



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Care of Food in the House

Food needs care in cold weather as well as when the mercury hovers around the torrid mark. Impure air is contaminating and dust contains all manner of dangers. Impurities are carried from one food that has lost its freshness to another and decay starts and makes headway in a wonderfully short time.

The truth about right housekeeping is that prevention is far better than cure. Pure air, sunshine, dryness and quick removal of all questionable articles are the chief essentials to wholesome conditions in every part of the house, particularly in the food storage places. This is so because bacteria and mold thrive in darkness and dampness and because they cannot live in sunshine and fresh air.

Some foods have a finer flavor when they have aged for a time. Meat is sometimes allowed to hang until a "gamey" taste is apparent, cheese is kept until certain ferments give it a desired odor and character, but it is hard to tell when the line between harmless ripening and hurtful decay is passed and sometimes food becomes dangerous before any outward signs are to be seen. Potatoes are substances that are given off by harmful decomposition and cause after case of food poisoning is traced to stale, badly cared for food. No one knows how these poisons are developed but we all know how serious a thing ptomaine poisoning is. The greatest caution should be observed in

caring for our goods, then, so that we can feel safe from at least one ill.

Clean markets and shops are now becoming the rule and the purchaser has in her own hands, or purse, rather, the remedy against dirty ones. The store room in the home needs our personal supervision. Window storage boxes, tight fitting covers for all food containers and suitable jars, bowls and receptacles for foods should be provided. Complete sterilization can always be secured by a plentiful use of boiling water and there are so many new cleaning agents now on sale that all food holders can be kept spotless.

- DAILY MENU**
- Breakfast**
Cereal Sugar and Cream
Crisp Bacon Buttered Toast
Eggs Coffee
- Luncheon**
Cold Chicken
Boston Brown Bread Unsalted Butter
Relishes
Canned Pears Cottage Cheese
Cocoa
Dinner
- Dinner**
Blue Points Consomme
Pot Roast Beef
Brussels Sprouts Potatoes
Sweet Bread Patties
Caramelized Sweet Potatoes
Sherbet Winter Salad
Fruit Pudding with Whipped Cream
After Dinner Coffee
Little Cakes
Mints

WHITE; WOULD WED NEGRO

Girl and Father Vexed When Register Refuses License

Pottsville, Pa., Feb. 3.—Register H. H. Seltzer stood aghast at his desk yesterday morning when Mabel Weirich, a white girl, aged 21, approached him and asked for a license to marry "Bill" Hill, a negro, aged 35, who accompanied her. The father of the girl was also present and said he approved of the marriage. Register Seltzer refused to issue the license, and the couple secured the assistance of several lawyers, who visited Register Seltzer, but did not succeed in swerving him.

The father of the girl lives at Tremont, in the west end of the county, and expressed his indignation in loud words that he had lost a day's work. Public sentiment sustains Register Seltzer. One of the county judges who was consulted about tying the knot expressed his opinion that a recent United States statute prohibits such marriages.

Fined for Immoral Show
West Chester, Pa., Feb. 3.—For conducting a show house without a license and for producing a show of an immoral nature, Charles H. Burns, a business man of this borough, has been fined \$100 and costs. Burns furnished security and will appeal to the court.

STATE POSTMASTERS NAMED

Phoenixville and Scranton Appointees Were National Delegates

Washington, Feb. 3.—Two delegates to the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore were appointed postmasters in Pennsylvania yesterday. The successful candidates who voted for Wilson at Baltimore are Jerome A. Hartman, at Phoenixville, and John J. Durkin, at Scranton.

Other Pennsylvania postmasters nominated yesterday include George D. Schoenly, Bovertown; Norman D. Matson, Brookville; George E. Hipps, Carrolltown; William A. Irwin, Downingtown; Harry K. McCulloch, Freeport; Daniel R. Dunkel, Hamburg; E. R. Benson, Mount Jewett; David M. Means, New Wilmington; Irwin Simpson, Punxsutawney; William T. Benner, Saxton, and Allen S. Garman, Tyrone.

Hits Sunday-working Crews
Altoona, Pa., Feb. 3.—Twenty-five freight trainmen on the Middle division of the Pennsylvania railroad were yesterday summoned to appear before a Port Royal Justice of the Peace to answer a charge of violating the blue laws by working Sunday before last. The informer is said to be a former Pennsylvania employe. The company will vigorously fight the cases.



PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title—Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

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(CONTINUED.)

"He remembers a niece he never saw, and his own sister"—And Mrs. Chichester once more burst into tears.

"It beats cockfighting; that's all I can say," cried Alaric. "It simply beats cockfighting."

Mr. Hawkes went on reading: "If at the expiration of one year my niece is found to be, in the judgment of my executors, unworthy of further interest she is to be returned to her father and the sum of £250 a year paid her to provide her with the necessities of life. If, on the other hand, she proves herself worthy of the best traditions of the Kingsnorth family the course of training is to be continued until she reaches the age of twenty-one, when I hereby bequeath to her the sum of £5,000 a year, to be paid her annually out of my estate during her lifetime and to be continued after her death to any male issue she may have—by marriage."

Mr. Hawkes stopped and once again looked at the strange family. Mrs. Chichester was sobbing. "And me—his own sister!"

Alaric was moving restlessly about. "Beats anything I've heard of—positively anything."

Ethel was looking intently at Pet's coat. Hawkes continued: "On no account is her father to be permitted to visit her, and should the course of training be continued after the first year she must not on any account visit her



Hawkes Read the Kingsnorth Will.

father. After she reaches the age of twenty-one she can do as she pleases." Mr. Hawkes folded up the will with the air of a man who had finished an important duty.

Alaric burst out with: "I don't see how that clause interests as in the least, Mr. Hawkes."

The lawyer removed his pince nez and, looking steadily at Mrs. Chichester, said: "Now, my dear Mrs. Chichester, it was Mr. Kingsnorth's wish that the first lady to be approached on the matter of undertaking the training of the young lady should be—you."

Mrs. Chichester rose in astonishment. "I?"

Alaric arose in anger. "My mother?" Ethel quietly pulled Pet's ear and waited.

Mr. Hawkes went on quietly: "Mr. Kingsnorth said he would be sure at least of his niece having a strict upbringing in the best traditions of the Kingsnorths and that, though his sister Monica was somewhat narrow and conventional in ideas—I use his own words—still he felt sure she was eminently fitted to undertake such a charge. There—you have the whole object of my visit. Now, will you undertake the training of the young lady?"

"I never heard of such a thing!" cried Mrs. Chichester furiously.

"Ridiculous!" said Ethel calmly.

"Tush and nonsense!" with which Alaric dismissed the whole matter.

"Then I may take it you refuse?" queried the astonished lawyer.

"Absolutely!" from Mrs. Chichester.

"Entirely!" from Ethel.

"I should say so!" and Alaric brought up the rear.

Mr. Hawkes gathered up his papers and in a tone of regret ventured: "Then there is nothing more to be said. I was only carrying out the dead man's wishes by coming here and making the facts known to you. Mr. Kingsnorth was of the opinion that you were well provided for and that, outside of the sentimental reason that the girl was your own niece, the additional thousand pounds a year might be welcome as, say, pin money for your daughter."

Ethel laughed her dry, cheerless little laugh. "Ha! Pin money?"

Alaric grew suddenly grave and drew his mother and sister out of Mr. Hawkes' vicinity.

"Listen, mater, Ethel, it's a cool thousand, you know! Thousands don't grow on raspberry bushes when your bank's gone up. What do ye think,

Mrs. Chichester brightened. "It would keep things together," she said.

"The wolf from the door," urged Alaric.

"No charity," chimed in Ethel.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I'd be happier with me father."

"SOMETHING may be saved from the wreck," reasoned Mrs. Chichester more hopefully.

"Until I get really started," said Alaric with a sense of climax.

Mrs. Chichester turned to her daughter. "Ethel?"

"Whatever you decide, mamma," Mrs. Chichester thought a moment, then decided. "I'll do it," she said determinedly. "I'll do it," she said determinedly. "I'll do it," she said determinedly.

liberally to Mr. Hawkes, who by this time had disposed of all his documents and was preparing to go. A look in Mrs. Chichester's face stopped him.

He smiled at her.

"Well?" he asked.

"For the sake of the memory of my dead sister, I will do as Nathaniel wished," said Mrs. Chichester, with great dignity and self-abnegation.

Mr. Hawkes breathed a sigh of relief.

"Good!" he said. "I'm delighted. It is splendid. Now that you have decided so happily there is one thing more I must tell you. The young lady is not to be told the conditions of the will unless at the discretion of the executors should some crisis arise. She will be to all intents and purposes—your guest. In that way we may be able to arrive at a more exact knowledge of her character. Is that understood?"

The family signified severally and collectively that it was.

"And now," beamed the lawyer, happy at the fortunate outcome of a situation that a few moments before seemed so strained, "where is your bell?"

Alaric indicated the bell.

"May I ring?" asked the lawyer.

"Certainly," replied Alaric.

Mr. Hawkes rang.

Alaric watched him curiously. "Want a sandwich or something?"

Hawkes smiled benignly on the unfortunate family and rubbed his hands together self-satisfiedly.

"Now I would like to send for the young lady—the heiress."

"Where is she?" asked Mrs. Chichester.

"She arrived from New York this morning, and I brought her straight here. I had to call on a client, so I gave her your address and told her to come here and wait."

At the word "wait" an uneasy feeling took possession of Ethel. That was the word used by that wretched little creature who had so rudely intruded upon her and Brent. Could it be possible—

The footman entered at that moment.

The lawyer questioned him.

"Is there a young lady waiting for Mr. Hawkes?"

"A young lady, sir? No, sir," answered Jarvis.

Mr. Hawkes was puzzled. What in the world had become of her? He told the cabman distinctly where to go.

Jarvis opened the door to go out when a thought suddenly occurred to him. He turned back and spoke to the lawyer:

"There's a young person sitting in the kitchen—came up and knocked at the door and said she had to wait until a gentleman called. Can't get nothing out of her."

Hawkes brightened up.

"That must be Miss O'Connell," he said. He turned to Mrs. Chichester and asked her if he might bring the young lady in there.

"My niece in the kitchen!" said Mrs. Chichester to the unfortunate footman.

"Surely you should know the difference between my niece and a servant?"

"I am truly sorry, madam," replied Jarvis in distress, "but there was nothing to tell."

"Another such mistake and you can leave my employment," Mrs. Chichester added severely.

Jarvis pleaded piteously: "Upon my word, madam, no one could tell."

"That will do!" thundered Mrs. Chichester. "Bring my niece here—at once!"

The wretched Jarvis departed on his errand, muttering to himself: "Wait until they see her. Who in the world could tell she was their relation?"

Mrs. Chichester was very angry.

"It's monstrous!" she exclaimed.

"Stupid!" agreed Alaric. "Doocid stupid!"

Ethel said nothing. The one thought that was passing through her mind was, "How much did that girl hear Brent say, and how much did she see Mr. Brent do?"

Hawkes tried to smooth the misunderstanding out.

"I am afraid it was all my fault," he explained. "I told her not to talk—just to say that she was to wait. I wanted to have an opportunity to explain matters before introducing her."

"She should have been brought straight to me," complained Mrs. Chichester. "The poor thing!" Then with a feeling of outraged pride she said: "My niece in the kitchen—a Kingsnorth mistaken for a servant!"

The door opened and Jarvis came into the room. There was a look of half triumph on his face as much as

to say: "Now, who would not make a mistake like that? Who could tell this girl was your niece?"

He beckoned Peg to come into the room.

Then the Chichester family received the second shock they had experienced that day—one compared with which the failure of the bank paled into insignificance. When they saw the strange, shabby, red haired girl slouch into the room with her parcels and that disgraceful looking dog they felt the hand of misfortune had indeed fallen upon them.

As Peg wandered into the room Mrs. Chichester and Alaric looked at her in horrified amazement.



Mrs. Chichester Was Angry; Ethel Said Nothing.

and then turned her attention to Peg. Jarvis looked reproachfully at Mrs. Chichester as much as to say, "What did I tell you?" and went out.

Alaric whispered to his mother: "Oh, I say, really, you know—it isn't true! It can't be."

Peg suddenly saw Michael and began to bark furiously at him. Michael responded vigorously until Peg quieted him.

At this juncture Mr. Hawkes came forward and, taking Peg gently by the arm, reassured her by saying:

"Come here, my dear. Come here. Don't be frightened. We're all your friends."

He brought Peg over to Mrs. Chichester, who was staring at her with tears of mortification in her eyes.

When Peg's eyes met her aunt's she bobbed a little courtesy she used to do as a child whenever she met some of the gentlefolk.

Mrs. Chichester went cold when she saw the gauche act. Was it possible that this creature was her sister Angela's child? It seemed incredible.

"What is your name?" she asked sternly.

"Peg, ma'am."

"What?"

"Sure, me name's Peg, ma'am," and she bobbed another little courtesy.

To Be Continued

HOSPITAL IMPROVEMENTS TO BE MADE IN ANY EVENT

If State Refuses Money Harrisburg Institution Must Get It From Some Other Source, Says Superintendent W. M. Condon

Needed improvements to the Harrisburg hospital for which application has been made to the State Board of Public Charities and which have not been recommended by the board will be made even if the State does not appropriate money for that purpose, according to W. M. Condon, superintendent of the hospital.

The State Board has recommended to the Legislature that \$35,000 be appropriated to the Harrisburg hospital for maintenance only, clipping \$15,000 from what was asked. An additional \$9,500 was sought for needed improvements which include items of \$2,500 for tiling dispensaries, a new operating room, laundry machinery and \$2,000 for fire doors.

"The improvements are needed for the safety of the patients," said Mr. Condon, "and we will carry them through. We'll have to get the money some place if we have to go to the public to get it. The fire doors have been ordered installed by the State Department of Labor and Industry."

The recommendation of the State Board of Charities is not final. Bills for the various appropriations will be introduced singly in the Legislature and that body may see fit to give the local institution some money for improvements. The Governor, however, has the last say on appropriations and his final cut generally brings the total of charity appropriations to within a few thousand of the recommendations of the State Board.

DEATH IN HUNT FOR LEAK

Man Lights Match and Gas Main Does the Rest

Waukegan, Ill., Feb. 3.—Gas from a leak in a main 25 feet from his home woke Joseph Zelmo yesterday. He struck a match, and the resulting explosion killed his wife and his mother and injured him so that he may die. Two years ago leaking gas smothered Zelmo's two little children. The main supplies Waukegan and other North Shore towns.

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THINK FIREBUGS ARE BUSY

Third and Fourth Supposed Incendiary Fires in West Berwick

Berwick, Pa., Feb. 3.—The third and fourth fires, supposedly of incendiary origin, this week in West Berwick, occurred yesterday, and as a result the community is aroused. Following an explosion at daybreak the one-story shoe shop of Joseph Badalato, in which there was no stove fire, was destroyed, and insurance of \$750 fully covers the loss.

A double house near the scene of the double incendiary fire Monday was found blazing with a large pile of rugs and carpets. Arrests are expected.

HAPPY WOMEN

Plenty of Them in Harrisburg, and Good Reasons for It

Wouldn't any woman be happy, After years of backache suffering, Days of misery, nights of unrest, The distress of urinary troubles, When she finds freedom.

Many readers will profit by the following.

Mrs. A. H. Fogle, 2145 North Fifth street, Harrisburg, says: "During the past ten years I have been troubled more or less by my kidneys. I used to have so much misery around my kidneys that I could hardly endure it. My kidneys were weak and at night caused me much annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended so highly that I got some, and after taking them I noticed great improvement in my condition. As soon as my kidneys are out of order now I take a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills and the results are always most satisfactory."

Price 50¢, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Fogle had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5:03, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:03, 7:50, 11:52 a. m., 3:40, 6:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 8:30, 9:30 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:52 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 6:32, 6:30 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. J. H. FOGLE, Supt.

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

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To the Public

When in the market for Printing or Binding of any description, see us before placing your order. We believe it will be to our MUTUAL benefit. No trouble to give estimates or answer questions.

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