



# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### The Kitchen Cheerful

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them."—Thoreau.

When homes are planned the housewife wants to commence with the kitchen, and here, I think, she is right. It is easier to alter almost any other room than the kitchen and no other room deserves a bit more careful planning.

Whether convenience or cheerfulness is almost important in this work place is a mooted question, but it would seem if cupboards, flour bins and shelves were all compact and convenient good cheer would reign. It is generally the absence of light that makes a kitchen gloomy. Often there is no room over the kitchen and then a skylight can be fitted in the roof with little expense. This not only gives the necessary light, but furnishes a means of ventilation. Again, the outside kitchen doors are heavy wooden affairs. Cut the upper panels out of these and put in glass. You will be delighted at the change. The writer knew of a case of this kind; the cost of the glass lights was \$1.50, or 75 cents a pane; putty, 10 cents, and tacks, 5 cents. The actual work of setting in the glass was done by a fourteen-year-old lad in the family, who "was as pleased as Punch" at the added cheeriness his work gave the home.

There is a great deal of comfort lost to families and a great amount of self-confidence left undeveloped in our young folk by not permitting them to do such little helpful things as come

in their way from day to day. Certainly, some of you older heads can do the small tasks more quickly than untrained fingers can. It is true it takes longer to explain things to the youngsters than to do them yourself, but children, more than any others, learn by doing. Social and civic workers everywhere are concerned at the great numbers of young persons who leave the farm life at the first chance. Why is this? They ask. One answer seems to give the whole story in a few words: "I was a young girl who replied: 'I left home because the farm was Pa's and the house was Ma's. I worked for both of them and I had nothing of my own.'"

If you have any good gifts for your family and your home give them now when you can enjoy them with those you love best.

#### MENU FOR A DAY

Breakfast	
Wheat Cakes	Radishes
Maple Syrup	Fried Potatoes
Boiled Eggs	Coffee
Luncheon	
Salmon Loaf, Butter Sauce	Hot Toasted Crackers
Tomato Salad	Lemon Jelly
Cocoa	
Six O'clock Dinner	
Mashed Potatoes	Steamed Turnips
Tea Biscuit	with Butter
Boiled Creamed Chicken	Cauliflower
Crowd Salad	Cheese
Wafers	Gherkins
Coffee	

## Story of the Blood Red Rose

By **Kathlyn Williams**

From the Photoplay by **JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD**

With Illustrations from the Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### Godiva, the Shepherd's Daughter.

I was dressed in the simple frock of the shepherd's daughter. My name for the time being was Godiva. And I was about to enact the first scene in the photoplay by James Oliver Curwood, entitled "The Story of the Blood Red Rose." The director who was producing the play came to me, saying: "Why not take your pen in hand and turn this play into a novel?" "Maybe I will," I replied. "But first I must see whether it develops a story with sufficient material in it to make a novel."

And then we began putting the scene "on"—I playing the leading part of Godiva, the shepherd's daughter, whose story I shall set forth here. Whether this story developed sufficient of poetry, romance, adventure and tragedy to make a novel, you who read shall be the judge.

Godiva, the shepherd's daughter, emerged from the pool in which she had been swimming. It was a pool in the forest glade, and only the eye of nightingale and thrush and robin had access to this bathing place of Godiva, the shepherd's daughter. Just now the nightingale had ceased its song and it was the turn of the thrush and the robin to entertain Godiva as she emerged from her morning ablutions. For just now the sun of three hundred years ago was rising over the kingdom of Urania.

Even as Venus rose newborn from the foam-crested wave of the sea, so now came the lovely Godiva from the limpid pool in the forest of Urania—dripping, flushed, blushing, vigorous, happy. On the moss-carpeted bank Godiva threw on her frock of white homespun, low-throated and held to her supple figure by cords of cotton that served as a girdle. A shake or two of her loosened hair that was as golden as the rising sun—and the toilet of Godiva was made.

Through the forest aisles she sped now till she reached a cottage that stood in the shadow of great oaks and willows and elms, and facing the far-reaching plain whereon grazed her father's sheep. Far down the plain Godiva could see the hillocks where the young shepherds, Biento and Machere, assistants to Rivarre, the father of Godiva, watched the flock by night and day. And beyond the flock Godiva now could see the frowning, battlemented walls of the royal palace, the home of King Leofric and Queen Dulcinea of Urania.

Beyond the palace, as Godiva could see, the sun was now gilding the minarets of the monastery of St. Francis. And as Godiva viewed the monastic pile beyond the king's palace an excited, eager light of joy came into her eyes—eyes as blue as the sky of Lombardy—and she cried out in sheer exultation:

"Before the sun again glides yonder monastery towers I shall belong to Paulo—my Paulo!"

For this was to be Godiva's wedding day. She and Paulo, the young and mighty hunter, had planned to go this day to yonder monastery, where a holy friar would unite them.

From within the cottage came now the sound of the pattering of wooden shoes on a wooden floor. And Godiva knew that her father had finished his breakfast and was preparing to go forth to the plain to view his flocks and commend his assistants, Biento and Machere, for their watchfulness.

For it was the kindly way of Rivarre, the sheep raiser, to encourage with praise the good work of those who watched his flocks.

Godiva bounded into the cottage. Good Dame Rivarre, her mother, greeted her:

"Eat your millet and milk, my daughter," she said, "and then to your spinning wheel. For there is much to do this day."

Rivarre, the girl's father, chuckled. "You forget, good wife," he said. "Our daughter Godiva this day journeys to the monastery with Paulo."

"Ay! 'tis as you say, Rivarre," the mother retorted, "but not till nightfall is Godiva's nuptial hour. Wherefore is there not time for her to spin?"

All this time Godiva was busy with her milk and millet, till now she cried: "My mother, my father! Think you the holy men of the monastery will scold a girl of twenty for being as happy as I? Were I more happy than I am, dear dears, I think—well—I think I would be almost wicked."

Then upsprang Godiva and added: "Nay, mother mine, not for me is the spinning wheel today. I could not sit still even for so long as to spin one fitch of yonder frock I am going into the forest, to meet my Paulo. Two days has he been hunting—to provide venison befitting our wedding supper. And surely now he must be near—and I go to meet him."

shot with unerring aim from the crossbow of Paulo. Far famed in Urania was Paulo, the crossbowman, whose skill off had inspired the admiration and envy even of the king's own archers, when these happened to meet Paulo on the hunt.

Scarcely is it needful to describe with minuteness the meeting of these lovers of three hundred years ago, for lovers were then precisely what lovers are today. Hand in hand they strolled till finally Paulo stopped.

"Hearken!" he said. "Hear you not, my Godiva, a song that is yet not a song, since it is a crooning?"

"'Tis Hagar!" cried Godiva. "Hagar the witch! Hagar, our friend, who makes potions in her black kettles—potions that work magic upon those who partake of them."

They stood now at the entrance to a cave. Within the dark, gloomy, cavernous, shuddering interior they could see the witch hobbling about a fire, over which, by means of a rude tripod of sticks, a kettle was suspended. So intent was Hagar upon her work at the kettle that she failed to hear the lighter laughter of Paulo. Godiva caught up a stick and threw it into the cave. The stick fell at the feet of Hagar the witch and attracted thus her attention. She peered out and broke into a pleased chuckle.

"Enter, my children!" she cried. "Thou art always welcome."

The lovers entered the cave and viewed without shudder the hideous paraphernalia of witchery with which, in many visits to this home of Hagar, they had become familiarized. Black cats there were, with eyes like glowing embers. And skulls of men and women. And parrots that croaked most horribly. And snakes that kept their distance yet were none too pleasing to the eye in their writhings.

And as for Hagar—Hagar was in appearance just such a witch as rides upon a broom. She wore a high peaked cap and her garments were more ragged than those of the beggars in the market place of the capital of Urania. Her hands were skinny and clawlike and her hair framed her face in elfish abandon.

"Behold!" cried Hagar, adding some rose leaves to the herbs already abrew in the kettle. "Behold now, my children, what has been brewed by Hagar in her cauldron. Let thy young eyes dwell upon the boiling, seething brew of Hagar and learn what the wisdom of Hagar has to teach thee."

With murmured incantations and crooning of song that was no song, and gazing with bony arms around and around the edge of the pot, she continued:

"See, now, exquisite Godiva, what the brew reveals. Behold now, brave Paulo, what the potion discloses. Thou,



"See Now What the Brew Reveals."

Godiva, art here changed by the potion into an animal—any animal thou desirest—a fawn or a cat as black as black, or even a bird that flies or a fish that swims."

"Nay, nay, Hagar!" cried Godiva, in alarm. "Into none of these would I desire to be changed. If ever, because of need, I should wish to change from human form, it would be to reappear as a flower, some lovely flower."

The witch made more passes over the steaming kettle, added a few more leaves, and then said:

"And thou, Paulo! What seest thou in the brew? See you not yourself lying upon the forest floor with arrow-bolt piercing thy mortal body? And see! the king's archers pursue thee! Yet another bolt they let fly at thee—and then—"

"Nay, nay, Hagar!" interposed Paulo. "Speak not of prophecies that offend the ears of my Godiva. Let thy speech be of pleasant gossip. For this day, Hagar, my Godiva goes with me to the holy friar at the monastery, there to be joined to me as bone of my bone, for evermore."

"Silence!" cackled the witch. "Paulo, I warn thee—beware of the king's archers. And thou, lock! Godiva," she cried, with the vehemence of a madwoman. "Look now, Godiva! See! The brew discloses the face of the king—King Leofric of Urania. 'Tis a face most pleasing, lovely Godiva—yet in the king's heart is much evil. See, Godiva! The king's lips move in speech. His speech is as honey—but its sweetness soon turns to gall. Beware, Godiva! Beware of Leofric, king of Urania!"

"Stop!" said Paulo, much offended. "Wouldst frighten my Godiva or, her wedding day? What has Godiva in common with his majesty? They are as like to 'all and speak in passing as a star with the earth. And my Godiva is—star, f r above the fleshy king. Away with thy evil oretellings, Hagar. Tell us what thy brew bespeaks of things more likely than that my Godiva should beware of the king!"

"Hie!" Hagar cautioned, looking forth through the cave entrance. "Hear you not the sounding of the huntsman's horn?"

"Ay, that we do!" cried Paulo. "A hunting party is passing not far distant."

"Ay!" said Hagar. 'Tis the horn of the king's huntsmen. The king himself is near. And thou, Godiva,

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**SHOOTS AND HANGS HIMSELF**

New Berlinville Youth Makes Suicide Doubly Sure

Pottstown, Dec. 24.—First wrapping his body in a white sheet, Alvin M. Dotterer, 22 years old, of New Berlinville, shot himself through the forehead yesterday, and then, to make death sure, ripped the rope from a bed and hanged himself from a stair banister. Melancholia, due, it is said, to a love affair, caused him to end his life.

The body was discovered by a 7-year-old brother, who had been sent to the attic for something. A 22-calibre revolver was found on the floor.

Dotterer was single and was prominent in several secret societies. He was the son of John Dotterer, a farmer.

**TRAIN HITS SLED, 3 HURT**

Special Was Carrying 600 State College Students

Sunbury, Dec. 24.—When a special train, carrying 600 Pennsylvania State College students to their homes for the Christmas vacations, struck a sled carrying Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swartz and four children, near Millburg, at a grade crossing, Mrs. Swartz was internally injured, an 11-year-old daughter suffered a broken nose, and the father was also injured.

**SOLD ON THEIR MERITS**

12 Doses 10c

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**For Headache, Neuralgia**

Quick, Sure, Safe

**Marietta's Municipal Christmas Tree**

Fruitville, Dec. 24.—The largest community Christmas tree erected in Lancaster county adorns Centre square, this place, and to-day services were held by the members of the Marietta decorating committee and the clergymen of the town. There are nearly 1,000 electric lights on the tree, besides many other ornaments, and at the top are two large stars.

**Injured Preparing Christmas Dinner**

Fruitville, Dec. 24.—While assisting to prepare for Christmas dinner, Mrs. George Leusch had her right arm caught in a meat-chopping machine and one of the fingers was severed, besides a number of others being badly lacerated.

must beware. Avoid the king, Godiva, as thou wouldst a serpent. If thou wouldst know the benediction of the holy man at the monastery this day, Godiva, 'ware Leofric, king of Urania!"

**CHAPTER II.**

**The King of Urania.**

From the carcass of the deer, which Paulo the huntsman had left outside the cave, a haunch of venison was now presented to Hagar the witch. Paulo then again shouldered the animal he had slain for the nuptial supper and bade Godiva follow him.

"Come, my Godiva," he said, "we will away from the cave of the witch before she can fill your ears with more of silly prattle of danger that besets you in the person of the king."

Through the forest then they sauntered in their love and happiness, till at last they reached the cottage of Rivarre the shepherd. There Paulo set this trophy of the chase on the wide stone corridor. Mistress Rivarre came from the kitchen and Paulo fell to skinning the deer.

"Ay! 'tis goodly viand we shall have at your wedding supper tonight," said Mistress Rivarre. "The which is due to your skill, good Paulo, with the crossbow."

Just then, too, Rivarre himself joined the group, returning from his morning visit to the keepers of his flock on the plains.

"Hail, Paulo," he called to his future son-in-law. "Welcome to the house of Rivarre, even though this day you are to slich my dearest possession. Yet in all Urania I know of none more worthy of my Godiva. But hearken! What comes?"

The mother and daughter had already disappeared within the cottage to set to work in earnest on the preparations for the wedding supper, at which many guests would gather. And now toward the forest the eyes of Rivarre and Paulo traveled and this is what they beheld: A cavalcade led by one on a horse so richly caparisoned and riding so far in advance of the others as to bespeak exalted rank. And behind the exalted one came equerries and archers with crossbows and courtiers and huntsmen and menials, the latter carrying many a carcass of deer slain in the hunt. Through the picture, too, boited a pack of hounds, though just then the master of the pack sounded his horn for retreat, and the hounds obediently checked their bolting and came to bay.

To Be Continued.

**DICKENS' SON AIDS RED CROSS**

Two of the Novelist's Grandsons Fight for England

London, Dec. 24.—The descendants of Charles Dickens are doing their little bit. Henry F. Dickens is giving recitals from his father's works in aid of the Red Cross funds three times a week, using the versions prepared by Charles Dickens for his readings.

Of his three sons one is fighting in France, another is in the navy and the third is financial secretary to the British Red Cross Commission on the continent.

**Take Care of Your Eyes and They'll Take Care of You**

For advice, consult

**W. S. Leach**

With H. C. Claster

**The Beloved Adventurer**

By **EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL**

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Lubin Manufacturing Company, Illustrated With Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by the Lubin Manufacturing Company

Continued

Glowing like a pink pearl against the darkness of the great hall behind

**Betty Came Forward and Took the Baby.**

her, Betty came forward and took the baby, now awake and somewhat disconcerted by the tumult.

"Men of Croftleigh, I thank you," Lord Cecil said, and with the Lady Cecil upon his arm turned to re-enter the abode that had sheltered his ancestors, and would shelter generations of his name yet to come.

THE END.

**DOGS TRAIL FARMER'S SLAYER**

Robber Believed to Have Committed Crime Near Wykagyl Club

New Rochelle, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Police dogs were put out early yesterday morning to trace the murderer of Charles Secord, the farmer who was found with a bullet in his heart near the Wykagyl Country Club, followed a trail for several miles through the woods, but finally lost it on a beaten path.

The police believe that the motive for the murder was robbery, as Secord usually carried large sums of money

**County to Sell Scaffolds**

Schuylkill Hangings Pass With Malina Massa Commutation

Pottsville, Dec. 24.—By the commutation of the sentence of Malina Massa, the Raven Run wife murderer, to life imprisonment by the Board of Pardons Tuesday, this county loses its last possibility of a hanging. Massa was convicted before the electrocution law was enacted, and the Sheriff has been ready half a dozen times to hang him, but each time the Board of Pardons interfered.

The county will now sell all its scaffolds, of which it has a number, to counties in other States where hanging is still in fashion. The scaffolds are so well built that there is a demand for them. Some of the scaffolds used thirty years ago, when executions were very frequent here, are still in existence in the county jail.

**BURNS FATAL TO AGED MAN**

Robert A. McCall, of Media, Succumbs to Injuries

Media, Dec. 24.—Robert A. McCall, 73 years of age, died yesterday afternoon in Chester hospital from burns received Saturday night, when he fell at the home of his brother, Thomas McCall, of Lima, near here, and a lantern which he carried exploded. The house was fired by the burning oil and the aged man was found lying upon the floor in a pool of burning oil by his brother.

Mr. McCall was a veteran of the Civil war and a member of Bradbury Post, G. A. R., of Media.

**FARMER KILLED IN MILL**

George Webster, Near Avondale, Is Caught and Crushed by Shattering Kennett Square, Dec. 24.—While grinding feed at his mill north of Avondale yesterday, George Webster, aged 55 years, was caught by the shafting and wound around it until he died. His dead body was discovered by a farmer who went to the mill to have grinding done.

Did Her Best

"Mary, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?"

"That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."—Liverpool Mercury.

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3:20 P. M. for Martinsburg, at 5:03, 7:59 a. m., 3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:03, 7:59, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 5:20, 9:20 p. m.

For Pottsville at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

J. H. TONGE, Supt.

H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.