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HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

How, When and Where to Make Cocktails

The Funny Almanac says, "A cocktail is an article no one wants, that no one likes and that everyone takes." Cocktails are really supposed to be appetizers and to whet the appetite for dishes that follow. At formal affairs they are placed on service plates and served after guests are seated but usually they are in place when it is announced.

The cocktail served at stag affairs is not to be confused with the following ones which are not at all in the same class. Use cocktail glasses and little glass plates for the service with a fine, small doily between the glass and the plate.

Grapefruit Cocktail—Remove and cut the pulp from the grapefruit and cover it with powdered sugar. Place on ice for two hours. Cut and seed white grapes and kumquats or tangerines and when ready to serve mix this with the grapefruit. There should be enough juice extracted from the grapefruit in the sugar to cover the whole; if there is not, use sweetened orange juice. Have glasses and cocktail mixtures very cold and add chopped or shaved ice to each glass. Garnish with a crystallized cherry. Cocktails are drunk from the glasses and not eaten with a spoon.

Oyster Cocktails are made with little sized oysters and about three are placed in each glass and over them is poured the following sauce: One tablespoon horseradish and one tablespoon each of tomato catsup, Worcestershire sauce and vinegar and one-half teaspoon of Tabasco sauce and enough salt to season. Do not make the cocktail until just ready to serve it and use a quantity of ice.

Another sauce for cocktails is made in two parts: two tablespoons of

lemon juice, four tablespoons of salad oil, a saltspoon of salt, the same amount of celery salt and a little white pepper is mixed together and chilled. In a separate bowl one cup of strained tomato juice, one teaspoon onion juice and two tablespoons of vinegar and Tabasco sauce to season is blended. When ready to serve this mixture is added to the first one and a portion of it poured onto the contents of each glass.

With raw oysters on half shell, serve horseradish, cayenne, salt, pepper and Tabasco sauce with points of lemons and finely crushed ice.

A very good way is to buy the prepared cocktail sauces put up by reliable makers as then no particular flavor predominates and you are sure of satisfactory results.

Lobster Cocktail is as popular as the oyster mixture.

DAILY MENU
Breakfast
Sugared Grapefruit
Scotch Oats with Cream
Griddle Cakes, Syrup Bacon
Eggs Toast Coffee
Luncheon
Creamed Fish in Nests of Mashed Potatoes
Sliced Tomatoes Whole Wheat Bread
Orange Marmalade Tea
Dinner
Oyster Cocktail
Cream of Halibut Soup
Wafers
Boiled Salmon Steaks
Potatoes with Parsley Sauce
Stuffed Baked Tomatoes au gratin
Lima Beans
Mixed Salad with French Dressing
Wafers Pineapple Cheese
Apple Pie Coffee



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, 1912, by Dodd, Mead & Company

(CONTINUED.)

"I am, Sir down—here in our midst—and know why you have been here all the past month."

He forced Peg gently into a chair. "Have you ever wondered at the real reason you were brought here to this house and the extraordinary interest taken in you by relations who until a month ago had never even bothered about your existence?"

"I have, indeed," Peg answered. "But whenever I've asked any one I've always been told it was my uncle's wish."

"And it was indeed his keenest desire just before his death to stone in some way for his unkindness to your mother."

"Nothin' could do that," and Peg's lips tightened.

"That was why he sent for you."

"Sendin' for me won't bring me poor mother back to life, will it?"

"At least we must respect his intentions. He desired that you should be given the advantages your mother had when she was a girl."

"In justice to yourself," proceeded Jerry, "you must know that he set aside the sum of \$1,000 a year to be paid to the lady who would undertake your training."

Peg sprang up and walked across to her aunt and looked down at her. "A thousand pounds a year!" She turned to Jerry and asked: "Does she get a thousand a year for abusin' me? Well, what do ye think of that?" cried Peg, gazing curiously at Mrs. Chichester.

"A thousand pounds a year for makin' me miserable, an' the poor dead man thinkin' he was doin' me a favor!"

"I tell you this," went on Jerry, "because I don't want you to feel that you have been living on charity. You have not."

Peg suddenly blazed up: "Well, I've been made to feel it," and she glared passionately at her aunt.

Peg's anger gave place to just as sudden a twinge of regret as she caught sight of Ethel, white faced and staring at her compassionately. She went across to Ethel and buried her face on her shoulder and wept as she wailed:

"Why wasn't I told? I'd never have started! Why wasn't I told?"

And Ethel comforted her.

"Don't cry, dear," she whispered. "Don't. The day you came here we were beggars. You have literally fed and housed us for the last month."

Poor Mrs. Chichester looked at her daughter reproachfully.

Peg grasped the full meaning of Ethel's words:

"And will ye have nothin' if I go away?"

Peg persisted:

"Tell me—are ye rarely dependin' on me? Spoke to me because if ye are I won't go. I'll stay with ye. I wouldn't see ye beggars for the world. I've been brought up amongst them, an' I know what it is."

Suddenly she took Ethel by the shoulders and asked in a voice so low that none of the others heard her:

"Was that the reason ye were goin' last night?"

Ethel tried to stop her.

The truth blushed Ethel's face, and Peg saw it and cried: "And it was I was drivin' ye to it. Ye felt the insult of it every time ye met me, as ye said last night. Sure, if I'd known, dear, I'd never have hurt ye. I wouldn't. Indeed I wouldn't!"

She turned to the others:

"There, it's all settled. I'll stay with ye, aunt, an' ye can teach me anything ye like. Will some one ask Jarvis to bring back my bundles an' Michael? I'm home to stay!"

Jerry smiled approvingly at her. Then he said:

"That is just what I would have expected you to do, but my dear Peg, there's no need for such a sacrifice."

"Sure, why not?" cried Peg excitedly. "Let me sacrifice myself. I feel like it this minute."

"There is no occasion,"

He walked over to Mrs. Chichester and addressed her:

"I came here this morning with some very good news for you. I happen to be one of the directors of Gifford's bank, and I am happy to say that it will shortly reopen its doors, and all the depositors' money will be available for them in a little while."

Mrs. Chichester gave a cry of joy. "Oh, Alaric!" she exclaimed. "My darling Ethel!"

"A panic in American securities, in which we were heavily interested, caused the suspension of business," explained Jerry. "The panic is over. The securities are rising every day. We'll soon be on easy street again."

Jerry looked at Peg. She caught his eye and smiled, but it had a sad wistfulness behind it.

"Sure, they don't want me now. I'd better take me cab. Good day to ye. And she started quickly for the door. Jerry stopped her.

"There is just one more condition of Mr. Kingsnorth's will that you must know. Should you go through your course of training satisfactorily to the age of twenty-one you will inherit the sum of \$5,000 a year."

"When I'm twenty-one I get \$5,000 a year?" gasped Peg.

"If you carry out certain conditions," "An' what are they?"

"Satisfy the executors that you are worthy of the legacy."

"Satisfy you?"

"And Mr. Hawkes?"

Peg looked at the somewhat uncomfortable lawyer.

"Mr. Hawkes! Oh-o! Indeed!" She turned back to Jerry. "Did he know about the five thousand? When I'm twenty-one?"

"He drew the will at Mr. Kingsnorth's dictation," replied Jerry.

"Was that why ye wanted me to be engaged to ye until I was twenty-one?" she asked the unhappy lawyer.

"Come, come, Miss O'Connell," said Hawkes. "What nonsense?"

"Did you propose to Miss Margaret?" queried Jerry.

"Well," hesitated the embarrassed lawyer—"in a measure—yes."

"That's what it was," cried Peg, with a laugh. "It was very measured. No wonder the men were crazy to kape me here an' to marry me."

Then Jerry spoke to the others, "Now may I have a few moments alone with my ward?"

Peg stared at Jerry incredulously. "Ward? Is that me?"

"Yes, Peg. I am your legal guardian—appointed by Mr. Kingsnorth."

"You're the director of a bank, the executor of an estate, an' now ye're me guardian. What do ye do with ye spare time?"

Jerry smiled and appealed to the others:

"Just a few seconds—alone."

"Will you write to me?" urged Jerry when he and Peg were alone.

"What for?"

"Peg, my dear!" He took both of her hands in his and bent over her. Just for a moment was Peg tempted to yield to the embrace.

And she did so the two lives would have changed in that moment. But the old rebellious spirit came uppermost, and she looked at him defiantly and cried:

"Are you goin' to propose to me too?"

That was the one mistake that separated those two hearts. Sir Gerald drew back from her—hurt.

Jarvis came quietly in: "Mr. Hawkes says, miss, if you are going to catch the train—"

"I'll catch it," said Peg impatiently, and Jarvis went out.

Peg looked at Jerry's back turned eloquently toward her as though in rebuke.

"Why in the world did I say that to him?" she muttered. "It's me Irish tongue!" She went to the door and opened it noisily, rattling the handle loudly, hoping he would look around.

Under her breath she murmured: "Goodby, Mister Jerry, an' God bless ye, an' thank ye for bein' so nice to me." And she passed out.

In the hall Peg found Ethel and Hawkes waiting for her. They put her between them in the cab, and, with Michael in her arms, she drove through the gates of Regal Villa never to return.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After Many Days.

FRANK O'CONNELL stood on the quay that morning in July and watched the great ship slowly swinging in through the heads.

His little one had come back to him. Amid the throngs swarming down the gangways he suddenly saw his daughter, and he gave a little gasp of surprised pleasure.

They reached O'Connell's apartment. It had been made brilliant for Peg's return. There were flowers everywhere.

His heart bounded as he saw Peg's face brighten as she ran from one object to another and commented on them.

"It's the grand furniture we have now, father!"

"Do ye like it, Peg?"

"That I do. And it's the beautiful picture of Edward Fitzgerald ye have on the wall there!"

"Ye mind how I used to rade ye his life?"

"I do indeed. It's many's the tear I've shed over him an' Robert Emmet."

"Then ye've not forgotten?"

"Forgotten what?"

"All ye learned as a child, an' we talked of since ye grew to a girl?"

"I have not. Did ye think I would?"

"No, Peg. I didn't. Still, I was wonderin'."

"What would I be doin' forgettin' the things ye taught me?"

"An' what have ye been doin' all these long days without me?"

He raised the littered sheets of his manuscript and showed them to her.

"This."

She looked over her shoulder and read:

"From 'Buckshot' to 'Agricultural Organization.' The History of a Generation of English Misrule, by Frank Owen O'Connell."

She looked up proudly at her father. "It looks wonderful, father."

"I'll rade it to you in the king even in's now we're together again."

"Do, father."

"An' we won't separate any more. Peg, will ye?"

"We wouldn't have this time but for you, father."

"What made ye come, back so sudden-like?"

"I only promised to stay a month."

"Didn't they want ye any longer?"

To Be Continued.

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LEBANON RELIGIOUS CAMPAIGN

The Rev. W. H. Dallman, of This City, Will Assist at Services

Lebanon, Feb. 19.—Arrangements are completed for holding a two weeks' series of evangelistic meetings in the First Baptist church, this city. Well attended cottage prayer meetings have been held in the church for the past two weeks. The pastor, the Rev. T. Clifton Harris, will be assisted at these meetings by the Rev. Walter H. Dallman, pastor of the Market Street Baptist church, Harrisburg.

The Rev. Mr. Dallman is a forceful speaker. He has held pastorates in Ligonville, N. Y., Penn Yan, N. Y., Titus-

ville and Harrisburg. He was an active worker in the recent Stough campaign held in Harrisburg. The new Stough campaign hymn books will be used. The Rev. Mr. Harris is attending the tabernacle meetings in Philadelphia. He will speak on "Billy Sunday and His Work."

Case Reverts to Lebanon Court

Lebanon, Feb. 19.—By direction of the State Supreme Court made yesterday in Philadelphia, the damage suit of G. H. Moyer vs. George Greiner, of

Palmyra, arising over the sale of the Greiner block, the principal building operation in the borough of Palmyra, will first have to be retired in the local Common Pleas Court before the Supreme Court will consider it.

Harrisburg Hospital

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