

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Various Table Vinegar

"Here's a challenge; read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it."—Twelfth Night.

No person can say how many vinegars there are for this condiment, preservative and flavor may be made from many substances as malt, treacle and water, fruit juices and yeast, and from what is called "mother of vinegar." It may also be flavored with almost any fruit and with all herbs.

As vinegar plays a most important part in giving pleasant seasoning to many foods it should be of high quality and absolute purity. Inferior vinegar spoils the efforts of the most careful cook and often does not fulfill its mission of preserving articles of food as it should.

Vinegar must not be too acid to the taste nor may it be so weak as to be insipid. As exposure to the air, to strong light and to intense heat is harmful to its flavor it should be kept in unglazed jugs well corked, or in casks.

The Government standard for vinegar is that its strength shall be such that one ounce of it shall be neutralized by thirty-five grains of cooking soda. After vinegar has stood for some time exposed to the action of the air a film-like mould will form and thicken with age and this is called "mother." If sugar and water be added to this after some weeks a fairly good vinegar results. Yet good old-fashioned cider vinegar is always acceptable for general use and few housekeepers prefer anything else.

Yet to salads herb vinegars add zest and these are expensive if purchased in stores. The favorite salad vinegar is

terragon-vinegar and this sells at seventy-five cents a bottle. This or any other herb vinegar may be made by putting a few of the fresh or dried leaves of the plant whose flavor you want in a quart bottle and covering them with white wine, or any good vinegar. Heat this in warm water, with the bottle uncorked, then set aside, corked, over night and the next day you will have an excellent salad vinegar.

The word vin aigre means sour wine and the fruit vinegars made from pure fruit juices give pleasant cooling drinks and are delightful on fruit salads.

One thing should always be remembered in making herb, fruit and spiced vinegars for the table or for preserving, pickling and so on. If vinegar is permitted to boil it is at once spoiled. It must be heated only until it reaches what cooks call the scalding point.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A good many readers of this department ask advice in regard to utensils that are not altogether satisfactory and we are pleased to give any possible assistance that we can. But most patented kitchen helps are practical, and as good as represented, so we would demur the cake that before you cook the fireless cooker and the food chopper, that you ask your dealer, or write to the manufacturer of the defective article, for advice. You will receive helpful suggestions in concrete form, usually by return of mail. Then if all does not come right, let us hear from you. Persons desiring an immediate reply will please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

When Sabron spoke to him he leaped upon him and wagged his tail. After a few moments, as the two stood near the exit of an alley leading to one of the grand avenues, Pitchoune slowly went in front of his master and toward two ladies sitting on a bench in the gentle warmth of the May sunlight. Pitchoune, moved from his usual indifference, gave a short bark, walked up to the ladies, and began to sniff about their feet. The younger lady exclaimed, and then Sabron, lifting his hat, came forward, the crimson color beating in his dark tanned cheeks.

CLASSIC WAR POEMS

Selected by J. Howard Wert

THE GREEK PARTISAN

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

As already stated in this series few contests for freedom have produced so great an amount of impassioned poetry and oratory as the gallant struggle of the Greeks against the Turks nearly a century ago. Number 22 of the collection gave Halleck's glowing eulogium on the brave hero Borsaris, whilst number 25 gave one of the many poems of Lord Byron written in behalf of Greece. Here is one of several fervid poems written by Bryant on the same subject.

Our free flag is dancing
In the free mountain air,
And burnish'd arms are glancing,
And warriors gathering there;
And fearless is the little train
Whose gallant bosoms shield it,
That blood that warms their hearts shall
Stain
That banner, ere they yield it.
—Each dark eye is fix'd on earth,
And brief each solemn greeting;
There is no look nor sound of mirth,
Where those stern men are meeting.
They go to the slaughter,
To strike the sudden blow,
And pour on earth, like water,
The best blood of the foe;
To rush on them from rock and height,

And clear the narrow valley,
Or fire their camp at dead of night,
And fly before they rally.
—Chains are round our country press'd,
And onwards have betray'd her,
And we must make her bleeding breast
The grave of the invader.
Not till from her fetters
We raise up Greece again,
And write in bloody letters,
That tyranny is slain.—
O, not till then the smile shall steal
Across those darken'd faces,
Nor one of all those warriors feel
His children's dear embraces.
—Reap we not the ripen'd wheat,
Till yonder hosts are flying,
And all their bravest, at our feet,
Like autumn sheaves are lying.

ALL SHE HAS FOR CHARITY

Woman Remembers Various Churches and Institutions
Lancaster, Pa., April 17.—Mrs. Mary A. Brubaker bequeathed her entire estate to churches and other institutions. After bequests to local churches, she gives the residue, a handsome sum, to Germantown Lutheran College, Philadelphia; Muhlenberg College, Allentown, and Christ Lutheran church, Elizabethtown.
Muhlenberg College and the Lutheran College at Germantown get specific bequests of \$1,000 each.

State Federation to select this place for the 1916 convention.

DIVES TO CREEK IN UPSET AUTO

Philadelphia Salesman Barely Misses Drowning After Mishap
Mahanoy City, Pa., April 17.—Russell S. Sanders, a paint and varnish salesman, of Philadelphia, is in the State hospital at Fountain Springs in a serious condition from an automobile accident in which his machine plunged into Mahanoy creek, turned over and pinned him underneath. He was nearly drowned by the sulphur water.
The steering gear of Sanders' machine broke as he was driving along Oakland road. James Callihan and James Wenzel saw the machine plunge and rescued Sanders from drowning.

Will Invite State Convention
Shamokin, Pa., April 17.—The Shamokin Motor Club will go to Reading to-day with 30 cars and invite the

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CONTINUED

The little dog had also an imperceptible limp occasioned by a bicycle running over him when he was a puppy.

The two companions seemed immensely to enjoy the spring day. Sabron every now and then stood for a few moments looking at the gay passers-by, pedestrians and equestrians, enjoying to the full the repose of civilization, the beauty of his own land.

Pitchoune looked with indifference upon the many dogs. He did not stir from his master's side. When Sabron was quiet, the little animal stood at attention; he was a soldier's dog. He could have told dog stories to those insignificant worldly dogs—could have told of really thrilling adventures. His brown eyes were pathetic with their appeal of affection as they looked up at his beloved master. He had a fund of experience such as the poodles and the terriers led by their owners could not understand. Therefore Pitchoune was indifferent to them. Not one of those petted, ridiculous house dogs could have run for miles in the dark across an African desert, could have found Beni Medinet and fetched relief to his master. Pitchoune was proud of it. He was very well satisfied with his career. He was still young; other deeds of valor perhaps lay before him—who can tell? At any rate he had been shown about at the ministry of war, been very much admired, and he was a proud animal.

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The Marquise d'Esclignac held out both hands to the officer:
"It's nearly noon," she said, "and you don't forget that you have promised to lunch with us, do you, Monsieur le Capitaine?"

Sabron, bending over her hand, assured her that he had not forgotten. Then his eyes traveled to her companion. Miss Redmond wore a very simple dress, as was her fashion, but the young officer from Africa, who had not seen her near by until now and who had only caught a glimpse of her across the opera house, thought that he had never seen such a beautiful dress in all his life. It was made of soft gray cloth and fitted her closely, and in the lapel of her mannish little buttonhole she wore a few Parma violets. He recognized them. He had come from a bunch that he had sent her the night before. He kissed her hand, and they stood talking together,

"I should think he would be happy. He must have a knowledge of what an important animal he is. Just think!—if he were a man they would give him a decoration."
And the two walked tranquilly side by side.

Pitchoune ran to the side of the road, disappeared into a little forest all shot through with light. He came back, bringing the remains of an old rubber ball lost there by some other dog, and laid it triumphantly in front of Miss Redmond.
"See," said Sabron, "he brings you his trophies."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Happiness.

Le Comte de Sabron finished his dressing.

Brunet surveyed his master from the tip of his shining boots to his sleek, fair head. His expressive eyes said: "Monsieur le Capitaine is looking well tonight."

Brunet had never before given his master a direct compliment. His eyes only had the habit of expressing admiration, and the manner in which he performed his duties, his devotion, were his forms of compliment. But Sabron's long illness and absence, the fact that he had been snatched from death and given back to the army again, leveled between servant and master the impassable wall of etiquette.

"There will be a grand dinner tonight, will there not, Monsieur le Capitaine? Doubtless Monsieur le Colonel and all the gentlemen will be there." Brunet made a comprehensive gesture as though he comprised the entire etat major.

Sabron, indeed, looked well. He was thin, deeply bronzed by the exposure on the yacht, for he and Tremont before returning to France had made a long cruise. Sabron wore the look of a man who has come back from a far country and is content.

"And never shall I forget to the end of my days how Monsieur le Capitaine looked when I met the yacht at Marseilles!"

Brunet spoke reverently, as though he were chronicling sacred souvenirs. "I said to myself, you are about to welcome back a hero, Brunet! Monsieur le Capitaine will be as weak as a child. But I was determined that Monsieur le Capitaine should not read my feelings, however great my emotion."

Sabron smiled. At no time in his simple life did Brunet ever conceal the most trifling emotion—his simple face revealed all his simple thoughts. Sabron said heartily: "Your control was very fine, indeed."

"Instead of seeing a sick man, Monsieur le Capitaine, a splendid-looking figure, with red cheeks and bright eyes, came off the boat to the shore. I said to myself: 'Brunet, he has the air of one who comes back from a victory.' No one would have ever believed that Monsieur le Capitaine had been rescued from captivity."

Brunet's curiosity was very strong and as far as his master was concerned he had been obliged to crush it down. To himself he was saying: "Monsieur le Capitaine is on the eve of some great event. When will he announce it to me? I am sure my master is going to be married."

Pitchoune, from a chair near by, assisted at his master's toilet, one moment holding the razor-strop between his teeth, then taking the clothes brush in his little grip. He was saying to himself: "I hope in the name of rats and cats my master is not going out without me!"

Brunet was engaged to be married to the kitchen maid of the Marquise d'Esclignac. Ordonnances and scullions are not able to arrange their matrimonial affairs so easily as are the upper classes.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said the servant, his simple face raised to his master's, "I am going to be married."

Sabron wheeled around: "Mon brave Brunet, when?"
Brunet grinned sheepishly. "In five years, Monsieur le Capitaine," at which the superior officer laughed heartily.

"Is she an infant, are you educating her?"
"When one is the eldest of a widow," said Brunet with a sigh, "and the eldest of ten children—"

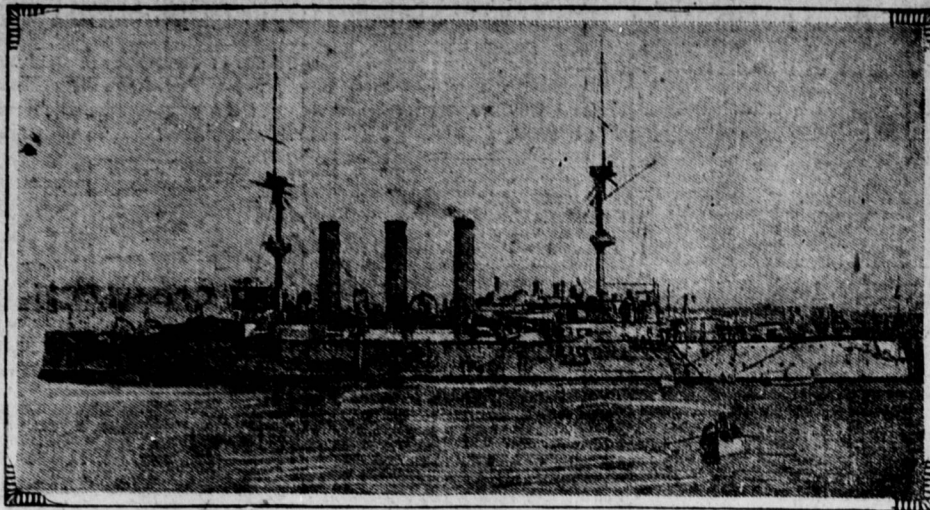
The clock struck the quarter. Sabron knew the story of the widow and ten children by heart.
"Is the taxi at the door?"
"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine."
Pitchoune gave a sharp bark.

"You are not invited," said his master cruelly, and went gayly out, his sword hitting against the stairs.

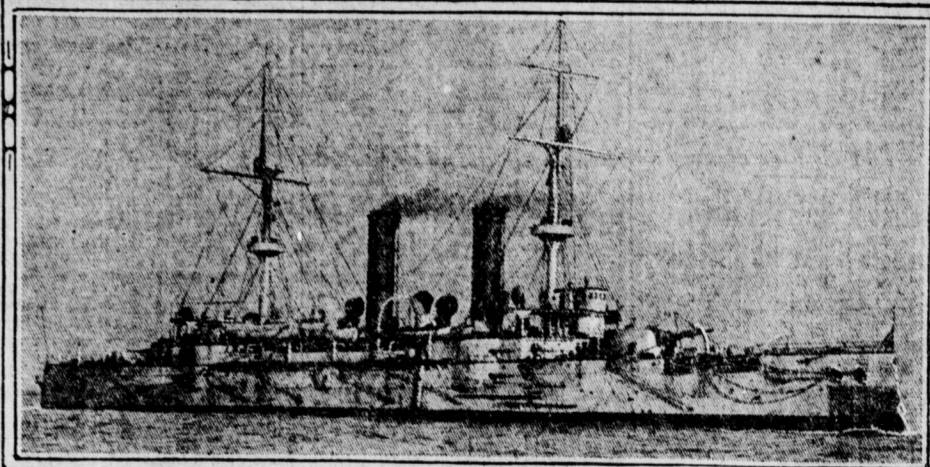
The Marquise d'Esclignac gave a brilliant little dinner to the colonel of Sabron's squadron. There were present a general or two, several men of distinction, and among the guests were the Duc de Tremont and Madame de la Maine. Sabron, when he found himself at table, looked at everything as though in a dream. Julia Redmond sat opposite him. He had sent her flowers and she wore them in her bodice. Madame de la Maine bent upon the young officer benignant eyes, the Duc de Tremont glanced at him affectionately, but Sabron was only conscious that Julia's eyes did not meet his at all.

They talked of Sabron's captivity, of the engagement in Africa, of what

JAPANESE CRUISERS OPERATING IN TURTLE BAY



THE IDZUMO



THE ASAMA

Japanese marines and sailors, 4,000 strong, backed by five Japanese war ships, including the Asama and the Idzumo, and six colliers and supply ships, are reported occupying Turtle Bay, Lower California, Mexico, just 400 miles from San Diego. With the harbor, the best north of Magdalena Bay, mined, a camp and wireless plant on shore and patrol boats for miles out at sea, the report says the Japanese were busy marking out moorings for ships, sending cutters filled with armed men ashore and landing ammunition. A base in which half the Japanese navy could anchor, Turtle Bay to-day would be a hard place for any war ships to enter if the Japanese wished to keep them out. The only excuse advanced by the Japanese for their occupation of the bay so far is that the Asama, one of their first class cruisers, is aground near the entrance to the harbor.

the army was doing, would not do, or might do, and the fact that the Duc de Tremont was to receive the decoration of the Legion or Honor in July. Tremont toasted Sabron and the young officer rose to respond with flushing face. He looked affectionately at his friend who had brought him from death into life. The moment was intense, and the Marquise d'Esclignac lifted her glass:
"Now, gentlemen, you must drink to the health of Pitchoune."

There was a murmur of laughter, Madame de la Maine turned to Sabron:
"I have had a collar made for Pitchoune; it is of African leather set with real turquoise."

Sabron bowed: "Pitchoune will be perfectly enchanted, Madame; he will wear it at your wedding."

Later, when the others had left them to themselves in the music room, Sabron sat in a big chair by the open window and Julia Redmond played to him. The day was warm. There was a smell of spring flowers in the air and the vases were filled with girofles and sweet peas. But Sabron smelled only the violets in Julia's girle. Her hands gently wandered over the keys, finding the tune that Sabron longed to hear. She played the air through, and it seemed as though she were about to sing the first verse. She could not do so, nor could she speak.

Sabron rose and came over to where she sat.
There was a low chair near the piano and he took it, leaning forward, his hands clasped about his knees. It had been the life-long dream of this simple-hearted officer that one day he would speak out his soul to the woman he loved. The time had come. She sat before him in her unpretentious dress. He was not worldly enough to know it cost a great price, nor to appreciate that she wore no jewels—nothing except the flowers he had sent. Her dark hair was clustered about her ears and her beautiful eyes lost their fire in tenderness.

"When a man has been very close

to death, Mademoiselle, he looks about for the reason of his resurrection. When he returns to the world, he looks to see what there is in this life to make it worth living. I am young—at the beginning of my career, I may have before me a long life in which, with health and friends, I may find much happiness. These things certainly have their worth to a normal man—but I cannot make them real before my eyes just yet. As I look upon the world to which I have returned, I see nothing but a woman and her love. If I cannot win her for my wife, if I cannot have her love—He made an expressive gesture which more impressively than words implied how completely he laid down everything else to her love and his.

To Be Continued

Edward McCandless Noel Dies
Washington, April 17.—Edward McCandless Noel, a clerk in the Surgeon General's office for the last 30 years, died yesterday. He was a native of Chambersburg, Pa., where he was born 62 years ago.

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At the Entrance to the P. R. R. Station—
EUROPEAN PLAN
F. B. ALDINGER, Proprietor.

Father of Eight a Suicide

Allentown, Pa., April 17.—Mystery surrounds the suicide of Charles Helfrich, 40, foreman at the Ormrod cement mills, whose body was found in a field early last evening. He leaves a wife and eight children, who live on a farm at Zionville, and while at work at the plant he boarded with a sister nearby. He took carbolic acid.

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Trains Leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6.05, 7.40 a. m., 8.40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 7.05, 7.50, 8.40 a. m., 9.40, 10.35, 11.05 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.45 a. m., 2.15, 3.27, 6.20, 8.30 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5.05, 7.50 and 11.55 a. m., 2.15, 5.05, 8.30 p. m.
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"My Manhood and My Love Are My Fortune."

the three of them, for a few moments Pitchoune stationing himself as a sentinel by Miss Redmond's side.

The Marquise d'Esclignac rose. The young girl rose as well, and they walked on together.

"Mes enfants," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "don't go with your usual rush, Julia. Remember that Monsieur de Sabron is not as strong as Hercules yet. I will follow you with Pitchoune."

But she spoke without knowledge of the dog. Now feeling that some unwanted happiness had suddenly burst upon the horizon that he knew, Pitchoune seemed suddenly seized with a rollicking spirit such as had been his characteristic some years ago. He tore like mad down the path in front of Sabron and Miss Redmond. He whirled around like a dervish, he dashed across the road in front of automobiles, dashed back again, springing upon his master and whining at the girl's feet.

"See," said Sabron, "how happy he is

AFTER A SKIRMISH OF MEXICAN RIVALS AT TAMPICO



A recent skirmish in the outskirts of Tampico, in which the Villistas were driven back with loss, is the basis for the picture. The Carranzista soldiers are seen loading wounded Villa men on trolley cars to be conveyed back to the city hospital. The central figure has lost a leg in combat, and the stump is sticking up. The Red Cross is conspicuously absent.