

# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### Making the House Beautiful

The selection of our home furnishings is one of the pleasantest duties that home-loving women have to do, for there is such abundance of lovely useful articles to choose from.

Even if we cannot afford to discard our present belongings, we can consider how we will replace them, one article at a time, as chance affords. One can always plan what they would like to do and so have their pleasures twice, once in anticipation and then in reality.

Such study and planning as this is called household art, and it teaches how to carry out color schemes, decide on the appropriate articles for certain rooms and shows the housewife in moderate circumstances how to make her home beautiful in practical ways.

When women are trained to know the principles of decoration, they realize that all that comes into the mind through the eye is part of one's consciousness. Environment means everything to a family; you cannot raise chicks in water or fish in dry sand; nor can you have a beautiful life in ugly surroundings.

Many housewives have a misconception as to what home is; it should be restful, quieting and inspiring; not a curiosity shop, a savings association or a museum. It cannot be furnished according to your feelings, for feelings are more or less sentiment crossed with foolishness, and what pleases you one day will annoy you at another time. It is no use trusting sentiment to secure

good effects; you must use intellect and base your judgment on the specific principles of color, cause and effect.

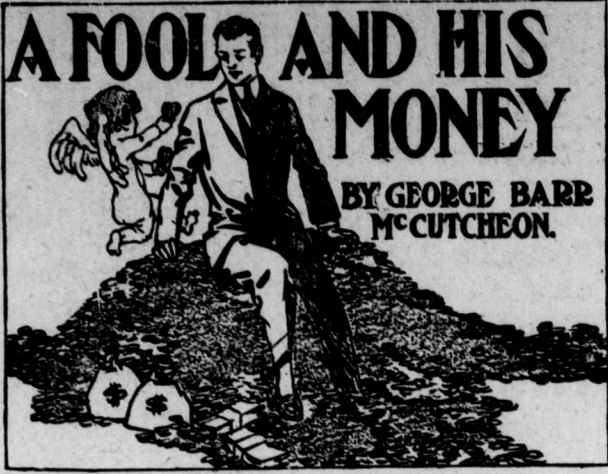
Consider pictures, for an example; all are not decorative, few are attractive and very seldom do we see them hung correctly. The erratic lines they are suspended by detract from them. Picture wires should not show, but if they must they should be straight. In all form of decoration, structure comes first. Oak furniture suggests strength. It was the wood preferred by strong, courageous Queen Elizabeth. It denotes usefulness. Can you fancy anything light, delicate, fragile being made from this sturdy wood? Yet, in rooms furnished with heaviest, sturdiest oak, women have been known to place tracery etchings, dainty and fairy-like enough to combine with the curving, graceful, weak furniture of the Louis XV period.

A violet in a snowy blizzard or a fur coat on a July day could not be more startling.

Horsepower is not enough to use in housekeeping and home-making; brain power is quite as much needed.

Artistic principles speak in color, form and effect, and all women should understand the language.

I have compiled a list of harmonizing colors that I will be glad to send to anyone who needs help in selecting color tones for furnishing certain rooms. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope when sending for this.



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### A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

Continued

My cogitations were brief. The count after waiting for a minute or two to let me grasp the full importance of the sacrifice he was ready to make in order to secure me against personal loss blandly announced that there were but two mortgages on the chateau.

"You wish me to accept a third mortgage on the place?" I inquired, pursing my lips.

"The chateau is worth at least a million," he said earnestly. "But why worry about that, Mr. Smart? My personal note is all that is necessary."

"Just a moment, count," I said, leaning forward in my chair. "May I inquire where and from whom you received the impression that I am a rich man?"

He laughed easily. "One who indulges a whim, Mr. Smart, is always rich. Schiess Rothhoefen condemns you to the purgatory of Croesus."

"Croesus would be a poor man in these days," said I. "If he lived in New York he would be wondering where his next meal was to come from. I am not a rich man."

He eyed me coldly. "Have you suddenly discovered the fact, sir?"

"What do you mean?"

"I suggest a way in which you can be of assistance to me, and you hesitate. How am I to take it, sir?"

His infernal air of superiority aggravated me. "You may take it just as you please, Mr. Pless."

"I beg you to remember that I am Count Turnowsky, Mr.—"

I arose. "The gist of the matter is this: You want to borrow \$150,000 of me. That is—"

He hastened to correct me. "I do not call it borrowing when one gives ample security for the amount involved."

"What is your idea of borrowing, may I ask?"

"Borrowing is the same thing as asking a favor, according to our conception of the transaction. I am not asking a favor of you, sir. Far from it. I am offering you an opportunity to put a certain amount of money out at a high rate of interest."

"Well, then, we'll look at it in that light. I am not in a position to invest so much money at this time."

"Suppose that I were to say that any day inside the next three or four weeks would be satisfactory to me," said he, as if he were granting me a favor. "Please be seated, Mr. Smart."

"Thank you. I fear it is impossible for me to remain."

"I shall be disappointed. However, another time if not tonight, I trust. And now to come to the point. May I depend upon you to help me at this trying period? A few thousand will be sufficient for present needs, and the balance may go over a few weeks without seriously inconveniencing me."

I actually was staggered. My cholera was rising.

"I may as well tell you first as last, Count Turnowsky, that I cannot let you have the money. It is quite impossible. In the first place, I haven't the amount to spare; in the second—"

"Enough, sir," he broke in angrily. "I have committed the common error of regarding one of you as a gentleman. Dash me, if I shall ever do so again! There isn't one in the whole of the United States."

"You will do well, sir, to keep a civil tongue in your head," said I, paling with fury.

"I have nothing more to say to you, Mr. Smart," said he contemptuously. "Good night, Francois, conduct Mr. Smart to the corridor."

Strangely enough, I did not recover my sense of speech until I was well

ty-three is going to spend the rest of her life without a man? Not much! She's free to marry again, and she will."

"Admitting that to be true, why should she marry me?"

"I didn't say she was in love with you," I said you were in love with her."

"Oh," I said, and my face fell, "I see!"

He seemed to be considering something. After a few seconds he nodded his head decisively. "Yes, I am sure of it. If the right man gets her she'll make the finest, sweetest wife in the world. She's never had a chance to show what's really in her. She would be adorable, wouldn't she?"

The sudden question caught me unawares.

"She would!" I said, with conviction.

"Well," said he slowly and deliberately, "why don't you set about it, then?"

"He was so ridiculous that I thought for the fun of it I'd humor him."

"Assuming that you are right in regard to my feelings toward her, Fred, what leads you to believe that I would stand a chance of winning her?" It was a silly question, but I declare I hung on his answer with a tenseness that surprised me.

"Why not? You are good looking, a gentleman, a celebrity and a man. Bless my soul, she could do worse."

"But you forget that I am—let me see—thirty-five, and she is but twenty-three."

"To offset that, she has been married and unhappy. That brings her about up to your level, I should say. Her father ought to pay what he owes. He gave a million to get one husband for her. He ought to give a million to be rid of him, so that she could marry the next one without putting him to any expense whatsoever. I told her I thought it was the cheapest and quickest way out of it, and she said, 'I wonder!'"

### To Be Continued

Illino's Shelves Liquor Bills

Springfield, Ill., May 7.—Following the rejection by the House Wednesday of all "wet" and "dry" legislation, hopes that bills pertaining to the liquor question might be acted upon in the Senate went glimmering yesterday, when the upper body rejected the measure, the "wets" charging that the "drys" were attempting to get a record vote for campaign purposes.

Young Employees to Be Discharged

Seranton, Pa., May 7.—Records at the school district headquarters show there are 1,201 children in this city that will be affected by the operation of the child labor act. All the big manufacturers here say that they will dismiss their youthful employees rather than establish the extension schools ordered by the act. The department stores will continue their help.

### CHAPTER XV.

I Am Informed That I Am In Love.

POPENDYKE stared for a long time at the portrait of Ludwig the Red. "Isn't it odd that the countess, an American, should be descended from the old Rothhoefens? What a small world it is, after all!"

I became wary. "Nothing odd about it to me. We've all got to descend from somebody."

"I dare say. Still it is odd that she should be hiding in the castle of her ancestors."

"Not at all, not at all. It just happens to be a handy place. Perfectly natural."

"Perfect rot," I added without rime or reason.

He grinned. "Nevertheless it's the general opinion that you are," said he. I sat up very straight. "What's that?"

"You're in love," said he succinctly. It was like a bomb.

"You're crazy," I gasped.

"Don't think we're all blind, Mr. Smart."

"We?" I murmured, a curious dampness assailing me.

"That is to say, Britton, the Schmicks and myself."

"The Schmicks?" It was high time that I should laugh. "Ho, ho! The Schmicks! Good Lord, man—the Schmicks!"

"The Schmicks are tickled to death over it," said he. "And so is Britton."

Collecting all the sarcasm that I could command at the instant I inquired, "Are you, Mr. Poppendyke, are you not tickled?"

"Very," said he.

"Well, I'm not," said I savagely. "What does all this nonsense mean? Don't be an ass, Fred."

"Perhaps you don't know it, Mr. Smart, but you are in love," said he so convincingly that I was conscious of an abrupt sinking of the heart.

"The deuce you say!" I exclaimed rather blankly.

"Oh, I've seen it coming! For that matter, so has she. It's as plain as the nose—"

I leaped to my feet, started. "She? You don't— Has she said anything that leads you to believe— Oh, the deuce! What rot?"

"No use getting angry over it," he said consolingly. "Falling in love is the sort of thing a fellow can't help, you know. You are heels over head in love with the Countess Turnowsky and—"

"Shut up, Fred! You're going daffy from reading my books or absorbing my manuscripts or—"

"Heaven is my witness. I don't read your books, and I merely correct your manuscripts. God knows there is no romance in that! You are in love. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" I demanded.

"You can't go on in this way, you know," he said relentlessly. "She won't!"

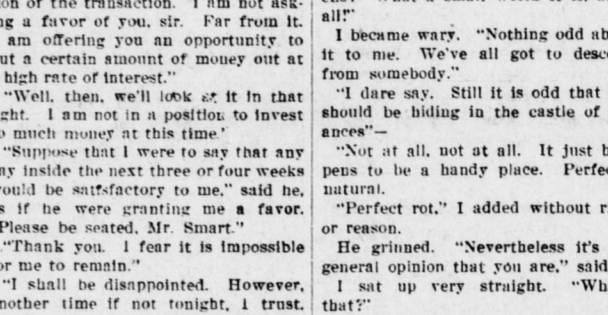
"Why, you blithering idiot," I roared, "do you know what you are saying? I'm not in love with anybody. My heart is— But never mind! Now, listen to me, Fred. This nonsense has got to cease. I won't have it. Why, she's already got a husband. She's had all she can stand in the way of husband!"

"Rubbish! She can stand a husband or two more, if you are going to look at it in a literal way. Besides, she hasn't a husband. She's chucked him. Good riddance, too. Now, do you imagine for a single instant that a beautiful, adorable young woman of twen-

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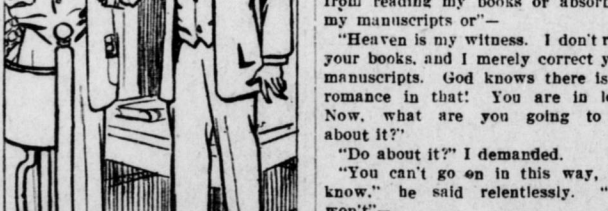
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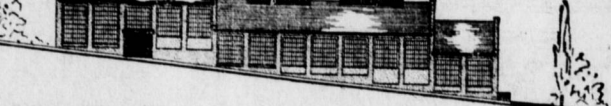
out into the corridor. Then I deliberately took a gold coin out of my

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