

George A. Gorgas Drug Stores Selling Cough Medicine At Half Price To-day A Chance to Reduce Expenses

Any person calling at Geo. A. Gorgas' Drug Stores, 16 N. Third street and 17 E. Second, to-day or to-morrow and presenting the coupon below will be entitled to a 50c bottle of Schiffmann's Concentrated Expecto-rant for half price. But remember on these days only. With a view to giving those who have not yet used this excellent remedy an opportunity of trying it to prove its merits, all persons applying are given a chance to obtain a regular 50c bottle for 25c, by presenting the coupon below. Even though not in need of such a medicine at the present time, it will pay to buy one to-day, as some such medicine is sure to be required before the winter is over, but this remedy is especially adapted for half price again. This excellent remedy is so strongly concentrated that a quantity about the size of a small pea, simply one pint of granulated sugar and one-half pint of water (according to printed directions) makes a whole family supply (16 ounces), as much as would ordinarily cost \$2.00 to \$3.00 for the same quantity of the old, ordinary, ready-made kinds of cough medicine of doubtful merit. It is prepared from strictly harmless plants, contains absolutely no chloroform, opium, morphine or any other narcotic or injurious drugs which do most Cough Remedies, and can therefore be given to children with perfect safety. It is pleasant to take and children are fond of it. Besides absolutely no risk whatever is run in buying this remedy, as George A. Gorgas' Drug Stores will refund your 25c if it is not found the very best remedy ever used for Croup, Whooping Cough or Hoarseness. Persons calling after the supply has been sold or living out of the city where it cannot be obtained of a local druggist, will not be disappointed but will be sent a bottle, post paid, upon receipt of the coupon and 25c, providing they write the name of the store to-day. Address: Geo. A. Schiffmann, 295 W. 6th St., St. Paul, Minn.

TWENTY-FIVE CENT COUPON—NO. 3

This coupon and 25c is good for one (only) 50c bottle of Schiffmann's Concentrated Expecto-rant at George A. Gorgas' Drug Stores, if presented to-day or to-morrow only.

Name..... Address.....



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

White Sponge Cake—Angel Food

The whitest and finest cake made is called Angel food, and it is nothing more or less than a white sponge cake. Its beauty lies in its exquisite fineness of texture and wonderful lightness. Eleven to thirteen eggs are called for in most recipes and the whites alone are used. The increasing price of eggs make this cake almost a luxury so we turn to the professional baker for a solution of the question. We know he uses some other leavening agent than eggs.

Here is the bake-shop recipe: Whites of 6 eggs; cup of sifted granulated sugar, 1/2 cup sifted flour, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon flavoring extract. (Buy cream of tartar at drug store). The cream of tartar, the flour and the sugar are sifted together, but first the sugar is sifted alone for it must be finer than most granulated sugar is or the cake will not rise. The eggs are whipped until firm enough to cut in slices with a knife. This is called a "dry whip." Add the extract to the eggs and sift in the dry ingredients lightly without beating. A fork or slotted spoon should be used for the mixing. The ordinary spoon is too heavy and breaks the air cells in the eggs. Bake this cake in a loaf pan in a slack oven from twenty to thirty minutes. When baked turn pan upside down to cool, do not try to take cake from pan until it is cold. As this cake has a tendency to fall in the middle special pans are made for baking it called tube pans that prevent it falling.

Plain white icing for above: 4 table-spoons of powdered sugar, 1 white of egg. Use just enough of the egg to moisten the sugar to a paste that will spread. This icing may be tinted for special occasions; for instance on St. Patrick's day it can be made green with cake coloring. For patriotic dinners the flag can be worked on it with red and blue coloring. The recipe given here may be doubled and a large cake made, and, if desired, ornaments may be used on it. These are made with the frosting given above but it should be moist enough to flow. The pastry tubes used for piping the decorations onto cakes cost about five cents each and the pastry bag can be made at home from ducking or rubber cloth. It only takes a little practice to make handsome piping.

DAILY MENU

- Breakfast: Fruit, Cereal and Cream
- Hot Biscuit, Bacon, Eggs
- Hashed Browned Potatoes
- Coffee, Breakfast Cocoa
- Luncheon: Fruit Oysters, Celery, Wafers
- Tea: Sandwiches, Dinner, Clear Broth
- Olives, Bread Sticks, Stuffed Roast Turkey
- Cranberry Sauce, Cauliflower
- Fruit Pritters, Ice Cream, Angel Cake, Coffee

THE DAILY FASHION HINT.



Net gowns that are a tint off the white are to be very fashionable, as this dress of cream net over chiffon. Gold and tomato red ribbon make a brilliant color girdle. Fitted lace sleeves and overbodice drapery. Leghorn hat with black velvet ribbon and bright flowers.

ROSENBERGER AT FOOD SHOW
Chief Bacteriologist of Jefferson College Visits Lancaster
Lancaster, Feb. 4.—The speaker at Lancaster's Pure Food Show yesterday afternoon was Dr. Randall Rosenberger, chief bacteriologist of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, whose topic was "Milk as a Food and Its Dangers."
An unusual gathering was present at the central market, a big audience of farmers and their patrons being addressed by Harry P. Cassidy, of pure food fame. Mr. Cassidy spoke on "What Pure Food Means to the Farmers of Lancaster County."

RUN DOWN BY AUTO
Man of 55 Severely Injured in Lower Gwynedd, Montgomery County
Norristown, Pa., Feb. 4.—A. P. Smith, 55 years old, was admitted to Charity hospital, seriously injured as the result of being struck and run over by an automobile on Bethlehem Pike, at Lower Gwynedd.
He was attempting to board a trolley car on the Lehigh Valley transit line when the accident happened. His right arm is so badly crushed that it may have to be amputated. The left arm is fractured and he has lacerations and internal injuries.



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.)
Mrs. Chichester closed her eyes and shivered. She asked Alarie to ring. As that young gentleman passed Ethel on his way to the bell he said: "It can't really be true! Eh, Ethel?"
"Quaint," was all his sister replied. Hawkes gently drew Peg's attention to her aunt by introducing her: "This lady is Mrs. Chichester—your aunt." Peg looked at her doubtfully a moment, then turned to Hawkes and asked him: "Where's my uncle?"
"Ah, my dear child, your uncle is dead."
"Dead?" exclaimed Peg in surprise. "After sendin' for me?"
"He died just before you sailed," added Hawkes.
"God rest his soul," said Peg piously. "Sure, if I'd known that I'd never have come at all. I'm too late, then. Good day to ye," and she started for the door.
Mr. Hawkes stopped her. "Where are you going?"
"Back to my father."
"Oh nonsense!"
"But I must go back to my father if my uncle's dead."
"It was Mr. Kingsnorth's last wish that you should stay here under your aunt's care. So she has kindly consented to give you a home."
Peg gazed at Mrs. Chichester curiously.
"Have ye?" she asked.
Mrs. Chichester, with despair in every tone, replied, "I have!"
"Thank ye," said Peg, bobbing another little courtesy.
Mrs. Chichester gazed at Peg and covered her eyes with her hand as if to shut out some painful sight.
Peg looked at Mrs. Chichester and at the significant action. There was no mistaking its significance. It conveyed dislike and contempt so plainly that Peg felt it through her whole nature. She turned to Alarie and found him regarding her as though she were some strange animal. Ethel did not deign to notice her. She whispered to Hawkes:
"I can't stay here."
"Why not?" asked the lawyer.
"I'd be happier with my father," said Peg.
"You'll be quite happy here—quite."
"We're not wanted here, Michael!" she murmured.
The terrier looked up at her and then buried his head under her arm as though ashamed.
Jarvis came in response to the ring at that moment, bearing a pained, martyr-like expression on his face.
Mrs. Chichester directed him to take away Peg's parcels and the dog.
Peg frightenedly clutched the terrier. "Oh, no, ma'am," she pleaded. "Please have Michael with me. Don't take him away from me."
"Take it away," commanded Mrs. Chichester severely, "and never let it inside the house again."
"Well, if ye don't want him inside yer house ye don't want me inside yer house," Peg snapped back.
Hawkes pleaded.
"No!" said Peg firmly. "I will not give him up."
The lawyer tried again to take the dog from her. "Come, Miss O'Connell; you really must be reasonable."
"I don't care about being reasonable," replied Peg. "Michael was given to me by my father, an' he's not very big, an' he's not a watchdog; he's a pet dog—an' look!" She caught sight of Ethel's little poodle, and with a cry of self justification, she said:
"See, she has a dog in the house—right here in the house. Look at it!" And she pointed to where the little ball of white wool lay sleeping on Ethel's lap. Then Peg laughed heartily. "I didn't know what it was until it moved."

CHAPTER XVII.

Peg and the Chichester Family.
PEG finally weakened under Mr. Hawkes' powers of persuasion. Patting Michael on the head, she said to the footman:
"Ye won't hurt him, will ye?"
Michael at that stage licked her hand and whined, as though he knew they were to be separated. Peg comforted him and went on: "An' I'd be much obliged to ye if ye'd give him some water an' a bone. He loves mutton bones."
Peg looked down and found Alarie sitting at a desk near the door staring at her in disgust.
He was such a funny looking little fellow to Peg that she could not feel any resentment toward him. His sleek, well brushed hair; his carefully creased and admirably cut clothes, his self sufficiency and, above all, his absolute assurance that whatever he did was right amused Peg immensely. He was an entirely new type of young man to her, and she was interested. She smiled at him now in a friendly way and said: "Ye must know Michael is simply crazy about mutton. He loves mutton."
Alarie turned indignantly away from her.
"Come here!" called Mrs. Chichester. Peg walked over to her, and when she got almost beside the old lady she turned to have another glimpse at Alarie and gave him a little, chuckling, good natured laugh.
"Look at me!" commanded Mrs. Chichester sternly.
"Yes, ma'am," replied Peg, with a little courtesy. Mrs. Chichester closed her eyes for a moment. "What was to be done with this barbarian? Why should this affliction be thrust upon her? Then she thought of the thousand pounds a year. She opened her eyes and looked severely at Peg.
"Don't call me 'ma'am,'" she said.
"No, ma'am," replied Peg nervously, then instantly corrected herself. "No, an't! No, an't!"
"An't!" said Mrs. Chichester laughingly. "An't, an't an't."
Alarie complained to Ethel:
"An't! Like some little crawly insect!"
Peg heard him, looked at him and laughed. He certainly was odd. Then she looked at Ethel, then at Mr. Hawkes, then all around the room, as if she missed some one. Finally she faced Mrs. Chichester again.
"Are you my Uncle Nat's widdy?"
"No, I am not," contradicted the old lady sharply.
"Then how are you me—aunt?" demanded Peg.
"I am your mother's sister," replied Mrs. Chichester.
"Oh!" cried Peg. "Then your name's Monica?"
"It is."
"What do ye think of that?" said Peg under her breath. She surreptitiously opened out the miniature and looked at it; then she scrutinized her aunt. She shook her head.
"Ye don't look a bit like me poor mother did."
"What have you there?" asked Mrs. Chichester.
"Me poor mother's picture," replied Peg softly.
"Let me see it," and Mrs. Chichester held out her hand for it. Peg showed it to Mrs. Chichester, all the while keeping a jealous hold on the corner of the frame. No one would ever take it away from her. The old lady looked at it intently. Finally she said:
"I had changed very much since I last saw her—and in one year."
"Sorrow an' poverty did that, Aunt Monica," and the tears sprang unbidden into Peg's eyes.
"Aunt will be quite sufficient. Put it away," and Mrs. Chichester released the miniature.
"Sit down," directed the old lady.
Peg sprang into a chair with a great sigh of relief.
"Thank ye, an't—aunt," she said. Then she looked at them all alternately and laughed heartily:
"Sure I had no idea in the world I had such fine relations, although, of course, my father often said to me, 'Now, Peg, he would say, 'now, Peg, ye've got some grand folks on yer mother's side'—"



The Butler Took Michael; Peg Asked Him Not to Hurt the Dog.

"Folks! Really—Ethel!" cried Alarie disgustedly.
"Yes, that's what he said—grand folks on me mother's side."
Mrs. Chichester silenced Peg.
"That will do. Don't sprawl in that way. Sit up. Try to remember where you are. Look at your cousin," and the mother indicated Ethel. Peg sat up demurely and looked at Ethel. She chuckled to herself as she turned back to Mrs. Chichester:
"Is she me cousin?"
"Is she," replied the mother.
"And I am, too!" said Alarie—"Cousin Alarie."
Peg looked him all over and laughed openly. Finally she asked Mrs. Chichester the following amazing question:
"Where's her husband?"
Ethel sprang to her feet. She was to be disgraced before her family by that beggar brat.
Mrs. Chichester said in astonishment, "Her husband?"
"Yes," replied Peg insistently. "I saw her husband when I came in here first. I've been in this room before,

MOVING PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR WILL BE AT MAJESTIC MONDAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT



No need for any venturesome spirit to make tracks across the sea to get a glimpse at the great war now raging. It is to be brought right to the Majestic, Monday afternoon and evening, where it will be shown on the screen and with accurate and reliable scenes taken on the spot. The scenes of actual warfare showing the most colossal and daring achievements the moving picture photographer ever attempted in the midst of the roaring thunder of shot and shell and at the risk of life and limb.
"The Movie Man" worked to secure these wonderful views of a real war. The greater portion of the first section of the entertainment shows what awful havoc wrought by the German army on Belgian towns and fortresses, the ruined forts at Laeps Namur and at Antwerp and the wrecked buildings at Louvain. Glimpses into the actual life of the soldier struggling for supremacy in the field of battle and hundreds of exciting events are shown just as they actually occurred. The pictures are genuine and not posed for by a lot of actors.—Adv.

ye know. I came in through those windows, an' I saw her an' her husband. She was—"
"What in heaven's name does she mean?" cried Alarie.
Peg persisted, "I tell ye it was she sent me to the kitchen—she an' him."
"Him? Who in the world does she mean?" from Alarie.
"To whom does she refer, Ethel?" from Mrs. Chichester.
"Mr. Brent," said Ethel with admirable self control. She was on thin ice, but she must keep calm.
Mrs. Chichester looked relieved.
Peg went on:
"Sure, she thought I was a servant lookin' for a place, an' Mr. Hawkes told me not to say a word until he came—an' I didn't say a word."
Mr. Hawkes now broke in: "My time is short, Miss O'Connell, it was your uncle's wish that you should make your home here with Mrs. Chichester. She will give you every possible advantage to make you a happy, well cared for, charming young lady."
Peg laughed.
"Lady? Me? Sure now!"
"You must do everything she tells you. Try to please her in all things. On the first day of every month I will call and find out what progress you're making. And now I must take my leave." He picked up his hat and came from the table.
Peg sprang up breathlessly and frightenedly. Now that Mr. Hawkes was going she felt deserted. He had at least been gentle and considerate to her. She tugged at his sleeve and looked straight up into his face with her big blue eyes wide open and pleaded:
"To Be Continued"

FLOOD MAKES 30,000 IDLE
2,000 Driven From Homes Along Ohio River
Wheeling, W. Va., Feb. 4.—Ten thousand men in factories in and around Wheeling and fully double that number along the Ohio river between here and East Liverpool, Ohio, were temporarily deprived of employment yesterday by the flood. Wheeling Island was almost entirely inundated, and it was estimated that 2,000 persons had been driven from their homes. Schools were closed and public buildings thrown open for the refugees.
There was a vast deal of inconvenience, but very little actual suffering, except on the Ohio side, where a large number of striking miners' families were driven out. A free restaurant was opened at Martin's Ferry for the destitute.
The only fatality reported was from Mingo, Ohio, where an unidentified alien was drowned in the backwater.

Lancaster Bakers Raise Price of Bread
Conestoga Centre, Feb. 4.—Wheat jumped to \$1.50 per bushel here to-day when Miller Siskman advanced the price. When the European war broke out he was selling it at 70 cents, and now will ask \$1.50, the highest price since the Civil war. In many sections of the county the bakers have raised the price of bread while others are making the loaves smaller in order to meet the price.
Cumberland Valley Railroad
In Effect May 31, 1914.
Trains Leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5:07, 7:55 a. m., 5:40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:03, 7:59, 10:45 a. m., 5:49, 8:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg, at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 3:27, 5:30, 8:30 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:15 a. m., 2:15, 5:40, 8:30 p. m.
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
J. H. FONGER, Gen. Supt.
H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.

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STAR-INDEPENDENT CALENDAR FOR 1915

May be had at the business office of the Star-Independent for 10¢ 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

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