



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Preservation of Foods by Drying

There are many ways of keeping food in a wholesome condition, as drying, salting, chilling, heating, canning, coating with fat or treating with chemical agents. The oldest and simplest way is doubtless to dry the articles.

We know that prehistoric man made what we to-day call "jerked" meat and that dried grains and fruits were staple articles of his diet on long marches or through hard, cold seasons when game was scarce.

The dried fish of the northern land is prepared in exactly the same manner that it has been for generations. Sometimes it is cut into strips and smoked and dried and sometimes is dried on hot stones and pounded, when it is called pemmican.

Food that can be dried in the sun with free circulation of air about it during the process has a finer flavor when it is freshened and used than if it is smoked, but this means can only be used in very dry climates.

Oven drying is now almost perfected and food so preserved is the most wholesome form of any dried food, for only the moisture is taken away and all the nutrients remain.

Vegetables and fruits are now desiccated or air-dried in enormous quantities and when soaked until they have reabsorbed their lost quantity of water, and cooked, they are quite as good eating as canned foods.

The Saratoga potato was the first preserved potato to become popular with us, but now we have potato meal that needs only to be dressed with hot milk and butter to make an appetizing

dish of mashed potatoes. It is also used in potato soup. But the finest "dried" soup is made with bean flour. This flour is the starchy part of the bean dried and powdered, it is cooked, and, of course, the husk and kernel are removed. It makes a really palatable puree and if you are a member of the great clan that "just dotes" on this rich dish it will surely please you.

Our own country women know as much about the preservative qualities of salt as any meat or food packer. Any one of them can tell you of a dozen different fresh vegetables that she keeps in brine and uses until after the holidays each year. String beans are put into unglazed crocks and covered with brine just as pickles are and when needed are freshened and used as if just from the vine. Corn is another vegetable that is put down in salt. The old method is to boil the corn on the ear until the milk does not run when a kernel is pricked. Now put a half-inch layer of salt in the bottom of the jar, then a layer of corn, another thin layer of salt and then more corn and so on until the jar is full. Let the top layer be of salt.

Do not seal the jar, but cover with a cloth and pour paraffine over it. Keep in a dark place. Corn just cannot help keeping when packed in this way.

Late corn may also be cooked and then dried on trays in the oven, but it must be kept in a cloth bag or in a perforated box so the air can reach it or it will not taste fresh when it is needed.

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

"I've got 'um," returned the matter of fact and stolid Casey.

There was a ring at the front door, and the sergeant turned to Clancey, directing him to see who was there, after assuring himself that Casey had a secure hold on Doogan.

In another moment Clancey came back, ushering in the person who had rung the bell. This person was a stout man with a red face and white eye-lashes, and he wore a brown business suit.

He was Lieutenant Joseph Thompson, who on his own authority was "the best detective in Greater New York." He looked at the sergeant in some surprise and then hailed him:

"Hello, sergeant!"

"Hello, Joe! We were just speaking of you," returned the sergeant, with a triumphant grin at Jack Doogan.

"Say, Joe," said the sergeant, "have you been here before today?"

"Yes, twice."

"I thought so," nodded the sergeant. "Some pretty slick people here, Joe."

"They told me not to come back till 9 o'clock."

"Who told you?"

"Him," answered Lieutenant Thompson, pointing to Doogan.

"This fellow? Well?"

"I got to thinking about this case and about him, and it seemed to me as if his face was a little familiar. I couldn't quite remember, but I was sure that I'd seen him somewhere. So to help me to place him I thought I'd just run in and take another peep at him. It was in my nut somehow that he was not on the level if he was the man I thought he was."

"Why, you never saw me in your life before, you dub?" broke in Jack Doogan scornfully.

"He said his name was Clancey."

"Why, my name is Clancey," put in that individual, "I didn't tell you to come back, did I?"

Everybody looked at Clancey in surprise, but the truth was that he could not be sure whether he had seen Thompson and told him to come back at 9 o'clock or not. Mr. Clancey had no faith in himself at all just then.

"Is your name Clancey?" asked Thompson. "No; you're not the guy I saw here. This is the bird," he added, indicating Doogan. "Who is he, sergeant?"

"He's a crook, Joe. That's what he is."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Well, well! Where's the gal he works with?"

"Oh, does he work with a girl?" asked the sergeant, much interested, as he glanced about and looked at Joan, Madge and Caroline sharply in turn.

"Sure he does—the maid."

"The maid?" exclaimed Mrs. Carr and her three daughters in unison.

"Where is she, Caroline?" added Mrs. Carr.

"I'll go and see," said Caroline, going to the rear hall door and disappearing in the direction of the kitchen.

"They both fooled me," admitted Thompson.

"Well, what next?" muttered William Carr.

"Look here, Thompson," said the sergeant briskly. "I think we'll clear up this mystery in a minute now. Where's the maid?"

"She's gone," announced Caroline, who had returned in time to hear the question.

"Gone?" cried Mrs. Carr.

"Bag and baggage!" replied Caroline. "She must have slipped out by way of the basement door."

"Thank God!" murmured Jack Doogan.

But Jack Doogan's gratitude to Providence was premature.

O'Malley, who had been at the front door, came into the room, dragging Nell by her wrist. He hung the weeping and terrified girl into the very hands of the sergeant with a savage, "Get in here, you!"

Doogan made a desperate effort to break away from Casey, but the policeman had him in a firm grip and, giving him a shake, growled, "Stand still, will you, or I'll hand you one with my billy."

"Everybody has got to stay in this room!" shouted O'Malley. "Hold 'em all, sergeant!"

"I'm going to!" replied the sergeant.

"You nailed her, did you, O'Malley? How did you do it?"

"Got her just as she was making a getaway in a taxi. I had my suspicions and I was watching. I brought the trunk back too."

"They've got us, Jack!" cried the girl pitifully.

"Never mind, Nell. It's all right: Don't you worry," was his reply.

But there was hopelessness in his tone, although it was all on her account, without any consideration for himself.

"You say there was a trunk, O'Malley?" said the sergeant. "Bring it in here."

"All right! O'Brien has it out in the hall," explained O'Malley. Then, going to the door, he called out, "O'Brien, bring in that trunk into this room."

"What for?" shouted Doogan, still full of fight. "What are you dragging

this young lady's trunk about for? It's her own, I can answer for that."

"Oh, you can, eh?" snarled the sergeant, with a mocking smile. "That's very good of you. But I guess we'll take a look at it anyhow. Where is it, O'Malley?"

O'Brien, a policeman bigger and brawnier than any of the others, carried a steamer trunk into the room on his shoulder and put it down in front of the sergeant.

"My steamer trunk?" cried Joan. "Oh, my! I hope my things are in it all safe!"

"I guess they are, miss," the sergeant assured her. "She hasn't had a chance to get anything away, you see."

There was a general hubbub of excited voices as Mr. and Mrs. Carr and their three daughters surrounded the trunk, and Clancey and Willoughby looked on.

"Now, then," went on the sergeant, giving Nell's arm another pull. "What have you got on you? Come on! Give up!"

Nell deliberately turned her back to the sergeant as he let go of her arm. She looked inquiringly at Doogan, who replied, "Yes," in the unspoken language of the eyes and nodded slightly.

Very slowly she took from some part of her clothing a small roll of bank-notes and held them out to the sergeant. He snatched them from her with a triumphant grunt.

"Where did you get this money?" he demanded.

"In the linen closet."

"In the linen closet?" exclaimed Madge Carr. "Why, that is my money."

"How much was there?" asked the sergeant, as he counted it and then ran over it again.

"Four \$1,000 bills," answered Madge.

"That's right! Here you are. I'd advise you to find some safer place for it after this."

"I don't know what to do with it," said Madge, as she took the notes. "Oh, James," she continued to Clancey, "she stole my money! You take care of it, dear."

But James Clancey hastily put his hands behind his back, as if he were afraid to touch it while the kleptomaniac impulse might be on him, and gave vent to a most emphatic "No!"

"Thompson!"

"Yes, sergeant!" responded Thompson, turning away from Jack Doogan reluctantly.

"Do you know either of these people?"

"I don't know. I can't remember that I ever saw the girl before until I came into this house. But I'm pretty sure I've run against the man somewhere."

Thompson was looking at Nell reflectively, when suddenly he uttered a growl of surprise and snatched at the end of a gold chain hanging from the front of her dress whence she had brought forth the four \$1,000 bills that belonged to Madge Carr.

Jack Doogan made another attempt to get away from Casey as he saw Thompson put out his hand to Nell, but again he was held back by the scientific police hold of his captor.

"You can't do it," observed Casey composedly. "Keep quiet, I tell you."

As Casey admonished Jack Doogan, Thompson pulled at the chain, and with it came his own gold watch:

"Suffering Mike!" he yelled. "She had my watch!"

"Where did you get it?" demanded the sergeant, turning fiercely on Nell.

Nell was silent, but again Jack Doogan motioned to her to tell.

"A friend gave it to me," she answered finally.

"What friend? Come on, now! Out with it! Did this man Doogan give it to you?"

Nell looked appealingly at Doogan, as if to ask him, what she was to reply, and he relieved her embarrassment by speaking for her.

"Yes, I gave it to her," he snapped out. "What of it?"

"I found that watch in the subway last night at the Grand Central station, and I gave it to this young lady to return it to the person who had lost it—if she could find him. If you're the man, all right. But I hate to see a chump like you with a watch worth \$500 or \$600."

William Carr, who had recognized the detective as soon as he entered as the man who had given him so much annoyance at the Grand Central the night before, kept discreetly in the background, and Thompson had not yet caught sight of his face.

Now, however, as Thompson moved away from the girl, delighted over the recovery of his watch, he started as he heard William Carr say in an eager tone that he recalled instantly:

"That man has \$1,000 belonging to me."

"The old guy I nearly pinched as the professor," muttered Thompson. "I hope he won't know me again."

"You say he's got \$1,000 of your money?"

The sergeant fired this query at William Carr as fiercely as if he were charging him with theft.

"Yes, sir."

"How did he get it?"

"He was minding it for me."

NOTICE!

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NEAR DEATH BY SNAKE'S BITE

Victim's Wife Among Those Who Come to Rescue

Pottstown, Pa., Oct. 10.—Attacked by a copperhead aidden in the grass while he was picking up walnuts at Swamp yesterday afternoon, Charles Smith, 41 years old a local bricklayer, was bitten on the finger.

The reptile was killed by Smith's companions, among whom was his wife, and he was rushed to the Pottstown hospital. The venom has swollen his arm to double its normal size and his condition is precarious.

HOME RUN WINS WIFE

"Hero's" Good Play Followed by Ten Years' Courtship

East St. Louis, Ill., Oct. 10.—A baseball romance was revealed here when George R. McFadden, a prominent clothing merchant, announced that he

had been married in this city several days ago to Miss Florence Holmes, of Farmington, Mo.

Both Mr. and Mrs. McFadden formerly lived in Paducah, Ky., and the romance dates ten years back to a time when McFadden was a member of the Paducah baseball team. McFadden made a home run and broke a tie score. Miss Holmes was an enthusiastic fan and at once sought an introduction to the hero.

Strike of 500 Closes Mine
Tamaqua, Pa., Oct. 10.—Charging that the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company discriminated against four miners when it discharged them, the 500 employes of the No. 11 colliery went on strike yesterday.

The Harrisburg Hospital is open daily except Sunday, between 1 and 2 o'clock p. m. for dispensing medical advice and prescriptions to those unable to pay for them.

KIDNAP WEALTHY FARMER

Iowa Bandits Believed to Be Holding Captive for Ransom

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 10.—Two robbers kidnaped Charles Ashworth, a wealthy Polk county farmer, yesterday within a few steps of the main street of Valley Junction, a suburb of Des Moines. It is believed they are holding him for ransom.

The bandits stopped Ashworth and Ed. Wagner, a business man, in an alley near Wagner's place of business and demanded \$10,000 from Wagner and \$1,000 from Ashworth. Wagner broke away after he had been robbed of his jewelry and money, but the bandits forced Ashworth to enter a waiting automobile and drove off.

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THREE DIE OF DIPHTHERIA

Mother and Two Sons Victims—Others in Family Are Ill

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Oct. 10.—South Auburn and some of the smaller towns near Meshoppen are threatened by black diphtheria.

Mrs. F. M. Benninger and sons, Frank, 19 years old, and Grant, 4 years old, are dead and a daughter-in-law and the smaller children are seriously ill. The public school at Auburn has been closed and diphtheria cases are reported at Meshoppen and Laceyville.

CAUGHT BY TOPPLING CARS

Trackwalker Is Killed in Singular Way Beside a Wreck

Williamsport, Pa., Oct. 10.—Harry Davenport, aged 37, was instantly killed near his home in sight of his wife and several small children as the result of a freight wreck on the New York Central railroad.

Davenport, a trackwalker, was at work under a water tank alongside of the track, when a car in a passing freight train was derailed and seven cars were piled up. The mass toppled over on the tank, tearing it down and crushing the man underneath.

NEW JURY, BUT SAME VERDICT

Coroner's Inquiry Into Mine Disaster Sheds No New Light

Mauch Chunk, Pa., Oct. 10.—At the second inquest into the mine disaster of No. 4 colliery of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company at Lansford, in September, wherein seven men were killed, the jury found that the victims came to their deaths by a gas explosion from cause unknown. The verdict is virtually the same as the original one of September 19.

The first jury attributed the accident to the victims smoking cigarettes and carrying matches.

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Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 21, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6:00, 7:30 a. m., 3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 8:05, 7:50, 11:05 a. m., 4:40, 8:52, 7:40, 11:05 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 2:37, 6:00, 9:30 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 8:05, 7:50 and 11:05 a. m., 2:15, 2:30, 6:52, 8:37 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

H. A. RIDDLE, G. F. A. Sup.