

# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

## Cleaning Our Foods

Almost any housekeeper resents being told to be cleanly in her work and few persons have the courage to suggest that we are not always scrupulously neat. We are, but how about the other fellow?

Much of our food is handled by persons who if they ever heard of sanitation, personal hygiene or harmful bacteria, would not know the meaning of the words.

Foods are exposed for sale on dusty streets and often, when not sold, push cart vendors keep them in their homes over night or longer until they finally succeed in selling them. No one would knowingly buy such food but how can you tell where it has been stored? Just a few days ago we read of health authorities condemning a building that housed forty-two families of foreigners most of whom slept, ate and lived in one room. What was not made public was that some of these people stood on the public market vending fruits that were in push carts that had served them for beds.

Nature has put an impervious covering on the apple, orange, banana, lemon, grape and many other fruits. All these can be thoroughly washed and cleaned before they come to the table.

If it is not possible for you to buy from a dealer you know to be cleanly use a soft cloth and plenty of water on nuts, figs, dates and every food that can be washed.

It is not easy to clean delicate berries but even these may be placed in a

colander and have water poured gently over them. They dry quickly and are not impaired by this method.

It is necessary to clean even the meat we buy for meat men are too busy and hurried to take the needed precautions. The best way to have meat really clean is to have it cut from the large piece and wrapped while you stand by and watch and then carry it home and put it carefully away. When you telephone for it, or choose a cut that has lain upon an open counter, you know you are running a risk of getting a food that has been handled by others and may be contaminated with germs. Never wash meat but wipe it with a damp, clean cloth. It is comforting to remember, after thinking about all these dreadful things that cooking destroys bacteria.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"I have five pounds of butter that tastes of salt fish—I think it stood near uncovered mackerel. Can this be used?"  
Reply.—You cannot remove the odor and it is quite likely the butter in the heart of the crock is also tainted. The only use I think of for it is to use the butter for making salmon loaf, browned fish balls or for pastry shells for fish pies.

"Where can I secure marshmallow for cooking?"  
Reply.—Buy the marshmallow confectionery and heat it over a slow fire until it melts. It is not easy to make this candy at home.

### WANTS HOTEL RECEIVER

Woman, Seeking Divorce, Says She Is Husband's Business Partner

Hollidaysburg, Pa., April 19.—Mrs. Alice Keller, of Camden, N. J., has entered equity proceedings in the Blair county courts against her husband, Louis Keller, proprietor of the Altona Hotel, one of the largest in Altoona, this county. Mrs. Keller alleges that the hotel is worth \$100,000 and

is the product of the joint industry of herself and husband. She declares she has filled every position in the hotel from general manager to tending bar.

Mrs. Keller has entered divorce proceedings and asks the court in this suit to appoint a receiver for the hotel, alleging that she and her husband were in a partnership in the liquor business.

**Altoona Suffragists Organize**  
Altoona, Pa., April 19.—For the first time in the history of the city, a city committee of the Woman Suffrage party has been organized here, with these officers: Chairman, Mrs. McClellan Wilson; vice presidents, Mrs. R. A. Henderson, Mrs. William Well, Mrs. J. D. Hicks, Mrs. George E. McPike and Miss Ella Fay; secretary, Mrs. W. T. Goddard; treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Snyder.

**Fix Date for Campmeeting**  
Lebanon, Pa., April 19.—Announcement was made here yesterday that the Mount Lebanon United Brethren in Christ campmeeting will open August 10, and continue 10 days. Bishop W. M. Weekley, of Parkersburg, W. Va., will be in charge.

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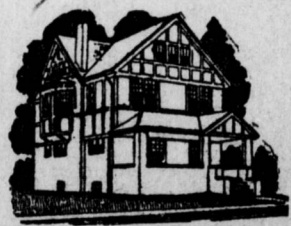
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### PROLOGUE.

"Who is she?"  
"How did she get there?"  
These are the questions the Fool asked of the caretaker of the venerable castle of that high handed old robber baron, the first of the Rothhoefens.

And these are the questions the interested reader starts to ask and keeps on asking while Author McCutcheon develops one of the most mysterious, humorous and sprightly stories that ever came from his pen.

"Who is she?"  
"How did she get there?"  
Read on and you will find much entertainment as well as the answer to these pertinent queries.

### CHAPTER I.

I Make No Effort to Defend Myself.

I AM quite sure it was my Uncle Rilas who said that I was a fool. If memory serves me well he relieved himself of that conviction in the presence of my mother—whose brother he was—at a time when I was least competent to acknowledge his wisdom and most arrogant in asserting my own. I was a freshman in college, a fact—of condition perhaps—which should serve as an excuse for both of us. I possessed another uncle, incidentally, and while I am now convinced that he must have felt as Uncle Rilas did about it, he was one of those who suffer in silence.

I assume, therefore, that it was Uncle Rilas who orally convicted me, an assumption justified to some extent by putting two and two together, after the poor old gentleman was laid away for his long sleep. He had been very emphatic in his belief that a fool and his money are soon parted. Up to the time of his death I had been in no way qualified to dispute this ancient theory. In theory, no doubt, I was the kind of fool he referred to, but in practice I was quite an untutored novice. It is very hard for even a fool to part with something he hasn't got. Not until Uncle Rilas died and left me all of his money was I able to demonstrate that dead men and fools part with it.

In any event Uncle Rilas did not leave me his money until my freshmen days were far behind me, wherein lies the solace that he may have outgrown an opinion while I was going through the same process. At twenty-three I confessed that all freshmen were insufferable and immediately afterward took my degree and went out into the world to convince it that seniors are by no means adolescent.

My uncle's original estimate of me—as a freshman, of course—was uttered when I at the age of eighteen picked out my walk in life, so to speak. After considering everything I decided to be a literary man—a novelist or a playwright. I hadn't much of a choice between the two, or perhaps a journalist. Being a journalist, of course, was preliminary, a sort of makeshift. At any rate I was going to be a writer. My Uncle Rilas, a hard headed customer, who had read Scott as a boy and the Wall Street News as a man without being misled by either, was scornful. He said that I would outgrow it; there was some consolation in that. He even admitted that when he was seventeen he wanted to be an actor. There you are! said he.

I argued that novelists make a great deal of money and playwrights, too, for that matter. He said in reply that an ordinarily vigorous washerwoman could make more money than the average novelist, and she always had a stocking without a hole to keep it in, which was more to the point.

Now that I come to think of it, it was Uncle Rilas who orally prejudged me and not Uncle John, who was by way of being a sort of literary chap himself and therefore lamentably unqualified to guide me in any course whatsoever, especially as he had all he could do to keep his own wolf at bay without encouraging mine and who besides teaching good English loved it wisely and too well.

My mother felt in her heart that I ought to be a doctor or a preacher, but she wasn't mean. She was positive I could succeed as a writer if I set my mind to it. She was also sure that I could be president of the United States or perhaps even a bishop. We were Episcopallians.

When I was twenty-seven my first short story appeared in a magazine of considerable weight, due to its advertising pages, but my Uncle Rilas didn't read it until I had convinced him that the honorarium amounted to \$300. Even then I was obliged to promise him a glimpse of the clock when I got it.

In course of time my first novel appeared. It was a love story. Uncle Rilas read the first five chapters and then skipped over to the last page. Then he began it all over again and sat up nearly all night to finish it. The next day he called it "trash" but invited me to have luncheon with him

at the Metropolitan club and rather noisily introduced me to a few old cronies of his.

A month later he died. He left me a fortune, which was all the more staggering in view of the circumstance that had seen me named for my Uncle John and not for him.

It was not long afterward that I made a perfect fool of myself by falling in love. It turned out very badly. I can't imagine what got into me to want to commit bigamy after I had already proclaimed myself to be irrevocably wedded to my profession. Nevertheless I deliberately coveted the experience and would have attained to it no doubt had it not been for the young woman in the case. She would have none of me, but, with considerable independence of spirit and, I must say, noteworthy acumen, elected to wed a splendid looking young fellow who clerked in a jeweler's shop in Fifth avenue. They had been engaged for several years, it seems, and my swollen fortune failed to disturb her sense of fidelity. Perhaps you will be interested enough in a girl who could refuse to share a fortune of something like \$300,000 (not counting me, of course) to let me tell you briefly who and what she was. She was my typist—that is to say, she did piecework for me as I happened to provide substance for her active fingers to work upon when she wasn't typing law briefs in the regular sort of grind. Not only was she an able typist, but she was an exceedingly wholesome, handsome and worthy young woman.

Somehow I was able to attribute the fiasco to an inborn sense of shyness that had always made me faint hearted, dilatory and unresponsive. No doubt if I had gone about it roughshod and fiery I could have played hob with the excellent jeweler's peace of mind, to say the least.

Still, some men, no matter how shy and procrastinating they may be—or reluctant, for that matter—are doomed to have love affairs thrust upon them, as you will perceive if you follow the course of this narrative to the bitter end.

In order that you may know me when you see me struggling through these pages, as one might struggle through a morass on a dark night, I shall take the liberty of describing myself in the best light possible under the circumstances.

I am a tallish sort of person, moderately homely and not quite thirty-five. I am strong, but not athletic. Whatever physical development I possess was acquired through the ancient and honorable game of golf and in swimming. In both of these sports I am quite proficient. My nose is rather long and inquisitive, and my chin is considered to be singularly firm for one who has no ambition to become a hero. My throat is abundant and quite black. So there you are. Not quite what you would call a lady killer or even a lady's man, I fancy you'll say.

You will be surprised to learn, however, that secretly I am of a rather romantic, imaginative turn of mind. Since earliest childhood I have consorted with princesses and ladies of high degree—mentally, of course—and my bosom companions have been knights of valor and longevity.

At thirty-five I am still unattached and, so far as I can tell, unloved. For the past year I have done little or no work. My books are few and far between. My best work is done when the maddening crowd is far from me.

A month ago, in Vienna, I felt the plot breaking out on me, very much as the messies do, at a most inopportune time for everybody concerned, and my secretary, more wide awake than you'd imagine by looking at him, urged me to coddle the muse while she was willing.

It was especially annoying coming, as it did, just as I was about to set off for a fortnight's motorboat trip up the Danube with Elsie Hazard and her stupid husband, the doctor.

The fourth day of our delectable excursion brought us to an ancient town whose name you would recall if I were fool enough to mention it and where we were to put up for the night. On the crest of a stupendous crag overhanging the river, almost opposite the town, which isn't far from Krems, stood the venerable but unvenerated castle of that high handed old robber baron, the first of the Rothhoefens.

We picked up a little of its history while in the town and the next morning crossed over to visit the place. Its antiquity was considerably enhanced by the presence of a caretaker who would never see eighty again and whose wife was even older. Their two sons lived with them in the capacity of loafers and, as things go in these rapid times of ours, appeared to be even older and more sere than their parents.

It is a winding and tortuous road that leads up to the portals of this huge old pile. Halfway up the hill we paused to rest, and I quite clearly remember growing that if the confounded thing belonged to me I'd build a funicular or install an elevator without delay.

The next day instead of continuing our delightful trip down the river we three were scurrying to Salsburg, urged by a sudden and stupendous

water on my part and filled with a new interest in life.

I had made up my mind to buy the castle!

At the end of three days I was the sole owner and proprietor of a feudal stronghold on the Danube, and the joyous Austrian who had owned it was a little farther on his way to the dogs, a journey he had been negotiat-



The Venerable Castle of That High Handed Old Robber Baron, the First of the Rothhoefens.

ing with great ardor ever since coming into possession of an estate once valued at several millions.

To make the story short, the Hazards and I returned to Schloss Rothhoefen in some haste, primarily for the purpose of inspecting it from dungeon to battlement. An interesting concession on the part of the caretaker (the gentleman hurrying to catch up with the dogs that had got a bit of a start on him) may here be mentioned. He included all of the contents of the castle for the price paid, and the deed, or whatever you call it, specifically set forth that I, John Belamy Smart, was the sole and undisputed owner of everything the castle held.

### To Be Continued

### TOBACCO SEEDS PLANTED

Growers Who Have Last Year's Crop Sell at Sacrifice

Lancaster, April 19.—Not only are the seed beds for Lancaster county's 1915 tobacco crop all planted, but in those planted early the plants are already above ground.

The growers who still hold their 1914 tobacco, and something over 15 per cent, yet remains unsold, are so anxious to get it off their hands that many are taking almost any price offered. Crops that could have been sold earlier in the season for 10 cents a pound are now being disposed at 5 and 6 cents.

### INSISTENCE ON RIDE FATAL

Man Who Climbs on Fender Falls Under Oil Truck Wheels

Hazleton, Pa., April 19.—Ignoring the calls of George Monke and Andrew Gabullis, both of Cranberry, for a ride on the Lehigh Oil Company's auto truck, Chauffeur James Good was halted by the cries of Gabullis, whose companion had clambered up on a fender and had fallen under a wheel. His chest was crushed and he died in five minutes.

### NOTABLES AT ALDRICH BIER

Ex-Senator's Funeral Attended by Leaders in Politics and Finance

Providence, R. I., April 19.—Leaders in political and financial affairs of the nation were present in Grace Episcopal church yesterday at the funeral of Nelson W. Aldrich, for thirty years a United States Senator from Rhode Island. Flags were at half-mast throughout the city.

The services were conducted by the Rt. Rev. James Dewolf Perry, Episcopal bishop of Rhode Island, assisted by the Rev. Frank Warfield Crowder, rector of the church, and a large male chorus.

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# HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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### CONTINUED

He said, not without a certain dignity: "I am quite poor; I have only my soldier's pay. In Normandy I own a little property. It is upon a hill and looks over the sea, with apple orchards and wheat fields. There is a house. These are my landed estates. My manhood and my love are my fortune. If you cannot return my love I shall not thank Tremont for bringing me back from Africa."

The American girl listened to him with profound emotion. She discovered every second how well she understood him, and he had much to say, because it was the first time he had ever spoken to her of his love. She had put out both her hands and, looking at him fully, said simply:

"Why it seems to me you must know how I feel—how can you help knowing how I feel?"

After a little he told her of Normandy, and how he had spent his childhood and boyhood in the chateau overlooking the wide sea, told her how he had watched the ships and used to dream of the countries beyond the horizon, and how the apple blossoms filled the orchards in the spring. He told her how he longed to go back, and that his wandering life had made it impossible for years.

Julia whispered: "We shall go there in the spring, my friend."

He was charming as he sat there holding her hands closely, his fine eyes bent upon her. Sabron told her things that had been deep in his heart and mind, waiting for her here so many months. Finally, everything merged into his present life, and the beauty of what he said dazed her like an enchanted sea. He was a soldier, a man of action, yet a dreamer. The fact that his hopes were about to be realized made him tremble, and as he talked, everything took light from this victory. Even his house in Normandy began to seem a fitting setting for the beautiful American.

"It is only a Louis XIII chateau; it stands very high, surrounded by orchards, which in the spring are white as snow."

"We shall go there in the spring," she whispered.

Sabron stopped speaking, his reverie was done, and he was silent as the intensity of his love for her surged over him. He lifted her delicate hands to his lips. "It is April

now," he said, and his voice shook. "It is spring now, my love."

At Julia's side was a slight touch. She cried: "Pitcheune!" He put his arms on her knees and looked up into her face.

"Brunet has brought him here," said Sabron, "and that means the good chap is attending to his own love-making."

Julia laid her hand on Pitcheune's head. "He will love the Normandy beach, Charles."

"He will love the forests," said Sabron; "there are rabbits there."

On the little dog's head the two hands met and clasped. "Pitcheune is the only one in the world who is not de trop," said Julia gently.

Sabron, lifting her hand again to his lips, kissed it long, looking into her eyes. Between that great mystery of the awakening to be fulfilled, they drew near to each other—nearer.

Pitcheune sat before them, waiting. He wagged his tail and waited. No one noticed him. He gave a short bark that apparently disturbed no one.

Pitcheune had become de trop.

He was discreet. With sympathetic eyes he gazed on his beloved master and new mistress, then turned and quietly trotted across the room to the hearth-rug, sitting there meditatively for a few minutes blinking at the empty grate, where on the warm spring day there was no fire.

Pitcheune lay down before the fireless hearth, his head forward on his paws, his beautiful eyes still discreetly turned away from the lovers. He drew a long contented breath as dogs do before settling into repose. His thrilling adventures had come to an end. Before fires on the friendly hearth of the Louis XIII chateau, where hunting dogs were carved in the stone above the chimney, Pitcheune might continue to dream in the days to come. He would hunt rabbits in the still forests above the wheat fields, and live again in the freights his great adventures on the desert, the long runs across the sands on his journey back to France.

Now he closed his eyes. As a faithful friend he rested in the atmosphere of happiness about him. He had been the sole companion of a lonely man, now he had become part of a family.

THE END.

### Hotelman Dies at Pottsville

Pottsville, Pa., April 19.—John S. Staudt, proprietor of the Eagle hotel, died last evening after a short illness. He was one of Pottsville's oldest hotelmen.

### Forest Fire Near Cornwall

Lebanon, Pa., April 19.—Much timber land on the South Mountains, between Cornwall and Reamont, was burned over yesterday afternoon by a forest fire. Fire wardens, with a large force of men, are engaged in fighting the fire, which is reported to be under control.

### HOTEL IROQUOIS

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### Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.  
Trains Leave Harrisburg—  
For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6:03, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.  
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 8:02, 7:14, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 6:32, 7:40, 11:06 p. m.  
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 8:30, 9:20 p. m.  
For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:43 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 6:32, 6:30 p. m.  
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