

The Big "Q" Society INAUGURAL BALL Chestnut Street Auditorium Tuesday Night, January 19th

TICKETS, \$2.00. ADMISSION BY TICKET AND INVITATION. COMMITTEE: Chas. E. Covert, President. Frank H. Hoy, Jr., V. President. Cornelius B. Shope, V. President. William A. Boll, Treasurer. Howard W. Baker, Trustee. Charles C. Hoffman, Secretary.

HEARTS and MASKS

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(CONTINUED.) Haggerty departed. A silence settled gloomily down on us. Quarter of an hour passed. The grim-visaged police watched us vigilantly. Half an hour, three-quarters, an hour. Far away we heard the whistle of an outgoing train. Would I had been on it! From time to time we heard faint music. At length there was a noise outside the door, and a moment later Hamilton and two others came in. When he saw me, he stopped, his eyes bulging and his mouth agape. "Dicky Comstalk?" he cried helplessly. "What the devil does this mean?"—turning to the police. "Do you know this fellow, Mr. Hamilton?" asked the chief. "Know him? Of course I know him," answered Teddy; "and I'll stake my last dollar on his honesty."

reminded me of Vautrin, the only difference being that Vautrin was French while this man was distinctly Irish. His massive shoulders betrayed tremendous strength. He was vastly angry about something. He went to the chief's desk and rested his hands upon it. "You are a nice specimen for a chief of police, you are!" he began. "And who the devil are you?" bawled the chief, his choleric rising. "I'll tell you who I am presently. We all eyed him in wonder. What was going to happen now? "Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Hamilton?" asked the new-comer gruffly. Hamilton signified that he was the gentleman by that name. "Some ladies at your ball have been robbed of their diamonds I understand?" "About ten thousands dollars' worth."

"Look here, sir," cried the chief, standing up and baling his fist, "I want you to explain yourself, and mighty quick. You can't come into my presence in this manner."

"Bah! You have just permitted the cleverest rascal in the state to slip through your butter-fingers. I am Haggerty."

The chief of police sat down suddenly.

CHAPTER VII. The consummate darning of it! Why the rascal ought to have been in command of an army. On the Board of Strategy he would have been incomparable!

There followed a tableau that I shall not soon forget. We all stared at the real Haggerty much after the fashion of Medusa's victims. Presently the tension relaxed, and we all sighed. I sighed because the thought of jail for the night in a dress-suit divided in perspective; the girl sighed for the same reason and one or two other things; the chief of the village police and his officers sighed because darkness had suddenly swooped down on them; and Hamilton sighed because there were no gems. Haggerty was the one among us who didn't sigh. He scowled blackly.

This big athlete looked like a detective, and the abrupt authority of his tones convinced me that he was. Haggerty was celebrated in the annals of police affairs; he had handled all sorts of criminals, from titled impostors down to petty thieves. He was not a man to trifle with, mentally or physically, and for this reason we were all shaking in our boots. He owned to a keen but brutal wit; to him there was no such thing as sex among criminals, and he had the tenacity of purpose that has given the bulldog considerable note in the pit. But it was quite plain that for once he had met his match.

"I don't see how you can blame me," mumbled the chief. "None of us was familiar with your looks, and he showed us his star of authority, and went to work in a business-like way—By George! and he has run away with my horse and carriage!"—starting from his chair. "Never mind the horse. You'll find it safe at the railway station," snarled Haggerty. "Now, then, tell me everything that has happened, from beginning to end."

And the chief recounted the adventure briefly. Haggerty looked coldly at me and shrugged his broad shoulders. As for the girl, he never gave her so much as a single glance. He knew a gentleman without looking at her twice.

"Humph! Isn't he a clever one, though?" cried Haggerty, in a burst of admiration. "Clever is no name for him. I'd give a year of my life to come face to face with him. It would be an interesting encounter. Hunted him for weeks, and today laid eyes on him for the first time. Had my clumsy paws on him this very afternoon. He seemed so willing to be locked up that I grew careless. IWF, and he and his accomplice, an erate-waiter, had me trussed like a chicken and bundled into the clothes press. Took my star, credentials, playing-card, and invitation. It was near eleven o'clock when I roused the housekeeper. I telegraphed two hours ago."

"Telegraphed?" exclaimed the chief, rousing himself out of a melancholy dream. (There would be no mention of him in the morning's papers.) "Yes, telegraphed. The despatch lay unopened on your office-desk. You're a good watchdog—for a hen-coop!" growled Haggerty. "Ten thousand in gems to-night, and by this time he is safe in New York. You are all a pack of blockheads."

"Used the telephone, did he? Told you to hold these innocent persons till he went somewhere to land the accomplice, eh? The whistle of the train meant nothing to you. Well, that whistle ought to have told you that there might be a mistake. A good officer never quits his prisoners. If there is an accomplice in toils elsewhere, he makes them bring him in, he does not go out for him. And now I've got to start all over again, and he is in New York, a bigger cat-camp than Rome ever boasted of. He's not a common thief; nobody knows who he is or what his haunts are. But I have seen his face; I'll never forget him."

The chief tore his hair, while his subordinates shuffled their feet uneasily. Then they all started in to explain their theories. But the detective silenced them with a wave of his huge hand. "I don't want to hear any explanations. Let these persons go," he commanded, with a jerk of his head in our direction. "You can all return to town but one officer. I may need a

single man," Haggerty added thoughtfully. "What are you going to do?" asked the chief. "Never you mind. I have an idea; it may be a good one. If it is, I'll telephone you all about it when the time comes."

He stepped over to the telephone and called up central. He spoke so low that none of us overheard what he said; but he hung up the receiver, a satisfied smile on his face.



Haggerty Looked Coldly at Me.

The girl and I were free to go whither we listed, and we listed to return at once to New York. Hamilton, however, begged us to remain, to dance and eat, as a compensation for what we had gone through; but Miss Hawthorne resolutely shook her head; and as there was nothing in the world that would have induced me to stay without her, I shook my head, too. It seemed to me I had known this girl all my life, so closely does misfortune link one life to another. I had seen her for the first time less than eight hours before; and yet I was confident that as many years, under ordinary circumstances, would not have taught me her real worth.

"Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds will never forgive me," said Hamilton dismally, "if she hears that I've been the cause, indirectly and innocently, of turning you away."

"Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds need never know," replied the girl, smiling inscrutably. "In fact, it would be perfectly satisfactory and agreeable to me if she never heard of it."

To Be Continued.

The above story "Hearts and Masks" will be shown at Photoplay Theatre in motion pictures in the near future.

DONATIONS IN DECEMBER Children's Industrial Home Number of Gifts

The Children's Industrial Home has acknowledged donations to the institution during December from the following:

- David Evans, Mrs. Alonzo Lehman, Masonic Lodge No. 629, Jacob Ruder, Shaver Manufacturing Company, Mrs. Emma Doehe, Mrs. J. K. White, Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart, D. Bacon Company, Augustus Wildman, Mrs. George Kelly, Mrs. J. B. McAllister, Bates & Company, A. H. Kreider & Company, F. W. Woolworth, Luther Minter, R. E. Bates, J. E. Hargest, Samuel Erb, Mrs. M. Ramsey, Mrs. William Laubenstein's class of Messiah Lutheran Sunday school, Miss Clara Bell, E. Heffelfinger, Forney school building, Mrs. Al. Seligman, East End Bakery, Harrisburg Baking Company, Miss Mary Cameron, Mrs. J. J. Ogelsby, Mrs. Elsie Middleton, Mrs. Gilgar, Mrs. W. H. Metzgar, Zion Lutheran church, Mrs. Helen Weirman, James W. Barker, Lewis M. Neiffer, Bowman & Co.

TRENTINI ILL, PLAY CLOSES Philadelphia, Jan. 11.—Because of the illness of Mile. Emma Trentini, the singer, her engagement at the Lyric theatre, where she has been appearing in a new opera, "The Peasant Girl," has ended abruptly.

Mile. Trentini fainted on the stage at the Saturday matinee. She sang at the Saturday night performance, but it so weakened her that her physician 7117-fuuz shrd lshrd shrdlshrdltd

AMUSEMENTS

MAJESTIC To-morrow evening, Lecture by Armgard Karl Graves, the super-spy. Friday evening only, Ethel Barrymore, in her new play, "The Shadow."

ORPHEUM Every afternoon and evening, high class vaudeville.

COLONIAL Every afternoon and evening, vaudeville and pictures.

Armgard Karl Graves Armgard Karl Graves, called by the British press "the greatest spy of the century," because of his great work as a member of the German Secret Service, will be at the Majestic to-morrow evening, and will give a gripping and sensational talk of the facts leading up to the great European struggle, and of the connection the secret service of the warring nations plays in the turmoil.

Ethel Barrymore Ethel Barrymore, in a new play, entitled "The Shadow," will come to the Majestic theatre for one performance on Friday evening, January 15, her local appearance being one of the few engagements preliminary to her mid-winter season at the New York Empire theatre. "The Shadow" is the work of Dario Nicodem and Michael Morton, the former is the author of several French successes produced by Madame Rejane, and the latter best known as the author of "The Yellow Ticket."

Oldest Resident of Gap Dies Gap, Jan. 11.—William Hamilton, 91 years old, the oldest resident in this section, died Saturday night from general debility. He retired from active life several years ago, being engaged in the fruit and farming business. He was one of the organizers of the Leacock Methodist church and is survived by three children.

Vocals Quick Relief for Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness. Clear the Voice—Fine for Speakers and Singers. 25c. GORGAS' DRUG STORES 16 N. Third St. Penna. Station

Cumberland Valley Railroad In Effect May 24, 1914. Trains Leave Harrisburg: For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5.05, 7.50 a. m., 3.40 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5.02, 7.47, 11.53 a. m., 3.40, 6.32, 7.40, 11.00 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.45 a. m., 2.18, 3.27, 6.30, 8.20 p. m. For Dillsburg at 5.02, 7.50 and 11.53 a. m., 2.18, 3.40, 6.32, 6.50 p. m. Daily. All other trains only group Sunday. J. H. TONGE, H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A. Supt.

BUSINESS COLLEGE HBC, BUSINESS COLLEGE 329 Market Street Fall Term September First DAY AND NIGHT

Big Dividends For You Begin next Monday in Day or Night School SCHOOL OF COMMERCE 15 S. Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.

If You Are Looking For a Pure Beer--

Made of the finest Malt and Hops—Sparkling Filtered Water—and Purest Yeast—by the best Sanitary Methods. Order DOEHNE Beer. DOEHNE BREWERY Bell #26 L Independent 318

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel To Make Crackers At Home

Do you remember how mother used to say, "Well, run get some crackers, then, if you are hungry," and we'd fill our apron pockets from the plump little jar that was always filled with the crisp "pieces."

Children can't do that now for crackers have graduated into wafers and instead of selling at five cents a pound or three pounds for a dime, in bulk, they are purchased in quarter pound cartons and served at tea, or to company. Next to cookies children enjoy crackers for lunches and mothers will do well to reach down the old cracker jar and keep it filled and in their reach.

The following is the commercial cracker easy to make and warranted to "keep" as long as it lasts: One quart or four cups of flour, three teaspoons of butter, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt, two cups of sweet milk or water. The milk makes a richer cracker; the water a crispier one, though the difference is so slight as to be immaterial. Sift the dry ingredients together, rub in the butter and then the liquid. Place the dough on a mixing board and roll and beat and work it until it seems full of tiny air cells, this will take about twenty minutes. Roll to a thin sheet and cut out in squares or rounds. Prick each one with a fork and place on pans so they do not touch, bake in a slow oven until they are crisp and hard but not brown. When they are cool put them in a bag and hang up. Do not keep in a box.

MURDER OF SIX CHARGED

Negro's Pardon Held Up by New Evidence Charleston, W. Va., Jan. 11.—Prevented from receiving a Christmas pardon from Governor H. D. Hatfield, because of an anonymous letter, Wyle Lewis, a colored prisoner in the West Virginia penitentiary, is alleged by detectives of Columbus, O., to have been responsible for the deaths of six persons in Columbus in 1896.

According to affidavits obtained by the detectives, Lewis is said to have admitted knowledge of the robbery of the home of John Hibbard, of Columbus, and of setting fire to it. Hibbard, his wife, two children and two women relatives were cremated. Lewis is serving a life sentence for a murder committed fifteen years ago. Governor Hatfield received a letter accusing Lewis of the Columbus crime, and held up the proposed pardon, pending an investigation.

AUTO BANDITS ROB HOTEL

Wallet Containing \$1,075 Taken From Underneath Landlord's Pillow Easton, Pa., Jan. 11.—Between 2.30 and 3 o'clock yesterday morning two men occupying a light-colored touring car drove up to the Great Meadows hotel, Great Meadows, N. J., and while one remained on guard outside the other forced open a rear window and entered. After going through the cash register in the bar room, the thief entered the apartment occupied by John Reed, the proprietor, and wife. From under the pillow he extracted the landlord's wallet, containing \$1,075. The thief used a searchlight, the rays of which awakened Mrs. Reed just as he was leaving the room. She seized a revolver and handed it to her husband, who fired three shots at the retreating burglar. None took effect, and he ran down the stairs and joined his companion Reed raised a window and aroused the neighborhood, but the motor quickly disappeared.

CROWD SEES MAN OUT IN TWO

Salesman Killed by Train at Erie Station in Kearny, N. J. Kearny, N. J., Jan. 11.—Charles McTaggart, a salesman for W. E. Marshall & Co., 146 West Twenty-third street, New York, was killed by an Erie passenger train in front of the station here at noon yesterday. His body was cut in two. The station platform was crowded. A number of women fainted.

MOJA Good Enough For the Most Critical Smoker Sure thing! Watch the men who buy them! They know quality and ask for MOJA. 10c CIGARS because they know they are all Havana cigars with 50 years' cigar making back of them to guarantee best results from the use of choicest leaf. Made by J. C. Herman & Co.



Haggerty Looked Coldly at Me.

"What?" We Heard Him Exclaim. (Thanks, Teddy!) I began to breathe.

"But—" began the chief, seized with sudden misgivings. "It is impossible, I tell you," interrupted Hamilton. "I know this gentleman is incapable of the theft. There is some frightful mistake. How the dickens did you get here, Dicky?"

And early I told him my story, my ass' ears growing inch by inch as I went along. Hamilton didn't know whether to swear or to laugh; finally he laughed.

"If you wanted to come, why didn't you write me for an invitation?" "I shouldn't have come to your old ball had I been invited. It was just the idea of the lark."

"We shall have to hold him, nevertheless," said the chief, "till everything is cleared up. The girl—"

"Madame, will you do me the honor to raise your mask?" She did so; and I saw Hamilton draw in his breath. Her beauty was certainly of an exquisite pattern. He frowned anxiously.

"I never saw this young woman before," he admitted slowly. "Ha!" cried the chief, glad to find some one culpable.

"Did you receive your invitation through the proper channels?" asked Hamilton. "I came here to-night," coldly, "on the invitation of Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds, who sailed for Europe Wednesday."

Here was an alibi that was an alibi! I was all at sea. Hamilton bowed; the chief coughed worriedly behind his hand. The girl had told me she was an impostor like myself, that her ten of hearts was as dark-stained as my own. I could not make head or tail to it. Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds! She was a law in the land, especially in Blankshire, the larger part of which she owned. What did it all mean? And what was her idea in posing as an impostor?

The door opened again. "The patrol has come," said the officer who entered. "Let it wait," growled the chief. "Haggerty has evidently got us all balled up. I don't believe his fashionable thief has materialized at all; just a common crook. Well, he's got him, at any rate, and the gems."

"You have, of course, the general invitation?" said Hamilton. "Here it is," and she passed the engraved card to him. "I beg a thousand pardons!" said Hamilton humbly. "Everything seemed to have gone wrong."

"Will you guarantee this man?" asked the chief of Hamilton, nodding toward me. "I have said so. Mr. Comstalk is very well known to me. He is a retired army officer, and to my knowledge a man with an income sufficient to put him far beyond want."

"What is your name?" asked the girl, scowling. It was quite evident he couldn't understand her actions any better than I. "Alice Hawthorne," with an oblique glance at me. "I had been right!"

"What is your occupation? I am obliged to ask these questions, Miss." "I am a miniature painter,"—briefly. Hamilton came forward. "Alice Hawthorne? Pardon me, but are you the artist who recently completed the miniature of the Emperor of Germany, the Princess of Hesse, and Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds?"

"I am. I believe there is no further reason for detaining me." "Emperor of Germany?" echoed the now bewildered chief. "Why didn't you tell all this to Mr. Haggerty?" "I had my reasons."

Once again the door opened. A burly man in a dark business-suit entered. His face was ruddy and his little grey eyes sparkled with suppressed ire. He

STAR-INDEPENDENT CALENDAR FOR 1915 May be had at the business office of the Star-Independent for 10c or will be sent to any address in the United States, by mail, for 5 cents extra to cover cost of package and postage. The Star-Independent Calendar for 1915 is another of the handsome series, featuring important local views, issued by this paper for many years. It is 11x14 inches in size and shows a picture, extraordinary for clearness and detail, of the "Old Capitol," built 1818 and destroyed by fire in 1897. It is in fine half-tone effect and will be appreciated for its historic value as well as for its beauty. Mail orders given prompt attention. Remit 15 cents in stamps, and address all letters to the STAR-INDEPENDENT 18-20-22 South Third Street Harrisburg, Pa.