

## SOAP ON HAIR CAUSES DANDRUFF, SCALP GETS DRY, HAIR FALLS OUT

Girls! Get a 25 Cent  
Bottle and Try a  
"Danderine Hair  
Cleanse."

After washing your hair with soap always apply a little Danderine to the scalp to invigorate the hair and prevent dryness. Better still, use soap as sparingly as possible, and instead have a "Danderine Hair Cleanse." Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one strand at a time. This will remove dust, dirt and excessive oil. In

a few moments you will be amazed, your hair will not only be clean, but it will be wavy, fluffy and abundant, and possess an incomparable softness and luster.

Besides cleansing and beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; stimulates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

Men! Ladies! You can surely have lots of charming hair. Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it.—Adv.



## HOUSEHOLD TALKS

**Henrietta D. Grauel**

### Burying the High Cost of Living

It is not possible to estimate the value of food raised in kitchen gardens but it is safe to say that a well-kept garden will materially lower the cost of provisions. It has been estimated by government experts that one-half acre of ground planted with garden crops will easily yield a family one hundred dollars worth of vegetables at the end of the year. There is more to be considered in the making and having of a garden than is at first apparent; the fact that the vegetables can be secured at a moment's notice is important but that they are always fresh, that they give a variety of food and that a kitchen garden interests the entire family is the greatest consideration.

Few city dwellers can have as much as half an acre to cultivate but it is wonderful how intense cultivation and careful use of fertilizer will enable one to grow a quantity of food stuff in a very small space.

Success depends much upon knowing what, when and where to plant. It is true economy to buy the very best seeds from reliable sources; radishes, lettuce, beets, spinach, tomatoes, peas, cucumbers, sweet corn and onions may be all you have room for. They will all grow thrifitily if rightly planted and given a fair chance.

For a planting table write to Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., and ask for bulletin number 255. This help contains suggestions that the amateur will appreciate and the experienced gardener enjoy.

Women should make gardens for the experience broadens and deepens one. Going from the house into the garden is going from one realm to another. We never can understand how things grow but just to see soft, green things pushing through the warm, brown earth, growing leaves, buds, flowers and fruit; by some mysterious process

turning from seed into food, is intensely interesting and complex. It takes one's mind from the tiring repetition of daily tasks and gives a new pleasure to the planning of the family's meals.

Arbor day is almost here and it is a good time to plant not only useful nut, shade and fruit trees but vines and shrubs and food plants and seeds.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question.—"How is perfumed starch made, please? I cannot afford to buy perfumes but like a delicate odor in linens articles."

Reply.—Put a bag of powdered orris root in the last rinsing water or the flowers of lavender or other sachet flowers in a bag and boil with the starch. Perfumed paraffine is not expensive and it is added to the starch while it is being made. The best way, however, to perfume garments is to put bags of sachet in drawers and closets.

\* \* \*

Question.—"Some time ago I told how to mend articles with tire tape and adhesive plaster. Can this be had in black and would it mend a raincoat and where is it purchased?"

Reply.—Yes to both queries, but why not buy the mending tissue at the notion counter of any dry goods store? Adhesive plaster is bought in the drug store, tire tape from the bicycle shop.

\* \* \*

Question.—"Please tell me what claret is and how it is cooked?"

Reply.—This vegetable is like celery but is always cooked. Boil it in salted water first, then dress with a butter sauce. It is also used in soups and is fried and scalloped.

\* \* \*

Question.—"Kindly tell me the most nourishing meats?"

Reply.—Beef is most nourishing, then mutton, fowl, pork, veal.

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## HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CONTINUED

But Sabron was half-way down the stairs. The door was open, and on the porch he heard distinctly a third tenor pathetic wail.

That evening the Marquise d'Esclignac read aloud to her niece the news that the Count de Sabron was not coming to dinner. He was "absolutely desolated" and had no words to express his regret and disappointment. The pleasure of dining with them both, a pleasure to which he had looked forward, for a fortnight, must be renounced because he was obliged to sit up with a very sick friend, as there was no one else to take his place. In expressing his undying devotion and his renewed excuses he put his homage at their feet and kissed their hands.

The Marquise d'Esclignac, wearing another very beautiful dress, looked up at her niece, who was playing at the piano.

"A very poor excuse, my dear Julia, and a very late one."

"It sounds true, however. I believe him, don't you, ma tante?"

"I do not," said the marquise emphatically. "A Frenchman of good education is not supposed to refuse a dinner invitation an hour before he is expected. Nothing but a case of life and death would excuse it."

"He says a 'very sick friend.'"

"Nonsense," exclaimed the marquise.

Miss Redmond played a few bars of the tune Sabron had hummed and which more than once had soothed Pitchoune, and which, did she know, Sabron was actually humming at that moment.

"I am rather disappointed," said the young girl, "but if we find it is a matter of life and death, ma tante, we will forgive him."

The Marquise d'Esclignac had invited the Count de Sabron because she had been asked to do so by his colonel, who was an old and valued friend. She had other plans for her niece.

"I feel, my dear," she answered her now, "quite safe in promising that if it is a question of life and death we shall forgive him. I shall see his colonel tomorrow and ask him point-blank."

Miss Redmond rose from the piano and came over to her aunt, for dinner had been announced.

"Well, what do you think," she slipped her hand in her aunt's arm, "really, what do you think could be the reason?"

Please don't ask me," exclaimed the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "The reasons for young men's caprices are sometimes just as well not inquired into."

If Sabron, smoking in his bachelor quarters, lonely and disappointed, watching with an extraordinary fidelity by his "sick friend," could have seen the two ladies at their grand solitary dinner, his unfilled place between them, he might have felt the picture charming enough to have added to his collection.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dog Pays.

Pitchoune repaid what was given him.

He did not think that by getting well, reserving the right for the rest of his life to a distinguished limp in his right leg, that he had done all that was expected of him. He developed an ecstatic devotion to the captain, impossible for any human heart adequately to return. He followed Sabron like a shadow and when he could not follow him, took his place on a chair in the window, there to sit, his sharp profile against the light, his pointed ears forward, watching for the uniform he knew and admired extravagantly.

Pitchoune was a thoroughbred, and every muscle and fiber showed it; every hair and point asserted it, and he loved as only thoroughbreds can.

You may say what you like about mongrel attachments, the thoroughbred in all cases reserves his brilliancy for critics.

Sabron, who had only seen Miss Redmond twice and thought about her countless times, never quite forgave his friend for the illness that kept him from the chateau. There was in Sabron's mind, much as he loved Pitchoune, the feeling that if he had gone that night . . .

There was never another invitation! "Voyons, mon cher," his colonel had said to him kindly the next time he met him, "what stupidity have you been guilty of at the Chateau d'Esclignac?"

Poor Sabron blushed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I assure you," said the colonel, "that I did you harm there without

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ears. She looked sympathetic. She looked amused. She smiled.

"It was a question of life and death, wasn't it?" she said eagerly to Sabron.

"Really, it was just that," answered the young officer, not knowing how significant the words were to the two ladies.

Then Madame d'Esclignac knew that she was beaten and that she owed something, and was ready to pay. The chauffeur got upon his seat and she asked sweetly:

"Won't you let us take you home, Monsieur Sabron?"

He thanked them. He was walking and had not finished his exercise.

"At all events," she pursued, "now that your excuse is no longer a good one, you will come this week to dinner, will you not?"

He would, of course, and watched the yellow motor drive away in the autumn sunlight, wishing rather less for the order from the minister of war to change his quarters than he had before.

CHAPTER VI.

Ordered Away.

He had received his letter from the minister of war. Like many things we wish for, set our hopes upon, when they come we find that we do not want them at any price. The order was unwelcome. Sabron was to go to Algers.

Winter is never very ugly around Tarascon. Like a lovely bunch of fruit in the brightest corner of a happy vineyard, the Midi is sheltered from the rude experiences that the seasons know farther north. Nevertheless, rains and winds, sea-born and vigorous, had swept in and upon the little town. The mistral came whistling and Sabron, from his window, looked down on his little garden from which summer had entirely flown. Pitchoune, by his side, looked down as well, but his expression, different from his master's, was ecstatic, for he saw sliding along the brick wall, a cat with which he was on the most excited terms. His body tense, his ears forward, he gave a sharp series of barks and little soft growls, while his master tapped the window-pane to the tune of Miss Redmond's song.

TO BE CONTINUED

Express Companies Abolish Phones

Tarascon, Pa., March 26.—Local representatives of the Bell and United Telephone Companies have been notified by the Adams Express Company that the telephones in their offices will not be needed after April 1. The telephone paces are to be eliminated to reduce expenses.

The young postmistress, says "Everybody's Magazine," was reading a postal card from the morning mail. Finally she turned it over to the address.

"Huh," she said in a disappointed tone, "this card is for me!"

The deserted chateau, the fact that there was nothing in his military life beyond the routine to interest him now in Tarascon, made Sabron eagerly look forward to a change, and he waited for letters from the minister of war which would send him to a new post.

The following day after his visit to the chateau he took a walk. Pitchoune at his heels, and stood aside in the highroad to let a yellow motor pass him, but the yellow motor at that moment drew up to the side of the road while the chauffeur got out to adjust some portion of the mechanism. Someone leaned from the yellow motor window and Sabron came forward to speak to the Marquise d'Esclignac and another lady by her side.

"How do you do, Monsieur? Do you remember us?"

(Had he ever forgotten them?) He regretted so very much not having been able to dine with them in the spring.

"And your sick friend?" asked Madame d'Esclignac keenly, "did he recover?"

"Yes," said Sabron, and Miss Redmond, who leaned forward, smiled at him and extended her pretty hand. Sabron opened the motor door.

"What a darling dog!" Miss Redmond cried. "What a bewitching face he has! He's an Irish terrier, isn't he?"

Sabron called Pitchoune, who diverted his attention from the chauffeur to come and be hauled up by the collar and presented. Sabron shook off his reticence.

"Let me make a confession," he said with a courteous bow. "This is my 'very sick friend.' Pitchoune was at the point of death the night of your

arrival."

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