

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Getting Enough to Eat

Malnutrition does not mean that one is getting too little to eat, always, but often that too much of one kind of food or another is taken.

It is most often apparent in young children whose parents, with best possible intentions, perhaps, give them too rich food or permit them to come to the table at too early an age. Older people know from experience and can judge what will nourish them.

It is little children, then, who should have their meals planned for them with greatest care. Food should be selected for them that will give them health, strength and a chance to develop. It has been estimated that children from three to six years of age need to be fed from four to six times a day, or when they crave food.

Their stomachs will not contain a great quantity of food at once, but they will eat in twenty-four hours half as much food as an adult if it is presented properly and is well prepared.

Milk, bread, butter, jellies, cooked fruits, eggs, vegetables and well cooked cereals, that are not too coarse, and as little meat as possible, make an ideal diet for young children.

Beside milk there is cocoa and malted milk and "cambic" tea, but coffee and tea should never be offered to children. The taste for them is acquired and it is impossible to tell the great amount of harm these stimulants do to the delicate organs of young children. Very famous dietitians who study children's needs say that the breakfast should be warm and satisfying and that the mid-day meal should be the heaviest of all and be followed with a nap. An early supper is desirable and a glass of milk or a bowl of bread and milk will insure healthy sleep if given when the little folks are made ready for bed. Between the meals lunches or "pieces" may be given, but they should not be sweet things but of substantial foods. If cakes and sweetmeats are given between meals the natural, healthy appreciation of plain food will quickly disappear.

It is becoming more and more popu-

lar to give children their meals separately, at little tables set with their own special things. And children like this way and feel quite important at being served like "big folks." Perhaps this new idea will solve some of our meal time worries, "when life seems to children to be a delusion and a cheat, with so much that's good that they don't eat it."

It is in packing children's lunches, though, that the most trouble is experienced. To have something tasty that can be eaten cold every day, and be wholesome for little stomachs, is indeed hard to select. Part of the trouble will be lessened if you have proper things to pack lunches with. Some of these are:

A basket lined with oiled paper, oiled or paraffine paper to wrap all food in separately. Large and small screw top jars to hold preserves, cheese and seasoning. Small spoon and fork. Collapsible drinking cup. Paper napkins. Menu for children's lunch.

Eggs boiled a long time at very low temperature. Sandwiches filled with cold chopped meat and well spread with best butter, or with a filling of chopped nuts mixed with fruit jelly.

A jar of milk, oat meal or graham wafers fastened together with frosting. A banana or an orange well wrapped up.

CAPTIVE IN SIAM 3 YEARS

Missionary Returns Home and Rewards Wife Who Divorced Him

Denver, Colo., March 29.—Lost in the interior of Siam and held incommunicado from the outside world for three years, Justus Le Roy Bulkley, 58, a Baptist foreign missionary, returned to Denver to learn that his wife had obtained a secret divorce during his absence in the Orient. Both wept, a reconciliation followed and the pair were remarried.

The divorce decree was procured by Mrs. Bulkley in Golden in December, 1913, on the grounds of non-support. The legal separation was known only to a few close friends.

"It was all my fault, Mrs. Bulkley told Marriage License Clerk Hall. "I thought he had deserted me when I failed to hear from him, but he couldn't help it."

Revolt in Iron, Steel and Tin Union

Staubenville, O., March 29.—Wheeling district members of lodges of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers who refused to vote on the referendum on the scale, will refuse to accept the result and will secede and organize an independent district lodge of sheet and tin workers, it was stated here yesterday.

Vincent Astor at San Diego

San Diego, Cal., March 29.—Vincent Astor, his wife, Miss Marjorie Astor, his sister and G. Chardick arrived in San Diego on the steam yacht Noma, to remain until to-day. From here they will cruise to San Francisco and from there will go to New York City by rail. The party left Jacksonville, Fla., March 1, coming via the Panama canal.

Japanese Girl Champion Speller

Oregon City, Ore., March 29.—Miss Fumiko Fukui, 14, Japanese pupil, out-spelled a picked team from five school districts at a spelling bee in the Stone school house. In the division won by the Japanese girl, 108 pages of the spelling book were covered.

Surveyed New Bakery Site

Surveys for the new bakery to be erected by the Graupner estate at Tenth and Market streets were completed Saturday by Engineer E. Clarke Cowden. Prospective plans of the surveys have been submitted to a number of local contractors.

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HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CONTINUED

"You are going to Algeria tomorrow, Monsieur de Sabron?" Miss Redmond smiled, and how was Sabron to realize that she could not very well have wept there and then, had she wished to do so?

"Yes," he said. "I adore my regiment. I love my work. I have always wanted to see colonial service."

"Have you? It is delightful to find one's ambitions and desires satisfied," said Miss Redmond. "I have always longed to see the desert. It must be beautiful. Of course you are going to take Pitchoune?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Sabron, "that is just what I am not going to do."

"What!" she cried. "You are never going to leave that darling dog behind you?"

"I must, unfortunately. My superior officers do not allow me to take horses or dogs, or even my servant."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "What brutes they are! Why, Pitchoune will die of a broken heart. Then she said: 'You are leaving him with your man servant?'"

Sabron shook his head. "Brunet would not be able to keep him."

"Ah!" she breathed. "He is looking for a home? Is he? If so, would you might I take care of Pitchoune?"

The Frenchman impulsively put out his hand and she laid her own in it. "You are too good," he murmured. "Thank you. Pitchoune will thank you."

He kissed her hand. That was all. From within the salon came the noise of voices, and the bow of the violinist was beginning a new concerto. They stood looking at each other. No condition could have prevented it although the Marquise d'Esclignac was rolling toward them across the polished floor of the music-room. As though Sabron realized that he might never see this lovely young woman again, probably never would see her, and wanted before he left to have something made clear, he asked quickly:

"Could you, Mademoiselle, in a word or two tell me the meaning of the English song you sang?"

She flushed and laughed slightly. "Well, it is not very easy to put it in prose," she hesitated. "Things sound so differently in music and poetry; but it means," she said in French, bravely, "why, it is a sort of prayer that someone you love very much should be kept safe night and day. That's about all. There is a little sadness in it, as though," and her cheeks glowed, "as if there was a sort of separation. It means . . ."

"Ah!" breathed the officer deeply. "I understand. Thank you."

And just then Madame d'Esclignac rolled up between them and with an unmistakable satisfaction presented to her niece the gentleman she had secured.

"My dear Julia, my godson, the Duc de Tremont." And Sabron bowed to both the ladies, to the duke, and went away.

This was the picture he might add to his collection: the older woman in her vivid dress, Julia in her simpler gown, and the titled Frenchman bowing over her hand.

When he went out to the front terrace Brunet was there with his horse, and Pitchoune was there as well, stiffly waiting at attention.

"Brunet," said the officer to his man, "will you take Pitchoune around to the servants' quarters and give him to Miss Redmond's maid? I am going to leave him here."

"Good, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance, and whistled to the dog. Pitchoune sprang toward his master with a short sharp bark. What he understood would be hard to say, but all that he wanted to do was to remain with Sabron. Sabron bent down and stroked him.

"Go, my friend, with Brunet. Go, mon vieux, go," he commanded sternly, and the little dog, trained to obedience as a soldier's dog should be, trotted reluctantly at the heels of the ordonnance, and the soldier threw his leg over the saddle and rode away. He rode regardless of anything but the fact that he was going.

CHAPTER VIII.

Homesick. Pitchoune was a soldier's dog, born in a stable, of a mother who had been dear to the canteen. Michette had been une vraie vivandiere, a real daughter of the regiment.

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There was nothing picturesque to Pitchoune in the Chateau d'Esclignac or in the charming room to which he was brought. The little dog took a flying tour around it, over sofas and chairs, landing on the window-seat, where he crouched. He was not wicker, but he was perfectly miserable, and the lovely wiles of Julia Redmond and her endearments left him unmoved. He refused meat and drink, was indifferent to the views from the window to the beautiful view of King Rene's castle, to the tantalizing cat coming herself against the wall. He knew about like mad leaving destruction in his wake, tugged at the leash when they took him out for exercise. In short, Pitchoune was a homesick, lovesick little dog, and thereby endeared himself more than ever to his new mistress. She tied a ribbon around his neck, which he promptly chewed off. She tried to feed him with her own fair hands; he held his head high, looked bored and grew thin in the flanks.

"I think Captain de Sabron's little dog is going to die, ma tante," she told her aunt.

"Fiddlesticks, my dear Julia! Keep him tied up until he is accustomed to the place. It won't hurt him to fast; he will eat when he is hungry. I have a note from Robert. He has gone to Monte Carlo."

"Ah!" breathed Miss Redmond differently.

She slowly went over to her piano and played a few measures of music that were a torture to Pitchoune, who found these ladylike performances in strong contrast to drums and trumpets. He felt himself as a soldier degraded and could not understand why he should be relegated to a salon and to the mild society of two ladies who did not even know how to pull his ears or roll him over on the rug with their riding boots and spurs. He sat against the window as was his habit, looking watching, yearning.

"Vous avez tort, ma chere," said her aunt, who was working something less

Looking, Watching, Yearning.

than a thousand flowers on her petistry. "The chance to be a princess and a Tremont does not come twice in a young girl's life, and you know you have only to be reasonable, Julia."

Miss Redmond's fingers wandered, magnetically drawn by her thoughts, into a song which she played softly through. Pitchoune heard and turned his beautiful head and his soft eyes to her. He knew that tune. Neither drums nor trumpets had played it, but there was no doubt about its being fit for soldiers. He had heard his master sing it, hum it, many times. It had soothed his nerves when he was a sick puppy and it went with many things of the intimate life with his master. He remembered it when he had dozed by the fire and dreamed of chasing cats and barking at Brunet and being a faithful dog all around; he heard again a beloved voice hum it to him. Pitchoune whined and softly jumped down from his seat. He put his forepaws on Miss Redmond's lap. She stopped and caressed him, and he licked her hand.

"That is the first time I have seen that dog show a spark of human gratitude, Julia. He is probably begging you to open the door and let him take a run."

Indeed Pitchoune did go to the door and waited appealingly.

"I think you might trust him out. I think he is tamed," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "He is a real little savage."

Miss Redmond opened the door and Pitchoune shot out. She watched him tear like mad across the terrace, and scuttle into the woods, as she thought, after a rabbit. He was the color of the fallen leaves and she lost sight of him in the brown and golden brush.

CHAPTER IX.

The Fortunes of War. Sabron's departure had been delayed on account of a strike at the dockyards of Marseilles. He left Tarascon one lovely day toward the end of January and the old town with its sweetness and its sorrow, fell behind, as he rolled away to brighter suns. A friend from Paris took him to the port in his motor and there Sabron waited some forty-eight hours before

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ne set sail. His boat lay out on the azure water, the brown rocks of the coast behind it. There was not a breeze to stir as he took the tug which was to convey him. He was inclined to dip his fingers in the indigo ocean, sure that he would find them blue. He climbed up the ladder alongside of the vessel, was welcomed by the captain, who knew him, and turned to go below, for he had been suffering from an attack of fever which now and then laid hold of him, ever since his campaign in Morocco.

Therefore, as he went into his cabin, which he did not leave until the steamer touched Algiers, he failed to see the baggage tender pull up and failed to see a sailor climb to the deck with a wet bedraggled fang in his hand that looked like an old tur cap except that it wriggled and was alive.

"This, mon commandant," said the sailor to the captain, "is the pluckiest little beast I ever saw."

He dropped a small terrier on the deck, who proceeded to shake himself vigorously and bark with apparent delight.

"No sooner had we pushed out from the quay than this little beggar sprang from the pier and began to swim after us. He was so funny that we let him swim for a bit and then we hauled him in. It is evidently a mascot, mon commandant, evidently a sailor dog who has run away to sea."

The captain looked with interest at Pitchoune, who engaged himself in making his toilet and biting after a flea or two which had not been drowned.

"We sailors," said the man saluting, "would like to keep him for luck, mon commandant."

TO BE CONTINUED

DESPERADO BAND ESCAPES

Oklahoma Bank Robbers Elude Posses and All Trace Lost

Oklahoma City, Okla., March 29.—All trace of the band of desperadoes who escaped from Stroud, Okla., Saturday after robbing two national banks of \$5,000 apparently is lost.

A tip eluding a number of mounted posses and a company of Oklahoma National Guard, early yesterday morning they were reported to have passed through Kelleyville, on their way to the fastness of the Kiowa mountains. Since then no report of their being seen has been received.

The condition of Henry Starr, Cherokee desperado, and another of the band named Estes, who were captured after being shot by Paul Curry, 18-year-old son of the town marshal at Stroud, was reported improved to-day. Starr, who is said to have been the leader of the band, and Estes, are held in jail at Chandler.

IRON WORKERS SPLIT UNION

Many Members to Secede as Result of Wage Out Referendum

Staubenville, O., March 29.—Wheeling district members of lodges of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers who refused to vote on the referendum on the scale will re-

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5.05, 7.10 a. m., 3.40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5.05, 7.10, 9.15 a. m., 1.40, 3.52, 7.40, 11.00 p. m.
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Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
H. A. RIDDLER, G. P. & A. Dept.

fuse to accept the result and will secede and organize an independent district lodge of sheet and tin-workers, it was stated here yesterday.

They allege the referendum was unconstitutional and illegal and that their national officers have been guilty of duplicity and of working for the Mahoning Valley lodges. This secession will include Follansbee, Wheeling and Martin's Ferry members.

Any Repairs Needed?

This is the time to do it.

Spring work is slow in getting started.

It's not hard now to find good carpenters.

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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.

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 1813 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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