

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Eggs and How to Cook Them Without Boiling

There is no other one article of food that enters quite so frequently into our daily meals as eggs, unless it be milk, while milk, eggs and butter form a combination whose food value is well known. But the nutrient in eggs and their ease of digestion entitles them to be considered our most useful food.

In most households they are the principal breakfast dish and the variety of ways in which they may be prepared enhances their value.

A sure test of the freshness of eggs is to immerse them in a bowl of water. Fresh eggs sink to the bottom and lie on their sides, stale ones sink and stand on end and the older the eggs are the nearer the top of the water they will stay. This is because there is a quantity of air in the shells of all eggs and the older they are the more air they contain. Canned eggs are those that are tested against a bright light; if they are clear and spotless and the yolk can be seen they are fresh, but if the yolk is mixed with the white and the eggs show a dark interior against the light they should be discarded.

It was Emerson who wrote that there was a best way of boiling an egg, but now cooks think that eggs are best when they are cooked without boiling. The way to do this is to heat enough water to cover the eggs and when it is boiling briskly to remove it from the stove and put the eggs in it until it is cold. This will be in about twelve minutes and the eggs will be "soft-boiled" to perfection.

There used to be a feeling that it was safe to order and eat poached eggs in any eating house for it was well known that only absolutely fresh eggs would poach. But someone akin to the wooden nutmeg manufacturer has invented an egg-poacher of ring

shape that will poach any heavy old egg as neatly as though it was new laid. Is not this enough to make us all want to have our own home-raised eggs?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—"Please describe method of making water crested salad?"

Reply.—Wash, pick over and drain the eggs. For the last use a wire basket and let it hang in a cool place some time as the oil in the dressing will not adhere to egg unless the latter is well dried. Rub a salad dish with a cut onion and place the eggs in it and dress with salad oil and vinegar, salt and pepper. Some persons serve the eggs on individual salad dishes and then pass the condiments and the diners dress it to please their taste.

Question.—"Kindly give directions for chicken and oyster pie?"

Reply.—Make the chicken pie in the usual way and when it is finished lift the crust and pour in a small quantity of stewed oysters, chopped, seasoned and covered with thickened milk. Return to the oven for five minutes and serve in the baking dish.

Question.—"Many recipes call for 'prepared flour,' is this some special brand?"

Reply.—Some flours are prepared by having the lightening agent and salt added to them but many housekeepers like to measure the flour, sift it and to every cupful add one teaspoon of baking powder and a salt spoon of salt and sift it again and keep it in a covered crock. It is always ready for any cake or biscuit baking and saves time. This method is taught in schools of cookery.

PARROT & CO.

HAROLD MACGRATH

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

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gave a little gasp when she saw what it was that Martha was holding out for her inspection. It was Warrington's letter of credit. She had totally forgotten its existence. Martha could not help seeing it. Elsa explained frankly what it was and how it had come into her possession. Martha was horrified.

"Elsa, they might have entered your room; and your jewels lying about everywhere! How could you be so careless?"

"But they didn't. I'll return this to Mr. Warrington in the morning; perhaps tonight, if I see him at dinner."

"He was in the next room, and we never knew it!" The final hook snapped in place. "Well, Wednesday our boat leaves;" as if this put a period to all further discussion and Mr. Parrot & Co. Nothing very serious could happen between that time and now.

"Wednesday night," Elsa began to sing again, but not so joyously. The petty things of every-day life were lifting their heads once more, and of necessity she must recognize them.

She sat at the consul general's table, informally. There was gay inconsequential chatter, an exchange of recollections and comparisons of cities and countries they had visited at separate times; but neither she nor he mentioned the chief subject of their thoughts. She refrained because of a strange yet natural shyness of a woman who has found herself, and he, because from his angle of vision it was best that Warrington should pass out of her life as suddenly and mysteriously as he had entered it. Had he spoken frankly he would have saved Elsa many a bitter heartache, many a weary day.

Warrington was absent, and so were his enemies. If there was any truth in reincarnation Elsa was confident that in the splendid days of Rome she had beaten her pink palms in applause of the gladiators. "Pagan; she was all of that; for she knew that she could have looked upon Mallow's face with more than ordinary interest. Nevermore would her cheeks burn at the recollection of the man's look.

In her room, later, she wrote two letters. The one to Arthur covered several pages; the other consisted of a single line. She went down to the office, mailed Arthur's letter and left the note in Warrington's key box. It was not an intentionally cruel letter she had written to the man in America; but if she had striven toward that effect she could not have achieved it more successfully. She cried out against the way he had treated his brother, the false pride that had hidden all knowledge of him from her. Where were the charity and mercy of which he had so often preached? Pages of burning reproaches which seared the soul of the man who read them. She did not confide the state of her heart. It was not necessary. The arraignment of the one and the defense of the other were sufficiently illuminating.

Soundly the happy sleep. She did not hear the removal of Warrington's luggage at midnight, for it was stealthily done. Neither did she hear the trefful mutter of the bird as his master disturbed his slumbers. Nothing warned her that he intended to spend the night on board; that, having paid his bill early in the evening, her note might have lain in the key box until the crack of doom, so far as he was likely to know of its existence. No angel of pity whispered to her, "Awake! No dream magic people tell about drew for her the picture of the man she loved, pacing up and down the cramped deck of the packet boat, fighting a battle compared to which that of the afternoon was play. Elsa slept on, dreamless.

When she awoke in the morning she ran to the mirror—all this fresh beauty she was going to give to him, without condition, without reservation, absolutely. She dressed quickly, singing lowly. Fate makes us the happiest when she is about to crush us.

Usually she had her breakfast served in the room, but this morning she was determined to go downstairs. She was excited; she brimmed with exuberance; she wanted Romance to begin at once.

"Elsa, your waist!"

Elsa laughed and held out her bare arms to the faded sky where, but a little while since, the sun had burned a pathway down the world. All in an hour, one small trifling space of time, this wonderful, magical thing had happened. He loved her. There had been hunger for her in his voice, in his blue eyes. Presently she was going to make him feel very sorry that he had not taken her in his arms, then and there.

"Elsa, what in mercy's name possesses you?"

"I am mad, Martha, mad as a March hare, whatever that is!" She loved.

"People will think so, if they happen to come along and see that waist. Please come instantly and let me finish hooking it. You act like you did when you were ten. You never would stand still!"

"Yes, and I remember how you used to yank my pigtail. I haven't really forgiven you yet."

"I believe it's going home that's the matter with you. Well, I for one shall be glad to leave this horrid country. Chinamen everywhere, in your room, at your table, under your feet. And in the streets, Chinamen and Malays and Hindus, and I don't know what other outlandish races and tribes. Why, what's all this?" cried Martha, bending to the floor.

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CATTLE DISEASE STAMPED OUT

Lancaster County Apparently Free After Last Killing Yesterday

Marietta, March 20.—Once again the Federal and State governments have stamped out the mouth and hoof disease in Lancaster county, the last cattle killed and were buried yesterday. Every precaution is being taken by owners throughout the county and considerable fumigation is going on. Many farmers will not buy any new cattle this year. The disease has hurt the sales considerably. Yesterday on the farm of Charles Staley, where the disease was first discovered, the sale was a poor one and things were almost given away.

JANE ADDAMS' SISTER DIES

Miss Alice Haldeman Was Officer of Western Bankers' Association

Chicago, March 20.—Mrs. Alice Haldeman, of Girard, Kan., sister of Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, and one of the few women bankers in the United States, died here yesterday afternoon.

Miss Addams abandoned the peace work in which she was engaged in the East to come to her sister, and was at the bedside when she died. Mrs. Haldeman was president of the Senate Bank of Girard and vice president of the Western Bankers' Association.

WORK FOR 10,000 MINERS

Lehigh Valley Collieries Go on Full Time Next Week

Shenandoah, Pa., March 20.—The Lehigh Valley Coal Company collieries here shut down last night after working only two days this week and broken time for the last five months.

It was semi-officially announced yesterday afternoon that all these collieries will resume next Monday and will work full time until further notice, as the company has received large orders to be filled at once. This will affect 10,000 mine workers.

Ten Years' Misery Ended

J. T. Chambers, merchant, Jonesboro, Ark., writes: "Foley Kidney Pills cured me of a ten-year standing case of rheumatism. I suffered miserably. A friend told me of being cured; so I used them, and they cured me, too." Most middle-aged men and women are glad to learn that Foley Kidney Pills afford a way to escape sleep disturbing bladder weakness, backache, rheumatism, puffiness under eyes, stiff and swollen joints, and other ills attributed to kidney troubles. Geo. A. Gargas, 16 North Third street.—Adv.

Old Offender Electrocutted

Little Rock, Ark., March 20.—Clay Simms, negro murderer, who had spent 23 of the last 28 years of his life in prison, electrocuted yesterday, was the first of 11 condemned men in the Arkansas prison to be executed. Three white men are among the death-cell occupants, and efforts are being made to have their sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

Foreman Printer Found Dead


Lancaster, Pa., March 20.—Henry E. Carson, 75 years old, formerly foreman of the Lancaster "Intelligencer," was found dead yesterday afternoon at his room in the Imperial hotel, a victim of heart disease. He served in the Civil war as a sailor under Admiral Farragut.

Murderer Dies a Suicide

Lexington, Ky., March 20.—E. A. Walden, an engineer who Thursday night shot and killed Joseph M. Skain, a hotel man, died yesterday, having put a bullet through his own head after shooting Skain.

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the case, the nearness of the man from the world she knew, the regret which would be hers later, no matter how much she loved the man.

He pushed back his chair, leaving his coffee untasted.

He possessed the deep understanding of the kindly heart, and his one thought was Elsa's future happiness. Could he save her from the day when she would learn Romance had come from within? No. All he could do was to help find the man.

He sent five cablegrams to Saigon to the consulate, to the principal hotels—the most difficult composition he had ever attacked. But because he had forgotten to send the sixth to meet the packet boat, against the possibility of Warrington changing his mind and not landing, his labor was thrown to the winds.

Meantime Elsa stopped at the office desk. "I left a note for Mr. Warrington who has gone to Saigon. I see it in his key box. Will you please return it to me?"

The clerk did not hesitate an instant. He gravely returned the note to her, marveling at her paleness. Elsa crushed the note in her hand and moved toward the stairs, wondering if she could reach her room before she broke down utterly. He had gone. He had gone without knowing that all he had wanted in life was his for the taking. In her room she opened the note and through blurred vision read what she had so happily inscribed the night before—"Paul—I love you. Come to me. Elsa." She had written it, unashamed.

She flung herself upon the bed, and there Martha found her.

TO BE CONTINUED

COW'S TASTE FOR HORSEHAIR

Bossy Evidently Has Understanding With the Nags

York, Pa., March 20.—When A. F. Craley, a Red Lion farmer, entered his stable yesterday morning to feed his horses he found his three horses denuded of manes and tails. Nearby stood one of his cows, placidly munching on the last whiffs of a feast of horsehair.

She had gained access to the stall during the night and had apparently indulged her remarkable appetite without opposition from the horses.

Saves Father From Death

Sunbury, Pa., March 20.—Angered by a red bandana handkerchief he carried, a big bull owned by James Miller, a farmer, attacked and knocked him down. Miller was being seriously gored and trampled upon when his 18-year-old daughter, Mrs. George Thomas, drove the bull away with a pitchfork.

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The Star-Independent Calendar for 1915 is another of the handsome series, featuring important local views, issued by this paper for many years. It is 11x14 inches in size and shows a picture, extraordinary for clearness and detail, of the "Old Capitol," built 1818 and destroyed by fire in 1897. It is in fine half-tone effect and will be appreciated for its historic value as well as for its beauty.

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