

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

How to Use the Daily Menu

Dear Miss Grauel:

In your holiday menus you left out onions. I consider this the most important vegetable...

Yours, H. J. R. No single menu or a group of menus can be compiled to suit everyone.

Most housekeepers do not study food values or give any thought to correct combinations of foods but rely upon that usually safe guide, the normal appetite.

The salad question is another thing that calls forth criticism constantly. Salads are wholesome and a well-planned dinner should always contain one, but there are families and families who never have learned to eat them.

If you want onions on Sundays and holidays and a salad at night and at noon, leave something out of the given menu and put these excellent foods in.

Just as there is a reason for serving soup at the beginning of a meal is there sense in finishing the dinner with a sweet.

To have those foods that are most agreeable to your taste and needs, at least cost of energy and money is the great consideration.

Every meal should contain some fresh, green food. Onions, lettuce, celery or cabbage are available all through the year and their mineral salts will do more to keep you well than doctors.

DAILY MENU Breakfast: Cereal with Cream and Sugar, Hot Graham Gems, Preserves, Poached Eggs, Coffee. Luncheon: Fruit, Cold Sliced Pork, Tomato Pickle, Whole Wheat Bread, Apple Butter, Cake, Tea. Dinner: Cream of Celery Soup, Ragout of Mutton, Steamed Turnips, Butter Sauce, Steamed Cabbage, Lemon Charlotte, Cheese, Coffee, Fruit.

Story of the Blood Red Rose

By Kathlyn Williams

From the Photoplay by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

With Illustrations from the Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

Continued

They freed Paulo's hands. And then began another fight with the king's men such as none of the king's men had ever encountered before.

It was dimly in the mind of Paulo, too, that in some way, somehow, he might now escape and fly to the cave of Hagar, the witch, as Godiva had suggested.

But again the fight was foredoomed to failure through sheer force of numbers. With one last mighty struggle Paulo at last was compelled to yield to the power of full a dozen arms of



Paulo in the Dungeon.

iron as they clamped and clasped about him and lifted him over the open grating.

And then—through space he felt feet first—landing on the stone floor below. Upward he looked to the grating, cursing the jeering faces he saw looking down upon him.

And then the king's men closed the grating and locked it with a heavy key. And then the king and the king's men went away and mounted to the brighter rooms of the palace.

Paulo, in the dungeon, found that light was vouchsafed to prisoners here, light coming from that same aperture in the room above containing the grating. And what chill horrors now did that shaft of light disclose.

And what further horror was this? Ah, a living horror! Rats scurried forth and back across the floor of the hideous open grave of former victims of the king, victims whose bones remained to tell the awful tale.

In impotent fury, Paulo viewed his fearful company, then one by one his foot descended upon them and crushed out their lives, an activity which for the moment gave him some satisfaction.

Paulo sat on the dungeon floor and shut out the terrible sight of the skeletons of his predecessors and sought to gather his thoughts into some kind of semblance of order, resolving that he would as long as possible keep from going stark mad.

And meantime he would live on the victims of his crushing heel; food which, he decided, could not be so very unsavory, since it furnished sustenance, as books of travel had told him, for thousands of Mongolians in the purlieus of the far cities of the Chinese empire.

CHAPTER IV.

The Queen of Urania.

Queen Dulcinea strolled through the palace gardens, accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting. As she paused to watch the gallants who were playing tennis on the courts where the greensward was as smooth and level as a ballroom floor.

Queen Dulcinea drew herself up still more haughtily. "Forsooth!" she exclaimed. "And why should not his majesty bring one who is beautiful here to the palace? Mightst thou not refer to a horse, or yet a fawn or a new deerhound? All these, Sancha, are beautiful—sometimes. And the king has a penchant for such pets."

the king's chamberlain? That Sancha loved her, she well knew. For had she not permitted Sancha's own tongue to tell of his love in many a meeting clandestine? And she, the queen—even she was not averse to hearing the honeyed words that fell from the lips of the handsome and bold chamberlain.

The queen, with a scarcely perceptible nod, made response to Sancha's beckonings. With a more pronounced nod of her queenly head, she gave thus without words an order to her ladies to remain by the courts and indicated that it was her pleasure that she should stroll unattended.

To a point beyond the arbor the queen strode. And when she was safely beyond the sight of the tennis courts and the players and the ladies who waited there, the queen beckoned to Sancha to join her.

"Grave news, your majesty," said Sancha. "I bring you news of the king, your husband."

Sancha boldly clasped the queen's hand. She returned his pressure with a smile. For Sancha was a man whose good looks and arts of fascination could enrapture any woman, and surely fascinate a woman who, like the queen, was much neglected by her august husband who left her more than he should to her own devices.

"Prithee, good Sancha," the queen said. "What possible news of the king can interest his spouse who rarely sees him?"

"News of one who is beautiful, your majesty," Sancha replied, artfully knowing that here was a subject that would awaken the queen's interest beyond peradventure.

And so it proved. For the queen drew herself up with mighty hauteur and jeered at Sancha—but jeered with a dangerous light in her eyes. For Queen Dulcinea, at mention of the word "beauty," scented a rival in the king's affections. And she asked:

"And the one who is beautiful, Sancha? What interest holds such news for me?"

"Deep interest, your majesty. The king is pleased to find in the one who is beautiful a new toy. He is even now plotting to bring the one who is beautiful here to the palace."

Queen Dulcinea drew herself up still more haughtily. "Forsooth!" she exclaimed. "And why should not his majesty bring one who is beautiful here to the palace? Mightst thou not refer to a horse, or yet a fawn or a new deerhound? All these, Sancha, are beautiful—sometimes. And the king has a penchant for such pets."

"Nay, mistress. Not a horse. Nor yet a fawn or a hound. But a woman!" the queen started. Her eyes blazed with wrath. Queen Dulcinea surely was wroth at mention of a woman. For Queen Dulcinea was a jealous queen. Moreover, she was a cruel woman. That she would brook the presence of a rival in the palace was not in her nature.

"How know you of the king's plans, Sancha?" she asked. "I overheard all, your majesty. I heard the king plotting with the chief eunuch to bring the beautiful one to the palace. They plan to smuggle the wench in without the knowledge of your most gracious self. They plan to hide the girl in the secret chamber beyond the king's own apartments—a chamber that is now no longer a secret, since I, Sancha, possess knowledge of its existence."

"When, perchance, might the king have idea of putting this plan into execution?" asked the queen. "This evening at the hour of the curfew—when the priestly bells ring for the evening prayer at the monastery, your majesty."

"The wench!" cried the queen. "What like is she? You say she is beautiful. Her name? Her station?"

"By name Godiva," Sancha said. "By station the daughter of Rivarre, the shepherd, whose abode stands at the edge of yonder forest."

"I will see this wench," the queen now said, evidently reaching a sudden resolve. "See her, your majesty? Why how can that be? How canst thou leave the palace grounds without thy absence being discovered by thy liege lord? And what if thy absence be discovered? Surely then thou wilt be accused of making tryst with some lover. And then the king in his rage will imprison thee in the tower of the left wing and thy days of freedom will be over."

"There is a way, Sancha, to accomplish all things if one so wills. And I will to look upon this wench to see whether she be as beautiful as thou dost infer. If thy description fits her, Sancha, woe to this wench. She shall feel my power to the uttermost. If not beautiful, then I shall smile upon her and send her to a place far beyond our realm. If beautiful—she shall be crushed this night."

"But how art thou to leave the palace grounds—I again ask your majesty?"

"Sancha," the queen replied, "curb thy curiosity. Meet me an hour from this at the postern door in the woman's wing of the palace."

And Queen Dulcinea gilded majestically away, leaving Sancha smiling an evil smile.

For Sancha, though his words to the queen were oft of love, secretly hated her. He hated her for refusing full many times his urgings that they fly together and leave the king alone in his palace. And now—now would be the hour of triumph for Sancha. For

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LANCASTER TOBACCO MARKET

Favorable Weather Responsible for Stripping of New Crop

Lancaster, Dec. 28.—Favorable weather during the past week was responsible for the general stripping of Lancaster county's new tobacco crop, a large percentage of which has now been stripped. The growers claim it is the best crop grown within a quarter of a century. A notable feature is the difference in prices. Twenty-five years ago Lancaster county broadleaf sold for 22 and 23 cents a pound.

So far not above a few hundred acres of broadleaf have been sold, at 9 to 10 cents a pound, though Havana seed, sold early in the season, brought from 14 to 18 cents a pound. It is claimed for the new tobacco that it is a free burner, of good bouquet and of color acceptable to the trade, though in the earlier curing stages the color was bad. The local leaf dealers have their 1913 packing in shape for selling, but they do not expect much in the way of business until the new year has fairly opened.

TWO RAIDS ON COIN PHONES

Instruments Looted Along Railroads and Then Cast Aside

Stratford, Pa., Dec. 28.—A thief ripped the telephone instrument from the wall of the Overbrook Railroad station some time Friday night took the contents of the coin box, and carried the instrument halfway up the tracks toward Merion, where it was found yesterday morning.

Later the same night it is believed the same thief visited the trolley station of the Philadelphia & Western Railway, alongside the Pennsylvania Railroad station at Stratford. There, too, the telephone was torn away and looted, and then thrown under the station platform.

There may be such a thing as civilized warfare, but the reports received up to date do not aid us particularly in locating it.

DIE AT THE SAME HOUR

Brothers, Last of Family, Were 3,000 Miles Apart

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 28.—That Otto Durre, Sr., this city, father of Edgar Durre, former State Senator from Vanderburgh county, died about the same hour on the same day as his brother, Gustave Durre, at Strasburg, Alsace-Lorraine, Germany, has just become known here on receipt of a letter from the Durre family in Germany to the Durre family in Evansville.

FARMERS AT SCHOOL TO-DAY

Week's Course at State College Opens for Whole Families

State College, Pa., Dec. 28.—Farmers from every county in Pennsylvania went at State College to-day, when the going rang to open the institution's annual course in agriculture, known as Farmers' Week. Most of the farmers brought their families. Special courses have been arranged to interest the boys and girls.

The forenoon was given over to registration of the farmer students. After dinner, however, the school began in earnest. Last evening Edwin Erie Sparks, president of the institution, delivered an address of welcome to the visiting agriculturists.

CHRISTMAS SLED FATAL

Boy Dying of Injuries Due to Coasting Drop of 45 Feet

Hazleton, Pa., Dec. 28.—Trying out his new sled, given at Christmas by his father, James, 11-year-old son of John McAndrews, of Hazwood, miscalculated his path and went over the ledge of the strippings of the Harwood Coal Company, 45 feet below.

He is dying at the State Hospital, with internal injuries.

GAS KILLS A MINISTER

Rector of Scranton Church Asphyxiated While Repairing Water Pipes

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 28.—When her husband, Conrad Schweitzer, a machinist, had not returned home at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, Mrs. Schweitzer went to Robert Lee Masters, a locomotive engineer, who lives next door, and asked him to call the rector of St. Mark's Episcopal church, where Mr. Schweitzer had gone the day before to help the rector, the Rev. John C. Dean, repair water pipes that had been frozen. Mr. Masters went to the rectory and looking through a window he saw the Rev. Mr. Dean sitting crouched and stiff in a chair. On the floor was the form of Mr. Schweitzer, writhing in agony.

Mr. Masters burst open the door and found the rector dead and the young machinist unconscious. A flood of gas from four open coals in a gas stove filled the room.

Mr. Dean had been away with his wife and two children for their Christmas dinner at the home of his wife's parents. Returning Saturday morning he found the water pipes in the rectory frozen and called in Mr. Schweitzer to help him fix them.

Late last night Mr. Schweitzer was able to tell what he knew of the tragedy. Upon returning to the kitchen, after completing the job in the rectory, the men discovered the pipe to the bath room frozen. They put the pan of water on the gas stove and then sat down to wait for it to boil so that they could use it on the frozen pipe.

LIVE SNAKE IN STOMACH

X-Ray Reveals Reptile, Which Is Removed Without Surgery

Madison, Wis., Dec. 28.—One of the most unusual cases in the history of local medicine was revealed at a local hospital, when physicians submitting a woman from Waukegan, Dane county, to an X-ray examination, discovered that her stomach contained a live snake six inches long.

The woman had not suffered any pain up to the time of the discovery, but was greatly distressed when told of the results of the examination. The snake was removed without operating. It proved to be a reptile, commonly known as the grass snake, nearly pure white. The hospital authorities refuse to make any statement regarding the case.

BOMB IN HINDU TEMPLE

One Fatally Hurt, 12 Injured and Thrower of Missile Killed

San Francisco, Dec. 28.—During services at a Hindu temple near the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds, yesterday, an unidentified Hindu threw a bomb, which probably fatally injured Swami Trigunatita, seriously wounded a dozen others and wrecked the place.

The bomb-thrower was killed in the explosion. No cause for the act could be learned.

Fire in Pottsville Ruins

Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 28.—Fire yesterday again broke out in the ruins of the Pennsylvania National bank building and the Academy of Music, where a million-dollar fire raged ten days ago. It was necessary to call the fire department out to quench the flames, which swept along the crumbling walls for a considerable distance.

When about to commit a base deed, respect thyself, though there is no witness.—Aesop.

COL. ARTHUR MACARTHUR DIES

Was Widely-known Mason and Newspaper Man

Troy, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Colonel Arthur MacArthur, grand master of the Grand Encampment, Knights Templar of the United States, died suddenly of apoplexy yesterday at his home here. He was 64 years old.

Colonel MacArthur was the editor and proprietor of the Troy "Northern Budget" and was widely known as a newspaper man. He was a prominent Republican. Governor Morton appointed him a member of his military staff, and he was retained in that capacity by Governor Black.

For many years Colonel MacArthur was prominently identified with Masonry and was elected grand master of the Grand Encampment at Denver, Col., in 1913. He had been a Mason since 1872.

SUES TO RECOVER BABY

Defendant Says Girl Was Born to Her Under Bush

Hillsboro, Ill., Dec. 28.—A case in which Mrs. Minnie Martinique is suing Mrs. Helena Watson for possession of a three-months-old baby, which each claims as her daughter, will be heard here January 2.

Mrs. Watson says the child was born to her under a bush by the roadside, September 10, while she was hurrying home. Mrs. Martinique says the child was born to her September 3, and that Mrs. Watson borrowed it. September 10, while she was too weak to resist.

WILD ENGINE IN COLLISION

Nine Persons Hurt When Locomotive Strikes Missouri Pacific Train

Atchison, Kan., Dec. 28.—Two persons were seriously injured and seven slightly hurt when a runaway engine, starting from a roundhouse near here, ran two miles and collided with Missouri Pacific passenger train No. 106 early yesterday. Both engines were battered and the tender of the passenger train telescoped the baggage car.

Henry Kinney, fireman of the passenger train, and P. P. Turner, a mail clerk, were severely injured.

A good husband is an asset, but a worthless one is a liability.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30 p. m. For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:50 and 11:50 a. m., 2:40, 5:35, 8:30 p. m. \*Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. H. A. RIDDLER, G. P. A. Supt.

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