



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Marmalades—Made in America

Marmalades are delightful spreads, very similar to what is known in our homes as jams. They are especially English and how highly they are valued by Scotch, English and Irish peoples is shown by the fact that when the war abroad began to assume serious proportions one of the first orders issued by the War Office was to prohibit the exportation of any English marmalades.

Those from Dundee are famous sweets, but the quaint little marmalade pots that we are accustomed to seeing on the shelves of delicatessen stores and in fine groceries will soon become a thing of the past. At least for a few seasons.

But we can make our own if we only think we can, and sweets "made in America" may soon find they are as popular as the more expensive imported marmalades.

The following combinations will give fresh preserves every month in the year and each one will be delightful:

Apples and lemon: For this cook the apples first and then add the juice and finely shredded pulp of the lemon.

Rhubarb and blueberries: Use two-thirds berries and one-third rhubarb.

Cranberries and figs, currants and raspberries, figs and walnuts, gooseberries and candied ginger root: This is decidedly Scotch and very piquant.

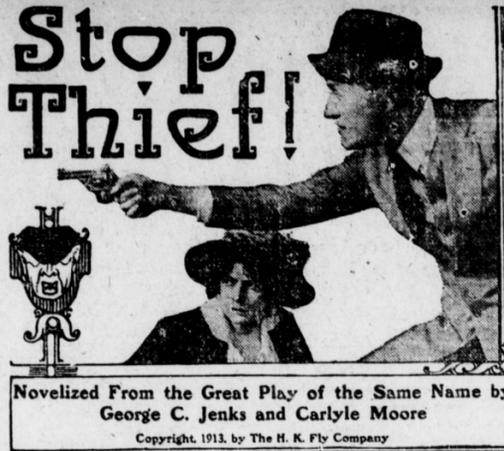
Guavas and crabapples; bucklesberries and raspberries; pineapples and oranges or pears; prunes, raisins and figs, with nuts added; tangelines and quinces; limes and apricots; figs and dates; apples and quinces; white grapes and mint; Concord grapes, grapefruit and oranges.

The following recipes will serve for general directions for any combinations you may want to try:

Orange and rhubarb marmalade: To each pint of prepared rhubarb allow three oranges and one pound of sugar. Always peel the yellow rind from the oranges in as thin strips as possible, then remove the inner, bitter, white lining. Cut the pulp in bits, remove the seeds, cook the shredded peel twenty minutes in a little water, then add the oranges and rhubarb and continue cooking until it jellies.

Lemon, orange or grapefruit: Cut the outer rind off in as thin, nicely shaped pieces as possible, remove the white interlining which makes anything very bitter. Cut the fruit in slices or quarters, remove seeds and weigh the fruit. To each pound add one pound of sugar and two cups of water. Let this stand over night in a porcelain or granite bowl. In the morning pour off the liquid and let it cook until it begins to thicken. Add the fruit and cook fifteen minutes more. Put away in little jars that will do to place on the table when serving the marmalade.

Apple, nut and quince marmalade: Cook the apples in a little water as for jelly, strain off the juice and cook the cubes of quince in it until they are tender, add as much sugar as you have fruit and when cooked almost done put in the nut meats. English walnuts halved are the best to use with fruits.



Continued

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"I don't understand this," observed Dr. Willoughby. "I put that suit case in the closet at the other end of the hall less than twenty minutes ago."

"Where did you get it?" asked James Cluney.

"From Doogan."

"Where did you get it, Doogan?" Cluney asked him.

Jack Doogan drew himself up with dignity and, looking significantly first at Carr and then at Cluney, said slowly:

"I must decline to answer."

"Why?"

"For fear of incriminating a friend," replied Jack Doogan, with a highly virtuous lift of the chin.

"What do you think of this, Cluney?" whispered the sergeant, with a sharp sidelong look at the suit case.

Cluney did not reply for fear he might say the wrong thing. So he only nodded wisely, as if to leave everything to the superior judgment of his chief. Considerable of a diplomat was Cluney.

"He's protecting me," whispered Cluney to Dr. Willoughby.

"Father, he's protecting you," murmured Mrs. Carr to her husband.

"Give that suit case to me," ordered the sergeant. "I'll see what's in it."

He had already lifted the suit case to the sofa and was proceeding to open it when Mrs. Carr caught him by the arm as she begged, with tears in her eyes:

"Please—please! Don't open that suit case!"

"Why? What's all this about?" yelled the sergeant, with a frown.

"See what this lady has to say, won't you?" said Doogan. "It will be worth your while, I'm sure."

"What do you know about it?"

"Nothing, but I'd give her a chance," was Doogan's hasty response.

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

CHAPTER XV. Trapped.

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Before Mrs. Carr realized just what had happened Casey led Doogan back and held him in front of the sergeant.

"So you're a detective, are you?" sneered the latter. "Keep him in charge, Casey. Who did he say he was?"

"He said his name was Doogan," replied Cluney. "But here's his card with another name on it."

He handed the card to the sergeant, who read it at a glance and explained:

"Joe Thompson! Why, Joe is one of our best plain clothes men. This fellow is a crook."

"I didn't say my name was Doogan, did I?" demanded Jack Doogan of Cluney. "I only said you could call me that. Wasn't that it?"

"Oh, this is all piffle!" interrupted the sergeant. "I've heard this kind of talk before. You have been trying to make out you are Lieutenant Joseph Thompson, and now you are caught with the goods. See?"

"Did I understand you to say Mr. Doogan is a crook?" asked Mrs. Carr, putting her ear trumpet in the sergeant's face. "I don't quite understand."

"Yes, madam, that's what I said. When I say 'crook' I mean that he is a thief. Most likely we shall find his finger prints and mug in the gallery at headquarters when we look him up."

"Not in a thousand years!" broke out Doogan defiantly. "And, what's more, I'll sue you for false arrest as soon as I can get to my lawyer's office."

"Don't you think you've made a mistake?" asked John, who had taken rather a liking to the smooth spoken and good tempered Doogan. "I can't believe that he is anything but a gentleman."

"Thank you, miss," said Doogan sincerely.

"There are many things a young lady like you couldn't believe that we policemen know is so," observed the sergeant. "Hold on to him, Casey."

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THEIR OWN EXECUTIONERS

Trenton Man and Bordentown Woman an Executioner.

Trenton, Oct. 9.—James M. Burroughs, a well-known resident, committed suicide by hanging himself last evening at his home. He tied the noose about his neck and jumped over the railing of an open stairway. The body was found a couple of hours later by his brother. Illness is assigned as the motive.

Suffering Woman Ends Life

Bordentown, N. J., Oct. 9.—Isabella, wife of Joseph Fenton, committed suicide early yesterday morning by hanging with a rope in the kitchen at her home on Fansworth avenue. Mrs. Fenton was 60 years old and had no children. She had been complaining of nervousness, and it is said had threatened suicide. Coroner Worrell gave a burial permit.

HAUL WATER TO MINES

Reading, Pa., Oct. 9.—The Reading Railway Company and the Reading Coal & Iron Company are experiencing great difficulty in the coal regions because of drought. In Tamaqua shortage is so great that there is sufficient water to supply the locomotives.

A number of crews are employed hauling water to keep the colliers going.

Cause for Divorce

Judge—Why do you ask for a divorce? The Mere Man—My wife has an artistic temperament and I have no appetite.—Philadelphia Ledger.

PASTORS POORLY SUPPORTED

Head of M. P. Conference Urges Greater Caution in Licensing

Atlantic City, Oct. 9.—In his annual report before the Eastern Conference of the Methodist Protestant church, yesterday, the Rev. Dr. C. D. Simkinson, of this city, the president for seven years, and who was re-elected, complained of the inadequate support given the ministers, and urged greater caution in licensing preachers and exhortors.

These other officers were elected: Secretary, the Rev. Roby F. Day, of Inwood, N. Y.; assistant secretary, the Rev. W. E. Pettit, of Eastport, L. I.; conference steward, the Rev. C. S. Kidd, of Camarise, L. I., and statistical secretary, the Rev. H. R. Blackwood, of Roseland, N. J.

NEW HOTEL WALTON

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

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

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Louis Lukes, President-Manager.

COTTON EXPORTS INCREASING

Shipments 74,438 Bales During Week, Says Secretary McAdoo

Washington, D. C., Oct. 9.—Cotton exports continue to increase, according to an announcement made yesterday by Secretary McAdoo, showing that 74,438 bales were shipped to foreign countries during the week ending October 7.

Of this amount 45,319 bales were shipped from Galveston, 16,050 from Savannah, 6,789 from New Orleans and smaller amounts from other cities. The cotton went to many nations in Europe and to Japan, Mexico and Eastern Africa.

POOL OF THE WORLD'S SERIES

Altoona, Pa., Oct. 9.—Edward E. Berney, a young law student, yesterday charged Gregg Cockrell and C. F. Ickes with conducting a gambling pool on the world's series, and they were held in \$1,000 bail for a hearing to-day.

Berney alleges tickets were sold at 50 cents each and the first prize was \$500. Over 1,500 tickets had been disposed of.

IF VISITING NEW YORK CITY you desire to locate in the VERY CENTRE

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HOTEL

Albamarle-Hoffman

5th Av., Broadway, 24th St. OVERLOOKING MADISON SQ. PARK. A five million dollar example of modern architectural perfection; accommodations, 1,000 guests.

A Good Room, \$1.50 Per Day. With Bath, \$2 to \$5.

Famous Piccadilly Restaurant, Booklet and Guide on Request. DANIEL P. RITCHIEY.

No Vacation for President

Washington, D. C., Oct. 9.—President Wilson is not planning a vacation after the adjournment of Congress. He told eailers yesterday he expects to stay in Washington looking after questions growing out of the European war.

Former Boniface a Suicide

Reading, Pa., Oct. 9.—Despondent, William Weber, aged 67 years, ended his life by hanging yesterday afternoon. At one time he owned considerable real estate in Philadelphia, where he formerly conducted a hotel. He still had a considerable income.

Appearances

Bliggins is doing his best to appear youthful.

"Dyes his mustache and wears a toupee!"

"No. Puts on outing clothes and tries to look like a boy scout."

The Season's Smartest Costumes

The Basque and the Redingote Polonoise now the vogue in Paris and New York

EASILY MADE AT HOME

are accurately described and beautifully illustrated in the new Autumn

McCALL PATTERNS AND FASHION PUBLICATIONS

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Watch the Special Piece Goods Sales and make stylish but economical clothes yourself. The present Fashions are easy to drape and McCall Patterns insure the smartest styles and a perfect fit.

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REAL ESTATE FOR RENT

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ASK FOR ADVERTISING

ARTISTIC PRINTING AT STAR-INDEPENDENT.

"What's all this about?" he snorted. "Come on, now. I want the truth. Who hid—the chocolate—pot?"

To his intense amazement he got three confessions at once. William Carr, Mrs. Carr and James Cluney all answer solemnly as one person:

"I did!"

"This is all too much for me," observed Mr. Spelain to himself. "I'll keep out of it—if I can."

The good minister glided away and, with his face to the wall, opened his prayer book and began to read.

"See here, sergeant," said Dr. Willoughby. "You want Mr. Jaurison's steel stocks? Isn't that what you came for?"

"Well, what of it?" was the gruff rejoinder.

"Only this—the steel stocks are in that safe, and if you'll allow Mr. Carr to get them out you may have them."

"But Mr. Carr says they are not in the safe."

"But they are there," insisted the doctor, going over to the safe and pulling the door open. "I know it. I'll show you. See, here they are!" He took the stocks out of the safe and handed them to the sergeant. "There you are. This is the cause of all the trouble. Take them."

The sergeant took the papers and scanned them hastily, finally gasping: "International Steel stock? Well, well!"

"How did they get in there?" exclaimed Mrs. Carr.

"Yes, how did they get back in there?" added her husband, looking as if he hardly believed his own eyes.

"Sh, sh, sh!" came from Doogan, Cluney and Dr. Willoughby.

"Cut out that snatching, I tell you!" stored the sergeant. "Say, what kind of a game is this anyway?"

"I didn't snatch!" protested Mr. Carr. "Who stole my warrant? That's what I want to know," shouted the sergeant, reverting to his original grievance.

"The old man's got something in his pocket," volunteered Cluney, coming forward.

"He has? Get it!"

Cluney, only too glad to be doing something besides guarding a door, advanced upon William Carr and dug his hands into each of his pockets with the ostentatious disregard of the victim's feelings that one generally sees in a policeman making a personal search, and at last, from one of Mr. Carr's coat pockets, drew forth the missing warrant!

The sergeant snatched the warrant from Cluney, glanced at it to make sure it really was the missing document, and then looked fiercely at William Carr.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Madge. And "Oh, William!" came from Mrs. Carr.

"I didn't steal that!" declared the old gentleman, with an earnestness that might have convinced anybody but a seasoned police officer.

"Are you sure?" asked the sergeant in a tone which showed he didn't believe the denial.

"You can search me," offered the old man.

"That's just what I'm going to do. I'm going to search everything and everybody in this house."

Nell listened anxiously at the door.

Jack Doogan retired to a corner at the end of the bookcase and surreptitiously took a fat pocketbook from his clothes. From the pocketbook he drew forth the roll of yellow bank notes he had taken from Douglas Jamison—and kissed it affectionately. Then with a fervent, "Goodby, bankroll," he dropped it into an outside pocket of the minister's coat and moved away to another part of the room. Mr. Spelain continued to read his prayer book.

"O'Malley," called out the sergeant, "grab a taxi, beat Mr. Jamison to headquarters and bring him back with you."

"Right, sir!"

"I'm going to search this bunch. I want you all to line up here on this side. Come on! No, no! What are you all running around in a circle for, like a crazy mule in a circus? This isn't a ring-around-a-rosy game. I want you to line up here."

Backing away from his prisoners to get a better view of them as a whole, the sergeant tripped over the sofa and fell upon it at full length in a most undignified heap. He was up in an instant, red in the face and as mad as a disturbed bumblebee, as he shouted to Cluney, pointing to the sofa:

"Move that thing out of the way!"

Cluney obeyed hurriedly, and, pushing the sofa back, brought into view the suit case that Jack Doogan had hidden there when he heard the police coming in, some time before.

"What's that?" demanded the sergeant, taking the suit case out of Cluney's hand.

"Why, that's my suit case," said Cluney in surprise. "What's it doing here?"

"That's what I want to know," granted the sergeant, as he turned to William Carr and eyed him suspiciously. "Who put that suit case under the sofa?"

"I don't know," called William Carr. "What do you ask me for?"

"Who hid this suit case? That's what I'm asking! And, by the great horn spoon, I'm going to find out!" thundered the sergeant, glaring around him.

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"I think I can explain this mystery," stammered Mrs. Carr. "If—if I disclose a family secret I rely on the honor of all here that it will go no further. William, tell the truth."

"I presume you've all heard of kleptomaniacs?" questioned William Carr, with painful hesitation.

"Doctor, they've discovered me!" interrupted Cluney desperately.

"What?" cried Mrs. Carr and Madge together.

"Yes, I'll confess all," went on Cluney. "I'm a kleptomaniac. It's an inheritance over which I've no control."

"James!" sobbed Madge, taking his hand.

"Forgive me, Madge, that's all I can say. Forgive me!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mrs. Carr. "If he's a kleptomaniac what will my grand-children be?"

"Mother," whispered William Carr, "be's lying to save me."

"How noble of him!" murmured Mrs. Carr.

For a moment Dr. Willoughby had been dumfounded by the queer turn of affairs. Now, as he recovered himself, he turned to the sergeant:

"Look here, sergeant. This is all wrong. James, you have no right to—"

"Oh, what's the use, Willoughby? It's true—it's true, I tell you. I am

kleptomaniac! Mr. Doogan will tell you. I had him sent here from police headquarters to watch me. He's a detective, and—"

"Who's a detective?" roared the sergeant.

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