

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

In Praise of Beet Sugar

Sugar making seems to be the most important industry in all the world, for it concerns every individual on the globe. All of us must have sugar in some form, it is necessary to every living person.

Had not a German chemist discovered, in 1747, that sugar could be manufactured from beet juice it is quite likely that this necessity would be among our most costly foods. But modern methods of manufacturing sugar from beets makes it possible for this product to compete on equal terms with cane sugar in the markets of the world.

Mr. W. D. Lippert, secretary of one of the great western sugar companies and a noted authority on sugar making writes that during the early years of beet sugar industry some inferior sugar was put on the market, but this was due to faults in manufacture. To disguise the yellow tinge of such-sugar a little bluing was added, and sometimes in cooking syrups a scum would rise and this annoyed the home cook. Now beet sugar is produced in such purity that bluing is not required and it has not been used in the best beet sugar since 1907.

The fallacy that preserves and jellies made with beet sugar will not obtain the proper consistency has been exposed time and again. Many things prevent jellies from "jelling." If the weather be very rainy, fruit will be tart, and lacking in the necessary pectin, and no amount of sugar, whether beet or cane, will help it to jelly.

Beet sugar companies give frequent

If Your Hair is Falling Out we know of no better remedy than

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic
A preparation which we gladly recommend to you. 50c. a bottle.
George A. Gorgas

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1—You save 50c on each 2,000 lbs.

The money spent for coal this month is equal to an investment earning more than 10 per cent.

2—You get better quality coal.

The coal is not rushed through the breakers in an effort to fill all orders received as is the case in winter. The less time taken the poorer the preparation.

3—You get less slate in coal.

The busier the mine operators are the faster the coal goes past the breaker boys, who pick out the slate. The result is lots of slate gets past the boys—you get the slate.

4—You get cleaner coal.

Coal shipped in winter is often frozen solid in the cars. Sometimes it is necessary to use picks and bars to remove the coal.

Being wet and frozen, it is impossible to screen out the fine dirt.

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Fifteenth and Chestnut Hummel and Mulberry

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HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CONTINUED
CHAPTER XVII.

Out of the Desert.

From a dreamy little villa, whose walls were streaming with bougainvillea, Miss Redmond looked over Algiers, over the tumult and hum of it, to the sea. Tremont, by her side, looked at her. From head to foot the girl was in white. On one side the bougainvillea laid its scarlet flowers against the stainless linen of her dress, and on her other arm was the Red Cross.

The American girl and the French man had become the best of friends. She considered him a sincere companion and an unconscious confidant. He had not yet decided what he thought of her, or how. His promise to remain on the yacht had been broken and he had his godmother and Miss Redmond constant visits at their villa, which the marquis rented for the season.

There were times when Tremont thought Miss Redmond's exile a farcical one, but he always found her fascinating and a lovely woman, and he wondered what it was that kept him from laying his title and his fortune at her feet. It had been under stood between the godmother and himself that he was to court Miss Redmond at her arrival.

"She has been brought up in such a shocking fashion, Robert, that nothing but American love-making will appeal to her. You will have to make love to her, Robert. Can you do it?"

"But, marraine, I might as well make love to a sister of charity."

"There was the Belle Heloise, and no woman is immune."

"I think she is engaged to some American cowboy who will come and claim her, marraine."

His godmother was offended.

"Rubbish!" she said. "She is engaged to no one, Bob. She is an

idiot, a Rosalind; but that will not prevent her from making an excellent wife."

"She is certainly very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont, and he told Julia so.

"You are very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont to Miss Redmond, as she leaned on the balcony of the villa. The bougainvillea leaned against her breast.

"When you stood in the hospital under the window and sang to the poor devils, you looked like an angel."

"Poor things!" said Julia Redmond. "Do you think that they liked it?"

"Liked it!" exclaimed the young man enthusiastically, "couldn't you see by their faces? One poor devil said to me: 'One can die better now, Monsieur. There was no hope for him; it seems."

Tremont and Marquise d'Esclignac had doted on Julia Redmond every day at a certain hour to the different hospitals, where Julia, after rendering some slight services to the nurses—for she was not needed—sang for the sick, standing in the outer hallway of the building open on every side. She knew that Sabron was not among these sick. Where he was or what sounds his ears might hear, she could not know; but she sang for him, and the fact put a sweetness in her voice that touched the ears of the suffering and uplifted those who were not too far down to be uplifted, and as for the dying, it helped them, as the soldier said, to die.

She had done this for several days, but now she was restless. Sabron was not in Algiers. No news had been brought of him. His regiment had been ordered out farther into the desert that seemed to stretch away into infinity, and the vast cruel sands knew, and the stars knew where Sabron had fallen and what was his history, and they kept the secret.

The marquis made herself as much at home as possible in Algiers, put up with the inefficiency of native servants, and her duty was done. Her first romantic elan was over. Sabron had recalled to her the idol of a love affair of a quarter of a century before, but she had been for too long Marquise d'Esclignac to go back to an ideal. She pinned to have her niece a duchess, and never spoke the unfortunate Sabron's name.

They were surrounded by fashionable life. As soon as their arrival had been made known there had been a

number of cards and a passing of carriages and automobiles, and this worldly life added to the unhappiness and restlessness of Julia. Among the guests had been one woman whom she found sympathetic; the woman's eyes had drawn Julia to her. It was Comtesse de la Maine, a widow, young as herself and, as Julia said, vastly better-looking. Turning to Tremont on the balcony, when he told her she was beautiful, she said:

"Madame de la Maine is my ideal of loveliness."

The young man wrinkled his fair brow.

"Do you think so, Mademoiselle? Why?"

"She has character as well as perfect lines. Her eyes look as though they could weep and laugh. Her mouth looks as though it could say adorable things."

Tremont laughed softly and said: "Go on, you amuse me."

"And her hands look as though they could caress and comfort. I like her awfully. I wish she were my friend."

Tremont said nothing, and she glanced at him suddenly.

"She says such lovely things about you, Monsieur."

"Really! She is too indulgent."

"But she is worldly," said Miss Redmond gravely, "be human. I like you best so. Don't you agree with me?"

"Madame de la Maine is a very charming woman," said the young man, and the girl saw a change come over his features.

At this moment, as they stood so together, Tremont pulling his mustache and looking out through the bougainvillea vines, a dark figure made its way through the garden to the villa, came and took its position under the balcony where the duke and Miss Redmond leaned. It was a native, a man in filthy rags. He turned his face to Tremont and bowed low to the lady.

"Excellency," he said in broken French, "my name is Hammet Abou. I was the ordonnance of Monsieur le Capitaine de Sabron."

"What!" exclaimed Tremont, "what did you say?"

"Ask him to come up here," said Julia Redmond, "or no—let us go down to the garden."

"It is damp," said Tremont, "let me get you a shawl."

"No, no, I need nothing."

She had hurried before him down the little stairs leading into the garden from the balcony, and she had begun to speak to the native before Tremont appeared. In this recital he addressed his words to Julia alone.

"I am a very poor man, Excellency," he said in a mellifluous tone, "and very sick."

"Have you any money, Monsieur?"

"Pray do not suggest it," said the duke sharply. "Let him tell what he will; we will pay him later."

"I have been very sick," said the man. "I have left the army. I do not like the French army," said the native simply.

"You are very frank," said Tremont brutally. "Why do you come here at any rate?"

"Hush," said Julia Redmond imploringly. "Do not anger him, Monsieur, he may have news." She asked: "Have you news?" and there was a note in her voice that made Tremont glance at her.

"I have seen the excellency and her grandmother," said the native, "many times going into the garrison."

"What news have you of Captain de Sabron?" asked the girl directly. Without replying, the man said in a melancholy voice:

"I was his ordonnance, I saw him fall in the battle of Dirbal. I saw him shot in the side. I was shot, too. See?"

else do you know? If your informa-



"Now Speak Without Reserve."

tion is worth anything to us we will pay you, don't be afraid."

"Perhaps the excellency's grandmother would like to hear, too," said the man naively.

Julia Redmond smiled; the youthful Marquise d'Esclignac!

Once more Tremont seized the man by the arm and shook him a little.

"If you don't tell what you have to say and be quick about it, my dear fellow, I shall hand you over to the police."

"What for?" said the man, "what have I done?"

"Well, what have you got to tell, and how much do you want for it?"

"I want one hundred francs for this," and he pulled out from his dirty rags a little packet and held it up cautiously.

It looked like a package of letters and a man's pocketbook.

"You take it," said the Duc de Tremont to Julia Redmond, "you take it, Mademoiselle." She did so without hesitation; it was evidently Sabron's pocketbook, a leather one with his initials upon it, together with a little package of letters. On the top she saw her letter to him. Her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold the package. It seemed to be all that was left to her. She heard Tremont ask:

"Where did you get this, you miserable dog?"

"After the battle," said the man coolly, with evident truthfulness, "I was very sick. We were in camp several days at— Then I got better and went along the dried river bank to look for Monsieur le Capitaine, and I found this in the sands."

"Do you believe him?" asked Julia Redmond.

"Hum," said Tremont. He did not wish to tell her he thought the man capable of robbing the dead body of his master. He asked the native: "Have you no other news?"

The man was silent. He clutched the rags at his breast and looked at Julia Redmond.

"Please give him some money, Monsieur."

"The dog!" Tremont shook him again. "Not yet." And he said to the man: "If this is all you have to tell we will give you one hundred francs for this parcel. You can go and don't return here again."

"But it is not all," said the native quietly, looking at Julia.

Her heart began to beat like mad and she looked at the man. His keen dark eyes seemed to pierce her.

"Monsieur," said the American girl boldly, "would you leave me a moment with him? I think he wants to speak with me alone."

But the Duc de Tremont exclaimed in surprise:

"To speak with you alone, Mademoiselle! Why should he? Such a thing is not possible!"

"Don't go far," she begged, "but leave us a moment, I pray."

To Be Continued

GLASS KILLS AFTER 18 YEARS

Bit in Morsel Swallowed by Contractor Causes Death

Mount Vernon, N. Y., April 6.—Hill Christian Jensen, 55 years old, a well-to-do contractor of Tuckahoe, died yesterday from cancer of the throat, brought on by swallowing a piece of glass eighteen years ago. The glass was in a piece of chicken eaten by Mr. Jensen. He did not know that it had caused cancer until twelve weeks ago.

Two years after swallowing the glass it came out of his left knee. He suffered intermittently from an irritation of the throat, but thought little of it. An operation was performed in January, last, when the nature of the disease was discovered. Radium was used, but without effect.

FOREIGN VETS TO CONVENE

It is believed that a large number of the American Veterans of Foreign Service of this city will attend the sixteenth annual convention of that organization to be held in Reading April 21, 22, 23.

At the same time as the convention a reunion of the Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry will be held April 22, when the survivors will participate in a large street parade. As there are ten companies in the regiment, all in different towns surrounding Reading, it is believed this will be a large event.

Makes 61 Feel Like 16

"I suffered with kidney ailment for two years," writes Mrs. M. A. Bridges, Robinson, Mass., "and commenced taking Foley Kidney Pills about ten months ago. I am now able to do all my work without fatigue. I am now 61 years of age and feel like a 16-year-old girl." Foley Kidney Pills strengthen and invigorate weak, tired and deranged kidneys; relieve backache, weak back, rheumatism and bladder trouble. They are tonic in action. Geo. A. Gorgas, 16 North Third Street.—Adv.

AT ONCE! PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN STOPS INDIGESTION, GAS, SOUR STOMACH

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Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest stomach doctor in

the whole world, and besides, it is harmless!

Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods without fear—they know it is needless to have a bad stomach.

Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Stop being miserable—life is too short—you're not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without fear of rebellion in the stomach. Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home. Should one of the family eat something which doesn't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement, it is handy to give instant relief.—Adv.

CLASSIC WAR POEMS

Selected by J. Howard Wert

No. 31.

THE ONSET

BY BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR ("BARRY CORNWALL")

That grand old English poet Bryan Waller Proctor, who wrote generally under the pen name of Barry Cornwall, is much less known in this country than he deserves to be,—much less known to our people than he was a generation or more ago. He never wrote anything more vivid than the little battle sketch here presented. The "red rose," introduced in the last stanza, refers to the insignia of one of the contending parties during the long civil war that rent England when the rival houses of York and Lancaster were battling for supremacy. The Lancaster party wore the red rose; the followers of the house of York, the white rose.

Sound an alarm! The foe is come!
I hear the tramp, the neigh, the hum,
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum:
Huza!
Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone,
What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?
Huza! huza!

Have we not sinews as strong as they?
Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?
Have we not God on our side to-day?
Huza!
Look! they are staggering on your black heath:
Steady awhile, and hold your breath!
Now is your time, men! Down, like death!
Huza! huza!

Stand by each other, and front on your foes!
Fight, while a drop of red blood flows!
Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose!
Huza!
Sound! Bid your terrible trumpet bray!
Blow, till their brazen throats give way!
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!
Huza! huza!

DEATH CHAIR MORE HUMANE

U. S. Supreme Court Upholds It as Against Hanging

Washington, April 6.—The Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment of the highest court of South Carolina in the case of Joe Malloy, a negro, convicted of murder, who appealed from the sentence of death by electrocution on the ground that it was less humane than death by hanging and that the law substituting electrocution for hanging had been passed after his crime was committed and was therefore ex post facto as to him and unconstitutional.

The South Carolina court found as a matter of fact that electrocution was less painful and more humane than hanging and denied relief. The Supreme Court in an opinion by Justice McReynolds affirmed this judgment yesterday.

Near Death in Delirious Leap

York, Pa., April 6.—In a delirium produced by grip, Jacob Tyson, 83 years old, crawled from a second-story window and leaped 20 feet off a power roof yesterday morning at his home in Arden, York county. His right arm was broken, but heavy blankets in which he was wrapped probably saved him from instant death. His condition is critical.

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For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5.05, 7.50, 11.50 a. m., 3.40, 5.32, 7.40, 11.00 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.48 a. m., 2.18, 2.37, 3.40, 3.49 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5.05, 7.50 and 11.50 a. m., 2.18, 3.40, 5.32, 7.30 p. m.
*Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
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