CHILDREN LOVE CASCARETS--10C

Remove the Winter's Liver and Bowel Poison With Candy Cathartic

Don't Let Your Child Stay Sick, Bilious, Feverish, Tongue Coated



child is bilious, constipated and Your child is bilions, constipated and sick. Its little tongue is coated, breath is bad and stomach sour. Get a 10-cent box of Cascarets and straighten the youngster right up. Children love this harmless candy cathartie and it cleanses the little liver and thirty feet of bowels without griping. Cascarets contain no calomel and can be depended upon to move the bowels. Cascarets is best family cathartic.—Adv.

HOTEL IROQUOIS South Carolina Avenue & Beach ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Pleasantly situated, a few steps from Boardwalk. Ideal family hotel. Every modern appointment. Many rooms equipped with running water. 100 private baths. Table and service most excellent. Rates \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 weekly, American plan. Booklet and calendar sent free on request. David P. Rahter Slins Wright
Chief Clerk Manager
Calendars of above hotel can also be
obtained by applying at Star-Independent office.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

Begin Preparation Now Day and Night Sessions SCHOOL of COMMERCE 15 S. Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.

> BUSINESS COLLEGE 329 Market Street
> Fall Term September First
> DAY AND NIGHT

The Harrisburg Polyclinic Dispensary will be open daily except Sunday at 3 p. m., at its new location, Front and Harris streets, for the free treatment of the worthy poor.

TRIED TO END HIS LIFE

Jacob Weitzel, Reading Baseball Man, Shoots Himself Reading, April 21.—Jacob R. Weitzel, known to baseball fans throughout Pennsylvania as the manwho developed "Home-run" Baker, attempted suicide yesterday by shooting. Pointing a revolver at his chest, Weitzel fired three times,

his chest, Weitzel fired three times, but missed the heart and is still alive at St. Joseph's hospital.

Weitzel has been prominent in the affairs of the Tri-State League since 1998 and was president of the local club last year.

Baker was playing with Reading when Connie Mack discovered him, and the Reading club netted a fancy price for the famous third baseman when he joined the Athletics.

BURGLARS START HOTEL FIRE

Blow Safe in Store-Hundred Guests Flee From Blaze

Wilkes-Barre, April 21.—Evidently frightened away after cracking the safe in a stationery and posteard store in which is located a substation of the Wilkes-Barre postoffice, burglars in making their escape, dropped a lighted match in waste paper and set fire to the store. The building is in the Fort Durkee hotel, on the public square, in the heart of the city.

One hundred guests in the hotel rushed from the building in their night clothing.

rushed from the building in their night clothing.

The burglars blew the safe and took \$35 in stamps. In the safe were \$500 belonging to the government and \$300 which the proprietor of the store John Beible, had left in the safe. This money was intact.

WIND UNROOFS MILL

Considerable Damage Is Done at Wil-

Unsiderable Damage Is Done at Williamsport By a Storm
Williamsport, April 21.—A cyclone struck the eastern section of this city late yesterday afternoon and did considerable damage to several buildings in that section. The Williamsport Mirror and Glass Company's big plant suffered the most damage. The roof was torn off, while a big sign on the top of the building was twisted to splinters.

A house nearby was struck by the

spinnters.

A house nearby was struck by the wind and every window was broken. A crossing watchman on the Pennsylvania railroad had a narrow escape from death when the roof of a building was blown against the watchbox.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine at any drug store, pour a little into your hand and rub well into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all, of this awful seurf will have disappeared. Two or three applications will destroy every bit of dandruff; stop scalp itching and falling hair.—Adv.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—
5.03, *7.50 a. m., *3.40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at *5.03, *7.50, 11.53 a. m., *3.40, 5.32, *7.40, 11.07 p. m.

Additional trains for Carllais and Mechanicaburg at 9.48 2 m. 2.18, 3.27, 5.27 m. 2.18, 3.27 m. 2.18, 3.27 m. 2.18, 3.27 m. 2.18 m. 2.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Potato Flour

Because the nutritious part of portatoes is composed largely of starch tool large a quantity is not used in a well planned dietary, for too much starch makes all kinds of digestive troubles. However, combined with wheat flour and other ingredients potatoes addenergy producing elements to any det. Just now when flour and bread are costly this is important, for the price of potatoes is in the reach of every purse.

The Swedish method of making potato flour was recently contributed, by Mrs. C. O. Barnard, in the "Rural New Yorker." She says, "The potatoes are pared, cooked and squeezed through a sieve or a lard press onto a platter where they lie loosely, allowing air to circulate through and around them. They are then dried in an evaporator or an oven."

"Country Woman" sends another recipe for the same product but more complicated: "The raw peeled potatoes are grated and then pressed through a sieve and placed in clean wooden tubs and covered with water. When, after several hours, the pulp settles the water is dark colored and is poured off and renewed until it remains clear. Then the pulp must be drained and broken into bits and dried, when it is to be broken, rolled and sifted. Some of the lumps will be like grains of corn, some like rice and some as fine as pin heads. Each size is to be put into a bag by itself.

"It is cooked in all sorts of ways; used for thickening stews or as cornstarch in gravies and the like, made

Unrivaled for Purity and Flavor

strength

A Tonic for businessmen and overworked persons

Produced by the Master Brewer

DOEHNE BREWERY

Order It



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CONTINUED

"Smash those padlocks, Max," I commanded resolutely.

Very reluctantly Max bared his great

arms, spit upon his hands and, with pitiful look at his parents, prepared to deal the first blow upon the ancient padlock. But the padlock merely shed a few scabs of rust and rattled back into its customary repose.
"See!" cried Max, triumphantly. "It

cannot be broken.'

"It is a very fine lock," cried old Conrad, with a note of pride in his I began to feel some pride in the thing myself. "It is, indeed," I said.

"Try once more, Max."

It seemed to me that be struck with a great deal more confidence than be-

fore, but without result.
"Give me the hammer," I said in desperation. Max surrendered the clumsy, old fashioned instrument with stand back. Three successive blows with all the might I had in my body failed to shatter the lock, whereupon my choler rose to heights hitherto unknown, I being a very mild mannered, placid person and averse to anything savoring of the tempestuous. I delivered a savage and resounding thwack upon the broad oak panel of the door, regardless of the destructive ness that might attend the effort. If any one had told me that I couldn't

splinter an oak board with a sledge hammer at a single blow I should have laughed in his face. But as it turned out in this case I not only failed to split the panel, but broke off the sledge handle near the head, putting it wholly out of commission for the time being as well as stinging my hands so severely that I doubled up with pain.

The Schmicks fairly glowed with joy! Afterward Max informed me that the door was nearly six inches thick and often had withstood the assaults of buge battering rams, back in the dim past when occasion induced the primal baron to seek safety in the east ving, which, after all, appears to have been the real, simon pure fortress.

As we trudged back to the lower balls, defeated, but none the less impressed by our failure to devastate our stronghold, I was struck by the awful barrenness of the surroundings. There suddenly came over me the shocking realization-the "contents" of the castle, as set forth rather vaguely in the oill of sale, were not what I had been led to consider them.

"Herr Schmick," said i, abruptly haiting my party in the center of the ball, "what has become of the rugs that were here last week and where is that pile of furniture we had back

yonder?"
Old Conrad was not slow in answer-

ing.
"The gentlemen called day before the berr and took much yesterday, mein herr, and took much away. They will return tomorrow for the remainder.

"Gentlemen?" I gasped. "Remain

"The gentlemen to whom the berr count sold the rugs and chairs and chests and"-"What!" I roured Even Pooren

dyke jumped at this sudden exhibition of wrath. "Do you mean to tell me that these things have been sold and carried away without asy knowledge or consent? I'll have the law"-

Herr Poopendyke intervened. "They ad bills of sale and orders for removal of property dated several weeks prior to your purchase, Mr. Smart. We had to let the articles go. You surely remember my speaking to you about

"I don't remember anything," I snap why, I bought everything that the cas-

why, I bought everything that the cas-tle contained! This is robbery! What the dickens do you mean by"— Old Conrad held up his hands as if expecting to pacify me. I sputtered out the rest of the sentence, which

really amounted to nothing.
"The count has been selling off the lovely old pieces for the past six months, sir. Ach, what a sin! They have come here day after day, these furniture buyers, to take away the most priceless of our treasures, to sell them to the poor rich at twenty prices. I could weep over the sacrifices. have wept, naven't I, Gretel? Eh, Ru-dolph? Buckets of tears have I shed, mein berr. Oceans of them. Time aftthese rascally curlo hunters, these bloodsneking"-

"But listen to me," I broke in. "Do you mean to say that articles have been taken away from the castle since

I came into possession?"
"Many of them, sir. Always with proper credentials, believe me. Ach, what a spendthrift he is! And his poor wife! Ach, Gott, how she must suffer! Nearly all of the grand paintings, the tapestries that came from France and Italy hundreds of years ago, the wonderful old bedsteads and tables that were here when the castle was new-all gone: And for mere songs, mein herr—the cheapest of songs! 1-1"—

songs! 1-1""Please don't weep now, Herr Schmick," I made baste to exclaim. seeing lachrymose symptoms in his blear old eyes. Then I became firm

of I'd know the reason why. away so much as a single piece is to be kicked out. Do you understand? These things belong to me. Kick him into the river. By Jove, I'd like to wring that rascal's neck! A count! Umph!"

"Ach, he is of the noblest family in all the land," sighed old Gretel. "His grandfather was a fine man." I contrived to subdue my rage and disap-pointment and somewhat loudly re-turned to the topic from which we

were drifting. •
"As for those beastly padiocks, shall have them filed off tomorrow. give you warning. Conrad, if the keys are not forthcoming before meon to-morrow I'll file 'em off, so help me!"

"They are yours to destroy, meinerr, God knows," said he dismally. "It is a pity to destroy fine old pad

'Well, you wait and see," said grimly.

His face beamed once more. "Ach I forgot to say that there are padlocks on the other side of the door, just as on this side. It will be of no use to destroy these. The door still could not be forced. Mein Gott, how thank-ful I am to have remembered it in

"Confound you, Schmick! I believe you actually want to keep me out of that part of the castle!" I exploded.

The four of them protested manfully, even Gretei. "I have a plan, sir." said Britton. "Why not place a tall ladder in the courtyard and crawl in through one of the windows?"

"Splendid: That's what we'll do."

1 cried enthusiastically. "And now let's go to bed. We will breakfast at 8. Mrs. Schmick. The early bird catches the worm, you know." "Will you see the American ladies

and gentlemen who are coming tomor-row to pick out the"— "Yes, I'll see them." said I, compress-

ing my lips. "Don't let me oversle

"I shan't sir." said he. But 1 did. "Get up, sir, if you lease," Britton repeated the third please," Britton repeated the third time. "The party of Americans is be-low, sir, rummaging about the place." "Where is Poopendyke?" I cried,

leaping out of bed.
"Mr. Poopendyke is in despair, sir. He has tried to explain that nothing is for sale, but the gentlemen say they are onto his game. They go right on yanking things about and putting their own prices on them and reserving



Discussing the Merits of a Dingy Old Spinet.

"I'll-I'll put a stop to all this," grated, seeing red for an instant.
"And the ladies, sir! There are three

of them, all from New York city, and ly overjoyed, sir. Your great sideboard in the dining room is to go to Mrs. Riley-Werkbeimer, and the hall sent that the first baron used to throw his

armor on when he came in from"—
"Great snakes!" I roared. "They
haven't moved it, have they? It will

"No, sir. They are piling sconces and candelabra and andirons on it. regardless of what Mr. Poopendyke says. You'd better hurry, sir. Here is your collar and necktie"-

"I don't want 'em. Where the dickens are my trousers? His face fell. "Being pressed, sir. God forgive me." "Get out another pair, confound you.

Britton! What are we coming too? He began rummaging in the huge clothespress, all the while regaling me with news from the regions below

"Mr. Poopendyke has gone up to his room, sir, with his typewriter. The young lady insisted on having it. She This knavery must cease | squealed with lov at seeing an antique

reducing the appearance of excess flesh or heaviness, they mould the figure to lines that are the last word of the season from the modish dressmakers. Every stout woman can turn to Rengo Belt Corsets for exact

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typewriter, and he-he had to run away with it, pon my soul he did.

I couldn't help laughing. "And your golf clubs, Mr. Smart. The young gentleman of the party is perfectly carried away with them. He says they're the real thing, the genuine sixteenth century article. They are a bit rusted, you'll remember. 1 left him out in the courtyard trying your brassie and midiron, str. endeavoring to loft potatoes over the south wall. I succeeded in hiding the balls, sir. Just as I started upstairs I heard one of the

new window panes in the banquet hall smash, sir, so I take it he must have sliced his drive a bit." "Who let these people in?" I demanded in smothered tones from the depths of a sweater I was getting into in or der to gain time by omitting a collar.
"They came in with the plumbers, sir, at half past 8. Old man Schmick

tried to keep him out, but they said they didn't understand German and walked right by, leaving their donkeys in the roadway outside."
"Couldn't Rudolph and Max stop them?" I cried as my head emerged. "They were still in bed, sir. I think

they're at breakfast now.' "Good Lord!" I groaned, looking at my watch. "Nine thirty! What sort of a rest cure am I conducting here?" We hurried downstairs so fast that I lost one of my bedroom slippers. It went clattering on ahead of us, making a shameful racket on the bare stones, but Britton caught it up in time to save it from the clutches of the curio vandals.

Two gentlemen wearing fedoras were standing in the middle of the great hall discussing the merits of a dingy old spinet that had been carried out of the music room by two lusty porters from As I came up I heard one of the

strangers say to the other:
"Well, if you don't want it I'll take it. My wife says it can be made into a writing desk with a little"-

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said, confronting them. "Will you be I. confronting them. od enough to explain this intrusion? They stared at me as if I were servant asking for higher wages. The speaker, a man with a bristly mus-tache and a red necktie, drew himself up haughtily.

Who are you?" he demanded, fix ing me with a glare.

The Real Owner.

KNEW at once that he was the kind of an American I have come to hate with a zest that knows no moderation—the kind that makes one ashamed of the national melting pot. I glared back at him. "I happen to be the owner of this place, and you'll oblige me by clearing

"What's that? Here, here, none that sort of talk, my friend: We're here to look over your stuff, and we mean business, but you won't get anywhere by talking like"—

"There is nothing for sale here," I said shortly. "And you've got a lot of nerve to come bolting into a pri-

To Be Continued

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S. W. Corner Madison Av. and 29th St. ONE HALF BLOCK FROM FIFTH AV.

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