



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

For Emergencies

We housekeepers use a great deal of forethought and care in the canning season, in selecting the fruits and vegetables that will give us best results later in the year. But we do not always use the same good judgment when time comes to open our emergency supplies.

Often canned goods are just dumped into a sauce pan and reheated, seasoned any way, and sent to the table. This is wrong. Canned stuffs need lots of coaxing and fixing to make them really palatable, but if this care is given they respond and we get the credit of being good cooks.

Canned foods need air, so after deciding what you will have for the next meal open the cans and empty them into bowls, or into the utensils they will be cooked in later. Let them stand open and they will absorb the air they have been denied and taste much fresher than if they are opened the last moment before cooking.

But be sure you empty them or ptomaine poisoning will result. Any food left standing in tins will germinate this poison. Carelessness in this regard is terribly dangerous. Empty every can the moment you open it, is the only safe rule.

On the shelf of canned goods we should include some specialties that are factory made for, say what you will, the fact remains they still depend on commercial canners for many canned dainties. And when company comes unexpectedly, instead of being feebly embarrassed, we turn with splendid assurance to the emergency line.

There should be tomato bouillon, spaghetti in tomato, a box of assorted bouillon cubes, asparagus, salmon, tuna, oysters, small peas and dates in tins. There should be a tin of biscuits and one of wafers, evaporated milk, pickles and salted nuts. The cookie jar

should be kept filled and these, with a little ingenuity, will enable you to meet any surprise party as coolly as though you had been forewarned.

To have these articles on the emergency shelf is not as expensive as it sounds. If company does not come you still have them and if you know how to save what is left, entertaining need not be extravagant. Take the matter of condiments for instance, one uses very little of these and they can be reused. The same applies to pickles, nuts, figs and dates.

Mushrooms, truffles and pimientos too can be emptied as soon as their containers are opened and what remains after garnishing the salad or making an entree can be placed in glass containers and covered with salad oil or olive oil and refastened. After this they must be kept cool.

Some of us have the idea that canned meats, fowl and fish are extravagant but they are not for there is no waste. Everything in the can is solid food. If you know how to combine foods you will find tins hold many an economical, tasty meal.

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DAILY MENU

Breakfast
Grape Fruit
Hominy
Sautéed Mutton on Buttered Toast
French Fried Potatoes
Coffee
Luncheon
Little Neck Clams
Bouillon
Broiled Young Chicken
Peas
Printaniere Salad
Fruit Tarts
Black Tea
Dinner
Beef Broth
Yorkshire Pudding
Browned Potatoes
Lima Beans
Asparagus Points
French Dressing
Cheese
Frozen Egg-Nog
Sweet Wafers
Coffee



MME. SLAVKO GROUITCH

An appeal from war ruined Serbia for agricultural implements and seed grains was brought to America upon the arrival of Mme. Slavko Grouitch, wife of the Secretary General of Foreign Affairs of the belligerent little kingdom, who before her marriage was Miss Mabel Gordon Dunlap, of West Virginia. Mme. Grouitch says that the women and children of her country, of whom she left 700,000 in concentration camps on the verge of starvation, are ready and willing and able to help themselves provided they are furnished the means to do it. She hopes to be able to obtain a shipment of farming essentials in readiness for the spring planting. She said there are 25,000 wounded Serbians and 25,000 Austrians crowded into improvised hospitals.

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PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

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(CONTINUED.)

The days flowed quietly on, O'Connell apparently satisfied with his lot. But to Peg's sharp eye all was not well with him. There was a settled melancholy about him whenever she surprised him thinking alone. She thought he was fretting for Ireland and their happy days together and so said nothing.

He was really worrying over Peg's future. He had such a small amount of money put by, and working on a salary it would be long before he could save enough to leave Peg sufficient to carry her on for awhile if "anything happened." There was always that "if anything happened" running in his mind.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE day the chance of solving the whole difficulty of Peg's future was placed in O'Connell's hands. But the means were so distasteful to him that he hesitated about even telling her.

He came in unexpectedly in the early afternoon of that day and found a letter waiting for him with an English postmark. Peg had eyed it curiously off and on for hours. She had turned it over and over in her fingers and looked at the curious, angular writing and felt a little cold shiver run up and down her as she found herself wondering who could be writing to her father from England.

When O'Connell walked in and picked the letter up she watched him excitedly. She felt, for some strange reason, that they were going to reach a crisis in their lives when the seal was broken and the contents disclosed. Superstition was strong in Peg, and all that day she had been nervous without reason and excited without cause.

O'Connell read the letter through twice, slowly the first time, quickly the second. A look of bewilderment came across his face as he sat down and stared at the letter in his hand.

"Who is it from at all?" asked Peg very quietly, though she was trembling all through her body.

Her father said nothing.

Presently he read it through again.

"It's from England, father, isn't it?" queried Peg, pale as a ghost.

"Yes, Peg," answered her father, and his voice sounded hollow and spiritless.

"I didn't know ye had friends in England," said Peg, eying the letter.

"I haven't," replied her father.

"Then who is it from?" insisted Peg, now all impatience and with a strange fear tugging at her heart.

O'Connell looked up at her as she stood there staring down at him, her big eyes wide open and her lips parted. He took both of her hands in one of his and held them all brushed together for what seemed to Peg to be a long, long while. She hardly breathed. She knew something was going to happen to them both.

At last O'Connell spoke, and his voice trembled and broke:

"Peg, do ye remember one mornin', years an' years ago, when I was goin' to speak in County Mayo, an' we started in the cart at dawn, an' we traveled for miles an' miles, an' we came to a great big crossin' where the roads divided an' there was no signpost, an' we asked each other which one we should take, an' we couldn't make up our minds, an' I left it to you, an' ye picked a road, an' it brought us out safe and thrue at the spot we were makin' for? Do ye remember it, Peg?"

"Faith I do, father. I remember it well. Ye called me yer little guide and said ye'd follow my road the rest of yer life. An' it's many's the laugh we had when I'd take ye wrong sometimes afterward." She paused. "What makes ye think of that just now, father?"

He did not answer.

"Is it on account o' that letter?" she persisted.

"It is, Peg." He spoke with difficulty, as if the words hurt him to speak.

"We've got to a great big crossin' place again where the roads branch off, an' I don't know which one to take."

"Are ye goin' to leave it to me again, father?" said Peg.

"That's what I can't make up me mind about, dear, for it may be that ye'll go down one road and we down the other."

"No, father," Peg cried passionately, "that we won't. Whatever the road we'll travel it together."

"I'll think it out by meself, Peg. Lave me for awhile—alone. I want to think it out by meself—alone."

"If it's separation ye're thinkin' of make up yer mind to one thing—that I'll never leave you. Never!"

"Take Michael out for a spell and come back in half an hour, and in the meanwhile I'll bate it all out in me mind."

She bent down and straightened the furrows in his forehead with the tips of her fingers and kissed him and then whistled to the wistful Michael, and together they went running down the street toward the little patch of green where the children played and among whom Michael was a prime favorite.

Sitting, his head in his hands, his eyes staring into the past, O'Connell was facing the second great tragedy of his life.

While O'Connell sat there in that lit-

tle room in New York trying to decide Peg's fate a man who had played some considerable part in O'Connell's life lay in a splendidly furnished room in a mansion in the west end of London—dying.

Nathaniel Kingsnorth's twenty years of loneliness and desolation were coming to an end. What an empty, arid stretch of time those years seemed to him as he feebly looked back on them!

After the tragedy of his sister's reckless marriage he deserted public life entirely and shut himself away in his country house, except for a few weeks in London occasionally when his presence was required on one or another of the boards of which he was a director.

The Irish estate, which brought about all his misfortunes, he disposed of at a ridiculously low figure. He said he would accept any bid, however small, so that he could sever all connection with the hated village.

From the day of Angela's elopement he neither saw nor wrote to any member of his family.

His other sister, Mrs. Chichester, wrote to him from time to time telling him one time of the birth of a boy, two years later of the advent of a girl.

Kingsnorth did not answer any of her letters.

In no way dismayed Mrs. Chichester continued to write periodically. She wrote him when her son Alaric went to school and also when he went to college. Alaric seemed to absorb most of her interest. He was evidently her favorite child. She wrote more seldom of her daughter, Ethel, and when she did happen to refer to her she dwelt principally on her beauty and her accomplishments. Five years before he came to Kingsnorth, and on opening it he found a letter from his sister acquainting him with the melancholy news that Mr. Chichester had ended a life of usefulness at the English bar and had died, leaving the family quite comfortably off.

Kingsnorth telegraphed his condolences and left instructions for a suitable wreath to be sent to the funeral. But he did not attend it, nor did he at any time express the slightest wish to see his sister, nor did he encourage any suggestion on her part to visit him.

When he was stricken with an illness from which no hope of recovery was held out to him he at once began to put his affairs in order, and his lawyer spent days with him drawing up statements of his last wishes for the disposition of his fortune.

With death stretching out its hand to snatch him from a life he had enjoyed so little his thoughts, colored with the fancies of a tired, sick brain, kept turning constantly to his dead sister Angela.

From time to time down through the years he had a softened, gentle remembrance of her. When the news of her death came, furious and unrelenting as he had been toward her, her passing softened it. Had he known in time he would have insisted on her burial in the Kingsnorth vault. But she had already been interred in New



His Other Sister, Mrs. Chichester.

York before the news of her death reached him.

The one bitter hatred of his life had been against the man who had taken his sister in marriage and in so doing had killed all possibility of Kingsnorth succeeding in his political and social aspirations.

He heard vaguely of a daughter. He took no interest in the news.

Now, however, the remembrance of his treatment of Angela burnt into him. He especially repented of that merciless cable, "You have made your bed; lie in it." It haunted him through the long hours of his slow and painful illness. Had he helped her she might have been alive today, and those bitter reflections that ate into him night and day might have been replaced by gentler ones and so make his end the more peaceful.

He thought of Angela's child and

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wondered if she were like his poor dead sister. The wish to see the child became an obsession with him.

One morning, after a restless, feverish night, he sent for his lawyer and told him to at once institute inquiries—find out if the child was still living and if so where.

This his lawyer did. He located O'Connell in New York through a friend of his in the Irish party and found that the child was living with him in rather poor circumstances. He communicated the result of his inquiries to Kingsnorth. That day a letter was sent to O'Connell asking him to allow his child to visit her dying uncle. O'Connell was to cable to Kingsnorth's expense, and if he would consent the money for the expenses of the journey would be cabled immediately. The girl was to start at once, as Mr. Kingsnorth had very little longer to live.

When the letter had gone Kingsnorth drew a breath of relief. He longed to see the child. He would have to wait impatiently for the reply. Perhaps the man whom he had hated all his life would refuse his request. If he did—well, he would make some provision in his will for her in memory of his dead sister.

The next day he altered his entire will and made Margaret O'Connell a special legacy. Ten days later a cable came:

I consent to my daughter's visiting you. FRANK OWEN O'CONNELL.

The lawyer cabled at once, making all arrangements through their bankers in New York for Miss O'Connell's journey.

That night Kingsnorth slept without being disturbed. He awoke refreshed

in the morning. It was the first kindly action he had done for many years.

How much had he robbed himself of all his life if by doing so little he was repaid so much!

O'Connell had a hard struggle with Peg before she would consent to leave him. She met all his arguments with counter arguments. Nothing would move her for hours.

"Why should I go to a man I have never seen and hate the name of?"

"He's your uncle, Peg."

"It's a fine uncle he's been to me all me life. And it was a grand way he threatened me mother when she was starvin'."

"He wants to do somethin' for ye now, Peg."

"I'll not go to him."

"Now listen, dear; it's little I'll have to leave ye when I'm gone," pleaded O'Connell.

"I'll not listen to any talk at all about yer goin'. Yer a great, strong, healthy man—that's what ye are. What are ye talkin' about? What's got into yer head about goin'?"

"The time must come some day, Peg."

"All right. We'll know how to face it when it does. But we're not goin' out all the way to meet it," said Peg resolutely.

To Be Continued

AUTOIST SUED FOR \$17,000

Son of Norristown Business Man Is Charged With Reckless Driving. Norristown, Pa., Jan. 26.—Alleging that Paul March, son of Abram March, a prominent Norristown business man, crashed into two teams in which they were riding with his automobile, recklessly operated, Frank J. Moyer, of Bel-

frey, and Walter Freeman, of Worcester, have brought suit to recover \$15,000, jointly. In addition, Freeman's father, Henry Freeman, wants \$1,000 for the loss of a wagon damaged and a horse killed and \$1,000 for medical and surgical treatment given his son. The accident happened late one night last November on the DeKalb street road near Norristown.

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