



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

A Visit to the Sewing School

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Now many persons cut and sew continually without knowing why the goods is cut the long way of the cloth but after seeing a loom and watching the weaving the why and wherefore becomes clear. So little looms are placed where the girls can see how the threads are woven.

Then the position of the seamstress is discussed with relation to the light, the height of the sewing table and the work in hand. A sewer so trained will never bend over her work but bring it up to her.

The directions for threading the needles are practical. Roll the end of the thread between the thumb and forefinger until it is twisted tightly, then run it through the needle's eye. Now draw as much thread from the spool as you need and break it off, then the thread will not ravel or draw.

Make small knots; never sew without a thimble; have fine needle with the thread and vice versa.

Very little children should be supplied with colored, coarse thread and burlaps or soft canvas. Will do well to follow it.

Young boys need sewing work as much as girls because it teaches patience, judgment, knowledge of colors, and is good training for hands and brains. Kindergartners put great stress on the needlework of their pupils and some wonderful results are shown in these baby classes.

In older classes the work is given as follows, unless circumstances require special course of study:

Basting, running stitch, half-back stitch or full back stitch, over casting.

Hemming and creasing come next and a marker is used to insure evenness. Hems are always turned toward the worker. Selvage edges are not hemmed, as they are closely woven and pucker in the washing.

Over seaming, over casting, French seaming and felled and over handseams are next taught. Then comes placing of gathers, gathering, stroking, securing the threads. Hemming on a patch and darning are useful lessons. Straightaway and bias drapes and stockings darning must be learned well, then button holes are attempted.

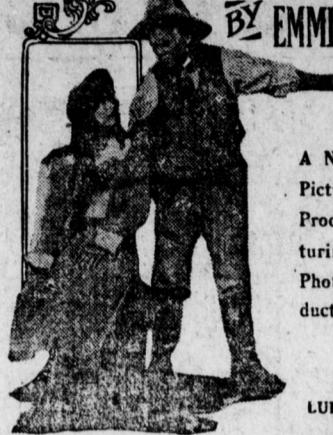
The instructions are cutting the hole, over casting it, the button hole stitch and finishing the ends.

Last but far from least important is the sewing on of buttons. When all this is mastered the girls are allowed to learn how to use the machine.

This course of study is considered ideal and is the one compiled by Miss Blohm of the State University. It is in use in many of our public schools and sewing schools and any housekeeper will do well to follow it.

THE BELOVED ADVENTURER

BY EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL



A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Lubin Manufacturing Company, Illustrated With
Photographs From the Picture Production.

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Continued

CHAPTER VIII. A Partner to Providence.

JIMMY HOLT, cashier "on the works" of the National Construction company, shut his daybook with a cheerful snick, closed the safe and switched off the light over his desk.

"Ready to go-no? Well, I'm off-night," he said and departed, whistling.

"Overgrown cub!" Peterson, general manager of operations, muttered irritably and dismissed Jimmy from his mind. Peterson's humor was of the blackest, and he now gave himself to a close scrutiny of his personal and very private affairs, with most unsatisfactory results. His need for money was really desperate. The state penitentiary loomed unpleasantly near unless he could replace before the accounting day, now not far off, certain trust funds which he had lost in reckless speculation, and his assets were totally exhausted. His gloomily brooding eyes rested on the safe, and from speculation his expression quickly

not, of course, but"— He stopped, listening uneasily. There could be no doubt about it—from the west came the roar of No. 7 as she swept down the long grade from the foothills, and from the opposite direction the panting of a big mogul as it breasted the slope.

"Look!" Jimmy suddenly shouted and sprang to his feet.

As No. 7 trair thundered into sight passenger No. 9, which should have been waiting upon the siding at Baxter station, two miles east, tore round the shoulder of a hill and came on with undiminished speed.

Lord Cecil, with fair measure of success, had been striving to forget the discomfort of the dusty day coach and the distressing roughness of the roadbed in dreams of the future—dreams into which there came a slender girlish form and wistful eyes.

Suddenly his every sense seemed paralyzed by sounds and shocks beyond human imagining. He was vaguely aware of splintering timbers, of shivering glass, of wild shrieks as passengers started up and were hurled from their seat. Then silent blackness, like deepest sleep, shut down, crushing him into unconsciousness.

Almost before the two trains had met in mutual destruction Holt, Peterson and Elsie had sprung from the veranda and were racing toward the scene of the catastrophe.

When they reached the spot it seemed that all the passengers had already extricated themselves or been assisted to safety by those unhurt. As they stared in fascinated horror at a half crushed and blazing couch, however, a man crawled painfully forth, and Holt sprang forward to aid him.

"I'm a' right!" the passenger gasped. "But there's a man in there—I couldn't get him out!"

He pointed toward the burning coach. "Come on!" Holt shouted and, without waiting for a reply, dashed to the car. Peterson hesitated and drew back. Under Elsie's scornful glance he writhed uncomfortably.

"No use for two to go—and we've got to look out for your safety," he stammered. But the girl turned away. Holt soon reappeared, bearing the body of a man.

"Bring him to the house," Elsie said with eager pity and gave Jimmy Holt a glance to win which he would have gone through ten times the dire peril he had just passed. She hurried ahead, and with Peterson's assistance Holt carried toward the cottage the unconscious Lord Cecil.

An hour later Cecil opened his eyes, glanced uncomprehendingly about the simple bedroom in which he lay, and then smiled into the troubled eyes of the girl bending over him.

"I don't know what it's all about, but I'm sure you're awfully good, g'know," he said and went to sleep.

"He'll be all right now—nothing the matter except shock and bump on the head," Holt said with cheerful relief.

While not quite so energetic a convalescent as Jimmy had declared, Cecil was moving about the next morning without much difficulty and took a walk.

Half an hour before Peterson had received the express package forwarded by horseman from the Junction—containing the \$5,000 for the pay roll and had handed over the money to Holt, taking his receipt therefor. Holt wrapped the packet of bills in a sheet of brown paper, secured it with a rubber band and placed it in the safe.

No sooner had Holt left the office than Peterson applied himself to the combination of the safe, and in a few moments had extracted the package containing the payroll money, replacing it with a dummy package of identical appearance, the latter maneuver being in case Holt should chance to look in the safe again that day. He hastily closed the safe and pocketed the real money package as footstep sounded alongside the building. A few moments later Lord Cecil entered and inquired for Holt and was informed that he would find him on the works. Thither he therefore went and found that young man wearing a slightly worried expression, which however, vanished as Cecil gave his message.

The moonlight lent romantic charm to the pretty cottage which was the girl's home, and as he drew near Peterson was gripped by an emotion he had never before experienced—for the first time he realized that he was passionately in love and not merely merely by a casual fancy. With quickened heartbeat he hurried forward, only to come to an abrupt stop as he caught sight of two figures in the shadows of the veranda. There was no mistaking Elsie Manning was nestled close in Holt's embrace.

Forcing all signs of agitation to vanish from his face and whistling cheerfully, he strode boldly forward. The figures hastily drew apart.

"How do, Miss Elsie—hello, Jimmy!" he said jovially. "Thought I might run across you here," he added cordially to Holt as they found seats, controlling by main strength the rage that again boiled as he noted the glow of happiness on the younger man's face and the girl's shy joyousness.

"No, 7, eastbound, is just about due to pass, isn't she?" Holt asked, glancing down the hill to where the single track railway disclosed itself as parallel silver bars.

"Yes, I can hear it," Elsie said. "It always reminds mother to wind the clock," she added with a musical chuckle.

"Seems—seems like I hear a train coming west," Holt hazarded. "Guess



His Gloomily Brooding Eyes Rested on the Safe.

changed to furtive determination. Not long before the combination of the safe had been changed and was now supposed to be known to none "on the works" except Holt. Chance, however, had given Mr. Peterson an opportunity to learn the magic numbers, and with characteristic thoughtfulness they had been jotted down in his pocket memorandum book. In a few moments the iron door swung open.

"Not worth the chance," Peterson decided when he had computed the small amount of miscellaneous cash. As he reclosed the safe a sudden thought brushed the scowl from his brow and twisted his lips into a triumphant and malicious grin. It had occurred to him that the money for the pay roll, \$5,000, would arrive by express on the following day and be placed in the safe overnight. Instantly every worry left him. The money was as good as in his pocket, and with very little trouble all danger to him self could be obviated. Certainly his luck had turned. He would take advantage of this complacent mood of fortune to urge his suit with Elsie Manning, who, he was compelled to reluctantly admit, had been strangely cold.

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One Kind For Furnace One Kind For Range

Nine times out of ten it is poor policy to use the same kind of coal in both the furnace and the range.

If it burns all right in the furnace it will be too hard for the range.

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