

## HOUSEHOLD TALKS

### Henrietta D. Grauel

Give the Old Home a Name

Thomas Hood had lived in an apartment house he never would have penned those
"I remember, I remember the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn"
lines and "Home, Sweet Home," seems to demand a real, home setting when it is sung, before it sounds at its best.
Some of our wise statesmen, anxious to keep the home love alive in the hearts of our young folks, have been trying to analyze the great attraction that acts like a magnet, in our hearts drawing us back home again and again, even though we know the home folks are gone. But this is a thing no man can discover. It is not the good times, greater comforts, finer health or simpler living we have enjoyed there. Not these alone, yet it is all these and more.
Though these statesmen have failed to find the secrets of home life and home love they have found that those houses, whether large or small, rich or

A lot has been said and written about the joys and comforts of home life but not a word too much has been said in their praise.

When you are away you don't step to think how much the sweetest spot on earth has cost in dollars and cents or of the high cost of building or of living. You just remember some special thing about your own particular home and wish with all your might you could see it again.

It is a safe guess to say that if Thomas Hood had lived in an apartment house he never would have penned those
"I remember, I remember the house where I was born.
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn"
lines and "Home, Sweet Home," seems to demand a real, home setting when it is sung, before it sounds at its best.

Breakfast Corn Crisps, Cream

Vafers Celery
Wafers Celery
Frizzled Dried Beef
Bread and Butter Folds
offee Vanilla Cakes

## IS MUM ON EXTRA SESSION

President Declines to Say Whether He Will Assemble Lawmakers If Ship Purchase Bill Fails

By Associated Press.

Washington, Jan. 6 .- President Wilson declined to say specifically yesterday that he would call an extra session of Congress if the ship purchase bill failed during the present session but callers who talked with him on the subject were impressed with the President's determination to pass the meas-

Mr. Wilson said he would support a rural credits bill if members of Congress could agree on one but he would not call an extra session for that. He added that he was making all his arrangements to leave Washington on March 5 for the Panama canal and the San Francisco Exposition on the ex-San Francisco Exposition on the ex-pectation that there would be no extra

pectation that there would be no extra session of Congress.

President Wilson told callers his Jackson day speech at Indianapolis on Friday would be political in character. He refused to outline it but it is gen-erally understood he will review the record of the administration.

He also told callers there was no truth in reports that he was personally directing the inquiry into the passager

drecting the inquiry into the passport investigation in New York as a result of which some German reservists have been arrested. He said that the matter had been called to his attention in a routine way.

### Fire Protection for Farms

Fire Protection for Farms

In the current issue of "Farm and Fireside" a contributor tells how the tall, tower-like silos in which up-to-date farmers store their grain provide an excellent opportunity for placing water tanks high in the air that will be useful in case of fire. Following is an extract from the article:

"When building a thick-walled silo you have an excellent opportunity to install a complete system of water works for the house and farm buildings. And with but little additional expense fire hydrants can be placed near or in each building of any considerable size or importance. The addition of a portable reel of hose makes a complete system for fighting fire. If the silo is built of brick, concrete or tile, a water tank can be placed on top of it, with the supply pipe from the well leading up through the center of it. The silage will prevent the pipe from freezing in the winter. The silo is generally the tallest of all the farm buildings,"

Mow to Get Your Hens to Make Thicker Egg Shells

In the "Poultry Raising" department of the current issue of "Farm and Fireside" a contributor tells as follows how to feed hens in order that their egg shells are to stand the joits of transportation. But lime is not the only shell-making material needed. The chemist has found that phosphorus, and magnesia are both necessary for tough, soil egg shells.

"Ground or granulated kiln-dried bone supplies phosphorus, and grains

There seem to be more blockheads in the world than wooden legs.

### Take Advantage of a Harrisburg Citi-

DON'T WAIT

zen's Experience

When the back begins to ache, Don't wait until backache become

'Til kidney troubles develop; 'Til urinary troubles destroy night's

Til urinary troubles destroy night's rest.

Profit by a Harrisburg citizen's experience.

William H. Kelley, fireman on Pennsylvania Railroad, 609 Harris street, Harrisburg, says: "About three years ago I suffered a great deal at times from lumbago. I often had sharp pains im my back, so bad that I could hardly straighten up. When I got up in the morning it would be two or three hours before my back limbeted up so that I could get around without that stiff feeling. I was bothered at times by weak kidneys and this broke my rest after going to bed. I tried different remedies but got no relief whatever until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. The first box gave me relief, and I used about five boxes in all. It has been nearly a year since and I have never had any trouble from my kidneys and have felt better in every way."

Price 50e, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Kelley had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Wheat Cakes Preserves
Cod Fish Balls Coffee Luncheon

Dinner Chicken Soup

ed Chicken Crances, Mashed Potatoes, Gravy teamed Onions, Cream Sauce Fruit Salad Coffee Steamed

### SHIPS THROUGH THE CANAL

Goethals Can't Guarantee Passage of By Associated Press.

By Associated Press.

Washington, Jan. 6.—Secretary Garrison yesterday told President Wilson and the Cabinet of General Goethal's report that he could not guarantee the passage of battleships through the Panama canal at the formal opening in March because of slides.

Secretary Garrison said, however, that, even though the battleships were unable to pass through the canal, there need be no interference with the plans for the opening, so far as they refer to the trip of President Wilson, members of Congress and diplomats to Panama and the San Francisco Exposition. He said the party could be taken around any slides by railway and the trip continued to San Francisco.

### LETTER LIST

LETTER LIST

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Firms—Parsons & Finney, Firms—Parsons & Finney, Firms—Parsons & Finney, Firms—Parsons & Finney.

sond egg shells.

"Ground or granulated kiln-dried bone supplies phosphorus, and grains as a rule give sufficient magnesia. Ground bone is also important in furnishing the phosphorus that is found abundantly in the yolk."

What City Folks Like From Country In the current issue of "Farm and Fireside" a contributor tells what won-Fireside'' a contributor tells what won-ders the parcel post has brought about ine the way of giving the country wom-an a hance to send the city woman products of the farm. Many sugges-tions are made in the article, one of which follows:

"Why not send country sausage to some city friend? Put it twice through the oriunger, season it with salt and



(CONTINUED.)

"There once was a Frenchman who said that as nothing is impossible, let us believe in the absurd. I might be

"Perish the thought!"

"Perish it, indeed!"
"The mask is the thing!" I cried, enthusiastically. "You can make love to another man's wife—"

"Or your own, and nobody is the -cynically

'We are getting on."

"Yes, we are getting on both in years and in folly. What are you doing in a monk's robe? Where is your motley, gay fool? "I have laid it aside for the night.

On such occasions as this, fools d as wise men, and wise men as fools; everybody goes about in disguise."
"How would you go about to pick out the fools?"—curiously.

t the fools?—curiously.

"Beginning with myself—"

"Thy name is also Candor!"

"Look at yonder Cavalier. He wab-

bles like a ship in distress, in the wild effort to keep his feet untangled from his rapier. I'll wager he's a wealthy plumber on week-days. Observe Anne of Austria! What arms! I'll lay odds that her great-grandmother took in washing. There's Romeo, now, with a pair of legs like an old apple tree. The freedom of criticism is mine to-night! Did you ever see such ridiculous ideas of costume? For my part. the robe and the domino for me. All lines are destroyed; nothing is recognizable. My, my! There's Harlequin, too, walking on parentheses."

The Blue Domino laughed again. You talk as if you had no friends

But which is my friend and which

is the man to whom I owe money?"
"What! Is your tailor here, then?"
"Heaven forbid! Strange, isn't it, when a fellow starts in to pay up his bills, that the tailor and the undertaker have to wait till the last.' "The subject is outside my under

"But you have dressmakers." "I seldom pay dressmakers."
"Ah! Then you belong to the most

exclusive set!" "Or perhaps I make my own

dresses—"
"Sh!" Not so loud. Suppose some

one should overhear you?"
"It was a slip of the tongue. And yet, you should be lenient to all."
"Kind heart! Ah, I wonder what all those interrogation points meanthe black domino there?"

"Possibly she represents Scandal." 'Scandal, then, is symbolilzed by the interrogation point?"
"Yes. Whoever heard of scandal

coming to a full stop, that is to say, learn something every minute.

A hundred years ago you would have en a cousin to Mile, de Necker. "Or Mme, de Stael." "Oh, if you are married-

"I shall have ceased to interest

"On the contrary. Only marriage would account for the bitterness of your tone. What does the Blue Domino represent?"

"The needle of the compass." She stretched a sleeve out toward me and I observed for the first time the min-iature compasses woven in the cloth. Surely, one does not rent a costume like this.

understand now why you attracted me. Whither will you guide me?"-sentimentally. "Through dark channels and stormy

seas, over tropic waters, 'into the haven under the hill.'" "Oh, if you go to quoting Tenny-son, it's all up with me. Are you

married? "One can easily see that at any rate you are not.

"Explain." "Your voice lacks the proper and requisite anxiety. It is always the married woman who enjoys the mask with thoroughness. She knows her husband will be watching her; and

jealousy is a good sign." "You are a philosopher. Certainly you must be married.'

"Well, one does become philosoph-ical—after marriage." 'But are you married?'

"I do not say so?"
"Would you like to be?"

"I have my share of feminine curiosity. But I wonder,"—ruminatingly, "why they do not give masquerades

"That is easily explained. Most of us live masquerading day by day, and there might be too much of a good

"That is a bit of philosophy that goes well with your robe. Indeed, what better mask is there than the human countenance?'

"If we become serious, we shall put folly out of joint," said I, rising. "And besides, we shall miss the best part of this dance."

She did not hesitate an instant. I led her to the floor, and we joined the dancers. She was as light as a feath-er, a leaf, the down of the thistle; er, a lear, the down or the thistie; mysterious as the Cumaean Sibyl; and I wondered who she might be. The hand that lay on my sleeve was as white as milk, and the filberthorn of the finger-tips was the tint of rose leaves. Was she connected with the ticket in my pock Was she et? I tried to look into her eyes, but in vain; nothing could I see but that wisp of golden hair which occasion ally brushed my chin as with a sur-reptitious caress. If only I dared remain till the unmasking! I pressed her hand. There was an answering pressure, but its tenderness was de-stroyed by the low laughter that ac-companied it.

"Don't be silly," she whispered. "How can I help it?"

"True; I forgot you were a fool in disguise."
"What has Romance done to you that you should turn on her with the

stuffed-club, Practicality?"
"She has never paid any particular

attention to me; perhaps that is the As we neared the corner I saw the

Honorable Julius again. He stretched forth his death's-head mask. "Beware the ten of hearts!" he

Hang his impudence! Hang his impudence! . . The Blue Domino turned her head with a jerk; and instantly I felt a shiver run through her body. For a moment she lost step. I was filled with wonder. In what manner could the ten of hearts disturb her? I made up my mind to seek out the noble Roman and learn just how much he knew about that disquieting card.

The music ceased.

The music ceased. "Now, run away with your benedic-tions," said the Blue Domino breath-

"Shall I see you again?" eagerly. for a moment, like a bird about to take flight. "Positive, fool; compara

tive, fooler; superlative, foolest!"

And I was left standing alone: What the deuce did she mean by that? After all, there might be any num-ber of blue dominoes in the land; and it seemed scarcely credible that a guest at the Hunt Club would go to a costumer's for an outfit. (I had gone to a costumer's, but my case was altogether different. I was an impostor.)
I hunted up Imperial Rex. It was not I hunted up Imperial Rex. It was not long ere we came face to face, or, to speak correctly, mask to mask

"What do you know about the ten of hearts?" I began with directness. "I am a shade; all things are known

care. What do you know about the ten of hearts?" Beware of it,"-hollowly. From

under his toga he produced a ten of hearts! My knees wabbled, and there was a sense of looseness about my collar.

The fellow knew I was an impostor. Why didn't he denounce me?
"Is the back of your card anything like this one?"—ironically. "I dare say it isn't. But have your good time, grave monk; doubtless you are willing that the fiddlers shall be paid." And wrapping his toga about him majesti-cally, he stalked away, leaving me staring dumfoundedly after his reced-

The deuce! Had I been attired like yon Romeo. I certainly should have taken to my heels: but a fellow can not run in a Capuchin's gown, and re-





Look at Yon Cavaller, He Wabbles Like a Ship in Distress."

tain any dignity. I would much rather What was to be done? How much did he know? Did he know who I was? And what was his object in letting me run my course? I was all at sea. . . . Hang the gold Roman! I shut my teeth! I Hang the grisly see the comedy to its end, no matter what befell. If worst came to worst there was always Teddy Hamilton to fall back on.
I made off toward the smoking

room, rumbling imprecations against the gods for having given me the idea of attending this masquerade, when it would have been cheaper and far more comfortable to go to the theater.

But as soon as I entered the smoking room, I laughed. It was a droll scene. Here we were, all of us, trying savagely to smoke a cigar or cigarette through the flabby aperture designated in a mask as the mouth. It was a hopeless job; for myself, I gave it up in disgust.

Nobody dared talk naturally for fear of being identified. When a man did open his mouth it was only to commit some banal idiocy, for which, during office hours, he would have been haled to the nearest insane asylum and labeled incurable. Added to this was heat matching Sahara's and the oppressive odor of weltering paint

By Jove! Only one man knew that the back of my card was unlike the others; the man who had picked it up old Friard's curio-shop, the man no had come to Blankshire with me! I knew now. He had been there buy ing a costume like myself. He had seen me on the train, and had guessed the secret. I elbowed my way out of the smoking room. It wouldn't do me a bit of harm to ask a few polite ques-tions of Mr. Caesar of the sardonic

But I had lost the golden oppor-unity. Caesar had gone to join the shades of other noble Romans; in

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Near Market Street

Once I ran into Hamilton. His face was pale and disturbed and anxious "What's the trouble, Hamilton?" I asked, with forced galefy.

He favored me with a penetrating glance.
"The very devil is the trouble," he growled. "Several of the ladies have begun to miss valuable jewels. Anne of Austria has lost her necklace and growled.

Queen Elizabeth is without a priceless comb; altogether, about ten thousand "Robbery?" I looked at him aghast. "That's the word. Curse the luck!
There is always something of this sort
happening to spoil the fun. But who-

ever has the jewels will not get away 'What are you going to do?"

"I have already sent for the village olice. Now I shall lock all the doors and make every man and woman produce cards for identification,"-abruptly leaving me.
Thunderbolts out of heavens!

the first attack was trifling compared to this second seizure. How the devil was I to get out? "Are you searching for me?" in-quired a soft voice at my elbow.

knees and collar bothered me again;

I turned instantly. The Blue Dom-ino had come back to me. "I have been searching for you everywhere," I said gallantly.

"Oh! but that is a black one. Never mind: the fib was well meant. within a few feet of the door which gave entrance to the club cellars. This door I had been bearing in mind for some time. It is well to know your topography. The door was at the left of the band platform. There was a twin door on the other side. We sat down.

"Have you heard the news?" I

asked. "No. Has some one been discovered making love to his own wife by mistake?"

"It's serious. Anne of Austria and Queen Elizabeth have been robbed of some jewels." "A thief among us?"
"A regular Galloping Dick. I'm a thief, myself, for that matter.

"You?" she drew away from me a "Yes. My name is Procrastination." "Ah, my grave Capuchin, we do not steal time; we merely waste it. But is what you tell me tree?"

"I am very sorry to say it is. The jewels were worth something like ten thousand dollars." "Merciful heavens! "It is true, infernally true,"—looking around to see if by chance Caesar had reappeared on the scene. was I to manage my escape? It is true I might hie me to the cellars; but how to get out of the cellars!)

you seen Julius Caesar?" I asked.
"Caesar?" "Yes, Miss Hawthorne The Blue Domino swung about and leaned toward me, her hands tense upon the sides of her chair.

"What name did you say?"—a strained note in her voice.
"Hawthorne," I answered, taking out the slip of pasteboard. "See! it says that one blue domino was rented of Monsieur Friard at five-thirty this strained."

"How did you come by that ticket?" she demanded.

"It was a miracle. I purchased a mask there, and this ticket was wrapped up in my bundle by mistake. "It is a curious coincidence,"—her

taken?"—my chagrin evident. (Al this while, mind you, I was wonder

I was confused.

ing if that cellar-door was unlocked and how long it would take me to reach it before the denouement!) To Be Continued.

"Then I am mis

The above story "Hearts and Masks," will be shown at Photoplay Theatre in motion pictures

in the near future.

Nut Butter in England According to the current issue of "Farm and Fireside" there has been a great increase in the consumption of nut butter in England. Nearly 50,000 tons of peanut and cocoanut butter,

mostly the former, are produced in En

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