



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Making Tea Correctly

A great quantity of tea is wasted in many families because too large a quantity is made. This is a small item when it comes to reckoning expense but what is really important is that the tea so carelessly made is weak, unsatisfying and strong.

There is a little device called an individual tea-maker, that looks like two perforated spoons fastened together, that holds just tea enough for one or two cups. It is used by putting the tea in it and immersing it in a cup of boiling water. When the right strength is secured it is removed.

Another plan to have tea always uniform is to use one of the various brands of tea tablets put out by tea companies. There are many of these tablets on sale and your favorite flavor is surely among some of them. Their price is about twenty-five cents for fifty tablets and they give satisfaction every time tea is made.

For the average family the better plan is to use the tea they like best and measure both tea and water. Another thing is to have a tea pot of exact size. It should be of unglazed earthen ware. I think it has never been explained why tea made in crockery pots is better flavored but the fact remains this is true. Every tea importer or tea tester will bear me out in this statement.

There is no excuse for dipping tea out of the canister in an unmeasured amount, nor for pouring water on it that is not boiling, nor for boiling tea after it is made. Yet there are thousands of persons making tea many

times a day in this unsystematic way. Then, too, tea is allowed to stand until it is as yellow as coffee, and as strong as diluted lye, and then reheated.

Freshly made tea is a splendid beverage that harms no one and is simple that little children can and do make it nicely. This is how:—

Measure a level teaspoon of tea for each cup. Have freshly drawn water boiling. Water is boiling when it is bubbling rapidly and it is not boiling when it is only giving off steam. Heat the tea pot with a little of the hot water and throw this water out. Put in the tea and pour the boiling water on it. Cover the tea pot with a tea-cosy or a cloth. Wait three to five minutes, then serve the tea.

If you use cream in tea always put the cream in cup first and pour tea on it; the flavor is smoother than when cream is added last.

- DAILY MENU**
- Breakfast
 - Grape Fruit
 - Cereal and Cream
 - Stewed Kidneys
 - Toast
 - Coffee
 - Luncheon
 - Chicken Sandwiches
 - Maryland Sweet Potatoes
 - Whole Wheat Bread
 - Rice Pudding
 - Chocolate
 - Dinner
 - Canned Asparagus Tips Soup
 - Leg of Mutton
 - Boiled Onions
 - Macaroni
 - Potatoes
 - Cold Slaw
 - Baked Custard
 - Black Tea, a la Russe

WINDOWS AND WEATHER

Little Talks on Health and Hygiene by Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., Commissioner of Health

Does your bedroom window drop with the mercury? Do the window openings that cannot be too wide in the summer time gradually narrow down to an inch or two at this season of the year? Do you think that your need for fresh air diminishes with the arrival of the first cold wave? If so, you are greatly mistaken.

If the thought of the open windows in zero weather is appalling, pluck up courage and try a small dose first. You will find that it is far better to spend more money for blankets and comfortable than for doctor bills and medicine, and eight hours' sleep in cool, fresh, invigorating air is a far better stimulant than anything that comes in bottles, no matter what the claims on the label.

It may be that your daily business demands your presence in stuffy, overheated workrooms or offices where the regulation of the temperature is not within your individual control. It

may be that your fellow workers or employers are not wise enough to appreciate the value from a business standpoint of good ventilation in the workrooms. If it is your misfortune to be so confined try and make up for it by giving yourself the maximum amount of ventilation during the hours of sleep.

Night is the time for mental and physical building up. This demands fresh air. It is impossible to properly purify the blood with used air. It is just as necessary to bathe the blood while it is passing through the lungs with clean air as to bathe your body with clean water.

Sleeping with your windows wide open the year around is a matter of habit and of bed clothes. Nature intended us to have fresh air to breathe both day and night. If you have any lingering memories of the old wives' tale that night air is injurious, put it aside. This, like many another old saying, has no foundation in fact.

The Harrisburg Polyclinic Dispensary will be open daily except Sunday at 3 p. m., at its new location, Front and Harris streets, for the free treatment of the worthy poor.



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

Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Company

(CONTINUED.)

After awhile, tired out with the rush and excitement of the ship's arrival, Peg fell asleep.

In a few hours they reached their destination. Hawkes woke her and told her she was at her journey's end. He again hailed a cab, told the driver where to go and got in with Peg, Michael and her luggage. In the cab he handed Peg a card and told her to go to the address written on it and ask the people there to allow her to wait until he joined her. He had a business call to make in the town. He would be as short a time as possible. She was just to tell the people that she had been asked to call there and wait.

After the cab had gone through a few streets it stopped before a big building. Hawkes got out, told the cabman where to take Peg, paid him and, with some final admonitions to Peg, disappeared through the swing doors of the town hall.

The cabman took the wondering Peg along until he drove up to a very handsome Elizabethan house. There he stopped. Peg looked at the name on the card Mr. Hawkes had given her. They were the same. Once more she gathered up her belongings and her dog and passed in through the gateposts and wandered up the long drive on a tour of inspection. She walked through the paths dividing rose beds until she came to some open windows. The main entrance hall of the house seemed to be hidden away somewhere amid the tall old trees.

Peg made straight for the open windows and walked into the most wonderful looking room she had ever seen. Everything in it was old and massive. It bespoke centuries gone by in every detail. Peg held her breath as she looked around her. Pictures and tapestries stared at her from the walls. Beautiful old vases were arranged in cabinets. The carpet was deep and soft and stifled all sound. Peg almost gave an ejaculation of surprise at the wonders of the room, when she suddenly became conscious that she was not alone in the room, that others were there and that they were talking.

She looked in the direction the sounds came from and saw, to her astonishment, a man with a woman in his arms. He was speaking to her in a most ardent manner. They were partially concealed by some statuary.

Peg concluded at once that she had intruded on some marital scene at which she was not desired, so she instantly sat down with her back to them.

She tried not to listen, but some of the words came distinctly to her. Just as she was becoming very uncomfortable and had half made up her mind to leave the room and find somewhere else to wait she suddenly heard herself addressed and in no uncertain tone of voice. There were indignation, surprise and anger in Ethel's question: "How long have you been here?"

Peg turned around and saw a strikingly handsome, beautifully dressed young lady glaring down at her. Her manner was haughty in the extreme. Peg felt most unhappy as she looked at her and did not answer immediately.

CHAPTER XIV.

Peg in England.

"How long have you been here?" again asked Ethel of Peg.

"Surely I only came in this minute," said Peg innocently and with a little note of fear. She was not accustomed to fine looking, splendidly dressed young ladies like Ethel.

"What do you want?" demanded the young lady.

"Nothing," said Peg reassuringly.

"Nothing?" echoed Ethel, growing angrier every moment.

"Not a thing. I was just told to wait," said Peg.

"Who told you?"

"A gentleman," replied Peg.

"What gentleman?" asked Ethel sharply and suspiciously.

"Just a gentleman." Peg, after fumbling nervously in her pocket, produced the card Mr. Hawkes had given her, which Michael immediately attempted to take possession of. Peg snatched it away from the dog and handed it to the young lady.

"He told me to wait there?"

Ethel took the card irritably and read:

"Mrs. Chichester, Regal Villa." And what do you want with Mrs. Chichester?" she asked Peg at the same time looking at the shabby clothes, the hungry looking dog and the soiled parcel.

"I don't want anything with her. I was just told to wait."

"Who are you?"

Peg was now getting angry too. There was no mistaking the manner of the proud young lady. Peg chafed under it. She looked up sullenly into Ethel's face and said:

"I was not to say a word, I'm telling you. I was just told to wait." Peg stepped back in the chair and stroked Michael. This questioning was not at all to her liking. She wished Mr. Hawkes would come and get her out of a most embarrassing position. But until he did she was not going to disobey his instructions. He told her to say nothing, so nothing would she say.

Ethel turned abruptly to Brent and found that gentleman looking at the odd little stranger somewhat admiring-

ly. She gave an impatient exclamation and turned back to Peg quickly: "You say you have only been here a minute?"

"That's all," replied Peg—"just a minute."

"Were we talking when you came in?"

"Ye were."

Ethel could scarcely conceal her rage. "Did you hear what we said?"

"Some of it—not much," said Peg.

"What did you hear?"

"Please don't—it's so hot this morning," said Peg, with no attempt at imitation, just as if she were stating a simple, ordinary occurrence.

Ethel flushed scarlet. Brent smiled. "You refuse to say why you're here or who you are?" Ethel again asked.

"It isn't me that's refusing. All the gentleman said to me was: 'Ye go to the place that's written down on the card an' sit down there an' wait. An' that's all ye do.'"

Ethel again turned to the perplexed Brent. "Eh?"

"Extraordinary!" And Brent shook his head.

The position was unbearable. Ethel decided instantly how to relieve it. She looked freely down at the forlorn looking little intruder and said:

"The servants' quarters are at the back of the house."

"Are they?" asked Peg without moving and not in any way taking the statement to refer to her.

"And I may save you the trouble of waiting by telling you we are quite provided with servants. We do not need any further assistance."

Peg just looked at Ethel and then bent down over Michael. Ethel's last shot had struck home. Poor Peg cut through to her soul. How she longed at that moment to be back home with her father in New York. Before she could say anything Ethel continued:

"If you insist on waiting, kindly do so there."

Peg took Michael up in her arms, collected once more her packages and walked to the windows. Again she heard the cold, hard tones of Ethel's voice speaking to her:

"Follow the path to your right until you come to a door. Knock and ask permission to wait there, and for your future guidance go to the back door of a house and ring. Don't walk unannounced into a private room."

Peg tried to explain: "Ye see, ma'am, I didn't know. All the gentleman said was, 'Go there an' wait.'"

"That will do."

"I'm sorry I disturbed ye." And she glanced at the embarrassed Brent.

"That will do," said Ethel finally.

Poor Peg nodded and wandered off through the windows sore at heart. She went down the path until she reached the door Ethel mentioned. She knocked at it. While she is waiting for admission we will return to the fortunes of the rudely disturbed lovers.

Ethel turned indignantly to Brent as the little figure went off down the path.

"Outrageous!" she cried.

"Poor little wretch!" Brent walked to the windows and looked after her.

"She's quite pretty."

Ethel looked understandingly at him. "Is she?"

"In a shabby sort of way. Didn't you think so?"

Ethel glared coldly at him.

"I never notice the lower orders. You apparently do."

"Oh, yes—often. They're very interesting—at times." He strained to get a last glimpse of the intruder.

"Do you know, she's the strangest little apparition!"

"She's only a few yards away if you care to follow her."

Her tone brought Brent up sharply. He turned away from the window and found Ethel, arms folded, eyes flashing, waiting for him. Something in her manner alarmed him. He had gone too far.

"Why, Ethel," he said as he came toward her.

"Suppose my mother had walked in here—or Alaric—instead of that creature? Never do such a thing again."

"I was carried away," he hastened to explain.

"Kindly exercise a little more restraint. You had better go now." There was a finality of dismissal in her tone as she passed him and crossed to the great staircase. He followed her:

"May I call tomorrow?"

"No," she answered decidedly; "not tomorrow."

"The following day, then," he urged.

"Perhaps."

"Remember, I build on you."

She looked searchingly at him.

"I suppose we are worthy of each other."

Through the open windows came the sound of voices.

"Go!" she said imperatively. And she passed on up the stairs. Brent went rapidly to the door. Before either he could open it or Ethel go out of sight Alaric burst in through the windows.

"Hello, Brent!" he cried cheerfully.

"Disturbin' ye?" And he caught Ethel as she was about to disappear. "Or you, Ethel?"

Ethel turned and seated herself with her little white lap dog clasped in her hands, then answered coolly: "You've not disturbed me."

"I'm just going," said Brent.

"Well, wait a moment." And Alaric

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turned to the window and beckoned to some one on the path, and in from the garden came Mr. Montgomery Hawkes. "Come in," said the energetic Alaric. "Come in, Ethel. I want you to meet Mr. Hawkes. Mr. Hawkes—my sister; Mr. Brent—Mr. Hawkes." Having satisfactorily introduced every one, he said to Ethel: "See if the motor's well enough to come down, like a dear, will you? This gentleman has come from London to see her. D'y'e mind? And come back yourself, too, like an angel. He says he has some business that concerns the whole family."

Alaric bustled Hawkes into a chair and then seized the somewhat uncomfortable Brent by an unwilling hand and shook it warmly as he asked: "Must you go?"

"Yes," replied Brent, with a sigh of relief.

Alaric dashed to the door and opened it as though to speed the visitor on his way.

To Be Continued

Closes Bank at Prospect

Butler, Feb. 1.—The private banking institution of J. H. McLure at Prospect, this county, was closed Saturday by its proprietor, who states depositors will be paid in full. The bank had \$20,000 deposits.

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Murder and Suicide

Toledo, O., Feb. 1.—Esther Williams was killed and Mrs. Ollie Dupuy Sible fatally shot yesterday by Robert G. Smith, a rejected suitor of Mrs. Sible, who then committed suicide. Smith had accused Mrs. Williams of using her influence to turn Mrs. Sible against him. The shooting occurred in the apartment of Mrs. Sible.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.48 a. m., 2.18, 3.27, 5.30, 9.20 p. m.

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