HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

A Room for the Children

In the average American house there is room for everything but the children, the most precious possession of all. If a room is given to the growing boy it is usually at the top of the house or in some out of the way corner. While the girls' rooms are made too dainty and delicate and "pretty' to be of much actual satisfaction to their users.

Homes aim to fit individuals for places in the universal life of the race, and housekeeping is a success only when it accomplishes this end. The first thing that parents wish to guard their children from is contact with associations that are not good. Such association need not be people, especially. They may be found in untidiness, careless actions in keeping the children's belongings in order or in not having a comfortable place for children to exercise their natural desires to play and work.

Young folks are born imitators so that models that are not good, whether persons, objects or actions, become dangerous to them.

So wise mothers and fathers plan to let their children have their own part of the home. A place where they can keep their simple little treasures and think and plan and pretend without interruption, as they love to do.

They will say, "This room is all my own, I fixed it myself, Mother showed me." Is there anything else that can give a child such independence of thought and action as to leave the actual work of arranging its very own room to a little girl or boy?

Such a room should be for service. The walls should be of some soft shade of tan, or buff, for this does not fade as blue or pink does and pictures look well against it. If one wants it more elaborate, gray, old rose and silver are beautiful. In the border one can have decorations suitable to the tastes of the youngster. The furniture should be made to withstand hard knocks and the rugs should be of material that may be easily cleaned. The writing desk is one of the important articles of furniture for it teaches young folks lessons of expression through drawing, painting and writing. Over it bookshelves may be hung to hold books of worth. Everything that a growing child comes in contact with has an influence upon its character. A young girl grew up with a desire to be a nurse and nothing her family could say would dissuade her. In later years she attributed her ambition to a picture of a nurse on duty that hung in her room where she saw it the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"Please repeat directions you gave to prevent embroidery silk from tangling while it is being used. I clipped the article but mislaid it."

Reply.—I do not recollect writing advice on use of silk but I am told that if you will twist the thread, as you draw it through the material it will keep it tight and smooth.

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"Please tell me some uses for potted or tinned meats."

Reply.—Serve it sliced thin as it comes from can, use it for forcemeat and fillings in pates, for making croquettes and timbales for creamed meat on toast and for stuffing tomatoes and other vegetables. Excellent in Irish stew.

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In response to request for recipe for cabbage soup I send the following one which is well liked at our house. Billings.

Reply.—Cream of Cabbage Soup—Chop enough outside leaves of cabbage to make one quart. Add two tablespoons of chopped onion and a few chopped stalks of celery, or celery salt to season. Put this in a deep kettle and cover with boiling water and cook slowly until cabbage is clear and the water about half boiled away. Press all through a vegetable sieve and add a pint of milk, one tablespoon of butter rubbed into one tablespoon of flour. When thick and smooth take from fire and add black pepper and salt to season. Strain again through very fine sieve or cloth.

A Great Gift

"They say she is splendid in amateur theatricals."

"She's a wonder. She can make the most painful tragedy a source of genuine amusement."—Life.

HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS By RAY WALTERS

CONTINUED

Pitchoune snook out his short hairy body and came out of the oasis pool into the sunlight and trotted into the Arabian village.

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Fatou Anni parched corn in a brazier before her house. Her house was a mud hut with yellow walls. It had no roof and was open to the sky. Fatou Anni was ninety years old, straight as a lance—straight as one of the lances the men of the village carried when they went to dispute with white people. These lances with which the young men had fought, had won them the last battle. They had been victorious on the field.

Fatou Anni was the grandmother of many men. She had been the mother of many men. Now she parched corn tranquilly, prayerfully.

"Allah! that the corn should not burn; Allah! that it should be sweet; Allah! that her men should be always successful."

She was the fetish of the settlement. In a single blue garment, her black scrawny breast uncovered, the thin veil that the Fellaheen wear pushed back from her face, her fine eyes were revealed and she might have been a priestess as she bent over her corn!

"Allah! Allah Akbar!"

Rather than anything should happen to Fatou Anni, the settlement would have roasted its enemies alive, torn them in shreds. Some of them said that she was two hundred years old. There was a charmed ring drawn around her house. People supposed that if any creature crossed it uninvited, it would fall dead.

The sun had risen for an hour and the air was still cool. Overhead, the sky, unstained by a single cloud, was blue as a turquoise floor, and against it, black and portentous, flew the vultures. Here and there the sun-touched pools gave life and reason to the oasis.

Fatou Anni parched her corn. Her barbaric chant was interrupted by a sharp bark and a low pleading whine.

She had never heard sounds just like that. The dogs of the village were great wolflike creatures. Pitchoune's bark was angelic compared with theirs. He crossed the charmed circle drawn around her house, and did not fall dead, and stood before her, whining. Fatou Anni left her corn, stood upright and looked at Pitchoune. To her the Irish terrier was an apparition. The fact that he had not fallen dead proved that he was beloved of Allah. He was, perhaps, a genie, an afrit.

Pitchoune fawned at her feet. She murmured a line of the Koran. It did not seem to affect his demonstrative affection. The woman bent down to him after making a pass against the Evil Eye, and touched him, and Pitchoune licked her hand.

Fatou Anni screamed, dropped him, went into the house and made her ablutions. When she came out Pitchoune sat patiently before the parched corn, and he again came crawling to her.

The Arabian woman lived in the last hut of the village. She could satisfy her curiosity without shocking her neighbors. She bent down to scrutinize Pitchoune's collar. There was a sacred medal on it with sacred inscriptions which she could not read. But as soon as she had freed him this time, Pitchoune tore himself away from her, flew out of the sacred ring and disappeared. The he ran back, barking appealingly; he took the hem of her dress in his mouth and pulled her. He repeatedly did this and the superstitious Arabian believed herself to be called divinely. She cautiously left the doorstep, her veil falling before her face, came out of the sacred ring, followed to the edge of the berry field. From there Pitchoune sped over the desert; when he stopped and looked back at her. Fatou Anni did not follow, and he returned to renew his entreaties. When she tried to touch him he escaped, keeping at a safe distance. The village began to stir. Blue and yellow garments fluttered in the streets.

"Allah Akbar," Fatou Anni murmured, "these are days of victory, of recompense."

She gathered her robe around her and, statelily and impressively, started toward the huts of her grandsons. When she returned, eight young warriors, fully armed, accompanied her. Pitchoune sat beside the parched corn, watching the brazier and her meal. Fatou Anni pointed to the desert.

She said to the young men, "Go with this genie. There is something he wishes to show us. Allah is great. Go."

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When the Capitaine de Sabron opened his eyes in consciousness, they encountered a square of blazing blue heaven. He weakly put up his hand to shade his sight, and a cotton awning, supported by four bamboo poles, was swiftly raised over his head. He saw objects and took cognizance of them. On the floor in the low doorway of a mud hut sat three litttle naked children covered with flies and dirt. He was the guest of Fatou Anni. These were three of her hundred great-great-grandchildren. The babies were playing with a little dog. Sabron knew the dog but could not articulate his name. By his side sat the woman to whom he owed his life. Her veil fell over her face. She was braiding straw. He looked at her intelligently. She brought him a drink of cool water in an earthen vessel, with the drops oozing from its porous sides. The hut reeked with odors which met his nostrils at every breath he drew. He asked in Arabic:

"Where am I?"

"In the hut of victory," said Fatou Anni.

Pitchoune overheard the voice and came to Sabron's side. His master murmured:

"Where are we, my friend?"

The dog leaped on his bed and licked his face. Fatou Anni, with a whisk of straw, swept the flies from him. A great weakness spread its wings above him and he fell asleep.

Days are all alike to those who lie in mortal sickness. The hours are intensely colorless and they slip and slip and slip into painful wakefulness, into fever, into drowsiness finally, and then into weakness.

The Capitaine de Sabron, although he had no family to speak of, did possess, unknown to the Marquise d'Esclignac, an old aunt in the provinces, and a handful of heartless cousins who were indifferent to him. Nevertheless he clung to life and in the hut of Fatou Anni fought for existence. Every time that he was conscious he struggled anew to hold to the thread of life. Whenever he grasped the thread he vanquished, and whenever he lost it, he went down, down.

Fatou Anni cherished him. He was a soldier who had fallen in the battle against her sons and grandsons. He was a man and a strong one, and she despised women. He was her prey and he was her reward and she cared for him; as she did so, she became maternal.

His eyes which, when he was conscious, thanked her; his thin hands that moved on the rough blue robe thrown over him, the devotion of the dog—found a responsive chord in the great-grandmother's heart. Once he smiled at one of the naked, big-bellied great-great-grandchildren. Beni Hassan, three years old, came up to Sabron with his fingers in his mouth and chattered like a bird. This proved to Fatou Anni that Sabron had not the Evil Eye. No one but the children were admitted to the hut, but the sun and the flies and the cries of the village came in without permission, and now and then, when the winds arose, he could hear the stirring of the palm trees.

Sabron was reduced to skin and bone. His nourishment was insufficient, and the absence of all decent care was slowly taking him to death. It will never be known why he did not die.

Pitchoune took to making long excursions. He would be absent for days, and in his clouded mind Sabron thought the dog was reconnoitering for him over the vast pink sea without there—which, if one could sail across as in a ship, one would sail to France, through the walls of mellow old Tarascon, to the chateau of good King Rene; one would sail as the moon sails, and through an open window one might hear the sound of a woman's voice singing. The song, ever illusive and irritating in its persistency, tantalized his sick ears.

Sabron did not know that he would have found the chateau shut had he sailed there in the moon. It was as well that he did not know, for his wandering thought would not have known where to follow, and there was repose in thinking of the Chateau d'Esclignac.

It grew terribly hot. Fatou Anni, by his side, fanned him with a fan she had woven. The great-great-grandchildren on the floor in the mud fought together. They quarreled over bits of colored glass. Sabron's breath came panting. Without, he heard the cries of the warriors, the lance-bearers—he heard the cries of Fatou Anni's sons who were going out to battle. The French soldiers were in a distant part of the Sahara and Fatou Anni's grandchildren were going out to pillage and destroy. The old woman by his side cried out and beat her breast. Now and then she looked at him curiously, as if she saw death on his pale face. Now that all her sons and grandsons had gone, he was the only man left in the village, as even boys of sixteen had joined the raid. She wiped his forehead and gave him a potion that had been pierced with arrows. It was all she could do for a captive.

Toward sundown, for the first time Sabron felt a little better, and after twenty-four hours' absence, Pitchoune

It Grew Terribly Hot.

whined at the hut door, but would not come in. Fatou Anni called on Allah, left her patient and went out to see what was the matter with the dog. At the door, in the shade of a palm, stood two Bedouins.

It was rare for the caravan to pass by Beni Medinet. The old woman's superstition foresaw danger in this visit. Her veil before her face, her gnarled old fingers held the fan with which she had been fanning Sabron. She went out to the strangers. Down by the well a group of girls in garments of blue and yellow, with earthen bottles on their heads, stood staring at Beni Medinet's unusual visitors.

To Be Continued

THE REV. "BILLY" WITH HIS WIFE AND SON

Here is a picture of "Billy" Sunday, taken in Paterson, N. J., where the noted evangelist is campaigning against the devil. It shows him with his wife, "Ma" Sunday, and his son, George.

Makes 61 Feel Like 16

"I suffered with kidney ailment for two years," writes Mrs. M. A. Bridges, Robinson, Mass., "and commenced taking Foley Kidney Pills about ten months ago. I am now able to do all my work without fatigue. I am now 61 years of age and feel like a 16-year-old girl." Foley Kidney Pills strengthen and invigorate weak, tired and deranged kidneys; relieve backache, weak back, rheumatism and bladder trouble. They are tonic in action. Geo. A. Gorgas, 16 North Third street.—Adv.

LABOR CHIEF STRIKE UMPIRE

Is Accepted as Third Member of Board to Settle Dispute

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., April 10.—The directors of the Wilkes-Barre Railway Company at a meeting last evening accepted John Price Jackson, State Commissioner of Labor and Industries, as the third member of the arbitration board to settle the wage dispute between the traction company and its striking motormen and conductors.

The men have been on strike eight days, during which time not a car has moved.

Following this action orders were issued by the company and strikers to resume the operation of cars this morning.

To Test Constitutionality of Law

Hazleton, April 10.—Court action attacking the constitutionality of the act of 1911, disfranchising the voters of the middle coal field poor district and giving the Judges of Carbon county the power to appoint the Poor Directors was ordered by Hazleton City Council. District Attorney J. H. Bigelow was instructed to invite Freland, West Hazleton, Foster and Hazle townships to join in the case.

The Daily Fashion Hint.

A pretty arrangement of the modish hat streamers is shown in this model. It is of a pink hemp, the crown encircled with a wide piped band of blue ribbon the shade of the streamer ends, and a fine wreath of forget-me-nots and roses follows the outside edge of the brim.

Artistic Printing at Star-Independent.

TO BORROW PHILADELPHIANS

Fifteen Hundred of Them Are Expected to Follow Easton Industry

Easton, Pa., April 10.—"Within six months 1,500 men, women and children will have moved from Philadelphia to this city," was the statement made yesterday by General Traffic Manager W. H. Frederick, of the Taylor-Wharton Iron & Steel Company.

The men, heads of families, are now employed in subsidiary plants of the Taylor-Wharton plant in Philadelphia. The big plant is nearing completin, and the hiring of the force to operate it will commence in six or eight weeks.

In Jail as Barn Burners

Bellefonte, Pa., April 10.—Deputy State Fire Marshal T .G. Ryan, of Danville, probably captured the leaders of a gang of alleged barn-burners when he arrested and landed in the Centre county jail yesterday Edward Ickes, of Scotia, and Bert Finnegan, of Williamsburg, Blair county. They are charged with burning the house and barn of H. A. Ellis, in Bald Eagle Valley, in February, 1914. Five or six other barns were burned.

Tunnel Wreck Halts Traffic

Altoona, Pa., April 10.—A break in the air hose resulted in the wrecking of a freight train in the Pennsy's eastbound tunnel at Gallitzin yesterday, and eastbound traffic over the main line was tied up for two hours. Three cars in the center of the tunnel were derailed and thrown crosswise.