



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Unconsidered Trifles

Lamb's hearts: These delicate tidbits are greatly esteemed by the initiated. Three hearts may be served four persons, but it is more likely you will need one piece. Remove the tendons and slice the hearts and place in salted water for two hours to draw out the blood. Then fry the slices in hot butter with a little onion, a slice of sour orange and a sprinkling of parsley. When browned nicely add water enough to cover and simmer gently one hour. Remove the meat and strain the liquor to get the onion and other seasonings. Return the meat and gravy to the saucepan and add a little milk or cream, salt and pepper and thicken the mixture with flour. Serve on toast or with puff-paste points.

Kidney stew: The finest and best flavored kidneys are from young porkers or little pigs. You can always arrange with your butcher to get these for you, and in cities the price still remains around five cents each.

These tender little morsels of flesh do not require the long soaking in salt water that you must give to kidneys from older animals. But you must slice them and give them a preliminary blanching, or gentle boil, in water containing a little soda. Pour this off with the scum that will rise upon it, then add fresh hot water and a bit of salt and cook the meat at least three hours. Now you may either thicken the liquid that remains of the kidney and enrich it with butter and serve it in a tureen or you may make kidney brochettes.

Place the cooked slices of the kidney on a brochette, or long wire, or steel skewer, and between the slices place a square, or slice, of bacon. Lay these

brochettes on a wire rack and place it on a dripping pan in a hot oven. When the bacon is crisp serve the meat, still on its holder, on slices of hot buttered toast. There should be one skewer to each person.

Stuffed heart: Allow one small heart to each person. Lamb's hearts are the best to use for this dish, as they are so small and so tender.

Wash the hearts and trim out the inside, leaving a good sized cavity to fill with stuffing. This filling may be as elaborate as you like, but any good forcemeat will do. Soak the hearts in salted water for an hour, then fill with the stuffing and dredge with salted flour. Put a piece of bacon or plenty of butter on the top of each heart and cook in a medium oven, in a covered casserole or baking dish until the hearts are very tender. This means for about two hours. Place the hearts on separate serving plates and thicken the liquor remaining in the baking dish. Mushrooms are sometimes added to this liquor, but a good spice mixture will do. Pour a little over each heart, garnish neatly and serve with haste.

Liver and bacon: Since calves' liver has climbed to the very tip-top of the ladder of high prices we have neglected this delightful combination. However, it is not necessary to buy calves' liver. You may use any liver if you soak it, after slicing it until the water comes away clear, then drop, for only a moment, into boiling water. Drain, and after the bacon is fried and dished, dredge the liver slices with flour and fry them. Serve on one platter with the liver in center and the bacon on as a garnish. Do not cut the liver too thin or it will be hard when fried.

Stop Thief!



Novelized From the Great Play of the Same Name by George C. Jenks and Carlyle Moore

Copyright, 1913, by The H. K. Fly Company

Continued

"Did you get the money in the closet—the \$4,000 under the rug?"

"Yes, I've got it and the sable furs and sealskins in the steamer trunk."

"Good kid! Now I'll go."

Jack Doogan went to the door communicating with the front hall and, as he opened it, bumped into that famous detective, Lieutenant Joseph Thompson.

"Well, here I am," announced the detective.

"Here he is," said Jack Doogan, addressing no one in particular. "Well, now you're here, what do you want?"

"What do I want? Why, you told me to be back in an hour, didn't you?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Doogan nervously. "You're on the dot all right. Hope you ain't dotty. Ha, ha! But we were wrong about the time, weren't we?" turning to Nell.

"Yes. We made a mistake about the time," replied Nell.

"They won't be here till 9 tonight."

"That's so. Nine tonight!" said Doogan, nodding and smiling at the detective, as if to convey, "You see what a mess you've made of it!"

"Who won't be here till 9 tonight?" growled the detective.

"The two you want to capture," replied Nell.

"This will be a great feather in your cap if you pull it off," Jack Doogan assured him. "You'll have Burns backed off the map."

"Who's Burns?" snapped Thompson. "Quit your stalling. Why don't you tell me what the case is?"

"It's a case of amnesia. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Sure!" answered Thompson, staggering mentally. "It's—yes—it's—"

Jack Doogan gave him a slap on the back that made him cough as he helped

NOTICE!

The Aughinbaugh Press and J. A. Thompson Co.

Whose Plant Was Destroyed By Fire April 8th, 1914 Have Opened

Temporary Offices and Plant

AT THE

STAR-INDEPENDENT

18-20-22 South Third St.

J. L. L. KUHN, Secretary and Treasurer

DOEHNE BEER

UNEXCELLED FOR PURITY AND EXCELLENCE

It is highly commended to lovers of good—pure—beer.

Remember the snappy flavor of our

STOCK ALE

DOEHNE BREWERY

Bell 826 L Order It To-day Independent 318

You're on the Right Road to a Happy Home

When You Insert a "Wanted to Buy" adv. or "Wanted to Rent" adv. in the

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

—OR—

REAL ESTATE FOR RENT

Columns of the Star-Independent—Harrisburg's Great Home Newspaper. Call Bell Phone 3280, Independent Phone 245, 246.

ASK FOR ADVERTISING



"Well, here I am!" announced Detective Thompson.

ed out: "Yes, you're right. It's collective robbery."

"Yes, of course. Robbery! Have you got any evidence?"

"Evidence? Sure! This suit case is full of evidence."

"That so? I think I'd better take it," Thompson reached for the suit case, but Doogan drew it away, as he objected hastily. "No, I think you'd better not." Then to Nell. "What do you think?"

"I think you'd better keep it, sir."

"Yes, I think she's right," agreed Doogan, looking at Thompson knowingly. "You see, if you take it the thieves can't get it—no evidence! If you leave it here the thieves will get it and there's the evidence. You understand?"

"I got you," answered the detective.

"Now, don't disappoint us again," begged Doogan with his hand on the detective's shoulder. "Be here at 9 o'clock sharp."

"I got you," was Thompson's reply.

"Have you got the right time?" asked Doogan.

Thompson put his hand to his fob pocket, but drew it away again with a muttered oath and growled:

"Some 'dip' grabbed my watch last night. It was worth \$600 too. I'll get it back soon, because I know the crook who took it quite well. In the meanwhile I can depend for the time on clocks in—in—"

"Cafes—saloons! Yes, I know," grinned Doogan.

No sooner was Lieutenant Joseph Thompson well away than Jack Doogan picked up the suit case and prepared to get out of the house with his booty. He might have done it, too,

only that, just as he was at the door, William Carr came booming into the room, with a paper pad in his hand, on which he was writing the names of various articles about him. In fact he was making out the inventory which had been suggested by Douglas Jamison.

"Wish some one would choke that old man!" muttered Jack Doogan. "He's always in the way."

Before William Carr had observed him Doogan had thrown the suit case under the table and seated himself with his pad in his hand, as if he were busily going over the list of valuable articles he had compiled in the presence of the family not long before.

William Carr sat down at the table with his pad, while on the other side Doogan watched him furtively as he pretended to examine his list.

When Mr. Carr took two \$500 dollar bills from his pocket and inspected them on the table, almost under Doogan's nose, the strain was so terrific that the young man could not help stretching out his fingers toward the money.

"What are you doing with that money?"

"Why? It's mine."

Jack Doogan took his list from his pocket and made a great show of scanning it from top to bottom. Then he said:

"You didn't declare that money on this list of valuables."

"I was going to include it in the inventory I am making for Mr. Jamison," faltered the old man.

"Why? Jamison has no right to it."

"Hasn't he?" asked Mr. Carr feebly.

"Certainly not. If you haven't got it, you can't include it in your inventory, can you?"

"That's so," assented Mr. Carr.

"Of course that's so. I'll mind it for you."

Jack Doogan took the notes from Mr. Carr's unresisting hand, and Carr walked out.

"Lord! Isn't this a cinch?"

Thus Mr. Jack Doogan, as he grabbed his suit case under the table and prepared to make a dive for the door to the basement.

Again unkind fate stood in his way—this time in the fair person of Miss Caroline Carr, who burst into the room screaming: "Police, police! The police are here!"

Jack Doogan swore softly. Then he hid the suit case under the sofa and locked the door to the front hall to gain a little time. As he did so the entire family came running in at one door as a tremendous thumping began at another—that communicating with the front hall.

"Where are they?" demanded Mrs. Carr.

"Open this door in the name of the law!" roared a powerful voice outside.

"Let him pound awhile," observed Jack Doogan. "It's good exercise."

"But he'll break the door down," objected William Carr.

Suddenly the door was kicked open and four policemen in uniform came in, with Douglas Jamison among them.

One of the policemen wore the stripes of a sergeant, and he was as fierce an example of the peace officer in extra authority as one would wish to see.

"Now, sergeant," said Douglas Jamison, pointing to William Carr, who tried to shrink behind his wife, "that is Mr. Carr. He's got my stock certificates and my money."

"Uh-huh!" grunted the sergeant.

"What is all this?" came in a faint voice from William Carr.

"I have a search warrant," replied the sergeant curtly.

"A search warrant?" muttered Jack Doogan, who was modestly in the background. "Goodby, sunburst!"

He slipped around behind the others and dexterously pinned the sunburst he had taken from the safe to Madge Carr's skirt.

"Officer, don't serve that warrant!" said William Carr, nervously taking up a pencil from the table and offering it to Jamison. "This inventory, Mr. Jamison, will insure you against loss."

"That isn't the inventory. That's a pencil," called out Jack Doogan from the back of the table as he picked up the inventory.

Jeetly taking the warrant from the sergeant's fingers without his knowledge he pressed the inventory on him. Then he contrived to drop the inventory before the sergeant could get hold of it and stooped to pick it up with an urbane: "You've dropped your warrant. Allow me, sergeant."

The performance was what is known as "blinfram" when done with money, and Jack Doogan had a reputation in some cities as an expert blinframmer.

"Stop that! None of your tricks with me! Let this warrant alone. I'll pick it up."

If the sergeant had been a little more careful himself he would have looked at the paper he picked up. But he didn't, to his subsequent discomfort.

Doogan slipped the sergeant's search warrant into Mr. Carr's coat pocket.

"Say, sergeant," broke in Jamison.

"Well?"

"Here's the tricky one," continued

Jamison, pointing to William Carr.

"Don't trust him."

"Why, Jamison?" gasped Mr. Carr.

"Silence!" bellowed the sergeant.

There was nothing of the jolly, good natured man who had come to William Carr in the Grand Central station the night before in the Douglas Jamison who frowned at him now.

"Ob, mother! What a disgrace!" groaned Madge into her mother's ear trumpet. "To think of the police being here! I can hardly believe it!"

"And on our wedding day!" added Cluney lugubriously.

A loud scream from Mrs. Carr made everybody stare at her, and the sergeant frowned awfully as he waited for an explanation.

The truth was that Mrs. Carr had just seen the diamond sunburst pinned to Madge's skirt. The good lady murmured "Hereditarily" more than once, while Doogan coughed loudly to drown her voice.

"Everybody must be searched!" announced the lieutenant.

Jack Doogan proved his chivalry in the face of adverse conditions.

"Stop!" he shouted.

"What?" yelled the sergeant. "Get back there or I'll put handcuffs on you."

"No, you won't!" shouted Jack Doogan, as determined as the other. "I want you to do this thing regular if you do it at all."

"Oh, I'll do it all right!" snarled the sergeant.

"All right. But you haven't served the warrant yet."

The sergeant opened his document with a flourish and began in a loud tone. "My home and personal effects, all furniture, one jewelry box—"

He had got as far as this before he could stop himself. Then as he looked in amazement at the paper in his hand he bellowed:

"My God! I've lost my warrant! This is a list of furniture."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Police Holdup.

THE sergeant was in a flaming rage, and he looked at the innocent William Carr as if he believed him to be the thief who had stolen his warrant under his very nose.

"Let everybody look for that warrant!" howled the sergeant. "If it's on the floor it must be somewhere close at hand. Get under the table, you!"

This last was sung at Mr. Carr, who obediently crawled under the table, while his wife and daughters, Cluney, Willoughby, Doogan, Jamison and the four policemen groped about the floor on their hands and knees, like a lot of children playing a game.

The sergeant suddenly jumped to his feet at last, and as he brushed the dust from the knees of his new blue trousers, he issued the dictum:

"That's enough! Get up! There's no use looking about the floor."

He waited until all the others were on their feet, and then he continued dictatorially: "This is a frameup. Somebody in this room has nicked me for my warrant. Now, come on! Who's got it?" he wound up as he stared hard at Mrs. Carr.

"Do you mean to intimate that some one has stolen your warrant?" demanded that lady, bridling.

"Yes, I do. Just the same as some one has stolen Mr. Jamison's stock certificates."

"And my money!" put in Douglas Jamison boisterously. "Don't forget my money!"

"I'm going to search the house and everybody in it," interrupted the sergeant.

"But you can't search this house without one. I know the law," said Jack Doogan.

"Say, who are you?" abruptly demanded the sergeant. "You are talking a lot. Now, who are you?"

"Never mind who I am," replied Doogan, with significant emphasis. "You haven't got a warrant and that stops you."

"Go on," said Dr. Willoughby to Doogan. "Tell him who you are."

Everybody except Mr. Carr and Douglas Jamison interposed a warning "Sh!"

The sergeant was obviously uncomfortable.

"What's all this shushing about, any how?"

"I didn't shush," remarked Mr. Carr, with an ingratiating smile as he moved apart from the rest of his family, the feeling of self protection strong within

him.

"Come, sergeant, come!" urged Jamison. "For heaven's sake do something. My brokers extended the time, but I must have those certificates within an hour."

The sergeant was perplexed.

"Listen, Mr. Jamison!" he finally said. "You hurry down to police headquarters and swear out another warrant."

"All right. I suppose that's about the only thing to be done. But don't let any of them get away."

"Hold on here! You policemen can't stay in this house!" exclaimed Doogan. "If you don't keep your trap shut I'll have to chastise you, sweetheart." returned the sergeant, with ferocious humor.

Jack Doogan did not deign to reply, but he shook his head warningly as he walked over to the bookcase and read the titles of the volumes with ostentatious interest.

Dr. Willoughby was getting tired of the bumptious manner of the sergeant, and he asked him now, rather shortly: "Look here, sergeant. What's all this excitement about? What's been stolen?"

To Be Continued

MINES TOO DRY TO RUN

Drought Takes on a Serious Turn in Schuylkill

Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 7.—The continued drought is greatly enhancing the cost of anthracite coal mining in this region as water for scores of collieries has to be hauled many miles. Unless there are substantial rains this week, coal operators say, there will be a suspension of work at the collieries which are short of water, as it does not pay to run them under present conditions.

Many mining villages in the county are compelled to haul even their water for domestic purposes, and the drought has extended into the agricultural sections, where previous never-failing springs have become dried up, and farmers are compelled to drive their cattle for miles to streams.

USES TRAIN AS GUILLOTINE

Farm-Hand Beheaded as He Lies Upon Track

Spotswood, N. J., Oct. 7.—John Slewinski, a farm hand employed by G. Martin Manz, of Jamesburg, walked in front of a westbound Pennsylvania passenger train at this place Monday afternoon, deliberately placing his head on the rails and was decapitated.

The man suddenly appeared from a clump of bushes and placed his head on the rails before the engineer could stop. The man had no known relatives and was about 45 years old. He was despondent because his employer was about to move to Newark.

ADD CROOKEDNESS TO FAILURE

Cashier Charged With Embezzling \$36,550 of Bank Funds

Olympia, Wash., Oct. 7.—Information charging W. Dean Hays with embezzlement of \$36,550 in connection with the failure of the Olympia Bank and Trust Company, was presented to the Superior Court here yesterday and bond was fixed at \$5,000, in addition to a bond of \$10,000 on a previous charge of receiving deposits after the bank became insolvent.

Hays was cashier of the Olympia Bank and Trust Company, which failed ten days ago in common with four other banking institutions in southwest Washington. He is out on bail.

NOTICE

All proprietors of hotels, boarding and rooming houses, as well as all private citizens who can provide lodging for the Volunteer Firemen and their ladies during Convention Week, October 5th to 9th, are requested to send their names and addresses to H. Q. Black, secretary of Hotel Committee, No. 420 Market street, at once, when arrangements can be made.

Hotel Committee

TOBACCO A BAR TO MINISTRY

Canadian Methodists, by Close Vote, Retain Prohibitory Test

Ottawa, Oct. 7.—Just as the Methodist Church authorities in Canada have asked once a year, all the young men studying for the ministry if they use tobacco, snuff or intoxicating beverages, so will they in the future continue to ask the question. And, as in the past, the answer must be no. The Methodist General Conference so voted yesterday.

There was a recommendation by the discipline committee that the question be omitted, with a spirited debate and a close vote before it was decided to retain the question.

HOSPITAL PAIR OFF TO KOREA

Nurse and Doctor Wed to Become Missionary Workers

Sunbury, Pa., Oct. 7.—As a result of a romance that began when the couple went to work at the Presbyterian hospital, Philadelphia, Miss Vannie N. Knorr, of Sunbury, a nurse, and Dr. Samuel P. Tipton, of Hot Springs, N. C., were wedded here yesterday.

The Rev. J. S. Heisler, of the First United Evangelical church, officiated. They will leave November 14 for Korea, where they will become missionaries.

Their Purpose

He—What candle light power has your electrical fixings?
She—Oh, those aren't real candles on that chandelier. They're merely make believe.—Baltimore American.



NEW HOTEL WALTON

Broad and Locust Streets

Reopened after the expenditure of an enormous sum in remodeling, redecorating and refurbishing.

IN THE CENTER OF EVERYTHING

Near all Stores, Theatres and Points of Interest.

Every Modern Convenience

500 Elegantly Furnished Rooms

European Plan

Rooms, without bath...\$1.50 up

Rooms, with bath...\$2 up

Hot and cold running water in all rooms

WALTON HOTEL CO.

Louis Lukes, President-Manager.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

H.B.G. BUSINESS COLLEGE

329 Market Street

Fall Term September First

DAY AND NIGHT

Day and Night Sessions

Positions for All Graduates

Enroll Next Monday

SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

15 S. Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 23, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6:05, 7:10 a. m., 2:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, and intermediate stations, at 5:03, 7:50, 11:03 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:10, 11:09 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:59, 8:30 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:51 a. m., 3:18, 5:40, 8:32, 8:37 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

H. A. RIDDLE, G. F. A. Supt.

ONLY A WATER WAGON TILT

Not a Thought of Burglary in This Unfortunate's Jag

Norristown, Pa., Oct. 7.—Falling off the water wagon, after he had promised his wife he would not drink that day, caused Harry Wallace, a Prospectville painter, to crawl into the house of his neighbor, Oliver Hopkinson, while he was absent last summer, to sleep off his jag, that his wife might not know of his inebriation.

But other neighbors came to feed the Hopkinson dog and, hearing Wallace

Carvers' Tonic Tablets

For nerves, weakness and nervous prostration, 50 cents at druggists.

Adv.

LEPER LIKES WOOD-CHOPPING

Wields the Ax While Authorities Ponder Over His Case

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Oct. 7.—Joseph Norman, the leper, has taken to wood-chopping as a diversion during his confinement in quarantine. The police delivered two tons of wood at the Blackman street home yesterday and, while Norman is waiting for the State, county and city to decide his case he will endeavor to keep up his spirits by exercise with the ax.

The authorities are still at odds over the care of the leper, and no definite conclusion is in sight.

Gabe—"This fellow Jenks is a contrary cuss."

Steve—"Should say he was contrary. An ytime he agrees with you just bet that you are wrong."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BERMUDA

These Charming Islands Are Now "BERMUDIAN"

S. S. "BERMUDIAN"

holds the record—40 hours—is the newest and only twin-screw steamship sailing to Bermuda, and the only one landing passengers at the dock at Hamilton without transfer by tender.

Round Trip with meals \$25 and up

and stateroom berth

For full particulars apply to A. E. OSTERBRIDGE & Co., Agents (Union S. S. Co. Ltd., 20 Broadway, New York) P. LORNE HEMMEL, 103 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa., or any Ticket Agent.