HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

More Power to the Press

Paper is one of the most useful helps we have in the kitchen. If it is spread over the work table when meals are being prepared it saves much cleaning for all litter and scraps may be gathered up in it and burned together.

A few sheets of paper laid before the stove when frying in deep fat will catch all drippings and save the floor and its covering. Paper is better than cloth for rubbing glass in windows and mirrors and some enterprising genius has patented a glass cleaner of soft paper folded into a pad.

The tissue paper is so soft and free from linty particles that every scrap that finds its way into the kitchen is saved for polishing table glassware.

But it is the kitchen stove that uses most paper. It is hard to black lead a cook stove; the black dust flies about and settles everywhere and if liquid polish is used there is usually danger of explosion and often an odor. So new stoves are not blackened. Instead old paper is dipped in paraffine oil or in linseed oil and all the iron parts of the stove are well rubbed. Then the excess oil is removed with more paper and the stove is clean and not smudgy. There is a lot of sense on the hoary old story about the woman who told an editor she should always take his publication "because," she explained, "it just fits my cupboard shelves." She probably did not know it, but printer's ink is hateful to beetles and roaches and ants and other creeping things. Even mice do not like it. So if kitchen shelves are well washed with a strong solution of washing soda and then covered with several thicknesses of clean newspapers and lastly, with heavy white paper they will be well dressed.

On sweeping day newspapers moistened and torn in small bits and strewn over carpets that are dusty will catch and hold all particles of dust and they hold the sweepings from blowing about until they can be burned.

A correspondent tells us that when soap is bought in quantities (as it should always be) she empties the box and lines it with paper and then returns the soap to it as this prevents moisture reaching the drying cakes. Soap makers know the value of this plan and wrap the better kinds of soap.

DAILY MENU

Breakfast
Prunes
Steamed Rice, Cream, Sugar
Potatoes Chops
Biscuits Coffee

Luncheon
Hash with Onions
Muffins Jelly
Black Tea

Dinner
Clear Soup
Braised Leg of Mutton Currant Jelly
Rice Croquettes with Curry Sauce
Browned Sweet Potatoes, Creamed Corn
Lettuce, Dressing
Neufchatel Cheese Pumpkin Pie
Coffee

SHE SPOILED HIS JOKE

Their Tempers

Busby—"I see th' Turks have been kicking up th' sand around the Suez canal."

Mrs. B. faintly interested)—"Some religious ceremony?"

Busby—"No-o-o! It's war. They're fighting. The report from Berlin says they've licked th' British army to a frazzle. It looks as if the canal would fall into th' Turks' hands."

Mrs. B. (calmly)—"I don't see what good it would do them."

Busby (leading up to his climax)—"Why, they'd loot it."

Mrs. B. (innocently)—"Of what?"

Busby (triumphantly)—"Of the hardware. They'd take the locks, of course. Ha, ha, ha!"

A brief silence ensues.

Mrs. Busby (sweetly)—"But there are no locks in the Suez canal."

And it wasn't any consolation to Busby to remember that he had no one but himself to blame.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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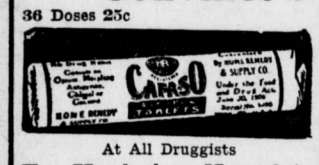

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CONTINUED

It did not sound exactly like a man who had stoked six months from Singapore to the Andaman islands. But there is one thing I must understand before this acquaintance continues. You said, 'Who knows what manner of man I am?' Have you ever done anything that would conscientiously forbid you to speak to a young, unmarried woman?"

"No, I Am Going to Singapore."

Take care of herself? He rather believed she could. The bluntness of her question dissipated any doubt that remained.

"No. I haven't been that kind of a man," simply. "I could look into my mother's eyes without any sense of shame, if that is what you mean."

"That is all I care to know. Your mother is living?"

"Yes. But I haven't seen her in ten years." His mother! His brows met in a frown. His proud, beautiful mother:

Elsa saw the frown and realized that she had approached delicate ground. She stirred her tea and sipped it slowly.

"There has been a deal of chatter about shifty, untrustworthy eyes," he said. "The greatest liars I have ever known could look St. Peter straight and serenely in the eye. It's a matter of steady nerves, nothing more. Somebody says that so and so is a fact, and we go on believing it for years, until someone who is not a person but an individual explodes it."

"I agree with you. But there is something we rely upon far more than either eyes or ears, instinct. It is that attribute of the animal which civilization has not yet successfully dulled. Women rely upon that more readily than men."

"And make more mistakes," with a cynicism he could not conceal.

She had no ready counter for this "Do you go home from Rangoon, now that you have made your fortune?"

"No. I am going to Singapore. I shall make my plans there."

Singapore. Elsa stirred uneasily. It would be like having a ghost by her side. She wanted to tell him what had really drawn her interest. But it seemed to her that the moment to do so had passed.

"Vultures! How I detest them!" She pointed toward a sand bar upon which stood several of these abominable birds and an adjutant, solemn and aloof. "At Lucknow they were red headed. I do not recollect seeing one of them fly. But I admire the kites; they look much like our eagles."

"And thus again the eye misleads us. There is nothing that flies so rapacious as the kite."

Little by little she drew from him a sketch here, a phase there. She was given glimpses into the life of the East such as no book or guide had ever given; and the boat was circling toward the landing at Prome before they became aware of the time.

Warrington rushed ashore to find the dry-goods shop. His social redemption was on the way, if vanity went for anything. It was stirring and tingling with life again. With the money advanced by the purser he bought shirts and collars and ties, and as he possessed no watch, returned barely in time to dress for dinner. He was not at all disturbed to learn that the inquisitive German, the colonel and his fidgety charges, had decided to proceed to Rangoon by rail Indeed, there was a bit of exultation in his manner as he observed the vacant chairs. Paradise for two whole days. And he proposed to make the most of it. Now his mind was as clear of evil as a forest spring. He simply wanted to play; wanted to give rein to the lighter emotions so long pent up in his lonely heart.

The purser, used to these sudden changes and desertions in his passenger lists, gave the situation no thought. But Elsa saw a mild danger, all the more alluring because it hung nebulously. What harm could there be in having a little fling? He was so amazingly like outwardly, so astonishingly unlike inwardly, that the situation had for her a subtle fascination against which she was in nowise inclined to fight. She was not wholly ignorant of her power. She could bend the man if she tried. Should she try?

They were like two children, setting out to play a game with fire.

She thought of Arthur. Had he gone the length of his thirty-five years without his peccadilloes? Scarcely. She understood the general run of men well enough to accept this fact. Whomever she married she was never going to worry him with questions regarding his bachelor life. Nor did she propose to be questioned about her own past. Besides, she hadn't married Arthur yet; she had only promised to. And such promises were sometimes sensibly broken. These thoughts flashed through her mind, disconnectedly, while she talked and laughed.

It never occurred to her to have Martha moved up from the foot of the table. Once or twice she stole a glance at the woman who had in the olden days dandled her on her knees. The glance was a mixture of guilt and mischief, like a child's. But the glance had not the power to attract Martha's eyes. Martha felt the glances as surely as if she had lifted her eyes to meet them. She held her peace. She had not been brought along as Elsa's guardian. Elsa was not self-willed but strong willed, and Martha realized that any interference would result in estrangement. In fact, Martha beheld in Warrington a real menace. The extraordinary resemblance would naturally appeal to Elsa, with what results she could only imagine. Later she asked Elsa if she had told Warrington of the remarkable resemblance.

"Mercy no! And what is more, I do not want him to know. Men are vain as a rule; and I should not like to hurt his vanity by telling him that I sought his acquaintance simply because he might easily have been Arthur Ellison's twin brother."

"The man you are engaged to marry."

"Well, Martha?"

"I beg your pardon, Elsa; but the stranger terrifies me. He is something uncanny."

"Nonsense! You've been reading tales about yogi."

"It is a terrible country."

"It is the East, Martha, the East. Here a man may wear a dress suit and a bowler without offending anyone."

"And a woman may talk to anyone she pleases."

"You have been with me twenty years," began Elsa coldly.

"And love you better than the whole world! And I wish I could guard you always from harm and evil. Those horrid old Englishwomen . . ."

"Oh; so there's been gossip already? You know my views regarding gossip. So long as I know that I am doing no wrong, ladies may gossip their heads off. I'm not a kitten."

"You are twenty-five, and yet you're only a child."

"What does that signify? That I am too young to manage my own affairs? That I must set my clock as others order? Good soul!" putting her arms around the older woman. "Don't worry about Elsa Chetwood. Her life is her own, but she will never misuse it."

"Oh, if you were only married and settled down!"

"You mean if I were happily married and settled down. There you have it. I'm in search of happiness. That's the Valley of Diamonds. When I find that, Martha, you may fold your hands in peace."

"Grant it may be soon! I hate the East!"

"And I have just begun to love it."

CHAPTER V.

Back to Life.

The two days between Prome and Rangoon were distinctly memorable for the subtle changes wrought in the man and woman. Those graces of mind and manner which had once been the man's began to find expression. Physically, his voice became soft and mellow; his hands became full of emphasis; his body grew less and less clumsy, more and more leonine. The blunt speech, the irritability in argument, the stupid pauses, the painful study of cunning phrases, the suspicion and reticence that figuratively encrust the hearts of shy and lonely men, these vanished under her warm if careless glances.

If the crust of barbarism is thick that of civilization is thin enough. As Warrington went forward Elsa stopped and gradually went back, not far, but far enough to cause her to throw down the bars of reserve, to cease to guard her impulses against the invasion of interest and fascination. She faced the truth squarely. The man fascinated her. He was like a portrait with following eyes. She spoke familiarly of her affairs (always omitting Arthur); she talked of her travels, of the famous people she had met, of the wonderful pageants she had witnessed. It was not her fault that, with the exception of Martha, who didn't count, they two were the only passengers. This condition of affairs was directly chargeable to fate; and before the boat reached Rangoon, Elsa was quite willing to let fate shift and set the scenes how it would.

The phase that escaped her entirely was this, that had he not progressed she would have retained her old poise, the old poise of which she was never again to be mistress. It is the old tale—sympathy to lift up another first steps down. And never had her sympathy gone out so quickly to any mortal. Elsa had a horror of loneliness, and this man seemed to be the living presentment of the word. What struggles, and how simply he recounted them! What things he had seen, what adventures had befallen him, what romance and mystery! She wondered if there had been a woman in his life and if she had been the cause of his downfall. Every day of the past ten years lay open for her to admire or condemn, but beyond these ten years there was a Chinese wall, over which she might not look. Only once had she provoked the silent negative nod of his head. He was strong. Not the smallest corner of the veil was she permitted to turn aside. She walked hither and thither along the scarps and bastions of the barrier, but never found the breach.

"Will you come and dine with me tonight?" she asked, as they left the boat.

"No, Miss Innocence."

"That's silly. There isn't a soul I know here."

"But," gravely he replied, "there are many here who know me."

"Which infers that my invitation is unwise?"

"Absolutely unwise. Frankly, I ought not to be seen with you."

"Why? Unless, indeed, you have not told me the truth. Where's the harm?"

"For myself, none. On the boat it did not matter so much. It was a situation which neither of us could foresee nor prevent. I have told you that people here look askance at me because they know nothing about me, save that I came from the States. And they are wise. I should be a cad if I accepted your invitation to dinner."

"Then I am not to see you again?"

The smile would have lured him across three continents. "Tomorrow I promise to call and have tea with you, much against my better judgment."

"Oh, if you don't want to come . . ."

"Don't want to come!"

Something in his eyes caused Elsa to speak hurriedly. "Good-by until tomorrow."

She gave him her hand for a moment, stepped into the carriage, which already held Martha and the luggage, and then drove off to the Strand hotel.

He stood with his helmet in his hand. A fine, warm rain was falling, but he was not conscious of it. It seemed incredible that time should produce such a change within the space of seventy hours, a little more, a little less. As she turned and waved a friendly hand he knew that the desolation which had been his for ten years was nothing as compared to that which

She Spoke Familiarly of Her Affairs (Always Omitting Arthur).

now fell upon his heart. She was as unattainable as the north star; and nothing, time nor circumstance, could bridge that incalculable distance. His heart hurt him. He must see her no more after the morrow. Enchantment and happiness were two words which fate had ruthlessly scratched from his book of days.

Mr. Hooghly had already started off toward the town, the kit bag and the valise slung across his shoulders, the parrot cage bobbing at his side. He knew where to go; an obscure lodging for men in the heart of the business section, known in jest by the derelicts as the Stranded

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This afternoon and evening, Al. H. Wilson in "When Old New York Was Dutch."

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Howard Thurston, Magician.

Thursday, matinee and night, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Saturday, matinee and night, March 6, "Damaged Goods."

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Al. H. Wilson

Golden-voiced Al. H. Wilson will come to the Majestic this afternoon and evening with his annual message of melody and romance, when he will present an elaborate revival of what has always been considered by theatregoers in general as his best play, "When Old New York Was Dutch." Mr. Wilson has often asserted that in no other play has he been able to strike a deeper tone of response from his audiences, or stir more tender heart chords that he has with this quaint offering that carries one back through history's pages to the early Colonial days of New York City. As will be remember, for the proper presentation of "When Old New York Was Dutch," and to give the different scenes the proper "atmosphere," considerable scenery is required. This season Manager Ellis has provided additional sets that will greatly increase the interest in the performance. During the performance Mr. Wilson's rich voice will be heard to advantage in the rendition of "When I First Met You," "Moon, Moon, Moon," "When the Roses in Spring Bloom Again," and Mr. Bear." Adv.*

Thurston, the Magician

As a public entertainer and mirth-producer as well as a man of mystery, Thurston, the magician, who will appear at the Majestic three days starting Monday, March 1, with matinees Tuesday and Wednesday, has no equal. The most recent of Thurston's achievements are masterpieces of mysticism, such as "Noah's Vision," "The New Woman," "Balaam and His Donkey," "Animated Sketches," "Aerial Fishing," "The Evolution of the Negro," "The Chocolate Soldier," and "Creation" are other fascinatingly illusive features of the program. Every lady attending the Tuesday and Wednesday matinee performances will be presented with a complete horoscope of her life free. Adv.*

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which comes to the Majestic next Thursday afternoon and evening, is a virile romance that in bookform has been read by three millions and more of book lovers. Eugene Walter's dramatization is one that warms the blood and stirs the emotion. It is a story of romantic love with just a requisite tinge of the feudal spirit of the Virginia hills, to give it bubbling color. In the part of June the primitive, sweet, wild mountain maid, Miss Dixie Compton has a role in which she will make a direct appeal to all those who who have already met June in Mr. Fox's original story. The play is given a magnificent production and its long runs at the Boston theatre and the New Amsterdam theatre, New York, were marked by the largest receipts of late years.

One of the most capable casts ever seen outside of New York will appear here. Adv.*

"Damaged Goods"

"Damaged Goods," Eugene Brieux's startling drama, as offered by Richard Bennett's co-workers, will be the attraction at the Majestic next Saturday afternoon and evening. "Dameged Goods" marks a genuine epoch in modern education. It presents in most artistic from a great dramatist's serious contribution to the stage. "Damaged Goods" is the biggest drama—not the pleasantest nor most thrilling—but the most vital, most impressive and truest drama witnessed in a decade. Adv.*

At the Orpheum

The variety bill that Harrisburg branded a "winer" plays its last engagement at the popular Locust street playhouse to-night. Splendid music, irresistible comedy, pretty girls and the whole sprinkled with interesting variety forms a combination that found much favor with Harrisburg amusement seekers this week. Chief of the interesting Keith attractions slated to appear next week is a quite timely and attractive "girlie" vehicle, entitled "The Fashion Shop." Pretty girls who have rare ability to wear the latest fads in feminine finery, as well as sing and dance, are its most interesting asset." Around this interesting display a pretty romance and tuneful songs has been written, while several very clever comedians will hand out the laughs as salesmen, etc., in this particular shop. Many interesting fashion studies will be depicted in the production, for the gowns worn are the very latest dictates from the foremost Parisian modistes. Of almost equal importance on this same bill will be a screamingly funny comedy entitled "Twenty Odd Years" to be presented by no less than the quite celebrated character artist, Mr. Harry Beresford and a capable supporting cast. This comedy is looked upon as a comedy classic and is one of the best known that travels the Keith circuit. Also Kramer and Morton in a nifty singing and piano act are slated to appear and some of the other interesting players include the Dancing Lavars, Mendel and Nagel and the Cavanna duo. Adv.*

At the Colonial

A great big value in the way of vaudeville entertainment is the present aggregation of Keith novelties that the Colonial is displaying and which will appear at that theatre for the last engagements to-day. A splendid variety act comprising singing, dancing and excellent instrumental music is included in the offering of the Five Romeros, while such rich comedy is handed out in the unraveling of comedy called "Isaac You Tell Her." A dainty songstress and a really clever monologuist round out the attractive roster. "Betty," the wonderuffly interesting monkey, said to be the adopted daughter of the famous Consul, will appear in her almost human act at the Colonial during the first half of next week. Adv.*

See Coupon for Thurston on Page 9

Napoleon's Confidence

Just before his marriage Napoleon received the appointment of commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. He was then 26. "You are rather young," said one of the Directors, "to assume responsibility so weighty and to take command over veteran generals."

"In one year," Napoleon replied, "I shall be old or dead."

"We can place you in command of men only," said Carnot, "for the troops are in need of everything, and we can furnish you with no money to provide supplies."

"Give me only men enough," Napoleon answered, "and I ask for nothing more. I will be answerable for the result."—"Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte."

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The Star-Independent Calendar for 1915 is another of the handsome series, featuring important local views, issued by this paper for many years. It is 11x14 inches in size and shows a picture, extraordinary for clearness and detail, of the "Old Capitol," built 1828 and destroyed by fire in 1897. It is in fine half-tone effect and will be appreciated for its historic value as well as for its beauty.

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