

D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema Soap
 — for 15 years the standard skin remedy — a liquid used externally — instant relief from itching — the mildest of cleansers — keeps tender and delicate skin always clean and healthy.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Between Seasons

To use what one has at hand and produce, day after day, palatable attractive meals is not easy. Especially is this so now when it is too early for many spring foods and too late for the winter ones to be at their best.

The canned and preserved foods help to bridge over the seasons. From them many tempting and delicious dishes can be made and none of them need to be very costly. An apple butter pie is such a one. This is something no one would think of making if fruit was plentiful, but it needs no apology for it is a good filling for a pastry shell and can be finished with whipped whites of eggs and made as "fancy" as any pie.

Indeed apples furnish a solution to many a fruit problem for they offer so many ways of preparation. Baked apples are always fine unless spoiled in the baking, as they sometimes are. Some varieties bake more readily than others but all sorts may be baked if lemon juice is added to them. Remove the core without breaking the fruit, by means of an apple-corer. Fill the hollow with sugar, lemon juice and butter. Use only moderate heat for if it is too intense the skin of the apples will break and the juice be lost.

Baked apples make a pretty dish called Snow Island, when any are left from a meal. Press them through a sieve and sweeten the pulp. To this add the stiff, sweetened whites of eggs and beat well. Heap a little of the egg white on the very top of the mass and put bright colored fruit jelly on it. Serve with cake.

Puddings and dumplings help one out of the "what to have for dinner" puzzle wonderfully for almost any sort of canned fruit or preserved peaches, plums, cherries or berries may be used. Make a light crust similar to biscuit dough. Sweeten it a little if you like it so. Roll out small pieces and fill with the fruit. Bring the dough up around it and pinch edges together, then tie each dumpling in a cloth and drop into boiling water for twenty minutes. When done remove the cloth, send to table on individual plate. Eat with sauce or cream. The dumplings may also be baked or made into puddings.

DAILY MENU

- Breakfast**
 Baked Apples
 Creamed Rice
 Soft Boiled Eggs
 Bacon
 Toast
 Coffee
- Luncheon**
 Cold Meat, Sliced
 Mustard Sauce
 Potatoes Baked in Milk
 Hot Muffins, Jam
 Little Cakes, Tea
- Dinner**
 Clear Vegetable Soup
 Larded Baked Liver
 Steamed Parsnips
 Potatoes, au gratin
 Chow-chow
 Celery Salad, Wafers
 Lemon Meringue Pie

MAUDE ADAMS, WHO APPEARS IN BARRIE'S "QUALITY STREET"



Maude Adams was rehearsing her company preparatory to the opening of the season and Charles Frohman was an interested observer. During a lull in the rehearsal the actress walked over to the manager and remarked:

"When we have this right I am going to place 'Quality Street' in rehearsal." This was the first intimation that Mr. Frohman had that Miss Adams contemplated bringing Barrie's early success back before the public. He smiled.

"You won't need it," he replied.

"Probably not," answered Miss Adams, "but I want to do it." Nothing more was said about it and Mr. Frohman knew the thing was settled. He

has the utmost faith in the judgment of the actress and once in speaking of it said that she was always right. "Quality Street" was duly placed in rehearsal and everything made ready for its revival.

As is known Miss Adams is to be seen in the play on the occasion of her visit at the Majestic Friday evening. "Quality Street" was the second of the Barrie plays given by Miss Adams, the first having been "The Little Minister." It shows Barrie picturing the people in an English village in the long ago and unfolding a love story of charming sweetness. In the revival Miss Adams will again be seen as Phoebe Throssell. —Adv.*

PARROT & CO.

HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of *The Carpet from Bagdad*, *The Place of Honey moons*, etc.

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY

Continued
 "Orient, mostly, I suppose. Your letter about the strike in oil was mighty interesting. Heap of money over there, if they'd only let us smart chaps in to dig it up. Now, old man, I want you to wipe the slate clear of these ten years. We'll call it a bad dream. What are your plans for the future?"

"Plans?" Warrington looked up blankly. He realized that he had made no plans for the future.

"Yes. What do you intend to do? A man like you wasn't made for idleness. Look here, Paul; I'm not going to beat about the bush. We've got a whopping big contract from the Chinese government, and we need a man to take charge, a man who knows and understands something of the yellow people. How about a salary of ten thousand a year for two years, to begin in October?"

Warrington twisted the check. Work, rehabilitation.

"Could you trust me?" he asked quietly.

"With anything I have in the world. Understand, Paul, there's no philanthropic string to this offer. You've pulled through a devil of a hole. You're a man. I should not be holding down this chair if I couldn't tell a man at a glance. We were together two months in Peru. I'm familiar with your work. Do you want to know whose portrait that is up there? Well, it's General Chetwood, the founder of this concern, the silent partner. The man who knew kings and potentates and told 'em that they needed bridges in their back yards. This building belongs to his daughter. She converted her stock into granite. About a month ago I received a letter from her. It directly concerned you. It seems she learned through the consul general at Singapore that you had worked with us. She's like her father, a mighty keen judge of human nature. Frankly, this offer comes through her advice. To satisfy your self, you can give us a surety bond for fifty thousand. It's not obligatory, however."

Elsa Chetwood. She had her father's eyes, and it was this which had drawn his gaze to the portrait. Chetwood and Arthur had not known any more than he had. What irony! Ten years wasted — for nothing! Warrington laughed aloud. A weak knee seized him, like that of a man long gone hungry.

"Buck up, Paul," warned the good Samaritan. "All this kind of knocks the wind out of you. I know. But what I've offered you is in good faith. Will you take it?"

"Yes," simply.

"That's the way to talk. Suppose you go out to lunch with me? We'll talk it over like old times."

"No. I haven't seen —"

"To be sure! I forgot. Do you know where they live, your mother and brother?"

"No. I expected to ask you."

The vice-president scribbled down the address. "I believe you'll find them both there, though Arthur, I understand, is almost as great a traveler as you are. Of course you want to see them, you poor beggar! The Southwestern will pull you almost up to the door. After the reunion, you hike back here, and we'll get down to the meat of the business."

"John," said Warrington, huskily, "you're a man."

"Oh, piffle! It's not all John. The old man left word that if you ever turned up again to hang on to you. You were valuable. And there's Miss Chetwood. If you want to thank anybody, thank her." Warrington missed the searching glance, which was not without its touch of envy. "You'd better be off. Hustle back as soon as you can." Elmore offered his hand now. "Gad! but you haven't lost any of your old grip."

"I'm a bit dazed. The last six months have loosened up my nerves."

"Nobody's made of iron."

"I'd sound hollow if I tried to say what I feel. I'll be back a week from today."

"I'll look for you."

As the door closed behind Warrington, the young millionaire sat down, scowling at a cubby hole in his desk. He presently took out a letter post-marked Yohohama. He turned it about in his hands, musingly. Without reading it (for he knew its contents well), he thrust it back into the cubby hole. Women were out of his sphere. He could build a bridge within a dollar of the bid; but he knew nothing about women beyond the fact that they were always desirable.

A few monosyllables, a sentence or two, and then, good day. The average man would have recounted every incident of note during those ten years. He did not admire Warrington any the less for his reticence. It took a strong man to hold himself together under all these blows from the big end of fortune's horn.

Paul was a born engineer; Arthur had entered the office as a makeshift. Paul had taken eight thousand one day, and decamped. Arthur had refunded the sum, and disappeared. Elmore could not understand, nor could his father. Perhaps some of the truth would now come to light. Somehow, Paul, with his blond beard and blonder head, his bright eyes, his tan, his big shoulders, somehow Paul was out of date. He did not belong to the times.

And Elsa had met him over there; practically ordered (though she had no authority) that he should be given a start anew; that, moreover, she would go his bond to any amount. Funny old world! Well, he was glad.

He had come prepared for mistake on the part of the natives. The single smart cabman lifted his hat, jumped down from the box, and opened the door. Warrington entered without speaking. The door closed, and the coupe rolled away briskly. He was perfectly sure of his destination. The cabman had mistaken him for Arthur. It would be better so. There would be no after complications when he departed on the morrow. As the coupe took a turn, he looked out of the window. They were entering a driveway, lined on each side of which were chest-nuts. Indeed the house was set in the center of a grove of these splendid trees.

Warrington went up the broad veranda steps and pulled the old-fashioned bell cord. He was rather amazed at his utter lack of agitation. He was as calm as if he were making a call upon a casual acquaintance. His mother and brother, whom he had not seen in ten years! The great oak door drew in, and he entered unceremoniously.

"Why, Marse A'thuh, I di'n't see yo' go out!" exclaimed the old negro servant.

"I am not Arthur; I am his brother Paul. Which door?"

Pop-eyed, the old negro pointed to a door down the hall. Then he leaned against the banister and caught desperately at the spindles. For the voice was not Arthur's.

Warrington opened the door, closed it gently and stood with his back to it. At a desk in the middle of the room sat a man, busy with books. He raised his head.

"Arthur, don't you know me?"

"Paul?"

The chair overturned; some books thudded dully upon the rug. Arthur leaned with his hands tense upon the desk. Paul sustained the look, his eyes sad and his face pale and grave.

CHAPTER XX.

He That Was Dead.

"Yes, it is I, the unlucky penny; Old Galahad, in flesh and blood and bone. I shouldn't get white over it, Arthur. It isn't worth while. I can see that you haven't changed much, unless it is that your hair is a little paler at the temples. Gray? I'll wager I've a few myself. There was a fippancy in his tone that astonished Warrington's own ears, for certainly this light mockery did not come from within. At heart he was sober enough.

To steady the thundering beat of his pulse he crossed the room, righted the chair, stacked the books and laid them on the desk. Arthur did not move save to turn his head and to follow with fascinated gaze his brother's movements.

"Now, Arthur, I've only a little while. I can see by your eyes that you are conjuring up all sorts of terrible things. But nothing is going to happen. I am going to talk to you; then I'm going away; and tomorrow it will be easy to convince yourself that I have seen only a ghost. Sit down. I'll take this chair at the left."

Arthur's hands slid from the desk; in a kind of collapse he sat down. Suddenly he laid his head upon his arms, and a great sigh sent its tremor across his shoulders. Warrington felt his heart swell. The past faded away; his wrongs became vapors. He saw only his brother, the boy he had loved so devotedly, Arty, his other self, his scholarly other self. Why blame Arthur? He, Paul, was the fool.

"Don't take it like that, Arty," he said.

The other's hand stretched out blindly toward the voice. "Ah, great God, Paul!"

"I know! Perhaps I've brooded too much." Warrington crushed the hand in his two strong ones. "The main fault was mine. I couldn't see the length of my nose. I threw a temptation in your way which none but a demigod could have resisted. That night, when I got your note telling me what you had done, I did a damnably foolish thing. I went to the club bar and drank heavily. I was wild to help you, but I couldn't see how. At two in the morning I thought I saw the way. Drunken men get strange ideas into their heads. You were the apple of the mother's eyes; I was only her son. No use denying it. She worshiped you; tolerated me. I came back to the house, packed up what I absolutely needed, and took the first train west. It all depended upon what you'd do. You let me go, Arty, old boy. I suppose you were pretty well knocked up, when you learned what I had done.

and then you let things drift. It was only natural. I had opened the way for you. Mother, learning that I was a thief, restored the defalcation to save the family honor, which was your future. We were always more or less hard pressed for funds. I did not gamble, but I wasted a lot. The mother gave us an allowance of five thousand each. To this I managed to add another five and you another four. You were always borrowing from me. I never questioned what you did with it. I would to God I had! It would have saved us a lot of trouble."

The hand in his relaxed and slipped from the clasp.

"Some of these things will sound bitter, but the heart behind them isn't. So I did what I thought to be a great and glorious thing. I was sober when I reached Chicago. I saw my deed from another angle. Think of it; we could have given our joint note to mother's bank for the amount. Old Henderson would have discounted it in a second. It was too late. I went on. The few hundreds I had gave out. I've been up against it pretty hard. There were times when I envied the pariah dog. But fortune came around one day, knocked, and I let her in. I returned to make a restitution, only to learn that it had been made by you, long ago. A trick of young Elmore's. I shouldn't have come back if I could have sent the money."

Arthur raised his head and sat up.

"Ah, why did you not write? Why did you not let me know where you were? God is my witness, if there is a corner of this world unsearched for by me. For two years I had a man hunting. He gave up. I believed you dead."

"Dead? Well, I was in a sense."

"You have suffered, but not as I have. Always you had before you your great, splendid, foolish sacrifice. I had nothing to buoy me up; there was only the drag of the recollection of an evil deed, and a moment of pitiful weakness. The temptation was too great, Paul."

"How did it happen?"

"How does anything like that happen? Curiosity drew me first, for at college I never played but a few games of bridge. Curiosity, desire, then the full blaze of the passion. You will never know what that is, Paul. It is stronger than love, or faith, or honor. God knows I never thought myself weak; at school I was the least impetuous of the two. Everything went, and they cheated me from the start. Roulette and faro. Then I put my hand in the safe. To this day I cannot tell why. I owed nothing to those despicable thieves, Craig least of all."

"Craig, I met him over there. Pummel him."

TO BE CONTINUED

FEW MINUTES! NO INDIGESTION, GAS, SOUR STOMACH—PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN

Digests All Foods, Absorbs Gases and Stops Fermentation at Once

Pape's Diapepsin, and in five minutes you will wonder what became of the indigestion and distress. Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps the stomach regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin, which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is astonishing. Please don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.—Adv.

Wonder what upset your stomach— which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just eat has fermented into stubborn lumps; your head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take

50 DEAD IN AVALANCHE

British Columbia Snowslide Injures Half Hundred Others

Vancouver, B. C., March 23.—Fifty miners were killed and as many more injured early yesterday by a snowslide which swept away several bunkhouses at the Britannia coal mine at Howe Sound, B. C., according to a dispatch received here. Besides the bunkhouses part of the mine tramway was carried away.

The mine level is on the side of a mountain and nearly 5,000 feet above the shore of the sound. The tramway extended from the mine to the beach. Soon after reports of the avalanche were received here a steamship with physicians and nurses left for Howe Sound. Communication with the mine has been cut off and telephone wires are down.

\$3,100 FOR HUSBAND'S DEATH

Jury Awards Widow Damages in Suit Against Coal Company

Pottsville, Pa., March 23.—Mrs. Josephine Mochefski, of the village of Mary D, yesterday was awarded \$3,100 by the Mary D Coal Company for the death of her husband, who was killed May 29 of last year.

The woman's husband, with five other miners, was being hoisted from the mine when the engineer forgot his duty and hoisted them up over a tower, where they were crushed to death. Four of the families of the victims have now been settled with.

STEAMSHIPS.

To Bermuda
 Golf, Tennis, Boating, Bathing, and Cycling Excursions.
 Tours Inexpensive. Shore Excursions. Lowest Rates.

Twin S. S. "BERMUDIAN" 10,518 Tons. Specially equipped for the Bermuda trade. Fastest, newest and only steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda without transfer by tender.

For full information apply to A. E. O'NEILL, 32 Broadway, New York, or any Ticket Agent.

Directory of Leading Hotels of Harrisburg

HOTEL VICTOR
 No. 25 South Union Street. Directly opposite Fourth Station. Equipped with all modern improvements; running water in every room; one bath; perfectly sanitary; nicely furnished throughout. Rates moderate. European Plan. JOSEPH GIUSTI, Proprietor.

THE PLAZA
 423-425 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa. At the Entrance to the P. R. Station. EUROPEAN PLAN. F. B. ALDINGER, Proprietor.

The Metropolitan
 Strictly European. For something good to eat. Everything in season. Service the best. Prices the lowest.

It's Easy to Start the Fire

Your fires don't need constant watching if you burn—

KELLEY'S COAL

Why? Because it's easy to start the fires and just as easy to keep them going. Because it's all pure coal, rich in carbon, uniform in size, even burning and clean.

That's why?

H. M. KELLEY & CO.
 1 N. Third Street
 Tenth and State Streets

One Trial Will Convince U

12 Doses 10c
 36 Doses 25c

At All Druggists
For Headaches, Neuralgia
 Quick—Safe—Sure

Cumberland Valley Railroad
 In Effect May 24, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—
 For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5:02, 7:00 a. m., 9:40 p. m.
 For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 7:02, 7:58, 9:40, 11:40, 1:40, 3:40, 5:32, 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 11:55 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.
 *Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. J. H. FONG, Gen'l Mgr.
 H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. & Supt.

BEGIN PREPARATION NOW

Day and Night Sessions
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
 15 S. Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.

H.B.G. BUSINESS COLLEGE
 329 Market Street
 Fall Term September First
DAY AND NIGHT

HOTEL IROQUOIS
 South Carolina Avenue & Beach
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Pleasantly situated, a few steps from Boardwalk. Ideal family hotel. Every modern appointment. Many rooms equipped with running water; 100 private baths. Table and service most excellent. Rates \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 weekly. American plan. Book-let and calendar sent free on request.

David P. Rabter, Chief Clerk
 Silas Wright, Manager
 Calendars of above hotel can also be obtained by applying at Star-Independent office.

THE ALE AND BEER

produced by the Master Brewer at the DOEHNE Brewery cannot be surpassed for purity, health, tonic and food qualities.

DOEHNE BREWERY

Order It—Phones Bell 826
 Indep't. 318

CASH FOR YOU

Find a purchaser for the article you possess and want to sell.

If it has value—an advertisement in the Classified columns of

THE STAR-INDEPENDENT

will get you effective results.

ACT WITHOUT DELAY

Bell Phone 3280 Independent 245 or 246

ASK FOR

Lancaster's Favorite Brew

RIEKER'S BEER

JNO. G. WALL, Agt.
 Harrisburg, Pa.
 Frank J. Rieker, Mgr.

FOR RENT

PRIVATE ROOMS FOR HOUSEHOLD GOODS

FIRE PROOF STORAGE

We Invite Your Inspection

HARRISBURG STORAGE CO.
 437-445 SOUTH SECOND STREET

Read the Star-Independent