



# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### Pins, Pins—Trouble Begins

Pins are much like the loose nail in the horse's shoe, if they are poor in quality or lacking altogether they make you lose patience and often precious time.

Last June when hostilities were first declared among warring nations abroad a fashionable woman was heard to deplore the matter, for she said, "Now, probably we shall be compelled to depend on American pins and how can one dress properly with them." By this time she has doubtless discovered that "Made in America" pins are every bit as finely pointed and as good in construction as foreign ones.

Our ancestors had a hard time to secure good pins and the doggerel "See a pin, pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck; see a pin and let it lay, luck will stay away all day," shows how they valued them. And in our country's early days every good housewife carried a neatly made flat pin cushion at her girdle or let it dangle from her belt with her scissors, keys and other every minute necessities. When her sharp eyes spied a pin, presto, and it was in the little cushion ready for need. At two shillings a case full, no wonder she treasured them! But we make our own pins now from both

brass and iron and with almost sixty years experience behind them pin makers are not afraid to compare the output with any foreign grade. Slim, stiff, strong, with smooth tapering points sharp enough to pierce any material they meet every demand the housekeeper puts upon them.

A pin cushion, with a linen cover that can be removed and washed should hang in every kitchen, in an accessible place. It will be found a great convenience.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**Question.**—We are moving into a new house with a large, light kitchen, but no cupboards, would you advise purchasing a kitchen cabinet or a case with shelves above and drawers beneath?

**Reply.**—As your kitchen is large you would have room for both, but if you must choose one take the cabinet if it is a modern one. You can utilize the wall space of the kitchen for shelves and have sliding glass doors made to fit. If you ever leave this house you can take these conveniences with you. If you cannot have shelves covered keep all supplies in glass jars with fitted tops. A shelf near the stove for coffee boiler, teapot, coffee and tea canisters, salt, pepper and flour dregdes is also good.

Other conveniences that every kitchen should have are a thick, washable rug to place where you stand most, a waste paper basket to hold debris and a large sized light tray, as well as a bookcase to hold cookery books, a clock, a memorandum pad and a roll of paper toweling.

**Question.**—My husband has bought a side of bacon that is very strong and salty and now, since it has been hanging in the buttry, it has tiny globules of salt on the flesh side. Does this hurt it and is there any way to make it less salt tasting.—Inexperienced.

**Reply.**—The bacon was evidently too long in the brine or improperly cured; the salt on it does no harm. After slicing it put the cuts in a sieve and pour boiling water over them, or let them stand in hot water a few minutes, then cook in the oven by placing the sieve over a dripping pan to catch the fat. If the oven is hot the rashers will be brown and crisp in a few minutes and not too salt. You can cut the bacon fine and soak it and use it for flavoring beans and for use in beef loaf. Or you can fry the fat from it and discard the remainder.

### Surrenders and Goes to Jail

Lancaster, Pa., March 31.—C. H. A. Delsing, manufacturer of engines, convicted of stealing a promissory note and for whom a bench warrant was issued by the Court, has surrendered to the sheriff and been taken to the county prison for a year.

# HIS LOVE STORY

## MARIE VAN VORST

### ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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### CONTINUED

We have heard rumors of a little dog who was seen running along the highway, miles from Tarascon, but of course that could not have been Pitchoune.

Sabron nodded. "It was, however, mon brave," he said to the terrier.

Not but what I think his little heart was brave enough and valiant enough to have followed you, but no dog could go so far without a better scent.

Sabron said: "It is one of the regrets of my life that you cannot tell us about it. How did you get the scent? How did you follow me?" Pitchoune did not stir, and Sabron's eyes returned to the page.

I do not think you will ever forgive us. You left us a trust and we did not guard it.

He put the letter down a moment, brushed some of the flies away from the candle and made the wick brighter. Mustapha came in, black as ebony, his woolly head bare. He stood as stiff as a ramrod and as black. In his childlike French he said:

"Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if Monsieur le Capitaine will come to play a game of carte in the mess tent?"

"No," said Sabron, without turning. "Not tonight." He went on with his letter:

Half aloud he murmured: "I left a very sacred trust at the Chateau d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no one knew anything about it there will be no question of guarding it, I dare say."

So I write you this letter to tell you about darling Pitchoune. I had grown to love him though he did not like me. I miss him terribly. My aunt asks me to say that she hopes you had a fine crossing and that you will send us a tiger skin; but I am sure there are no tigers near Algiers. I say . . .

And Sabron did not know how long Miss Redmond's pen had hesitated in writing the closing lines:

I say I hope you will be successful and that although nothing can take the place of Pitchoune, you will find someone to make the desert less solitary.

Sincerely yours,  
JULIA REDMOND.

When Sabron had read the letter several times he kissed it fervently and put it in his pocket next his heart.

"That," he said to Pitchoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the same time it makes me more so. This is a paradox, mon vieux, which you cannot understand."

### CHAPTER XII.

#### The News From Africa.

It took the better part of three evenings to answer her letter, and the writing of it gave Sabron a vast amount of pleasure and some tender sorrow. It made him feel at once so near to this lovely woman and at once so far away. In truth there is a great difference between a spahi on an African desert, and a young American heiress dreaming in her chintz-covered bedroom in a chateau in the Midi of France.

Notwithstanding, the young American heiress felt herself as much alone in her chintz-covered bedroom and as desolate, perhaps more so, than did Sabron in his tent. Julia Redmond felt, too, that she was surrounded by people hostile to her friend.

Sabron's letter told her of Pitchoune and was written as only the hand of a charming and imaginative Frenchman can write a letter. Also, his pent-up heart and his reserve made what he did say stronger than if perhaps he could have expressed it quite frankly. Julia Redmond turned the sheets that told of Pitchoune's following his master, and colored with joy and pleasure as she read. She wiped away two

tears at the end, where Sabron said: Think of it, Mademoiselle, a little dog following his master from peace and plenty, from quiet and security, into the desert! And think what it means to have this little friend!

Julia Redmond reflected, was greatly touched and loved Pitchoune more than ever. She would have changed places with him gladly. It was an honor, a distinction to share a soldier's exile and to be his companion. Then Sabron wrote, in closing words which she read and reread many, many times:

Mademoiselle, in this life many things follow us: certain of these follow us whether we will or not. Some things we are strong enough to forbid, yet we do not forbid them! My little dog followed me; I had nothing to do with that. It was a question of fate. Something else has followed me as well. It is not a living thing, and yet it has all the qualities of vitality. It is a tune. From the moment I left the chateau the first night I had the joy of seeing you, Mademoiselle, the tune you sang became a companion to me and has followed me everywhere. I followed me to my barracks, followed me across the sea, and here in my tent it keeps me company. I find that when I wake at night the melody sings to me: I find that when I mount my horse and ride with my men, when the desert's sands are shifted by my horse's feet, something sings in the sun and in the heat, something sings in the chase and in the pursuit, and in the nights, under the stars, the same air haunts me still.

I am glad you told me what the words mean, for I find them beautiful; the music in it would not be the same without the strength and form of the words. So it is, Mademoiselle, with life. Feelings and sentiments, passions and emotions, are like music. They are great and beautiful; they follow us, they are part of us; but they would be nothing—music would be nothing without forms by which we could make it audible—appealing not to our sense alone but to our soul!

And yet I must close my letter sending you only the tune; the words I cannot send you, yet believe me, they form part of every letter I do or say.

Tomorrow, I understand from my men, we shall have some lively work to do. Whatever that work is you will hear of it through the papers. There is a little town near here called Dirbal, inhabited by a poor tribe whose lives have been made miserable by robbers and slave-dealers. It is the business of us watchers of the plains to protect them, and I believe we shall have a lively skirmish with the marauders. There is a congregation of tribes coming down from the north. When I go out with my people tomorrow it may be into danger, for in a wandering life like this, who can tell? I do not mean to be either morbid or sentimental, I only mean to be serious, Mademoiselle, and I find that I am becoming so serious that it will be best to close.

Adieu, Mademoiselle. When you look from your window on the Rhone Valley and see the peaceful fields of Tarascon, when you look on your rosette garden, perhaps your mind will travel farther and you will think of Africa. Do so if you can, and perhaps tonight you will say the words only of the song before you go to sleep.

I am, Mademoiselle, faithfully yours,  
CHARLES DE SABRON.

There was only one place for a letter such as that to rest, and it rested on that gentle pillow for many days. It proved a heavy weight against Julia Redmond's heart. She could, indeed, speak the words of the song, and did, and they rose as a nightly prayer for a soldier on the plains; but she could not keep her mind and thoughts at rest. She was troubled and unhappy; she grew pale and thin; she pined more than Pitchoune had pined, and



There Was Only One Place for Such a Letter to Rest.

she, alas! could not break her chains and run away.

The Duc de Tremont was a constant guest at the house, but he found the American heiress a very capricious and uncertain lady, and Madame d'Esclignac was severe with her niece.

"My dear Julia," she said to the beautiful girl, looking at her through her lorgnon; "I don't understand you. Every one of your family has married a title. We have not thought that we could do better with our money than build up fortunes already started; than in preserving noble races and noble names. There has never been a divorce in our family. I am a marquise, your cousin is a countess, your aunt is one of the peeresses of England, and as for you, my dear . . ."

Miss Redmond was standing by the piano. She had lifted the cover and was about to sit down to play. She

annexed slightly at her aunt, and seemed in the moment to be the older woman.

"There are titles and titles, ma tante; the only question is what kind do you value the most?"

"The highest!" said her aunt with out hesitation, "and the Duc de Tremont is undoubtedly one of the most famous partis in Europe."

"He will then find no difficulty in marrying," said the young girl, "and I do not wish to marry a man I do not love."

She sat down at the piano and her hands touched the keys. Her aunt, who was doing some dainty tapestry, whose fingers were creating silken flowers and whose mind was busy with fancies and ambitions very like the work she created, shrugged her shoulders.

"That seems to be," she said keenly, "the only tune you know, Julia."

"It's a pretty song, ma tante."

"I remember that you played and sang it the first night Sabron came to dinner." The girl continued to finger among the chords. "And since then never a day passes that sometime or other you do not play it through."

"It has become a sort of oraison, ma tante."

"Sabron," said the marquise, "is a fine young man, my child, but he has nothing but his officer's pay. Moreover, a soldier's life is a precarious one."

Julia Redmond played the song softly through.

The old butler came in with the evening mail and the papers. The Marquise d'Esclignac, with her embroidery scissors, opened Le Temps from Paris and began to read with her usual interest. She approached the little lamp on the table near her, unfolded the paper and looked over at her niece, and after a few moments, said with a slightly softened voice:

"Julia!" Miss Redmond stopped playing. "Julia!" The girl rose from the piano stool and stood with her hand on the instrument.

"My dear Julia!" Madame d'Esclignac spread Le Temps out and put her hand on it. "As I said to you, my child, the life of a soldier is a precarious one."

"Ma tante," breathed Miss Redmond from where she stood. "Tell me what the news is from Africa. I think I know what you mean."

She could not trust herself to walk across the floor, for Julia Redmond in that moment of suspense found the room swimming.

"There has been an engagement," said the marquise gently, for in spite of her ambitions she loved her niece. "There has been an engagement, Julia, at Dirbal." She lifted the newspaper and held it before her face and read:

There has been some hard fighting in the desert, around about Dirbal. The troops commanded by Captain de Sabron were routed by the natives at noon on Thursday. They did not rally and were forced to retreat. There was a great loss of life among the natives and several of the regiment were also killed. There has been no late or authentic news from Dirbal, but the last dispatches give the department of war to understand that Sabron himself is among the missing.

The Marquise d'Esclignac slowly put down the paper, and rose quickly. She went to the young girl's side and put her arm around her. Miss Redmond covered her face with her hands:

"Ma tante, ma tante!" she murmured.

"My dear Julia," said the old lady, "there is nothing more uncertain than newspaper reports, especially those that come from the African seat of war. Sit down here, my child."

The two women sat together on the long piano stool. The marquise said: TO BE CONTINUED

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### SLANDER CASE ON TRIAL

#### Suit Results From Political Speech at Darby in 1913

Media, Pa., March 31.—An echo of the political fight of 1913 was heard in court here yesterday, when Thomas J. Osbourne, of Media, was tried on a charge of slander preferred by Sheriff John E. Heyburn, Jr., who was a candidate for election at that time. Osbourne was stumping the county for George J. Johnson, the Democratic candidate. The charge resulted from a speech he made at Darby.

The case will go to the jury today. Democratic Leader Frank B. Rhodes and another prominent Democrat, A. B. Geary, are representing Osbourne. W. C. Alexander is attorney for Heyburn.

### Three Ordained at Altoona

Altoona, Pa., March 31.—Bishop Darlington, of the Harrisburg diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, ordained the Revs. Frederick Andrew Cook, Tyrone, and Allan Arwell Hughes, Jersey Shore, to the parsonage in St. Luke's Episcopal church here yesterday, and Chester Morrison, Altoona, as deacon. Bishop Darlington also confirmed a class of 47 candidates, the largest of the year.

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## RESCUING CREW OF ILL-FATED SUBMARINE



SINKING OF THE 'U-B' OFF DOVER—THE RESCUE OF HER CREW BY BRITISH DESTROYERS.

This drawing, made especially for this newspaper, the New York Herald and the London Sphere, shows a scene attending the sinking of the German submarine U-B, off the coast of Dover, England, by British destroyers. The crew was rescued as shown in the accompanying picture. The scene was one of the most novel which occurred in the war. The crew of the ill fated undersea craft were the first submarine prisoners of war to be brought to Dover. The German seamen are seen just stepping off the stern of their vessel into the destroyer's dinghies.