



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Just for Two

"When I was a bride," said a portly matron recently, "I thought it the greatest pleasure to concoct nice meals for my husband and myself, but after my family commenced to grow it never was a hardship to plan for them. I attribute this to the good cookery books I had and to the care I was taught to use in measuring my materials. To-day I use the same recipes I used when I was married, but in the place of butter I substitute some one of the good cooking oils. I never cut down on the eggs, for they are our most nutritious article of food. I often have to buy low-priced cuts of meats, but I use care in preparing them than if they were costly, and my family is a healthy one."

All good housekeepers will tell you the same story. I think, for if food is cooked carelessly or combined wrongly it cannot be good, and Benjamin Franklin proved long ago that you cannot make blood from turnips.

In the morning mail is a request from a bride for some "economical" recipes for egg-less cake and for dishes that do not require butter or cream.

There is no strength in such food, it does not nourish or satisfy, and persons fed on such mixtures will resort to stimulants to keep the digestion working. Women who have this insufficient food will have the tea or coffee pot constantly on tap and the men of the family will, it has been proved, soon turn to beer or stronger liquors to keep them going.

Economize by all means, Little Bride, but not at the cost of your man's strength and your own health and good looks. I am sorry not to have any egg-

less dishes in my collection of recipes, but after you have thought about it you will not want them. In their stead let me give you the following "Just for Two":

Omelet with meat: Beat two eggs and a cup of milk together, add a cup of minced cold meat. Put a tablespoon of dripping or butter in the frying pan and cook the omelet until it begins to look dry over the top. Fold over and take up at once. Do not turn it. This is not half so much trouble to make as an eggless dish and it will satisfy the hunger of both of you.

Devil's food cake: Mix in the following order 1/2 cup of shortening, 1 1/2 cups of sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup of water, 3/4 teaspoon salt, 2 squares of unsweetened chocolate grated and dissolved, 2 cups of flour sifted with 3 teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in a loaf or in two layers. Now for a cold day, suppose you have a hot soup with toasted crackers, you need not have meat with it, for a bouillon cube will give it a true meat flavor. Boil three potatoes soft and make them into a batter with one egg, a bit of butter and salt and pepper. Have the soup bowls hot and when you are ready to eat pour a pint of boiling milk on the potato mixture. Stir it and serve without returning to the fire. If you use the bouillon cube, dissolve it in the hot milk before adding the vegetable.

Remember, always, that you cannot get more out of your cookery than you put into it, whether it be nutritious ingredients that will make strength or loving care that will repay you in the long run.

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

"Mr. Jamison's steel stock certificates," replied the sergeant.

"Why, the steel stocks are in that safe."

"No," interposed William Carr, shaking his head disconsolately. "We just looked in the safe."

"But," persisted Dr. Willoughby, "you haven't looked in the safe lately—not in the last few minutes. Perhaps you were mistaken. You'd better look again."

"Perhaps I was mistaken," observed Mr. Carr. "I'll look in the safe again."

Mr. Carr and Madge knelt down in front of the safe, while Mrs. Carr looked on expectantly. Her husband had begun to turn the combination knob when the rattle of it attracted the attention of the sergeant.

"Get away from that safe!" he shouted. "Nobody will touch anything in this house until Jamison gets back with that warrant. Then I'll do the searching."

Doogan marched over from the bookcase and planted himself in front of the sergeant truculently.

"Look here," he said. "You can't tell this gentleman what he can do in his own house."

"I'll wallop you in a minute!" threatened the sergeant, clinching his fist.

Doogan was up in arms at once. "You'll wallop me, will you?" he sneered, measuring the sergeant with his eye from head to foot in an exasperating way. "I think you would if my hands were tied."

Bang! There was a riot on the instant.

The sergeant aimed a blow at Doogan with his left hand, which Doogan neatly ducked and would have landed a joint with his own left if the other three policemen had not rushed between them just in time.

"Keep quiet, Doogan!" admonished Cluney.

"Yes, he's not worth bothering with," added Willoughby. "Thrash him some other time if you like, but this is not the time."

"All right! Let it go!" he said as the three subordinate policemen shoved him up against the bookcase. "I'm through."

Through the open doorway, where the sergeant had kicked the door away, there then trotted in the dapper, black attired figure of Mr. Spelain, the minister.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, looking at the sergeant, who, like his men, was in full police uniform. "Are you a policeman?"

The sergeant shook his fist at them and, addressing his three police subordinates, said: "Now, listen, men! Keep your eyes open. Don't let any of these people pick up or get rid of a thing. If one of them should so much as put his hand in his pocket, even, just call my attention to it."

James Cluney's right hand had been in his trousers pocket, but he took it out in a hurry.

"Mother!" whispered Mr. Carr.

"What?"

"Mother," he went on in a horrified tone, "I think I have something in my pocket."

"William!"

There was a long and solemn pause, and then William Carr remarked nervously, "Ain't it quiet?"

"Madge, your father has something in his coat pocket. Try and get it out. Your father will help you."

Madge was a little confused, but she slipped by the side of her father, where the sergeant could not see, and Mr. Carr tried to guide her hand into his pocket.

At this particular moment, however, some evil spirit moved the fat policeman, O'Malley, to walk over to the group, and as Madge stepped away from her father the policeman slipped into her place. The consequence was that William Carr, groping for his daughter's hand to lead it into his pocket, seized O'Malley's flabby paw (if he had been anything but the most abominable old gentleman in New York he must have noted the difference at once) and tried to put it into his pocket.

"What in thunder are ye doin'?" demanded O'Malley, jerking his hand away and threatening Mr. Carr with his elbow.

Meanwhile the three men on the sofa had plunged into a whispered conversation and were oblivious of all that was going on around them.

"Let's tell him the stocks are in the safe," whispered Dr. Willoughby to his companions.

"Don't tell them that," interposed Doogan hurriedly. "or you'll have to explain where you got them."

"Here! What are you fellows whispering about?" shouted the sergeant.

"Nothing," replied Dr. Willoughby.

"But the sergeant was not satisfied. 'I think you fellows had better spread out. Come on! Split out! Get apart!'

Mr. Carr, with a shrug of his shoulders that seemed to ask, "What's the use?" began to whistle "Home, Sweet Home," very much off the key.

"Now, now," whispered Mrs. Carr to her daughter. And Madge once more tried to get her hand into her father's



Jack Doogan Sat on the Sofa.

reected away from her, to whisper to Madge:

"Madge, dear, I found the diamond sunburst fastened to your dress. Did you take anything else?"

Madge's look of surprised horror might have convinced anybody as she fell back from her mother with a low voiced "What?"

"Sh!" warned Mrs. Carr.

"Stop that shushing, I tell you!" roared the sergeant, swinging around suspiciously.

"You'll make me angry in a moment, Mr. Officer," menaced Mrs. Carr in a weak voice.

As the sergeant turned away to rebuke Mrs. Carr the three men on the sofa put their heads together and began to talk earnestly in subdued tones. The sergeant swung back and caught them, and they straightened up as one man, like three toy monkeys on a stick.

The sergeant shook his fist at them and, addressing his three police subordinates, said: "Now, listen, men! Keep your eyes open. Don't let any of these people pick up or get rid of a thing. If one of them should so much as put his hand in his pocket, even, just call my attention to it."

James Cluney's right hand had been in his trousers pocket, but he took it out in a hurry.

"Mother!" whispered Mr. Carr.

"What?"

"Mother," he went on in a horrified tone, "I think I have something in my pocket."

"William!"

There was a long and solemn pause, and then William Carr remarked nervously, "Ain't it quiet?"

"Madge, your father has something in his coat pocket. Try and get it out. Your father will help you."

Madge was a little confused, but she slipped by the side of her father, where the sergeant could not see, and Mr. Carr tried to guide her hand into his pocket.

At this particular moment, however, some evil spirit moved the fat policeman, O'Malley, to walk over to the group, and as Madge stepped away from her father the policeman slipped into her place. The consequence was that William Carr, groping for his daughter's hand to lead it into his pocket, seized O'Malley's flabby paw (if he had been anything but the most abominable old gentleman in New York he must have noted the difference at once) and tried to put it into his pocket.

"What in thunder are ye doin'?" demanded O'Malley, jerking his hand away and threatening Mr. Carr with his elbow.

Meanwhile the three men on the sofa had plunged into a whispered conversation and were oblivious of all that was going on around them.

"Let's tell him the stocks are in the safe," whispered Dr. Willoughby to his companions.

"Don't tell them that," interposed Doogan hurriedly. "or you'll have to explain where you got them."

"Here! What are you fellows whispering about?" shouted the sergeant.

"Nothing," replied Dr. Willoughby.

"But the sergeant was not satisfied. 'I think you fellows had better spread out. Come on! Split out! Get apart!'

Mr. Carr, with a shrug of his shoulders that seemed to ask, "What's the use?" began to whistle "Home, Sweet Home," very much off the key.

"Now, now," whispered Mrs. Carr to her daughter. And Madge once more tried to get her hand into her father's

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

Cluney moved forward from the door where he had been on guard and stared at Madge's maneuvers, while Mr. Carr whistled louder.

"Cut out that whistling," commanded the sergeant. And Mr. Carr stopped in the middle of a bar.

"It's no use, Madge," murmured Mrs. Carr; "the sergeant and the other policemen are watching us like hawks."

"Maybe if we could get into the dining room," suggested Madge.

"Yes; that might do, Joan!"

"Yes, mother."

"Tell them we are hungry."

"Very well, mother, Mr. Sergeant," she said aloud, "we haven't had a bite since breakfast. Please may we have something to eat?"

"Well, that's pretty hard, miss, if you're hungry. Sure! Go ahead and get something."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Carr, with a pleased look. "Come, William!"

William Carr moved with alacrity, and the minister was not at all slow in walking toward the dining room, James Cluney, Dr. Willoughby and Doogan also stirred in that direction.

"Thank you, sergeant," said Cluney effusively.

But the sergeant was not to be cajoled. He immediately pushed Cluney, Doogan and Dr. Willoughby back toward the sofa.

William Carr's hands, and the old gentleman slowly fumbled at them in the endeavor to see what they were.

"The securities!" cried Cluney. Then, aside to Dr. Willoughby, "How's this, Willoughby? I thought you put them in the safe."

"So I did," declared the doctor. "Didn't I?" he asked of Doogan, who was by his side.

"Ah! That mutt!" whispered Doogan disgustedly, as he glanced at the sergeant. "They're not the certificates. He's got the bonds."

"These are the bonds," exclaimed Mr. Carr at that instant, unconsciously corroborating Doogan.

"Where was the chocolate pot?" inquired the practical Madge.

"Hidden in the pantry."

"Who hid the chocolate pot?" asked Dr. Willoughby.

Everybody looked at everybody else, and Cluney said, "I didn't," after which disclaimer everybody centered his or her gaze on Mr. Carr.

"Well, you needn't look at me," blurted out the harassed old gentleman.

"Come on!" snapped the sergeant. "Who hid the chocolate pot?"

"I did," declared Mrs. Carr quietly.

"What? Why did you hide it?"

"I don't know."

But William Carr could not stand his wife taking the load of guilt on her shoulders, and he laid his hand affectionately upon her arm as he said: "No, no, mother! I won't let you take the blame. I think I hid it."

Here Cluney was overcome by the pangs of doubt and the desire to do justice to everybody, and he thrust himself forward, saying:

"I won't allow this, sergeant. I can't. Now, mark you, I don't remember having done so, but I expect I hid the chocolate pot."

The sergeant shook off Cluney impatiently.

SLAYER OF SIX A SUICIDE

Chef of 'Love Bungalow' Dies From Poison's Effect

Dodgeville, Wis., Oct. 8.—Julian Carlton, insane colored chef, who murdered Hannah Borthwick and five others at the bungalow of Frank Lloyd Wright, wealthy Chicago architect, near Spring Green, Wis., August 16, died yesterday from poison he took immediately after the murders.

Carlton, in an insane rage, set fire to the bungalow which housed Mrs. Borthwick, her two children and three others. He then stationed himself at a window and killed the occupants one by one as they attempted to escape.

You Too, Should

never be without Caf-aso Anti-pain Tablets, the safe and sure remedy for Headache and Neuralgia.

A remedy that never fails.

12 doses for 10c 36 doses for 25c At all Druggists.



Prepared by Home Remedy and Supply Co., York, Pa.



NEW HOTEL WALTON

Broad and Locust Streets

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

IN THE CENTER OF EVERYTHING

Near all Stores, Theatres and Points of Interest.

Every Modern Convenience

300 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.

MRS. CARMAN'S OWN STORY

She Will Tell at Trial What Was Kept From Grand Jury

New York, Oct. 8.—Mrs. Florence C. Carman's own story of what she knows of the murder of Mrs. Louise D. Bailey in Dr. Carman's office in Freeport, L. I., June 30, which she was not permitted to tell before the Nassau county Grand Jury, which indicted her for the crime, is to be told on the stand during the trial, which begins next week.

District Attorney Smith says he feels sure of convicting Mrs. Carman. Frank Farrell will testify that he saw a woman shoot through the window of the doctor's office.

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 24, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6:03, 7:10 a. m., 2:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, and Intermediate Stations, at 7:02, 7:58 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 4:40, 6:32, 7:40, 11:04 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 4:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 8:30 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:51 a. m., 2:18, 4:40, 6:32, 6:30 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.

CHAPTER XIV.

Who Hid the Chocolate Pot?

"JOAN!" whispered Mrs. Carr, turning her ear trumpet toward her youngest daughter's mouth. "See if the sergeant will let you make some chocolate."

"Please, may I serve some chocolate?" she asked the sergeant meekly. "We're half starved—really we are." She patted him on the sleeve with a caressing gentleness that few men could resist—certainly not this susceptible policeman—and purred, "There's a dear, sergeant!"

"Well, I guess it will be all right, miss," said the sergeant, "if I go with you, O'Malley!"

"Yes, sir."

"Look out for things here while I take charge of the young lady."

"Yes, sir."

The sergeant gallantly offered his arm to Joan, who took it with a smile, and the two went out on their way to the dining room. Dr. Willoughby was indignant at seeing the sergeant thus taking possession of Joan.

"Oh, I guess she's been in worse company," grinned O'Malley.

His grin was abruptly changed into a frown as he turned and saw Mrs. Carr's hand in her husband's pocket. O'Malley, like his chief, was exceedingly curious to know what it was that everybody was trying to get away from Mr. Carr without the police knowing anything about it.

"Here, madam!" he called out. "Take your hand out of that man's pocket. I'm watching you!"

Jack Doogan, continuously on the watch for some means of escape, picked up his hat and seeing that no one was guarding the door to the front hall, sauntered toward it, apparently without thinking what he was doing. But Cluney, of the sharp black eyes had been watching Doogan and, discerning his intention, slipped through to the front hall and awaited developments.

Cluney had not long to wait. The next minute Doogan slid into the hall—right into Cluney's arms!

"Hello!" grunted Cluney. "What do you want?"

"I just wanted to see whether any body was out here," replied the unabashed Doogan, as he stroled back into the library, with Cluney at his heels.

"I wonder what all that racket is in the dining room," observed Cluney to Willoughby, as they heard the sergeant's voice shouting, "I've got it! I've got it!"

"What the dickens has he got?" responded the doctor. "He's making enough noise about it."

The sergeant dashed into the library, holding up a sheaf of legal looking papers inclosed by a wide rubber band, while Joan Carr, almost as excited as the sergeant, came running in after him.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Carr. "The warrant?"

"No, no. The certificates. I knew I'd find them," boasted the sergeant.

He placed the bundle of papers in

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

MT. GRETNA AND LEBANON

Sunday, October 11

A delightful trip to famous Mt. Gretna, 1154 feet above the sea, with 4000 acres of woodland, covered with the varied tints of early Autumn.

SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES

Harrisburg,	9.15 A. M.	\$0.75
Steelton,	9.21 "	.70
Higginville,	9.27 "	.65
Middletown,	9.33 "	.60

Returning, Special Train will leave Lebanon 4.30 P. M., Mt. Gretna, 5.15 P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

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

Arrest Stamp-Laden Pair

Subury, Pa., Oct. 8.—When arrested here for illegal car-riding yesterday, Stanley Miller and John Lovinsky, of Nanticoke, had more than \$200 worth of two-cent postage stamps, two revolvers, a bowie knife and 40 rounds of ammunition. They were sentenced to serve 20 days in jail, and the United States postoffice authorities were notified.

Loses His Race With Death

Towanda, Pa., Oct. 8.—James F. Lane, who left here in a private car Tuesday, in the hope he could reach his mansion in Jacksonville, Fla., before death overtook him, died yesterday morning as the special train was passing through Fayetteville, S. C. He was 51 years of age.

Artistic Printing at Star-Independent.