

## FRUIT LAXATIVE IF CONSTIPATED. TAKE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

Best Liver and Bowel  
Regulator for Mam-  
ma, Daddy and  
Children

If you're headachy, constipated, bilious or stomach is disordered and you want to enjoy the nicest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced, take a tablespoonful of "California Syrup of Figs" to-night and in the morning all the constipation, poison, bile and clogged-up waste will gently move out of the system without griping and you will feel splendid.

Every member of the family should use this fruit laxative as occasion demands. It is just as effective for grandpa as it is for baby. It simply cannot injure. Even cross, sick, feverish children just love its pleasant taste and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing."

For thirty years "California Syrup of Figs" has been recommended by physicians as the ideal stomach, liver and bowel cleanser. Millions of families who are well informed use nothing else, but recently there has come a flood of spurious fig syrups, so we warn the public to ask plainly at drug stores for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and see that it is prepared by "California Fig Syrup Company." We make no cheaper size. Hand back any "counterfeit" with contempt.—Adv.



## HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Graue

Which For What

Since many splendid metals have ceased to be costly the assortment of utensils in the well-stocked kitchen is positively alarming to the young housekeeper who does not have a deep stock of culinary experience to draw on. Which pan or tin is best, she wants to know, for certain things? Then there is the other extreme: the woman who has a little room in the kitchenette and must have a modicum of kitchen utensils and make each fill its utmost usefulness.

Tinware is used for baking tins, cake and cookie sheets and molds and for some small kitchen conveniences if heavy and of good quality, and well cared for it is most effective for baking as it responds so quickly to regulations of temperature.

Iron kettles or highest grade granite ware, with well fitted covers are best for pot-roasts and stews.

Porcelain enamel, aluminum and granite are equally good for vegetable and fruit cooking.

Steel frying pans are best for frying, browning and pan broiling. For they are lighter weight than iron spiders and easier to handle. Special iron kettles are made for deep fat frying and they have a wire basket in them for holding the articles to be immersed in the fat.

From experiments made by the writer it seems that pies that contain much juice are best made in granite ware plates but for pastry shells for custard and similar pies the tins of woven wire give best satisfaction.

Copper utensils are the worst possible containers for food that ye have. The labor necessary to keep it bright condemns it from the first but articles cooked in copper must not be left in it a moment for copper and acids form verdigris and this is a poison. If you

have copper to clean make a weak solution of oxalic acid crystals and water and immerse the utensil in this but guard your fingers for the acid bites. Rinse the copper very well and polish it with pumice stone and oil.

Keep your cooking utensils in sight and keep them in order and in good condition. The care of them is quite as important as the proper choice of them.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"Will you please explain how you make the old-fashioned walnut frames into pretty modern trays as suggested in your column some days ago?"

Reply.—Remove the picture from frame and replace it with brightly figured chintz. Fasten the back board in firmly with tacks and cover the back with felt glued on. Now buy a pair of brass handles and attach one at each end. These trays are almost identical with those new tea trays of the fashionable world and are of all sizes, and round, square or oblong.

"How can a rural dweller get hulled barley? We raise it but the miller does not hull it and our dealer does not sell it."

Reply.—Send to a grocer in your nearest city and have the barley sent to you by parcel post. Someone will put barley into a fancy package and double its price some day and then we will all realize it is one of our best "health" foods. It is also a cheap cereal as a cupful cooked equals a quart.

"Is condensed milk harmful?"

Reply.—Condensed milk is a concentrated food of great value. About fifty firms are making it in this country and one alone claims to put out 300,000,000 cans a year. It is wholesome.

### TRIES TO END LIFE

Victim Was Accused of Cashing Check of Another Man  
Allentown, Pa., Feb. 18.—Charles Smith, of Emaus, is dying in the Allentown hospital from the effects of a self-inflicted bullet wound.

Charles H. Smith, assistant fire chief, of Emaus, was conducting a thorough check for \$6. He found the letter containing the check had been handed by the mail man to the other Smith, who, being out of work and money, had the check cashed. When an officer arrived to arrest him last evening he begged to be excused, went upstairs and shot himself.

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

For advice, consult

**E. C. C. O'Boyle**  
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

With H. C. Claster, 302 Market Street.

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Brewed by a Master Brewer

Order It--Phones Bell 826  
Indep't. 318

DOEHNE Brewer

## What Have You to Sell?

Why not convert into cash articles for which you have no use. You may have just the thing that someone else is seeking and anxious to purchase.

You ask, "HOW CAN I DO THIS?" The question is easily answered. Place a "For Sale or Exchange" ad in the classified columns of THE STAR-INDEPENDENT—Then watch the RESULTS.

Again and again we are told that ads in our classified columns are effective.

**TRY THEM NOW!**

Bell Phone 3280

Independent 245 or 246



## 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

Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Company

"Answer, the one question truthfully, Miss O'Connell. Is there an affair of the heart?"

Peg looked down on the ground mournfully and replied:

"My heart is in New York—with me father."

"Has any one made love to you since you have been here?"

Peg looked up at him sadly and shook her head. A moment later a mischievous look came into her eyes, and she said, with a roguish laugh:

"Sure one man wanted to kiss me, an' I boxed his ears, an' another—almost man—asked me to marry him."

"Oh!" ejaculated the lawyer.

"My Cousin Alaric."

"And what did you say?" questioned Hawkes.

"I told him I'd rather have Michael."

He looked at her in open bewilderment and repeated:

"Michael?"

"My dog," explained Peg, and her eyes danced with merriment.

Hawkes laughed heartily and relapsed.

As Hawkes looked at her, radiant in her springlike beauty, her clear, healthy complexion, her dazzling teeth, her red-gold hair, he felt a sudden thrill go through him. His life had been so full, so concentrated on the development of his career, that he had never permitted the feminine note to obtrude itself on his life. His effort had been rewarded by an unusually large circle of influential clients who

"I think not, Hawkes."

"I beg your pardon?"

"As the chief executor of the late Mr. Kingsworth's will I must be satisfied that his conditions are complied with in the spirit as well as to the letter," said Jerry authoritatively.

"Mr. Kingsworth expressly stipulated that a year was to elapse before any definite conclusion was arrived at. So far only a month has passed."

"But she insists on returning to her father," protested Mr. Hawkes.

"Have you told her the conditions of the will?"

"Certainly not. Mr. Kingsworth distinctly stated she was not to know them."

"Except under exceptional circumstances. I consider the circumstances most exceptional."

"I am afraid I cannot agree with you, Sir Gerald."

"That is a pity. But it doesn't alter my intention."

"And may I ask what that intention is?"

"To carry out the spirit of Mr. Kingsworth's bequest."

"And what do you consider the spirit?"

"I think we will best carry out Mr. Kingsworth's last wishes by making known the conditions of his bequest to Miss O'Connell and then let her decide whether she wishes to abide by them or not."

Mrs. Chichester came into the room and went straight to Jerry. At the same time Alaric burst in through the garden and greeted Jerry and Hawkes.

"I heard you were here?" began Mrs. Chichester.

Jerry interrupted her anxiously.

"Mrs. Chichester, I was entirely to blame for last night's unfortunate business. Don't visit your displeasure on the poor little child. Please don't!"

Jarvis came down the stairs with a pained, not to say mortified, expression on his face. Underneath his left arm he held tightly a shabby little bag and a freshly wrapped parcel. In his right hand, held far away from his body, was the melancholy and picturesque terrier, Michael.

Mrs. Chichester looked at him in horror.

"Where are you going with those things?" she gasped.

"To put them in a cab, madam," answered the humiliated footman. "Your niece's orders."

"Put those articles in a traveling bag. Use one of my daughter's," ordered the old lady.

"Your niece objects, madam. She says she'll take nothing away she didn't bring with her."

The grief stricken woman turned away as Jarvis passed out. Alaric tried to comfort her. But the strain of the morning had been too great. He looked cheerfully at Jerry and smiled as he said:

"I even offered to marry her if she'd stay. Couldn't do more than that, could I?"

Jerry returned Alaric's smile as he asked:

"You offered to marry her?"

Alaric nodded.

"Poor little wretch!"

Down the stairs came Peg and Ethel. Mrs. Chichester looked at Peg through misty eyes and said reproachfully:

"Why that old black dress? Why not one of the dresses I gave you?"

"This is the way I left me father, an' this is the way I'm goin' back to him!" replied Peg stoutly.

"You're not going, Peg," said Jerry quietly and positively.

"Who's goin' to stop me?"

"The chief executor of the late Mr. Kingsworth's will."

"An' who is that?"

"Mr. Jerry, Peg!"

"You an executor?"

To Be Continued.

marryin' the likes of you? Answer me that?"

"That is final?" he queried.

"Absolutely, completely an' entirely final. Thank ye very much, sir," she added. "An' may I have the \$20."

"Certainly. Here it is." And he handed her the money.

"I'm much obliged to ye. An' I'm sorry I hurt ye by laughin' just now. But I thought ye were jokin', I did."

She hurried across the room to the staircase. When she was halfway up the stairs Jarvis entered and was immediately followed by Jerry.

"Peg!" he said gently, looking up at her.

"I'm goin' back to me father in half an hour!" And she went on up the stairs.

As Jerry moved slowly away from the staircase he met Montgomery Hawkes.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### New Revelations.

"W H Y, how do you do, Sir Gerald?" and Hawkes went across quickly with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Hawkes," replied Jerry, too preoccupied to return the act of salutation. Instead he nodded in the direction Peg had gone and questioned:

"What does she mean—going in a few minutes?"

"She is returning to America. Our term of guardianship is over. She absolutely refuses to stay here any longer. My duties in regard to her, outside of the annual payment provided by her late uncle, end today," replied the lawyer.

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### WOMAN, 100 LAST WEEK, DIES

Mrs. Catherine Farrell Lived in New Jersey 85 Years

New York, Feb. 18.—Mrs. Catherine Farrell, who celebrated her 100th birthday last Thursday, died yesterday at her home, 202 Wilkinson avenue, Jersey City.

She was born in Ireland and came to this country when a girl with her parents. She lived in New Jersey for eighty-five years. She was the widow of Peter Farrell, who died a quarter of a century ago.

### FACES POISON PEN CHARGE

Pottsville Woman Held Under Bail by U. S. Commissioner

Pottsville, Pa., Feb. 18.—Mrs. Millie Trout, an alleged "poison pen" writer, was yesterday held under \$500 bail by United States Commissioner Channel on a charge of sending scandalous letters through the mails concerning former County Poor Director Walborn.

It is alleged that Mrs. Trout has been sending letters of this character through the mails for months and that in order to conceal her guilt she got other persons to address the letters for her. This proved her undoing, when Postal Inspector Valentine Schoenberg began an investigation, although she denies that she is guilty. Mrs. Trout is a widow, her husband having committed suicide a year ago.

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Strictly European

For something good to eat. Everything in season. Service the best. Prices the lowest.

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