



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Improving the Home

To "make two blades of grass grow where only one blade grew before," was once the great ambition of well-meaning persons, but now men attempt to grow a better quality of grass than formerly for they have learned it is quality, not quantity that counts.

The same demand for efficiency is found in the home. Efficiency in spending is an absolute requisite of the cents in the dollars are to be made go as far as possible.

As a usual thing women have too little money at a time to become good financiers. Often money comes to them at irregular times and there are so many places for every cent that there can be no planning for best results. These things are unfortunate but more unfortunate still is the woman who desires to keep up with her neigh-

bor's expenditures and is extravagant for the sake of appearances.

Success in spending comes with a sense of proportion and knowledge of relative values. How much worry some women would be saved if they could only spend the same dollar twice.

Cheap, showy furniture and carpets are purchased because a greater quantity of them can be had for a small sum than can be had of good substantial articles. The truth is that the more shoddy furnishings one has the worse the home appears.

A look of substantial comfort is a welcome in any room and it gives the appearance of beauty. If one buys plain things that cost but little the work on them is in the material and the making and, though plain, they will, in all likelihood, last a long time.

Extravagance is a relative term; if money is spent for things worth while, for things that last and give value for price paid the purchase is not extravagant.

Woman is really the object of much that is produced for she spends eighty-five per cent. of the money in circulation. All things, very nearly, are made to attract her and to appeal to her eye, so that she is a factor in the commercial world. Often women do not suspect this economic power they hold. When they do their conscience will guide their expenditures.

A very little money will buy a great amount of comfort for it is greatly dependent on neatness and order. Money or the mere possession of the things bought for money cannot create beauty in careless arrangement or in disorder. Lovely pictures on the walls, blooming plants in the windows, costly bric-a-brac may be pleasing but if they represent worry, debt and trouble the pleasure is lost in unpleasant thoughts.

We have been, critics tell us, a most extravagant nation. In this present time of financial stringency is an opportunity to correct this and improve our homes and our ways.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Please tell me how to make whitewash or kalsomine stick to walls?

Reply.—Add two ounces of common glue dissolved in water, to every two pounds of the whitening. After dissolving the whitening in water add the glue and thin the mixture with skim-milk to a consistency that will let it be applied with brush. This will stick to any surface that is not oily. The whitewash can be colored with dry paint powder to any desired shade.

Principal of Altoona School Dies
Altoona, Pa., March 27.—Professor Henry Heverly, for twenty-five years a principal in the Altoona public schools, died yesterday of a complication of diseases, aged 51. He was regarded as one of the best instructors in history and mathematics in Central Pennsylvania.

Artistic Printing at Star-Independent.

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CONTINUED

ALTHOUGH SABRON HAD HEARD it several times, he did not know the words or that they were of a semi-religious, extremely sentimental character which would have been difficult to translate into French. He did not know that they ran something like this:

God keep you safe, my love,
All through the night,
Rest close in his embracing arms
Until the light.

And there was more of it. He only knew that there was a pathos in the tune which spoke to his warm heart; which caressed and captivated him and which made him long deeply for a happiness he thought it most unlikely he would ever know.

There had been many pictures added to his collection: Miss Redmond at dinner; Miss Julia Redmond—he knew her first name now—before the piano; Miss Redmond in a smart coat walking with him down the alley while Pitcheune chased by the leaves and the partitions of rabbits hither and thither.

The Count de Sabron had always dreaded just what happened to him. He had fallen in love with a woman beyond his reach, for he had no fortune whatsoever, nothing but his captain's pay and his hard soldier's life.

A wanderer's life and one which he hesitated to ask a woman to share. In spite of the fact that Madame d'Esclagnac was agreeable to him, she was not cordial, and he understood that she did not consider him a parti for her niece. Other guests, as well as he, had shared her hospitality. He had been jealous of them, though he could not help seeing Miss Redmond's preference for himself. Not that he wanted to help it. He recalled that she had really sung to him, decidedly walked by his side when there had been more than the quartette, and he felt, in short, her sympathy.

"Pitcheune," he said to his companion, "we are better off in Algiers, mon vieux. The desert is the place for us. We shall get rid of fancies there and do some hard fighting one way or another."

Pitcheune, whose eyes had followed the cat out of sight, sprang upon his master and seemed quite ready for the new departure.

"I shall at least have you," Sabron said. "It will be your first campaign. We shall have some famous runs and I shall introduce you to a camel and make you acquainted with several donkeys, not to speak of the historic Arab steeds. You will see, my friend, that there are other animals besides yourself in creation."

"A telegram for mon capitaine." Brunet came in with the blue envelope which Sabron tore open.

You will take with you neither horses nor dogs.

It was an order from the minister of war, just such a one as was sent to some half-dozen other young officers, all of whom, no doubt, felt more or less discomfited.

Sabron twisted the telegram, put it in the fireplace and lighted his cigarette with it, watching Pitcheune who, finding himself a comfortable corner in the armchair, had settled down for a nap.

"So," nodded the young man aloud, "I shall not even have Pitcheune."

He smoked, musing. In the rigid discipline of his soldier's life he was used to obedience. His softened eyes, however, and his nervous fingers as they pulled at his mustache, showed that the command had touched him.

"What shall I do with you, old fellow?"

Although Sabron's voice was low, the dog, whose head was down upon his paws, turned his bright brown eyes on his master with so much confidence and affection that it completed the work. Sabron walked across the floor, smoking, the spurs on his brilliant boots and on his uniform. He was a splendid-looking man with race and breeding, and he combined with his masculine force the gentleness of a woman.

"They want me to be lonely," he thought. "All that the chiefs consider is the soldier—not the man—even the companionship of my dog is denied me. What do they think I am going to do out there in the long eastern evenings?" He reflected. "What does the world expect an unaccompanied wanderer to do?" There are many things and the less thought about them, the better.

"A letter for Monsieur le Capitaine." Brunet returned with a note which he presented stiffly, and Pitcheune, who chose in his little brain to imagine Brunet an intruder, sprang from the chair like lightning, rushed at the servant, seized the leg of his pantaloons and began to worry them, growling, Brunet regarding him with adoration. Sabron had not thought aloud the last words of the telegram, which he had used to light his cigarette.

Nor will it be necessary to take a personal servant. The indigenes are capable ordonnances.

As he took the letter from Brunet's salver he said curtly:

"I am ordered to Algiers and I shall not take horses nor Pitcheune."

The dog, at mention of his name, set Brunet's leg free and stood quiet, his head lifted.

"Nor you either, mon brave Brunet." Sabron put his hand on his servant's shoulder, the first familiarity he had ever shown a man who served him with devotion, and who would have given his life to save his master's. "Those," said the officer curtly,

"are the orders from headquarters, and the least said about them the better." The ruddy cheek of the servant turned pale. He mechanically touched his forehead.

"Bien, mon Capitaine," he murmured, with a little catch in his voice. He stood at attention, then wheeled and without being dismissed, stalked out of the room.

Pitcheune did not follow. He remained immovable like a little dog cut from bronze; he understood—who shall say—how much of the conversation? Sabron threw away his cigarette, then read his letter by the mantlepiece, leaning his arm upon it. He read slowly. He had broken the seal slowly. It was the first letter he had ever seen in this handwriting. It was written in French and ran thus:

Monsieur—My aunt wishes me to ask you if you will come to us for a little musicale tomorrow afternoon. We hope you will be free, and I hope, she added, that you will bring Pitcheune. Not that I think he will care for the music, but afterward perhaps he will run with us as we walk to the gate. My aunt wishes me to say that she has learned from the colonel that you have been ordered to Algiers. In this way she says that we shall have an opportunity of wishing you bon-



He Stood Long Musing.

voysage, and I say I hope Pitcheune will be a comfort to you

The letter ended in the usual formal French fashion. Sabron, turning the letter and rereading it, found that it completed the work that had been going on in his lonely heart. He stood long, musing.

Pitcheune laid himself down on the rug, his bright little head between his paws, his affectionate eyes on his master. The firelight shone on them both, the musing young officer and the almost human-hearted little beast. So Brunet found them when he came in with the lamp shortly, and as he set it down on the table and its light shone on him, Sabron, glancing at the ordonnance, saw that his eyes were red, and liked him none the less for it.

CHAPTER VII.

A Soldier's Dog.

"It is just as I thought," he told Pitcheune. "I took you into my life, you little rascal, against my will, and now, although it's not your fault, you are making me regret it. I shall end, Pitcheune, by being a cynic and misogynist, and learn to make idols of my career and my troops alone. After all, they may be tiresome, but they don't hurt as you do, and some other things as well."

Pitcheune, being invited to the musicale at the Chateau d'Esclagnac, went along with his master, running behind the captain's horse. It was a heavenly January day, soft and mild, full of sunlight and delicious odors, and over the towers of King Rene's castle the sky banners were made of celestial blue.

The officer found the house full of people. He thought it hard that he might not have had one more intimate picture to add to his collection. When he entered the room a young man was playing a violoncello. There was a group at the piano, and among the people the only ones he clearly saw were the hostess, Madame d'Esclagnac in a gorgeous velvet frock, then Miss Redmond, who stood by the window, listening to the music. She saw him come in and smiled to him, and from that moment his eyes hardly left her.

What the music was that afternoon the Count de Sabron could not have told very intelligently. Much of it was sweet, all of it was touching, but when Miss Redmond stood to sing and chose the little song of which he had made a lullaby, and sang it divinely, Sabron, his hands clasped behind his back and his head a little bent, still looking at her, thought that his heart would break. It was horrible to go away and not tell her. It was cowardly to feel so much and not be able to speak it. And he felt that he might be equal to some wild deed, such as crossing the room violently, putting his hand over her slender one and saying:

"I am a soldier; I have nothing but a soldier's life. I am going to Africa tomorrow. Come with me; I want you, come!"

All of which, slightly impossible and quite out of the question, nevertheless charmed and soothed him. The words of her English song, almost barbaric to him because incomprehensible, fell on his ears. Its melody was already

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part of him.

"Monsieur de Sabron," said Madame d'Esclagnac, "you are going away tomorrow?"

"Yes, Madame."

"I expect you will be engaged in some awful native skirmishes. Perhaps you will even be able to send back a tiger skin."

"There are no tigers in that part of Africa, Madame."

The young soldier's dark eyes rested almost hostilely on the gorgeous marquise in her red gown. He felt that she was glad to have him go. He wanted to say: "I shall come back, however; I shall come back and when I return" . . . but he knew that such a boast, or even such a hope was fruitless.

His colonel had told him only the day before that Miss Redmond was one of the richest American heiresses, and there was a question of a duke or a prince and heaven only knew what in the way of titles. As the marquise moved away her progress was something like the rolling of an elegant velvet chair and while his feelings were still disturbed Miss Redmond crossed the room to him. Before Sabron quite knew how they had been able to escape the others or leave the room, he was standing with her in the winter garden where the sunlight came in through trellises and the perfume of the warmed plants was heavy and sweet. Before them flowed the Rhone, golden in the winter's light. The blue river swept its waves around old Tarascon and the battlements of King Rene's towers.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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STATE HOSPITAL CROWDED

Legislators Say Conditions at Shamokin Institution Are Worst They Ever Saw

Shamokin, Pa., March 27.—Declaring that the crowded conditions at the Shamokin State hospital are the worst that they ever encountered, members of the House Appropriations Committee of the State Legislature who visited the institution yesterday went away declaring their firm determination to use every means in their power to relieve the situation here.

Many of the patients were quartered two in a bed, as there are not enough hospital cots to accommodate all. Beds also occupied nearly all of the corridors surrounding the main wards.

OVERALLS HALT DEADLY DIVE

Structural Iron Worker Hanged Scared, But Safe Till Rescued

Hazleton, Pa., March 27.—Frank McDwyer, of Freehold, who was pushed off the steel skeleton of the new Highland breaker, had fallen ten feet when his overalls caught on the end of an iron beam and he hung safe, but badly scared, until fellow-workmen rescued him from a 35-foot drop by the aid of ropes.

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