

# THE HOUSEBREAKER

## How Wily Marjorie Detained Him Until Help Came.....

W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The young man paused for a moment at the foot of the steps and gave a quick glance at the house. Then he ascended to the porch and tried to open the door. Something prevented him—the key he carried didn't fit, or the door was bolted.

He hesitated a moment as if undecided. Then he went around the house and tried the side door, and the rear door. Neither yielded to his efforts. Evidently determined to enter he went to the rear of the garage and brought forth a ladder. Placing this against the porch he ascended to the roof and a moment later had disappeared through a rear window.

And Marjorie Lane saw all this from the house next door. Marjorie was alone in the house. Her mother was away on a visit, the maid was taking her afternoon out, and her father was at his office. Marjorie had been reading in the little reception hall, when the man's footsteps on the porch next door aroused her. She looked out and saw him.

The house next door had been untenanted for several weeks. The Stetsons had gone to New York on a visit. It was rumored they would stay. But their furnishings were still in the house. They were fine furnishings, too, as Marjorie knew. And here was a stranger, in mid-afternoon, feloniously endeavoring to enter the deserted home.

Marjorie ran back when the stranger went round the house, and from a kitchen window hidden behind the shade, saw him bring up the ladder and enter the window.

The girl turned pale. This was the sort of felony that had become so common. The stranger had found that the house was untenanted and had chosen the most quiet time of the day for his nefarious work. No doubt he was in there now, picking over Mrs. Stetson's choicest treasures and selecting only the most valuable for his bundle of loot.

With a shock she remembered that the telephone was out of order. It had suddenly ceased to do duty at luncheon time. Her father, who had come home to please Marjorie, had tried to call his office and failed.

"The phone is out of order," he told her. "I will call them up from the office and report it."

Marjorie gave another little start when she remembered this. It was entirely probable that the daring housebreaker next door had deliberately cut off the service to serve his nefarious ends. A snipped wire would do it. A bad man who took such chances would know how to surround himself with safeguards.

ed her sincerity. At least he had a very singular way of looking at her. She must continue the conversation and do her best to make it sound natural.

"You are quite sure the air is not too chilly for you?" said the bad man with still more solicitude.

Marjorie stared.

"I am very comfortable," she hastily answered. And then she flushed. She had never been more uncomfortable in all her two and twenty years.

"Why do you think I am uncomfortable?"

"I was afraid," the man replied, "that after a fever the atmosphere might be considered chilly."

"Fever?" said Marjorie. "I've had no fever." She could see his purpose now. He wanted her to go into the house—for a wrap, perhaps—and then he could hastily take flight.

"And you have no fear of incipient grip?" he asked. "They say it often takes a very insidious form."

He moved his rocker a little and again the suit case gave forth a clinking sound.

Marjorie started.

"You are nervous," said the bad man. "I'm afraid you do wrong when you needlessly exert yourself. I know that your father would not approve of it. Let me call again when you are rested."

And he half arose.

"No, no," said Marjorie hastily. "I'm very well, thank you, and not at all nervous." She tried to laugh to show her unconcern, but it was a weak effort.

The bad man did not laugh.

"You said something about the sale of this house," he remarked as if to steady her.

"Oh, yes," she cried. "How do you like it?"

"It looks like an attractive residence," he replied. "May I presume to ask the owner's reasons for selling—it is often customary in advertising homes, you know?"

"Yes," said Marjorie. "They usually claim it is lack of health, don't they?"

"Or change of business, or something like that?"

"Something like that," the bad man replied.

Marjorie cudgeled her brains.

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# NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

## Household Matters

### Cleaning Porcelain.

With a cloth dipped in kerosene oil the effect is wonderful. You may then rub with a dry cloth. The articles cleaned will be as bright as new. The same method may be used in cleaning furniture. Even paint may be cleaned with a little oil on the cloth and soap suds as well.—Ainslee's.

### Gardening.

One of the most successful of the amateur women gardeners, whose old-fashioned garden is a wonderful tangle of bloom and perfume throughout the season, says that her success is due to bringing the clay soil to terms. When having a bed made she has it first filled with a three-inch layer of sand, then with an equally thick layer of sawdust, and last with a generous amount of fertilizer. The second year the same rule is followed, at which time she has planted whatever hardy plants she wishes to stay there, the first year's planting being merely for a temporary bloom. The sawdust rots and enriches the ground and is almost as beneficial as wood ashes.—New York Tribune.

### Kitchen Supplies.

Keep roasted coffee in tin or glass and tightly covered. When exposed to the air or kept too long it loses both aroma and strength. For these reasons it should be bought in limited quantities. On the other hand, green coffee improves with age.

Store salt in a stone jar in a dry place. When desirable to keep butter for any length of time wrap each roll in clean muslin, then pack in brine that will float an egg and weight down with a heavy plate.

Cover the top of the jar closely. Lard should be kept in bright tin pails or cans. Soda and baking powder should be left in the original packages and kept in a cool, dry place.

Soap should be purchased in quantities, unwrapped and stacked on a shelf to harden. When well dried out its lasting qualities are about double.—New York Tribune.

### The Home Laundry.

To Polish Linens—To give a fine polish to linen use lukewarm water instead of cold to break down the starch. When it has been reduced to the required consistency by boiling water add a pinch of fine salt and stir several times with a wax candle. This will make the iron run smoothly and give a polish to the linen that nothing else can impart.

Getting Up Collars and Cuffs—After washing the articles perfectly clean leave them in cold water till the next day. Make cold starch in the usual way and wring the articles through it twice. Then dissolve two teaspoons of borax in hot water, let it cool, and wring the collars and cuffs through that twice. Wrap them in a clean towel and mangle. Wait for a little time before ironing. Iron on the wrong side first, and then on the right, pressing very evenly so as to produce a good gloss. A polishing iron is best for this.—Boston Herald.

### To Wash White Lace.

First, the soiled laces should be carefully removed from the garment and folded a number of times, keeping the edges evenly together, then soaked with a coarse thread without a knot in the end. Now put them in a basin of lukewarm suds. After soaking a half hour, rub them carefully between the hands, renewing the suds several times; then, after soaping them well, place them in cold water and let them come to a scald. Take them from this and rinse them thoroughly in lukewarm water bled a little; then dip them into a very thin, clear starch, allowing a teaspoonful of starch to a pint of water. Now roll them in a clean towel without taking out the hoisting; let them lie for an hour or more, iron over several thicknesses of flannel, taking out the hoisting of one lace at a time and ironing on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron; the lace should be nearly dry and the edges pulled gently with the fingers in shape before ironing.—Boston Post.

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When I see a woman kissing her dog in preference to her husband, I can't help feeling sorry—for the dog.

Money talks, but a woman can generally get in the last word.

Heroism is ephemeral. Even the man who dies for his country is none the less a dead one.

The average man is apt to wish he had all the money he has lost trying to make a lot.

All the world may love a lover except the particular object of a fellow's affections.

When one girl throws a fellow over, another is always waiting to drop him a line.

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### Appointed Census Supervisor.

Easton.—Harry G. Selp, of this city, has been appointed census supervisor of the Seventh District of Pennsylvania.

### Fireman Killed.

Oil City.—George G. Mack, assistant foreman of the St. Mary's Fire Department, who had been attending the State Firemen's convention here, was instantly killed while attempting to mount a heavy automobile truck. The vehicle was loaded with firemen. Mack tried to join them, but fell under the wheels.

### Treat Teeth Free.

Altoona.—The Central Pennsylvania Dental Society, in session here, decided to establish clinics where people who are too poor to pay will have their teeth treated free of charge. The clinic will be opened in Altoona as soon as the preliminary arrangements can be arranged.

### Stricken At Desk.

Pottsville.—Stricken at his desk in the auditing department of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company's offices, here, Parker Price, aged 69 years, one of the best known coal officials in the anthracite region, died suddenly. He was identified successively with the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, the Crystal Run Coal Company and the Reading Company, and some years ago also did operating on his own account. He also was a prominent church worker and Sunday School superintendent.

### Senator Oliver's Denial.

Pittsburg.—Senator George T. Oliver authorized a denial of the widely circulated statement that he has given \$250,000 to a pension fund for teachers of Greater Pittsburg, as announced last week. He says he made no gift to this fund and did not know that any gift was even contemplated until publication of the fact; neither has he any knowledge of who the anonymous donor is, and Senator Oliver makes this statement in justice to the generous donor and also to himself, since he does not wish to be given credit that is not due him.

### Marrying Early.

Reading.—Sixteen-year-old brides are becoming the thing hereabouts, while 17-year-old grooms are not unusual. Last week the following licenses were granted here: George H. Skyler, aged 17, and Miss Corna Bolton, aged 15, both of Reading; George K. Keizer, Hamburg; and Miss Virginia Leaser, aged 16, of Virginville; Jacob Weidner, 18, and Miss Nora Hoffman, 17, both of Bern; Augustus Bixler, 17, and Miss Nora E. Slough, aged 15, both of Hammel's Store; George Leasing, aged 18, and Miss Maude Morey, aged 16, both of Reading.

### Alexander Burlew Dies.

Lewistown.—Alexander Burlew, 77 years old, died after an illness of six weeks. Mr. Burlew was considered an authority on iron ore and its mining in the early days of the trade in this section of the State. He was married twice and is the father of seventeen children, thirteen of which survive him.

### Mine Strike.

Hazleton.—The shaft colliery on the Lehigh Valley Coal Company was threatened by fire which was discovered in an abandoned manway. The fire department of the city was summoned to assist the firemen employed at the colliery to get the flames under control.

### Drops Dead.

Reading.—Adam Weller, one of the best known residents of lower Berks, dropped dead from his chair at Landis' store, aged 70 years. Death was due to heart failure.

### Award Prizes.

Chester.—Undergraduate honors and prizes were awarded before a large audience in the assembly room of the Pennsylvania Military College. It was the first event of the season to which friends and patrons of the institution were invited. Prizes were awarded to Robert Sutton, Leslie Starr Hyatt, F. Mortimer Lewis, James H. Morley, William Miles Flanders, Gordon H. Bettles.

### Fire Destroys Trestle.

Ashland.—The long trestle at Big Mine Run, over which the Reading trucks pass, was ignited by a spark and the structure was destroyed. The destruction of this trestle on the Ashland upper route out of commission and traffic on the Ashland branch of the Lehigh Valley was tied up for the day.

### Horse Kills Man.

Bethlehem.—His horses becoming unmanageable at the brink of a quarry hole at Northampton, John Bower, his heavily loaded wagon and two fractious animals, plunged 35 feet to the bottom. Bower was fatally injured, while one of the horses landed on him.

### No Water For Reservoir.

Pottsville.—The Pottsville Water Company has completed its big reservoir at Wolf Creek, that will hold 3,000,000 gallons. Owing to the drought, however, there is no water running into the reservoir and all the money spent on its construction is useless so far as the present emergency is concerned.

### Sunday Work Offens.

Williamsport.—George Ott, living in the west end of this city, allowed his fancy for chickens and his desire to have them housed in neat white coups to set him into trouble. On Sunday, it is alleged, he put in a little spare time white-washing the coups and a backyard fence. Now he is under arrest, charged by a neighbor, Thomas Ritter, with Sabbath desecration and blasphemy, the allegation being that the blasphemy was a part of the white-washing work.

### Fire Destroys Cars.

Doylestown.—Two loaded freight cars, three empty coal cars and a caboose were burned near here in a wreck in which the stove in the caboose started fire to the wreckage. Merchandise was in one freight car and the other was loaded with wheat. The loss is about \$5,000.

### Reading Teacher Resigns.

Reading.—Prof. Charles F. Seidel, a teacher in the grammar grade at Boyertown, this county, resigned to accept the principalship of the public schools at Herndon, Northumberland County.

### Jumps From Second Story.

Reading.—While suffering from melancholia, Joseph G. Miller made an effort to end his life by leaping from a second-story window of his home. He sustained an injury to the spine and internal hurts which may result in his death, since he is in a critical condition.

### Rock Beats Boy.

York.—In a race to the bottom of a twenty-foot bank, a heavy rock weighing about thirty pounds, which he had loosened, outstripped 5-year-old William Spangler of West Locust Street, and the boy received a dozen severe cuts about the face and head. "When I woke up the rock was at the bottom. I think it beat me there," said William to his father when found after the accident.

### Brothers Face Death.

Mahanoy City.—Returning to their breast to investigate a slow shot at Draper Colliery, Gilbert, Joseph Zoba was killed, his brother John suffered fatal injuries and a third victim was seriously hurt. The man reached the breast just as the explosion occurred, and were badly mangled.

### Murderer Identified.

Lancaster.—The heavily armed man who shot Constable Andrew M. Keesey, while the latter was taking him into custody for selling liquor on the streets, was identified as Jack Langer, who has spent at least half his life in jails at Kansas City, Joliet, Baltimore and Harrisburg. He came to this city several weeks ago and did a big business in selling whisky to workmen all over the city. The house in which he was living here was surrounded by a heavily armed posse of officers.

### Recipe.

Macedoine Salad—Mixed vegetables, well cooked, either canned or fresh, are called macedoine. If canned drain, wash and arrange them neatly on crisp lettuce leaves. Pour over French dressing and serve.

Raspberry Trifle—Beat one-half pint of heavy cream until it begins to thicken, add the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Beat until stiff, fold in one-half cup of crushed raspberries and sweeten to taste with powdered sugar. Lins sherry cup with this slices of cream.

Shrimp Delight—Melt a piece of butter the size of a walnut in a saucepan, add one-half pint of cream. When heated through add one cup of chopped rice, one can of shrimp chopped fine, and last of all one-half bottle of tomato catsup. Serve on toasted bread or soda crackers.

Vegetable Soup—Cut five potatoes into small pieces, one carrot, a small tomato, one-half onion, small piece of cauliflower, one piece of celery and some parsley, then add a pint of milk and one of water and boil until vegetables are soft, and season with a little sugar, salt and pepper.

Meat Souffle—One cupful of cold meat chopped fine, one cupful of sweet milk, one large tablespoonful of flour, one small tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, season to taste. Scald the milk, thickened with the flour and butter; stir in the beaten yolks, pour this while hot over the meat, stirring; set aside to cool. Then stir in lightly the beaten whites and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Serve hot.

### LET THE HOME BE HOME-LIKE.

HERE are absurd ideas afloat in regard to the front and back side of a house, which infect village morals and manners in a most base and unmeaning way. In half the country towns, and by half the farmers, it is considered necessary to retaining front-side upon some dusty street or highway, with tightly closed blinds and bolted door; with parlors only ventured upon in an uneasy way from month to month. The occupant, meantime, will be living in some back corner—slipping in and out at back doors, never at ease save in his most uninviting room, and as much a stranger to the blinded parlor, which very likely encloses the best half of his house, as his visitor, the country person. All this is as arrant a sham, and affectionation, as the worst ones of the cities.

It is true that every man will wish to set aside certain portions of his house for the offices of hospitality. But the easy and familiar hospitalities of a country village, or of the farmer, do not call for any exceptional stateliness; the farmer invites his best friends to his habitual living room; let him see to it then that his living room be the sunniest and most cheerful of his house. So, his friends will come to love it, and he, and his children—to love it and cherish it, so that it shall be the rallying point of the household affections through all time. No sea so distant, but the memory of a cheery, sunlit home-room, with its pictures on the wall, and its flames upon the hearth, shall haunt the voyager's thought; and the flame upon the hearth, and the sunlit window, will pave a white path over the intervening waters, where tenderest fancies, like angels, shall come and go.—Donald Grant Mitchell.

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