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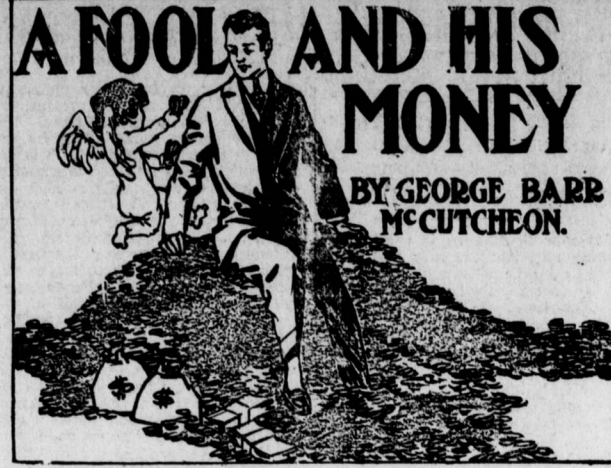
A FAIR, FEARLESS ACCOUNT—STARTLING ILLUSTRATIONS

Though the facts in this work may appear accusatory, bear in mind they are true. The letter and the spirit of President Wilson's neutrality declaration has the author's most profound respect, but facts are facts, nevertheless. No man or woman, either native or foreign born, need fear to read the truth presented in this work.

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CONTINUED

"It's the best I could do," he said in an aggrieved voice.

I had a secret hope that the countess would be in the courtyard to welcome me, but I was disappointed. Old Grete met me and wept over me, as if I was not already sufficiently moist. The chef came running out to say that breakfast would be ready for me when I desired it; Blatchford felt of my coat sleeve and told me that I was quite wet; Hawkes had two large, steaming toddies waiting for us in the vestibule apparently fearing that we could get no farther without the aid of a stimulant. But there was no sign of a single Titus.

Later I ventured forth in Poopendyke's best suit of clothes, the one he uses when he passes the plate on Sundays in faraway Yonkers. It smelled of moth balls, but it was gloriously dry, so why carp? We sneaked down the corridor past my own bedroom door and stole into the study.

Just inside the door I stopped in amazement. The countess was sound asleep in my big armchair, a forlorn but lovely thing in a pink peignoir. Her rumpled brown hair nestled in the angle of the chair; her hands drooped listlessly at her sides; dark lashes lay upon the soft white cheeks; her lips were parted ever so slightly and her bosom rose and fell in the long swell of perfect repose.

Poopendyke clutched me by the arm and drew me toward the door or I might have stood there transfixed for heaven knows how long.

"She's asleep," he whispered. It was the second time in twelve hours that some one had intimated that I was blind.

The door creaked villainously. The gaunt, ecclesiastical tails of my borrowed frock coat were on the verge of being safely outside with me when she cried out, whereupon I swiftly transposed myself and stuck my head through the half open door.

"Oh, it's you!" she cried, in a quavery voice. She was leaning forward in the chair, her eyes wide open and eager.

I advanced into the room. A look of doubt sprang into her face. She stared for a moment and then rather piteously rubbed her eyes.

"Yes, it is I," said I, spreading my arms in such a way that my hands emerged from the confines of Poopendyke's sleeves. (Upon my word, I had no idea that he was so much longer than I!) "It is still I, countess, despite the shrinkage."

"The shrinkage?" she murmured, slowly sliding out of the chair. As she unbent her cramped leg she made a little grimace of pain, but smiled as she limped toward me, her hand extended. "Yes, I always shrink when I get wet," I explained, resorting to face tiousness.

Then I bent over her hand and kissed it. As I neglected to release it at once, the cuff of Poopendyke's best coat slid down over our two hands, completely enveloping them. It was too much for me to stand. I squeezed her hand with painful fervor and then released it in trepidation.

"Poopendyke goes to church in it," I said vaguely, leaving her to guess what it was that Poopendyke went to church in, or, perhaps, knowing what I meant, how I happened to be in it for the time being. "You've been crying."

Her eyes were red and suspiciously moist.

As she met my concerned gaze, a wavering, whimsical smile crept into her face.

"It has been a disgustingly wet night," she said. "Oh, you don't know how happy I am to see you standing here once more, safe and sound, and—amiable. I expected you to glower and growl and—"

"On a bright, glorious, sunshiny morning like this?" I cried. "Never! I prefer to be graciously refulgent. Our troubles are behind us."

"How good you are!" After a moment's careful scrutiny of my face she added, "I can see the traces of very black thoughts, Mr. Smart, and recent ones."

"They were black until I came into this room," I confessed. "Now they are rose tinted."

She bent her slender body a little toward me, and the red seemed to leap back into her lips as if propelled by magic. Resolutely I put my back and straightened my figure. I was curiously impressed by the discovery that I was very, very tall and she very much smaller than my memory recorded. Of course I had no means of knowing that she was in bedroom slippers and not in the customary high heeled boots that gave her an inch and a half of false stature.

"Your mother is here," I remarked hurriedly.

She glanced toward my bedroom door. "Oh, what a night!" she sighed. "I did all that I could to keep her out of your bed. It was useless. I did cry, Mr. Smart. I know you must hate all of us."

I laughed. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," I quoted. "You are my neighbor, countess. Don't forget that."

And it so happens that your mother is also my neighbor at present, and your brothers too. Have you any cousins and aunts?"

"I can't understand how any one can be so good natured as you," she sighed. The crown of her head was on a level with my shoulder. Her eyes were lowered. A faint line of distress grew between them. For a minute I stared down at the brown crest of her head, an almost unaverted impulse pounding away at my sense of discretion. I do take credit unto myself for being strong enough to resist that opportunity to make an everlasting idiot of myself. I knew even then that if a similar attack ever came upon me again I should not be able to withstand it.

All this time she was staring rather pensively at the second button from the top of Poopendyke's coat, and so prolonged and earnest was her gaze that I looked down in some concern, at the same time permitting myself to make a nervous, jerky and quite involuntary digital examination of the afore said button. She looked up with a nervous little laugh.

"I shall have to sew one on right there for poor Mr. Poopendyke," she said, poking her finger into the empty buttonhole. "You dear bachelors!"

Then she turned swiftly away from me and glided over to the big arm chair, from the depths of which she fished a small velvet bag. Looking over her shoulder, she smiled at me.

"Please look the other way," she said. Without waiting for me to do so she took out a little gold box, a powder puff and a stick of lip rouge. Crossing to the small Florentine mirror that hung near my desk, she proceeded before my startled eyes to repair the slight—and to me unnoticeable—damage that had been done to her complexion before the sun came up.

"Woman works in a mysterious way, my friend, her wonders to perform," she paraphrased calmly.

"No matter how transcendently beautiful woman may be, she always does that sort of thing to herself, I take it," said I.

"She does," said the countess with conviction. She surveyed herself critically. "There! And now I am ready to accept an invitation to breakfast. I am disgustingly hungry."

"And so am I!" I cried with enthusiasm. "Hurry! You shall eat Poopendyke's breakfast just to penalize him for failing in his duties as host during my unavoidable."

"Quite impossible," she said. "He has already eaten it."

"He has?"

"At half past 6, I believe. He announced at that ungodly hour that if he couldn't have his coffee the first thing in the morning he would be in for a headache all day. He suggested that I take a little nap and have breakfast with you—if you succeed in surviving the night."

"Oh, I see," said I slowly. "He knew all the time that you were napping in that chair, eh?"

"You shall not scold him!"

"I shall do even worse than that. I shall pension him for life."

She appeared thoughtful. A little frown of annoyance clouded her brow.

"He promised faithfully to arouse me the instant you were sighted on the opposite side of the river. I made him stand in the window with a field glass. No, on second thought, I shall scold him. If he had come to the door and shouted you wouldn't have caught me in this odious dressing gown. He—he!"

"It is most fascinating," I cried. "Adorable! I love flimsy, pink things. They're so intimate. And Poopendyke knows it, bless his ingenious old soul!"

I surprised a queer little gleam of inquiry in her eyes. It flickered for a second and died out.

"Do you really consider him an ingenious old soul?" she asked. And I thought there was something rather metallic in her voice. I might have replied with intelligence if she had given me a chance, but for some reason she chose to drop the subject. "You must be famished, and I am dying to hear about your experiences. You must not omit a single detail. I—"

There came a gentle, discreet knocking on the half open door. I started.

"Come!" I said.

Blatchford gravely swung the door wide open.

"Breakfast is served, sir—your ladyship, I beg pardon."

I have never seen him stand so faultlessly rigid. As we passed him on the way out a mean desire came over me to tread on his toes just as an experiment. Somehow I felt that he would say, "Thank you, sir," and there would be no satisfaction in knowing that he had had all his pains for nothing.

I shall never forget that enchanted breakfast—never! Not that I can recall even vaguely what we had to eat, or who served it, or how much of the naked truth I related to her in describing the events of the night; I can only declare that it was a singularly light hearted affair.

At half past 1 o'clock I was received by Mrs. Titus in my own study. The countess came down from her eerie abode to officiate at the ceremonious function—if it may be so styled—and I

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

A Warning About Canned Goods

The trend of modern times appeals to women and makes them more interested in sanitary foodstuffs and in the care and delivery of groceries.

Just now it seems necessary to call attention to great quantities of canned goods that are being sold at reduced prices to make room for this season's produce. There is no objection in the world in patronizing such sales and making the best of your opportunity for a bargain, but reject all cans and tins that show rust around the tops or bottoms or have a dent or a swollen place on the sides.

Safety first is nowhere so necessary as in the home, and arrangements have been made with most food dealers by manufacturers to return all battered or damaged cans and some rebate is usually offered. Therefore these damaged goods are not a total loss to grocers but they are to the housekeeper.

Swelled places on cans show that there is gas, caused by decay, within. Dents mean that the cans have been knocked about and that air may have reached the food. Rust comes from dampness and when it is on cans you can be almost positive there is an air hole in the container.

Food that is packed in tins must be air tight to be fit for food. Ptomaine poisoning is one of the most dangerous we know. When it does not cause immediate suffering and horrible death in every case it is responsible for so-called stomach trouble many times.

As soon as a tin of fish, meat, peas, corn, tomatoes or any food is opened turn it at once from the can and so prevent the growth of poison.

Physicians say that cancers, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, headaches and other ailments come from ptomaine

or poison foods. The wonder is that we do not have more deaths from this cause, for I have often seen one-half of a can of vegetables used and the remainder placed, still in the original tin, in the cooler until the next meal, and not infrequently is fish left standing in open cans! If we were not naturally strong and healthy we would succumb to such criminal carelessness instead of complaining of "tummy-aches" and headaches so frequently.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
"Our club is interested in the action to obtain a half cent piece as mentioned in this column last week and we intend to write to our State Representative regarding this but will ask also for a recoinage of the almost forgotten two cent and three cent pieces that we used to find so great a saving. We thought you would like to know what we are doing."—Secretary Housekeepers' Club.

Reply.—Such a note is inspiring and we are glad that at least one group of women have interested themselves in this. If more will follow the example of the above club women we can make savings in our expenditures that will be worth while.

"Please advise me how I can drive away sparrows and still keep robins and wrens in my garden?"—Boy.

Reply.—Dear Boy: Don't try to do it. Make the openings into your wren boxes too small for sparrows to enter and keep water where they can reach it. The robins care for themselves. States that have warred on sparrows now find they have made a mistake and that these are almost the only birds hardy enough to win a living in cities. Sparrows destroy weed seeds and insects by millions and robins can easily take their own part if there is a disagreement.

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LITTLE MISS BOOTH-JONES, LOST WITH THE LUSITANIA



Many persons at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York city, are still talking of little Miss Alisia Booth-Jones, who was one of the victims of the Lusitania. She was with her father at the hotel and endeared herself to many through her beauty and cleverness. Mr. Edwin Booth-Jones, the father, was in the United States to see the objects of art. It was just before little Miss Booth-Jones and her father left aboard the Lusitania that she had a photograph taken. Harry Zehner, one of the assistant managers of the Waldorf-Astoria, admired the picture, and the girl gave one to him on the morning she and her father left the hotel.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1915

Trains Leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6:05, 7:50 a. m., 2:40 p. m.
For Hagerstown and Chambersburg, at 6:02, 7:50, 11:00 a. m., 1:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 5:27, 9:00, 11:00 p. m.

For Pillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:57 a. m., 2:18, 5:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.

"Daily." All other trains daily except Sunday.
J. H. YONGE
H. A. RIDDER, C. P. A. Supt.

LOST IN FOREST FIRE, DEAD

Missing Man's Money and Gold Watch In Pockets

Pottsville, May 15.—Samuel Bartlett, a wealthy farmer, whose body was found Thursday night on the mountain near Thomaston, is believed to have lost his way and perished while trying to get help. A forest fire, which was raging, obscured his vision and prevented his rescue. His clothes were found signed with flames and smoke.

It was at first thought he was murdered, but a large sum of money and a gold watch were found untouched on his person.

They Are 70 Years Old

"For some time past my wife and myself were troubled with kidney trouble," writes T. B. Carpenter, Harrisburg, Pa. "We suffered rheumatic pains all through the body. The first few doses of Foley Kidney Pills relieved us. After taking five bottles between us we are entirely cured. Although we are both in the seventies we are as vigorous as we were thirty years ago." Foley Kidney Pills stop sleep disturbing bladder weakness, backache, rheumatism, dizziness, swollen joints and sore muscles. Geo. A. Gargas, 16 N. Third St. and P. R. R. Station.—Adv.

Called to Philadelphia Church Sunbury, May 15.—The Rev. Robert H. Gearhart, of Mansfield, O., a graduate of Gettysburg College, and former resident of Sunbury, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Grace Lutheran church, Philadelphia.

Try a case of Fink's Bottled Beer. A perfect sanitary package.—Adv.

To Be Continued

"Lancaster's Own" in Reunion

Lancaster, May 15.—The annual reunion of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Pennsylvania volunteer infantry, called "Lancaster County's Own," because composed entirely of the sons of this county, held its annual reunion yesterday. Of the original 944 members but 310 survive and only one commissioned field officer survive, Adjutant Daniel H. Hetschu. At the business meeting Mr. Hetschu was elected president.