

# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### Comfort Out of Doors

How much enjoyment we plan to have in our outdoors when the weather once more permits. At present we are wishing for summer sunshine and promising ourselves to do great things toward making our porches and yards attractive next season. The time to begin is now. As a nation we have too many yards and too few gardens; we do not use our gardens because they are ugly and they are ugly because we are indifferent to their possibilities.

No matter how artistic an interior of a house may be if it is not correspondingly handsome without, much comfort and beauty is being sacrificed. In other words the house and its surroundings should be one continuous design. The porch, the stoop or the veranda should be the connecting link.

Now, while the trees are bare, and no friendly vines soften rough outlines, is the best time to decide wherein your home can be improved. There are vines that keep their leaves through the year and many shrubs, like the holly and rhododendron and Japanese cedars that are evergreen. These planted about your home seem almost alive when you have watched and helped them grow a few seasons and they shorten winter wonderfully.

Look about your home now while all is cold and bare and you will see many

things that you can do before long to improve its appearance.

There are the windows for instance. They should be similar in style of some orderly arrangement. But how seldom they are, and there are variations in their height, too, that rob your house of its dignity. A trellise here, a lattice there and a window box above or beneath another will help a lot.

Take stock in January, like the merchants do, for only so can you be sure when spring comes, hurrying you, that you really know what the old home needs.

#### DAILY MENU

- Breakfast**  
Spiced Apple Sauce  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Prepared Cereal
- Luncheon**  
Eggs Hashed Brown Potatoes  
Coffee  
Oyster Soup
- Dinner**  
Celery Shredded Cabbage  
Hominy Welsh Rarebit  
Rusk Currant Jelly  
Cocoa  
Orange Compote  
Roast Pork  
Fried Apples Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Stuffed Pickled Peppers, Grated Carrots  
Endive Salad  
Ginger Junket Punch

# HEARTS and MASKS

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(CONTINUED.)

"An alibi? Why on earth, then, did you follow me? What is your alibi?" "Never mind now. We should still be in this miserable cellar,"—briefly.

"What a night! I am so ashamed! I shall be horribly compromised!" "I'll take the brunt of it all. I'm sorry; but, for the love of Heaven, don't cry, or I shall lose what little nerve I have left."

"I am not crying!" she denied emphatically. "My inclination is to shriek with laughter. I'm hysterical. And who wouldn't be, with police officers and cells staring one in the face? Let us be going. That policeman outside will presently hear us whispering if we stand here much longer."

There was wisdom in this. So, once again I took the candle, and we marched back. There wasn't a single jest left in my whole system, and it didn't look as if there was ever going to be another supply. We took the other side of the furnace, and at length came to a flight of wooden stairs, leading somewhere into the club. It was our last chance, or we should be obliged to stay all night in some bin; for it would not long be before they searched the cellars. If this flight led into the kitchen, we were saved, for I could bluff the servants. We paused. Presently we ascended, side by side, with light but firm step. We reached the landing in front of the door without mishap. From somewhere came a puff of air which blew out the candle. I struck

stupidly. Several things? Then it came to me, with a jar like an earthquake. The story in the newspaper returned to my vision. Oh, this was too much, altogether too much! He took me to be the fashionable thief for whom half the New York police force were hunting. My sight swam for a moment in a blur.

"What is it you think I have done?" I demanded.

"You have, or have had, several thousand dollars' worth of gems on your person to-night."

I shrugged. The accusation was so impossible that my confidence returned.

"Mr. Haggerty, you are making a stupid mistake. You are losing time, besides. I am not the man for whom you are hunting. My name is Richard Comstak."

"One name or another, it does not matter."

"Plenty of gall," murmured one of the minions of the law, whom I afterward learned was the chief of the village police.

"The card by which you gained admittance here," demanded the great Haggerty truculently.

I surrendered it. A crowd had by this time collected curiously about us. I could see the musicians on the stage peering over the plants.

"The thief you are looking for has gone," said I. "He escaped by the coal window." By this statement my feet sank deeper still.

"What did I tell you?" cried Haggerty, turning to his men. "They had an accomplice hidden in the cellars."

"I beg to inform you that you are making a mistake that will presently cost you dear,"—thinking of the political pull my uncle had in New York. "I am the nephew of Daniel Wither-spoon."

"Worse and worse!" said the chief of police.

"We shall discuss the mistake later and at length. Of course you can easily explain how you came to impose upon these people,"—ironically. "Bah! the game is up. When you dropped that card in Friard's and said you were going to a masquerade, I knew your game in a minute, and laid eyes upon you for the first time since I began the chase. I've been after you for weeks. Your society dodge has worked out, and I'll land you behind the bars for some time to come, my gay boy. Come!"

"I request Mr. Hamilton to be called. He will prove to you that you are greatly mistaken." Everything looked pretty black. I can tell you.

"You will see whom you please, but only after you are safely landed in the lockup. Now, Madame,"—turning swiftly upon the Blue Domino, "what is your part in this business?"

"Certainly has no part in yours,"—I cried.

Haggerty smiled. "My skin is very thick. Do you know this fellow?" She shook her head. He stood undecided for a space.

"Let me see your card."

"I decline to produce it,"—haughtily. Haggerty seemed staggered for a moment. "I am sorry to annoy you, but you must be identified at once."

"And why?"—proudly. "Was it forbidden to go into the club cellars for such harmless things as apples?"

"Apples?" I looked at her admiringly. "Apples?" repeated Haggerty. "Couldn't you have sent a servant for them?"

She did not reply.

"You were with this clever gentleman in the cellars. You may or may not be acquainted with him. I do not wish to do anything hasty in regard to yourself, but your position is rather equivocal. Produce your card and be identified—if you really can."

"I refuse!"

"Then I shall ask you to accompany us to the hoop up stairs till the police patrol arrives."

"I will go,"—quietly.

"Nonsense!" I objected. "On my word of honor, I do not know this lady. Our presence in the cellar was perfectly harmless. There is no valid reason for detaining her. It is an outrage!"

"I am not going to stand here arguing with you," said Haggerty. "Let the lady produce her card; let her disclose her identity. That is simple enough."

"I have already given you my determination on that subject," replied the girl. "I can very well explain my presence here, but I absolutely decline to explain it to the police."

"I didn't understand her at all. She had said that she possessed an alibi. Why didn't she produce it?"

So the two of us left the gorgeous ball-room. Every one moved aside for us, and quickly, too, as if we had had the plague. I looked in vain for Hamilton. He was a friend in need. We were taken into the steward's office and the door was shut and locked. The band in the ball-room went galloping through a two-step, and the gaiety was in full swing again. The thief had been rounded up! How the deuce was it going to end?

"I can not tell you how sorry I am to have mixed you up in this," I said to the girl.

"You are in no manner to blame. Think of what might have happened had you blown up the post-office!"

She certainly was the least embarrassed of the two of us. I addressed my next remark to the great Haggerty.

"Did you find a suitable pistol in Friard's?"

"A man in my business," said Haggerty mildly, "is often found in such places. There are various things to be recovered in pawnshops. The gentleman of this club sent me the original ten of hearts, my presence being necessary at such big entertainments."

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## NEUTRALIZING PHILIPPINES

Shuster Believes Japan Would Be Glad to Enter Into Treaty With U. S. for the Purpose

By Associated Press.

Washington, Jan. 9.—W. Morgan Shuster, for eight years an American official in the Philippines before becoming an international figure in the financial affairs of Persia, told the Senate Philippines committee yesterday he believed Japan would be glad to enter into treaty with the United States to neutralize the islands.

Shuster could not conceive of any foreign power attempting the conquest of the Philippines after the withdrawal of the United States. There was an unwritten Monroe Doctrine in the Far East maintained by Japan, he said, which would make that nation oppose the entry of any other power into the Philippine group.

"It is my opinion Japan does not want the Philippines," he said, "and would be glad to enter into a neutralization treaty for their protection on our withdrawal."

Senator Lippitt contrasted statements by Shuster published several years ago opposing the independence of the islands with articles recently published by him taking the opposite view. Shuster replied it was true he had changed his opinions. Eight years as a government official in the islands, he said, had tinged him with the thought of those with whom he worked. Since that time he had seen other people and was now convinced that the Filipinos could maintain a government satisfactory to themselves and give reasonable assurances to the rest of the world of order and protection of foreigners.

Shuster favored the administration bill for a greater measure of self government and urged that it include some definite promise of complete independence.

Representatives of the Methodist Ministerial Association also appeared.

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### CHILDREN HUNG BY THUMBES

#### Father and Stepmother in Jail on Cruelty Complaint

Easton, Pa., Jan. 9.—Charged with cruelty to the father's children, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Cortright, of Martin's Creek, were committed to jail Thursday night in default of \$1,000 bail each. The complaint was made by H. B. Cortright, of Belvidere, N. J., grandfather of the children, Elizabeth, aged 7 years, and Russell, aged 5 years.

It is said that the children were hung up by their thumbs and beaten with a strap by Mrs. Cortright, who is their stepmother, and that she cut the leather from the front of their shoes so as to be able to beat them on the toes with sticks. The bodies of the children were a mass of cuts and bruises.

### BURIED BY COAL FALL

#### Miner, With Rescue Near, Is Caught Second Time and Killed

Hazleton, Jan. 9.—After being buried under a fall of coal in the G. B. Markle Company mines at Ebervale, Alexander Dueskey, of Ebervale, was uncovered and would have been taken out alive if a second dropping of the roof had not driven off his rescuers. When they again reached the place where he was caught, after 11 hours, he was dead.

Death brushed close to his companion, Andrew Blajack, who had an ear torn off and several ribs fractured by the first fall.

### COURT OF COMMON PLEAS NO. 5

COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA. December Term. SAMUEL REA, Trustee.

### TRUSTEE'S FORECLOSURE SALE

OF ALL THE REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES WHATSOEVER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CANAL COMPANY.

Pursuant to decree of the Court of Common Pleas No. 5, for the County of Philadelphia, in the above entitled case, November 10, 1914, as amended, and in pursuance of the order of the Court of Common Pleas No. 5, for the County of Philadelphia, made on the 27th day of December, 1914, the undersigned trustee, SAMUEL REA, Trustee, of the PENNSYLVANIA CANAL COMPANY, will sell at public auction, to wit: at the Court House, in the City of Philadelphia, on the 15th day of January, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following described real estate, to-wit: A certain lot of land, situated in the City of Philadelphia, bounded on the north by the lot of land owned by the City of Philadelphia, on the east by the lot of land owned by the City of Philadelphia, on the south by the lot of land owned by the City of Philadelphia, and on the west by the lot of land owned by the City of Philadelphia, containing about 100 square feet of land.

### LITERARY BURGLAR RELEASED

#### Man Who Criticized Kipling Permitted to Visit Ill Mother

Reading, Pa., Jan. 9.—To enable him to return to his home in Vineland, N. J., to see his mother, who is ill, Arthur W. Sheely, convicted in December criminal court here as being the "literary burglar" who entered the home of Mrs. P. W. Nicolls, leading society woman, leaving behind notes criticising Kipling's works in her library and complaining that he found only bon-bons to eat, was released from jail here yesterday on the nominal bail of \$500.

Sheely is said to come from a good family and his occupation of free surgeon made demand for his services at the homes of Reading's best families.

### S. B. LIGGETT DIES

#### Secretary of Pennsylvania Lines West Succumbs in Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh, Jan. 9.—S. B. Liggett, secretary of the Pennsylvania Lines west, died suddenly at his home, 5028 Moorewood place, at 7 o'clock last night. He was born in Pittsburgh May 10, 1849, a son of John and Catherine Hutton Liggett, and attended the public schools of the city and later Western University of Pennsylvania.

When he was 18 years old, he obtained employment as a clerk with the iron and steel firm of Halmann, Rahm & Co., in Pittsburgh, remaining there about four years. In 1871 he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as a clerk. In 1874 he was promoted to the Controller's office. May 1, 1879, he was made assistant secretary and February 1, 1881, secretary of the company.

### DIYING MAN ACCUSES WIFE

#### She Says He Attempted Suicide to "Get Even"

Philadelphia, Jan. 9.—Errick Glaser, 42 years old, 321 North Orianna street, is dying in the Roosevelt hospital from acid poisoning. He accuses Anna Glaser, 38 years old, his wife, of poisoning him, while she asserts that he attempted suicide in an attempt to "get even" with her for having him arrested for non-support ten days ago.

Late last night Patrolman Roy, of the Fairmount avenue station, while passing the Glaser home, was summoned by the woman, who said her husband was ill. The policeman found the man in convulsions and arrested the woman.

### RECEPTION TO JUSTICE BROWN

#### Supreme Court Justices Among Hundred Guests of Lawyers

Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 9.—In honor of the elevation of Justice J. Hay Brown, of Lancaster, to the Chief Justiceship of Pennsylvania, the bench and bar of Lancaster, last night at the Hamilton Club, a hundred guests being present. The out-of-town guests were Supreme Court Justices Elkin, Metzreath, Stewart, Porter, Judge Kephart, of the Superior Court; H. T. Steele, of Easton, president of the Pennsylvania State Bar Association, and ex-Chief Justice Fell. No speeches were made, as the function was entirely informal. The Philadelphians arrived on a special train.

### How to Cure a La Grippe Cough

"Coughs that hang on" demand treatment. Stop and think! Reason and common sense tell you that it is folly to "grin and bear it." Those racking la grippe coughs that wrench the body and cause soreness and pains in the lungs yield more quickly to Foley's Honey and Tar than to any other treatment. Forty years' record of success proves this. For coughs, colds, croup and other distressing ailments of throat, chest, lungs, larynx and bronchial tubes, you can find nothing that will compare with this reliable remedy. Geo. A. Rogers, 16 North Third street and P. R. Station.—Adv.

### Will Inaugurate Sunday Men's Meeting

Lebanon, Jan. 9.—To-morrow the local Y. M. C. A. meetings for men will be inaugurated with an address by the Rev. George L. Alrich, of Easton. Mr. Alrich will speak in Salem United Brethren church in the morning and in the evening in Trinity U. B. church. On Monday afternoon and evening Mr. Alrich will conduct a Bible institute at the Y. M. C. A. building.

### Unidentified Man Killed

Reading, Pa., Jan. 9.—An unidentified man while standing on the track was struck and instantly killed by a wreck train on the East Penn branch of the Reading Railway Company at Pleetwood, above Reading, yesterday. He was more than six feet tall and weighed about 190 pounds. He had dark, curly hair and a light beard. The name, "B. O. Jonestown," was found on a paper in his pocket.



Instantly the Door Opened, and a Policeman Popped His Head—

a match viciously against the wall—and blundered into a string of cooking-pans! It was all over, the agony of suspense!

"Blang! Rumpity-bumpity-blang-blang!"

I have heard many staccato thunders in my time, but that racket beat anything and everything this side of sieg-guns.

Instantly the door opened and a policeman poked his head in. Before I had time to move, he grabbed me by the arm and yanked me into the hall-room. The girl and I had made a complete circuit of the cellars, and had stumbled into the ball-room again by the flight opposite to that by which we left it. Cheerful prospect, wasn't it? The adventure had ceased to have any roll slide to it.

"Aha!" cried the base minion of the law. "Here you are, then! Hello, everybody! Hello!" he bawled.

"Caught! Here we were, the Blue Domino and myself, the Grey Capuchin, both of us in a fine fix. Discover and ejection I could have stood with fortitude and equanimity; but there was bad business afoot. There wasn't any doubt in my mind what was going to happen. As the girl said, there would be fanning head-lines and horrid pictures. We were like to be the newspaper sensation of the day. Arrested and lodged in jail! What would my rich, doting old uncle say to that, who had threatened to disinherit me for lesser things! I felt terribly sorry for the girl, but it was now utterly impossible to help her, for I couldn't help myself.

And behold! The mysterious stranger I had met in the curio-shop, the fellow who had virtually haunted me for six hours, the fellow who had masqueraded as Caesar, suddenly loomed up before me, still wearing his sardonic smile. At his side were two more policemen. He had thrown aside his toga and was in evening dress. His glance rested on me.

"Here he is, Mr. Haggerty!" cried the policeman cheerfully, swinging me around.

A detective! And Heaven help me, he believed me to be the thief! Oh, for Aladdin's lamp!

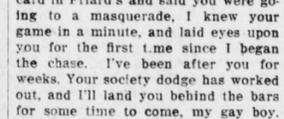
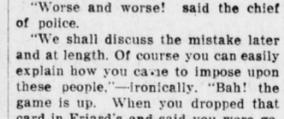
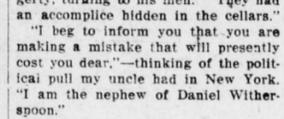
### CHAPTER VI.

I stood with folded arms, awaiting his approach. Nonchalance is always respected by the police. I must have presented a likely picture, however—my face blackened with coldst, cobwebs straggling down over my eyes, my Capuchin gown soiled and rent. The girl quietly took her place beside me.

"So you took a chance at the cellars, eh?" inquired the detective urbanely. "Well you look fit. Will you go with us quietly, or shall we have to use force?"

"In the first place, what do you and your police want of me?" I returned coolly.

He exhibited his star of authority. "I am Haggerty of the Central Office. I want you for several things." Several things? I stared at him



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