

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Caring for Fine Laces

The delicate witchery of soft laces is known to every true woman. Witness how they are used to give a soft and feminine grace to morning, afternoon and evening gowns. What the lace collar and cuff do to the tailor-made suit is simply marvelous. It is the face frill and the jabot that makes us look back longingly to the cavaliers. "Ah, they were handsome fellows!" we say, but after all isn't it just the touch of lace they wore that holds our eyes?

The lace curtain at door and window or the lace spread on the couch or the Battenberg center piece or the Irish torchon border on the lunch table affects us the same way. All women long to have and to use lace in every practical form and the desire is not so extravagant as it seems for lace lasts a wonderfully long while if you give it the consideration it deserves and the careful cleaning I am about to describe.

The silk laces, especially the white silk laces, need to be wrapped in blue tissue paper when not in use. This color has bleaching qualities and keeps the yellow tinge at bay.

There are some "don'ts" that apply to all laces. One is do not rub soap on lace. When ready to clean lace, first make a heavy, but mild, suds. Add borax, ammonia, or some soap powder to the water to soften it. Have a soft, old rush at hand. Now cover a big bottle with a heavy cloth and pin the lace on this, spread every point out carefully and fasten firmly. Use plenty of pins, but not steel ones; they rust. Brush the lace with the suds, but do not rub hard. Rinse in clear water, tinted light blue with indigo, and dry on the bottle, without unpinning.

Very long pieces of lace or lace slawls and throws may be pinned, as

directed, or sewed on a curtain stretcher. First put on a sheet or other white cloth and fasten the lace to this. If very delicate use the finger tips in place of the brush, for the actual cleaning, and flow the rinsing water over it until it runs off clear. A sunny porch is a good place for lace cleaning as it will dry there quickly.

Professional cleaners use benzine and chloroform and gasoline for this work but the average woman is not successful in getting out the tell-tale odor and often these substances harm the fabric.

If the ivory white color, so prized in old laces is desired, never use cold tea to obtain it, for the tea stains. A few tablespoons of cold coffee added to the rinsing water, omitting the bluing, is better. The lace must lie in this some time.

Laces should not be starched, they are not intended to be stiff and hard but sometimes a little stiffening is needed in curtains and then add the acru or ivory coloring (cold coffee) to the starch.

I press the blond or nets, so much used now for richings, between my fingers or turn the iron upside down and draw them over it gently.

The heavy hand-worked pieces should be laid on a soft, very thick pad and pressed on the wrong side. The laces that are washed and dried on the bottle or on the stretcher will not need ironing. You can shape these with the fingers and use a crochet needle or stiletto to open the pearls and loops and raise the openings clear.

If lace is only dusty and not grimy sprinkle it well with French chalk and roll it up in white paper for twenty-four hours, then shake well and it will be clean.



NOVEMBER JOE

The Detective of the Woods

by Hesketh Prichard.

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Continued

"Had Miss Virginny any jewelry on her?" asked Joe.

"A watch and a necklace."

"What value?"

"Seven or eight hundred dollars."

"Hub," said November reflectively. "And what did you do after finding her hat?"

"We trailed the two villains until they got on to some rocky ground. It was too dark then to do more, so we returned. Five thousand dollars if you lay hands on them," he said.

By the river the traces were so plain that any one could read them—the larger feet of the victim and the slenderer feet of the two men. The fishing rod, snapped off toward the top of the middle joint, had been left where it had fallen. It seemed as if the girl had tried to defend herself with it. Next we went to the lake.

November literally nosed his way along. The moccasined tracks of the two men showed faintly here and there on the softer parts of the ground.

"Looks as if they were toting some thing," said Joe. "They must 'a' carried her. Stop! They set her down here for a spell."

Another moment brought us over the rise and in sight of Mooseshank lake. I halted involuntarily. The place seemed created for the scene of a tragedy. November had pushed on to the spot where footprints and other signs showed where the men had entered the canoe. The deep slide of a moccasined foot in the mud seemed to tell of the effort it required to get the girl embarked.

"They took her out on the lake and murdered her," groaned Planx. "Dragging? There's no use dragging, that water goes plumb down to the root of the world."

After that we went around to the other side of the lake and saw the beached canoe. The two sets of moccasined tracks showed clearly on the strip of mud by the water, but were soon lost in the tumbled debris of a two-year-old stony landslide over which trailing appeared quite impossible. November was busy about this landing place for a longer time than I expected, then he crossed the landslide at right angles and disappeared from our view. Soon he came hurrying toward us.

"She isn't dead?"

"What?"

"Anyways, she wasn't when she passed here. I have a proof here that you will think mighty good." He drew out a little leather case I had given him and extracted from it a long hair of a beautiful red gold color. "Look at that! I found it in the spruces above there."

Planx took it gently in his great fingers. He was visibly much moved. For a few seconds he held it without speaking, then, "That grew on Virginny's head, sure enough, Joe. Is it possible my girl is alive?"

"She is, sure! Don't be afraid. You'll soon have news of her. I can promise you that, Mr. Planx. This wasn't no case of murder, it's just an abduction. They'd never be such fools as to kill her. They're cuter than that. Isn't she your daughter? They'll hold her to big ransom. That's their game."

An ugly look came into Planx's eyes. "That's their game, is it? I'm not a man that it is easy to milk dollars from," he said.

By this time it was growing too dark for Joe to work any longer. We crossed the lake with Planx, and that night Joe and I camped near the end of Mooseshank lake, where a stream flowed from it.

At dawn, while we were having breakfast, Joe stood up and stared into the trees that grew thick behind us. As he called out I looked back and saw the indistinct figure of a man in their shadow watching us. He beckoned, and we approached him. I saw he was young, with a pale face and rather shabby town made clothes.

"Don't you remember Walter Calvey, November?" he said, holding out his hand. "I was with you and Mr. Planx and—and—her last year in the woods."

"Hub, yes, and what are you doing here, Mr. Calvey?" asked Joe, shaking hands.

"I heard about Virginny. How could I keep away after that?" exclaimed Calvey.

"You've no cause to fret yet," said Joe.

"What? When they've killed her? I'll go with you and if we can find those—"

"Hub! She's not dead! Take my word for it!" Joe's gray eyes gave me a roguish look. "Way, I've got a thing here in my pocketbook you'd give me \$100 for!" He held the red gold hair up to the light of the rising sun.

Calvey shook from head to foot. "Virginny's! You couldn't find its

match in Canada! Tell me"—
"I can't wait to tell you and you can't wait to hear. Light out now. Old man Planx could make it unhealthy for you."

"You're right! He hates me because Virginny won't marry Schelperg of the combine. He hasn't let us meet for months. And more than that, he's ruined me and my partner in business. It was easy for a rich man to do that," added Calvey bitterly.

"You go and start into business again," advised Joe. "I'll send you word first thing I know for certain."

But it was some time before he could induce Calvey to leave us. After he had gone I wondered whether Joe suspected him of having a hand in spiriting away Virginny. Presently I asked him.

Joe shook his head. "He couldn't have done it if he wanted to. He's a good young chap, but look at his boots and his clothes—he was bred on a pavement, but he's Miss Virginny's choice for all that. We'll start now. Mr. Quaritch, just where I found that bit of gold caught in a branch that hangs over the little stream up above there. You see, she lost her hat, and she has a splendid lot of hair, and so when I could find no tracks, for they came down the bed of the stream, I searched 'bout as high as her head. I guessed she'd be liable to catch her hair in a branch."

But we had hardly started when we heard the voice of Planx roaring in the wood below us. He was coming along at an extraordinary pace in spite of his ungainly, rolling stride.

"You were right, Joe: Virginny is alive! It is a case of abduction. See what I have here."

He held a long stick or wand in his hand. The top of the wand was roughly split, and a scrap of paper stuck in the cleft.

"Ed's just found this in the canoe on the lake," he went on. "These blackguards must have come back in the night and put it there."

"What have they said in the paper?" asked November.

"You must pay to get your daughter back. If you want our terms come to the old log camp on Black lake tomorrow night. No tricks. We have you rounded up sure. Don't try to track us or we will make it bad for her."

Joe touched the ends of the wand. "Green spruce wood, cut near their camp," said he.

"There's plenty of spruce like that right here," objected Planx; "why do you say it was cut near their camp?"

"It's cut and split with a heavy ax, such as no man ever carries about with him. Well, we'd best do more tracking till we see the chaps that has Miss Virginny. It's Black lake tonight, then?"

On the way Planx made known to us his plan of campaign. It was a simple one. He would get the men into the hut and speak them fair till a favorable moment presented itself, when he would demand the surrender of his daughter under threat of shooting the kidnapers if they refused or demurred.

"There are three of us, and we can fix them easy," said Planx.

November Joe shook his head. "They're not near such big fools as you think them," he remarked.

We had stopped on some high ground in the shelter of the woods from which we could see the fishing hut. Joe vanished with his silent, Indian-like glide, his movements as inaudible as those of a ghost.

In about five minutes a light suddenly sprang up in the hut, and Joe's voice called us.

As we entered the door I saw Joe was pointing to a piece of paper which lay on the rough hearth table.

"The same writing as before. Listen to this: if you will swear to give us safe conduct we will come to talk it out. If you agree to this we have the lantern three times on the lake shore, and that will mean you give your oath to let us come and go freely."

"I told you they were not fools," said Joe. "What's the orders now, Mr. Planx?"

Planx handed Joe the lantern. "Go and wave the lantern." "From the door of the hut we watched November as he walked down to the lake. At the third swing of the light a voice hailed him.

"You hear? They were waiting in a canoe," said Planx to me.

Then followed the splash of paddles and the rasp of the frosted rushes as the canoe took the shore. Joe had returned by this time and hung up the lantern so that it lit the whole of the hut. Then the three of us stood together at one side of the table.

CHAPTER IX.
"Come in, dear Joe."

OUR visitors hesitated outside the door. "There are only two of them," whispered Planx.

As he spoke a short, bearded man in a thick overcoat stepped into the light, followed by a tall and strongly built companion. Both wore black visor masks, with fringe covering the mouth. I noticed they were shod in moccasins.

"Evening," said the tall man, who was throughout the spokesman. "My partner and me is come to make you an offer, Mr. Planx. We've got your daughter where you'd never find her, where you'd never dream of looking for her."

"Don't be too sure of that," growled Planx.

"If we agree on a bargain she shall be returned to you unharmed three days from the time the price is paid over, and that price is \$100,000."

"Those are our terms. The question for you is do you want your daughter or do you not?"

The next incident was as swift as it was unexpected.

"I conjecture that is something of an easy question to answer," said Planx in his slow tones. "In fact, I—"

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NEGROES RESENT COLOR LINE

In Mass Meeting Protest Against Segregation in Federal Service

Washington, D. C., Nov. 16.—Members of the delegation which went to the White House last week with a protest against race segregation in government departments laid their cases before a mass meeting of negroes here yesterday. The meeting adopted a formal protest to the American people against "the pronounced tendency in American law and public opinion to draw the color line."

"We make this appeal at this time," said the statement, "because it has been ascertained by us from the highest authority in the nation that it is the policy of the Federal government to draw the color line to what the newspapers of the country denounce and denounce as 'Jim Crow government.'"

HUNTS A WEEK CRIPPLED

Dislocated Arm Strapped to Side, Man of 74 Has It Set on Return

Bellefonte, Nov. 16.—Falling from a camp box, Isaac Miller, 74 years old, a member of a Bellefonte deer-hunting party in the Alleghenies, dislocated his left shoulder last Sunday. So eager was he to get a shot at a deer that he refused to listen to friends and go home, but strapped the upper part of his arm to his body and hunted all week.

Saturday afternoon he walked six miles to the nearest settlement and Sunday night was brought home, 40 miles, by automobile. The dislocated arm was set, and he is little the worse for the experience, though the party got no deer.

FALLS DEAD REVIVING MATES

Automobile Used in Hunt Fatal When It Leaps Bank

Pittsburgh, Nov. 16.—Ignorant that he himself had been injured mortally, Lorenzo Jones, 18, of Swissvale, a Pittsburgh suburb, revived one of his four unconscious comrades, following an automobile accident Saturday night, and then fell dead.

The five left Swissvale Saturday afternoon for a hunting trip in Indiana county. They were descending a steep hill near Congruity Saturday midnight when the steering gear broke and the machine crashed into a bank.

All were thrown out and rendered unconscious. Jones, the first to recover, went to a nearby spring, filled his hat with water and had restored Herman Scholze to consciousness before he reached to the middle of the road and collapsed.

Month's Coal Mine Toll 195 Men

Washington, D. C., Nov. 16.—There were 195 men killed in and about coal mines in the United States during last September, against 173 a year ago, according to a report of the Bureau of Mines yesterday. Practically all of the accidents occurred underground.

Plague Appears in Lyncoming

Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 16.—Eleven cases of foot-and-mouth disease have been found on the farm of P. L. Nutting, four miles north of here, the first in Lyncoming county. Sheriff Tomlinson, acting as State Dairy Inspector, has ordered the farm quarantined.

Carvers' Tonic Tablets

For nerves, weakness and nervous prostration, 50 cents at druggists. Adv.

At the Third Swing of the Light a Voice Hailed Him.



STREAM INFECTS HERD OF 22

Fear Felt for Montgomery Almshouse Cattle for Same Reason

Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 16.—A State live stock inspector Saturday condemned a herd of twenty-two cattle on Harry Yeager's farm, near Black Rock, because some showed symptoms of the foot and mouth disease. All are home-raised.

The inspector claims that the disease was carried by a small stream running through the Yeager farm, and as it also passes through the Lebanon county almshouse farm it is feared that the herd of seventy-five cows there will also be condemned.

PRUD BOYS OF CORN CONTEST

One wins Cup and Harness, Other \$5. for Prize Ears

Lebanon, Pa., Nov. 16.—Ralph Hershey, a West Cornwall township school boy, was announced principal winner in the annual corn show of the Lebanon County Agricultural and Horticultural Association, which closed here Saturday night. He was awarded the silver cup offered by Congressman Aaron S. Kreider for the best ten ears. Hershey also won a \$20 set of harness.

Henry Smaltz, a Lewmanstown school boy, won the \$5 prize for the best ear of corn.

RUNAWAY NEWLY-WED BACK

Man Who Deserted Bride at Altar Is Contrite

Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 16.—Isaac Loeb, train dispatcher of the Pennsylvania railroad here, who deserted his bride, Miss Amy Stephens, at the altar a week ago, and has since been staying with relatives at Philadelphia, resumed the duties of his position to-day.

Loeb declares his contrition for the manner in which he treated Miss Stephens and will try to make amends. He arrived in Pottsville last evening.

BLITHELY SIPS FATAL POTION

Worried Man Ends Domestic Troubles in Walk With Friends

Lebanon, Pa., Nov. 16.—"Well, here goes," declared Robert Batdorf, as he parted from his friend, Aaron Allwein, with whom he had spent some time last evening. The he swallowed the contents of a small bottle, despite Allwein's plea not to do it.

Batdorf fell dead as he reached the porch of his home, a short distance away. He was 51 years old, and a laborer. Domestic troubles are blamed.

NEWLANDS WINS ELECTION

Democratic Candidate for Senator From Nevada Has Plurality of 38

Carson City, Nev., Nov. 16.—Francis G. Newlands, Democrat, was re-elected United States senator on November 3 over Samuel Platt, Republican, by a plurality of 38 votes, according to the result of the official canvass which was completed Saturday.

The complete vote for Senator was Newlands (Dem.), 8,075; Platt (Rep.), 8,037; Miller (Socialist), 5,435.



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