



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Nuts

"I have a venturesome fairy that shall seek the squirrel's hoard and fetch thee fresh nuts."

Among our wonderful crops this year nuts stand out in tremendous numbers. We know their wholesomeness but we do not often stop to find a place for them in our daily foods as we should. Another thing we should give thought to is the possibilities of new flavors in our every day dinners. Nuts give this and, with the aid of a food grinder, make possible splendid desserts.

The so-called English walnut grows plentifully in our southern states and the finest variety has a shell so thin it can be crushed with the fingers. It is rightly named Grenoble and bears when it is eight years old. Like olive trees, nut trees bear on and on year after year and are splendid producers. We wonder why more are not raised so they can be in reach of every one, but as usual the middle man looks after any over supply, so the market is never flooded no matter how big the output is.

The black walnut tree is a marvelous fellow; its remarkable size is attained in its early years and afterwards its strength is used in producing rich, wholesome food. There is a black walnut tree on the Roslyn Farm, Long Island, formerly owned by the poet Bryant, that is known to be 195 years old and is 30 feet in circumference three feet from the ground.

The chestnut tree is another that attains great age. The French have traditions about certain trees that are still standing that are known to have been told for a thousand years. We have some old chestnuts in our language too. The pecan is attracting more attention now than it ever has, for scientists

have found that this slow growing tree can be hastened in its development by grafting it to the Grenoble walnut. One feels inclined to plant a pecan tree in the front and back yard without a moment's loss of time—until they read how long it takes for it to mature sufficiently to bear.

The hickory, butter-nut, almond, hazel and Brazil nuts are all excellent for making nut butters and confections and nut bread.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"Is there any way of discovering if cocoa and chocolate are adulterated? What is an easy test?"

Reply.—The only way to determine if these foods are impure is to have them analyzed. Your city or state chemist will do this for you. Dr. Olsen says low grade qualities of commercial cocoas and chocolates often contain beef-sterin, coconut-oil, corn starch colored with aniline dyes and iron oxide. But the best grades are made of pure ingredients and are absolutely wholesome.

I am told that a little soda added to dried beans makes them cook more quickly and also makes them tender. Is this true and when is the soda added?

Reply.—A pinch of soda may be added to the beans while they are boiling and you will find that what you have been told of its action is true. Indeed you can see how it counteracts the acid in the beans by watching the chemical change that immediately takes place. When baking beans add one-fourth of a teaspoon of baking soda to the half cup of black molasses you pour over them and when it foams add enough hot water to fill the cup. The flavor will be much improved.



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.)

"Sleepin' in his grave, poor man." "Why, then, you're Miss Margaret O'Connell?"

"I am. How did you know that?" "I was with your uncle when he died."

"Were ye?" "He told me all about you."

"Did he? Well, I wish the poor man 'ud ha' lived. An' I wish he'd a thought o' us sooner—he with all his money an' me father with none an' me his sister's only child."

"What does your father do?" Peg took a deep breath and answered eagerly. She was on the one subject about which she could talk freely

—all she needed was a good listener. This strange man, unlike her aunt, seemed to be the very person to talk to on the one really vital subject to Peg. She said breathlessly:

"Sure me father can do anything at all—except make money. An' when he does make it he can't kape it. He doesn't like it enough. Nayther do I. We've never had very much to like, but we've seen others around us with plenty, an' faith, we've been the happiest—that we have."

She only stopped to take breath before on she went again:

"There have been times when we've been most starvin', but me father never lost his pluck or his spirits. Nayther did I. When times have been the hardest I've never heard a word of complaint from me father nor seen a frown on his face. An' I'm sick for the sight of him. An' I'm sure he is for me—for his 'Peg o' My Heart,' as he always calls me."

She uncovered her eyes as the tears trickled down through her fingers. "Don't do that," he said softly as he felt the moisture start into his own eyes.

"I don't often cry," she said. "Me father never made me do it. I never saw him cry but twice in his life—once when we made a little money an' we had a mass said for me mother's soul an' we had the most beautiful candles on Our Lady's altar. He cried then, he did. An' when I left him to come here on the ship—an' then only at the last minnit."

In a moment she went on again: "I cried meself to sleep that night. I did. An' many a night, too, on that steamer."

"An' I wish I hadn't come—that I do. He's missin' me every minnit—an' I'm missin' him. An' I'm not goin' to be happy here ayther."

"I don't want to be a lady. An' they won't make me one, ayther, if I can help it. Ye can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, that's what me father always said. An' that's what I am. I'm a sow's ear."

She stopped.

"I'm afraid I cannot agree with you."

She looked up at him and said indifferently:

"That's what I am. I'm a sow's ear."

"When the strangeness wears off you'll be very happy. You're among friends."

Peg shook her head and said bitterly: "No, I'm not. They may be relations, but they're not me friends."

He turned to Peg and said:

"When they really get to know you, Miss O'Connell, they will be just as proud of you as your father is—as I would be."

Peg looked at him in whimsical astonishment: "You'd be? Why should you be proud of me?"

"I'd be more than proud if you'd look on me as your friend."

"A friend is it?" cried Peg warily. "Sure I don't know who you are at all, and she drew away from him. She was on her guard. Peg made few friends. Why this man calling himself by the outlandish name of Jerry should walk in out of nowhere and offer her his friendship and expect her to jump at it puzzled her. Who was he?"

"Who are ye at all?" she asked.

"No one in particular," answered Jerry between gasps.

"I can see that," said Peg candidly. "I mean what do ye do?"

"Everything a little and nothing really well," Jerry replied. "I was a soldier for awhile; then I took a splash at doctoring, read law, civil engineer in South America for a year; now I'm farming."

"Farming?" asked Peg incredulously. "Yes, I'm a farmer."

Peg laughed as she looked at the well cut clothes, the languid manner and easy pose.

"It must be mighty hard on the land and cattle to have you farmin' them," she said.

"It is," and he, too, laughed again. She started up the staircase leading to the mauve room.

Jerry called after her anxiously:

"No, no, Miss O'Connell! Don't go like that."

"I must," said Peg from the top of the stairs. "What will I get here but to be laughed at an' jeered at by a lot of people that are not fit to even look at me father? Who are they, I'd like to know, that I can't speak his name in their presence?"

Suddenly she raised her hand above her head, and in the manner and tone of a public speaker she surrounded Jerry with the following outburst:

"An' that's what the Irish are doin' all over the wurld. They're driven out of their own country by the English an' become wandierers on the face of the earth, an' nothin' they ever earn 'll make up to them for the separation from their homes an' their loved ones!" She finished the peroration on a high note and with a forced manner such as she had frequently heard on the platform.

She smiled at the astonished Jerry and asked him:

"Do ye know what that is?" "I haven't the least idea," he answered truthfully.

"That's out of one of me father's speeches. He father makes grand speeches. He makes them in the cause of Ireland."

"Oh, really! In the cause of Ireland, eh?" said Jerry.

"Yes. He's been strugglin' all his life to make Ireland free, to get her home rule, ye know. But the English are so ignorant. They think they know more than me father. If they'd do what me father tells them sure there'd be no more trouble in Ireland at all."

"Really?" said Jerry quite interestedly.

"Not a bit of trouble. I wish me father was here to explain it to ye. He could tell ye the whole thing in a couple of hours. I wish he were here now just to give you an example of what fine speakin' really is. Do you like speeches?"

"Very much—sometimes," replied Jerry guardedly.

"Me father is wonderful on a platform with a lot o' people in front of him. He's wonderful. I've seen him take two or three hundred people who didn't know they had a grievance in the wurld—the poor creatures—they were just contented to go on bein' ground down an' trampled on in five minutes after he had started spakin' to them ye wouldn't know they were the same people. They were all shoutin' at once, an' they had murder in their eye, an' it was blood they were after. They wanted to reform somethin'—they weren't sure what—but they wanted to do it, an' at the cost of life. Me father could have led them any where. It's a wonderful power he has. Do ye like hearin' about me father?"

he asked Jerry suddenly, in case she was tiring him.

Jerry hastened to assure her that he was really most interested.

"Well, so long as yer not tired I'll tell ye some more. Ye know I went all through Ireland when I was a child with me father in a cart. An' the police an' the constabulary used to follow us about. They were very frightened of me father, they were. They were grand days for me. Ye're Eng'lish, mebbe?" she asked him suddenly.

"I am," said Jerry. He almost felt inclined to apologize.

"Well, sure that's not your fault, ye couldn't help it. No one should hold that against ye. We can't all be born Irish."

"I'm glad you look at it so broad mindedly," said Jerry.

She stood restlessly a moment, her hands beating each other alternately.

"I get so lonesome for me father," she said.

Suddenly, with a tone of definite resolve in her voice, she started to the stairs, calling over her shoulder:

"I'm goin' back to him now. Good-by!"

Jerry followed her, pleading insistently:

"Wait! Please wait!"

She stopped and looked at him:

"Give us one month's trial—one month!" he urged. "It will be very little out of your life, an' I promise you your father will not suffer through it except in losing you for that one little month. Will you? Just a month?"

He spoke so earnestly and seemed so sincerely pained and so really concerned at her going that she came down a few steps and looked at him irresolutely.

"Why do you want me to stay?" she asked him.

"Because—because your late uncle was my friend. It was his last wish to do something for you. Will you? Just a month?"

She struggled with the desire to go away from all that was so foreign and distasteful to her. Then she looked at Jerry and realized, with something akin to a feeling of pleasure, that he was pleading with her to stay and doing it in such a way as to suggest that it mattered to him. She had to admit to herself that she rather liked the look of him. He seemed honest, even though he were English. After all, to run away now would look cowardly. Her father would be ashamed of her. This stuckup family would laugh at her. Instantly she made up her mind.

She would stay. Turning to Jerry, she said:

"All right, then, I'll stay—a month. But not any more than a month, though."

"Not unless you wish it."

"I won't wish it—I promise ye that. One month 'll be enough in this house."

"I am glad you're going to stay."

"Well, that's a comfort, anyway. Some one 'll be pleased at my stayin'."

To Be Continued.

If you don't do your best it's foolish to try to convince people that you could have done better.—Detroit Free Press.

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