



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Color in the Home

The beauty of the home does not lie in the quantity or kind of furniture purchased or the amount of money spent in the house. It is not superficial, over effusiveness, or any great effort that charms and attracts. It is an intuitive touch, an indefinable art applied to covering faults or emphasizing good points.

Housekeepers have lived, done their best and gone to their graves without ever having had an attractive bit of color scheme in their homes. Others there have been, who, with only the gentle touch, the seeing eye, have brought beauty into every part of the home life without effort.

There is restfulness in color and there is also a glorious sense of power to be imparted with this means.

Color heightens ceilings, and lowers them. It broadens rooms and condenses them. Artistic lights enhance natural beauty; shadows deftly placed, give superior loveliness to brilliant colors that, if left to glare would mar an entire room. Color in the home begins with building of the house. How recklessly interior wood work is chosen, how carelessly windows are placed. Rooms are made dark by porches that are not decorative or useful but are stuck on the house because other folks have them. Your acquaintances penetrate no farther than the hall, the library or the parlor, or whatever you call your best rooms. Their certain social rites are gone through and they leave you, but they take away impressions, strong or weak, colorless or vivid according to what you have placed before them. You have the opportunity to influence every one who steps across your threshold, through the eye. The eye records impressions, it is the gateway to memory, to thought, to expression.

Try, by introducing color through draperies, upholsterings, curtains, wall

coverings and rugs, to exhale a cheerful, kindly atmosphere. You know what this thing is that some call "welcome" others "homeliness."

The folks next door are cleaning their rugs to-day. It seems too early and cold for this, yet, but it is just the time to think about the color question. It is the psychic moment to study decoration, to send for catalogues to shop for new ideas.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"Please tell me how to kill grubs in my flower pots? Also, how to have a sweet potato vine in window; do you put anything in the water the potato grows in?"

Reply.—If you stick the sulphur ends of matches into the ground around the flowers the insects will be destroyed. This does not harm the plants. To have the sweet potato vine put the potato into a jar or bottle and let at least half remain above the water. Do not put anything in the water but a lump of charcoal, to keep it sweet.

"Please reprint the recipe for cabbage soup published in housekeeping department before Christmas."

Reply.—We do not find such a recipe, nor have we this in our collection. Will some reader kindly send this recipe into this paper?

"What will remove smoke from painted walls?"

Reply.—Weak solution of washing soda and hot water. Do not use soap for such cleaning.

"Should cream be whipped before warm or cold? Some recipes direct one thing and some another."

Reply.—Thin cream should be cold but heavy cream should be just medium; if too warm butter fat will form.

(Continued to-morrow.)

PARROT & CO.

HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of 'The Carpet from Bagdad', 'The Place of Honeymoons', etc.

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"Thanks," said the bewildered youth. Warrington whirled upon him savagely. "Thanks? Don't thank me, you weak-kneed fool!"

"Oh, I say, now!" the other protested.

"Be silent! If you owe that scoundrel anything, refuse to pay it. He never won a penny in his life without cheating. Keep out of his way; keep out of the way of all men who prefer to deal only two hands." And with this advice Warrington stepped out into the hallway and shut the door rudely.

"Pay the purser and get a box of cigars," Warrington directed James. "Never mind about the wine. I shan't want it now."

James went out upon the errands immediately.

Warrington dropped down in the creaky rocking-chair, the only one in the boarding house. He stared at the worn and faded carpet. How dingy everything looked! What a sordid rut he had been content to lie in! Chance: to throw this man across his path when he had almost forgotten him, forgotten that he had sworn to break the man's neck over his knees! In the very next room! And he had permitted him to go unharmed simply because his mind was full of a girl he would never see again after tomorrow. What was the rascal doing over here?

What had caused him to forsake the easy pluckings of Broadway in exchange for a dog's life on packet boats, in a squalid boarding house like this one, and in dismal billiard halls? Wire tapper, racing tout, stool pigeon, a cheater at cards, blackmailer and trafficker in baser things; in the next room, and he had let him go unharmed. Ten years ago and thirteen thousand miles away. In the next room. He laughed unpleasantly. Chivalric fool, silly Don Quixote, sentimental dreamer, to have made a hash of his life in this manner!

He leaned toward the window sill and opened the cage. Rajah walked out, muttering.

When it was possible, Elsa preferred to walk. She was young and strong and active, and she went along with a swinging stride that made obvious a serene confidence in her ability to take care of herself. What the unknown called willfulness was simply natural independence, which she asserted whenever occasion demanded it.

She loved to prow through the strange streets and alleys and stranger shops; it was a joy to ramble about, minus the irritating importunities of guide or attendant. It was great fun, but it was not always wise. There were some situations which only men could successfully handle. Elsa would never confess that there had been awkward moments when, being an excellent runner, she had blithely taken to her heels.

In her cool, white drill, her wide, white pith helmet, she presented a charming picture. The exercise had given her cheeks a bit of color, and her eyes sparkled and flashed like raindrops. This morning she had taken Martha along merely to still her protests.

"It's all right so long as we keep to the main streets," said the harried Martha, "but I do not like the idea of roaming about in the native quarters. This is not like Europe. The hotel manager said we ought to have a man."

"He is looking out for his commission. Heavens! what is the matter with everybody? One would think the way people put themselves out to warn you, that murder and robbery were daily occurrences in Asia. I've been here four months, and the only disagreeable moment I have known was caused by a white man."

"Because we have been lucky so far, it's no sign that we shall continue so." And Martha shut her lips grimly. Her worry was not confined to this particular phase of Elsa's imperious mood; it was general. There was that blond man with the parrot. She would never feel at ease until they were out of Yokohama, homeward bound.

"I feel like a child this morning," said Elsa. "I want to run and play and shout."

"All the more reason why you should have a guardian. . . . Look, Elsa!" Martha caught the girl by the arm. "There's that man we left at Mandalay coming toward us. Shall we go into this shop?"

"No, thank you! There is no reason why I should hide in a butcher shop simply to avoid meeting the man. We'll walk straight past him. If he speaks we'll ignore him."

"I wish we were in a civilized country."

"This man is supposed to be civilized. Don't let him catch your eye. Go on; don't laz."

Craig stepped in front of them, smiling as he raised his helmet. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

Elsa, looking coldly beyond him, attempted to pass.

"Surely you remember me?"

"I remember an insolent cad," replied Elsa, her eyes beginning to burn dangerously. "Will you stand aside?"

He threw a swift glance about. He saw with satisfaction that none but natives was in evidence.

Elsa's glance roved, too, with a little chill of despair. In stories Warrington would have appeared about this time and soundly trounced this impudent scoundrel. She realized that she must settle this affair alone. She was not a soldier's daughter for nothing.

"Stand aside!" he laughed. He had been drinking liberally and was a shade reckless. "Why not be a good fellow? Over here nobody minds. I know a neat little restaurant. Bring the old lady along," with a genial nod toward the quaking Martha.

Resolutely Elsa's hand went up to her helmet, and with a flourish drew out one of the long steel pins.

"Oh, Elsa!" warned Martha.

"Te still! This fellow needs a lesson. Once more, Mr. Craig, will you stand aside?"

Had he been sober he would have seen the real danger in the young woman's eyes.

"Cruel!" he said. "At least, one kiss," putting out his arms.

Elsa, merciless in her fury, plunged the pin into his wrist. It stung like a hornet, and with a gasp of pain, Craig leaped back out of range, sobered.

"Why, you she-cat!"

"I warned you," she replied, her voice steady and low. "The second stab will be serious. Stand aside."

He stepped into the gutter, biting his lips and straining his uninjured hand over the hurting throb in his wrist. He had had wide experience with women. His advantage had always been in the fact that the general run of them will submit to insult rather than create a scene. This dark-eyed Judith was distinctly an exception to the rule. Gad! She might have missed his wrist and jabbed him in the throat. He swore, and walked off down the street.

Elsa set a pace which Martha, with her wabbling knees, found difficult to follow.

"You might have killed him!" she cried breathlessly.

"You can't kill that kind of a snake with a hatpin; you have to stamp on his head. But I rather believe it will be some time before Mr. Craig will again make the mistake of insulting a woman because she appears to be defenseless." Elsa's chin was in the air. The choking sensation in her throat began to subside. "You know and the purser knows what happened on the boat to Mandalay. He was plausible and affable and good looking, and the mistake was mine. I seldom make them. I kept quiet because the boat was full up, and as a rule I hate scenes. Men like that know it. If I had complained he would have denied his actions, inferred that I was evil-minded. Heavens, I know

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"Now, Not a Single Word of This to Anyone."

the breed! Now not a single word of this to anyone. Mr. Craig, I fancy, will be the last person to speak of it."

"You had better put the pin back into your hat," suggested Martha.

"Pah! I had forgotten it." Elsa fung the weapon far into the street.

Once they turned into Merchant street, both felt the tension relax. Martha would have liked to sit down, even on the curb.

"I despise men," she volunteered.

"I am beginning to believe that few of them are worth a thought. Those who aren't fools are knaves."

"Are you sure of your judgment in regard to this man Warrington? How can you tell that he is any different from that man Craig?"

"He is different, that is all. This afternoon he will come to tea. I shall want you to be with us. Remember, not a word of this disgraceful affair."

"Ah, Elsa, I am afraid; I am more afraid of Warrington than of a man of Craig's type."

"We are always quarreling, Martha; and it doesn't do either of us any good. When you oppose me I find that that is the very thing I want to do. You haven't any diplomacy."

Warrington's appearance that afternoon astonished Elsa. She had naturally expected some change, but scarcely such elegance. He was, without question, one of the handsomest men she had ever met. He was handsomer than Arthur because he was more manly in type. What a mystery he was! She greeted him cordially, without restraint; but for all that, a little shiver stirred the tendrils of hair at the nape of her neck.

"The most famous man in Rangoon today," she said, smiling.

"So you have read that tommy-rot in the newspaper?"

TO BE CONTINUED

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OPEN FIGHT ON POSTMASTER

Eastonians Understood to Have Appealed to President

Easton, Pa., March 2.—Protests have been sent to Washington, it was learned here yesterday, in opposition to the appointment of Charles L. Hemingway as postmaster of Easton. Congressman Palmer announced here Saturday that Hemingway's name would probably go to the Senate yesterday.

The opponents of Hemingway are understood to have addressed letters to President Wilson and Senator Penrose, and several sharp letters have been sent to Congressman Palmer.

Barn Collapses After Public Sale

Elam, March 2.—Three hundred persons had a narrow escape yesterday afternoon at the farm of L. K. Schumann, when immediately after the sale, while the crowd was leaving, the large bank barn collapsed, due to a caving of the foundation on the east side.

LETTER LIST

Ladies' List—Carrie Abar, Mrs. E. A. Amos, Miss Fanny Armstrong, Miss Daisy Bankler, Mrs. J. M. Beldler, Miss Maud Benedu, Mrs. Bixler, Catherine Brown, Mrs. A. Bulard, Mrs. Katherine Dangler, Mrs. Jennie Dice, Miss Jane Dawson, Miss Nannie Eiler, Mrs. George Forwald, Miss Mary Gibson, Miss Cecilia Grad, Miss Mary Grosch, Mrs. A. W. Hess, Mrs. A. A. Kinnard, Mrs. Mary Lilly, Miss Margaret Manuel, Mrs. Laura McVoy, Mrs. Ed. Mellman, Miss Margaret Payne, Mrs. Bertha J. Penn, Miss Myra Railing, Mrs. Isabelle Roudenbush, Miss Bessie Saxon, Miss Blanche Spiese, Mrs. Mabel Stember, Mrs. Roma Taylor, Miss Freda Tumerson, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Alma Watts, Miss Jessie Williams, Mrs. Myrtle Wright.

Gentlemen's List—John Anderson, Jack Armstrong, E. G. Bolniekes, Hon. James D. Bell (2), Clarence R. Black (DL), C. A. Bischof, Jonas Blessing, Ross Blessing, Wm. F. Brasshears, E. L. Bryne, Chas. V. Burstein, E. Campbell (DL), William Campbell, John I. Carr, Harry Claffin, George Czernersy, Howard Duncan, H. V. Farmer, Thomas Finerty, Fred. E. Geiser, Joseph Genewick, J. C. Gilmore, Daniel B. Goodwin, R. L. Gottshall, J. B. Gaff, Grant J. L. Hart.

man, D. M. Heiges, C. N. Hykes, M. R. James, H. L. Johnson, A. E. Johnson, Madden Kalesics, M. H. Keller, Hugh Lorraine, Walter Liddick, Edward Lindsay, J. F. Marland, Calvin Bruce McConnell, George B. Mellett, Harry B. Meyers, J. Leroy Miller (DL), C. H. Minney, John Monley, Lee Murrett, Harry E. Myers, George G. Norris, Joe Ramsey, J. B. Rinehart, Albert E. Rinn, R. Sachs, Fred. Stilling, Harry Shuesy, Raymond E. Smith, John Spignolek, J. M. Stuckey, Bob Thomas, David W. Thomas, F. B. Thomas, J. E. Thompson, J. H. Wente, E. V. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Wolf, S. W. Wood.

Firms—Conners & Steiner, Grant Manufacturing Co., Household Novelty Co., Mineral Supply Co.

Foreign—Micheli Sivigliak.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6.05, *7.50 a. m., *3.40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at *6.03, *7.50, *1.53 a. m., *3.40, 5.32, *7.40, 11.04 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.48 a. m., 2.18, 3.27, 9.30, 3.50 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5.03, *7.50 and *11.53 a. m., 2.18, *3.40, 5.32, 6.30 p. m.

*Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

J. H. FONGE, Supt.

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May be had at the business office of the Star-Independent for 10¢ or will be sent to any address in the United States, by mail, for 5 cents extra to cover cost of package and postage.

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