



# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### Winter Salad Plants

Well informed housewives realize that every day should see some fresh salad on the bill of fare, but it is not easy to secure greens in winter. There are a few, though, that we can always have.

Cabbage salad is one and it may be arranged in so many ways that it will remain appetizing a wonderfully long time. There is red pepper and cabbage salad, or, if you prefer, cabbage and pimientos. Another combination is to buy the tiny white German onions, chop a few of them fine and add them to the chopped cabbage. Over this pour the vinegar from the onions and then dress the mixture with salad oil.

If you have no love for the Irish gem you surely like celery, cauliflower, chives and cress or beets and lettuce.

The chives will grow in your kitchen window in a very small pot and just a few of the spikes will give flavor to a salad. Cauliflower is costly just now, but a fair sized head will make a salad one day and enough will remain for a vegetable dish another day. Cook the whole head and keep what you do not need the first day in a cool place.

Tomato in aspic salad is made with canned tomatoes and gelatin or veal jelly. It is beautiful when carefully molded and turned out on a bed of cress or lettuce.

There are few days in winter when cress is not found in city markets. The hardy strong plants send up new molds readily and needs only to be

shoots constantly and many a country boy and girl break the ice or brush away the snow from creeks' banks and other it for some enterprising "huckster" to ship to the city.

Southern spinach is here now and the dishes it makes are very welcome. It dressed with mayonnaise to make a handsome salad.

Canned small string beans are prepared and sold especially for winter salads and so are asparagus tips, so that, after all, one has a big variety to choose from.

Perhaps you think it is not economy to purchase lettuce, endive and other market-grown salad plants this month, but if they keep you well and hearty they are a better investment than a physician's call.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"I have a sweet grass basket that is badly faded. Can I dye it?"  
Reply—These baskets may be made like new by dipping them into hot dye just as you dye willow and raffia. This also renews the sweet odor that makes them so delightful.

"Please tell me if it is too late to plant any bulbs for Easter blooming in the house?"

Reply—Hyacinths, narcissus and daffodils can be grown and forced into bloom in five weeks. They need only water, heat and sunshine. Plant crocus bulbs by putting them on a layer of absorbent cotton placed on a dinner plate. Cover with another layer of cotton and keep under layer wet. Set in a light place and the plants will push through the upper cotton, grow rapidly and bloom very soon. Put a few bits of charcoal among the bulbs.

"Can white lace yoke in white dress be cleaned without removing it?"  
Reply—Clean the lace with gasoline containing a little chloroform. Rub the lace gently with a soft brush dipped in the mixture, and remember the fluids are explosive.

Retired Farmer Dies on Birthday  
Wrightsville, March 6.—Isaac Hinkle, 81 years old, a retired farmer, died yesterday on his birthday from the effects of a stroke. He was a member of the Lutheran church. Six children and a number of grandchildren survive.

# PARROT & CO.

## HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of *The Carpet from Bagdad*,  
*The Place of Honeymoons*, etc.

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CONTINUED

"Wherever I go. Looks silly, doesn't it, for a man of my size to tote around a parrot cage? But I don't care what people think. Life is too short. It's what you think of yourself that really counts."

"That is one of the rules I have laid down for myself. If only we all might go through life with that ideal! There wouldn't be any gossip or scandal, then."

"Some day I am going to tell you why I have lived over here all these years."

"I shouldn't, not if it hurts you."

"On the contrary, there's a kind of happiness in unburdening one's conscience. I called that day in Rangoon for the express purpose of telling you everything, but I couldn't in the presence of a third person."

"But always remember that I haven't asked you."

"Are you afraid to hear it?"

"No. What I am trying to convince you with is that I trust you, and that I give you my friendship without reservations."

He laid his hand on hers, strongly. "God bless you for that!"

She liked him because there was lacking in his words and tones that element of flattery so distasteful to her.

"Would you like to sit next to me at the table?"

"May I?" eagerly.

"I'll have Martha change her chair for yours. Do you speak Italian?"

"Enough for ordinary conversation. It is a long time since I have spoken that tongue."

"Then, let us talk it as much as possible at the table, if only to annoy those around us."

Craig had been eyeing the two, evilly. Set the wind in that direction? An idea found soil in his mind, and he vaguely expressed it, into that affair. He himself wasn't good enough for her. The little cat should see. Warrington's ultimatum of the night before burned and rankled, and a man of Craig's caliber never accepted the inevitable without meditating revenge, revenge of a roundabout character, such as would insure his physical safety. There was nothing loyal or generous or worthy in the man. There is something admirable in a great racial; but a sordid one is a pitiful thing. Craig entered the smokeroom and ordered a peg. At luncheon he saw them sitting together, and he smothered a grin. Couldn't play cards, or engineer a pool, eh? All right. There were other amusements.

That afternoon Martha chanced to sit down in a vacant chair, just out of the range of the cricketers. She lolled back and idly watched the batsmen. And then she heard voices.

"She is Elsa Chetwood. I remember seeing her pictures. She is a society girl, very wealthy, but something of a snob."

Martha's ears tingled. A snob, indeed, because she minded principally her own affairs!

"They think because they belong to the exclusive sets they can break as many laws of convention as they please. Well, they can't. There's always some scandal in the papers about

covered a note on the floor of her cabin. The writing was unfamiliar. She opened it and sought first the signature. Slowly her cheeks reddened, and her lips twisted in disdain. She did not read the note, but the natural keenness of her eye caught the name of Warrington. She tore the letter into scraps which she tossed out of the port-hole. What a vile thing the man was! He had had the effrontery to sign his name. He must be punished.

It was as late as ten o'clock when she and Warrington went up to the bow and gazed down the cut-water. Never had she seen anything so weirdly beautiful as the ribbons of phosphorescence which fell away on each side, luminously blue and flaked with dancing starlike particles, through which, ever and anon, flying-fish, dripping with the fire, spun outward like tongues of flame.

"Often, when I was stoking, during an hour or so of relief, I used to steal up here and look down at the mystery, for it will ever be a mystery to me. And I found comfort."

"Are you religious, too?"

"In one thing, that God demands that every man shall have faith in himself."

How deep his voice was as compared to Arthur. Arthur, Elsa frowned at the rippling magic. Why was she invariably comparing the two men? What significance did it have upon the future, since, at the present moment, it was not understandable?

"There is a man on board by the name of Craig," she said. "I advise you to beware of him."

"Who introduced him to you?" The anger in his voice was very agreeable to her ears. "Who dared to?"

"No one. He introduced himself on the way up to Mandalay. In Rangoon I closed the acquaintance, such as it was, with the aid of a hat pin."

"A hat pin! What did he say to you?" roughly.

"Nothing that I care to repeat."

"Stop! I am perfectly able to take care of myself. I do not need any valiant champion."

"He has spoken to you about me?"

"A letter. I saw only his name and yours. I tore it up and threw it overboard. Let us go back. Somehow, everything seems spoiled. I am sorry I spoke."

"I shall see that he does not bother you again," ominously.

They returned to the promenade deck in silence.

When Warrington found Craig the man was helplessly intoxicated. He lay sprawled upon his mattress, and the kick administered did not stir him. Warrington looked down at the sodden wretch moodily.

Craig's intoxication was fortunate for him, otherwise he would have been roughly handled; for there was black murder in the heart of the broken man standing above him. Warrington relaxed his clenched hands. This evil-breathing thing at his feet was the primal cause of it all, he and a man's damnable weakness. Of what use his new-found fortune? Better for him had he stayed in the jungle, better had he died there, hugging his poor delusion. Oh, abysmal fool that he had been!

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Cut Direct.

It was after five in the morning when the deckhands tried to get Craig to go down to his room. With the dull obstinacy of a drunken man, he refused to stir; he was perfectly satisfied to stay where he was. The three brown men stood irresolutely and helplessly around the man. Everyone had gone below. The hose was ready to flush the deck. It did not matter; he, Craig, would not budge.

"Leave me alone, you black beggars!"

"But, sahib," began one of the Lascars, who spoke English.

"Don't talk to me. I tell you, get out!" striking at their feet with his swollen hands.

Warrington, who had not lain down at all, but who had wandered about the free decks like some lost soul from the Flying Dutchman, Warrington, hearing voices, came out of the smoke-room. A glance was sufficient. A devil's humor took possession of him. He walked over.

"Get up," he said quietly.

Craig blinked up at him from out of puffed eyes. "Go to the devil! Fine specimen to order me about."

"Will you get up peacefully? These men have work to do."

Craig was blind to his danger. "What's that to me? Go away, all of you, to the devil, for all I care. I'll get up when I get damn good and ready. Not before."

Warrington picked up the hose. "Sahib!" cried the Lascar in protest.

"Be still!" ordered Warrington. "Craig, for the last time, will you get up?"

"No!"

Warrington turned the key, and a deluge of cold water struck Craig full in the chest. He tried to sit up, but was knocked flat. Then he rolled over on the deck, choking and sputtering. He crawled on his hands and knees until he reached the chair-rail, which he clutched desperately, drawing himself up. The pitiless stream never swerved. It smacked against the flat of his back like the impact of a hand.

"For God's sake stop it!" cried Craig, half strangled.

TO BE CONTINUED

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She Stopped at the Rail.

them. There was some rumor of her being engaged to the duke of What's-his-name, but it fell through because she wouldn't settle a fortune on him. Only sensible thing she ever did, probably.

"And did you notice who sat next to her at luncheon?"

"A gentleman with a pht, Mr. Craig tells me."

"I dare say Miss Chetwood has a past, too, if one but knew. To travel alone like this!"

"Busybodies! Martha rose indignantly and returned to the other side of the deck. She had lived too long with Elga not to have learned self-repression, and that the victory is always with those who stoop not to answer. Nevertheless, she was alarmed. Elga must be warned.

All Elga said was: "My dear Martha, in a few days they and their tittle-tattle will pass out of my existence, admitting that they have ever entered it. I repeat, my life is all my own, and that I am concerned only with those whom I wish to retain as my friends. Gossip is the shibboleth of the mediocre, and, thank heaven, I am not mediocre."

While dressing for dinner Elga dis-

### BREAKS NECK ON STAGE

Young Gymnast Paralyzed by Fall of Only Two Feet

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., March 6.—Karl Konig, 18 years old, a gymnast, is in the Mt. Vernon Hospital with a broken neck as the result of a two-foot fall on the stage at Proctor's Theatre Thursday night. He had just made a double somersault and was sliding down the back of another acrobat when he slipped and fell, with his head twisted beneath his body.

Dr. Erdmann, of Manhattan, performed an operation yesterday, relieving pressure of broken bones on the spinal cord. Konig's entire body, from the neck down, is paralyzed, but he is conscious and says he suffers no pain. It is doubtful if he will recover.

### 950 LICENSES GRANTED

Lackawanna Court Refuses but One Old Applicant

Seranton, Pa., March 6.—Court yesterday granted licenses to 950 saloons in which is included all the old places except one. All new applications were turned down except two, one for a restaurant and another for a saloon, which were held under advisement. The restaurant is wanted by Miss Josephine Rohrwasser, on Adams avenue, in a neighborhood that heretofore had been free from saloons.

Every hotel against which a remonstrance was filed, except one, was given a license, including places in Fell township, against which a detective agency had prepared evidence.

### The Buffalo

The hump of the buffalo is not a mass of fat, as some people suppose, but is formed by neural spines in length fully double those of domestic cattle and by the huge muscles which lie alongside and fill up the angle between those neural spines and the ribs.

### 'HONEY BOY' EVANS DIES

Famous Minstrel Was in Hospital for Surgical Operation

Baltimore, March 6.—Geo. ("Honey Boy") Evans, the minstrel, died at a hospital here yesterday. He came here for an operation several days ago.

Evans had been suffering from a stomach trouble for some time, and was under the care of a specialist here last summer. Lately he had been touring the South with his company, and about three weeks ago was compelled to leave it at Birmingham, Ala.

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