



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Summery Beverages

In olden days May was considered a proper month in which to make wines. Cowslip, dandelion and rhubarb wines all had a place in the cellar of the careful housekeeper. To-day this troublesome brewing is all forgotten and simple fruit juices, unfermented and harmless, are found to be just as refreshing.

The dispensing of summer beverages is a pretty form of hospitality easy to compass at a moment's notice and the list of cheering fascinating drinks is so long that all can find some that they can make without much trouble.

As the amount of water exuded from the body is greater in hot weather than in cool, more liquids are required to maintain a right temperature. When this liquid contains citric or similar fruit acid it is more cooling than clear water or alcoholic drinks.

All fruits contain a variety of sugars, acids, flavors, potash and minerals that are easily assimilated and aid digestion. The more fruit juice one can get into one's system the more one will be benefited.

Lemonades—Few beverages are better than plain lemonade and it really seems an unwarrantable liberty to tamper with it, yet physicians say that when eggs are added to it that it is not only more satisfying but at once becomes a valuable nourishing food.

Lemon Cream is the name the white clad drink dispenser in the soda department calls this and it is really rich milk flavored with lemon and cream.

To two-thirds of a glass of ice-chilled milk add the white of an egg beaten until well fluffed and containing the lemon juice. Sweeten this mixture and add enough cream to fill the glass to the brim. If you enjoy spicy flavors grate a trifle of nutmeg over this.

Lemonade made with strained honey is wonderfully good and the same smooth richness may be attained if you use a plain, sweet syrup for sweetening all your summer drinks. Dissolve two parts of sugar in one part of water and heat this until it simmers; cool and use in place of sugar.

Pineapple-ade is especially fine when one has dined not wisely but well. Grate fresh pineapple and add lemon juice to it and sweeten with as much powdered sugar as you have of both fruits. Mix this and put a generous quantity in each tall, thin tumbler you plan to serve. Fill almost to the top with powdered ice and pass a bottle of charged water fitted with a siphon to each individual so that just the quantity of charged water that is liked may be added. The charged water and siphon may be had from any druggist.

To-morrow—Rosewood and Mahogany.

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Cook, male and female, \$400 to \$600 per annum, June 22; expert passenger waiter, clerk, male, \$1,200 per annum, June 23; assistant assayer, male, \$1,500, June 23; engineer, plumber and blacksmith, male, \$720, June 23; sub-inspector of ordnance, male, \$4 per diem, June 23; assistant chemist in forest products, male, \$900-\$1,200, June 23-24; electrical engineer and draftsman, male, \$1,200, June 23-24.

Arm Broken Trimming Grave

Hazleton, Pa., May 27.—While trimming the grass on her grandfather's grave at St. Gabriel's Cemetery, 10-year-old Celia Bonner, daughter of Health Officer Bonner, was struck by a large tombstone that fell off its concrete base, and her left arm was fractured.

Nor was I especially disturbed or irritated by the telegram of condolence I received on board ship from Tarrowsy himself. He could not resist the temptation to gloat. I shall not repeat the message, for the simple reason that I do not wish to dignify it by putting it into permanent form.

We were two days out when I succeeded in setting my mind at rest in respect to Alline, Countess Tarrowsy.

I had not thought of it before, but I remembered all of a sudden that I had decided scruples against marrying a divorced woman. Of course that simplified matters. When one has preconceived notions about such matters they afford excellent material to fall back upon, even though he may have disregarded them after a fashion while unselfishly thinking of some one else.

As I say, the recollection of this well defined though somewhat remorseless principle of mine had the effect of putting my mind at rest in regard to the countess. Feeling as strongly as I did about marriage with divorcees, she became an absolutely undesirable person so far as matrimony was concerned. I experienced rather doubtful feeling of relief. It was not so hard to say to myself that Lord Amberdale was welcome to her, but it was very, very difficult to refrain from adding the unavoidable words "damn her."

This rigid, puritanical principle of mine, however, did not declare against the unrighteousness of falling in love with a divorcee.

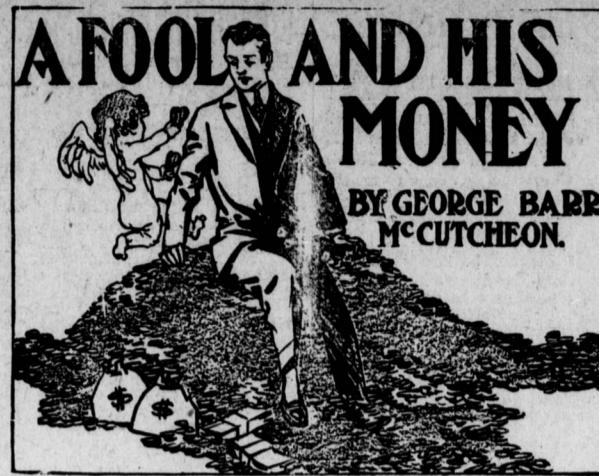
If I have by any chance announced earlier in this narrative that the valley of the Donau is the garden spot of the world I must now ask you to excuse the ebullience of spirit that prompted the declaration. The Warm Springs valley of Virginia is infinitely more attractive to me.

"Who is he?" I inquired, mildly interested.

"Jasper Titus," was the reply. "The real old Jasper himself."

Before I could recover from my surprise the object of my curiosity approached the desk, his watch in his hand.

I arrived there early one bright November morning three days after land



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CONTINUED

CHAPTER XXVI. I Change Garden Spots.

I AWOKE one morning to find a long and—I was about to say an interesting—letter from the countess! It was a very commonplace communication I found on the third or fourth reading. The sum and substance of its contents was the information that she was going to Virginia Hot Springs with the family for a month or two and that Lord Amberdale was to join them there. It appeared that her father, being greatly overworked, was in need of a rest, and as the golf links at Hot Springs are especially designed to make it easy for rich men, his doctor had ordered him to that delightful resort. She hoped the rest would put him on his feet again. There was a page or so of drivel about Amberdale and what he expected to do at the New York horse show, a few lines concerning Rosemary, and a brief, almost curt intimation that a glimpse or two of me would not be altogether displeasing to her if I happened to be coming that way.

"We have been counting on this book of yours for January publication," said I.

I tried to explain that the muse had abandoned me in a most heartless fashion.

"But the public demands a story from you," said I. "What have you been doing all summer?"

"Romancing," said I.

I don't know just how it came about, but the suggestion was made that I put into narrative form the lively history of my sojourn on the banks of the Danube, trifling implicitly to the imagination yet leaving nothing to it.

"But it's all such blithering rot," said I.

"So much the better," said they triumphantly—even eagerly.

"I don't suppose that you, as publishers, can appreciate the fact that an author may have a soul above skittles," said I indignantly. "I cannot, I will not, write a line about myself, gentlemen. Not that I consider the subject sacred, but—"

"Wait!" cried the junior member, his face aglow. "We appreciate the delicacy of—er—you feelings. Mr. Smart, but I have an idea, a splendid idea. It solves the whole question. Your secretary is a most competent, capable young man and a genius after a fashion. I propose that he write the story. We'll pay him a lump sum for the work, put your name on the cover, and there you are. All you will have to do is to edit his material. How's that?"

Keyed up to a high pitch of enthusiasm, I played golf for ten days and found my friend to be a fine sportsman. Like all Englishmen, he took a beating gracefully, but gave me to understand that he had been having a good deal of trouble with rheumatism or neuritis in his right elbow. On the last day we played he succeeded in bringing me in two down, and I've never seen neuritis dispersed so quickly as it was in his case. I remember distinctly that he complained bitterly of the pain in his elbow when he started out and that he was as fit as a fiddle at the eighteenth hole. He even went so far as to implore me to stay over till the next sailing of the Mauretania.

But I took to the high seas. Mr. Poopendyne cabled to the Homestead at Hot Springs for suitable accommodations. I cannot remember when I had been so forehand as all that, and I wonder what my secretary thought of me. My habit is to procrastinate.

I almost forgot to mention a trifling bit of news that came to me the day before sailing. Elsie Hazzard wrote in great perturbation and at almost unfriendly length to tell me that Count Tarrowsy had unearthed the supposedly mythical Rothoefer treasure chest and was reputed to have found gold and precious jewels worth at least a million dollars. The accumulated products of a century's thievery! The hoard of all the robber barons! Tarrowsy's!

Strange to say, I did not writhen nor snarl with disappointment and rage. I took the news with a sang froid that almost killed poor Poopendyne. He never quite got over it.

Now was I especially disturbed or irritated by the telegram of condolence I received on board ship from Tarrowsy himself. He could not resist the temptation to gloat. I shall not repeat the message, for the simple reason that I do not wish to dignify it by putting it into permanent form.

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TO TELL OF U. S. EXPORTS

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The current issue of "The Trend of the Times," which is put out by A. B. Leach & Co., contains a most interesting analysis of the principal export items of the United States. This analysis shows the exports of this country to Europe in quantity and in value since the outbreak of the war and gives a comparison of these exports with a similar period during the two preceding years.

Those interested in this subject should send to A. B. Leach & Co. for a copy of their latest issue of "The Trend of the Times."

They Are 70 Years Old

"For some time past my wife and myself were troubled with kidney trouble," writes T. B. Carpenter, Harrisburg, Pa. "We suffered rheumatic pains all through the body. The first few doses of Foley Kidney Pills relieved us. After taking five bottles between us we are entirely cured. Although we are both in the seventies we are as vigorous as we were thirty years ago. Foley Kidney Pills stop sleep disturbing bladder weakness, backache, rheumatism, dizziness, swollen joints and sore muscles. Geo. A. Gorgas, 16 N. Third St. and P. R. R. Station—Adv.

His shrewd, hard old face underwent a marvelous change. The crustiness left it as if by magic. His countenance radiated joy.

"I owe you a debt of gratitude, Mr. Smart, that can never be repaid. My daughter has told me everything. You must have put up with a fearful lot of nonsense during the weeks she was with you. I know her well. She's spoiled, and she's got a temper, although, upon my soul, she seems different nowadays. There is a change in her, George!"

"She's had her lesson," said I. "Besides I didn't find she had a bad temper."

"And, say, I want to tell you something else before I forget it. I fully appreciate your views on international marriage. Allie told me everything you had to say about it. You must have rubbed it in. But I think it did her good. She'll never marry another foreigner if I can help it. If she never marries, well, well, I am glad to see you and to shake your hand. I— I wish I could really tell you how I feel toward you, my boy, but—I don't seem to have the power to express myself. If I—"

"And, say,