now you make me. Frank, dear, I am ill."

His heart almost stopped. "Ill? Oh, my darlin', what is it? Is it serious? Tell me it isn't serious!" And his voice rang with a note of agony.

"Oh, no, I don't think so. I saw the doctor today. He said I must be careful, very careful, until our baby is born."

"An' ye kept it all to yerself, me brave one, me dear one. All right. I'll make them that me work. I'm strong. I'm clever, too, and crafty. Angela, I'll wring it from this bustling city. I'll fight it and beat it. Me darlin' shall have everything she wants. My little mother—my precious little mother!"

CHAPTER VII.

A Communication From Nathaniel Kingsnorth.

THE months that followed were the hardest in O'Connell's life. Strive as he would, he could find no really remunerative employment. He had no special training. He knew no trade. His pen, though fluent, was not cultured and lacked the glow of eloquence he had when speaking. He worked in shops and in factories. He tried to report on newspapers. But his lack of experience everywhere handicapped him. What he contrived to earn during those months of struggle was all too little as the time approached for the great event.

Angela was now entirely confined to her bed. She seemed to grow more spirit-like every day. A terrible dread haunted O'Connell waking and sleeping. He would start out of some terrible dream at night and listen to her breathing. When he would hurry back at the close of some long, disappointing day his heart would be hammering dully with fear for his loved one.

As the months wore on his face became lined with care and the bright gold of his hair dimmed with streaks of silver. But he never faltered or lost courage. He always felt he must win the fight for existence as he meant to win the greater conflict later—for liberty.

Angela, lying so still, through the long days, could only hope. She felt so helpless. It was woman's weakness that brought men like O'Connell to the edge of despair. And hers was not merely bodily weakness, but the more poignant one of pride. Was it fair to her husband. Was it just? In England she had prosperous relatives. They would not let her die in her misery. They could not let her baby come into the world with poverty as its only inheritance. Till now she had been

unable to master her feeling of hatred and bitterness for her brother Nathaniel, her intense dislike and contempt for her sister Monica. From the time she left England she had not written to either of them. Could she now? Something decided her.

One night O'Connell came back disheartened. Try as he would, he could not conceal it. He was getting to the end of his courage. There was insufficient work at the shop he had been working in for several weeks. He had been told he need not come again.

Angela, lying motionless and white, tried to comfort him and give him heart.

She made up her mind that night. The next day she wrote to her brother. She could not bring herself to express one regret for what she had done or said. On the contrary, she made many references to her happiness with the man she loved. She did write of the hardships they were passing through. But they were only temporary. O'Connell was so clever, so brilliant, he must win in the end. Only just now she was ill. She needed help. She asked no gift—a loan merely.

They would pay it back when the days of plenty came. She would not ask even this were it not that she was not only ill, but the one great, wonderful thing in the world was to be vouchsafed her—motherhood. In the name of her unborn baby she begged him to send an immediate response.

She asked a neighbor to post the letter so that O'Connell would not know of her sacrifice. She waited anxiously for a reply.

Some considerable time afterward—on the eve of her travail and when things with O'Connell were at their worst—the answer came by cable.

Her heart beat furiously as she opened it. Even if he only sent a little it would be so welcome now when they were almost at the end. If he had been generous how wonderful it would be for her to help the man to whom nothing was too much to give her. The fact that her brother had cabled strengthened the belief that he had hastened to come to her rescue.

She opened the cable and read it. Then she fell back on the pillow with a low, faint moan.

When, hours later, O'Connell returned from a vain search for work he found her senseless with the cable in her fingers. He tried to revive her without success. He sent a neighbor for a doctor. As he watched the worn, patient face, his heart full of bursting, the thought flashed through him what could have happened to cause this collapse. He became conscious of the cable he held and tightly clasped in her hand. He plotted it up and read it. It was very brief. All it said was:

You have made your bed. Lie in it. NATHANIEL KINGSNORTH.

Toward morning the doctor placed a little note of humanity in O'Connell's arms. He looked down at it in a stupor. It had really come to pass—their child—Angela's and his! A little baby girl! The tiny yard from this child, born of love and in sorrow, seemed to waken his dull senses. He pressed the note to him as the hot tears flowed down his cheeks. A woman in one of the adjoining flats had kindly offered to help look the child away from him. The doctor led him to the bedside. He looked down at his loved one. A glaze was over Angela's eyes as she looked up at him. She tried to smile. All her suffering was forgotten. She knew only pride and love. She was at peace. She raised her hand, thin and transparent now, to O'Connell. He pressed it to his lips.

She whispered: "My baby. Bring me—my baby."

He took it from the woman and placed it in Angela's weak arms. She kissed it again and again. The child waited pitifully. The effort had been too much for Angela's failing strength. Consciousness left her.

Just before sunrise she woke. O'Connell was sitting beside her. He had never moved. The infant was sleeping on some blankets on the couch, the woman watching her.

Angela motioned her husband to bend near to her. Her eyes shone with unearthly brightness. He put his ear near her lips. Her voice was very, very faint.

"Take—care—of—our—baby, Frank. I'm—I'm leaving you. God—help—you—keep—you—and bless you—for—your—love—of me." She paused to take breath. Then she whispered her leave taking. The words never left O'Connell's memory for all the days of all the years that followed.

"My—last—words, dear, the—last—I'll—ever—speak—to—you. I—I—love—you—with—all—my heart—and—my soul—husband! Good—goodbye, Frank." She slipped from his arms and lay, lips parted, eyes open, body still.

The struggle was over. She had gone where there are no petty treacheries, no mean brutalities—where all stand alike before the throne to render an account of their stewardship.

The brave, gentle little heart was stilled forever.

And now Peg appears for the first time and brings her radiant presence, her roguish smile, her big, frank, soulful blue eyes, her dazzling red hair, her direct, honest and outspoken truth, her love of all that is clean and

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And she did save her father. It was the presence and the thought of the little motherless baby that kept O'Connell's hand from destroying himself when his reason almost left him after his wife's death. The memories of the days immediately following the

passing of Angela are too painful to dwell upon.

They are past. They are sacred in O'Connell's heart. They will be to the historian.

Thanks to some kindly Irishmen who heard of O'Connell's plight, he borrowed enough money to bury his dead wife and place a tablet to her memory.

He sent a message to Kingsnorth telling him of his sister's death. He neither expected nor did he receive an answer. As soon as it was possible he returned to Ireland and threw himself once again heart and soul into working for the "cause." He realized his only hope of keeping his balance was to work. He went back to the little village he was born in, and it was Father Cahill's hands that poured the baptismal waters on O'Connell's and Angela's baby, and it was Father Cahill's voice that read the baptismal service.

She was christened Margaret. Angela, one night, when it was nearing her time, begged him if it were a girl to christen her Margaret, after her mother, since all the best in Angela came from her mother.

O'Connell would have liked much to name the mite Angela. But his dead wife's wishes were paramount. So Margaret the baby was christened. It was too distinguished a name and too long for such a little bundle of pink and white humanity. It did not seem to fit her. So "Peg" she was named, and "Peg" she remained for the rest of her life.

To Be Continued.

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