

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

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CONTINUED

CHAPTER IV. I Converse With a Mystery.

LATE in the afternoon I opened my door, hoping that the banging of hammers and the buzz of industry would have ceased; but alas, the noise was even more deafening than before. Esyng Britton in the gloomy corridor. I shouted to him, and he came at once. "Britton," said I as he closed the door, "do you think they will carry out their threat to have the law on me? Mr. Rocksworth was very angry—and put out. He is a power, as you know."

"I think you are quite safe, sir," said he. "Shortly before 2, sir, one of the porters from the hotel came over to recover a gold purse Mrs. Rley-Werkhelmer had dropped in the excitement, and he informed Mr. Poopen-dyke that the whole party was leaving at 4 for Dresden."

Later on, somewhat refreshed and relieved, I made my way to the little balcony, first having issued numerous orders and directions to the still stupefied Schmicks, chief among which was an inflexible command to keep the gates locked against all comers.

Suddenly as I sat there, "minimating" I became acutely aware of something white on the ledge of the topmost window in the eastern tower. Even as I fixed my gaze upon it something else transpired. A cloud of soft, wavy, luxurious brown hair eclipsed the narrow white strip and hung with spreading splendor over the casement ledge plainly, indubitably to dry in the sun.

My neighbor had washed her hair! And it was really a most wonderful head of hair. I can't remember ever having seen anything like it except in the advertisements.

What a glorious, appealing, sensuous thing a crown of hair—but just then Mr. Poopen-dyke came to my window. "May I interrupt you for a moment, Mr. Smart?" he inquired, as he squinted at me through his ugly bone rimmed glasses.

"Come here, Poopen-dyke," I commanded in low, excited tones. He hesitated. "You won't fall off," I said sharply.

Although the window is at least nine feet high, Poopen-dyke stooped as he came through. He always does it, no matter how tall the door. It is a life-long habit with him. Have I mentioned that my worthy secretary is six feet four and as thin as a reed? I remember speaking of his knees. He is also a bachelor.

"It is a dreadful distance down there," he murmured, flattening himself against the wall and closing his eyes.

A pair of slim white hands at that instant indolently readjusted the thick mass of hair and quite as casually disappeared. I failed to hear Mr. Poopen-dyke's remark.

"I think, sir," he proceeded, "it would be a very good idea to get some of our correspondence off our hands. A great deal of it has accumulated in the past few weeks. I wish to say that I am quite ready to attend to it whenever—"

"Time enough for letters," said I, still staring.

"First of all, we must have a ladder," I went on. "Have you seen to that?"

"A ladder?" he faltered, putting one foot back through the window in a most suggestive way.

"Oh," said I, remembering, "I haven't told you, have I? Look! Up there, in that window. Do you see that?"

"What is it, sir? A rug?"

"Rug! Great Scott, man, don't you know a woman's hair when you see it?"

"I've never—er—never seen it—you might say—just like that. Is it hair?"

"It is. You do see it, don't you?"

"How did it get there?"

"Good! Now I know I'm not dreaming. Come! There's no time to be lost. We may be able to get up there before she hears us!"

I instructed old Conrad to have the tallest ladder brought to me in the courtyard at once.

"There is no such thing about the castle," he announced blandly.

"Where are your sons?" I demanded. The old couple held up their hands in great distress.

"Herr Britton has them wearing their souls out, turning a windlass outside the gates—ach, that terrible invention of his!" groaned old Conrad. "My poor sons are faint with fatigue, mein herr. You should see them perspire and hear them pant for breath."

Happily a new idea struck me almost at once.

In a jiffy half a dozen carpenters were at work constructing a substantial ladder out of scantlings, while I stood over them in serene command of the situation.

When the ladder was completed I mounted to the top and peered through the sashless window. It was quite black and repelling beyond. Instructing Britton and the two brothers to follow me in turn, I clambered over the wide stone sill and lowered myself gingerly to the floor.

I will not take up the time or the space to relate my experiences on this first fruitless visit to the east wing of

my abiding place. Suffice to say, we got as far as the top of the stairs in the vast middle corridor after stumbling through a series of dim, damp rooms, and then found our way effectually blocked by a stout door which was not only locked and bolted, but bore a most startling admonition to would-be trespassers.

Pinned to one of the panels there was a faint bit of white note paper, with these satiric words written across its surface in a bold feminine hand: "Please keep out. This is private property."

Most property owners no doubt would have been incensed by this calm defiance on the part of a squatter, either male or female, but not I. The very impudence of the usurper appealed to me. What could be more delicious than her serene courage in dispossessing me with the stroke of a pen of at least two-thirds of my domicile and what more exciting than the thought of waging war against her in the effort to regain possession of it? Really it was quite glorious! Here was a happy, enchanting bit of feudalism that stirred my romantic soul to its very depths.

We returned to the courtyard and held a council of war. I put all of the Schmicks on the grill, but they stubbornly disclaimed all interest in or knowledge of the extraordinary occupant of the east wing.

"We can smoke her out, sir," said Britton.

I could scarcely believe my ears. "Britton," said I severely, "you are a brute. I am surprised. You forget there is an innocent babe, maybe a collection of them, over there and a dog. We shan't do anything heathenish, Britton. Please think that in mind. There is but one way—we must storm the place. I will not be defied by my very nose." I felt it to see if it was not a little out of joint. "It is a good nose."

"It is, sir," said Britton. And Poopen-dyke in a perfect ecstasy of loyalty shouted, "Long live your nose, sir!"

My German vassals waved their hats, perceiving that a demonstration was required without in the least knowing what it was about.

That night was very black and tragic, swift storm clouds having raced up to cover the moon and stars. With a radiant lantern in the window behind me, I sat down with my pad and my pipe and my pencil. The storm was not far away.

I was scribbling away in serene contempt for the physical world when there came to my ears a sound that gave me a greater shock than any streak of lightning could have produced and yet left sufficient life in me to appreciate the sensation of being electrified.

A woman's voice, speaking to me out of the darkness and from some point quite near at hand!

"I beg your pardon, but would you mind doing me a very slight favor?" Those were the words, uttered in a clear, sweet, perfectly confident voice, as of one who never asked for favors, but exacted them.

I looked about me, blinking, utterly bewildered. No one was to be seen. She laughed. Without really meaning to do so, I also laughed—nervously, of course.

"Can't you see me?" she asked. I looked intently at the spot from which the sound seemed to come—a perfectly solid stone block less than three feet from my right shoulder. It must have been very amusing. She laughed again. I flushed resentfully.

"Where are you?" I cried out rather tartly.

"I can see you quite plainly, and you are very ugly when you scowl, sir. Are you scowling at me?"

"I don't know," I replied truthfully, still searching for her. "Does it seem so to you?"

"Yes."

"Then I must be looking in the right direction," I cried impolitely. "You must be—Ah!"

My straining eyes had located a small, oblong blotch in the curve of the tower not more than twenty feet from where I stood, and on a direct line with my balcony. True, I could not at first see a face, but as my eyes grew a little more accustomed to the darkness, I fancied I could distinguish a shadow that might pass for one.

"I didn't know that little window was there," I cried, puzzled.

"It isn't," she said. "It is a secret loophole, and it isn't here except in times of great duress. See, I can close it!" The oblong blotch abruptly disappeared, only to reappear an instant later. I was beginning to understand. Of course it was in the beleaguered east wing! "I hope I didn't startle you a moment ago."

I resolved to be very stiff and formal about it. "May I inquire, madam, what you are doing in my house—my castle?"

"You may."

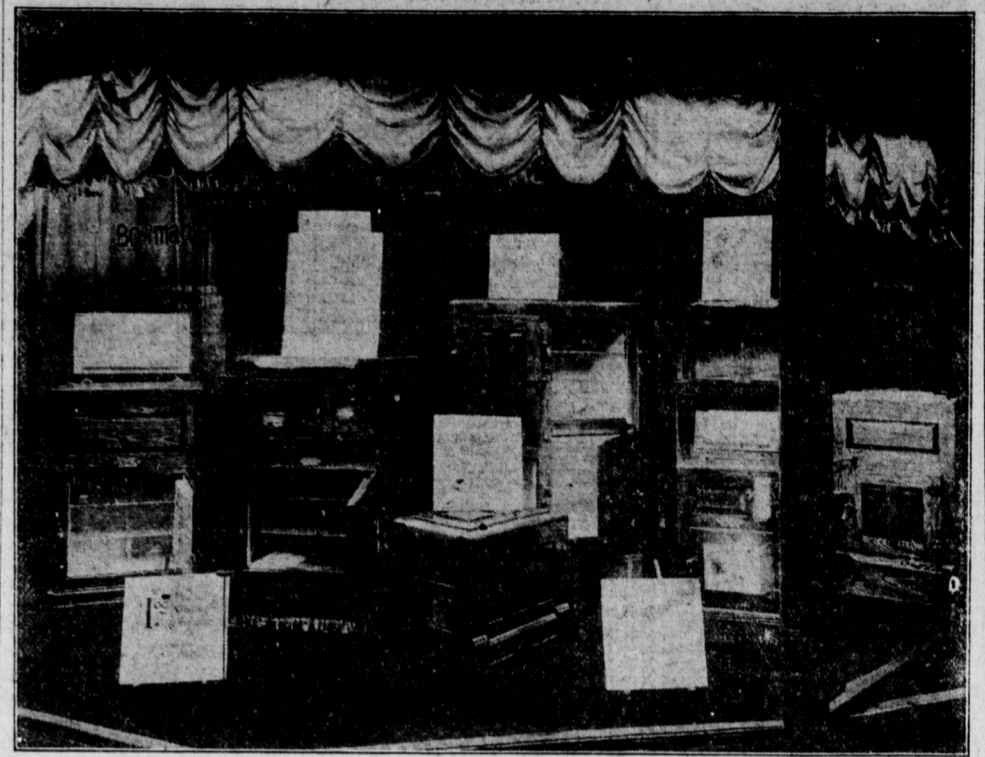
"Well," said I, seeing the point, "what are you doing here?"

"I am living here," she answered distinctly.

"So I perceive," said I, rather too distinctly.

"And I have come down to ask a simple, tiny little favor of you, Mr. Smart," she resumed.

REFRIGERATORS THAT SURVIVED BIG WAREHOUSE FIRE, SHOWN IN WINDOW OF THE BOWMAN STORE



"You know my name!" I cried, surprised.

"I am reading your last book— Are you going?"

"Just a moment, please," I called out, struck by a splendid idea. Reaching inside the window, I grasped the lantern and brought its rays to bear upon the—perfectly blank wall!

I stared open mouthed and unbelieving. "Good heaven! Have I been dreaming all this?" I cried aloud.

My gaze fell upon two tiny holes in the wall, exposed to view by the bright light of my lamp. They appeared to be precisely in the center of the spot so recently marked by the elusive oblong. Even as I stared at the holes a slim object that I at once recognized as a finger protruded from one of them and wiggled at me in a merry but exceedingly irritating manner.

To Be Continued

MINERS MUST KEEP FAITH

Agreement Six Years Ago Fixes Their Quitting Time

Hazleton, April 23.—Former Judge George Gray, of Wilmington, Del., umpire for the Anthracite Conciliation Board, decided yesterday against certain classes of miners of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, in their contention that they be allowed to quit at 3 o'clock instead of 4.

He finds that in 1909 an agreement

was entered into by the scale committee and the company fixing 4 o'clock as the time.

GRIEF DRIVES FATHER MAD

Silk Mill Foreman Goes Insane Over Death of Daughter

Easton, April 23.—Maurice Williams, aged 35, a silk mill foreman, was committed to the State hospital at Rittersville yesterday, after an examination by alienists. Several weeks ago Williams lost a little daughter, to whom he was deeply attached by diphtheria. Since then he had been melancholy each night, wandering through the house and calling on the child to return.

Wednesday night he became violent, procured a revolver and announcing that he would end it all, shot at his wife. The bullet missed and Williams was overpowered by neighbors.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.45 a. m., 1.15, 2.27, 4.30, 8.30 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5.03, 7.50 and 11.07 a. m., 2.15, 5.40, 8.22, 11.07 p. m.
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GERMANS IN BRUSSELS PALACE OF JUSTICE



GERMAN SOLDIERS QUARTERED IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS
The number of the regular German garrison in Brussels is as a general rule about 3,000 to 4,000, but with soldiers constantly passing to and from the fighting line there are hardly ever less than 10,000 soldiers present in the city. Of these a number are quartered in the famous Palace of Justice, in the centre of the town. The above view shows how the soldiers have arranged one of the finest halls of the building for their own purposes. Running down the centre of the hall are the racks in which the well kept rifles are stored. The desks and the various projections around the walls are used for accommodating helmets, caps, clothing and more rifles. Above this scene the beautiful allegorical design by Jean Delville keeps watch.

GIRLS! HAVE BEAUTIFUL, LUSTROUS, FLUFFY HAIR--25 CENT DANDERINE

No More Dandruff or Falling Hair—a Real Surprise Awaits You

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine. It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be

an appearance of abundance; freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower; destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once. If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.—Adv.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Judging Home Baking

It is a good plan for anyone to know what they are trying to achieve and to have a standard to measure by. The following score points are from the same source as those given yesterday for cake and bread.

Cookies, cruller and small cakes:
Flavor, 40 points
Lightness, 15 points
Texture, 20 points
Appearance, 25 points
The appearance of these cakes including form, size, baking, additions of icing and decorations. The crullers and cookies must be free from all suspicion of greasiness, and be uniform in size.

Some judges insist that cookies be accompanied by the recipe from which they are concocted as the ingredients so greatly affect the color and texture that justice is sometimes done. For instance cookies made with soft, light brown sugar are sweeter and richer than those of more expensive sugar and are really more deserving of credit but the whiter ones often carry off the prize.

All these things must be discussed by those who are to judge and be decided upon before the contest is opened.

Pies:
Flavor, 35 points
Crust, 40 points
Appearance, 10 points
Tenderness or flakiness, . . . 15 points

If a pie is flaky and tender with a well browned, nicely made crust, a mediocre filling can be tolerated but the least suggestion of toughness or soggy-ness in any pie should condemn it at once.

Baking and cooking contests are always interesting at church fairs, school entertainments and at neighborhood gatherings. They may include candy and preserves and pickles.

In judging candy you will only need consider flavor or taste, texture and appearance.

If our housekeepers care to go further into this matter we will give scores for fruit butters, marmalades and preserves. It is interesting to cook by rule and can be made a habit as easily as to cook by guess.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"Please describe correct way of mixing ingredients in butter cakes; does it make a difference in results if everything is mixed together if the batter is well beaten?"—Student.

Reply.—The proper way of combining cake materials is to cream the butter, add the sugar to it and cream them together. Add beaten eggs next, but only the yolks. Beat the whites of the eggs separately then sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to the batter and the sugar, putting in a little of one and then a little of the other, beating all the time. The flavoring may be added to the first part of the mixture or be put in with the whites of the eggs.

If any readers have suggestions to add to this plan we will be pleased to publish them.

You Smokers Who Like Strong Cigars

Do you know that imagination has a lot to do with your taste? Don't bank too much on black tobacco. A full-bodied all Havana smoke with a rich aroma will touch the spot quicker and with less harmful results than the strongest cigar rolled. Get wise and get a quality smoke for your dime.



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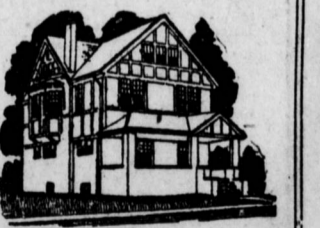
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