



# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

## Cake Making

Once it was thought cake making was a task but now it is considered a pleasure and instead of having cakes for holidays and weddings only, we have them almost daily.

But like everything else, they have changed; we no longer use twelve to fourteen eggs and a pound of butter and other things in proportion. Four eggs are as many as most of us can afford for an every day cake and we make up the deficiency with other lightening agents.

Butter cakes now depend for their lightness upon the carbon dioxide gas that results from the action of heat on the baking powder and special care is now given that proportions be precisely right. Nothing is left to chance in cake making. The Boston measuring cup has come to be the standard; it holds just half a pint and when a cup of anything is called for it means that quantity. A teaspoonful of any dry ingredient means that the spoon should be filled so there is just as much above the bowl as in it; a heaping teaspoonful is a spoon filled twice as high above the bowl as the depth of the bowl is.

A half a teaspoonful is measured by dividing the length of the spoon, not across it. When one knows how to measure and combine, all fear of failure disappears.

Experiment cake: 3 cups flour, 1/2 cup butter, 1 1/4 cups soft white sugar, 3 eggs, 3 rounding teaspoons baking powder, 1 level teaspoon salt. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately. Blend butter and sugar together. Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Mix all together in deep bowl and add flavoring. Beat until mixture is smooth.

This recipe will make one large cake, or a small one, and eight tea cakes. It never fails for the proportions are right. Sometimes more flour must be added, as some flour is more moist than other varieties.

Then there is the matter of baking; this, too, can be governed by rule. Layer cakes require from eight to ten minutes to bake. Sponge cakes need twelve to fifteen minutes and loaf cakes longer. One must know their oven, it should not be too hot at first or the cake will brown before it rises. You can tell cake is done when it draws away from side of pan or when a faint ticking sound is heard.

In filling cake pans take care to have the mixture come into the corners and sides, leaving slight depression in center, then when the cake rises it will be perfectly level. Fill tins two-thirds full.

**DAILY MENU**  
Breakfast  
Sliced Oranges  
Oat Meal with Cream  
Jelly Omelette Biscuits  
Luncheon  
Creamed Oysters in Chafing Dish  
Sandwiches Pickles  
Cake Fruit Sauce  
Dinner  
Cocoa  
Clam Broth  
Baked Lake Fish White Sauce  
Roast Chicken with Bread Stuffing  
Mashed Potatoes Peas  
Pie Endive Salad Coffee  
Nuts



# PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title—Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

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(CONTINUED.)

Looming large in Peg's memories in after life was her father showing her St. Kernan's hill and pointing out the mount on which he stood and spoke that day, while her mother, hidden by that dense mass of trees, saw every movement and heard every word.

Then somehow her childish thoughts all seemed to run to home rule—to love of Ireland and hatred of England—to thinking all that was good of Irishmen and all that was bad of Englishmen.

"Why do ye hate the English so much, father?" she asked O'Connell once, looking up at him with a puzzled look in her big blue eyes and the most adorable brogue coming fresh from her tongue.

"Why do ye hate them?" she repeated.

"I've good cause to, Peg, me darlin'." he answered, and a deep frown gathered on his brow.

"Sure wasn't me mother English?" Peg asked.

"She was."

"Then why do ye hate the English?"

"It 'ud take a long time to tell ye that, Peggy. Some day I will. There's many a reason why the Irish hate the English, and many a good reason too. But there's one why you and I should hate them and hate them with all the bitterness that's in us."

"And what is it?" said Peg curiously.

"I'll tell ye. When yer mother and I were almost starvin', and she lyin' on a bed of sickness, she wrote to an Englishman an' asked him to assist her. An' this is the reply she got: 'Ye've made yer bed. Lie in it.' That was the answer she got the day before you were born, and she died givin' ye life. And by the same token the man that wrote that shameful message to a dyin' woman was her own brother."

"Her own brother, yer tellin' me?" asked Peg wrathfully.

"I am, Peg. Her own brother, I'm tellin' ye."

"It's bad luck that man'll have all his life!" said Peg fiercely. "To write me mother that—an' she dyin'! Faith I'd like to see him some day—just meet him—an' tell him!" She stopped, her little fingers clinched into a miniature fist.

## CHAPTER VIII. For the Cause.

O'CONNELL had changed very much since the days of St. Kernan's hill. As was foreboded earlier, he no longer urged violence. He had come under the influence of the more temperate men of the party and was content to win by legislative means what Ireland had failed to accomplish wholly by conflict, although no one recognized more thoroughly than O'Connell what a large part the determined attitude of the Irish party in resisting the English laws, depriving them of the right of free speech and of meeting to spread light among the ignorant, had played in winning some measure of recognition and of tolerance from the English ministers.

What changed O'Connell more particularly was the action of a band of so called "patriots" who operated in many parts of Ireland—maiming cattle, ruining crops, injuring peaceable farmers who did not do their bidding and shooting at landlords and prominent people connected with the government.

He avoided the possibility of imprisonment again for the sake of Peg. What would befall her if he were taken from her?

The continual thought that preyed upon him was that he would have nothing to leave her when his call came. Do what he would, he could make but little money, and when he had a small surplus he would spend it on Peg—a shawl to keep her warm or a ribbon to give a gleam of color to the drab little clothes.

On great occasions he would buy her a new dress, and then Peg was the proudest little child in the whole of Ireland.

Every year on the anniversary of her mother's death O'Connell had a mass said for the repose of Angela's soul, and he would kneel beside Peg through the service and be silent for the rest of the day. One year he had candles blessed by the archbishop lit on Our Lady's altar, and he stayed long after the service was over. He sent Peg home. But, although Peg obeyed him partially by leaving the church, she kept watch outside until her father came out. He was wiping his eyes as he saw her. He pretended to be very angry.

"Didn't I tell ye to go home?"

"Ye did, father."

"Then why didn't ye obey me?"

"Sure an' what would I be doin' at home, all alone, without you? Don't be cross with me, father."

He took her hand, and they walked home in silence. He had been crying, and Peg could not understand it. She had never seen him do such a thing before, and it worried her. It did not seem right that a man should cry. It seemed a weakness, and that her father of all men should do it, he who was not afraid of anything or any one, was wholly unaccountable to her.

When they reached home Peg bustled herself about her father, trying to make him comfortable, furtively watch-

ing him all the while. When she had put him in an easy chair and brought him his slippers and built up the fire she sat down on a little stool by his side. After a long silence she stroked the back of his hand and then gave him a little tug. He looked down at her.

"What is it, Peg?"

"Was my mother very beautiful, father?"

"The most beautiful woman that ever lived in all the wurld, Peg."

"She looks beautiful in the picture ye have of her."

From the inside pocket of his coat he drew out a little beautifully painted miniature. The frame had long since been worn and frayed. O'Connell looked at the face, and his eyes shone.

"The man that painted it couldn't put the soul of her into it. That he couldn't; not the soul of her."

"Am I like her at all, father?" asked Peg wistfully.

"Sometimes ye are, dear, very like."

After a little pause Peg said:

"Ye loved her very much, father, didn't ye?"

He nodded. "I loved her with all the heart of me and all the strength of me."

Peg sat quiet for some minutes; then she asked him a question very quietly and hung in suspense on his answer:

"Do ye love me as much as ye loved her, father?"

"It's different, Peg, quite, quite different."

"Why is it?" She waited.

He did not answer.

"Sure, love is love whether ye feel it for a woman or a child," she persisted.

O'Connell remained silent.

"Did ye love her better than ye love me, father?" Her soul was in her great blue eyes as she waited excitedly for the answer to that, to her, momentous question.

"Why do ye ask me that?" said O'Connell.

"Because I always feel a little sharp pain right through my heart whenever ye talk about me mother. Ye see, father, I've thought all these years that I was the one ye really loved!"

"Ye're the only one I have in the wurld, Peg."

"And ye don't love her memory better than ye do me?"

O'Connell put both of his arms around her.

"Yer mother is with the saints, Peg, and here are you by me side. Sure there's room in me heart for the memory of her and the love of you."

She breathed a little sigh of satisfaction and nestled on to her father's shoulder. The little fit of childish jealousy of her dead mother's place in her father's heart passed.

She wanted no one to share her father's affection with her. She gave him all of hers. She needed all of his.

When Peg was eighteen years old and they were living in Dublin, O'Connell was offered quite a good position in New York. It appealed to him. The additional money would make things easier for Peg. She was almost a woman now, and he wanted her to get the finishing touches of education that would prepare her for a position in the world if she met the man she felt she could marry. Whenever he would speak of marriage Peg would laugh scornfully.

"Who would I be after marryin', I'd like to know? Where in the wurld would I find a man like you?"

And no coaxing would make her carry on the discussion or consider its possibility.

It still harassed him to think he had so little to leave her if anything happened to him. The offer to go to America seemed providential. Her mother was buried there. He would take Peg to her grave.

Peg grew very thoughtful at the idea of leaving Ireland. All her little likes and dislikes, her impulsive affections and hot hatreds, were bound up in that country. She dreaded the prospect of meeting a number of new people.

Still, it was for her father's good, so she turned a brave face to it and said:

"Sure it is the finest thing in the wurld for both of us."

But the night before they left Ireland she sat by the little window in her bedroom until daylight looking back through all the years of her short life.

It seemed as if she were cutting off all that beautiful golden period. She would never again know the free, careless, happy-go-lucky, living from day to day existence that she had loved so much.

It was a pale, wistful, tired little Peg that joined her father at breakfast next morning.

His heart was heavy too. But he laughed and joked and sang and said how glad they ought to be—going to that wonderful new country and, by the way, the country Peg was born in too! And then he laughed again and said how fine she looked and how well he felt and that it seemed as if it were God's hand in it all.

And Peg pretended to cheer up, and they acted their parts right to the end—until the last line of land disappeared and they were headed for America. Then they separated and went to their little cabins to think of all that had been. And every day they kept up the little deception with each other until they reached America.

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They were cheerless days at first for O'Connell. Everything reminded him of his first landing twenty years before with his young wife—both so full of hope, with the future stretching out like some wonderful panorama before them. He returns twenty years older to begin the fight again—this time for his daughter.

His wife was buried in a little Catholic cemetery a few miles outside New York city. There he took Peg one day, and they put flowers on the little mound of earth and knelt awhile in prayer. Beneath that earth lay not only his wife's remains, but O'Connell's early hopes and ambitions were buried with her.

Neither spoke either going to or returning from the cemetery. O'Connell's heart was too full. Peg knew what was passing through his mind and sat with her hands folded in her lap—silent. But her little brain was busy thinking back.

Peg had much to think of during the early days following her arrival in New York. At first the city awed her with its huge buildings and ceaseless whirl of activity and noise. She longed to be back in her own little green, beautiful country.

O'Connell was away during those first days until late at night.

He found a school for Peg. She did not want to go to it, but just to please her father she agreed. She lasted in it just one week. They laughed at her brogue and teased and tormented her for her absolute lack of knowledge. Peg grew very thoughtful at the idea of leaving Ireland. All her little likes and dislikes, her impulsive affections and hot hatreds, were bound up in that country. She dreaded the prospect of meeting a number of new people.

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midst. The little, timid looking, open eyed, Titian haired girl was a veritable virago. She attacked and belittled and mimicked and berated them. They had talked of her brogue! They should listen to their own nasal utterances, that sounded as if they were speaking with their noses and not with their tongues! Even the teacher did not go unscauthed. She came in for an onslaught too. That closed Peg's career as a New York student.

Her father arranged his work so that he could be with her at certain periods of the day and outlined her studies from his own slender stock of knowledge.

One wonderful day they had an addition to their small family. A little, wiry haired, scrubby, melancholy Irish terrier followed O'Connell for miles. He tried to drive him away. The dog would turn and run for a few seconds, and the moment O'Connell would take his eyes off him he would run along and catch him up and wag his over-long tail and look up at O'Connell with his sad eyes. The dog followed him all the way home, and when O'Connell opened the door he ran in. O'Connell had not the heart to turn him out, so he poured out some milk and broke up some dry biscuits for him and then played with him until Peg came home. She liked the little dog at once, and then and there O'Connell adopted him and gave him a look of Michael Quinlan, the Fenian. So Michael he was named, and he took his place in the little home. He became Peg's boon companion. They romped together like children, and they talked to each other and understood each other.

To Be Continued.

## FARMERS' DAY AT TABERNACLE

Prof. H. A. Surface Will Make Address

Thursday, January 28, has been designated as Farmers' Day at the Miller Tabernacle in Mechanicsburg. Professor H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, will deliver an address on "God's Law and the Farmer's Faith," at 11 o'clock in the morning.

An interesting program has been arranged, covering the entire day. Dinner will be served in the Tabernacle at 12 o'clock.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 4:00, 3:30 p. m.  
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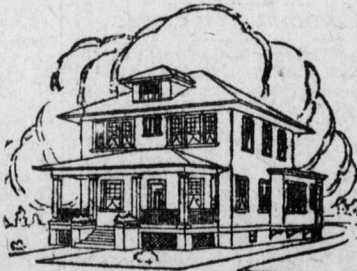
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