



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Br'er Rabbit's Come

We appreciate game this year since we have been almost deprived of it and of all the wild things that reach our table none have finer flavor or yield themselves to the art of the cook more easily than the rabbit.

The wild flavor is delicious and makes a pleasant change from safe and sane pork chops and beef-steaks. Sometimes there is a flavor that is a little too wild to suit one and then it is designated as high. This is found in older animals more often than in young ones and does not always come from their being too long dead.

The objectionable odor may be removed by soaking the jointed rabbit in water containing a little soda until the thin membrane that covers the flesh can be pulled off. Remove all of this that you can when the rabbit will be found as sweet and fresh as though a domesticated Belgium hare.

Rabbit's flesh is dry, so the best way to prepare them is by stewing or by baking in a covered pan. Any recipe you use for cooking chicken may be used for cooking Bunny, but use a little more seasoning than usual.

When you have a brace of rabbits they may be filled with oyster dressing or bread stuffing and have their legs skewered firmly to their sides and baked.

Cut slices of finely flavored bacon into strips and lay across them when

they are finally in the baking pan. Now dredge with seasoned flour. Add some water, so there will be gravy, and bake forty minutes. The gravy should be well made with rich milk; it is the best part of the rabbit dinner, so folks say.

Whatever remains of cold rabbit can be utilized in a potpie just as pork or chicken is. Or make a rich baking powder biscuit and cut the left-over meat into bits and cover with a cream sauce. When the biscuits are baked split them open and fill with the creamed rabbit mixture. Pour gravy over them.

DAILY MENU
Breakfast
 Corn Meal Mush, Sugar, Cream
 Dried Fruit, Cream
 Creamed Chicken on Toast
 Eggs Coffee
Luncheon
 Chicken Bouillon
 Halibut Creamed in Cases
 Spinach Baked Potatoes
 Salad, French Dressing
 Angel Food Chocolate
Dinner
 Fish and Oysters Baked Together
 Celery, Fresh Onions, Radishes
 Baked Stuffed Rabbits
 Creamed Onions
 Steamed Potatoes, Parsley Sauce
 Tomato Salad Cheese Sticks
 Marshmallow Whip

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.
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Continued

"Hail, Rivarre," one said. "The queen wishes to speak with thy daughter."



"As Your Majesty Will," Replied Sancha.

ter Godiva for which purpose has her majesty dispatched us to escort the maiden to the palace."

Thus spoke cunningly the spokesman for the six retainers whom Sancha had told to execute the queen's command and bring the heart of the maiden.

Rivarre and his wife wailed in distress when they heard these words, for they felt instinctively that harm was impending for Godiva—else why should the queen's retainers come for Godiva at this unseemly hour of the night? Rivarre pleaded with the men to depart in peace and leave their daughter to enjoy her sleep.

This information was what the men sought. Godiva slept. Then Godiva was surely in yonder sleeping chamber. They hurried Rivarre to the door when he attempted to intercept them. And they brushed the walling mother aside. And into the sleeping room of Godiva the six men darted.

Godiva, awakened from sleep, sprang up in great alarm, as the six men rushed toward her couch. No time had she to cry out, for paralysis seized her as she saw, gleaming in the hand of one of the men, a dagger that menaced her heart. By rough hands was she seized and held now, as the man with the gleaming weapon pushed away her nightgown and prepared to plunge the dagger into her heart.

But what was this? More men swarmed into the room—and next instant Godiva realized that she had been snatched from out of the arms of the first group of men and hence out of reach of the gleaming dagger. The newcomers handled her with utmost gentleness, careful each not to harm a hair of her head. For these were the king's retainers, who had been told by Sancha that they must bring the maiden to the palace alive.

What a terrible thing now did Godiva witness! The two groups of men, each determined to possess their

other dilemma for the chamberlain. To fall to bring the girl to the palace at all, neither dead nor alive, would be to his own undoing.

He leaped upon Godiva, therefore, and held her as in a vise. Then speedily he reviewed the situation. If he killed her here and now it would get to the king's ears that Sancha herself had slain the girl whom he had been commanded to produce alive. And then Sancha would die.

Whereas, if he took the girl to the palace alive, his worst punishment would be banishment by the queen. And surely 'twas better to suffer mere banishment than to leave this world forever. In consequence, it was Sancha's decision to take the maiden to the palace alive. And he would trust to good fortune to keep from the ears of the queen the details of what had happened this night.

"Mistress Godiva," said Sancha, "thou art wanted at the palace by the king, who has commanded me to fetch thee."

"The king!" cried the girl in utmost dismay. "Then would that the dagger of yonder murderers had found my heart! For 'twould have been better far to die than to go to the king at his palace."

Meantime, Rivarre and his wife dashed on toward Hagar's cave, supping that Godiva came in their wake.

And now, before any of the fighting retainers could come from the cottage, Sancha mounted his horse, pulled the maiden up in his brawny arms and rode away full speed for the castle of the king of Urania.

CHAPTER VII.

The Secret Chamber.

Nervously King Leofric of Urania paced his apartment, twitching at his mustache and pulling his beard. Why, he pondered, did not the varlets come with the beauty of the forest? From time to time he gazed eagerly at the door and listened expectantly, his features distorted by the passion which the very thought of the lovely Godiva inflamed within him.

And then the door opened and Sancha entered leading the affrighted captive. All in white she was arrayed, in the clinging folds of the drapery of her couch; for not a moment had been hers to supplement with cloak or mantle the robe de nuit in which the king's retainers had surprised her.

"Welcome, Mistress Godiva," the king said, bowing low. "Welcome to the palace. Thou dost tremble, child. Surely 'tis but the trembling of one in strange surroundings and not because of fear of your sovereign."

"Ay, in that last hazard of thy evil brain," the girl said, emboldened by the mortal fear that possessed her, "thou speakest very truth. For, indeed, I am in great fear of thee, sire."

"Calm yourself, maid," the king said. "Rest upon yonder couch and fear no evil. As for thee, Sancha—you may leave us. I would speak alone with our guest."

Sancha bowed and backed from the presence.

King Leofric now sat upon the couch beside Godiva.

"Godiva," he said, "thou hast inspired in my heart a great love for thee. Riches thou shalt have and fine raiment. Thou hast but to consent graciously to abide within the palace as my guest. Thou shalt be raised from rank of peasant to that of a great lady. Art pleased?"

"No, sire," the girl replied, simply. "I crave but one boon of thee. Permit me to return to the house of my father."

"Ah, so thus blows the wind," said his majesty, springing up and scarcely now concealing his true and vile self from his helpless captive. "Since so blows the wind, Godiva, then it will be necessary to immerse thee here till such time as thou shalt become accustomed to the new life I destine for thee."

With that the king pressed a secret spring beside a great painting that was fitted in the wall. The painting swung on a central pivot, revealing a chamber beyond—the secret chamber.

"Godiva," the king commanded. "The girl sprang up and sought to dart from the apartment. But the king intercepted her and by force thrust her through the opened panel and into the secret chamber. He then closed the panel behind him.

"This is thy very own bedchamber, Godiva," the king said. "Yonder is thy couch and here thou shalt tarry as my guest. And shouldst thou continue to be unwilling guest, then count this chamber also thy prison."

His majesty leered at her, gloated over her beauty, sought to take her hand with lovely tenderness. But it was only to find his kingly hand spurned by the peasant maid, who thrust aside his caressing fingers and imbedded both her own hands within the folds of her white robe.

Meanwhile, to the chamber of Dulcinea, the queen, went Sancha. He found the queen ensconced behind the curtains of her couch.

"Who comes?" her majesty asked, from behind the curtains.

"Sancha!" was the reply.

Next moment the queen emerged from the curtains, throwing around her shoulders the while an exquisite silken mantle.

"And thy trophy!" the queen asked, eagerly. "Where is the bleeding heart thou wert commanded to bring?"

"A thousand laments, fair Dulcinea. The king's own men rescued the maid, as my varlets were about to plunge the dagger into her heart."

"Fool! Fool!" cried the queen, in terrible rage and disappointment. "Then the girl is already within the palace—and alive."

"Even so, your majesty—alive. And in the king's apartment. His majesty dismissed me, doubtless for the purpose of smuggling the girl into the secret chamber of which our sovereign believes he alone possesses knowledge."

"I have a plan, Sancha. The girl

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ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING BURNS

It Was Built Three Years Ago at a Cost of \$25,000

Berwick, Dec. 30.—Fire of unknown origin early yesterday destroyed the three-story brick building of Berwick Lodge of Odd Fellows, erected only three years ago at a cost of \$25,000.

The fire was discovered on the first floor in the department store of M. Sherman. Nearby buildings in the business section of the town were saved after a hard fight. The losses are Odd Fellows' building, \$25,000, insurance, \$13,000; M. Sherman, \$9,000, insurance, \$2,000; Bewickace Tribe of Red Men, \$1,000, no insurance; Berwick Commandery, Knights of Malta, \$1,600, \$1,200 insurance. Other lodges also lost their paraphernalia.

PROF. T. A. EDWARDS DIES

Dean of Women's College and Pedagogy Professor at Bucknell

Lewisburg, Dec. 30.—Prof. Thomas A. Edwards, dean of the Women's College of Bucknell University, died here yesterday of pneumonia, after a ten days' illness. He was 65 years old.

Professor Edwards has been connected with Bucknell University for twenty years, coming here from Union City, where he had been principal of the High School. His first ten years at Bucknell was spent as principal of the academy and the last ten years has been at the head of the Women's College and professor of pedagogy of the university. He was a graduate of Allegheny College.

Professor Edwards is survived by his widow and two sons, Merle M. Edwards, of Bellevue, O., and Roger S. Edwards, of Pittsburgh. His remains will be taken Wednesday morning to Groton, N. Y., for burial.



By Rough Hands Was She Seized.

prey, began fighting. With daggers they fought back and forth across the room, till only four in each group remained, two of each group having been slain. Godiva, in the midst of the melee, saw an opportunity to fly. Through the door she bolted and through the kitchen, calling upon her mother and father to follow her.

"We will fly to the cave of Hagar the witch," she told her distracted parents. "Come quickly, my father, my mother."

Out through the door they fled, leaving the king's retainers still fighting among themselves in the bedchamber. But outside the cottage lurked still another enemy in the form of Sancha herself.

Ay, Sancha the chamberlain had all this time been waiting in comfort and safety outside the cottage, not caring overmuch what the outcome of the fray within might be. But now, too suddenly for the chamberlain's entire composure, the situation was changed. He saw the maiden Godiva flying from the cottage door. A moment more, unless he, Sancha, acted with promptitude, the girl would escape him altogether. Here was indeed an

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GETS LONG LOST JEWELS

Delighted Woman Will Drop Case Four Years Old

Shenandoah, Pa., Dec. 30.—Four years ago Mrs. John O'Hearn, a wealthy lady of this city, lost jewelry among which was a diamond sunburst and diamond pins valued at \$800, on her way to a Reading train here. Despite diligent search and advertising, no trace of the articles could be found until yesterday afternoon, when Chief Constable and Captain Manley arrested a foreign woman trying to sell the articles to local jewelers.

Mrs. O'Hearn was so delighted to recover the lost jewelry that she refused to prosecute the woman and had the case dropped before Justice Gibbon last evening.

FIFTH DEATH IN FAMILY

Typhoid Claims Daniel H. Peter, Relative of Ill-fated Hilberts

Boyetown, Pa., Dec. 30.—The fifth death now has taken place in the ill-fated William Hilbert family, of Pikeville, Berks county.

Daniel H. Peter, aged 58, of Viola, Delaware, died five weeks after his sister-in-law, Mrs. W. Hilbert, one of the first of the 11 victims of typhoid fever. Peter attended the funeral four weeks ago, contracting the disease.

Mr. Peter was the station agent at Viola, owner of a large canning factory and prominent in organizations.

SCREWDRIIVER FOILS BANDIT

Helps Cashier Out of Bank Vault, and Robber Is Captured

Bingham, Utah, Dec. 30.—A man who gave the name of Bert Heasted held up Cashier Earl Randall, two other men and a boy at the Bingham State bank at 3 o'clock yesterday, took \$18,000 in currency and was arrested without resistance soon afterward.

His quick capture was due to the fact that the cashier carried a screwdriver in his pocket, to be used, he said, in case he were held up and locked in his vault, as was the cashier in another Utah bank robbery recently.

Heasted locked the three men and the boy in the vault, but Randall used his screwdriver to open the door and was able to escape in a few minutes. Policeman J. H. White overtook Heasted, arrested him without trouble and found all the money in his pockets.



"Then Count This Chamber Also Thy Prison."

asked of thee. Thou must to that secret chamber and there find a way to slay this maiden, even though thou hast to lie concealed in the chamber till the girl sleeps."

"Thou dost forget, majesty. The king also is in the secret chamber with the girl. How, then, can Sancha perform this service for thee in entire secrecy?"

"'Tis simple enough, Sancha, thou stupid! Know you not that the secret chamber may be entered also by a door that is at the top of the stone steps leading up from the room over the donjon? Enter thou, therefore, the room over the donjon. Steal thou then up the stone steps to the door which thou wilt find at the top of the flight. Open that door and thou wilt find thyself within the secret chamber. Wait there till the king enters with the maid. Conceal thyself and wait till the king departs from the chamber. Then do thy work."

To Be Continued.

LEFT WITH VOTERS

Senator Owen's Measure Would Submit It to Referendum

Washington, Dec. 30.—Aggressive warfare by the United States would be possible only on approval of a majority of the voters of the country, under a constitutional amendment proposed yesterday by Senator Owen.

The power of the President to call out troops to resist an invasion would not be altered, but declaration of an offensive war would have to be submitted to a referendum.

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WON HIS FUNERAL ON A BET

Barber Collects After Death on Most Elaborate Scale Possible

Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 30.—The body of Walter Campbell, a negro barber, was buried yesterday in the most elaborate casket that the largest local undertaking establishment could provide. The hearse was followed by a procession of carriages provided by the undertaker.

Just before the Jeffries-Johnson fight, Campbell made a bet with the white undertaker. If Jeffries won, Campbell was to have the undertaker free as long as they both lived. If Johnson won, the undertaker was to provide a state funeral for Campbell. Yesterday the undertaker conscientiously carried out the terms of the bet.

PHILIP D. ARMOUR TO WED

Chicagoan Will Marry Miss Gwendolin Condon, of New York

New York, Dec. 30.—Philip D. Armour, son of Mrs. P. A. Valentine and a grandson of the late Philip Danforth Armour, of Chicago, obtained a marriage license yesterday to wed Miss Gwendolin Condon, of this city. The wedding will take place on January 8 at the Church of Heavenly Rest, here.

Mr. Armour is 29 years old. His bride-to-be, who is the daughter of Thomas G. Condon, of Newburgh, N. Y., is 21.

BRAKEMAN KILLED BY ENGINE

Thomas J. McIntyre Ground to Death in Glenolden Yards

Easton, Pa., Dec. 30.—Thomas John McIntyre, aged 24, a brakeman on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, was ground to death beneath his locomotive in the Glenolden yards Monday night.

He was riding on the pilot of the engine, his legs dangling over the sides, when one of his shoes caught in a guard rail and threw him under the engine. He moved here recently from South Bethlehem.

TRAIN KILLS ENGINEER

Stephen D. McIntosh Struck by Freight at Altoona

Altoona, Pa., Dec. 30.—Stephen D. McIntosh, 54 years old, a locomotive engineer on the Pennsylvania road, was struck and instantly killed here yesterday by a freight train.

McIntosh got down from his engine when it stopped and stepped, unwittingly, directly in front of the fast approaching freight train.

Hope, unaccompanied by work, has often made patches conspicuous.

CONFESSES FATAL STABBING

Louis Travato Says He Killed Jerome Pincitori at McAdoo

Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 30.—"I killed him," confessed Louis Travato, of McAdoo, when accused of stabbing Jerome Pincitori to death in a fight in front of the saloon of Pasquo Quocare in McAdoo early Monday morning. Five men were held in connection with the killing. The inquest and investigation was conducted a little more than ten hours after the crime was committed and, although the five men endeavored to tell a story which would divert suspicion from all of them, their statements conflicted.

Travato was then questioned by Coroner Moore and Corporal Davies and confessed. He afterwards made a written acknowledgment of the murder.

HURT IN TROLLEY SMASH

Five Seriously Injured in Crossing Collision at Wilkes-Barre

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Dec. 30.—Five persons were severely injured and a dozen others sustained slight injuries yesterday when a heavy car of the Lackawanna and Wyoming Valley Railroad crashed into a crowded trolley car of the Wilkes-Barre Railway Company on a grade crossing in this city.

Many passengers on the trolley car were cut by flying glass. None of the passengers on the larger car was injured.

PASTOR GETS PROFESSORSHIP

The Rev. Joseph Whitaker Transferred to Overbrook Seminary

Pottsville, Dec. 30.—The Rev. Joseph Whitaker, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic church of Port Carbon, has been notified of his transfer to a professorship at Overbrook Seminary. The change becomes effective January 4.

The Rev. Mr. Whitaker came to Port Carbon four years ago from St. Francis de Sales church, Philadelphia, and many improvements have been made under his pastorate.

It does seem that a submarine heroic enough to go into battle and be sunk is deserving of a better name than a hyphenated combination of a couple of letters and a numeral.

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