

# HOUSEHOLD HIS W **TALKS**

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### Some Considerations Regarding Substitutes and Reductions

SHERMAN FOR PRESIDENT

dianapolis speech, Senator Sherman de-

Former School Superintendent Dies

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"It is just as necessary to know what one can do without as to know what one must have when you are making up your grocer order, is a remark I heard when a young girl and when I see so many useful and good substitutes for various commodities neglected it does seem as though studying to do without would be a good thing for many of us, says our neighbor.

After all, success in anything is due to the proper use of what one has to do with. Some folks will fail with everything at hand and others will accomplish wonders with so little that we marvel; it is all in the planning, in having "gumption," "horse-sense" or "making things do" down to a fine point. She accounts for this by saying that for years she lived almost out of "making things do" down to a fine point. She accounts for this by saying that reasings are interesting; for interesting the many down to a fine point. She accounts for this by saying that reasings are interesting in the same neighbor has the art of the ones made up from retail growth the wholesale market tests, and if she sees that there is a great shipment of pork, poultry or lamb in, and a sudden lowering of prices in this particular food, she plans a meal accordingly. The next morning sees her to mark the use of the segs for decorating deservity. Then she reads the market reports, and the ness that there is a great shipment of pork, poultry or lamb in, and a sudden lowering of prices in this particular food, she plans a meal accordingly. The next morning sees her to mark that the ones made up from retail grow the two holesale market ties. Then she resets but the wholesale market neits, and if the ones made up from retail grow that the ones made up from retail grow that the ones made up from retail grow and the whole had suddent lowering of prices in this believed to he pople in the mark that the ones made up from retail grow that the ones made up from retail grow that the ones m

When whole eggs are called for in and she does give one some good advice, if she has not learned to use only the yolks and save the whites bouillon cubes in place of stock.

## 5 TO GRADUATE AT CAMP HILL

Hinois Republicans Endorse Senator
Who Beat Roger Sullivan
Peoria, Ill., April 1.—The Republicans of the Tenth Judicial District, assembled here to nominate candidates for the Circuit Court Judgeship, ves. High school will be held Tuesday, June 1, in the Methodist Episcopal church. The five members to graduate in this year's class are Gertrude Musser and Cassandra Musser, of Washington Heights; Luther Pigler, Gordon Fry and Edith Traub.

Violet and gold have been selected as the class colors and the American. assembled here to nominate candidates for the Circuit Court Judgeship, yesterday endorsed Senator L. Y. Sherman for President of the United States on the Republican ticket in 1916.

Senator Sherman last November defeated Roger Sullivan, the Democratic candidate, in a contest for the Senate.

In a reply to President Wilson's Indiangualis spaceh. Senator Sherman de

as the class colors and the American beauty rose the class flower. The motto is, "Not Failure but Low Aim is

### Taking Care of the Children

livered a few weeks ago what was said to be the most vigorous arraignment the Democratic party and Administration has met since it went into power at Washington. No parent would consciously be care-less of the children. Joe A. Rozmarin, Clarkson, Nebr., uses Foley's Honey and Tar for his two children for Mahanoy City, Pa., April 1.—William Nerhart, former superintendent of Mahanoy City public schools, after eighteen years' service, died here yesterday at the age of 88 years. He was a veteran of the Civil war, and was a prisoner in Libby prison. coughs and colds. He says, "We are never without Foley's Honey and Tar in the house." A distressing cough, sleepless nights, and raw, inflamed after in here yes-deepless nights, and raw, inflamed He was throat lead to a run-down condition in which the child is not able to resist con tagious or infectious diseases. Foley's Honey and Tar is truly healing and It relieves coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Get A. Gorgas, 16 North Third street. prompt in action.

## SENATOR SUED FOR \$50,000

of Wyoming
Washington, April 1.—Albert S.
Connelly, of Iowa, yesterday in the
District Supreme Court, brought suit
against Senator Francis E. Warren, of
Wyoming, for \$50,000 damages, charging that the Senator was responsible
for his unjust commitment to the Government hospital for the insane.

Prior to his detention in the hospital
for more than a year Connelly had filed

Prior to his detention in the hospital for more than a year Connelly had filed charges with House and Senate commit-tees to the effect that Senator Warren had been guilty of illegal fencing of Government lands in Wyoming.

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CONTINUED

of my husband's cousin through the engagement in Tonkin. I know a little it was." The girl was immov-Her aunt felt her rigid by her side. "I told you," she murmured, "that a soldier's life was a precarious

Miss Redmond threw away all dis-

in, guise.
this "Ma tante," she said in a hard "I love him! You must known it and seen it. I love him! He is becoming my life."

As the marquise looked at the girl's face and saw her trembling lips and her wide eyes, she renounced her ambitions for Julia Redmond. nounced them with a sigh, but she was a woman of the world, and more than that, a true woman. She remained for a moment in silence, holding Julia's

She had followed the campaign of her husband's cousin, a young man with an insignificant title whom she had not married. In this moment she relived again the arrival of the evening papers; the dispatches, her husband's news of his cousin. As she kissed Julia's cheeks a moisture passed over her own eyes, which for many years had shed no tears.

"Courage, my dear," she implored, "We will telegraph at once to the minister of war for news.

The girl drew a convulsive breath and turned, and leaning both elbows on the piano keys—perhaps in the very notes whose music in the little song had charmed Sabron—she burst into tears. The marquise rose and into tears. The marquise rose and passed out of the room to send a man with a dispatch to Tarascon

### CHAPTER XIII.

One Dog's Day.

There must be a real philosophy in all proverbs. "Every dog has his day is a significant one. It surely was to Pitchoune. He had his day. It was It surely was for glorious one, a terrible one, a memor able one, and he played his little part in it. He awoke at the gray dawn, springing like a flash from the foot of Sabron's bed, where he lay asleep, in response to the sound of the reveille and Sabron sprang up after him.

Pitchoune in a few moments was ir the center of real disorder. All he knew was that he followed his master all day long. The dog's knowledge did not comprehend the fact that not only had the native village, of which his master spoke in his letter to Miss Red mond, been destroyed, but that Sab ron's regiment itself was menaced by a concerted and concentrated attack from an entire tribe, led by a fanatic as hotminded and as fierce as the Mahdi of Sudanese history.

Pitchoune followed at the heels of his master's horse. No one paid any attention to him. Heaven knows why he was not trampled to death, but he was not.. No one trod on him; no horse's hoof hit his little wiry form that managed in the midst of carnage and death to keep itself secure and his hide whole. He smelt the gunpowder he smelt the smoke, sniffed at it, threw up his pretty head and barked puffed and panted, yelped and tore about and followed. He was not conscious of anything but that Sabron was in motion; that Sabron, his be-loved master, was in action of some kind or other and he, a soldier's dog was in action, too. He howled at flerce dark faces, when he saw them. He snarled at the bullets that whis tled around his ears and, laying his little ears back, he shook his black muzzle in the very grin of death

Sabron's horse was shot under him, and then Pitchoune saw his master, sprang upon him, and his feelings were sprang upon him, and his feelings were not hurt that no attention was paid him, that not even his name was called, and as Sabron struggled on, Pitchoune followed. It was his day: he was fighting the natives; he part of a battle; he was a soldier's Little by little the creatures and things around him grew fewer. the smoke cleared and rolled away, there were a few feet of freedom around hin in which he stood and barked; then he was off again close to his master's heels and not too soon He did not know the blow that struct sabron, but he saw him fall, and then and there came into his canine heart some knowledge of the importance of his day. He had raced himself weary. Every bone in his little body ached

with fatigue.
Sabron lay his length on the bed of a dried-up river, one of those phantom-like channels of a desert stream whose course runs watery only certain times of the year. Sabron, wounded in the abdomen, lay on his side. Pitchoune smelled him from head to foot, addressed himself to his restoration in his own way. He ticked his face and hands and ears, sat sentinel at the peloved head where the forehead was covered with sweat and blood. He barked feverishly and to his attentive ears there came no answer whatso-ever, either from the wounded man in the bed of the African river or from

Sabron was deserted. He had fallen Saloron was deserted. He had fallen and not been missed and his regiment, routed by the Arabs, had been driven into retreat. Finelly the little dog, who knew by instinct that life re-mained in his master's body, set himself at work vigorously to awaken a sign of life. He attacked Sabron's shoulder as though it were a prey; he worrled him, barked in his ear, struck him lightly with his paw, and finally, awakening to dreadful pain, to fever and to isolation, awakening perhaps to the battle for life, to the attentious

Sabron's wound was serious, but his was vigorous, strong and healthy and his mind more so. film over it just now. He raised him-self with great effort, and in a moment realized where he was and that to linger there was a horrible death. On bank, not very high and thickly grown with mimosa bush. This meant to him that beyond it and probably within easy reach, there would be shade from intense and dreadful glare beat upon him, with ing down every ray. He groaned and Pitchoune's voice answered him. Sabron paid no attention to his dog, did not even call his name. His mind, accustomed to quick decisions and to a matter-of-fac consideration of life, instantly took its proper course. He must get out of the bed or die there, rot there.

was so stupendous an undertaking that it made him almost unconscious of the pain in his loins. He could not stand could not thoroughly raise himself but by great and painful effort, bleed ing at every move, he could crawl; he did so, and the sun beat down upon Pitchoune walked by his side whining, talking to him, encouraging him, and the spahi, ashen pale, his by the enemy!
The sea of waste rolled unbroken as bright gray uniform ripped and stained all alone in the desert, with death above him and death on every hand crawled, dragged, hitched along out of the river to the bank, cheered, en-couraged by his little dog. He slept a short, restless, feverish sleep, and in it dreams chased one an-

What there was before him to do

For a drop of water he would have given—oh, what had he to give? For a little shade he would have givenabout all he had to give had been given to his duty in this engagement which could never bring him glory, or distinction or any renown. The work of a spahi with a native regiment is not a very glorious affair. He was daily work.

Pitchoune barked and cried out to

him: "Courage!"
"I shall die here at the foot of the mimosa," Sabron thought: and his hands hardly had the courage or strength to grasp the first bushes by which he meant to pull himself up on



Pitchoune Smelled Him From Head to

the bank. The little dog was close to him, leaping, springing near him, and Sabron did not know how tired and thirsty and exhausted his brave little companion was, or that perhaps in that heroic little body there much of a soldier's soul as in his own human form.

The sun was so hot that it seemed to sing in the bushes. Its torrid fever ruck on his brown, struck on chest; why did it not kill him? He was not even delirlous, and yet the bushes sang Gry and crackling. What was their melody? He knew it. Just melody haunted him always, and now he knew the words: they were a prayer for safety.
"But," Sabron said aloud, "it is a

prayer to be said at night and not in the afternoon of an African hell." He began to climb; he pulled him-

self along, leaving his track in blood. He fainted twice, and the thick growth held him like the wicker of a cradle, and before he came to his con-sciousness the sun was mercifully co-ing down. He finally reached the top of the bank and lay there panting. Not far distant were the bushes of rose and mimosa flower, and still pant ing, weaker and ever weaker, his cour age the only living thing in him, Sab ron with Pitchoune by his side,

dragged himself into healing hands. All that night Sabron was delirious; his mind traveled far into vague fan tastic countries, led back again, ever gently, by a tune, to safety.

Every now and then he would realize that he was alone on the vast desert, destined to finish his existence here, to cease being a human creature and to become nothing but carrion Moments of consciousness succeeded those of mental disorder. Every now and then he would feel Pitchoune close to his arm. The dog licked his hand and the touch was grateful to hand and the touch was grateril to the deserted officer. Pitchoune licked his master's cheek and Sabron felt that there was another life beside his in the wilderness. Neither dog nor man could long exist, however, with-out food or drink and Sabron was growing momentarily weeker.

growing momentarily weaker.

The Frenchman, though a philo pher, realized how hard it was to die

naving accomplished nothing, naving wished many things and realized at an early age only death! Then this point of view changed and the physical man was uppermost.

He groaned for water, he groaned for relief from pain, turned his head from side to side, and Pitchoune whined softly. Sabron was not strong enough to speak to him, and their voices, of man and beast instituulate.

whined softly. Sabron was not strong enough to speak to him, and their voices, of man and beast, inarticulate, mingled—both left to die in the open.

Then Sabron violently rebelled and cried out in his soul against fate and destiny. He could have cursed the day he was born. Keenly desirous to live, to make his mark and to win everything a man values, why should he be picked and chosen for this lone. It is grasp on life, to go on into wilder delirium and to die! He khew enough to injuries to feel sure that his wound alone would not kill him. When he had first dragged himself into the shade he had fainted, and when he came to himself he might have stanched his blood. His wound was hardly bleeding now. It had already a died! Fatigue and thirst, fever would finish him, not his hurt. He was too young to die.

With great effort he raised himself in her petition, asserted that funds ac cumulated in this way had reached such With great effort he raised himself on his arm and scanned the desert stretching on all sides like a rosy sea.

stretching on all sides like a rosy sea. Along the river bank the pale and delicate blossom and leaf of the mimosa lay like a bluish veil, and the smell of the evening and the smell of the mimosa flower and the perfumes of the weeds came to him, aromatic and sweet. Above his head the blue sky was ablaze with stars and directly over him the evening star hung like a crystal lamp. But there was no beauty in it for the wounded officer who looked in vain to the dark shadows on the desert that might mean approaching human life. It would be better to die as he was dying, than to be found by the enemy!

it is regarded as probable that an ap peal will be taken. Richard R. Quay, whose home is in Sewickley, a Pitts-burgh suburb, declared when Mrs. Da-vidson's suit was filed that it was an amicable one.

Dr. J. G. Becht's Mother Dies sleep, and in it dreams chased one an other like those evoked by a narcotic, but out of them, over and over again came the picture of Julia Redmond, and she sang to him the song whose words were a prayer for the safety of a loved one during the night.

From that romantic melody there seemed to rise more solemn ones. He heard the rolling of the organ in the

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die as he was dying, than to be found

far as his fading eyes could reach. He sank back with a sigh, not to rise

again, and closed his eyes and waited.

heard the rolling of the organ in the cathedral in h.s native town, for he came from Rouen originally, where

there is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. The music

rolled and rolled and passed over the

desert's face. It seemed to lift his spirit and to cradle it. Then he

breathed his prayers-they took form

words rolled and rolled over the desert's face and the supplication

seemed to his feverish mind to mingle

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