

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Adulterated Foods

What indication of character is given foods by the labels on cartons and cans is a question that few answer alike. A well prepared food, pure, wholesome and praiseworthy always bears the name of its packer or maker, but adulterated and badly made articles often bear addresses that are misleading or fictitious. So perhaps the safest way to secure pure food is to study manufacturers' names and select package foods by this test.

Housekeepers have had so much instruction regarding adulterants in the past four years that they have their suspicions easily aroused and dealers are finding that it is difficult to sell indifferently good foods.

Though labels are sometimes hard to understand, if not intentionally misleading, the price of an article will often enlighten the buyer. Almost all food now has a certain money value, and if these staples are offered at "bargain" prices you may be very sure they are not good bargains.

The best and only sure way to detect adulteration is by chemical analysis and this is one reason why educators insist on the practical value of chemistry in our schools. Girls with even a little knowledge of chemistry will be able to tell when there are impurities in foods.

Perhaps nothing is so adulterated as butter, for there is not enough pure butter produced to supply the current demand for it in any month of the year. Processed butter or renovated butter and oleomargarine are frequently mixed in with butter or sold for it. Here is a test for butter that anyone may make. Put a bit of butter, as large as a marble, in a big spoon and heat it over a low flame. Stir it with a straw or a wire as it heats. Pure butter will boil quietly and have much foam on it. Renovated butter, sputter sand pops and oleomargarine has an odor of tallow when it is very hot.

There are other simple tests like this that the majority of housekeepers know. For instance; sugar, salt, baking powder and cornstarch should dissolve completely in water. If there is a sediment or any color, they are impure.

Genuine coffee can be distinguished from coffee ground with chicory or cereals if a tablespoon of it is put into a tumbler of cold water, for the coffee will float but the added ingredients will sink and leave a trace of color as they go down.

The tests that we judge most often by are appearance, odor and taste, and the experienced housekeeper can usually get a correct opinion of the purity of foods by this. But a short course in domestic science will give any woman a "reason for the faith within."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mrs. R. asks: "Where can I buy asbestos for making table mats?"
Reply.—This asbestos is sold by hardware dealers and stove makers and you can have it cut any size and thickness you like.

Mrs. J. D. asks: "Can pure or grain alcohol be used in alcohol lamps?"
Reply.—Yes, but it is more expensive than denatured alcohol which is intended for heating and similar uses.

BLIND MAN'S PENSION RAISED

Abraham Mowery to Get \$24 a Month Through Ruple's Efforts

(Special to the Star-Independent.)
Washington, D. C., March 13.—The last omnibus pension bill signed by the President carried an appropriation for pensions for twenty residents of the State of Pennsylvania. Of these twenty bills, nine were introduced by Congressman Arthur R. Ruple, of Carlisle. The following persons, for whom Congressman Ruple introduced special bills, will receive pensions or increases in the pensions which they are now receiving:

Mrs. Mary A. McElwee, of Carlisle, pension increased to \$24 a month and the provision inserted that at the death of Mrs. McElwee her dependent daughter, Miss Maggie J. McElwee, will receive a pension at the rate of \$12 a month during her lifetime.

Mrs. Mary E. Diehl, of Carlisle, \$12 a month; Mrs. Carrie Sanno, of Carlisle, \$20; Charles U. Burns, of West Fairview, increased to \$30; Abraham Mowery, of Harrisburg, who is almost totally blind, increased to \$24; Mrs. Susan Dovenor, of Shippensburg, \$20; Mrs. Elizabeth J. Kendig, of Newville, \$20; Edward H. Richards, of McKeesport, \$17, and Mrs. Katharine Ann Fisher, \$12.

During his term in Congress Mr. Ruple has secured the passage of six special bills, in addition to aiding in having a large number of cases favorably considered in the Pension Bureau.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 2:45 & 3:25, 3:50, 3:30 P. M.
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Author of 'The Carpet from Bagdad', 'The Place of Honeymoons, etc.'

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CONTINUED
"I shouldn't advise that. But we have gone astray. You ought not to see him again."

"It is a hateful world!" Elsa appealed to the wife.

"It is, Elsa, dear. But James is right."

"You'll get your balance," said the guardian, "when you reach home. When's the wedding?"

"I'm not sure that I'm going to be married," Elsa twirled the sunshade



"I'm Not Sure That I'm Going to Be Married."

again. "Oh, bother with it all! Dinner at eight, in the big dining room."

"Yes. But the introductions will be made on the cafe veranda. These people out here have gone mad over cocktails. And look your best, Elsa. I want them to see a real American girl tonight. I'll have some roses sent up to you."

Elsa had not the heart to tell him that all interest in his dinner had suddenly gone from her mind; that even the confusion of the colonel no longer appealed to her bitter malice. She knew that she was going to be bored and miserable.

When she was gone, the consul general's wife said: "Poor girl!"

Her husband looked across the room interestedly. "Why do you say that?"

"I am a woman."

"That phrase is the City of Refuge. All women fly to it when confronted by something they do not understand."

"Oh, but I do understand. And that's the pity of it."

CHAPTER XIV.

According to the Rules.

Elsa sought the hotel rickshaw stand, selected a sturdy coolie, and asked to be run to the botanical gardens and back. She wanted to be alone, wanted breathing space, wanted the breeze to cool her hot cheeks. For she was angry at the world, angry at the gentle consul general, above all, angry at herself. To have laid herself open to the charge of indiscretion! To have received a lecture, however kindly intended, from the man she loved and respected next to her father! To know that persons were exchanging nods and whispers behind her back!

It was a detestable world. It was folly to be honest, to be kind, to be individual, to have likes and dislikes, unless these might be regulated by outsiders. Why should she care what people said? She did not care. What made her furious was the absolute stupidity of her deductions. She had not been indiscreet; she had been merely kindly and human; and if they wanted to twist and misconstrue her actions, let them do so.

Once or twice she saw inwardly the will-o'-the-wisp lights of her soul. But resolutely she smothered the sparks. The coolie stopped suddenly.

"Go on," she said.

But the coolie smiled and wiped his shaven poll. Elsa gazed at the hotel veranda in bewilderment. Slowly she got out of the rickshaw and paid the fare. She had not the slightest recollection of having seen the gardens. More than this, it was a quarter to seven. She had been gone exactly an hour.

"Perhaps, after all," she thought, "I am hopeless. They may be right; I ought to have a guardian. I am not always accountable for what I do."

She dressed leisurely and with calculation. She was determined to convince everyone that she was a beautiful woman, above suspicion, above reproach. The spirit within her was not, however, in direct accord with this determination. Malice stirred into life again; and she wanted to hurt someone, hurt deeply. It was only the same in spirit who, when injured, submitted without murmur or protest. And Elsa, only dimly aware of it, was mortally hurt.

"Elsa," said Martha, "that frown will stay there some day, and never go away."

Elsa rubbed it out with her finger. "Martha, do you recall that tiger in the cage at Jaipur? How they teased him until he lost his temper and came smashing against the bars? Well, I sympathize with that brute. He would have been peaceful enough had they let him be. If Mr. Warrington calls to-morrow, say that I am indisposed."

Martha evinced her satisfaction visibly. The frown returned between

Elsa's eyes and remained there until she went downstairs to join the consul general and his wife. She found some very agreeable men and women, and some of her natural gaiety returned. At a far table on the veranda she saw Craig and Mallow in earnest conversation.

She nodded pleasantly to the colonel as the head boy came to announce that dinner was served. Anglo-Indian society had so many twists and ramifications that the situation was not exactly new to the old soldier. True, none had confronted him identical to this. But he had not disciplined men all these years without acquiring abundant self-control. The little veins in his nose turned purple, as Elsa prophesied they would, but there was no other indication of how distasteful the moment was to him. He would surely warn the consul general, who doubtless was innocent enough.

They sat down. The colonel blinked "Fine passage we had coming down."

"Was it?" returned Elsa innocently. The colonel reached for an olive and bit into it savagely. He was no fool. She had him at the end of a blind alley, and there he must wait until she was ready to let him go. She could harry him or pretend to ignore him, as suited her fancy. He was caught. Women, all women, possessed at least one attribute of the cat. It was digging in the claw, hanging by it, and boredly looking about the world to see what was going on. At that moment the colonel recognized the sting of the claw.

Elsa turned to her right and engaged the French consul discursively; indeed, she gradually became the center of interest; she drew them intentionally. She brought a touch of home to the Frenchman, to the German, to the Italian, to the Spaniard; and the British official, in whose hands the civil business of the Straits settlements rested, was charmed to learn that Elsa had spent various week-ends at the home of his sister in Surrey.

And when she admitted that she was the daughter of General Chetwood, the man to whom the Indian government had cause to be grateful upon more than one occasion, for the solidity of his structures, the colonel realized definitely the seriousness of his crucifixion. He sat stiffer and stiffer in his chair, and the veins in his nose grew deeper and deeper in hue. He saw clearly that he would never understand American women. He had committed an outrageous blunder. He, instead of dominating, had been dominated by three faultfinding old women; and, without being aware of the fact, had looked at things from their point of view. A most inconceivable blunder. He would not allow that he was being swayed less by the admission of his unpardonable rudeness on board than by the immediate knowledge that Elsa was known to the British official's sister, a titled lady who stood exceedingly high at court.

"Miss Chetwood," he said, lowering his voice for her ears only.

Elsa turned, but with the expression that signified that her attention was engaged elsewhere.

"Yes?"

"I am an old man. I am sixty-two; and most of these sixty-two I have lived roughly; but I am not too old to realize that I have made a fool of myself."

Interest began to fill Elsa's eyes.

"It has been said," he went on, keeping the key, "that I am a man of courage, but I find that I need a good deal of that just now. I have been rude to you, and without warrant, and I offer you my humble apologies."

He fumbled with his cravat as if it had suddenly tightened. "Will you accept?"

"Instantly," Elsa understood the quality of courage that had stirred the colonel. But ruthlessly; "I should, however, like your point of view in regard to what you consider my conduct."

"Is it necessary?"

"I believe it would be better for my understanding if you made a full confession." She did not mean to be relentless, but her curiosity was too strong not to press her advantage.

"Well, then, over here as elsewhere in the world there are standards by which we judge persons who come under our notice."

"Agreed. Individuality is not generally understandable."

"By the mediocre, you might have added. That's the difficulty with individuality; it refuses to be harnessed by mediocrity and mediocrity holds the whip-hand, always. I represent the mediocre."

"Oh, never!" said Elsa animatedly. "Mediocrity is always without courage."

"You are wrong. It has the courage of its convictions."

"Rather is it not stubbornness, willful refusal to recognize things as they are?"

He countered the question with another.

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Mahanoy City, March 13.—Threatened with a strike unless they re-engage two union men for whom they said they could find no work, the Kaiser Brewing Company solved the problem of re-employing the suspended men at full pay and stationing them on duty in front of the Williams hotel, where they idled all day with nothing more to do than look pretty.
As a back kick, however, operations at the brewery have been suspended for an indefinite period, and 95 men are idle. The suspension does not affect the two workmen over whom the trouble started.

Better Days For Cigars
York, March 13.—The cigar industry in York county, which has been dull throughout the winter throwing thousands out of employment, is showing improvement. A half dozen or more factories which have been idle will resume in full next week.

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Fall Kills Old Army Doctor
Altoona, March 13.—Dr. G. Hotchkiss, aged 85, died yesterday the result of a fall a week ago, which he fractured his right hip. He served as a surgeon in the United States Army through the Civil war, later practicing his profession in Huntingdon and Altoona, but retired thirty years ago on account of ill health.

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