HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Let There Be Light

The first month of spring is here and while it lasts you will doubtless be too busy to think a great deal about the food supply. At this season the all important thought is house cleaning. This is an elastic term, to some it means turning the house upside down and resettling it; others do but a little surface cleaning. What is the happy medium?

We know disease lurks in dirt and that both dirt and disease are found in neglected corners. Light, therefore, is what we need. If all parts of the house are kept full of light and fresh air, dusty spots and germ laden corners will disappear. "Let there be light" is good advice for the housekeeper; if it was followed it would save her work and worry.

There should be sunshine and air in the bed chamber where there are, oh, so many things to catch and hold dust; ornaments on dresser and walls; slipper cases and fancy bags and draperies may make pretty bits of color, but more often they only catch dust. Open the windows and shake the curtains, how dust flies out into the sunshine. Dust kills more persons each year, in America, than gunpowder. Before you start house cleaning in earnest dispose of some of the excess furniture and useless decorations. You do not need many of the articles that require constant cleaning, your family do not prize them, some one else will accept them gladly. With the useless ornaments and unnecessary furniture out of the way you can clean your house comfortably.

One can plan even house cleaning so that it may be done in comfort. Needless steps, tired backs, wrinkles that massage will never remove, come because we do not take sufficient time to plan our work. You and I both know women who take their work easily, never seem over-burdened and yet accomplish a wonderful amount. Housekeeping and house cleaning; in fact all our daily tasks are just what we make them, pleasant work or tiring drudgery. Why not plan for sunshine, fresh air and simplified work from the top of the house to the basement; from the back door to the front. Dingy things look dingiest just now when stoves and furnaces have been going all winter, dust, lint and disorder will always be with us and spasmodic cleaning does little good. Instead use daily, water, air and sunlight and these helps will make your house comfortable and healthy.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—Please tell me the difference between "sanitary" milk and "pasteurized" milk?

Reply.—Sanitary milk and hygienic milk; certified and guaranteed milk are terms used to show that the producer agrees to give the customer milk of a certain composition or quality and the latter should see that the milk comes up to the standard indicated. Pasteurized milk is that which has been heated sufficiently to destory all disease producing organisms.

* * *

Question.—How is new iron ware prepared for use?

Reply.—If an iron kettle, boil a handful of hay in it and let this remain in it until it is cold. If waffle irons or frying pans, immerse in a bigger utensil filled with water and a little hay. Then there will be no trouble with food sticking.

* * *

Question.—Please tell me of some use for a quantity of badly worn stockings?

Reply.—Old stockings make excellent dust cloths. Heavy woolen hose may be made into useful leggings for the children and they are also good for making woven rugs if cut and sewed in strips.

NOTE TELLS OF CRIME

Hazleton, March 24.—Christ Kennedy, of Drifton, while walking between Lattimer and Drifton found the following note on a bush:

"Help! Follow my tracks westward. I am hurt; was struck on the back of the head with a rock and they are following me. John Kagle, 133 West Broad street, West Hazleton."

The police of Hazleton and West Hazleton are searching for Kagle, who is missing.

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HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of The Carpet From Bagdad, The Place of Honeymoons, etc.

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CONTINUED

"I didn't act like a man. Some day a comfortable fortune would fall to the lot of each of us. But I took eight thousand, lost it, and came whining to you. You don't belong to this petty age, Paul. You ought to have been a fellow of the round table." Arthur smiled wanly. "To throw your life away like that, for a brother who

"Yes, It Is I, the Unlucky Penny."

wasn't fit to lace your shoes! If you had written you would have learned that everything was smoothed over. The Andes people dropped the matter entirely. You loved the mother far better than I."

"And she must never know," quietly.

"Do you mean that?"

"I always mean everything I say, Arty. Can't you see the uselessness of telling her now? She has gone all these years with the belief that I am a thief. A thief, Arty, I, who never stole anything save a farmer's apples. They would have called you a defaulter; that's because you had access to the safe, whereas I had none." Arthur winced. "I don't propose to disillusion the mother. I am strong enough to go away without seeing her; and God knows how my heart yearns, and my ears and eyes and arms."

Warrington reached mechanically for the portrait in the silver frame, but Arthur stayed his hand.

"No, Paul; that is mine."

Warrington dropped his hand, puzzled. "I was not going to destroy it," ironically.

"No; but in a sense you have destroyed me. Compensation. What trifling thought most of us give that word! The law of compensation. For ten years Elsa has been the flower o' the corn for me. She almost loved me. And one day she sees you; and in that one day all that I had gained was lost, and all that you had lost was gained. The law of compensation. Sometimes we escape retribution, but never the law of compensation. Some months ago she wrote me a letter. She was always direct. It was a just letter."

A pause. Arthur gazed steadily at the portrait, while Warrington twisted his yellow beard.

"The ways of mothers are mysterious," said the latter, finally. He wondered if Arthur would confess to the blacker deed, or have it forced from him. He would wait and see. "The father and the mother weren't happy. Money. There's the wedge. It's in every life somewhere. A marriage of convenience is an unwise thing. When we were born the mother turned to us. Up to the time we were six or seven there was no distinction in her love for us. But on the day the father set his choice upon me, she set hers upon you. You'll never know how I suffered as a boy, when I saw the distance growing wider and wider with the years. Perhaps the father understood, for he was always kind and gentle to me. I expect to return to China shortly. The Andes has taken me back. Sounds like a fairy tale; eh? I shall never return here. But did you know who Elsa Chetwood was?"

"Not until that letter came."

Neither of them heard the faint gasp which came from behind the portieres dividing the study and the living room. The gasp had followed the invisible knife-thrusts of these confidences. The woman behind those portieres swayed and caught blindly at the jamb. With cruel vividness she saw in this terrible moment all that to which she had never given more than a passing thought. No reproaches; only a simple declaration of what had burned in this boy's heart. And she had almost forgotten this son. A species of paralysis laid hold of her, leaving her for the time incapable of movement.

She heard the deep voice of this other son say: "Lots of kinks in life. There is only one law that I shall lay down for you, Arty. You must give up all idea of marrying Elsa Chetwood."

"It will be easy to obey that. Are you playing with me, Paul?"

"Playing?" echoed Warrington.

"Yes. Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you don't know why I shall never marry her?"

Arthur read the truth in his brother's eyes. He smiled weakly, the anger gone. "Same old blind duffer you always were. I wrote an answer to her letter. In that letter I told her . . . the truth."

"You did that?"

"I am your brother, Paul. I couldn't be a cad as well as a thief. Yes, I told her. I told her more, what you never knew. I let Craig believe that I was you, Paul. I wore your clothes, your scarfpins, your hats. In that I was a black villain. God! What a hell I lived in. . . . Ah, mother!" Arthur dropped his head upon his arms again.

"Paul, my son!"

It was Warrington's chair that toppled over. Framed in the portieres stood his mother, white-haired, pale but as beautiful as of old.

"I am sorry. I had hoped to get away without you knowing."

"Why?"

"Oh, because there wasn't any use of my coming at all. I'd passed out of your life, and I should have stayed out. Don't worry. I've got everything mapped out. There's a train at midnight."

Arthur stood up. "Mother, I am the guilty man. I was the thief. All these years I've let you believe that Paul had taken the money. . . ."

"Yes, yes!" she interrupted, never taking her eyes off this other son. "I heard everything behind these curtains. You were going away, Paul, without seeing me?"

"What was the use of stirring up old matters? Of bringing confusion into this house?" He did not look at her. He could not tell her that he now knew what had drawn him hither, that all along he had deceived himself.

"Paul, my son, I have been a wicked woman."

"Why, mother, you mustn't talk like that!"

"Wicked! My son, my silent, kindly, chivalric boy, will you forgive your mother? Your unnatural mother?"

He caught her before her knees touched the floor; and, ah! how hungrily her arms wound about him.

"What's the use of lying?" he cried brokenly. "My mother! I wanted to hear your voice and feel your arms. You don't know how I have always loved you It was a long time, a very long time. Perhaps I was to be blamed. I was proud, and kept away from you. Don't cry. There, there! I can go away now, happy." Over his mother's shoulders, now moving with silent stabbing sobs, he held out his hand to his brother. Presently, above the two bowed heads, Warrington's own rose, transfigured with happiness.

The hall door opened and closed, but none of them regarded it.

By and by the mother stood away, but within arm's length. "How big and strong you have grown, Paul."

"In heart, too, mother," added Arthur. "Old Galahad!"

"You must never leave us again, Paul. Promise."

"May I always come back?"

"Always!" And she took his hand and pressed it tightly against her cheek. "Always! Ah, your poor blind mother!"

"Always to come back! . . . I am going to China in a little while, to take up the work I have always loved, the building of bridges."

"Eighteen Thousand Miles I Have Traveled to Find You."

"And I am going, too!" It was Elsa, at her journey's end.

Jealous love is keen of eye. There was death in Arthur's heart, but he smiled at her. After all, what was more logical than that she should appear at this moment? Why sip the cup when it might be drained at once, over with and done with?

"Elsa!" said the mother, holding Warrington's hand in closer grasp.

"Yes, mother. Ah, why did you not tell me all?"

Arthur walked to the long window that opened out upon the garden. There, for a moment, he paused, then passed from the room.

"Go to him, mother," said Elsa, wisely and with pity.

The mother hesitated, pulled by the old and the new love, by the fear that the new-found could be hers but a little while. Slowly she let Paul's hand fall, and slower still she followed Arthur's footsteps.

"I wasn't quite brave enough," he said, when she found him. "They love. And love me well, mother, for I am the broken man."

She pressed his head against her heart. "My boy!" But her glance was leveled at the amber-tinted window through which she had come.

To Warrington, Elsa was a little thinner, and of color there was none; but her eyes shone with all the splendor of the oriental stars at which he had so often gazed with mute inquiry.

"Galahad!" she said, and smiled. "Well, what have you to say?"

"I? In God's name, what can I say but that I love you?"

"Well, say it, and stop the ache in my heart! Say it, and make me forget the weary eighteen thousand miles I have journeyed to find you! Say it, and hold me close for I am tired! . . . Listen!" she whispered, lifting her head from his shoulder.

From out the stillness of the summer night came a jarring note, the eternal protest of Rajah.

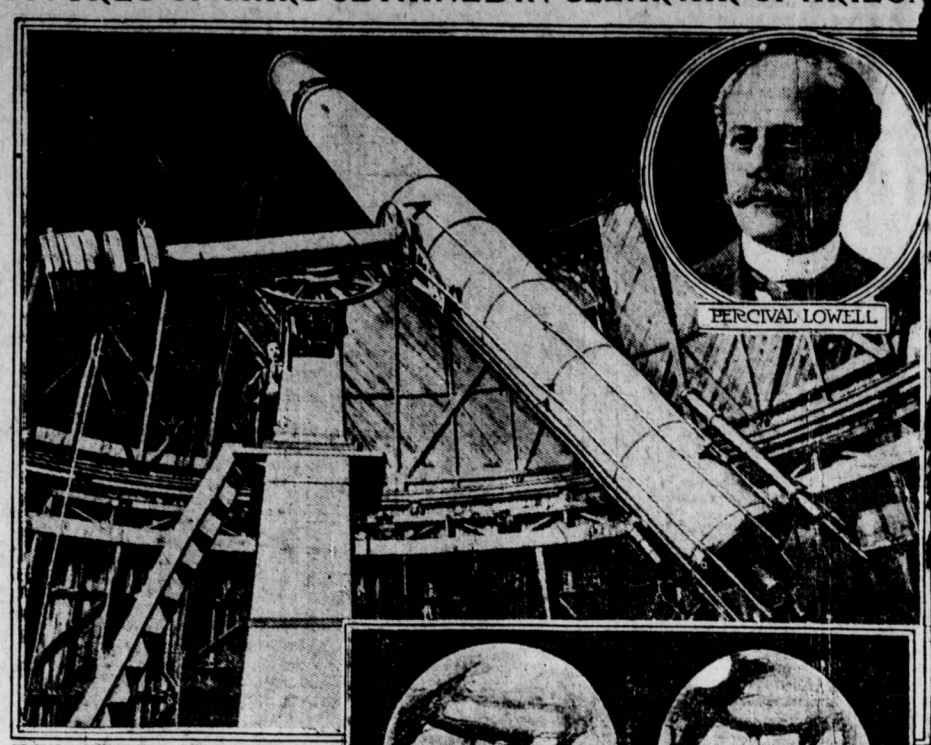
THE END.

GET SOMERSET MINES

Johnstown, March 24.—Reports are in circulation here that the United Coal Company mines in Jerome, Boswell and Elk Lick, Someset county, are to be taken back by the Merchants' Coal Company, of Baltimore, which sold them to the Kuhn interests of Pittsburgh five years ago.

It is believed here that this indicates an early resumption of work at the mines and a heavy shipment of coal from the Somerset county workings.

PICTURES OF MARS OBTAINED IN CLEAR AIR OF ARIZONA



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JAN. 11 MARCH 25

VEGETATION INCREASING NORTH AND DECREASING SOUTH

Mars is in the ascendant in the days of the world war, and there is interest, therefore, in the planet Mars as well, for there are some remarkable photographs and transparencies of our next door neighbor in the solar system. These photographs were taken at the Lowell Observatory, the viewpoint of things celestial at Flagstaff, Ariz., which is under the direction of Percival Lowell, whose study of its canals or channels has given rise to the theory that Mars is inhabited.

The exhibition represents the latest discoveries made at the observatory in the Southwest, where the atmosphere is remarkably clear and the observatory is thousands of feet above the level of the sea, so there are fine opportunities for watching what is going on in skyland.

What fares on the planet Mars has been the subject of speculation this many a year, and the announcement by Dr. Schiaparelli thirty-eight years ago that he saw channels was followed by the investigations of Dr. Lowell, who mapped out the supposed waterways and prepared many drawings and photographs.

The changes noticed in certain channels has given credence to the idea that some of them at least are artificial. On a planet where vegetation must be conserved with the greatest care imagination pictures the busy Martians attending to their ditches, comparable which the Panama Canal is only a rivulet, and arranging to spread fertility over the entire surface.

Be this as it may, the conditions portrayed by these pictures have attracted much attention. After seeing one of the photographs Professor Schiaparelli wrote, "I never could have believed the feat possible."

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COURT OF COMMON PLEAS NO. [illegible]
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.
December Term, 1910. No. [illegible]

SAMUEL REA, Trustee,
vs.
PENNSYLVANIA CANAL COMPANY et al.

NOTICE.

TRUSTEE'S FORECLOSURE SALE OF ALL THE ESTATE, REAL AND PERSONAL, RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES WHATSOEVER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CANAL COMPANY.

Pursuant to decree of the Court of Common Pleas No. 5, for Philadelphia County, made in the above entitled case November 15, 1912, as amended October 10, 1914, Samuel Rea, Substituted Trustee under the mortgage given and executed July 1, 1870, by Pennsylvania Canal Company to Herman Lombaert, as original trustee, to secure the payment of its coupon bonds to the amount of $5,000,000, of the denomination of $1,000, due July 1, 1910, of which bonds to the amount of $1,948,000 are outstanding due and unpaid, upon which default was made when the same fell due on said first day of July, 1910, will sell at Public Auction, at 12 o'clock noon, at 1528 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Wednesday, April 7, 1915, the properties, rights and privileges hereinafter briefly described, reference being made to said decree for a full description, on the conditions and terms of sale hereinafter set forth:

PROPERTIES TO BE SOLD.

(a.) That portion, being about 6 71-100 miles in length, of the Wyoming Division of the Canal extending from Northampton street, in the City of Wilkes-Barre, to the eastern boundary of that portion of the Canal which was conveyed by the Canal Co. to Harry E. Rauser by deed dated February 24, 1906; subject as to part thereof, to the right and easement for railroad purposes granted to the Canal Co. to the North and West Branch Railroad Co. by deed dated August 13, 1883, and recorded in Luzerne County in Deed Book 230, page 3[illegible] and subject to the grant of coal and other minerals, etc., underlying the same part thereof made by the Canal Co. to Charles Parrish by deed dated December 31, 1883, recorded in Luzerne County in Deed Book No. 241, page 39.

(b.) Such right as the Canal Co. may have to reconstruct and maintain the dam across the West Branch of the Susquehanna River at Montgomery, in the County of Lycoming, known as the Muncy Dam, and the portion of the West Branch Division of the canal, about one mile in length, contiguous to the site of the said dam, extending from a point 400 feet Eastward measured along the South property line of said Canal from the intersection of said property line with a line in prolongation Southwardly near the canal of the breast of said Muncy Dam, to a point in a line in prolongation Southward across the canal, of the Western line of the Lock House lot at Lock No. 19, in the Township of Muncy Creek, County of Lycoming, together with the right to flood certain lands above said dam.

(c.) That part of the portion of the West Branch Division of the Canal in Snyder County extending from Selinsgrove railroad bridge to the former site of Penn's Creek Aqueduct, a distance of about 3 3-10 miles, which was reserved to the Canal Company in its deed to the North Central Connecting Railroad Company, dated October 24, 1903, and recorded in Snyder Co., Miscellaneous Book No. 6, page 378a.

(d.) That portion having a length of about [illegible] feet of the Juniata Division of the Canal, Juniata Junction, Dauphin County, extending from the Eastward boundary of the Canal as conveyed by the Canal Co. to The P. R. R. Co. by deed dated October 18, 1899, to the Western boundary of the Eastern Division of said Canal.

(e) That portion of the Eastern Division of the Canal, at said Juniata Junction, extending Southwardly from the Southern boundary of the Canal as conveyed by the Canal Co. to the North Central Connecting R. R. Co. by deed dated October 24, 1903, to and including the lock to the pool at Clark's Ferry dam. Together with the four frame dwelling houses thereon.

(f.) The bridge across the Susquehanna River at Clarks Ferry in the Township of Reed, County of Dauphin, known as Clarks Ferry River bridge having a length of twenty hundred and eighty-eight (2088) feet more or less, subject to condemnation proceedings heretofore instituted by the County of Dauphin to acquire the bridge, together with the right to the damages awarded therein.

(g.) That portion of the Wiconisco Division of the Canal in Dauphin County extending from a point 150 feet above the head of the outlet lock known as "No. 1" at Clarks Ferry, Westward a distance of 400 feet, more or less, to a point in the intake silo from the Susquehanna River at the dam across said River at Clarks Ferry, together with the frame dwelling thereon, having an estimated area of about one acre.

Also, all the personal property of the Canal Co. and all the estate, right, title and interest of the Canal Co. of, in and to all real estate, real property rights and privileges of every kind soever forming part of, connected with or belonging or in any way appertaining to the works and property now or heretofore known as the Pennsylvania Canal (excepting the parts and portions heretofore sold and conveyed by the Canal Co.) and all and singular the corporate rights and franchises of the Canal Co. and generally all property whatever and wheresoever, real, personal and mixed, thereto belonging and in any way appertaining.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

1. The several above described premises will be first offered for sale separately, and then the whole of the said premises as a whole, to the highest and best bidders, subject to confirmation by the Court.

2. Twenty-five per cent. of the amount of each accepted bid shall be paid at the time of sale in cash, and the balance of the purchase money shall be paid upon confirmation of the sale by the Court, without any liability of the purchaser to see to the application of the purchase money.

SAMUEL REA,
Trustee.

NOTE

"The condemnation proceedings heretofore instituted to acquire Clarks Ferry River Bridge (see "f" supra) have been dismissed by the Court since the advertisement first appeared, and therefore the sale of said bridge will be subject thereto."

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg, 5.03, *7.50 a. m., *3.40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at *5.03, *7.50, *11.53 a. m., *3.40, 5.32, *7.40, 11.[illegible] p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.45 a. m., 2.18, 5.32, 6.30, 9.30 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5.03, *7.50 and *11.53 a. m., 2.18, *3.40, 5.32, 6.30 p. m.

*Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

J. H. TONGE, Gen. Supt.
H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.