



## HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

### Dishwashing

Is there any part of housework so distasteful as washing dishes? And the task occurs so often—three times a day and extra dishes on Sundays and holidays—just when one would really like to be free.

Every piece is handled and rehandled until we know the designs on them all, as we learn to remember the patterns on our wallpaper after we have been ill a time and have had nothing to do but to stare at the wreaths of roses or impossible lines running the wrong way.

Some dishes and utensils are made so badly, too, that we lose patience over their seams, cracks and carved devices that seem to have no possible use but to get soiled.

For dishes must be clean and these tedious corners and rough edges are the places that need most attention. But there is no need to dwell on the disagreeable features of the task, the question is, do machine washers do the work better than our hand power? The machine eliminates the use of the dish cloths, the greasy dishwater and the repeated handling of the dishes. The process of washing dishes in a dishwasher is that after the dishes are cleaned from clinging food particles they are put in the machine, either on wire trays, or in racks, according to the kind of machine you have. The platters, bowls and plates in the bottom, cups, small dishes and glasses above. There is a place for every dish and when they are all in, hot, very hot, soapy water is poured over them. This water is hotter than you would think of using if you washed dishes with your hands. The machine is now closed and the hot water is dashed over the contents through the means of a lever

that you operate. If you have a motor, electricity can be used for the washing power. In three minutes the dishes are washed and you draw off the soapy water and pour on scalding, rinsing water and when this is drained off the dishes dry themselves by the heat they contain from the hot water. The writer has three dish washing machines, each of separate manufacture, and they all do better work than can be done by lukewarm water and a dish cloth. The dishes do need to be looked over when the first water is drawn off and the glasses do need a final polishing, but this is nothing compared to handling each piece separately.

The machines can be purchased at any housefurnishing store and cost from eight to twenty-five dollars. They last a life time and are a good investment, if you do your own work. Hired help will seldom use them.

#### DAILY MENU

Breakfast  
Dominy Grits  
Strawberry Preserves  
Egg Omelette Bacon  
Griddle Cakes  
Coffee  
Luncheon  
Cod Fish Balls  
Graham Bread and Butter  
Potato Salad  
Jam Tarts Tea  
Dinner  
Boillion Cube Cream Soup  
Crackers Celery  
Baked Pork  
Apple Sauce  
Turnips Sweet Potatoes  
Tomatoes in Aspic on Lettuce  
Chocolate Custard with Cream  
Ginger Punch

#### HER IDEALS CHANGED

She Saw a Very Large Light After She Was Happily Married

There was a girl who was quite sure that when it came her turn to marry she could not live in a house any smaller than her father's. "Love in a cottage" was not her idea. Cupid, she thought, needed plenty of room to flap his wings and to practice his archery; he could not pine in a birdcage. So she must have an immense library with a fireplace that would take a six-foot log; there must be a drawing room with parquetry flooring and thick rugs sliding about on it; the dining room must be able to hold a large table with an imposing bowl of flowers. She visualized herself ruling a salon, hostess to a brilliant coterie of people who would help her social ambition and her husband's business.

A school friend of hers came to see her a year and a half after she had married and found her in a little frame house on a side street, ridiculously happy with her husband and her baby. The back yard was just about big enough to hold a whirling clothes frame and a narrow flower bed against the fence; the piazza was as snug as a sailor's hammock; the largest room was about the size of the vestibule of the bride's girlhood home.

"I know what you're thinking," laughed the proud little housekeeper to her guest. "You're wondering how I could make up my mind to live in this tiny piano box. I've found that it isn't the size of the house that matters; it's the size of the heart, and the biggest hearts can live in the tiniest houses."—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Ambiguous

Uncle Sol threw aside the letter he was reading and uttered an exclamation of impatience. "Doggone!" he cried. "Why can't people be more explicit?"

"What's the matter, Pa?" asked Aunt Sue. "This letter from home," Uncle Sol answered, "says father fell out of the old apple tree and broke a limb."—Youngstown Telegram.

#### Like Accepting an Office

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" solemnly inquired the officiating clergyman. "Yielding with reluctance to the earnest solicitation of my many friends, I do!" sonorously answered the Hon. Howland Honopmore.—Puck.



## PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title—Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

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(CONTINUED.)

They reached the windows leading into the living room.

"Good night, Peg," he said. "What a hurry ye are in to get rid of me! An' a night like this may never come again."

Suddenly a quick dash of jealousy started through her.

"Are ye goin' back to the dance? Are ye goin' to dance the extra ones ye wouldn't take me back for?"

"Not if you don't wish me to."

"Pledge don't," she pleaded earnestly.

"I wouldn't rest aye if I thought of ye with yer arm around one of those fine ladies' wrists as it was around mine some a little while ago—an' me all alone here. Ye won't, will ye?"

"No, Peg, I will not."

He bent down and kissed her hand reverently.

At the same moment the sound of a high power automobile was heard in the near distance.

"Take care!" cried Jerry. "Go in. Some one is coming."

Peg hurried in and hid just inside the windows and heard every word that followed.

As Peg disappeared Jerry walked down the path to meet the visitor. He came face to face with Christian Brent.

"Hello, Brent," he said in surprise. "Why, what in the world—" cried that astonished gentleman.

"The house is asleep," said Jerry explanatorily.

"So I see," and Brent glanced up at the darkened windows. Jerry remarked:

"Just coming from the dance? I didn't see you there."

"No," replied the uncomfortable Brent. "I was restless and just strolled here."

"Oh! Let us go on to the road."

"Right," said the other man, and they walked on.

Before they had gone a few steps Jerry stopped abruptly. Right in front of him at the gate was a forty horsepower automobile.

"Strolled here? Why, you have your car?" said Jerry.

"Yes," replied Brent hurriedly. "It's a bright night for a spin."

The two men went on out of hearing. Peg crept softly upstairs. Just as she reached the top Ethel appeared from behind the curtain on her way down to the room. She was fully dressed and carried a small travelling bag.

Peg looked at her in amazement.

"Ethel!" she said in a hoarse whisper.

"You!" cried Ethel under her breath and glaring at Peg furiously.

"Please don't tell any one you've seen me," begged Peg.

"Go down into the room!" Ethel ordered.

Peg went down the stairs into the dark room. Ethel followed her.

"What are you doing here?"

"I've been to the dance. Oh, ye won't tell me aunt, will ye? She'd send me away, an' I don't want to go now. I'm in a don't."

"To the dance?" repeated Ethel incredulously. Try as she would she could not rid herself of the feeling that Peg was there to watch her.

"To the dance?" she asked again. "Yes, Mr. Jerry took me."

"Jerry took you?"

"Yer mother wouldn't let me go. So Jerry came back for me when ye were all in bed, an' he took me himself. An' I enjoyed it so much. An' I don't want yer mother to know about it. Ye won't tell her, will ye?"

"I shall most certainly see that my mother knows of it."

"Ye will?" cried poor broken hearted Peg.

"I shall. You had no right to go."

"Why are ye so hard on me, Ethel?"

"Because I detect you."

"I'm sorry," said Peg simply. "Ye've spoiled all me pleasure now."

Poor Peg turned away from Ethel and began to climb the stairs. When she was about halfway up a thought flashed across her. She came back quickly into the room and went straight across to Ethel.

"An' what are ye doin' here—at this time o' night? An' dressed like that? An' with that bag? What does it mean? Where are ye goin'?"

"Go to your room!" said Ethel, livid with anger and trying to keep her voice down and to hush Peg in case her family were awakened.

"Do ye mean to say ye were goin' with—"

Ethel covered Peg's mouth with her hand.

"Keep down your voice, ye little fool!"

Peg freed herself. Her temper was up too. The thought of why Ethel was there was uppermost in her mind as she cried:

"He was here a minnit ago, an' Mr. Jerry took him away."

"He?" said Ethel frightenedly.

"Mr. Brent," answered Peg.

Ethel went quickly to the windows. Peg sprang in front of her and caught her by the wrist.

"Were ye goin' away with him? Answer me!" insisted Peg.

"Yes," replied Ethel vehemently. "And I am."

"No, ye're not," said the indomitable Peg, holding her firmly by the wrist.

"Let me go!" whispered Ethel, struggling to release herself.

"Ye're not goin' out o' this house tonight if I have to wake every one in it."

"Wake them!" cried Ethel. "Wake them. They couldn't stop me. Nothin' can stop me now. I'm sick of this living on charity; sick of meeting you day by day, an' implied insult in your every look and word, as much as to say, 'I'm givin' you your daily bread; I'm keeping the roof over you! I'm sick of it. And I end it tonight. Let me go, or I'll—'"

"And she tried in vain to release herself from Peg's grip."

Peg held her resolutely.

"What d'ye mane by insult? An' yer daily bread? An' kapin' the roof over ye? What are ye ravin' about at all?"

"I'm going," said the distracted girl. "I'd take him from his wife an' her baby."

"He hates them, and I hate this! I tell you I'm going!"

"So ye'd break yer mother's heart an' his wife's just to satisfy yer own

gling to release herself.

To Be Continued.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Enemies No Longer.

ETHEL sank down into a chair and covered her eyes.

"The wretch!" she wailed.

"The wretch!"

"That's what he is," said Peg. "An' ye'd give yer life into his kapin' to blacken so that no decent man or woman would ever look at ye or spake to ye again."

"No! That is over! That is over! I hate myself!" Ethel cried between her sobs. "Oh, how I hate myself!"

"Ethel acushla! Don't do that! Darlin', don't! He's not worth it. Kape yer life an' yer heart close until the one man in all the wurld comes to ye with his heart pure, too, an' then ye'll know what rare happiness means."

She knelt down beside the sobbing girl and took Ethel in her arms and tried to comfort her.

She helped her cousin up and supported her. Ethel was on the point of fainting, and her body was trembling with the convulsive force of her half suppressed sobs.

"Come to my room," said Peg in a whisper as she helped Ethel over to the stairs. "I'll watch by yer side till mornin'. Lane on me. That's right. Put yer weight on me."

She picked up the travelling bag, and together the two girls began to ascend the stairs.

Ethel gave a low choking moan.

"Don't, dear; ye'll wake up the house," cried Peg anxiously. "We've only a little way to go. Aisy now. Not a sound! S-sh, dear! Not a morsel o' noise!"

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### DISGRACED THE SENTINEL

For Not Killing the Army Chief Who Had Struck Him

In France in the seventeenth century the office of sentinel was a very solemn charge, and a part of the sentinel's duty was to resent and punish any affront. The severity of this punishment was in proportion to the high importance of his office. A Frenchman relates an incident illustrative of this fact:

In 1622 M. de Marillac rode away on horseback from an audience with the King. His horse stepped on a sentinel's foot. The man struck the horse, which leaped forward and shook M. de Marillac in his saddle.

The rider turned and struck the sentinel. The soldier belonged to the company of M. de Goas, who when he heard of this had him arrested and imprisoned. He himself set out, sword in hand, in search of M. de Marillac to demand satisfaction for an insult to his sentinel.

The King was informed of the incident and sent for M. de Goas and M. de Marillac. He reprimanded de Marillac severely, told him that the sentinel should have killed him and forbade him to exercise his command as chief marshal for six days.

The sentinel was tried before a council of war and was sentenced to a penalty for not killing de Marillac to be deprived of his arms in the presence of his regiment and to be tortured by the strappado—that is, to be hoisted by a rope to a beam and let fall. The King pardoned the man, but M. de Goas would not have him in his company again.—Washington Star.

"Why did you place your finger on this lady's cheek?"

"You know how it is, judge. Fresh paint exercises a fatal attraction for us all."

The judge discharged him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### MODERN FACTORY METHODS

An Illustration of the Efficiency of Scientific Management

Writing in the "American Magazine" on the development of the modern factory under the new principles of scientific management, Miss Ida M. Tarbell describes the importance of keeping tools and materials in order in the workshop and tells the following story:

"The promptness and sureness with which a part can be located under this system I once saw illustrated in an interesting way at the Watertown arsenal. Lieutenant Colonel Wheeler, the commanding officer, told me to select a piece in any one of the gun carriages under construction and we would take the number of it to the office and ask the clerk to tell us where that particular piece was."

"In five minutes after we had given him the number he had located the piece. I think it is not an exaggeration to say that if under the old system such a question had been asked of anybody in the Watertown arsenal it would have taken days for them to have answered it, if, indeed, they ever could have done so."

"As there are fifty different kinds and grades of material and 4,600 different pieces used in a disappearing gun carriage, the advantage of being able to put your hand promptly on material and pieces as well as knowing every night whether you have in stock the quantities of each necessary to

carry on work does not need arguing. The gain to workmen and to management obviously is enormous."

"Cranks" Catalogued

A catalogue of murderers is one of the curiosities in the offices of the United States secret service in Washington. In this catalogue all the "cranks" in this country are listed, first alphabetically under their names and aliases and, secondly, under the particular forms taken by their obsessions. The catalogue is kept up by contributions from the police of every town and city where a crank is found.

### Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

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For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5:05, 7:30 a. m., 3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:05, 7:50, 11:05 a. m., 3:40, 5:55, 7:40, 11:05 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 2:27, 3:30, 3:40 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:50 and 11:05 a. m., 2:15, 3:40, 5:55, 7:40, 11:05 p. m.

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