

# Always Buy "SALADA" GREEN TEA

The little leaves and tips from high mountain tea gardens, that are used in SALADA are much finer in flavor than any Gunpowder or Japan. Try it.



## PIQUANT PIG'S FEET.

We could not conscientiously call pig's feet a poetic food, but it is really wholesome and digestible and economical. They would be served frequently if they were cooked with care and in a different style from the plain pickled pig's feet usually obtained in a grocery store. Here's how:

**Pig's Feet - a la Homestead.**—Boil until tender four fat and well-scrubbed pig's feet. Season only with salt and pepper and use as little water as possible, but cook covered so that they are white but delicate looking when done. When they are cold, slit them several times, dip into melted butter and then into fine fresh bread crumbs. Place them on a buttered broiler and brown over a hot fire.

Arrange them on the platter on which they are to be served. Spread with butter that has had a little parsley, chives and lemon juice rubbed into it; also a little salt and pepper. Garnish with chopped dill pickle and raw cabbage, equal parts.

**Pig's Feet, Epicurean.**—Cook until tender three nice pig's feet. When cold remove the skin and cut into two parts. One will have the bone and the other not. Cover these all over with tartar sauce, first having chilled the feet well. Then roll in finely minced parsley, celery, chives and hard-boiled egg yolk.

Arrange on a fresh crisp lettuce leaf, with slivers of green pepper and celery heart as a garnish.

**Scalloped Pig's Feet.**—Boil until tender enough to slip the bones out of four pig's feet and separate into finger-size pieces. Arrange them in a glass baking dish and pour over them a thick rich tomato sauce and cover with buttered bread crumbs thickly. For the sauce, take one can of tomato soup, heat it without adding water. To it add one teaspoonful of chopped onion, one teaspoonful of chopped green pepper and one tablespoonful of butter. Simmer a little before pouring over the meat.

**Pot-Roasted Pig's Feet.**—Clean well and trim nicely about six good-sized pig's feet. Place them in a small covered roaster, and around them place small carrots, onions and short pieces of celery stalks. Season well with salt and pepper. Cook slowly until tender, and half an hour before serving open the lid and pour over the roast without moving them one cupful of strained and slightly thickened tomato juice.

Lift carefully on platter and surround the feet with the cooked vegetable.

# WRIGLEYS

"after every meal"  
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# A Touch of Chivalry

BY AMY BRUNER ALMY.

## PART II.

"We've got to try to ride the horses," Selma gasped.

"We'd better get back into the sleigh and cover up," advised her lover.

"No! No! We'll freeze to death," Selma was prairie-and-storm wise.

How they succeeded in loosening the horses, tying the two together and mounting, they could not afterwards tell. The animals stumbled on; their riders were silent.

Suddenly Anson, whose horse was in the lead, gave an exclamation of pain and at that moment his beast fell. Selma clung to the harness with stiffened hands and sid to her feet as her horse sank to his knees and stood still.

"Don't move," Anson warned, "we've struck a wire fence. Perhaps I can let the horses through."

"A light! A light, Anson! I see a light!"

They both saw it then flickering through the veil of the storm.

"It can't be far, Anson."

Fortunately the posts were not hard to knock down and the horses struggled toward shelter.

"Can you walk, Selma? Can you reach the light?"

"We can do it together . . . We must . . . it's near."

Slowly they forged ahead, stumbling and falling, beaten back repeatedly by the wind and snow but at last thankfully discerning the dark mass of the house. In a few minutes though it seemed hours, the light was directly before them. Their feet stumbled upon the porch. Anson beat upon the door. No answer came. He fumbled stiffly for the knob. Shelter at last! Blinded, breathless, half-frozen, they dropped into chairs, too exhausted, too stupefied, to move or to speak.

Gradually they became aware of their surroundings. The room was large, plainly furnished, neat, evidently serving both as kitchen and bedroom. The fire had died out in the cookstove though there was still a little warmth in the ashes; a box of coal stood against the wall and there was some wood.

"People must be gone," said Anson. "I'll make a fire. You must be nearly dead."

They were startled by a moan. Was it from the bed in the corner?

Rousing herself, Selma went to the bedside and there found a young woman, her eyes wide with anguish.

"You've come to help me?" she whispered.

"The storm . . . we saw your light . . . you're sick? . . . There's a gentleman with me . . . We'll do what we can . . ."

"I'm . . . going . . . to . . . die," said the ghostly whisper.

"Tell me!" Selma bent closer, forgetting her own suffering and weariness.

"Tell me what is the matter! Tell me what you want us to do for you? There'll be a fire in a minute. We'll do all we can. Are you alone?"

"My baby . . . it's our baby . . . coming . . . George is away. I want Dr. Hallett . . . get him . . ."

"Where is your telephone?"

"At the next house . . . a mile east . . . go there . . ."

"We'll do the very best we can," Selma gently laid her cold hand on the woman's burning forehead. She went to Anson then, and told him the situation. "We must get Dr. Hallett by phone, some way or other. He's probably miles away from town. He may even be near here," she added hopefully. "We came just in time."

"But it's impossible," Anson said. "I could not face the storm again. We must stay here . . . have food . . ."

Without answering, Selma went to the window and strained her eyes out into the darkness.

"The storm is abating, Anson. It's not snowing so much now and the wind's going down."

"You want me to go? Now? Did you hear that?"

"But a life . . . What time is it?"

Anson looked at his watch. "Six, nearly."

"It will soon clear, I think."

"Are you going?" gasped a voice from the bed. I . . . need . . ."

Selma went to her. "He's going . . . very soon . . . when he is a little warmer. We were lost and nearly frozen." Selma did not want to look at him. Every now and then a moan came from the bed.

"We've got into a horrible mess!" he exclaimed.

At a pleading cry from the woman, Selma's hand went to her throat. Again she stared out of the window.

"Anson," she whispered, coming back, "now you can find your way! She says if you follow the poles, you

can't miss it and there's a lantern, cleaned and filled. There's hardly any storm now—not to what there was."

"You are crazy, Selma! I am not going. Wait till morning . . ."

"She may die, Anson!" Selma said in a low voice. "It's not a bizzard. For God's sake, Anson! It's a question of life . . . two lives . . ."

"You're beside yourself to expect it, Selma. Hallett wouldn't come on such a night even if we did succeed in reaching him," he said, his voice rising in exasperation.

The woman heard him. "He will come . . . always . . . Dr. Hallett never fails."

"Go, Anson," Selma pled in a sobbing whisper. "She may die!"

"Then let . . . is her life worth more . . . he did not finish."

Selma turned her back on him, but toned her coat around her, drew her cap down over her ears, pulled on her gloves.

"What are you doing?" Startled, the man was on his feet.

"I'm going. Please look for the lantern."

"You are not going!" he caught her to him. She looked him full in the face. "Then I'll go too," he said. "We'll both go. If we die . . ."

"Both go and leave her alone? No. One must stay with her."

"Selma, dear, listen to me," Anson said, putting on his coat. She wondered if his voice were suddenly changed or if she fancied it. Gently then he took off her cap and kissed her. "Since you persist, I will go and you stay. I was a brute to refuse you. I . . . I didn't quite realize. I'm going for your sake, dear. I'd do anything in the world for you."

"Don't say that," she said, shrinking from him. "I wouldn't ask it."

"That's why I'm going . . . for you," he laughed oddly, almost harshly. He went out, then, with the lantern, into the storm, no longer in its first violence, yet raging fiercely enough.

Selma built up the fire. She would have to use the fuel sparingly. In the morning, she would look for more. She took her place at the side of the bed. "My friend has gone for the doctor. When you feel like it, tell me what you can . . . what I ought to know," Selma said gently. Gradually, little by little, she learned the facts. The woman was Annie Eaton, the wife of George Eaton. They had been married two years and they were very happy on their little farm. Three months ago George had gone north to the lumber camps, for times were hard and they needed the money. He had expected to be home fully two weeks ago. If he were only here now! At that thought the wife began to cry. However, she dried her tears because she had promised George that she would be brave. See, this was George. She drew a much-worn photograph from under her pillow. It was a thin face, homely, honest-looking and kind. The wife kissed it hungrily. "If George were here . . ." She tried again to be brave. She told Selma where to find the tiny, waiting garments. The girl searched the rude, homemade cupboards and found plenty of bread and butter, eggs, canned goods, cereals and a jar of broth. This last, she heated and made Annie take some of it.

(To be continued.)

## WHEN WILL TEA PRICES DROP?

A shortage in the world's tea supply, in the face of an enormous demand, is forcing prices up to very high levels. Tea merchants realize, however, that tea at a dollar a pound only brings the day of a drop in price so much nearer. Tea growers are making such tremendous profits that over-production is bound to come at any time.

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