

The Battle of Gravelotte.

THIS decisive battle of the Franco-Prussian War followed the attempts of Von Moltke to turn the right flank of the French armies, just forty-nine years ago. The final result was the capture of the French army in Metz and the triumph of the German arms.



Magazine Page

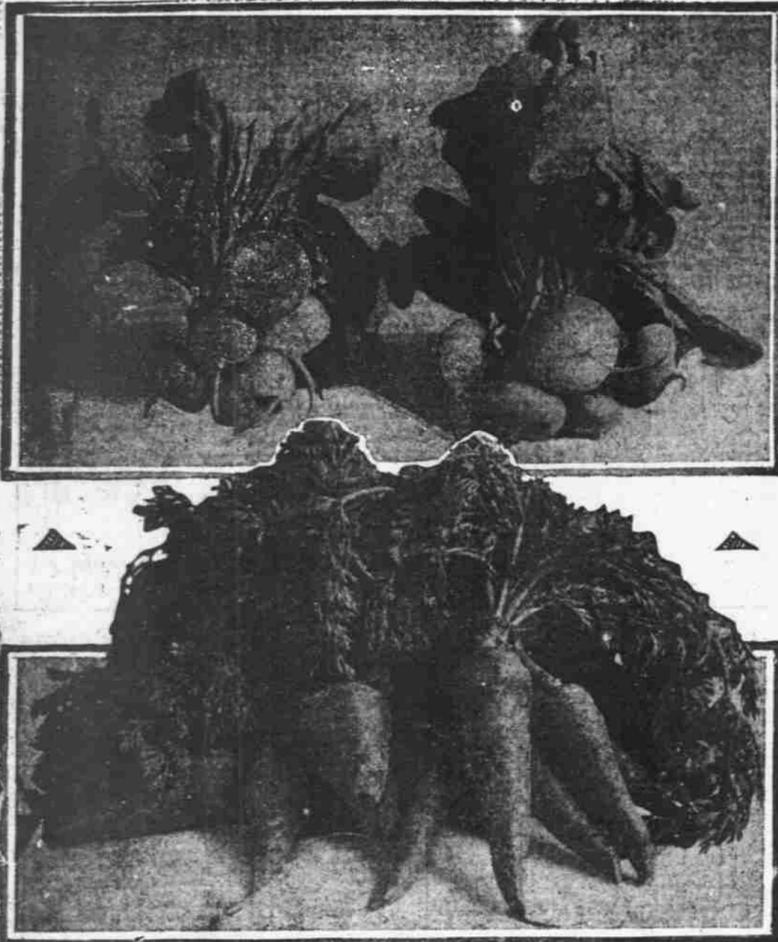


Preserving the Pumpkin.

IN colonial days pumpkins were pared, cut in thin strips of convenient size, and dried for future use in "pumpkin" bread and "pumpkin" pie. This custom is one that we should imitate. Squashes and sweet potatoes, when they show signs of spotting, may be preserved by the same method.—From Good Housekeeping.

Some New Things to Eat

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No wonder we crave plenty of fresh green things to eat, for they are a necessity in any well-balanced diet. Among the delicious Summer greens are spinach, kale, beet-tops, and good old-fashioned rhubarb. Do not peel the latter. Also when you are preparing young carrots for the table, do not throw away the tops, but boil and serve them as greens with a cream sauce and a little grated cheese.

By Helen A. Moody

Did you ever think of making a salad of sorrel, or of serving "pussley" as greens, or of using dandelions or beet-tops as the base for soup? If you are very disdainful of any such suggestion, I have only to remind you that if the American Pilgrims had not been the dissenters and experimenters they were, we might never have known the deliciousness of green corn, the savouriness of pork and beans, or the tang of rhubarb sauce. Now, when we must avail ourselves to the utmost of the prodigious food resources of this country, and feed not only ourselves but the whole world, it is a good time to try experiments in new and inexpensive foods. And one long neglected field

for experimentation is with what are commonly considered weeds—yes, weeds. The dietetic value of green vegetables is very high; plenty of green things is a necessity to any well-balanced diet, and an addition to the vegetable diet is indeed a discovery. One of the first bits of green to show itself in a garden is the purslane or "pussley," a weed whose fate it has been to be fought, rooted out, and so utterly despised that its name has become a synonym for meanness.

And yet this little green is delicious boiled and salted and served like spinach. It has a delicate flavor, a soft buttery consistency, and supplies the necessary universal salts for the tissues and bulk quite as well as herbs more costly of nurture or money.

So also do the young and tender tops of the milkweed, if plucked before the flowers form, and cooked in the same way. Rather better than either are the tops of young nettles, which should also be boiled.

I make a special declaration here, for the benefit of doubters, that I have eaten all three greens many times, beginning in a spirit of inquiry and ending in delight. I have liked to tell others of my experiments, and if I rise to a crescendo with the mention of the nettles (as I usually do), I am almost sure to get the startled response: "Why! I thought only donkeys ate nettles." Hereafter I am going to retort, "Only donkeys don't."

Some Possibilities.

The small sorrel which grows everywhere in our meadows makes a delicious salad and an equally good soup, and we are already cognizant of the piquant taste and medicinal good of our dandelion greens.

We all know how tempting are the tops of little beet-plants, plucked when the plants are being thinned in the Spring with the small beet attached. But did you know that the tops of young carrots and turnips are just as good as the beets, and that the tops of all three may be cut from the roots, when the roots themselves are ready to be used separately, and, if they are not too old, make delicious "messes" of greens served with a thin cream sauce?

As a general rule, vegetable tops are better served with oil and acid. But the ordinary cream sauce best

suits the turnips and carrots, and the addition of a little grated cheese makes both of these dishes more nourishing and delicious. If one wishes to go into the higher possibilities of these vegetable greens, let her experiment by making them into a smooth puree, seasoning with salt, pepper and a little onion-juice, and forming a croquet mixture of them by adding the yolk of eggs and bread crumbs, then molding and frying like any other croquet.

The Belgians have always considered very young peas cooked in the pod greatly superior to the shelled peas alone. Even when not so young and tender, a separate dish of the pods boiled, if they are fresh enough to have retained their sugar, is considered by them quite worthy of being served with the lordly sauce Hollandaise.

The Swiss chard, which is so greatly in favor with those of us who raise our own vegetables, is usually shredded from the thick white mid-rib when prepared for cooking. This stem, cut into suitable lengths and boiled and cooked, makes a delicious salad, with a French dressing or a mayonnaise.

I have been told by a person whose reputation as an epicure is unquestioned that large, overgrown radishes sliced thin, laid in salt water for awhile to extract the bitterness, and then boiled, are very good eating. The same person is authority for the statement that the tops of radishes make an appetizing dish when boiled.

Saving Lettuce Leaves.

Every one of the plants that have been mentioned above may also be used as the basis of soup. They are good when thickened with milk to form a puree or combined with stock or water to make a soups maigre. When serving the latter, try adding to it a little grated cheese, and small bits of bread fried in fat are also a tasteful addition.

Few persons think of saving odd bits of lettuce leaves, and yet they add a delightful flavor to many a soup. Potato soup may be given a piquant touch by the addition of a little lettuce and a few tips of parsley.

There is all the joy of exploration in looking about one's garden to find out whether or not there are delicacies there which have been overlooked. This article gives some suggestions, but there is room for much more experimentation in this field of Summer greens.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE AND MYSTERY

The Reason for the High Priestess' Desire to Secure the Violet Diamond Is Made Clear

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

- Pearl Standish.....PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake.....Warner Oland
The High Priestess.....Ruby Hoffman
Nicholas Knox.....Earle Foxe
Tom Carleton.....Henry Gsell

(Novellized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 6.

"SMALL wonder, my father rejoiced at what he had done! He had evolved a destructive force far greater than swords or spears—greater than poisons—greater than shot or shell! He had evolved a force greater than the plague or the pestilence! For the plague and the pestilence cannot be harnessed and driven at will—and this force my father found was a slave at his bidding!

"No army could stand against it! With it, his people—the true believers in the Violet God of Daroon—could sweep the earth—or bend all nations to our will!"

"And it is to gain this power we have set out," put in one of the Arabs. "You know that the secret of its hiding place cannot be disclosed to us until we recover the violet diamond. But you have failed in your efforts to restore it to us!"

"I tried, I tried," cried Knox. "My father spent three years devising a means of protecting his new-found power so that it should never fall into alien hands!" cried the High Priestess. "With his own hands he built the Hall of the Violet God, in which the God sits even now, staring angrily before him with his one remaining eye."

"My father himself carved upon the wall the characters of our language that are to be found there. And he presented it to his followers the night he died. Do you remember?" She turned to the Arabs. They bowed their heads.

"I remember his very words," said the eldest Arab slowly. "He said: 'My children, I have discovered a secret which will make you kings of the earth. Promise me that my daughter here shall succeed me as your head and that my will shall not be opened until one year after my death. Then shall the secret be yours—and the power that goes with it!'"

The elderly Arab ceased speaking.

The Way to the Secret.

"Thus he addressed us," said the High Priestess. "And the followers of our order promised—and there and there acclaimed me—and their shouts had no sooner ended than my father fell back in his great chair—dead. Then I became High Priestess. And a year afterward, to the hour, I read to my assembled people my father's will. You had joined us ere this, Nicholas Knox. You were present at this reading."

"I had joined, thinking you pos-

essed of great treasures," whispered Knox. "I did not know to what an end my adventuring would lead me."

"In my father's will," went on the High Priestess, "He had written: 'If you would know where lies the formula for the powder that has power to disperse men into thin air, go you to the Temple of the Violet God and set the ring of the violet diamond, now in the right eye socket, into the left eye socket instead. Then will the wall speak.'"

"All of the Arabs nodded in confirmation. "But when we sought to carry out my father's bidding," went on the High Priestess, "we discovered that the violet diamond was gone. Amil, the false priest, had stolen it for bribes of gold and had delivered it into the hands of Samuel Standish."

"You know the rest, Nicholas Knox. You know how our search began at that moment; how we sought Amil over all the earth, to run him down here at last; how he gave us back the setting and put us on the track of the diamond. You were selected by the lizard to recover it or die. NOW, prepare to die!"

A Useless Task.

Two Arabs had stolen up behind Knox. As he started up, protesting, they seized him, and one produced a silken cord.

With a hoarse cry, Knox struggled, but in vain. Down came the cord over his head, to tighten about his throat.

Pearl, gazing through the key-hole, started up with but one thought—to interfere. She forgot that she and Tom were powerfully outnumbered. She thought only of the impossibility of standing by idle while he was strangled in the room before her.

"They're killing him. We must save him!" she whispered to Tom, fiercely. But no more—for swiftly, before either could move, they were seized from behind.

Four of the Arabs who had not been present before, had come up behind them unawares and had found them eavesdropping.

It was in vain that they struggled. They were held between two fire-girds. They were two Arabs to each of them.

Resisting—but futilely—they were dragged into Knox's study. His body lay upon the floor, quite motionless, at the High Priestess's feet. Over it, she fixed her burning eyes upon Pearl.

"Well done, my children!" cried the High Priestess. "So you have found her again—and her rescuer!" She surveyed both Tom and Pearl, and nodded approvingly to the Arab who had captured them. Then leaning forward—almost hissing out the words, she added:

"You see what has befallen him upon whom the anger of the Order has fallen. Prepare yourself—for it is your turn now!"

To Be Continued Monday.

Soldier Boy

(An Revolt, but Not Adieu)

By NELL BRINKLEY



OVER all our land the blue field of the sky is a-sprinkle with silvery stars; it fades into crimson and white bars of a dawn, dawn of a day when we are hearing again the shuff-shuff of vanishing marching feet. The faces above the marching feet are touched with the light that grows under

the deep curtain of blue, and the watching faces that do not march away are touched with the rosy light also, the light that palpitates in waves of red and white, a morning that grows brighter as we see it clearer after all these years of forgetting. "An Revolt," soldier boy, but not "Adieu." "So Long," but not "Good-bye!"—NELL BRINKLEY.

HICTANER "The Man Fish"

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.)

PART ONE—(Continued.)

"A H—But pardon our curiosity, monsieur. Several says that you have a shark's lungs. That is most extraordinary. May we see them?"

Hictaner smiled and stood up. He raised his arms above his head and said: "Look under my armpits."

M. White, the admiral, and M. de Ciserat crowded around Hictaner. They beheld the amazing lumps in a break in his coat of silver scales.

"Gentlemen, let us not lose any more time. Let us go to look for Moissette."

Without further ceremony he started up on the deck followed by the three men.

Once there, he held out his hand and said: "How long will it take the Cyclone, the La Hire, and your torpedo boats to reach Cape Creus?"

"It is now 9 o'clock," replied the admiral. "We will reach Cape Creus at 6 this evening."

Both in light disappeared in a violet haze, while at the left toward the south curved the Rossas Gulf.

High in the violet sky the light clouds were blown swiftly by a south-east breeze, and the sea moved gently without the roughest speck of spray or foam.

When he had looked carefully at the coast, Hictaner said: "The Rossas grotto is down there at the south of Cape Creus, which is between me and the city. There begins the sandy beach stretching southward."

The grottoes can only be to the north of Rossas on the steep part of the coast. Therefore, I must explore all of Cape Creus, first at the level of the water, then at varying depths, for the electric launch in which Severas fled is also a submarine."

"Therefore, the entrance to the Grottoes may very well be submarine."

Trembling in the eagerness of young love, with his heart palpitating at the hope of finding and delivering Moissette, Hictaner sped the Torpedo along the surface of the water toward the cliff.

Hictaner's Search. For an hour he skirted the cliff from north to south, investigating all its inlets, sounding all its crevices. After he sprang from the Torpedo to a rock, and tried it with his hands, thrusting his arm into an opening or trying a flat one with his heel.

thousand thoughts ran through his bewildered mind. Soon he said to himself: "Evidently the grottoes are there. What can have destroyed them so that the entire cliff is demolished? Moissette, ah, Moissette! Perhaps she is buried in this debris, crushed and dead!"

He uttered a cry of pain and of anger. Without hesitating he sprang down into the excavation and landed upon something soft. He felt it, and he remembered having rested his hands in talking upon the same sort of soft substance on the desk at Marseilles.

He rose and started along a passage which lay open before him. After several steps he found it blocked with debris and was obliged to turn back.

Consumed with fear and with eagerness, he took his Torpedo once more and began to examine the wreckage from top to bottom.

Finally his roving eyes lighted by chance upon a little plank which the waves were gradually pushing ashore. He saw with amazement what seemed to be some large characters hastily scrawled upon it with the point of a knife.

The slender lines stood upon the rough little board, which a thin bit of blue paint still covered.

They had clearly been written very recently and the plank had been thrown into the sea within a few days. From whence had it come? The mysterious object lay in Hictaner's hand for a long time while he reflected.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Soldier's Wife.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-two and have been going about with a young man one year and my senior for two years. One year and a half ago he joined a regiment, much against my will, and ever since then we have had little quarrels. His regiment has been away since April, which caused me nervousness, during which time I wrote him a mean letter and he answered me, telling me that he would only consider me as a friend, where he has before offered to marry me. I have abandoned. As I love him, do you think I can again regain his love. A. Z.

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INTERESTING STORIES

Uninterested Company.

The ambitious wife of a millionaire, who has made a fortune very quickly in the leather trade, noticed to her annoyance that her husband did not speak a word to their smart guests at one of her principal social events. When she got an opportunity she whispered angrily: "Why don't you talk?"

A Good Memory.

A certain magistrate was in a great hurry to get to his court, and, hailing a taxicab, told the driver to take him there with all speed. The "taxi," however, went so slowly that the magistrate was greatly surprised, and he called out to the driver, "Hurry, my man, hurry!"

Misplaced Praise.

A young man, not particularly original, was monopolizing the attention of a pretty debutante with a series of uninteresting conversation. "Now, my brother," he remarked the course of a dissertation on a quality, "is just the opposite of what you are doing."

"What the debutante replied demurely, and I should like to?"