

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Several Staffs of Life

We say "Bread is the staff of life," but after all bread is only wheat, or rye, or corn, or some cereal well cooked.

Every nation has its favorite "staff." Ours is wheat and most of our bread is made of this, but the Scotch Highlanders used to carry parched oats as their only provisions on their border forays.

No other nation has such a wealth of cereals as we enjoy: corn, oats, rice, wheat and barley are always to be had, and every one of these is offered to us in form of flour or as a cereal.

So great has the cereal output become that we have invented new cereal dishes. We are manufacturing forty-two varieties of "pre-digested" or "ready to eat" breakfast foods.

Lately we have had a "new" wheat called Durum; it comes from Russia and is exceedingly rich in nutritive properties and is used for macaroni and similar pastes as well as for the best "whole wheat" bread.

Though Durum wheat flour is new to us it has long been preferred abroad, especially in the Orient. Here it is mixed with water and dried fruits and rolled in sheets and baked until it looks like leather.

Three or four yards long and a yard wide and the Arabs, and the Russians, too, often use them as a protection against rough weather.

Travelers soon become accustomed to seeing their guides wrap themselves in such broad rolls and tear off a bit here and there to eat as they feel hungry, or to using the bread sheets for temporary awnings.

DAILY MENU Breakfast Cereal Diced Figs Cream Shredded Ham

On Toasted Steamed Bread Crisp Potatoes Coffee Cake Luncheon Barley Broth Cheese Squares

Creamed Oysters Gherkins Stuffed Fried Celery Luncheon Cucumbers Fruit Sherbet Dinner Ox-tail Soup Crackers Egg Ball Garnish

Scallops in Ramakins Maryland Chicken Riced Potatoes Liver and Bacon Brochettes Fried Sweet Potatoes

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

Sancha resolved that now was the time to exact of his mistress the promise he had long sought.

Above all else in the world the queen desired the death of the one who was more beautiful than herself.

Therefore now surely the queen would give any promise as the price she would pay to one who would encompass her merciless wish.

"Dulcinea," Sancha said, "before I do for thee this harrowing service—at risk of my life should the king perchance enter the secret chamber before I have done—for this service, I say, thy promise of thy love shall be my reward."

The queen, shrewd and well taught in the ways of men, understood the veiled threat. She knew that Sancha implied that unless she gave the promise of her love Sancha would find a way to fall again to encompass the girl's death; and thus the one who was more beautiful would still live to be compared with her majesty.

"The promise of my love thou hast, Sancha," the queen said, shrewdly foreseeing that she would refute the promise and repudiate his advances, once he had executed her will.

She gave Sancha, with significant smile, a dagger. "Now go!" she said. "And see that thou lovest not thy courage till that stiletto is stained with the blood of Godiva."

Sancha bowed himself from the queen's chamber and hastened to the lower region of the palace. He reached the room over the death dungeon, wherein was the iron grating through which he peered down and saw Paulo, the doomed prisoner, lying asleep on the floor of the oubliette.

Sancha then mounted the stone steps of which the queen had spoken. At the top he found the door her majesty had described. Sancha opened this door—and stood within the secret chamber. The king and Godiva had, up to this time, not yet entered. And Sancha concealed himself behind the curtains at the side of the couch and waited.

It was soon after the chamberlain had thus secreted his person in the secret chamber that the king and Godiva entered as already described.

And now, maddened by the girl's scorn of his kingly attentions, the monarch of Urania seized her roughly and smothered her face with kisses, the maiden struggling desperately in his arms. And Sancha, behind the curtains, toyed with his stiletto and awaited the opportunity to execute the queen's will.

"Presently," he thought, "the king will leave the girl to her own devices. Exhaustion will speedily bring sleep to her eyes. And then—then, I, Sancha, will silently steal upon her—and she will nevermore awake."

CHAPTER VIII. The White Rose. But now, in the secret chamber, the unexpected happened—unexpected, at least, in Sancha's reckoning.

For the king, instead of tiring of Godiva's recalcitrant ways and leaving her till a time more propitious for his purpose, made still further desperate love. And again the struggle was on. Forth and back across the chamber they fought, the girl fighting not to live, but to die; for ever and anon she would make a desperate lunge with intent to seize the dagger which the king wore in a short scabbard dangling from his leathern belt.

But ever and anon the king would frustrate the girl's tragic design, till finally his majesty caught the dagger from his scabbard and hurled it far beyond the maiden's reach.

Then came a further unexpected happening. The king, in rage, opened the door that revealed the stone steps leading down to the room that was over the palace dungeon. And through this door the king dragged Godiva.

Sancha, concealed behind the curtains, perceived that now indeed all opportunity to assassinate the girl was gone. He rushed from his place of concealment and pressed the secret spring that opened the panel in the wall. Through this aperture Sancha stepped into the king's apartment, closing the painting behind him.

Then through the palace corridors Sancha hurried till he came to the door of the queen's own apartment. This he entered very cautiously.

The queen was pacing the floor in eager expectation. "The trophy!" she demanded. "Where, again I ask you, Sancha,—where is the bleeding heart?"

"Alas!" replied Sancha, "this night we are doomed to be the victims of many tricks of fate. Just as I was ready and waiting to do your bidding, your majesty, the king tore the girl from the secret chamber and thrust her down into the room that is over the donjon. What his majesty's purpose can be, who can say? Mayhap he intends thrusting the girl down into the oubliette to suffer the fate of her lover, the peasant huntsman, Paulo."

And with that she snatched the stiletto from the belt of Sancha and swept from the chamber.

In the room above the dungeon the king and Godiva were holding final parley. Said his majesty:

"Here, sorceress of hell, who hast riven the king with passion for thee, shalt thou remain till thy spirit breaks and thy will disintegrates and becomes as a supple twig that will bend in my hands."

And he flung her upon the iron grating that looked down into the dungeon. And there she lay inert.

"Look!" the king said. "Down yonder, at the bottom of this well of death, lies thy lover, Paulo. Behold him—lying within the shaft of moonlight that strikes upon him from yonder hole in the wall—behold thy lover, Godiva, in my power with death not far away. See that thou dost quickly become more tractable and that thou consentest to remain within the palace as my willing guest—else thou, too, shalt be led down into this donjon to join thy lover. But, mark thee, not until after thy lover's soul shall have left his body and his bones are picked by the rats."

Godiva shuddered but made naught of reply. And the king with a last shrug of contempt for the girl who had dared defy his kingly will, mounted the steps that led to the secret chamber.

Godiva now called softly down to the sleeping prisoner at the bottom of the well-like dungeon. "Paulo, my Paulo!" she called. "Awake!"

Paulo, thus called from sleep by the voice he so loved, sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then looked he aloft to the iron grating and saw lying thereon his dear love robed all in white.

"Godiva, my Godiva!" he called. "How camest thou in this place? Has the king taken thee captive? Oh, my Godiva, better that thou wert in thy grave!"

"List, my Paulo," Godiva said. "And look!" She produced from her bosom the vial containing the potion given to her by Hagar the witch.

"Canst see what my hand displays to thee, my Paulo?" she asked. "'Tis a potion of which I am about to partake. For escape from the king there is none. Hagar the witch gave to me this magic potion that now will save me from worse than death. I have but to swallow this powder and lo! Paulo, then shalt thou witness transformation that will please thee, since it will release me from the fate that surely will overtake me should I remain in this place in mortal form. Into a white rose I shall be changed. And the rose, as Hagar said, will never die. And thou—surely thou wilt find a way to escape at last from this place. And then, in thy freedom, thou must take the white rose which will be my very self—thou must take the white rose, I say, speedily to Hagar the witch and she will change the rose back to Godiva, thy own love. For Hagar alone has this power. And so, my Paulo—see! I will come to thee!"

With that Godiva emptied out the contents of the vial into her hand. And from her hand she partook of the powder. And she swallowed the magic potion and lay upon the iron grating still as death.

And then, behold! The form of Godiva vanished and in its place a white rose appeared and fell between the iron bars down into the uplifted and welcoming hands of Paulo, the huntsman.

CHAPTER IX. "Where is Godiva?" Meanwhile King Leovic re-entered the secret chamber and passed through the secret panel in the wall and entered his own apartment, where he flung himself on a carved chair and pondered morosely over the way of maid with a king.

And now into the apartment came the queen Dulcinea. The stiletto she concealed under her mantle. And the fire of jealousy burned in her eyes.

"Sire," she said, confronting the king, who was startled as at an apparition, "thou hast brought to this castle, this night, a maid from the forest. I would see her. For curiosity consumes me. I would have sight of one whom thou couldst for a moment believe could take my place."

In a rage the king sprang up. "Who hath betrayed the king?" he cried. Just then the cringing form of Sancha, the chamberlain, appeared.

"Thou, Sancha! Was't thou betrayed to the queen what has transpired this night?" "Nay, sire," replied Sancha, trembling with awful fear at the king's wrath. "Twas not I. 'Twas some variety of the castle who, perchance, saw the maiden entering to thy presence."

"Stop!" commanded the proud queen. "It matters not whose was the betraying tongue. It is sufficient that I know, sire, of the maiden thou hast concealed here. Thou art a wicked man, sire, as thou well knowest. And this maiden I intend shall escape thy clutches. For I, Dulcinea, will help her to escape."

During this bold speech the queen had been stealing closer and closer to the secret spring beside the secret painting. She now cautiously pressed the spring and the secret panel swung on its pivot. The king sprang to intercept, but was too late. The queen passed through the panel and was even now darting to the door that opened on the steps that led down to the room above the palace dungeon. The king and Sancha followed.

Down the stone steps sped the queen, even to the room with the iron grating. And all about she looked for a glimpse of Godiva. But no Godiva did her eyes behold.

The king and the chamberlain joined her, both amazed and, for the moment, speechless at the vanishment of the lovely peasant girl.

"Where is Godiva?" the queen asked. "Ay, where is Godiva?" the king echoed. He called through a door that led to the corridor of the guards. "Enter, varlets!" he said. And when two guards had entered, the king asked: "Hast seen the maiden Godiva pass thy door, varlets? If so, thou shalt die here and now at the hands of my executioner. I swear it."

"Nay, sire," the soldiers said. "The door has been well guarded without and we can swear, forsooth, that neither maiden nor angel nor devil could escape from this place without our knowledge."

"Then where is Godiva?" the queen repeated, deeply puzzled. They peered down into the dungeon and saw that Paulo, the prisoner, was alone. They saw not, however, that Paulo at that moment hid within his shirt a white rose, hid it with fingers most tender against a heart throbbing with love for that self-same white rose.

"Ay, 'tis a strange disappearance!" the king said. "You, varlets, remain here on guard, while others search the palace. From moat to turret the castle shall be searched, every nook and cranny, till we drag forth the hidden Godiva."

Thereupon the king mounted the steps, and was followed by the queen and Sancha the chamberlain. And the two soldiers remained on guard at the iron grating.

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SOLD POISON IGNORANTLY

Druggist Claims He Did Not Know Liquor Was Wood Alcohol

Middlebury, Vt., Dec. 31.—Dr. D. A. Bisbee, a Bristol druggist, on trial here, charged with having caused the death of four persons by selling them poisonous liquor, did not know the liquid was wood alcohol, according to his testimony yesterday.

"I intended to sell spirits contrary to law," he admitted. "I sold from four to five gallons of alcohol a week, but I certainly would not have sold the liquor which is alleged to have caused these deaths if I had known it was wood alcohol. All those who died were my friends, some very personal friends."

Bisbee asserted that the liquor came to him labeled "cologne spirits," from a Troy, N. Y., firm, and that he was not aware of the real nature of it.

2,400 HANDS TO RESUME WORK

N. Y. Central Employees Ordered Back on Full Time

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 31.—Announcement has been made by the New York Central that the Beech Grove shops will reopen on January 1, and that they will be in full operation from that time on, giving employment to about 2,400 men.

These shops have been closed several weeks. E. J. Mullin, superintendent of motive power on the Big Four, said the company expected to operate the Beech Grove shops with a full force of employees throughout the entire year of 1915.

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MUSICIANS HEAR PAPERS

National Association Members Guests at Special Pittsburgh Conference

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 31.—Reading of several papers entirely of a technical nature was the chief business at the afternoon meeting of the second day's session of the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association yesterday at the Hotel Schenley.

Discussing "Performers or Musicians, Which Should We Raise?" Roy D. Welch, of Smith College, said music masters have been so concerned with the details of producing music and the adequate performance of a few compositions that they have forgotten the proper end of their labors, fitting the ears to hear and the mind to know what the ears have heard.

Charles C. Gow, of Vassar College, discussed "The Future of Harmony Study." A concert for the visiting musicians was given in Carnegie Music Hall last night by the Musicians' Club of Pittsburgh.

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PARDONS BY ITALY'S KING

Amnesty Granted to Many in Honor of Daughter's Birth

Rome, Dec. 31.—King Victor Emmanuel yesterday signed a royal decree granting amnesty to a large number of persons in celebration of the birth of his daughter, Princess Maria, last Saturday. The amnesty extends to the railway men imprisoned during the strike in April and to others arrested during the riots in June.

The King has decorated Premier Salandra with the Order of Annunciate, the highest Italian decoration, which entitles the bearer to call himself a cousin of the King. He conferred the decoration at the ceremony of baptism of the newly-born Princess, and spoke warmly of the services rendered to the state by the Premier.

WANTS FREE TEXTBOOKS

State School Superintendent Makes Proposal in Kansas

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 31.—W. D. Ross, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, will ask the Legislature to empower boards of education throughout the State to purchase school textbooks from the State publishing plant and furnish them free to school children.

"If education is to be truly free, the means of obtaining it must be available in all cases," said Mr. Ross. "Such a plan would be much more economical, both in money and time, than is the system of individual ownership. The same books would serve different pupils in successive years."

Unguarded Love Vanishes

Lewistown, Pa., Dec. 31.—William Laetra, a widower, 40 years old, was held for court yesterday, charged with breach of promise by Miss Lucy Patton, his 19-year-old housekeeper. Miss Patton alleges she was induced to take a trip to visit friends at State College, and, returning, found a rival supplanting her. The trouble that followed caused a counter charge of assault and battery.

NOT REAL WIFE, SUES ESTATE

Woman Declares Husband Had Another Spouse Living

Reading, Pa., Dec. 31.—An unusual legal controversy was brought yesterday, when Harriet V. Sherkey instituted suit for \$5,000 damages against G. Henry Heintz, executor of the estate of John L. Snyder, of Ruscomb Manor township. She declares she married Snyder without knowledge that he had another wife, and that when she did learn this she left, only to be assaulted by him. Snyder died suddenly two days after.

She declares Snyder struck her with a bay fork, her left arm was broken in three places and two fingers were fractured.

GAS OVERCOMES THIRTEEN

Leaky Main in Pottstown Endangers Three Families

Pottstown, Pa., Dec. 31.—Gas that escaped from a street main during the night seriously affected most of the 13 members of the families of Clayton Bechtel, Calvin Bell and Harry Adams. All were found in a semi-conscious condition.

Mrs. Bechtel, who was the first in her household to awaken, saved the life of her husband, whom she aroused after considerable effort.

This war has all the modern improvements. Both sides can win great victories in the same battle.

APPOINTMENTS IN LUZERNE

Defeated Candidate for Sheriff Gets Mercantile Appraisership

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Dec. 31.—The County Commissioners named Michael Bowen, defeated for Sheriff by Lewis P. Kniffen, as Mercantile Appraiser for 1915, at a salary of \$2,500.

M. C. Murray, of Wilkes-Barre, was named sealer of weights and measures, to succeed E. J. Keating, who has accepted a clerkship in the Assessor's office. Ambrose Langan, of Pittston, succeeds Thomas Gorman, who becomes assistant chief clerk in the Assessor's office. Allie Smith, of Wilkes-Barre, was appointed a transferring clerk to succeed Samuel Block, promoted to assistant chief clerk in the Assessor's office.

THINK NINE IN PLOT

Four Women Accused of Being Utah Bank Robber's Accomplices

Bingham, Utah, Dec. 31.—Four men and four women are under arrest as suspected accomplices of Bert Heaton, who held up the Bingham State bank Tuesday and was captured soon afterward with all of the \$16,492 he took still in his possession.

Heaton, who says he came here from Joplin, Mo., denies knowing any of the suspects, all of whom, except two of the men, are residents of Bingham.

ROBS BANK WITHOUT MASK

Bandit Holds Up Only Man on Duty and Gets \$1,500

Windsboro, Ia., Dec. 31.—An unmasked man covered the assistant cashier of the Winsboro State bank with a revolver and seized \$1,500 in currency from the cash drawer yesterday. The man broke the telephone connection and made his escape on a horse rented from a local livery stable. The assistant cashier was alone in the bank.

Motor cars have perhaps deprived war of much of its picturesque quality, but they have undeniably added to its speed.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 3:27, 9:30, 3:30 p. m. For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:50 and 11:05 a. m., 2:15, 3:40, 5:32, 8:30 p. m. *Daily. All other trains due except Sunday. J. H. TONGUE Supt. H. A. RIDDLER, G. P. A.