

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Influential Homes

Grown persons who have memories of pleasant home life of their younger days possess an invaluable legacy. There is no form of influence so enduring as that of the home and its power is continuous.

One cannot define the magnetic quality of home love; some say it lies in song and there are few descriptions of home given where music is not mentioned.

Home songs are pure gold and things of truth, they seem to make characters strong and tender, but the home of to-day has been invaded by worthless doggerel and tuneless rhymes.

In a popular magazine, a writer declares that "the popular catchy song is usually shocking, its words suggestive and its influence evil."

Mr. De Koven wrote, "song is an expression of purest harmony of soul and physical life, voicing thought too beautiful for words." Do the new popular rag-time songs do that?

Have you read The Twenty-Fourth of June? If you have you will remember how the home life of the Gray family changed all the aspirations and tendencies of the young millionaire who

came in contact with it accidentally. Miss Richland writes in this love story of home life: "There was something home-like in the hall with its quaint landscape paper, perceptibly worn and faded turkey red carpet, wide spindle balustraded stairway with the old clock on its landing, but more than all the distinctive sense of home came from sounds of laughter, of music close at hand." In "Little Women," Louise Alcott had the March girls gather round the old piano and sing the sweet old songs that live and seem to speak to us of all the family.

Better songs in the home is one of the ends for which civic workers strive. Henry Ward Beecher wrote on the subject, Phillips Brooks preached about it and Francis Willard said that a great tide of harmony went up to God when "Home, Sweet Home," the lovely air attuned to all that is holy and dear, was sung.

The "good" songs are ballads and national songs that have lived. If your family sings "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Ben Bolt," "The Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," and other old familiar airs that age has not withered and that custom will never stale, they will not like the gaudy, flashy rag-time music of the street and questionable music hall.

DAILY MENU

Breakfast
Sliced Oranges
Mush and Milk
Eggs
Toast
Coffee

Luncheon
Creamed Potatoes
Fried Dried Beef, Cream Gravy
Biscuits
Jam
Tea
Fruit
Dinner

Bean Soup, Hot Buttered Toast
Pork Chops, Tomato Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Spinach
Fruit Salad
Cakes
Coffee

Nuts

PAY ENVELOPES UNOPENED

New York, March 9.—When Kate Hayes, a scrubwoman at the Vanderbilt hotel, was taken ill and it became necessary to send her to a hospital, she asked the housekeeper, Katherine Lee, to do her a favor.

This request turned out a huge surprise, being nothing less than the custody of thirty-six envelopes, the pay of three years, none of which had been opened. During all this time the scrubwoman had never been outside the hotel.

PARROT & CO.

HAROLD MACGRATH

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

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CONTINUED

"And condemn me, or-hand. That would be perfectly right."

"But I might be one of the dissenting judges."

"That is because you are one woman in a thousand."

"No; I simply have a mind of my own, and often prefer to be guided by it. I am not a sheep."

"Silence. The lap-lap of the water, the long slow rise and fall, and the darting flying-fish apparently claimed their attention."

But Warrington saw nothing save the danger, the danger to himself and to her. At any moment he might fling his arms around her, without his having the power to resist. She called to him as nothing in the world had called before. But she trusted him, and because of this he resolutely throttled the recurring desires. She was right. He had scorned what she had termed as woman's instinct. She had read him with a degree of accuracy. In the eyes of God he was a good man, a dependable man; but he was not impossibly good. He was human enough to want her, human enough to appreciate the danger in which she stood of him.

"Tell me about the man who looks like me." His gaze roved out to sea, to the white islands of vapor low-lying in the east. "In what respect does he resemble me?"

"His hair is yellow, his eyes are blue, and he smiles the same way you do."

He felt the lump rise and swell in his throat.

"If you stood before a mirror you would see him. But there the resemblance ends."

"Is he a man who does things?" a note of strained curiosity in his tones. Ten years!

"In what way do you mean?"

"Does he work in the world, does he invent, build, finance?"

Mayhap her eyes deceived her, but the tan on his face seemed less brown than yellow.

"No; Mr. Ellison is a collector of paintings, of rugs, of rare books and china. He's a bit detached, as dreamers usually are. He has written a book of exquisite verses. . . . You are smiling," she broke off suddenly, her eyes filling with cold lights.

"A thousand pardons! The thought was going through my head how unlike we are indeed. I can hardly tell one master from another, all old books look alike to me, and the same with china. I know something about rugs; but I couldn't write a jingle if it was to save me from hanging."

"Do you invent, build, finance?" A bit of a gulf had opened up between them. Elsa might not be prepared to marry Arthur, but she certainly would not tolerate a covert sneer in regard to his accomplishments.

Quietly and with dignity he answered: "I have built bridges in my time over which trains are passing at this moment. I have fought torments, and floods, and hurricanes, and myself. I have done a man's work. I had a future, they said. But here I am, a subject of your pity."

She instantly relented. "But you are young. You can begin again."

"Not in the sense you mean."

"And yet, you tell me you are going back home."

"Like a thief in the night," bitterly.

CHAPTER XI.

The Blue Feather.

Elsa toyed with her emeralds, apparently searching for some flaw. Like a thief in the night was a phrase that rang unpleasantly in her ears. Her remarkable interest in the man was neither to be denied nor ignored. To receive the cut direct from a man whose composure and mental density had excited her wit and amusement, surprised her even if it did not hurt. It had rudely awakened her to the fact that her independence might be leading her into a labyrinth.

Something new had been born in her. All her life she had gone about calmly and aloofly, her head in the clouds, her feet on mountain tops. She had never done anything to arouse discussion in other women. Perhaps such a situation had never confronted her until lately. She had lately looked forth upon life through the lenses of mild cynicism. So long as she was rich she might, with impunity, be as indiscreet as she pleased. Her money would plead forgiveness and toleration. . . . Elsa shrugged. But shrugs do not dismiss problems. She could have laughed. To have come all this way to solve a riddle, only to find a second more confusing than the first!

Like a thief in the night. She did not care to know what he had done, not half so much as to learn what he had been. Speculations of some order; of this she was reasonably sure. So why seek for details, when these might be sorid?

Singapore would see the end, and she would become her normal self again.

She clasped the necklace around her lovely throat. She was dressing for dinner, really dressing. An impenetrable mood filled her with the irrepressible desire to shine in all her splendor tonight. Covertly she would watch the eyes of mediocrity widen. Hitherto they had seen her in the simple white of travel. Tonight they should behold the woman who had been notable among the beauties in Paris, Vienna, Rome, London; who had not married a duke simply because his title could not have added to the security of her position, socially or financially.

Into the little mirror above the wash stand she peered, with smiling and approving eyes. Never had she looked better. There was unusual color in her cheeks and the clarity of her eyes spoke illuminatingly of superb health. The fan on her face was not made noticeable in contrast by her shoulders and arms, old ivory in tint and as smooth and glossy as ancient Carrara.

"You lovely creature!" murmured Martha, touching an arm with her lips. "You are foolish to dress like this." She finished the hooking of Elsa's waist.

"And why?"

"In the first place there's nobody worth the trouble; and nobody but a duchess or a . . ." Martha paused embarrassedly.

"Or a what? An improper person?" Elsa laughed. "My dear Martha, your comparisons are faulty. I know but two duchesses in this wide world who are not dowdies, and one of them is an American. An improper person is generally the most proper, outside her peculiar environments. Can't you suggest something else?"

Martha searched but found no suitable reply. She believed that she saw more clearly into the future than Elsa. Someone would talk, and in that strange inscrutable fashion scandal has of reaching the ends of the earth, the story would eventually arrive home; and there, for all the professions of friendship, it would find admittance. No door is latched when scandal knocks. Martha readily appreciated that it was all harmless, to be expressed by a single word, whim. But Martha herself never acted upon impulse; she first questioned what the world would say. So run the sheep.

For years Martha had discharged her duties, if mechanically yet with a sense of pleasure and serenity. At this moment she was as one pushed unexpectedly to the brink of a precipice, over which the slightest misstep



"Is He a Man Who Does Things?" would topple her. The words were out of joint.

"I wish we had gone to Italy," she remarked finally.

"It would not have served my purpose in the least. I should have been dancing and playing bridge and going to operas. I should have had no time for thinking."

"Thinking!" Martha elevated her brows with an air that implied that she greatly doubted this statement.

"Yes, thinking. It is not necessary that I should mope and shut myself up in a cell, Martha, in order to think. I have finally come to the end of my doubts, if that will gratify you. From now on you may rely upon one thing, to a certainty."

Martha hesitated to put the question.

"I am not going to marry Arthur. He is charming, graceful, accomplished; but I want a man. I should not be happy with him. I can twist him too easily around my finger. I admit that he exercises over me a certain indefinable fascination; but when he is out of sight it amounts to the sum of all this doddering and doubting. It is probable that I shall make an admirable old maid. Wisdom has its disadvantages. I might be very happy with Arthur, were I not so wise." She smiled again at the reflection in the mirror. "Now, let us go and astonish the natives."

There was a mild flutter of eyelids as she sat down beside Warrington and began to chatter to him in Italian. He made a brave show of following her, but became hopelessly lost after a few minutes. Elsa spoke fluently; twelve years had elapsed since his last visit to Italy. He admitted his confusion, and thereafter it was only occasionally that she brought the tongue into the conversation. This diversion, which she employed mainly to annoy her neighbors, was, in truth, the very worst thing she could have done. They no longer conjectured; they assumed.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Reading, Pa., March 9.—N. H. Rhoads, steward at the mountain home of the local Fraternal Order of Eagles, on Mt. Penn, had a thrilling experience yesterday with a flock of several thousand hungry crows which attacked him while he was feeding the herd of goats kept on the premises.

The crows completely surrounded him, making a great noise and finally they pounced upon him and began pecking his face even after he had surrendered the painful of feed. He was compelled to beat his way back to the clubhouse with a shovel, killing a number of the crows.

868 CHRONIC INSANE

Wernersville, Pa., March 9.—The annual report of the State Asylum for Chronic Insane was issued yesterday by President Thomas P. Merritt, of Reading.

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ing. It shows that there are 868 patients at the institution of whom 204 are women. Berks paid \$2,506.98 toward the maintenance of its inmates during the year, more than any county in the State outside of Philadelphia county, which paid more than \$32,000. The total receipts were \$180,675, including \$90,687 from the State. The expenses were \$180,647.

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