HERALD'S PAGE FOR WOMEN READERS

Famous Women

Her Birthday and Yours

Eleanore of Bulgaria. Emily Chubbuck.

Queen Eleanore, of Bulgaria, who celebrates her fifty-fourth birthday today, will probably have little heart for birthday festivities this year. She was the daughter of Henry IV, of Reuess-Kostrin, and married Ferdinand, Nora King, of Bulgaria, when she was forty and he was widower of thirty-nine.

Emily Chubbuck Judson is distinguished as having been the third wife of the great Baptist missionary Andonrim Judson. She was known before her marriage chiefly by her pen name—"Fanny Forrister." Her childhood was spent in dire poverty and at the age of twelve she went to work in a woolen mill where for twelve hours of labor a day she received $1.25 a week.

Somehow young Emily Chubbuck managed to get an education and when she was fifteen years old she became a teacher in Utica, N. Y. After several years of teaching she turned her attention to writing. About this time Andoniram Judson was returning from Burmah. Sarah Judson, his second wife, died on the return trip and one of the first things he did when he arrived in New York was to secure the services of "Fanny Forrister" in writing a biography and appreciation of the good wife who had just died. In this work Judson and Miss Chubbuck were drawn into such close sympathy that they decided to be married and because Judson had to return to Burmah before the year was out the marriage took place somewhat sooner than would have otherwise have been the case.

In Burmah Mr. Judson and his young wife continued the good work that he had been so long carrying on. Four years later Judson died and within a few years Mrs. Judson succumbed to the effects of her privations in Burmah and her childhood poverty.

(Copyright, 1914.)

DAILY HOROSCOPE.

'The stars incline, but do not compel.'

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1914.

Venus exercises a strong influence for good today, according to the reading of astrologers. Late in the afternoon Neptune is unfriendly, but the dominating influences are held to be lucky.

It is an auspicious time for weddings. Love affairs should prosper under this government of the planets.

There is a prediction, however, that the summer romances of this year will not lead rapidly to marriage, as conditions are said to be conducive to extreme reluctance to accept responsibilities of every sort.

This is believed to be a particularly auspicious day for those who seek engagements in theatrical companies or opportunities to win public acclaim. Artists of every rank should benefit.

The wearing of new clothing is supposed to be especially fortunate, when Venus is in benefic aspect.

Confectioners, hotel keepers, managers of restaurants and florists should benefit greatly by this configuration.

The omen is promising for certain theatrical ventures, but the successes will come from unexpected sources and those that are imported will divide honors with domestic production. The vogue of cheaper places of amusement, where legitimate drama is presented is foretold.

The approaching autumn is likely to be an exceedingly critical time for Japan. Warlike feeling will be difficult to control.

San Francisco is subject to a rule indicating increase of taxation in October and much public discontent, but the outlook for the Panama-Pacific Exposition is better than at any previous time. Prosperity in California, if labor troubles can be avoided, is foreshadowed.

Ever since the first of the year astrologers have prophesied that women would be subject to influences tending toward crimes. Again a warning is given that scandals and untoward incidents will multiply.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a quiet year. They should beware of accidents.

Children born on this day will probably be keen and argumentative. Both boys and girls have the promise of success in life. They should be able to attain high position through personal merit.

(Copyright, 1914.)

HINTS.

There are many frocks of lace among the models for midsummer wear.

Stiffly starched linen colors of the upstanding variety are considered smart.

Fascinating little capes of silk or velvet are being worn with lingerie gowns.

Taffeta is a favorite material for dancing frocks, and laces are used galore.

Gold tissue belts are new; they come in the same pattern as the broad kid belt.

Chiffon plush is a new material and will be used for street costumes and wraps.

The fashion of high hairdressing has made fashionable many beautiful combs and pins.

White taffeta frocks with fitted basques and full tunic skirts are immensely popular.

Dyed laces are to be used, but metal laces are expected to outlive anything so far shown.

The proper silhouette is now erect; the spineless, slouchy carriage is no longer tolerated.

Charming little hats for the small girl are made of muslin, trimmed with bands of colored beads.

Living Costs Are Hard on the Young Folks

While we cannot relieve the increased cost of living for the young people who have just been married, we can help them very materially with the furnishing of their home.

It has always been our policy to grant young folks unusually liberal terms and just now it's a time when we feel they should have the greatest possible help.

Come to us for your furniture and we'll arrange an account so you can afford the things you want on payments that will suit your circumstances.

Peter Grogan AND SONS CO.

Our Credit Accommodation Brings Home Comfort.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SALAD COURSE

The salad course is always an important part of the midsummer repast, be it luncheon or dinner, for wise housekeepers dispense with hot, rich entrees, and even soups, in warm weather in favor of crisp appetizing salads.

Many people who will not take the trouble to eat lettuce alone, if they must prepare the dressing form oil and vinegar cruets at the table, will relish a prepared salad which offers something special in the way of seasoning, wherewithals for salad making, scissors for clipping crisp vegetables into ribbons and shreds, sharp knives, scoops for removing the inside from tomatoes, peppers and potatoes and fluted vegetable cutters. The best olive oil, lemon, vinegar, paprika and the other seasonings should also be at hand.

Scoop out several ripe tomatoes and mix the pulp with a rich mayonnaise. Serve on leaves of lettuce.

Select large, perfect tomatoes and cut in half. Lay the half of a tomato on a lettuce leaf with the glossy skin side uppermost. All over the back of the tomato "porcupine" stick thin strips of celery and green pepper. Serve with mayonnaise at one side.

A very dainty salad for the summer luncheon is made by pressing seasoned cheese into a small loaf and then cutting each slice in a ring made from a slice of tomato, cut with a sharp knife close ot the outer edge. Mix a tablespoon of pimento with chopped olives and mash up with a small cream cheese. Press the mixture into a claret glass and set on the ice. Remove the loaf formed and cut into thin slices for the salad.

CUSTARD.

A good way to make baked custard is to drop the yolk of an egg in a custard cup, add a big teaspoonful of sugar, two gratings of nutmeg, and about five tablespoonfuls of unskimmed milk, put the cup in hot water and bake slowly until the custard is firm—until a knife thrust in it comes out clean. Beat the white stiff, add a small tablespoonful of sugar, beat again and pile on top of the custard and garnish with a maraschino cherry in the center of the meringue. Cool and serve.

FASHIONABLE PLAID FROCK.

A picturesque way of making up any of the fashionable plaid materials for early fall wear. White and blue form the color scheme, and there is a belt of blue moire. There is an embroidered silk vest, while narrow silk folds outline the ruffles. The skirt shows the bustle effect at the back. Six yards of 36-inch material, with a yard of embroidered silk and 1 yard 27-inch moire, make the dress.

Pictorial Review Pattern, No. 8759. Sizes 32 to 42 bust. Price, 15 cents.

FOLK WE TOUCH IN PASSING

By JULIA CHANDLER MANZ.

THE ENEMY.

(Copyright, 1914.)

THE Boy played at the foot of the Mountain of Life. He had no knowledge of the things which lay between him and its summit save what had come to him second hand—from The-Mother-of-Wisdom. Once she told him about The Enemy, but he had forgotten until one day he was conscious of companionship. Looking up he saw a Presence, small like himself.

"Who are you?" asked The Boy wonderingly.

"Your Friend," answered the Presence.

"What is your name?" questioned The Boy.

"Temptation," answered the Presence, with an alluring smile.

"Why," exclaimed The Boy indignantly, "you are not my Friend. You are The Enemy. My mother has told me about you, and I know what I have to do."

Whereupon The Boy buckled on the armor of his mother's teaching and fought a brave fight with the Presence, and even as he fought Temptation whispered all sorts of alluring things into his small ears, but the armor The Boy wore was a brave one, given him by The-Mother-of-Much-Wisdom. With its help he won his first hard battle with The Enemy.

And when he told The-Mother-of-Wisdom she smiled down into his face

Looking up he saw a presence small like himself.

proudly, and bade him be ever on his watch henceforth as he climbed the Mountain of Life.

"For," said she, "The Enemy will come often and without warning. Also he will wear many guises so that it will not always be easy to recognize him. But of one thing be sure. HE IS NEVER BIGGER THAN YOU ARE. Sometimes it will seem otherwise, and the combat will look unequal, but if you will always listen to the voice of your Better Self it will make you strong to fight The Enemy."

And The Boy said he was not afraid.

Temptation companioned The Boy many times as he climbed the Mountain of Life, but it was not until The-Mother-of-Wisdom had passed through the Open Door, and he had left the path of his childhood that The Boy realized how powerful an influence was the Presence, nor how varying could be the form of his apparance. But always he remembered that The-Mother-of-Wisdom had told him, when he played at the foot of the Mountain of Life, that The Enemy would have no power over him if he would listen to the voice of his Better Self, and so it was that in his youth The Boy still went out to do battle with Temptation well armored.

There was one thing which puzzled him very much, however, and that was the never ending insistence of Temptation that he was The Boy's Friend.

"That is," said The Enemy, "upon condition."

"What condition?" The Boy wanted to know.

Whereupon The Enemy smiled, and invited The Boy to battle again, but gave him no answer to his question.

The Man found The Enemy a no less constant companion than in the days when he was The Boy.

In the years of his college life The Enemy stood out strong against him, abetted by college mates, who urged The Man to "be a good fellow," and ridiculed him for what they were pleased to term his old-fashioned ideas concerning morality. But The Man remembered the day when he was The Boy, playing at the foot of the Mountain of Life—the day when The Enemy first came to companion him, when he had won his first battle, and The-Mother-of-Wisdom had told him many things, and so it was that he turned from the seductive voice of Temptation to that of his Better Self, and fought a winning combat.

But it was not easy. The flesh pots called to him with the voice of a siren, and sometimes that other voice of his Better Self was so small and far away that The Man had to strain his ears to hear it at all, and he grew so weak and tired in his war with Temptation that he would have given up altogether had it not been for his memory of The-Mother-of-Wisdom.

And always The Enemy smiled and assured The Man that he was his Friend "upon condition," but never did he answer The Man's question concerning it.

Finding no other alliances effective, The Enemy elicited the services of Love that he might put the strength of The Man to the fullest test. The Woman, because she was unworthy, gave herself gladly to the compact, and set out with her hand in that of the Enemy to lure The Man away from the voice of his Better Self. He was young; The Woman was beautiful, and for a little while The Man forgot to inquire of his Better Self whether The Enemy was around.

On a day when he was deep in the consideration of proposing marriage to The Woman he felt the Presence.

"Ah," sighed The Man, "I thought I had done with you."

"Not so long as you have need of me," answered The Enemy.

"Need of you!" cried The Man. "I have no need of you. You are my most hostile foe. I am sick of your prattle about friendship and its mysterious condition."

Whereupon the face of Temptation changed into that of The Woman, and his Better Self tore aside the obscuring veil from before the face of The Man.

But he was young; this was his first love, and he could not obey the voice of his Better Self until he had fought so grim a battle with The Enemy that it left him prostrate.

In the end, however, The Man won, and The Enemy left him, as always before, with the smiling assurance of his friendship.

It was not until many, many years after The Man had found the Right Woman; married her, and made his home blessed with the sound of children's voices, that he reached the summit of the Mountain of Life. All the way up Temptation had been his steady companion, and in each conflict The Man had always won because of the voice of his Better Self.

But it was not until he stood at the Open Door, through which The-Mother-of-Wisdom had passed when he was The Boy, that he understood the enigmatical assurance of The Enemy since the time of his first battle at the foot of the Mountain of Life.

Turning his eyes from the vision of The-Mother-of-Wisdom, who stood across the threshold of the Open Door beckoning him, The Man looked upon the face of The Enemy.

"Ah," whispered The Man in a tone of exultation, "I shall be rid of you now."

Whereupon Temptation smiled and answered back:

"You have need of me no longer. I HAVE MADE YOU STRONG ENOUGH TO GO ON ALONE. I AM THE FRIEND OF EVERY MAN WHO HATH POWER TO OVERCOME ME."

Housewives Daily Economy Calendar.

THE ECONOMY OF VARIETY.

One of the greatest foes to successful economy in cooking is monotony. Who likes to eat rice when rice is always plain boiled rice, flavorless and colorless, made palatable only by the addition of salt or sugar and milk? To be sure, plain boiled rice is acceptable now and again, but the housewife who wants to make use of the high economic values of rice must be full of resources and must seek variety in serving it.

A lack of variety seems to be one of the worst faults of American cooking. To many a farmer's wife there is but one possible way of serving any of the summer vegetables. Squash is always boiled and mashed, beets are always boiled and served in vinegar, potatoes are either boiled or fried, corn is always "on the cob," and cucumbers are, of course, forever cold raw sliced. But there are a dozen ways of serving each of the vegetables, and the successful housewife never allows herself to get in a rut where variety is unknown. It is probably because we American housewives have been so well provided with nature's bounty that we have not had to learn the lesson of variety before this. To the French or Italian cook, who has fewer vegetables and fewer kinds of food, variety is necessary. The Italian cook knows fifty ways of cooking macaroni. It is a subject for endless possibilities.

Of course, we will have to admit it, lack of variety shows laziness—not laziness of body, but mental laziness. It is the cook whose mind has but one idea of any one article who wearies us with a monotonous diet. Sometimes monotony of diet is a sign that the cook needs a rest, that she should take her mind for a while off from the endless task of three meals a day, so that she can later come back with a new way of looking at her task of cooking.

It is a fact that most housewives possess less powers of variety in cooking as time goes on. Just as the men and women who do very little reading and have little intercourse with others gradually lose variety in their conversation, till finally their vocabulary is cut down to a bare minimum of words, so the housewife who knew how to make a dozen kinds of cake when she was married is quite apt to forget all but one kind in the course of time, instead of having added a dozen new varieties.

We mustn't forget that sometimes praise begets a spirit of monotony. If we know that a particular kind of dessert pleases the man of the house, we are apt to revert to that particular kind of dessert until the man of the house calls for help and would leafer eat anything rather than the old favorite.

One very practical way not to allow yourself to forget the knack of variety in cooking is to keep a card index to remind you of various ways to cook certain dishes. In this card index you can have under each heading various possible ways of preparing things, and by frequent consultation and systematic additions to the list you will have little chance of lapsing into monotony through forgetfulness.

Frances Marshall will be glad to answer in this column any questions concerning household subjects.

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A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Clothes to Fit Figure and Normal Waistline in Fall Fashions.

In the September Woman's Home Companion, which is a fashion forecast number, Grace Margaret Gould, the well-known fashion editor, presents a great array of news and suggestions which she introduces with the following general comment on the new fall fashions:

"Good friends, a change for the better has taken place in the fashions!

"The American woman this fall will be permitted to wear clothes that fit her figure, and take real steps like a sensible human being, as she has honestly in her heart longed to do, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Let me tell you just exactly what has happened!

"The spineless woman has become a stately crature. That tired feeling has retired, and loose and careless has made way for lithe and careful.

"The slouch has retreated, as it is the very nature of a slouch to retreat, while the new style, trim and erect, has marched in to victory.

"Women are to have backbones this season. They are to have arms again, clearly defined ones, I mean.

"Hips are coming into their own. They are to be fashionable.

"And the waistline is to put in an appearance again. The dear old waistline, which brings back memories of the tight, prim basque, and the encircling arms of affectionate husbands.

"But perhaps the best news of all I am keeping for the last. Women are to walk, really walk, again! Little mincing steps and odd, curious jumps are no longer the pitiful substitutes for walking.

"Skirts are to be wider. The slit has gone. And, after all, when you come to think of it, it was a pretty hard task to combine self-respect and a slit skirt."

SOME CHEESE DISHES.

Cheese and macaroni loaf—One-half cup macaroni, one cupful milk, one cupful breadcrumbs, one tablespoonful butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of green pepper, one teaspoonful onion and parsley, one teaspoonful salt, one-half cup grated cheese. First cook the macaroni, also the onion and parsley in a separate pan. Mix with the other ingredients, bake and serve with a tomato sauce.

Corn and cheese souffle—One tablespoonful chopped green pepper, one-quarter cup of flour, two cups of butter, one cupful grated cheese, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful salt. Cook the pepper alone. Make a sauce of the flour and cheese, add the rest of the ingredients with the eggs last and bake. This dish may be prepared at a cost of 20 cents.

Cheese gingerbread—One-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, four ounces of cheese, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls ginger, one-half teaspoonwul salt, three-quarters cup water

Nut and cheese roast—One cupful grated cheese, one cupful chopped English walnuts, one cupful breadcrumbs, two tablespoonfuls chopped onions, one tablespoonful butter, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Cook the onion until it is soft, chop and mix with other ingredients. Moisten the whole with water and bake.

SUMMER MEAT DELICACIES.

Fresh salmon a la tartare is an excellent summer dish. To prepare it, marinate the salmon in olive oil, poured into a plate with pepper, salt and a little chipped parsley. Keep the fish in the oil for an hour or so, turning it many times. Then broil it over a clear fire, cooking it slowly, until both sides are light brown. Serve with sauce tartare, made by adding gradually a tablespoonful each of capers, olives, parsley and green cucumber pickle, chopped fine and drained pl a piece of cheesecloth, to a cupful of mayonnaise.

PRACTICAL OFFICE DRESS.

A business woman, to whom neatness and a certain amount of style are essential, has designed for herself a very smart looking tailored skirt of dark blue linen. This is two-tiered, but very severe, without butons and stitched with black. For wear with this skirt she has had made three white linen tailored blouses, all alike, with turn-over collars and cuffs to the three-quarter sleeves of dark blue linen to match the skirt. She wears either a black or blue tie and as the waists soil oftener than the skirt the extra blouses are very useful. In effect the suit resembles very much the Pickwick suits, worn by the children this summer.

20—A WOMAN'S PAGE

MENU FOR TODAY.

BREAKFAST.
Grapefruit.
Shredded Wheat. Cream.
Buttered Eggs on Toast.
Rolls. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Crab Salad. Crackers.
Peanut Butter Sandwiches.
Apple Tarts. Tea.

DINNER.
Clam Chowder.
Pickerel. Baked potatoes.
Squash.
Beets. French Bread.
Cup Custard. Fruit Salad.
Coffee.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

To remove the rusty appearance from black suede shoes, rub with equal quantity of olive oil and black ink.

A toasted bread crust added to the water when cabbage is boiling will reduce the disagreeable smell greatly.

When mashing potatoes or other vegetables, never use cold milk, but hot, then they will be light and fluffy.

A lather made of white soap and milk is said to be excellent for cleansing children's white kid shoes.

A tablespoonful of water may be allowed to each egg, when preparing croquettes or fish.

When the thread is burnt, scorch may be taken out by laying on a paste made of starch and exposing to the sun.

There is no simpler way to clarify lard used for frying purposes than by heating it thoroughly with several slices of raw potato and straining.

Rub paraffin on the thread of a fountain pen before screwing on the head and it will prevent leaking.

Adding a little sugar to water for cut flowers keeps them fresh longer.

When putting away silk waists take out shields, as they are apt to crack the silk.

WORTH KNOWING.

Certain provisions are much cheaper bought in bulk and stored—such as sugar, soap, raisins, rice, tapioca, dried peas and beans. These should all be kept in screw top glass jars.

A useful little case to lay dollies away in is made of two pieces of cardboard, round or square, and a little larger than the dollies. Cover neatly with linen and connect by means of elastic.

When potting plants, put a piece of coarse muslin over the hole in the pot before putting in the bits of stone and sod, which keeps the drainage good. The muslin prevents the earth from washing away.

Shabby leather bags, etc., may be improved in appearance by being rubbed over with well beaten white of egg, and then polished with beeswax and turpentine, the final rubbing being given with a soft, clean cloth.

Magical Effect of New Face Peeler

To maintain a clear, white, youthful complexion, there's nothing so simple to use and yet so effective as ordinary mercolized wax, which you can get at any drug store. Just apply the wax at night as you would cold cream. In the morning wash it off with warm water. If you've never tried it you can't imagine the magical effect of this harmless home treatment. It causes the old worn-out scarf skin to come off in minute particles, a little at a time, and soon you have entirely shed the offensive cuticle. The fresh young underskin now in evidence is so healthy and girlish looking, so free from any appearance of artificiality, you wonder why you had not heard of this marvelous complexion-renewing secret long ago.

Equally magical in its action is a simple wrinkle-removing lotion made by dissolving an ounce of powdered saxolite in a half pint of witch hazel. Bathing the face in this for two or three minutes immediately affects every line and furrow and improves facial contour wonderfully. —Adv.

LATEST PHOTOPLAY NEWS

THE STORY OF "CABIRIA."

Novelization of d'Annunzio's Great Photoplay to Be at Strand.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Cabiria, a little Sicilian girl, is captured by pirates and sold as a slave in Carthage. There she is about to be burned alive as a sacrifice to the devil-god Moloch, when she is rescued by young Fulvius Axilla and his Ethiop slave, Maciste, who, carrying the rescued child, rushes into a garden and there hauls in wooden amazement.

CHAPTER II.

Slave and Princess.

The garden in which Maciste had sought refuge from his pursuers chanced to be that of the royal palace—the garden of Hasdrubal, ruler of Carthage. The mob had seen Maciste, the child in his arms, crash through the hedge and over the wall into the garden. His moment of respite was due to their leader's fear to set foot in that spot sacred to royalty.

As Maciste halted, panting, his eyes fell upon the most gloriously beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her diaphanous robe, heavily jeweled, revealed the figure of a goddess. Her diademed head had a queenly poise. Her dark eyes glowed with the mystic fires of the East. At her side crouched a huge leopard, her pet. In earnest converse with her was a man of royal bearing, who, nevertheless, was looking at her with the adoring eyes of a slave.

Maciste did not know who this regal couple were. But any Carthaginian could have told him at a glance that the woman was Sophonisba, daughter of Hasbrubal, and that the man was her affianced husband, Massinissa, King of Numidia.

The Ethiope's sharp ears told him that the mob leaders, overcoming their awe, were breaking into the garden in pursuit of him. There was no time to lose. He sprang forward and, dropping on his knees before the amazed Sophonisba, thrust the child into her arms.

"Take her!" he begged, hoarsely; "take her, and protect her, for I am run to earth, and can't guard her. 'Save and you shall be saved!'" he ended, quoting the talisman ring's inscription.

Moved by a sudden impulse of pity—perhaps not averse to letting Massinissa see that she was gentle of heart—the princess took Cabiria from the kneeling Ethiop and vanished with her into the palace. At almost the same instant the mob burst into the garden.

"Seize him!" roared one of their leaders, pointing at Maciste. "There is the infidel who robbed Moloch! Where is the child he stole?"

Before his followers could scatter through the garden in search of Cabiria, King Massinissa spoke:

"I know of no child," he said. "This Ethiop came here alone."

Two of the guards of the temple leaped at Maciste. As a man brushes a brace of romping puppies from his path, Maciste bowled over the two soldiers. Then, tossing his leopard skin mantle across his mighty shoulders, he strode majestically toward the gates, saying:

"Lead on!"

The Carthaginians treated Maciste as their Phillistine ancestors had treated Samson of old. By a great chain they bound him to one of the city flour mills and forced him to grind their grain.

Fulvius meantime made his way to Rome. There he joined the war fleet that was about to sail against Carthage. It was a disastrous expedition. For Archimedes by means of his famous sun mirrors set the whole Roman fleet afire. Fulvius, floating on a charred spar, was borne by the current to the shores of Sicily. There several farm hands chanced to find his senseless body. They carried him to their master, Batto.

On Fulvius' finger was Batto's talisman ring. Batto saw it, asked questions and learned that his beloved little daughter had not perished in the earthquake nor at Moloch's altar.

All Fulvius could tell Batto was that Cabiria had been alive in Macista's keeping when the patrician himself fled from Carthage, and that Maciste was also in flight. He promised to search for her should he ever find opportunity to visit Carthage again.

But ten years dragged by before that opportunity came. During those ten years Rome crouched in its lair, licking the grievous wounds of its lost Carthage war and planned a new campaign. During those years, too, Sophonisba had guarded Cabiria, making a companion-maid of her, and renaming her "Elissa." Sophonisba had not married Massinissa. The latter had been beaten in battle by Syphax, King of Cirta, and Hasdrubal, who had no use for a loser, had broken off the betrothal and bestowed Sophonisba's hand on Syphax.

Massinissa, in rage at his rejection, now joined forces with Rome, vowing vengeance against both Hasdrubal and Syphax. He had loved Sophonisba, and he still loved her. He swore to win her from Syphax and to punish Hasdrubal. Rome could help him to his revenge, so he became Rome's ally.

And now, a new Roman army invaded Carthage; an army led by the crafty general, Scipio Africanus. At Scipio's side marched Massinissa. And on Scipio's personal staff was Fulvius Axilla.

Because Fulvius knew Carthage, the general sent him into the city as a spy.

To enter Carthage in war time was well-nigh impossible. Every gate was guarded and double guarded. None might pass in without rigid inspection, an inspection which would have quickly detected Fulvius or any other Roman. On either side of the gates rose the walls to dizzy heights.

To enter Carthage was a feat that would tax the wisest brain. And Fulvius Axilla was the one man who could solve the problem.

He approached the city from a side whose wall was so high as to make the presence of sentinels seem needless. With him were a half company of legionaries—herculean men, who carried short swords and great flat shields.

Arriving at the wall at midnight, Fulvius whispered his orders. And instantly the legionaries sprang into action. A dozen of them ranged themselves before the wall-foot, holding their shields close-locked above their helmets in such a way as to make a platform.

On the platform of shields mounted a second and a smaller detachment of men, also holding shields above their heads. A third and still smaller body of men mounted this second platform, and so on until the various platforms of shields formed a stairway (each step of it a height of a man) reaching from the ground almost to the wall's summit.

Fulvius climbed nimbly from platform to platform until he reached the topmost—a platform made of one shield. Crouching on this he sprang upward. A single mishap would have hurled him to earth, dead and mangled.

As he sprang he seized a jutting parapet of rock on the wall's summit and drew himself up. At a signal from him the giant stairway melted to the ground, leaving the patrician alone on the wall of the city. He stood in the lion's mouth. One man putting his quick wits and fearless courage against a whole nation. Death by the most horrible tortures awaited him should he be captured.

(To be continued.)

TODAY'S MOTION PICTURE PROGRAM

Zenith—"The Little Nurse in the Valley," "Our Mutual Girl, No. 24," and "Caught in Tights."

Mid-City—"When Eddie Went to the Front," "His Wife's Family," and "The Universal Boy."

The Maryland—"On Rugged Shores," "The Universal Boy," and "What Happened to Schultz."

Lyric—"Her Mother's Necklace," "Her Big Brother," and "Mutual Weekly, No. 85."

Leader—"The Lily of the Valley" and "The Love of Oro San."

BIG BROTHER SURPRISED.

Picture Shows How Sister Fools a "Know It All."

"Her Big Brother," a Thanhouser child comedy, will be shown at the Lyric today. Here is the story

Cast—Roy, "the big brother," Roy Hauck; Doris, his little sister, Doris Farrington; Alice, Doris' chum, Alice Turner.

Little sister was much looked down upon by brother Roy, two years her senior. He was always telling her what little girls could not do. Worse of all, he would not teach little sister how to swim. But Doris found another instructor, where only a very bright little girl would have thought of looking for help. She watched her pet dog in the water, and by imitating the "dog paddle," became an adept, unknown to big brother. When the school swimming contest came around Doris "swam rings" around Roy. And after that big brother had to admit that little girls could do lots of things even better than boys—sometimes.

ECLIPSE OF SUN VISIBLE.

Phenomenon Seen at Its Best in the European War Zone.

The first eclipse seen here in more than two years was visible at about 5 o'clock yesterday morning. It was observed with interest by astronomers.

A total eclipse was visible in India, Northern Germany, Persia, Russia, Norway and Sweden. On this hemisphere the path of totality of the eclipse was in Northern British America and in Greenland.

The eclipse at its best was seen in the war zone along the German-Russian border, where it was feared that troops would see an omen in the phenomenon.

Another partial eclipse is due February 3, 1916. Its path of totality in this part of the world wil be around Venezuela.

Federated Malay States 1913 imports were valued at $48,822,200; exports, $54,019,600.

MOTION PICTURE SHOWS TODAY

THIS SCHEDULE CHANGES DAILY

NORTHWEST.

9th LEADER BETWEEN E & F Sts.

TODAY
EARLE WILLIAMS and LILLIAN WALKER
IN THE
"LILY OF THE VALLEY"
5-PART VITAGRAPH. OTHER PICTURES.
OPEN 9 A. M.

14th LYRIC and Irving St.
"Her Mother's Necklace," "Her Big Brother," "Mutual Weekly No. 85," others.

Read the Advance Moving Picture Programs in Sunday's Herald.

NORTHWEST.

MID CITY
1223 7th st. nw.
"When Eddie Went to the Front," "His Wife's Family," "The Universal Boy."

MARYLAND
9th and G Sts.
"ON RUGGED SHORES"
"UNIVERSAL BOY"
"WHAT HAPPENED TO SCHULTZ."

SOUTHEAST.

ZENITH
8th, Near G se.
"The Little Nurse in the Valley," "Mutual Girl, 24;" "Caught in Tights."

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