

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.



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 thriftily 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 but shade and fruit trees, but vines and shrubs and food plants and seeds.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Question.—"How is powdered starch made, please? I cannot afford to buy perfumes but like a delicate odor in linen 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 starch 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 you 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 at the drug store, tire tape from the bicycle shop.

Question.—"Please tell me what celanese 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.

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 tenderly pathetic wall.

That evening the Marquise d'Esclagnac 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'Esclagnac, 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'Esclagnac 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 pointblank."

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'Esclagnac 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 unfulfilled 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 crises.

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'Esclagnac?"

Poor Sabron blushed and shrugged his shoulders.

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

knowing it. Madame d'Esclagnac, who is a very clever woman, asked me with interest and sympathy, who your 'very sick friend' could be. As no one was very sick according to my knowledge I told her so. She seemed triumphant and I saw at once that I had put you in the wrong."

It would have been simple to have explained to the colonel, but Sabron, reticent and reserved, did not choose to do so. He made a very insufficient excuse, and the colonel, as well as the marquise, thought ill of him. He learned later, with chagrin, that his friends were gone from the Midi. Rooted to the spot himself by his duties, he could not follow them. Meanwhile Pitchoune thrived, grew, cheered his loneliness, jumped over a stick, learned a trick or two from Brunet and a great many fascinating wiles and ways, no doubt inherited from his mother. He had a sense of humor truly, a power of devotion that we designate as "canine," no doubt because no member of the human race has ever deserved it.

CHAPTER V.

The Golden Autumn.

Sabron longed for a change with autumn, when the falling leaves made the roads golden roundabout the Chateau d'Esclagnac. He thought he would like to go away. He rode his horse one day up to the property of the hard-hearted unforgiving lady and, finding the gate open, rode through the grounds up to the terrace. Seeping no one, he sat in his saddle looking over the golden country to the Rhone and the castle of the good King Rene, where the autumn mists were like banners floating from towers.

There was a solitary beauty around the lovely place that spoke to the young officer with a sweet melancholy. He fancied that Miss Redmond must often have looked out from one of the windows, and he wondered which one. The terrace was deserted and leaves from the vines strewn it with red and golden speckles. Pitchoune raced after them, for the wind started them flying, and he rolled his tawny little body over and over in the rustling leaves. Then a rabbit, which before the arrival of Sabron had been sitting comfortably on the terrace stones, scuttled away like mad, and Pitchoune, somewhat hindered by his limp, tore after it.

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'Esclagnac 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'Esclagnac 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 hailed 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

dinner and I was just leaving the house when I realized that the helpless little chap could not weather the breeze without me. He had been run over by a bicycle and he needed some very special care."

Miss Redmond's hand was on Pitchoune's head between his pointed

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'Esclagnac knew that she was beaten and that she owed something and was ready to pay. The chauffeur got upon his seat and she asked suavely:

"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 exercise 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 Algiers.

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

Altoona, 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 telephones 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!"

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HOLMES' SEEDS CELERY

Read what Stephen N. Green, of the Ohio Experiment Station, has to say regarding

HOLMES' EMPEROR CELERY

We are delighted to note that the Holmes Green Celery, sent out in a limited way by the Holmes Seed Company two years ago, is now being reintroduced under the name of Holmes Emperor. This is a truly remarkable new Celery. In trials of fifty of the new and standard sorts it stood head and shoulders above the rest. If you grow late Celery, by all means give this variety a trial. If you are not satisfied with it, your purchase money will be returned, but the situation will doubtless be that you will wish that you had planted ten times as much.

STEPHEN N. GREEN, Of the Ohio Experimental Station, in the Market Growers' Journal.

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Everything for the Garden, Lawn, Farm and for Poultrymen.

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Open Evenings—Bell Phone 68; Cumberland 76

OPEN COMMERCE CHAMBER

Altoona Organization Holds House Warming, With Speeches

Altoona, Pa., March 26.—The Chamber of Commerce's new headquarters in the new Chamber of Commerce block were formally opened with a housewarming yesterday, which was attended by over 500 men, representative of Altoona's business, professional and industrial life. Following a reception a formal program was carried out in the auditorium. President William C. Westfall presided.

Frank Goodfellow introduced his old friend, Edward James Cattell, city statistician of Philadelphia, who made the principal speech. E. L. McColgin, secretary of the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce, also spoke.

LAPEAN LOSES SWEET JOB

Congressman and Son Refused Old Offices by Caramel Trust

Lancaster, Pa., March 26.—Congressman D. F. Lapean has been defeated for president of the American Caramel Company, and his son, Stuart, for secretary.

C. R. Weeden, of Providence, R. I., is the new president, and G. Clayton Krone, of York, secretary. The offices of the company have been moved from York to this city. Extravagance is given as the cause of their changes.

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It will act as a laxative in the morning

George A. Gorgas

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David P. Kahler Chief Clerk

Calendars of above hotel can also be obtained by applying at Star-Independent office.

J. Harry Stroup

Insurance Agent

1617 North Second St.

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In Effect May 24, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6:05, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 7:02, 7:56, 11:35 a. m., 4:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 3:27, 3:30, 9:30 p. m.

For Pottsville at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:51 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:23, 4:30 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

J. H. RIDDLE, G. F. A. Supt.

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329 Market Street

Fall Term September First

DAY AND NIGHT

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