

HARRISBURG STAR-INDEPENDENT, THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 8, 1915.

WIN T

HOUSEHOLD TALKS MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OV RAY WALTERS Henrietta D. Grauel

How to Cook Squabs

There are many ways to propare squabs for the table, but the ordinary cook will be satisfied with four: squab broiled. squab stuffed and roasted, squab en casserole and squab with veg-etables, or printaniere style, as bills of fare have it. These delicacies need fare have it. These delicacies need and place the hearts and livers to one side. Crush the breast bores with the fat side of a meat cleaver and brais over with cooking oil or unsalted but en Bar Shredde and brais shredded cab-tares have it. These the breast and place the hearts and livers to one side. Crush the breast bores with the fat side of a meat cleaver and brais over with cooking oil or unsalted but

ande. Crush the breast bones with the flat side of a meat cleaver and brush over with cooking oil or unsalted but-ter. Broil quickly. They should brown evenly on both sides and may need to be basted while broiling. Place on very hot serving platter and garnish with mishrooms. Chop the giblets, adding a little chicken liver if necessary, and cook in melted butter and the liquid in the broiler pan. Pour this over the squabs and serve at one. 2. Stuffed squab. Fill the pigeon with a rich forcemeat seasoned with onion. Wrap in oiled paper and bake gently until done. Remove the paper and bake gently until done. Remove the paper and cover with heavy glaze and return to oven for five minutes. Dish the bird and garnish it with but-tered peas and bits of crisp brown is bacon.

Prepare four squabs and cut each into about four pieces. Put a few one into about four pieces. Put a few lices of bacon and two tablespoons of butter into a sauce pan and when it is use pan and when it is brushing it well. Let it remain on some bigeon meat in it, then senicely in a casserole brush. You will have to brush the rug bacon beneath and on several times to get the chalk out but th pepper and parsley; it will bring out all the dust and dirt eed salt, as the bacon and is a satisfactory cleaner. hot brown the pigeon meat in it, then arrange the pieces nicely in a casserole with a layer of bacon beneath and on with u will not n

No. 33.

The Man in Rage. The Marquise d'Esclignac, under the stars, interviewed the native soldier, the beggar, the man in rags, at the

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

foot of the veranda. There was a moor as well as stars, and the man was dis tinctly visible in all his soualor. "What on earth is he talking about, Robert?

"About Sabron, marraine," said her godson laconically. The Marquise d'Esclignac raised her

move the birds and braise shredded cab-bage in the same utensil. Place the cabbage on a baking dish and put the birds on it and between them arrange the onions, carrots and turnips. Garnish this with crisp slices of bacon standing upright between the birds. Strain the liquid in the first sauce pan and pour over all. Peas and carrots or potatoes and carrots or asparagus and peas may be used in place of the turnips and carrots. lorgnon and said: "Speak, man! What do you know about Monsieur de Sabron? See, he is covered with dirt-has leprosy, proba-bly." But she did not withdraw. She was a great lady and stood her ground. She did not know what the word "squeamish" meant.

Listening to the man's jargon and putting many things together, Tremont at last turned to the Marquise d'Es-QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS "Can you suggest a way to clean a very light delicately figured velvet rug that looks dusty but is not spotted? I am afraid that a carpet soap will fade it. Della." Reply.—French chalk will brighten and clean such rugs and the work may be done without removing the rug from floor. Rub the chalk into the rug, after brashing it well. Let it remain on some clignac who was sternly fixing the beggar with her haughty condescension: "Marraine, he says that Sabron is

alive, in the hands of natives in .. ce tain district where there is no travel, in the heart of the seditious tribes. He says that he has friends in a caravan of merchants who once a year pass the spot where this native village is." "The man's a lunatic," said the Mar-quise d'Esclignac calmly. "Get Ablme-

lec and put him out of the garden Robert. You must not let Julia hear of this." Marraine," said Tremont quietly, CLASSIC WAR POEMS

"Mademoiselle Reenond has already seen this man. He has come to see ner tonight.' "How perfectly horrible!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac. Then she asked rather weakly of Tremont: "Don't you

"Well, I think," said Tremont, "that the only interesting thing is the truth there may be in what this man says. If Sabron is a captive, and he knows anything about it, we must use his in-

formation for all it is worth." "Of course," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "of course. The war department must be informed at once. Why hasn't he gone there?" "He has explained," said Tremont,

"that the only way Sabron can be saved is that he shall be found by outsiders. One hint to his captors would end his life."

" said the Marquise d'Esclignac "I don't know what to do. Bob! What part can we take in this?" Tremont pulled his mustache. Mimi

had circled round the beggar, snuffing at his slippers and robe. The man made no objection to the little creature, to the fluffy ball surrounded by a bow, and Mimi sat peacefully huge down in the moonlight, at the beggar's feet

"Mimi seems to like him." said the Marquise d'Esclignac helplessly, "she is very particular." "She finds that he has a serious and

And where are ye, O fearless men? And where are ye to-day? I call: the hills reply again That ye have pass'd away; That on old Bunker's lonely high, In Trenton, and in Monmouth gound, The grass grows green, the harvest bright, Above each soldier's mound. convincing manner." said Tremont. Now the man, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, said in fairly comprehensible English to the Marquise d'Esclignac:

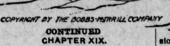
"If the beautiful grandmother could have seen the Capitaine de Sabron on the night before the battle-"

The bugle's wild and warike blast Shall muster them no more; An army now might thunder past, And they not heed its roar. The starry flag, 'neath which they fought In many a bloody day, From their old graves shall rouse them not. "Grandmother, indeed!" exclaimed the marquise indignantly. "Come, Mimi! Robert, finish with this creature and get what satisfaction you can from him. I believe him to be an impostor; at any rate, he does not expect me to

mount a camel or to lead a caravan to the rescue.' Tremont put Mimi in her arms; she

folded her lorgnon and sailed majestic-

1000



"He has quite changed. This excursion to Africa has entirely altered him. He is naturally so gay." said the Mar-quise d'Esclignac. "Have you refused him, Julia?"

"Ma tante, he has not asked me to be the Duchess de Tremont." Her aunt's voice was earnest.

"Julia, do you wish to spoil your life and your chances of happiness? Do you wish to mourn for a dead soldier who has never been more than an acquaintance? I won't even say a friend.

What she said sounded logical. "Ma tante, I do not think of Monsleur de Sabron as dead, you know." "Well, in the event that he may be,

my dear Julia." "Sometimes," said the girl, drawing near to her aunt and taking the older lady's hand quietly and looking in her eyes, "sometimes, ma tante, you are eyes, cruel."

The marquise kissed her and sighed: "Robert's mother will be so un happy!

"But she has never seen me, tante."

"She trusts my taste, Julia." "There should be more than 'taste' in a matter of husband and wife, ma tante

After a moment, in which the Mar quise d'Esclignac gazed at the bougain villea and wondered how anyone could admire its crude and vulgar color, Miss **Redmond** asked:

"Did you ever think that the Duc de Tremont was in love?'

Turning shortly about to her niece her aunt stared at her. "In love, my dear!"

"With Madame de la Maine." The arrival of Madame de la Maine had been a bitter blow to the Mar quise d'Esclignac. The young woman was, however, much loved in Paris and quite in the eye of the world. There was no possible reason why the Marquise d'Esclignac should avoid her

You have been hearing gossip

"I have been watching a lovely

Julia.

man?

woman," said the girl simply, "and a man. That's all. You wouldn't want me to marry a man who loves another woman, ma tante, when the woman loves him and when I love another THE WORDEN PAINT AND ROOFING CO. She laughed and kissed her aunt's H. M. F. WORDEN, Proprietor. Slag, Slate and Tile Roofs. "Let us think of the soldier." she murmured, "let us think just of him, ma tante, will you not?" Damp and Water Proof-The Marquise d'Esclignac struck

Supplies Genuine Pen Argyl Inlaid Slate for Flat Roofs.

snowy gibbeh (and his clean-washed appearance was much in his favor), Hammet Abou waited to talk with the "grandmother" and the excellency. He pressed both his hands to his forehead and his breast as the ladies

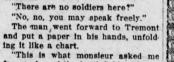
entered and his breast as the ladies entered the vestibule. There was a stagnant odor of myrrh and sandal-wood in the air. The marble vesti-bule was cool and dark, the walls hung with high-colored stuffs, the windows drawn to keep out the heat. The Duc de Tremont and Madame de la Maine came out of the salon together. Tremont nodded to Arab

ier colors. In the hallway of the villa, in a

"I hope you are a little less-" and he touched his forehead smiling, "to-day, my friend."

"I am as God made me, Monsieur." "What have you got today?" asked Julia Redmond anxiously, fixing her eager eyes upon Hammet. It seemed terrible to her that this

man should stand there with a vital secret and that they should not all be at his feet. He glanced boldly around at them



lly, "your excellency could give it "Just what should be done, Julia," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, in Eng-lish. "This man should be arrested "Ma tante," pleaded Julia Redmon

She felt as though a slender thread was between her fingers, a thread which led her to the door of a laby-rinth and which a rude touch might cause her to lose forever. 'If you had money would you star

at once.



Dozen Ques One tions.

out to find Monsieur de Sabron at

"It would cost a great deal, Excellency "You shall have all the money you

The Duc de Tremont watched the American girl. She was bartering with an Arabian for the savation of B poor officer.

a poor officer. What an enthusiast! He had no idea she had ever seen Sabron n.ore than once or twice in her life. Ale came forward. "Let me talk to this man," he said

with authority, and Julia Redm did not dispute him.

To Be Continued

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11.53 a. m., J. M., J. M., Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicaburg at 9.48 a. m. 2.18, 3.27, 0.30, 9.30 p. m. For Dilisburg at 5,03, *7,50 and *11.53 a. m., 2.18, *3.40, 5.32, 6.30 p. m. *Dally, All other trains daily except Sunday. H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A. Supt.

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NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD

Selected by J. Howard Wert

carrots.

BY ISAAC MCLELLAN

Although this series was started primarily to present some of the great poems which have been written about former contests between the nations that are now drenching the soil of Europe with blood, yet it will not be inappro-priate to introduce. from time to time, some of the stirring poems commemorating scenes of danger and heroism in our own land.

New England's dead! New England's dead! On every hill they lie; On every field of strife, made red By bloody victory. Each valley, where the battle poured Each valley, where the battle poured Description of the battle pour of the b

Its red and awful tide,

Beheld the brave New England sword

with slaughter deeply dyed. heir bones are on the northern hill, And on the southern plain, y brook and river, lake and rill. And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought. And holy where they fell; For by their blood that land yas bought, The land they loved so well. Then glory to that valiant band. The honored saviors of the land Oh, few and weak their numbers

were,— A handful of brave men; But to their God they gave their prayer, And rush'd to battle then. The God of battles heard their cry, And sent to them the victory.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

Number 10 of this series presented Robert Burns' fervid rendering of the impassioned address of "The Brace" to his followers before Campbell's poetic painting of the field itself. It represents a horrid and brutal field of war, yet how tatally unlike in its modes to the fields of blood now devastating Europe. Then it was that bowmen did the work of death now assigned to riflemen and to the soldiers who handle massive pieces of artillery. Then it was fre-quently a contest of endurance and strength, at close quarters, in which the sword and spear were the weapons wielded by brawny arms.

Charging then the coursers sprang, Sword and helmet clashing rang. Steel-clad warriors mixing clang Echoed round the field. Deathful see their eyeballs glare! See the nerves of battle bare! Arrowy tempests cloud the air, And glance from every shield.

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Wide o'er Bannock's heathy world, Scotlad's deathful banners roll'd.
And spread their wings of sprinkled gold To the purpling east.
Preedom beamed in every eye: Devotion breathed in every sigh;
Freedom heaved their souls on high, And steeled each hero's breast.
Hark, the bowmen's quivering strings! Death on grey-goose pinions springs! Deep they dip their dappled wings, Drunk in heroes' gore.
Edward, springing on the rear, Plies his Caledonian spear: Ruin marks his dread career, And sweeps them from the shore.

To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?

The bugle's wild and warlike blast

not, For they have pass'd away.

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See how red the streamlets flow! See the reeling, yielding foe. How they melt at every blow! Yet we shall be free! Darker yet the strife appears; Forest dread of flaming spears! Hark! a shout the welkin tears! Bruee has victory!



"Nonsense," Said Julia

ally away, like a highly decorated pin nace with silk sails, and Tremont, in the moonlight, continued to talk with the sincere and convincing Hammet

CHAPTER XX.

Julia Decides Now the young girl had his letters and her own to read. They were sweet and sad companions and she laid them side by side. She did not

weep, because she was not of the weeping type; she had hope. Her spirits remained singularly even. Madame de la Maine had given har a great deal to live on.

"Julia, what have you done to Rob ert?" . "Nothing, ma tante."

for-a plan of the battlefield. This is the battlefield, and this is the desert."

Tremont took the chart. On the page was simply a round circle, drawn in red ink, with a few Arabian characters and nothing else. Hammet Abou traced the circle with his fingers tipped with henna.

"That was the battle, Monsleur." "But this is no chart, Hammet Abou."

The other continued, unmoved: "And all the rest is a desert, like this."

Tremont, over the man's snowy turban, glanced at the others and shrugged. Every one but Julia Red-mond thought he was insane. She came up to him where he stood close to Tremont. She said very slowly in French competition French, compelling the man's dark eyes to meet hers:

"You don't wish to tell us, Hammet Abou, anything more. Am I not right? You don't wish us to know the truth.

Now it was the American pitted against the Oriental. The Arab, with deference, touched his forehead be-

"If I made a true plan." he said



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