

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Eggs and How to Cook Them Without Boiling

There is no other one article of food | shape that will peach any heary old 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 nutriment 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.

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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 entered the entered 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. Candled 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 whan it to cover the eggs and whan it to cover the eggs and whan it is not set to please their taste.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

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

Reply.—Wash, pick over and drain the cress. 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 cress unless the latter is well dried. Rub a salad dish with a did dried. Rub a salad dish with a ter is well dried. Rub a salad dish with a did revision place the cress on individual salad dishes and then pass the condiments and the circs on individual salad dishes and then pass the condiments and the cress in it to please their taste.

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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

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

CATTLE DISEASE STAMPED OUT

One

Trial

Will

Convince U

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. JANE ADDAMS' SISTER DIES

Question,—"Many recipes call for 'prepared flour;' is this some special

me flours are prepared by

Reply.—So

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 eartle 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

Mrs. Alice Haldemen Was Officer of Western Bankers' Association
Chicago, March 20.—Mrs. Alice Haldeman, of Girard, Kan., sister of Miss Jane Addams, of Huil House, and one for the few women bankers in the Unit-destance 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.

Ten Years' Misery Ended
J. T. Chambers, merchant, Jonesboro,

was a poor one and things were almost given away.

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 or days to a supplementation of the last five months.

Old Offender Electrocuted Little Rock, Ark., March 20.—Clay

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 Arkanese mison. as the company has received large or-ders to be filled at once. This will af-fect 10,000 mine workers. kansas 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 Farra-out.

Murderer Dies a Suicide exington, Ky., March 20.—E.

At All Druggists

For Headaches, Neuralgia

Quick—Safe—Sure

Lexington, Ky., March 20.—E. A. In the world, lawfully or unlawfully.

Elsa sang. When Martha came to help her dress for dinner she still sang. It was a wordless song, a mely new form the sang. It was a wordless song, a mely sang. It was a wordless song, a wordless song, a well sangless song, a well sangless song, a we

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HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of The Carpet From Bagdad,

The Place of Honeymoons, etc. COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-METERILL COMPANY CONTINUED and hesitance. It was the wisest thing he could have done, for it relaxed the nerves of both of them.

Issa smiled, smiled and forgot the

substance of all her rehearsals, forgot the letter of credit, warm with the heat of her heart. "I am a pagan." she confessed.

"And I am a barbaffan. I ought to be horribly ashamed of myself."

"But you are not?"
For a moment their eyes drew. Hera were like dark whirlpools, and he felt himself drifting helplessly, irresist ibly. He dropped his hands upon the railing and gripped; the illusion of filliting a current was almost real to him. Every fiber in his body cried out against the struggle.

"No, not in the least," he said, looking toward the sunset. "Fighting is riff-raff business, and I'm only a riffraffer at best.'

"Rather, aren't you Paul Ellison, brother, twin brother, of the man I said I was going home to marry?"

How far away her voice seemed!

The throb in his forehead and the dull the siedge-hammer blows had gone home, he no longer felt.

"Don't deny it. It would be useless. Knowing your brother as I do, who could doubt it?"

He remained dumb.
"I couldn't understand, just simply couldn't. They never told me; in all the years I have known them, in all the years I have partly made their home my own, there was nothing. Not a trinket. Once I saw a camera picture. I know now why Arthur snatched it from my hand. It was you. You were bending over an engineer's tripod. Even now I should have doubted had I not recalled what you said one

day on board, that you had built bridges. Arthur couldn't build anything stronger than an artist's easel. You are Paul Ellison. "I am sorry you found out."

'Why?" "Because I wanted to be no more than an incident in your life, just Parrot & Co."

"Parrot & Co.!" It was like a caress; but he was too dull to sense it, and she was uncon-scious of the inflection. The burning sunshine gave to his hair and beard the glistening of ruddy gold. Her imagination, full of unsuspected poetry at this moment, clothed him in the metals of a viking. There were other whirlpools besides those in her eyes,

but Elsa did not sense the drifting as but Elsa did not sense the drifting as he had done. It was insidious.
"An incident," she repeated.
"Could I be more?" with sudden flerceness. "Could I be any more in any woman's life? I take myself for what I am, but the world will always take me for what I have done. Yes. take me for what I have done. Yes,

I am Paul Ellison, forgotten, I hope, by all those who knew me. Why did you seek me that night? Why did you come into my life to make bitterness become despair? The blackest ness become desp kind of despair. Elsa Chetwood. Elsa! Well, the consul is right. I am a strong man. I can go out of your life, at least physically. I can say that I love you, and I can

add to that good-by!" He wheeled abruptly and went quickly down the gallery, bareheaded, without any destination in his mind. with only one thought, to leave her before he lost the last shreds of his

self-control. It was then that Elsa knew her eart. She had spoken truly. She was a pagan-for, had he turned and held out his hands, she would have gone to him, gone with him, anywhere

help her dress for dinner she still slept on, dreamless and which finds expression but once.

Doubt, that arch-enemy of love and faith and hope, doubt had spread its dark pinions and flown away into yesterdays. She felt the zest and exhila-ration of a bird just given its freedom. Once she slipped from Martha's cunning hands and ran out upon the

"Elsa, your waist!"

Elsa laughed and held out her bare arms to the faded sky where, but a while since, the sun had burned a pathway down the world. All in an hour, one small trifling space of time, nour, 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. then and there.

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

hare, whatever that is!" She loved.
"People will think so, if they hap-

pen to come along and see that waist. Please come instantly and let me fin-ish 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 pigtails. 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.

Elsa ran back to the room. She place before her the true angles

gave a little gasp when she saw what it was that Martha was holding out for her inspection. It was Warring-ton'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 horrifled.

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

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

"He was in the next room, and we never knew it!" The final hook snapped in plane. "Well, Wednesday our boat leaves;" as if this put a period to all further discussion anend Mr. Parrot & Co. Nothing very seri ous 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 inconse quential chatter, an exchange of rec ollections and comparisons of cities and countries they had visited at sep arate 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 ap-plause 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 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 fretful mutter of the bird as his master disturbed his slumbers. Noth ing 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 Elsa sang. When Martha came to that of the afternoon was play. Elsa

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 reserva-tion, absolutely. She dressed quickly, singing lowly. Fate makes us the hap-

piest 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

"Good morning," she greeted the consul general, who was breakfasting

"Well, you're an early bird!" he re-By the way, our romantic Parrot & Co. have gone."

"Gone?" Elsa stared at him. "Yes. Sailed for Saigon at dawn, and I am rather glad to see him go. I was afraid he might interest you too much. Good heavens. Elsa, what is much. Good the matter?"

"No, no! Don't touch me. I'm not esses you?"

the fainting kind. Did you know last night that he was going?".

"Yes."

"I shall never forgive you. Never, never! You knew and did not tell me. Do you know who Paul Ellison is? He is the brother of the man is? He is the brother of the man at home. You knew he was stealing away and did not tell me."

She could not have made the truth any plainer to him. He sat back in

any plainer to him. He sat back in his chair, stunned, voiceless.
"I am going to my room," she said.
"Do not follow. Please act as if nothing had happened."
He saw her walk bravely the length of the dining-room, out into the office What a misfortune! Argument was out of the question. Elsa was not a child, to be reasoned with. She was a woman, and she had come to a woman's understanding of her heart. To place before her the true angles of

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COW'S TASTE FOR HORSEHAIR case, the neartiess panishment from the world she knew, the regre which would be hers later, no matter

He pushed back his chair, leaving his

coffee untasted.

He possessed the deep understand ing 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 ho tels—the most difficult composition he had ever attacked. But because he had forgotten to send the sixth to meet the packet boat, against the pos-sibility 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 re turn it to me?" The clerk did not hesitate an in-

stant. 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. had gone without knowing that all he wanted in life was his for the tak 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,

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

TO BE CONTINUED

Bossy Evidently Has Understanding

norses he found his three horses denud-ed of manes and tails. Nearby stood one of his cows, placidly munching on the last whisps of a feast of horsehair. She had gained access to the stall during the night and had apperently indulged her remarkable appetite with-out opposition from the horses.

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H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A. Supt.

Saves Father From Death

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 maues and tails. Nearby stood

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