



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Mid-Winter Dishes

Corn soup is one of the best winter dishes and contains splendid fuel values for this sort of weather. With it for a prelude to the dinner out-spoken members of the family will say that not much else is needed.

The "Down-East" recipe for this is the best: Half a can of corn pressed through a colander or vegetable press to remove the hulls, or half a can of corn pulp. Three pints of rich milk, one cup of meat stock. Blend three tablespoons of flour and when the above is cooking add to the mixture. Beat yolks of two eggs light and pour a little of the hot mixture on them, beating all the while, to prevent curdling, add seasoning of salt, pepper and a little onion juice. Return all to the fire and stir until the soup looks smooth and rich. Serve very hot with buttered crotons.

It seems a mistake to serve hominy at a meal where one has corn soup, as it is intimately in the menu below, yet these two dishes are so different that it seems impossible that both should be from the same article. But, indeed, corn is one of the most wonderful foods we have in this respect; it is a cereal, a vegetable and, when sweetened and served with a jelly sauce as in the hominy croissants, dessert or "sweet." More than this, corn meal makes one of the most wholesome breads that we have on our table. True, it lacks gluten but a little wheat flour sifted with it supplies this. When you have exhausted the list of corn foods, having served it in its many styles, you will

well named "King Corn" by early settlers of this country. But to return to our hominy—this is particularly fine with venison and agree that this wonderful grain was with all fowl and fish.

In cooking venison choose, if you have a choice, the saddle, then the haunch and lastly the neck. Cook it rather underdone, for so are the fine juices preserved and always have a tart jelly served with it. Have the oven extremely hot when it goes in, for, of course, you will bake it, haste it often while it is cooking and if it seems to be browning too much, dredge a light covering of flour over it.

DAILY MENU

- Breakfast**
- Steamed Cereal with Dates
- Sugar and Cream
- Creamed Dried Beef on Toast
- Graham Gems Coffee
- Luncheon**
- Chicken Salad
- French Bread, Sweet Butter
- Cheese Canapes
- Chocolate Pudding
- Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream
- Dinner**
- Radishes Clams, Buttered Sandwiches
- Lemon Halves
- Corn Soup
- Tomatoes Rolls
- Saddle Venison
- Sweet Potatoes Brussel's Sprouts
- Hominy Croissants Jelly Sauce
- Winter Salad
- Fig Pudding, Snowy Sauce
- Coffee



PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title—Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

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(CONTINUED.)

The beat of her heart spoke it. "He loves you!" The throbbing of her brain shouted it. "He loves you!" The cry of her soul whispered it. "He loves you!"

She stretched out her hands to him: "My love is yours, just as yours is mine. Let us join our lives and give them to the suffering and the oppressed."

He looked up at her in wonder. "I don't. Think what I am!" "You are the best that is in me. We are mates."

"A peasant! A beggar!" "You are the noblest of the noble." "A convict!"

"Our Saviour was crucified so that his people should be redeemed. You have given the pain of your body so that your people may be free."

"It wouldn't be fair to you," he pleaded.

"If you leave me it will be unfair to us both."

"Oh, my dear one! My dear one!" He folded her in his arms.

"I'll give the best of my days to guard you and protect you and bring you happiness."

"I am happy now," and her voice died to a whisper.

Three days afterward Nathaniel Kingsnorth returned late at night from a political banquet.

It had been a great evening. At last it seemed that life was about to give him what he most wished for. His dearest ambitions were, apparently, about to be realized.

He had been called on as a staunch Conservative to add his quota to the already wonderful array of brilliant orators of seasoned statesmen and admirable speakers. Kingsnorth had excelled himself. Never had he spoken so powerfully. Being one of the only men at the banquet who had enjoyed even a brief glimpse of Ireland, he made the solution of the Irish question the main topic of his speech. Speaking lucidly and earnestly, he played before them his panacea for

ly picked up the letter and reread it. Had it been his death sentence it could not have affected him more cruelly:

Dear Nathaniel—I scarcely know how to write to you about what has happened. I am afraid I am in some small measure to blame. Ten days ago your sister showed me a letter from a man named O'Connell—

Kingsnorth crushed the letter in his hand as he read the hated name—the name of the man who had caused him so much discomfort during that unfortunate visit to his estate in Ireland. How he blamed himself now for having ever gone there! There was indeed a curse on it for the Kingsnorths.

He straightened out the crumpled piece of paper and read on—

—a man named O'Connell—the man she had been shot by the soldiers. He was coming to England and wished to see her. She asked my permission. I reasoned with her, but she was decided. If I should not permit her to see him in my house she would meet him elsewhere. It seemed better, the meeting should be under my roof, so I consented. I bitterly reproach myself now for not acquainting you with the particulars. You might have succeeded in stopping what has happened.

Your sister and O'Connell were married this morning by special license and left this afternoon for Liverpool en route to America.

I cannot begin to tell you how much I deplore the unfortunate affair. It will always be a lasting sorrow to me. I cannot write any more now. My head is aching with the thought of what it will mean to you. Try not to think too hard of me and believe me, always your affectionate cousin,

MARY CAROLINE WREXFORD.

Kingsnorth's head sank on to his breast. Every bit of life left him, everything about his feet aches, the laughingstock of his friends.

Were Angela there at that moment he could have killed her.

The humiliation of it! The degradation of it! Married to that lawless Irish agitator! The man now a member of his family! A cry of misery broke from him as he realized that the best years of his life were to come and go fruitlessly. His career was ended. Despair lay heavy on his soul.

Standing on the main deck of an Atlantic liner stood Angela and O'Connell. They were facing the future together.

Their faces were turned to the west. The sun was sinking in a blaze of color. Their eyes lighted up with the joy of hope.

Love was in their hearts.

A year after the events in the preceding chapter took place O'Connell and his young wife were living in a small apartment in one of the poorer sections of New York city.

The first few months in America had been glorious ones for them. Their characters and natures unfolded to each other as some wonderful paintings, each taking its own hues from the admiration of the other.

In company with a noted Irish organizer O'Connell had spoken in many of the big cities of the United States and was everywhere hailed as a hero and a martyr to English tyranny.

But he had one ever present handicap—a drawback he had never felt during the years of struggle preceding his marriage. His means were indeed small. He tried to eke out a little income writing articles for the news-

papers and magazines. But the recompense was pitiful. He could not bear without a pang to see Angela in the dingy surroundings that he could barely afford to provide for her.

On her part Angela took nothing with her but a few jewels her mother had left her, some clothes and very little money. The money soon disappeared, and then one by one the keep-sakes of her mother were parted with. But they never lost heart. Though it all they were happy. All the poetry of O'Connell's nature came uppermost, leavened, as it was, by the deep faith and veneration of his wife.

This strangely assorted fervent man and gentle woman seemed to have

soiled the great machinery of happiness between two people.

But the poverty chafed O'Connell—not for himself, but for the frail, loving, uncomplaining woman who had given her life into his care.

His active brain was continually trying to devise new ways of adding to his meager income. He multiplied his articles. But little by little his sources of revenue failed him.

Some fresh and horrible agrarian crimes in Ireland, for which the home rule party was blamed, for awhile turned the tide of sympathy against his party. The order was sent out to discontinue meetings for the purpose of collecting funds in America—funds the Irish Americans had been so cheerfully and plentifully bestowing on the "cause."

O'Connell was recalled to Ireland. His work was highly commended.

Some day they would send him to the United States again as a special pleader. At present he would be of greater value at home.

He was instructed to apply to the treasurer of the fund and arrangements would be made for his passage back to Ireland.

He brought the news to Angela with a strange feeling of fear and disappointment. He had built so much on making a wonderful career in the great new world and returning home some day to Ireland with the means of relieving some of her misery and with his wife guarded, as she should be, from the possibility of want. And here he was going back to Ireland as poor as he left it, though richer immeasurably in the love of Angela.

She was sitting perfectly still, her eyes on the floor, when he entered the room. He came in so softly that she did not hear him. He lifted her head and looked into her eyes. He noticed with certainty what had been so far only a vague, ill defined dread. Her face was very, very pale and transparent. Her eyes were sunken and had a strange brilliancy. She was much slier and far more ethereal than on that day when they stood on the deck of the ship and turned their faces so hopefully to the new world.

He felt a knife-like stab startle through his blood to his heart. His breath caught.

Angela looked up at him radiantly. He kissed her and with mock cheerfulness he said laughingly:

"Such news, me darlin'! Such wonderful news!"

"Good news, dear?"

"The best in the world," and he choked a sob.

"I knew it would come! I knew it would. Tell me, dear."

"We're to go back—back to Ireland. See, here are the orders," and he showed her the official letter.

She took it wonderingly and read it. Her hand dropped to her side. Her head drooped into the same position he had found her in. In a moment he was kneeling at her side.

"What is it, dear?"

"We can't go, Frank."

"We can't go? What are ye sayin', dear?"

To Be Continued.

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100,000 CHICAGOANS IDLE

Great Through Unemployed, Exclusive of Drifting Population

Chicago, Jan. 22.—One hundred thousand Chicagoans are out of work this winter, according to a report of the Public Welfare Commission to Mayor Harrison. This is exclusive of the drifting population of idle.

Statements were received by the commission from 248 firms, which for the most part gave depression in business as the reason. Fourteen firms reported increases in the number of employes.

EVEN OLD FARMERS STUDY

Up to 60 Years of Age They Go to High School at Last

Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 22.—Twenty-five farmers, ranging in age from 29 to 60 years, attended the first session of the agricultural course in the West Lampeter Township High School. The instructor was Professor Kaufman and his theme was "Formation of Soils."

At the next session farmers will bring sacks of fertilizers and there will be an explanation of the ingredients that make them up.

MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT DIES

Negress, 86, Was Eighty-one Years in One Employ

New York, Jan. 22.—Adelaide Field Smith, negress, aged 86, was buried this week in Oakland cemetery, Yonkers. She was born in Lewiston, Del., January 14, 1829, and was employed by Samuel Thackara, of Philadelphia, eighty-one years.

For the last two months she had been in the employ of Mrs. George Hayner, of No. 9 Saratoga avenue, Yonkers. Fourteen years ago Miss Smith won a prize offered by a newspaper for a servant who had been in one employ for the longest time.

Dodges a Killing Cleaver

Altoona, Pa., Jan. 22.—When rival butchers became involved in a quarrel at market yesterday Emerson B. DeFord, of Martinsburg, seized a cleaver and made a swing at Jacob D. Kline, of Altoona. Kline dodged behind a post, which prevented his being struck on the head; but the cleaver almost severed his right hand from the arm. DeFord is under bail.

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"Then arose a picture of her sister Monica."

Irish ill. His hearers were enthralled. When he sat down the cheering was prolonged.

When he left the gathering he was in a condition of ecstasy. Lying back amid the cushions during his long drive home, he closed his eyes and pictured the future. His imagination ran riot. It took wings and flew from height to height. He saw himself the leader of a party—"the Kingsnorth party"—controlling his followers with a hand of iron and driving them to vote according to his judgment and his decree.

By the time he had reached home he had entered the cabinet and was being spoken of as the probable prime minister. He poured out a liquor and stood sipping it as he turned over the letters brought by the night's post. One arrested him. It had been delivered by hand and was marked "Most Urgent." As he read the letter every vestige of color left his face.

CHAPTER VI.

A House of Cards.

KINGSNORTH sank into a chair. The letter slipped from his fingers. All his dreams had vanished in a moment. His house of cards had toppled down. His ambitions were surely and positively destroyed at one stroke. He mechanical-



All His Dreams Had Vanished in a Moment.

pers and magazines. But the recompense was pitiful. He could not bear without a pang to see Angela in the dingy surroundings that he could barely afford to provide for her.

On her part Angela took nothing with her but a few jewels her mother had left her, some clothes and very little money. The money soon disappeared, and then one by one the keep-sakes of her mother were parted with. But they never lost heart. Though it all they were happy. All the poetry of O'Connell's nature came uppermost, leavened, as it was, by the deep faith and veneration of his wife.

This strangely assorted fervent man and gentle woman seemed to have

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May be had at the business office of the Star-Independent for 10¢ or will be sent to any address in the United States, by mail, for 5 cents extra to cover cost of package and postage.

The Star-Independent Calendar for 1915 is another of the handsome series, featuring important local views, issued by this paper for many years. It is 11x14 inches in size and shows a picture, extraordinary for clearness and detail, of the "Old Capitol," built 1818 and destroyed by fire in 1897. It is in fine half-tone effect and will be appreciated for its historic value as well as for its beauty.

Mail orders given prompt attention. Remit 15 cents in stamps, and address all letters to the

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Harrisburg, Pa.

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For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, intermediate stations, at 5:02, 7:49, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:50 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:30, 5:30 p. m.
For Ellensburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:50 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.
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