6



3 MINUTES FROM THE PENNA. STATION. 3 MINUTES FROM THE GRAND CENTRAL. \$1.50 per day upwards 2.50 per day upwards 2.50 per day upwards 3.00 per day upwards 4.00 per day upwards 5.00 to \$10.00 per d Single room, with use of bath, Double room (2 people), use of bath, Single room, with private bath, Double room (2 people), private bath, Large room, two single beds and bath, Parlor, bedroom and bath, from

his suspicions. He stole along the gal-lery and down the stairs to the office, just in time to see the two enter, much worse for drink. Mailow hoisterous, and Craig was sullen. The former began to argue with the night manager, who politely shook his head. Mallow grew insistent, but the night manager refused to break the rules of the hotel Warrington inferred that Mallow was demanding liquor, and his

inference was correct. He moved a little closer, still hidden behind the potted palms. "All right," cried Mallow. "We'll go back to town for it." "I've had enough," declared Craig

HAROLD MACGRATH

The Place of Honeymoons, etc.

Author of The Carpet From Bagdad,

sullenly. "Let's cut out booze and play a little hand or two." "Fine!" Mallow slapped his thigh as he laughed. "Nice bird I'd be for you to pluck. Think of something

else. The billiard hall is open. Craig shook his need. When Mallow was argumentative it was no time to play billiards.

"Bah!" snarled Mallow. "Since you won't drink like a man nor play bil-liards, I'm for bed. And just as the fun was beginning!" Craig nudged him warningly. Mal-ow stalked away, and Craig, realizing

that the night was done, followed. Warrington had seen and heard enough. He was tolerably sure. It might have been out of pure deviltry, so far as Mallow was concerned; but Craig had joined in hope of definite profits. A fine pair of rogues!

He eved indecisively the stairs and then glanced toward the brilliant night outside. It would not be possible to sleep in that room again. So he tip out to the cafe veranda and dropped into a comfortable chair. He

would hunt them up some time during the day. He would ask Mallow for fifty pounds, and he sincerely hoped that Mallow would refuse him. For he was grimly resolved that Mallow should pay for those half-truths, more damning than bald lies. It was due to Mallow that he was never more to see or speak to Elsa. He emptied the ash from his cutty which he stowed away. The great heartache and the great disillusion would not have failen to

you would have to have a great number of napkins; twenty-one each week for each member of the family. A family of ten would use about two hundred a week. Have you that many napkins? There is a new napkin clasp that is sold in place of the ring but it is not a great improvement. No sensible cus-tom ever goes "out of style." his lot had Elsa been frank in Rangoon, had she but told him that she was to sail on the same steamer. He would have put over his sailing. He Question.—"Please suggest some des-serts that are not too riek. We use pie once a day and I think it is not wise would have gone his way, still believ-ing himself to be a Bayard, a Galahad or any other of those simple dreamers who put honor and chivalry above and before all other things.

Elsa! He covered.his face with his hands and remained in that position for a long while, so long indeed that the coolies, whose business it was to scrub the tilings every morning at four, went about their work quietly for

Question.—"Please give directions for cooking scallops!" Reply.—Dry them in a napkin and egg and bread them and fry brown in deep fat. They are also creamed and are fine put on skewers with slices of bacon and baked in oven. fear of disturbing him. Elsa had retired almost immediate ly after dinner. She endeavored to finish some initial work on old em-broideries, but the needle insisted upon pausing and losing stitch after titch. stitch. She went to bed and strove to sleep, but that sweet healer came not to her wooing. Nothing she did could overcome the realization of the sho

> she had received. It had left her dull and bewildered. The name echoed and re-echoed through her mind: Paul Ellison. It should have been an illumination; in-stead, she had been thrust into utter darkness. Neither Arthur nor his mother had ever spoken of a brother, and she had known them for nearly ten years. Two men, who might be brothers, with the same name; twin was maddening. What could it mean The beautiful white-haired mother, the handsome charming son, who idolized each other; and this adventurer, this

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERULL COMPANY the computations of astro a certain extent the human mind could a certain extent the human mind could grasp the distances but could not com-prehend them. It was mere than chance, Chance alone had not brought him to the crumbling ledge. There was a strain of fatalism in Elsa. She was positive that all these things had been written long before and that she was to be used as the key.

Paul Ellison. She drew from the past those salient recollections of Arthur and his moth er: First, the day the two had called regarding the purchase of a house that her father had just put on the market -a rambling old colonial affair, her own mother's birthplace. Sixteen; she had not quite been that, just free from her school days in Italy. With the grand air of youth she had betrayed the fact almost instantly, while waiting for her father to come into the

"Italy!" said Arthur's mother, whom Elsa mentally adopted at once. The stranger spoke a single phrase, which Elsa answered in excellent if formal Italian. This led from one question to another. Mrs. Ellison turned out to be a schoolmate of her mother's, and she, Elsa, had inherited their very What more was needed? room.

The Ellisons bought the house and lived quietly within it. Society, and there was a good deal of it in that small Kentuckian city, society waited for them to approach and apply for admittance, but waited in vain. Mrs. Ellison never went anywhere. Her son Arthur was a student and preferred his books. So eventually society introduced itself. Persons who ignored it must be interesting. When it became known that Mrs. Ellison had been the schoolmate of the beautiful and aristocratic wife of General Chetwood; when the local banker quietly spread the information that the Ellisons were comfortably supplied with stocks and bonds of a high order, society concluded that it could do very well with past history. That could come later

With her father dead. Elsa became as much at home in the Ellison house as in her own. But never, never anywhere in the house, was there indication of the existence of a brother, so like Arthur that under normal condi-tions it would have been difficult to tell them apart. Even when she used to go up to the garret with Mrs. Elli-son, to aid her in runmaging some old trunk, there came to light none of those trifling knickknacks which any mother would have secretly clung to, no matter to what depth her flesh and blood had fallen. Never had she seen among the usual amateur photographs one presenting two boys. Once she had come across a photograph of a smooth-faced youth who was in the act of squinting along the top of an engineer's tripod. Arthur had laughingly taken it away from her, saying that it represented him when he had had ambitions to build bridges.

To build bridges. The phrase awok something in Elsa's mind. Bridges. She sat up in bed, mentally keen for the first time since dinner. "I have built bridges in my time over which trains are passing at this moment. 1 have fought torrents, and floods, and hurricanes, and myself."

He was Paul Ellison, son and broth ness of a cat. TO BE CONTINUED er, and they had blotted him out of their lives by destroying all physical signs of him. There was something inhuman in the deliberateness of it, something unforgivable.

Two Dead, Another Dying and Many Injured in Blaze^{*} Los Angeles, March 17.—Two wom-en are dead, a third fatally burned and They had made no foolish attempt to live under an assumed name. They had come from New York to the little had come from New York to the little valley in order to leave behind the scene of their disgrace and all those who had known them. Arthur was an inveterate traveler. Half the year found him in Europe, painting a little lesser known villages in France and Italy. He did not care for horses, for punting for snorts of any known between the dimension of the state investigation of the state of the state of the state of the state old, and another woman whose body mrs. H. T. Avery probably will die. The majority of the occupants, awakened by the fire barely had time



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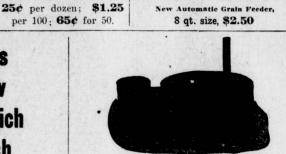
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STAND AS MURDER JURORS Elsa ran to the door and stood mo tionless by the jamb, waiting, ethereal-ly white in the moonshine. She should have gone back to bed, but a thrill of

STAND AS MURDER JURORS Motion to Quash Is Overruled in the <u>Cope Trial</u> Doylestown, March 17.—John A. Cope, charged with the murder of his niece, Florence V. Cope, was arraigned in court before Judge William C. Ryan yesterday, but as soon as that was done the case was halted by counsel for the defense, William H. Satterth-waite, Jr., and Arthur M. Eastburg, en-tering a motion to quash the array of jurors on the ground that they had been irregularly drawn. The list filed in the Prothonotary's office bears the signature of Judge Ryan, but not those of the two jury commissioners, Curtin B. Kratz and William W. Barrett. The motion to quash was overruled by Judge Ryan and six jurors were chosen out of thirty-two called when court adjourned for an evening ses-sion rington, fully dressed, issue forth cautiously, glance about, then pass down the gallery, stepping with the light-

and scalp and was injured internally His condition is serious.

Invalid Charges False Arrest

Invalid Charges False Arrest Shenandoah, March, 17.—Stanislaw Dovidaitis, of this city; caused the arrest yesterday of Louis Weihl, lieu-tenant of the Girardville police, on a charge of assault and battery and highway robbery. Dovidaitis, who has been ill, was seized with a fainting spell at Girardville and it is alloged, was arrested beaten and robbed of \$2000. \$200

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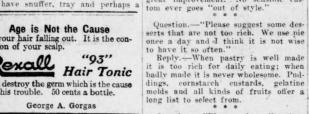
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memediate stations, at '5.03, '.50
m. '3.04, 5.32, '1.44, 1104
m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 3.48 a. fm. 2.18, 3.57.
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m. 'Daliy, 'All other trains daily except sunday.' All other trains daily except sunday.' All other trains daily except the all twould leave one of these intermittent larm clocks.--Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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heavy Colonial ones. Then he traces the development of lighting from the days of rushlights to our grandmother's whale oil lamps. If you have snuffer, tray and perhaps a

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Belt.

outcast, with his funny parrakeet, what was he to them and they to him? It must be, it must be! They were brothers. Nature, full of amazing freaks as she was, had not perpetrated this one without calling upon a single strain of blood.

forever tramping off to the pine-hood ed hills, with his painting kit over his shoulders and his camp stool under Later, Elsa began to under stand that he was a true scholar, not merely an educated man. He was be-sides a linguist of amazing facility, a

pianist who invariably preferred as his audience his own two ears. Ar-thur would have been a great dramatist or a great poet, if . . . If he had fought for prizes coveted by man-kind, if he had thrown aside his dreams and gone into the turmoil, it he had taken up a man's burden and carried it to success. Elsa, daughter of a man who had fought in the great arena from his youth to his death, Elsa was not meant for the wife of a

Paul Ellison. What was his crime in comparison to his explation of it? He had built bridges, fought torrents, hurricanes, himself. No, he was not a scholar; he saw no romance in the multifarious things he had of necessity put his hand to; these had been daily matter-of-fact occupations. A strange gladness seemed to loosen the tenseness of her aching nerves. Then, out of the real world about

her, came with startling distinctness, the shriek of a parrot. She would have recognized that piercing cry anywhere. It was Rajah. In the next room, and she had not known that Warrington (she would always know him by that name) was stopping at the same hotel! She listened intently. Presently she heard muified sounds; a clatter of metal. A few minutes later came softer tinkle, scurry of patter-ing feet then silence. She lay back among her pillows, her eyes leveled at the few stars beyond her door, opened to admit any cooling breeze. Her head ached. It was like

Mrs. H. T. Avery probably will die. The majority of the oecupants, awakened by the fire barely had time to hurry to windows and leap to the ground. Many of these suffered broken arms or legs. Several firemen and po-licemen were cut and burned while searching rooms for occupants. hunting, for sports of any kind. And yet he was sturdy, clear-eyed, freshskinned. He walked always; he was

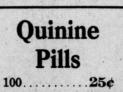
Pair Thrash Peacemaker

unknown fear held her. She saw War-

WOMEN BURN IN APARTMENT

Mahanoy City, March 17.—Trying to save young John David a beating at the hands of his mother, Mrs. John David, John Sitka was beaten, he says by mother and son. In the scuffle Mrs. David was struck, and fell, gashing her scalp. Concussion of the brain is likely.

Somerset's New Licenses Somerset, March 17.—Judge W. H. Ruppel has handed down license court decisions, granting 56 retail, three brewery, six distillery and one whole-sale license. Nine retailers and one brewery were refused.



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NEAR DEATH IN AUTO CRASH

sion.

court adjourned for an evening ses

Steering Gear Goes Wrong and Two Men Are Hurled Out Phoenixville, March 17.—Losing control of his auto's steering gear, John Zollers, of West Vincent, and his companion, John DeFraim, of White-land, were thrown violently from an automobile when the machine struck a telephone pole near Kimberton yester-day and DeFraim was knocked uncon-scious.

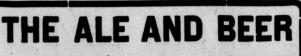
The machine was practically demol-ished. Zollers was badly bruised, but suffered no serious injury. DeFraim sustained deep lacerations of the head



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