

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Table Service

The Book of Table Service has grown out of years of efficient, practical teaching in the Boston School of Cookery, where it will be used as a text book. It should also be helpful to the large circle of homemakers who strive constantly for beauty in service and a well ordered household.

Not only is table service thoroughly discussed but the care of the dining room, telephone courtesy and maid service in general explained. The equipment of the butler's pantry, the kitchen and the care of nice utensils is essential knowledge maids often lack, but they need not any longer. The book is written by Lucy G. Allen and dedicated to Fannie M. Farmer; both these names are well known to every enlightened housekeeper, for they appear constantly in women's publications.

As a usual thing women do not understand chemical terms very well and cannot always spare time to study intricate directions for attaining certain results. Now there is a wonderful lot of chemical knowledge in the chapter on stains in this book but it is so sugar coated you will not suspect it is there. First, the character of the stain is considered, then a reagent is suggested and the method of removing the stain is explained. There are some twenty sep-

arate treatments given and with its help it becomes a pleasant task to use the right solvent.

The illustrations are practical helps and this is out of the ordinary, for in most household books the pictures seem designed just to fill another page or make one want something quite out of reach. The diagrams for buffet table, for informal and company teas and the plans in details for arranging dinner covers are all good working models.

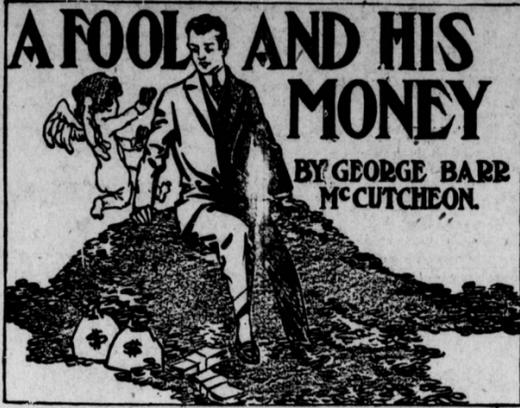
It is almost like a short course in Miss Farmer's School of Cookery to study these correct ways and means; if we cannot all go to Boston, we can bring the approved Boston ways into our own homes, now.

Suitable Combinations for Serving From Table Service:

MEATS

Roast Beef	Roast Lamb
White Potatoes	Mushroom Sauce
Sweet Potatoes	Horseshoe Sauce
Macaroni	Sautéed Bananas
Hominy	Dumplings
White Potatoes	Banana Croquettes
Jerusalem Artichokes	Mint Sauce
Carrot Timbales	Currant Jelly
Spinach	Peas
Asparagus	Cauliflower
And so on.	

To-morrow—Summer Beverages.



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CONTINUED

A pile of rubbish lay heaped in one corner of the room, swept up and left there by the big Schmicks to await the spring housecleaning season, I presume. Tarnowsky at first eyed the heap curiously, then rather intently. Suddenly he strode across the room and gingerly rooted among the odds and ends with the toe of his highly polished boot.

To his horror a dilapidated doll detached itself and rolled out upon the floor, a well remembered treasure of Rosemary's and so unique in appearance that I doubt if there was another in the world like it. Indeed, I have a distinct recollection of being told that the child's father had painted in the extraordinary features and had himself decorated the original flaxen locks with singular stripes of red and white and blue, a sardonic tribute to the home land of her mother.

I turned away as he stooped and picked up the soiled, discarded effigy. When next I looked at him out of the corner of my eye he was holding the doll at arm's length and staring at it with a fixed gaze. I knew that he recognized it. There could be no doubt in his mind as to the identity of that telltale object. My heart was thumping fiercely.

An instant later he rejoined me, but not a word did he utter concerning the strange discovery he had made. His face was set and pallid, and his eyes were misty. Involuntarily I looked to see if he had the doll in his hand and in that glance observed the bulging surface of his coat pocket.

In silence we stood there awaiting the reappearance of Saks, who had gone into one of the adjoining rooms. I confess that my hand trembled as I lighted a fresh cigarette. He was staring moodily at the floor, his hands clasped behind his back. Something smacking of real intelligence ordered me to hold my tongue. I smoked placidly, yet waited for the outburst. It did not come. It never came. He kept his thoughts, his emotions, to himself, and for that single display of restraint on his part I shall always remember him as a true descendant of the nobility.

We tramped down the long flights of stairs side by side, followed by the superfluous Mc Saks, who did all of the talking. He was, I think, discoursing on the extraordinary ability of ancient builders, but I am not absolutely certain. I am confident Tarnowsky did not hear a word the fellow said.

In my study we found Poopendyke and the two strangers.

"Have you made out the papers?" demanded the count harshly. An ugly gleam had come to his eyes, but he did not direct it toward me. Indeed, he seemed to avoid looking at me at all.

"Yes, Count Tarnowsky," said the lawyer. "They are ready for the signatures."

"Perhaps Mr. Smart may have reconsidered his offer to sell," said Tarnowsky. "Let him see the contracts."

"I have not reconsidered," I said quietly.

"You may sign here, Mr. Smart," said the notary as he gave me the document, a simple contract, I found.

"Jasper Titus will offer more than I can afford to pay," said the count. "Please do not feel that I am taking an unfair advantage of you. I am absolutely certain that he wants to buy this place for his granddaughter, a descendant of barons."

The significance of this remark was obvious, and it was the nearest he ever came to uttering the conviction that had been formed in that illuminating five minutes upstairs. If he suspected—and I think he did—he preferred not to ask the questions that must have been searing his curious brain. It was a truly wonderful demonstration of self restraint. I would have given much to be able to read his innermost thoughts, to watch the perplexed movements of his mind.

"Schloss Rothoefen is yours, Count Tarnowsky," said I. "It is for you to say whether his whim shall be gratified."

His lips twitched. I saw his hand touch the bulging coat pocket with a swift, passing movement.

"Will you be good enough to sign, Mr. Smart?" he said coldly. He glanced at his watch. "My time is valuable. When can you give possession?"

"The day the deed is transferred."

"That will be in less than three days. I have satisfied myself that the title is clear. There need be no delay."

We signed the contract after I had requested Poopendyke to read it aloud to me. It called for the payment of 50,000 kronen, or a little over £2,000, at the time of signing. His lawyer handed me a package of crisp banknotes and asked me to count them. I did so deliberately, the purchaser looking on with a sardonic smile.

"Correct," said I, laying the package on the table. He bowed very deeply.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Smart, that there are no counterfeits among them?" he inquired, with polite irony; then to his lawyer: "Take the gentleman's receipt for the amount in the presence of witnesses. This is a business transaction, not a game of chance." It was the insult perfect.

As he prepared to take his departure he assumed an insinuating air of apology and remarked to me:

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Smart. There was a time when I did you an injustice. I suspected you of keeping your mistress here. Pray forgive my error."

Five days later I was snugly ensconced in the ducal suit at the Bristol, overlooking the Kurtherringstrasse, bereft of my baronial possessions, but not at all sorry. My romance had been short lived. It is one thing to write novels about medieval castles and quite another thing to try to write a novel in one of them. I trust I may never again be guilty of such arrant stupidity as to think that an American born citizen can become a feudal baron by virtue of his dollars and cents any more than an American born girl can hope to be a real, dyed in the wool countess or duchess because some one needs the money more than she does. It would be quite as impossible, contrariwise, to transform a noble duke into a plain American citizen, so there you are, even up.

My plans were made. After a fortnight in Vienna I expected to go west to London for the autumn and then back to New York. Strange to relate, I was homesick. Never before had my thoughts turned so restlessly, so wistfully to the haunts of my boyhood days. I began to long for the lights of Broadway (which I had scornfully despised in other days) and the gay peacocking of Fifth avenue at 4 in the afternoon. It seemed to me that nowhere in all the world was life so joyous and blithe and worth while as in "old New York," nowhere were the theaters so attractive, nowhere such restaurants. Even, in retrospect, the subway looked alluring, and as for the Fifth avenue stages, they were too beautiful for words. Ah, what a builder of unreal things a spell of homesickness may become if one gives it half a chance!

As for Schloss Rothoefen. I had it on excellent authority (no less a person than Conrad Schmick himself) that barely had I shaken the dust of the place from myself before the new master put into execution a most extraordinary and incomprehensible plan of reconstruction. In the first place, he gave all the servants two weeks' notice and then began to raze the castle from the bottom upward instead of the other way round, as a sensible person might have been expected to do. He was knocking out the walls in the cellars and digging up the stone floors with splendid disregard for that ominous thing known as a cataclysm. The grave question in the minds of the

servants was whether the usual and somewhat mandatory two weeks' notice wouldn't prove a trifle too long after all. In fact, Hawkes, with an inspiration worthy of an office boy, managed to produce a sick grandmother and got away from the place at the end of one week, although having been paid in full for two.

The day on which I left for Paris still saw Tarnowsky at work, with his masons, heroically battering down the walls of the grim old stronghold, and I chuckled to myself. It was quite evident that he hadn't found the hiding place up to that time.

After several days in Paris I took myself off to London. I was expecting letters at Claridge's, where I always take rooms—not because I think it is the best hotel in London, but because I am to some extent a creature of habit. My mother took me to Claridge's when I was a boy, and I saw a wonderful personage at the door, whom I was pleased to call the king. Ever since then I have been going to Claridge's, and while my first king is dead there is one in his place, who bids, fair to live long, albeit no one shouts encouragement to him. He wears the most gorgeous buttons I've ever seen, and I doubt if King Solomon himself could have been more regal, certainly not Nebuchadnezzar. He works from 7 in the morning until 7 at night, and he has an imperial scorn for anything smaller than half a sovereign.

There were many letters waiting there for me, but not one from the Countess Alina. I had encouraged the hope that she might write to me. It was the least she could do in return for all that I had done for her notwithstanding my wretched behavior on the last day of our association. While I had undoubtedly offended in the most flagrant manner, still my act was not unpardonable. There was tribute, not outrage, in my behavior.

Poopendyke fidgeted a good deal with the scanty results of my literary labors, rattling the typed pages in a most insinuating way. He oiled his machine with accusative frequency, but I failed to respond. I was in no mood for writing. He said to me one day:

"I don't see why you keep a secretary, Mr. Smart. I don't begin to earn my salt."

"Salt, Mr. Poopendyke," said I, "is the cheapest thing I know of. Now, if you had said pepper I might pause to reflect. But I am absolutely, inexorably opposed to rating anything on a salt basis. If you—"

"You know what I mean," he said stiffly. "I am of no use to you."

"Ah," said I triumphantly, "but you

forget. Who is it that draws the salary checks for yourself and Britton and who keeps the accounts straight? Who, I repeat? Why, you, Mr. Poopendyke. You draw the checks. Isn't that something?"

"If I didn't know you so well I wouldn't hesitate to call you a blooming fool, Mr. Smart," said he, but he smiled as he said it.

"But he who hesitates is lost," said I. "This is your chance. Don't let it slip." He looked at me so steadily for a moment that I was in some fear he would not let it slip.

Before I had been in London a week it became perfectly clear to me that I could not stretch my stay out to anything like a period of two months. Indeed, I began to think about booking my passage home inside of two weeks. I was restless, dissatisfied, homesick. On the ninth day I sent Poopendyke to the booking office of the steamship company with instructions to secure passage for the next sailing of the Mauretania, and then lived in a state of positive dread for fear the count-founded American tourists might have gobbled up all of the cabins. They are always going home it seems to me, and they are always trying to get on a single unfortunate ship. In all my experience abroad I've never known a time when Americans were not tumbling over each other trying to get back to New York in time to catch a certain train for home, wherever that may be. But Poopendyke managed it somehow. He must have resorted to bribery.

To Be Continued

DROWNED IN FOOT OF WATER

Philadelphia Victim of Accident in Jersey; No Bone in Body Broken

Philadelphia, May 26.—Pinned face downward in less than a foot of water by an overturned auto moving van, George Gibson, of this city, was drowned at Germania, near Egg Harbor, N. J., last night.

Gibson, who lived at 2935 Rutledge street, was riding in a storage van of the Oxford Storage Company, Nineteenth street and Columbia avenue, when the steering gear snapped and the auto skidded and overturned. He was thrown into a roadside ditch and would have escaped virtually unharmed but for the water. The van, while pinning him down, did not crush him, physicians said. Not a bone was broken.

The driver, John Ingram, 2433 Nicholas street; John Harvey, a helper, 1932 Woodstock street, and Daniel Redmond, another youth, who was "taking a ride" with Gibson, escaped unhurt.

500 CHICKS KILLED IN EXPLOSION

Bloomsburg, Pa., May 26.—An exploding incubator lamp set fire early yesterday to the two-story chicken house of Lawson Shultz, of Pine town, Columbia county, and with the explosion of a quantity of dynamite there was little left of the building, and nothing of 500 chickens and 500 eggs that were in an incubator.

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