

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Jerusalem Artichokes

These little tubers are sweet and fine now while they are fresh. They are very like new potatoes and after they have been out of the ground a few weeks will not cook nor taste so well.

Do not pare or scrape these young artichokes but give them a preliminary boiling in salted water when the skins will slip off with gentle rubbing. Brown in hot butter just as with new potatoes.

Another way is to make a puree of artichokes. Blanch and skin them as directed. Then cut them to a uniform size, not larger than a pigeon's egg. Place these pared pieces in a shallow baking dish. Press the bits you have cut off in shaping them through a sieve, season it with butter, salt and pepper and mix in the yolk of one egg. Put this paste around the artichokes in the baking dish in the shape of a border. Fancy cooks use a border mold for shaping this but you can do it with a spoon. Place these pared pieces in a shallow baking dish. Press the bits you have cut off in shaping them through a sieve, season it with butter, salt and pepper and mix in the yolk of one egg. Put this paste around the artichokes in the baking dish in the shape of a border.

Artichokes are baked too, just as potatoes are, in their skins, and eaten with butter, salt and pepper. They are peculiar in that they are liked very greatly and eaten heartily or else they are disliked. This is strange because they have not much taste in them-

selves, nor sufficient flavor to dominate any other food. Little children like to scrape them and eat them raw with salt, and some grown persons enjoy them so.

The plants turn toward the sun as they grow and are called girasole. Once planted they are almost impossible to get rid of. I have seen whole fields overrun with the tall ugly plants in New York State. Plowing only scatters the potato-like roots and the tiniest of the tubers—not larger than a marble—will produce a great, strong plant.

Pennsylvania farmers once raised quantities of artichokes but the price received for them did not recompense them for their trouble, so stock was allowed to nibble the young plants off as fast as they started to grow and finally Jerusalem artichokes were discouraged and killed.

The French artichoke is very different, it somewhat resembles an improved pine cone. It is considered a delicacy and sells at a high price. The choke or core is the only part eaten, the spines or leaves being removed.

It is made into salads, into cream soup, and cooked in all sort of ways. It is most often used as a garnish and is popular when dressed with rich sauces.

A great many persons must like it as hundreds are sold daily in every market but it will never enjoy the popularity that the Jerusalem artichoke once did.



NOVEMBER JOE The Detective of the Woods

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Continued

To begin with, he took up and sifted through the layers of balsam kettles which had composed the beds, but apparently made no find. From them he turned quickly to kneel down by the ashy remains of the fire and to examine the charred logs one by one. After that he followed a well marked trail that led away from the lake to a small marsh in the farther part of

plyingly: "We're a westerly wind these last two days, but before that the wind was east, and he emptied the first night with his back to it, and in this new camp one had o' boughs is fresher than the other."

"The thing seemed so absurdly obvious that I was nettled. 'I suppose there are other indications I haven't noticed,' I said.

"There might be some you haven't mentioned," he answered warily.

"What are they?" "That the man who killed Lyon is thick set and very strong; that he has been a good while in the woods without having gone to a settlement; that he owns a blunt hatchet such as we wood chaps call 'tomahawk No. 3'; that he killed a moose last week; that he can read; that he spent the night before the murder in great trouble of mind and that likely he was a religious kind o' chap."

As November reeled off these details in his quiet, low keyed voice I stared at him in amazement.

"But how can you have found out all that?" I said at last. "If it's correct it's wonderful!"

"I'll tell you, if you want to hear, when I've got my man—if I ever do get him. One thing more is sure, he is a chap who knew Lyon well. The rest of the job lies in the settlement of St. Amiel, where Lyon lived."

We walked back to Big Tree portage and from there ran down in the canoe to St. Amiel, arriving the following evening. About half a mile short of the settlement November landed and set up our camp. Afterward we went on. I had never before visited the place, and I found it to be a little colony of scattered houses straggling beside the river. It possessed two stores and one of the smallest churches I have ever seen.

"You can help me here if you will," said November as we paused before the larger of the stores.

"Of course I will, how?" "By letting 'em think you've engaged me as your guide, and we've come in to St. Amiel to buy some grub and gear we've run short of."

"All right." And with this arrangement we entered the store.

I will not make any attempt to describe by what roundabout courses of talk November learned all the news of desolate little St. Amiel and of the surrounding countryside. The provincial police had evidently found means to close the mouth of the lumberjack for the time at least, as no hint of Lyon's death had yet drifted back to his native place.

Little by little it came out that only five men were absent from the settlement. Two of these, Fitz and Baxter Gurd, were brothers who had gone on an extended trapping expedition. The other absentees were Highamson, Lyon's father-in-law; Thomas Miller, a professional guide and hunter, and lastly, Henry Lyon himself, who had gone up river to visit his traps, starting on the previous Friday. The other men had all been away three weeks or more, and all had started in canoes, except Lyon, who, having sold his, went on foot.

Next, by imperceptible degrees, the talk slid round to the subject of Lyon's wife. They had been married four years and had no child. She had been the belle of St. Amiel, and there had been no small competition for her hand. Of the absent men both Miller and Fitz Gurd had been her suitors, and the former and Lyon had never been on good terms since the marriage. The younger Gurd was a wild fellow, and only his brother's influence kept him straight.

CHAPTER III.

"Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron."

No sooner were we away than I put my eager question. "What do you think of it?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "Do you know any of these men?"

"All of them."

"How about the fellow who is on bad terms with—"

November seized my arm. A man was approaching through the dusk. As he passed my companion hailed him.

"Hello, Baxter! Didn't know you'd come back. Where you been?" "Right up on the headwaters."

"Fitz come down with you?" "No; stayed on the line of traps. Did you want him, November?"

"Yes, but it can wait. See any moose?" "Nary one; nothing but red deer."

"Good night."

"So long."

"That settles it," said November. "If he speaks the truth, as I believe he does, it wasn't either of the Gurd's shot Lyon."

"Why not?" "Didn't you hear him say they hadn't seen any moose? And I told you that the man that shot Lyon had killed a moose quite recent. That leaves just Miller and Highamson—and it weren't Miller."

"You're sure of that?"

"Stark certain. One reason is that Miller's above six foot, and the man as camped with Lyon wasn't as tall as six inches. Another reason. You heard the storekeeper say how Miller and Lyon wasn't on speaking terms. Yet the man who shot Lyon camped with him—sleep beside him—must 'a talked to him. That weren't Miller."

His clear reasoning rang true. "Highamson lives alone away up above Lyon's," continued November. "He'll make back home soon."

"Unless he's guilty and has fled the country," I suggested.

"He won't 'a done that. It 'ud be as good as a confession. No, he thinks he's done his work to rights and has nothing to fear. Like as not he's back home now."

The night had become both wild and blustering before we set out for Highamson's hut, and all along the forest paths which led to it the sleet and snow of what November called "a real mean night" beat in our faces.

It was black dark or nearly so when at last a building loomed up in front of us, a faint light showing under the door.

"You there, Highamson?" called out November.

As there was no answer, my companion pushed it open, and we entered the small wooden room, where on a single table a lamp burned dimly. He turned it up and looked around. A pack lay on the floor unopened, and a gun leaned up in a corner.

"Just got in," commented November. "Hasn't loosed up his pack yet."

He turned it over. A hatchet was thrust through the wide thongs which bound it. November drew it out.

"Put your thumb along that edge," he said. "Blunt? Yes? Yet he drove that old hatchet as deep in the wood as Lyon drove his sharp one. He's a strong man."

As he spoke he was busying himself with the pack, examining its contents with deft fingers. It held little save a few clothes, a little tea and salt and other fragments of provisions and a Bible. The finding of the last was, I could see, no surprise to November, though the reason why he should have suspected its presence remained hidden from me. But I had begun to realize that much was plain to him which to the ordinary man was invisible.

Having satisfied himself as to every article in the pack, he rapidly re-



placed them and tied it up as he had found it, when I, glancing out of the small window, saw a light moving low among the trees, to which I called November Joe's attention.

"It's likely Highamson," he said, "coming home with a lantern. Get you into that dark corner."

I did so, while November stood in the shadow at the back of the closed door. From my position I could see the lantern slowly approaching until it flung a gleam of light through the window into the hut. The next moment the door was thrust open, and the heavy breathing of a man became audible.

And the Next Instant He and November Were Struggling Together.

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TRAIN HITS AUTO; TWO DEAD

Two More Probably Mortally Hurt and Fifth Badly Injured

Albany, Nov. 6.—Miss Helen Vetal, 22, and Miss Bessie Chandler, 25, were killed and Miss Laura Chandler and Mrs. George Couler injured, perhaps mortally, and Edward Chandler seriously hurt when a motor car in which they were riding was struck by a Delaware and Hudson train at a Cambridge grade crossing at 6 o'clock last night.

Miss Vetal was instantly killed and Miss Chandler died after being taken to the Samaritan hospital at Troy. Laura and Edward Chandler were taken to their home in Cambridge and the girl is not expected to recover. Mrs. Couler is also in a critical condition at the Troy hospital.

The Chandlers are children of Lyman Chandler, of Cambridge, and are nieces and nephews of the late Jerome B. Rice, a wealthy seed dealer.

LITERARY BURGLAR A CRITIC

Reads Kipling in House He Enters and Writes Note About Him

Reading, Pa., Nov. 6.—A literary burglar early yesterday entered the home of Mrs. Fred W. Nicolls, society woman and widow of a prominent attorney. He evidently seized himself at the library table or desk and spent some time reading Kipling. While reading he munched bon-bons, for the only article missing was the box of candy. The box was there, but the candy was gone. In a volume of Kipling he left this note:

"Dear Madam—Kipling is of no account as a historian. I am sorry to stick to his province of literary criticism. 'Connoisseur.'"

Near the empty box of bon-bons was left a second note, which read: "Dear Madam—Thanks for the set out, but please have something more substantial the next time I call."

FLOWER INDUSTRY NOT HURT

Requiring Twice as Long to Receive Plants as Formerly

Lebanon, Nov. 6.—That the war in Europe has not effected its flower-raising industry seriously is evidenced by the fact that yesterday C. D. Mish, a local florist, received a large order of azaleas from Europe. The flowers were cultured in Ghent and shipped from Belgium to Lebanon six weeks ago. It required just twice as long for the plants to come to this country as it did in former years, many delays being due to the war. The beautiful blossoms were in good condition when received. Formerly the flowers were shipped from Antwerp, but this year it was necessary to send the plants along the canal to Rotterdam, a neutral port. During the past month Mr. Mish has received flowers from France and Holland. The azaleas received are of many colors and are noted for their beauty. They are being planted in the Mish hot house.

STEEL WAGE CUT NOT SURE

Chairman Gary Says Policy Is to Maintain Highest Pay

New York, Nov. 6.—Regarding the report from Pittsburgh that the United States Steel Corporation would reduce wages January 1 next because of the depression existing in the industry, E. H. Gary, chairman of the corporation, said:

"The question of reducing the wages of our employes has not been discussed, or considered by the directors of officials. If we should be compelled to readjust wages by reason of business conditions, it would be very much to our regret.

"Our policy is to maintain the highest wages practicable, depending upon conditions. These, of course, we cannot control. I am still hoping for a substantial improvement in business in the near future."

FAILED BANKER INDICTED

First Result of Grand Jury's Inquiry Into East Side Crashes

New York, Nov. 6.—The September Grand Jury, which under the direction of Deputy Assistant District Attorney Dushkin has investigated the recent failure of five East Side private banking houses, handed an indictment to Judge Wadhams.

Three more indictments are expected. In most cases, the charge is that deposits were received after the proprietors knew they were insolvent.

SPIED ON RICH BROKER

Detective Tells of Peep Into Sargeant's Stateroom

New York, Nov. 6.—A hearing in the divorce suit brought by Mrs. Estelle P. Sargeant against Harry B. Sargeant, a wealthy curb broker of No. 122 East Eighty-second street, was held before Justice Brady in the Supreme Court. Decision was reserved.

Thomas Barry, a private detective, testified that on August 28 he followed Sargeant and a young woman, whose name was not given, aboard the Hudson liner C. W. Morse. Barry described their attire as he peeped over the transom of their stateroom next morning.

William E. Weeks, a stationer of No. 600 East Seventeenth street, Flatbush, swore he saw Sargeant and a young woman leave the Hotel Traymore, No. 308 West Fifty-eighth street, and drive off in Sargeant's car. The action was undefended.

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woolen goods which the French government tried to place in England has gone to America.

More Cruel Than Hubby

Mrs. Bryde—I told my husband I was going to give him something of my own cooking and he said I'd better try it on the dog first. Wasn't that a cruel suggestion?

Her Friend—Very! And I thought your husband was so fond of dogs.—Boston Transcript.

FRENCH ORDER COMING

London, Nov. 6.—The "Standard" says the French government desires to buy a million pairs of woolen socks from some English woolen manufacturers, but owing to the other large demands on their stocks and supplies the English manufacturers have been unable to accept the order, which consequently has gone to America.

A number of other large orders in