

# HEARTS and MASKS

BY HAROLD MACGRATH  
AUTHOR OF THE MAN ON THE BOX ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

It all depends upon the manner of your entrance to the Castle of Adventure. One does not have to scale its beelling parapets or assault its scarps and frowning bastions; neither is one obliged to force with clamor and blaring trumpets and glittering gorgets the drawbridge and portcullis. Rather the pathway lies through one of those many little doors, obscure, yet easily accessible, latchless and boltless, to which the average person gives no particular attention, and yet which invariably lead to the very heart of this Castle Delectable. The whimsical chateleine of this enchanted keep is a shy goddess. Circumspection has no part in her affairs, nor caution, nor practicality; nor does her eye linger upon the dullard and the blunderer. Imagination solves the secret riddle, and wit is the guide that leads the seeker through the winding, bewildering labyrinths.

And there is something in being idle, too!

If I had not gone idly into Mousquin's cellar for dinner that night, I should have missed the most engaging adventure that ever fell to my lot. It is second nature for me to be guided by impulse rather than by reason; reason is always so square-toed and impulse is always so alluring. You will find that nearly all the great captains were and are creatures of impulse; nothing brilliant is ever achieved by calculation. All this is not to say that I am a great captain; it is offered only to inform you that I am often impulsive.

A Times, four days old; and if I hadn't fallen upon it to pass the twenty-odd minutes between my order and the service of it, I shouldn't have made the acquaintance of the police in that pretty little suburb over in New Jersey; nor should I have met the enchanting Blue Domino; nor would fate have written Kismet. The clairvoyant never has any fun in this cycle; he has no surprises.

I had been away from New York for several weeks, and had returned only that afternoon. Thus, the spirit of unrest acquired by travel was still upon me. It was nearly holiday week, and those congenial friends I might have called upon, to while away the evening, were either busily occupied with shopping or were out of town; and I determined not to go to the club and be bored by some indifferent billiard player. I would dine quietly, listen to some light music, and then go to the theater. I was searching the theatrical amusements, when the society column indifferently attacked my eye. I do not know why it is, but I have a wholesome contempt for the so-called society columns of the daily newspaper in New York. Mayhap, it is because I do not belong.

I read this paragraph with a shrug, and that one with a smirk. I was in no manner surprised at the announcement that Miss High-Culture was going to wed the Duke of Impudence; I had always been certain this girl would do some such fool thing. That Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds was giving a farewell dinner at the Waldorf, prior to her departure to Europe, interested my curiosity not in the least degree. It would be all the same to me if she never came back. None of the wishy-washy little-tattle interested me, in fact. There was only one little six-line paragraph that really caught me. On Friday night (that is to say, the night of my adventures in Blankshire), the Hunt Club was to give a charity masquerade dance. This grasped my adventurous spirit by the throat and refused to let go.

The atmosphere surrounding the paragraph was spirituous with enchantment. There was a genuine novelty about this dance. Two packs of playing cards had been sent out as tickets; one pack to the ladies and one to the gentlemen. Charming idea, wasn't it? These cards were to be shown at the door, together with ten dollars, but were to be retained by the recipients till two o'clock (supper time), at which moment everybody was to unmask and take his partner, who held the corresponding card, in to supper. Its newness strongly appealed to me. I found myself reading the paragraph over and over.

By Jove, what an inspiration!

I knew the Blankshire Hunt Club, with its colonial architecture, its great ball room, its quaint fireplaces, its stables and sheds, and the fame of its chef. It was one of those great country clubs that keep open house the year round. It stood back from the sea about four miles and was within five miles of the village. There was a fine course inland, a cross-country going of not less than twenty miles, a shooting-box, and excellent golf links. In the winter it was cozy; in the summer it was ideal.

I was intimately acquainted with the club's M. F. H., Teddy Hamilton. We had done the Paris-Berlin run in my racing car the summer before. If I hadn't known him so well, I might still have been in durance vile, next door to jail, or securely inside. I had frequently dined with him at the club during the summer, and he had offered to put me up; but as I knew no one intimately but himself, I explained the futility of such action. Besides, my horse wasn't a hunter; and I was riding him less and less. It is no pleasure to go "parking" along the bridled-paths of Central Park. For myself, I want a hill country and something like forty miles, straight away; that's riding.

The fact that I knew no one but Teddy added zest to the inspiration which had seized me. For I determined to attend that dance, happen what might. It would be vastly more entertaining than a possibly dull theatrical performance. (It was!)

I called for a messenger and dispatched him to the nearest drug store for a pack of playing cards; and while I waited for his return I casually glanced at the other diners. At my table—one of those long marble-topped affairs by the wall—there was an old man reading a paper, and the handsomest girl I had set eyes upon in a month of moons. Sometimes the word handsome seems an inferior adjective. She was beautiful, and her half-hidden eyes told me that she was anywhere but at Mousquin's. What a head of hair! Fine as a spider's web, and the dazzling yellow of a wheat field in a sun shower! The irregularity of her features made them all the more interesting. I was an artist in an amateur way, and I mentally painted in that head against a Rubens background. The return of the messenger brought me back to earth; for I confess that my imagination had already leaped far into the future, and this girl across the way was nebulously connected with it.

I took the pack of cards, ripped off the covering, tossed aside the joker (though, really, I ought to have retained it) and began shuffling the shiny pasteboards. I dare say that those around me sat up and took notice. It was by no means a common sight to see a man gravely shuffling a pack of cards in a public restaurant. Nobody interfered, doubtless because nobody knew exactly what to do in the face of such an act, for which no adequate laws had been provided. A waiter stood solemnly at the end of the table, scratching his chin thoughtfully, wondering whether he should report this peculiarity of constitution and susceptibility occasioning certain peculiarities of effect from impress of extraneous influences (vide Webster), synonymous with idiocracy and known as idiosyncrasy. It was quite possible that I was the first man to establish such a precedent in Monsieur Mousquin's restaurant. Thus, I aroused only passive curiosity.

From the corner of my eye I observed the old gentleman opposite. He was peering over the top of his paper, and I could see by the glitter in his eye that he was a confirmed player of solitaire. The girl, however, still appeared to be in a dreaming state. I have no doubt every one who saw me thought that anarchy was abroad again, or that Sherlock Holmes had entered into his third incarnation.

Finally I squared the pack, took a long breath, and cut. I turned up the card. It was the ten-spot of hearts. I considered this most propitious, hearts being my long suit in everything but love—love having not yet crossed my path. I put the card in my wallet, and was about to toss the rest of the pack under the table, when a woman's voice stayed my hand.

"Don't throw them away. Tell my fortune first."

I looked up, not a little surprised. It was the beautiful young girl who had spoken. She was leaning on her

elbows, her chin propped in her palms, and the light in her gray chatoyant eyes was wholly innocent and mischievous. In Monsieur Mousquin's cellar people are rather Bohemian, not to say friendly, for it is the rendezvous of artists, literary men and journalists—a clan that holds formality in contempt.

"Tell your fortune!" I repeated, parrot-like.

"Yes."

"Your mirror can tell that more accurately than I can," I replied with a frank glance of admiration.

She drew her shoulders together and dropped them. "I spoke to you, sir, because I believed you wouldn't say anything so commonplace as that. When one sees a man soberly shuffling a pack of cards in a place like this, one naturally expects originality."

"Well, perhaps you caught me off my guard," I humbly. "I am original. Did you ever before witness this performance in a public restaurant?"

"I can not say I have,"—amused. "Well, no more have I!"

"Why, then do you do it?"—with renewed interest.

"Shall I tell your fortune?"

"Not now. I had much rather you would tell me the meaning of this play."

I leaned toward her and whispered mysteriously: "The truth is, I belong to a secret society, and I was cutting the cards to see whether or not I should blow up the postoffice to-night or the police station. You mustn't tell anybody."

"Oh!" She started back from the table. "You do not look it," she added suddenly.

"I know it; appearances are so deceptive," said I sadly.

Then the old man laughed, and the girl laughed, and I laughed; and I wasn't quite sure that the grave waiter did not crack the ghost of a smile—in relief.

"And what, may I ask, was the fatal card?" inquired the old man, folding his paper.

"The ace of spades; we always choose that gloomy card in secret societies. There is something deadly and suggestive about it," I answered morbidly.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Ah, if only you knew the terrible life we lead, we who conspire! Every day brings forth some galling disappointment. We push a king off into the dark, and another rises immediately in his place. Futility, futility everywhere! If only there were some way of dynamiting habit and custom! I am a Russian; all my family are perishing in Siberian mines,"—dismally.

"Fudge!" said the girl.

"Tommy-rot!" said the amiable old gentleman.

"Uncle, his hair is too short for an anarchist."

"And his collar too immaculate." (So the old gentleman was this charming creature's uncle!)

"We are obliged to disguise ourselves at times," I explained. "The police are always meddling. It is discouraging."

"You have some purpose, humorous or serious," said the girl shrewdly. "A man does not bring a pack of cards—"

"I didn't bring them; I sent out for them."

"—bring a pack of cards here simply to attract attention," she continued tranquilly.

"Perhaps I am a prestidigitator in a popular dime museum," I suggested, willing to help her out, "and am doing a little advertising."

"Now, that has a plausible sound," she admitted, folding her hands under her chin. "It must be an interesting life. Presto—change! and all that."

"Oh, I find it rather monotonous in the winter, but in the summer it is fine. Then I wander about the summer resorts and give exhibitions."

"You will pardon my niece," interpolated the old gentleman, coughing a bit nervously. "If she annoys you—"

"Uncle!"—reproachfully.

"Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed eagerly. "There is a charm in doing unconventional things; and most people do not realize it, and are stupid."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl, smiling. She was evidently enjoying herself; so was I, for that matter. "Do a trick for me," she commanded presently.

I smiled weakly. I couldn't have done a trick with the cards—not if my life had depended upon it. But I rather neatly extricated myself from the trap.

"I never do any tricks out of business hours."

"Uncle, give the gentleman ten cents; I want to see him do a sleight-of-hand trick."

Her uncle, readily entering into the spirit of the affair, dived into a pocket and produced the piece of silver. It looked as if I were caught.

"There! this may make it worth your while," the girl said, shoving the coin in my direction.

But again I managed to slide under; I was not to be caught.

"It is my regret to say,"—frowning slightly, "that regularity in my business is everything. It wants half an hour for my turn to come on. If I tried a trick out of turn, I might foolle and lose prestige. And besides, I depend so much upon the professor and his introductory note: 'Ladies and gents, permit me to introduce the world-renowned Signor Fantocini, whose marvelous tricks have long puzzled all the crowned heads of Europe.'"

"Fantocini?"—musingly. "That's Italian for puppet show."

"I know it, but the dime museum visitors do not. It makes a fine impression."

She laughed and slid the dime back to her uncle.

"I'm afraid you are an impostor," she said.

"I'm afraid so, too," I confessed, laughing.

To Be Continued.

Y. M. C. A. BIBLE CONFERENCE

The Rev. C. I. Scofield, D. D., Will Open the Exercises Sunday Afternoon

The announcement of the coming of Dr. C. I. Scofield, the well-known Bible teacher, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, Second and Locust streets, to conduct the annual Bible conference, has created widespread interest. He will arrive in this city from New York to-morrow.

Sunday morning he will occupy the pulpit of the Fourth Street Church of God at 10:30 o'clock. The first session of the conference will be held Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in Fahnstock hall, for the benefit of the general public. Both men and women are invited to be present.

The conference sessions will be continued throughout the week of January 3 every evening, at 7:45 o'clock in Fahnstock hall, excepting the one of Tuesday evening, which will be held in Grace Methodist church on State street. This change is made necessary because Fahnstock hall was engaged by the Harrisburg Choral Society.

Dr. Scofield's theme will be "From Genesis to Revelation," a panoramic view of the Bible, illustrated by charts, a series of readings that number among his best. The association extends a cordial invitation for all pastors, Sunday school superintendents, teachers and Christian workers to be present at this conference; and no better opportunity could be offered the converts of the Stough evangelistic campaign to acquire a knowledge of the English Bible than this conference will afford, and they will be cordially welcomed by the management.

When the garbage pail takes half of what the market basket brings home the housekeeper has much to answer for.

**Story of the Blood Red Rose**  
By Kathryn Williams  
From the Photoplay by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD  
With Illustrations from the Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.  
(Copyright, 1914, by the Selig Polyscope Co.)

Continued

Ay, Hagar the witch lay on the floor of the cave, still in the death that had overtaken her. And a cry of mortal anguish welled from the stricken heart of Paulo the huntsman. For who now could restore the rose to human form? Hagar alone possessed the magic power of restoration. And Hagar was dead.

Paulo took the white rose from his bosom and caressed it, and his hot tears fell upon it; and Paulo could feel his heart bleeding within him, and he seemed like to suffocate with the grief that was overwhelming him.

Hour after hour Paulo remained beside the witch, beseeching the stilled form to awaken, telling himself it was all only a dream and that Hagar was only asleep and would presently awake and give him back his beloved Godiva.

But hour after hour the form of Hagar the witch remained in stillness so awesome that Paulo at last arose and left the cave forever.

That night, while the shepherds, Biento and Machere, assistants to Rivarre the sheep owner, watched their flocks, a dark form loomed near. It was Paulo. He told them his story—his story, too, of the white rose, and bade them take the tale to Rivarre the shepherd and his wife, the father and mother of the lost Godiva. And when Paulo had finished his narrative the good shepherds bade him in alarm thus:

"Fly into the mountains, Paulo, thou must. For wert thou to be seen on the plains or in the forest by the king or any of his men death would speedily overtake thee."

"Nay," responded Paulo. "Not to the mountains will I fly. Right here on plain and in forest will I remain—till all the king's men of today—and even the king himself, if that be possible—shall succumb to the bolts from my crossbow. And to achieve my purpose, thou, Biento, and thou, Machere, without word to living soul or to Virgin or yet to monk—shall bring to me nightly—supply of arrows. And as a beginning thou shalt tomorrow night bring me a crossbow and a first quiver of arrows, each one of which shall find the heart of a king's man, till all the who shared in robbing me forever of my Godiva shall lie upon the ground in death. I have sworn it, my friends—and so shall it be."

A year passed. And in that time full a score of the king's men perished with shaft in his heart while hunting in the forest. And once, even, a shaft from a crossbow barely escaped the heart of King Leofric.

And throughout Urania went forth the report that in the forest dwelt a wild man. Some had even seen him. He was clothed in sheepskins about his waist, and no garment other than this covered his nakedness. And with the crossbow he was past master, greater in archery than even the most expert of the king's warriors.

All in the forest were safe, it seemed, except just alone the retainers of King Leofric. Thus the peasants had learned to have no fear of the wild man, while the king's men suffered torments of fear each time they journeyed forth from the castle into the forest to hunt with King Leofric.

And so time passed, till the day came when a year and a day had gone forever—a year and a day from the night on which Godiva became a white rose. And all this time the white rose was fastened about the breast of Paulo the crossbowman, so that the rose lay ever next his heart.

And now, on this day that marked the passing of a year and a day in the life of the white rose, Paulo sat yet again another bolt from his crossbow and one of the king's men fell. And ains for Paulo! One of the king's men saw the wild man and let fly a shaft

from his crossbow. Straight to the breast of Paulo sped the shaft—and Paulo lay upon the earth dying.

From the wound in the breast of Paulo, the blood flowed out upon the white rose that lay there and crimsoned it. And thus was born the first red rose.

The Spirit Was Godiva.

AMUSEMENT

**THIS STORY** will be shown in Motion Pictures at the Photoplay Theatre Friday, Jan. 8, 1915

**\$30,000 SCHOOL DEDICATED**  
Manheim Celebrates Completion of New Brick Building  
Manheim, Pa., Jan. 1.—The beautiful new two-story high school building at Manheim, a brick structure with stone trimmings and costing \$30,000, was dedicated yesterday afternoon.

Music was a feature of the program, and was furnished by the public school children and the Germania band.

**Church Is 75 Years Old**  
Catasauqua, Pa., Jan. 1.—Exercises were held last night in the First Presbyterian church in commemoration of the 75th anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the original edifice. This church was founded by David Thomas, builder of the Crane iron works and of the Thomas iron works, the first man to make pig iron in America by the use of the anthracite blast.

**BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
ABC, BUSINESS COLLEGE  
329 Market Street  
Fall Term September First DAY AND NIGHT

**WINTER TERM**  
BEGINS MONDAY, JAN. 4TH  
DAY AND NIGHT SESSIONS  
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE  
15 S. MARKET SQUARE  
HARRISBURG, PA.

**Cumberland Valley Railroad**  
In Effect May 24, 1914.  
Trains Leave Harrisburg—  
For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5:05, 7:50 a. m., 2:40 p. m.  
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:05, 7:50, 11:05 a. m., 2:40, 5:25, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.  
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 2:45 a. m., 2:15, 5:27, 8:50 p. m.  
For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:50 and 11:05 a. m., 2:15, 5:40, 8:55, 1:30 p. m.  
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.  
J. H. TONGE,  
H. A. RIDGLE, G. P. A.

# C. E. AUGHINBAUGH

## THE UP-TO-DATE PRINTING PLANT

J. L. L. KUHN, Secretary-Treasurer

# PRINTING AND BINDING

Now Located in Our New Modern Building

### 46 and 48 N. Cameron Street, Near Market Street

BELL TELEPHONE 2012

---

**Commerical Printing**  
We are prepared with the necessary equipment to take care of any work you may want—cards, stationery, bill heads, letter heads, programs, legal blanks and business forms of all kinds. LINO TYPE COMPOSITION FOR THE TRADE.

**Book Binding**  
Our bindery can and does handle large edition work. Job Book Binding of all kinds receives our careful attention. SPECIAL INDEXING and PUNCHING ON SHORT NOTICE. We make BLANK BOOKS THAT LAY FLAT AND STAY FLAT WHEN OPEN.

**Book Printing**  
With our equipment of five linotypes, working day and night, we are in splendid shape to take care of book printing—either SINGLE VOLUMES or EDITION WORK.

**Press Work**  
Our press room is one of the largest and most complete in this section of the state, in addition to the automatic feed presses, we have two folders which give us the advantage of getting the work out in exceedingly quick time.

**To the Public**  
When in the market for Printing or Binding of any description, see us before placing your order. We believe it will be to our MUTUAL BENEFIT. No trouble to give estimates or answer questions.

**Remember**  
We give you what you want, the way you want it, when you want it.

---

# C. E. AUGHINBAUGH

## 46 and 48 N. Cameron Street

Near Market Street HARRISBURG, PA.

A Bell Telephone call will bring one of our solicitors.

# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### What Is the Real Chinese Way to Cook Rice?

The Chinese have as many ways of preparing rice as we have. They use it with fish, with beans and oil and in the same way we use potatoes—as a vegetable.

The unpolished rice is always used abroad; it is considered most wholesome by some persons, while others contend that it is inferior to the improved polished article. It is a dark unattractive dish compared to polished Carolina Point or Japanese Pearl rice.

The Chinese have a closely woven willow basket in which the rice is placed and then steamed over boiling water until it is tender. They also cook it in a great quantity of water and drain it dry when it is cooked. I have never heard that they excelled in cooking this dish.

The best way to cook rice is to wash it until the coating is removed. Put three times as much water in a sauce pan as you have rice, salt this and cook the rice in this fifteen minutes. If the rice is new, that is of recent crop, it will be tender and may be drained and served.

Curried Rice and Tomato. Mix one teaspoon of curry powder with a little butter and add it to a cup of boiled rice and one-half cup of strained tomato sauce. Season with salt, heat and serve as a vegetable.

Southern cooks seem to have the best method of cooking rice so that the grains are whole, white and tender.

They use a steamer and never stir or touch the grains during the cooking. Rice is the most healthful of all cereals because it digests so easily and has nerve building qualities. It is said that in rice eating countries one never finds dyspepsia or indigestion, or similar evils. However, it should be remembered that those people who are known as subsisting on a rice diet combine the grain with other things just as we do potatoes with meats. If they did not, they would have excess starch in the diet and rheumatism and kindred ills.

**DAILY MENU**  
Breakfast  
Kum-quats  
Country Sausage  
Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup  
Fried Hominy Coffee  
Luncheon  
Chicken Consomme  
White Fish a la Erie  
Creamed Potatoes in Pastry Shells  
Marinated French Beans  
Apple Fritters Tea  
Dinner  
Clams  
Shad Roe  
Mushrooms on Toast  
Peas  
Omelette Souffle  
Russian Salad of Thickened Aspic  
Celery Walnuts Cheese  
Angel Cake Cream  
Coffee

# If You Are Looking For a Pure Beer--

Made of the finest Malt and Hops—sparkling Filtered Water—and Purest Yeast—by the best Sanitary Methods. Order DOEHNE Beer.

## DOEHNE BREWERY

Bell 826 L Independent 318

**SIX COASTING ACCIDENTS**  
Two Boys Seriously Hurt in Schuylkill County Mishaps  
Pottsville, Pa., Jan. 1.—Six coasting accidents were yesterday added to the eight of Wednesday. The most seriously hurt of yesterday's victims were Charles Leonard, of York Farm, and Thomas H. Lowther, of Pottsville. Leonard has concussion of the brain and it is feared his back is injured. Lowther was taken home unconscious. Max Longsdorf, son of the Rev. F. S.

**Case of His Death**  
Alkali Ice—And so Slippery Sam died with his boots on, eh?  
Bronch Bill—No; he died with my boots on that's how he came to die.—Exchange.