



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Stretching That Meat Flavor

There was some truth once in the statement that "The housekeeper is to blame for the high cost of living," but now the average woman has mastered the subject of meat cooking thoroughly and only the tariff, the foot and mouth disease, or increasing population can be blamed for high prices.

The secret of cheaper meat dishes lies in extending the meat flavor through a large amount of food. It is a sort of having your cake and eating it, too. It is not altogether pleasant to have to omeage on this plan but it is what is being done.

All meat short cakes or meat pies, or meat and gravy dishes, and meat and vegetable combinations are examples of this economical cookery. Fortunately the results are good tasting and we have been eating too much meat anyway!

Every day meat pie is made after a recipe contributed to this paper by a prominent restaurant chef some time ago. Two cups of cold chopped meat or fowl and the same amount of cold boiled diced potatoes. Cover meat and potatoes with thickened milk, add seasoning of butter, salt and pepper. Butter a baking dish and put the mixture in it. Over the top put a short pastry cover or spread with buttered crumbs. Veal and chicken, or veal and ham or beef and veal are really better than a single meat in this "pie."

Everyone makes dumplings the day after they have boiled meat or fowl and sometimes they are made the same day. There is no better accompaniment to meats than this simple dough mixture.

Drop Dumplings
Sift two cups flour with two teaspoons of baking powder and one teaspoon of salt. Mix with a tablespoon of shortening and enough chicken broth or milk to make soft dough. Flour the hands or a spoon and roll bits of the dough into small soft balls. When the

broth is boiling put them in and cook briskly. Either do not cover them at all while cooking or do not remove the cover once it is on. Cold air striking the dumpling while it is cooking is what makes it fall. Eggs may be added to this recipe and sometimes minced, cold meat is added to the dough. Drop dumplings are finer than the rolled ones.

Yorkshire pudding is a variation of our meat pie that we have from the old world, now so conflict-ridden.

English Recipe for Yorkshire Pudding
Place a roast of beef to cook on a wire rack laid over a dripping pan. Baste with hot water when necessary. Forty-five minutes before it is done mix the "pudding" and pour it into the pan. If there is much fat or gravy in the pan pour most of it out, leaving just enough to keep the batter from sticking.

Batter Mixture
One pint of milk, three eggs, two cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt. This pudding should be quite moist. Place meat on rack over the batter and return all to oven to finish cooking.

DAILY MENU
Breakfast
Grape Fruit
Hominy Grits with Cream
Pork Sausage with Eggs
Griddle Cakes
Coffee
Luncheon
Salmon Salad
Lemon Garnish on
Lettuce with Salad Dressing
Olives
Cheese
Wafers
Hot Graham Gems
Coffee
Pineapple Ice
Dinner
Consomme
Bread Sticks
Celery
Roast Duck
Currant Jelly
Sweet Potatoes
Fried Apples
Butter Sauce
Steamed Carrots
Cress Salad
Mince Pie
Cheese
Coffee

When the time came to go the strange pair made their way down to the ship—the tall, erect, splendid looking man and the little red haired girl in her simple black suit and her little black hat, with red flowers to brighten it.

O'Connell went aboard with her, and an odd couple they looked on the sea-look deck, with Peg holding on to Michael, much to the amusement of the passengers, the visitors and stewards.

Poor, stanch, loyal, honest, true little Peg, going alone to what? Leaving the one human being she cared for and worshiped—her playmate, counselor, friend and father—all in one!

O'Connell never dropped his high spirits all the time they were together on board the ship. He went aboard with a laugh, and when the bell rang for all visitors to go ashore he said goodby to Peg with a laugh, while poor Peg's heart felt like a stone in her breast. She stood sobbing up against the rail of the saloon deck as the ship swung clear. She was looking for her father through the mists of tears that blinded her.

Just as the boat slowly swept past the end of the dock she saw him right at the last post so that he could watch the boat uninteruptedly until it was out of sight. He was crying himself now—crying like a child—and as the boat swung away he called up: "My little Peg! Peg o' my heart!" How she longed to get off the ship and go back to him! They stood waving to each other as long as they remained in sight.

While the ship plowed her way toward England with little Peg on board the man whom she was crossing the Atlantic to meet died quietly one morning with no one near him.

The nurse found Mr. Kingsnorth smiling peacefully as though asleep. He had been dead several hours.

Near him on the table was a cable dispatch from New York:
My daughter sailed on the Mauretania today at 10 o'clock.
FRANK OWEN O'CONNELL.
Mrs. Chichester, whom we last saw under extremely distressing circumstances in Ireland, now enters prominently into the story. She was leading a secluded and charming existence in an old and picturesque villa at Scarborough, in the north of England. Although her husband had been dead for several years, she still clung to the outward symbols of mourning. It added a softness to the patrician line of her features and a touch of distinction to her manner and pose. She had an illustrious example of a lifelong sorrow, and being ever loyal, Mrs. Chichester retained the weeds of widowhood and the crape of affliction ever present.

She was proud indeed of her two children, about whom she had written so glowingly to her brother Nathaniel. Alaric was the elder. In him Mrs. Chichester took the greater pride. He was so nearly being great—even from infancy—that he continually kept his mother in a condition of expectant wonder. He was nearly brilliant at school. At college he almost got his degree. He just missed his "blue" at cricket, and but for an unfortunate ball dribbling over the net at a critical moment in the semi-final of the tennis championships he might have won the cup. He was quite philosophic about it, though, and never appeared to reproach fate for treating him so shabbily.

He was always nearly doing something, and kept Mrs. Chichester in a lively condition of trusting hope and occasional disappointment. She knew he would "arrive" some day—come into his own. Then all these half-rewarded efforts would be invaluable in the building of his character.

Her daughter, Ethel, on the other hand, was the exact antithesis to Alaric. She had never shown the slightest interest in anything since she had first looked up at the man of medicine who ushered her into the world. She regarded everything about her with the



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.)

CHAPTER X.
Peg Away From Home.
FOR the next few days Peg was busy preparing herself for the journey and buying little things for her scanty equipment. Then the cable came to the effect that a passage was reserved for her and money was waiting at a banker's office for her expenses. This Peg obstinately refused to touch. She didn't want anything except what her father gave her.

When the morning of her departure came poor Peg woke with a heavy heart. It was their first parting, and she was miserable.

O'Connell, on the contrary, seemed full of life and high spirits. He laughed at her and joked with her and made a little bundle of some things that would not go in her bag and that he had kept for her to the last minute. They were a rosary that had been his mother's, a prayer book Father Cahill gave him the day he was confirmed and lastly the little miniature of Angela.

It wrung his heart to part with it, but he wanted Peg to have it near her, especially as she was going among the relations of the dead woman. All through this O'Connell showed not a trace of emotion before Peg. He kept telling her there was nothing to be sad about. It was all going to be for her good.

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Her daughter, Ethel, on the other hand, was the exact antithesis to Alaric. She had never shown the slightest interest in anything since she had first looked up at the man of medicine who ushered her into the world. She regarded everything about her with the

greatest competency. She was never surprised or angry or pleased or depressed. Sorrow never seemed to affect her—nor joy make her smile. She looked on life as a gentle brook down whose current she was perfectly content to drift undisturbed. At least that was the effect created in Mrs. Chichester's mind. She never thought it possible there might be latent possibilities in her impassive daughter.

While her mother adulated Ethel's lofty attitude of indifference toward the world, a manner that bespoke the aristocrat, she secretly chafed at her daughter's lack of enthusiasm.

How different from Alaric, always full of nearly new ideas, always about to do something. Alaric kept those around him on the alert. No one ever really knew what he would do next. On the other hand, Ethel depressed by her stolid content with everything about her. Every one knew what she would do—or thought they did.

Mrs. Chichester had long since abandoned any further attempt to interest her brother Nathaniel in the children.

Angela's wretched marriage had upset everything—driven Nathaniel to a recluse and to close his doors on near and distant relatives.

Angela's death the following year did not relieve the situation. If anything, it intensified it, since she left a baby that, naturally, none of the family could possibly take the slightest notice of—nor interest in.

It was tacitly agreed never to speak of the unfortunate incident, especially before the children. It was such a terrible example for Ethel and so discouraging to the eager and ambitious Alaric.

Consequently Angela's name was never spoken inside of Regal Villa.

And so the Chichester family pursued an even course, only varied by Alaric's sudden and definite decisions to enter either public life, or athletics, or the army, or the world of art—it was really extremely hard for so well equipped a young man to decide to limit himself to any one particular pursuit. Consequently he put off the final choice from day to day.

Suddenly a most untoward incident happened.

Alaric, returning from a long walk, alone—during which he had almost decided to become a doctor—walked in through the windows from the garden into the living room and found his mother in tears, an open letter in her hand.

This was most unusual. Mrs. Chichester was not wont to give vent to open emotion. It shows a lack of breeding. So she always suppressed it. It seemed to grow inward. To find her weeping—and almost audibly—impressed Alaric that something of more than usual importance had occurred.

"Hello, mater," he cried cheerfully, though his looks belied the buoyancy of his tone. "Hello! What's the matter? What's up?"

At the same moment Ethel came in through the door.

It was 11:30, and precisely at that time every morning Ethel practiced for half an hour on the piano—not that she had the slightest interest in music, but it helped the morning so much. She would look forward to it for an hour before and think of it for an hour afterward, and then it was luncheon. It practically filled out the entire morning.

Mrs. Chichester looked up as her beloved children came toward her, and real tears were in her eyes, and a real note of alarm was in her voice:

"Oh, Ethel! Oh, Alaric!"
Alaric was at her side in a moment. He was genuinely alarmed.

Ethel moved slowly across, thinking vaguely that something must have disagreed with her mother.

"What is it, mater?" cried Alaric.
"Mother," said Ethel, with as nearly a tone of emotion as she could feel.
"We're ruined!" sobbed Mrs. Chichester.

"Nonsense!" said the bewildered son.
"Really?" asked the placid daughter.
"Our bank has failed! Every penny your poor father left me was in it!" wailed Mrs. Chichester. "We've nothing—nothing! We're beggars!"
A horrible fear for a moment gripped Alaric—the dread of poverty. He shivered. Suppose such a thing should really happen! Then he dismissed it with a shrug of his shoulders. How perfectly absurd! Poverty, indeed! The Chichesters beggars? Such nonsense! He turned to his mother and found her holding out a letter and a newspaper. He took them both and read them with mingled amazement and disgust. First the headline of the newspaper caught his eye:
"Failure of Gifford's Bank."
Then he looked at the letter:
"Gifford's bank suspended business yesterday!" Back his eye traveled to the paper:
"Gifford's Bank Has Closed Its Doors!"
He was quite unable at first to grasp the full significance of the contents of that letter and newspaper. He turned to Ethel:
"Ethel?" he gasped.
"Pity," she murmured, trying to find a particular piece of music among the mass on the piano.
"We're ruined!" reiterated Mrs. Chichester.
Then the real meaning of those cryptic headlines and the businesslike letter broke in on Alaric. All the Chichester blood was roused in him.
To Be Continued

A Convalescent requires a food tonic that will rapidly build up wasted tissue.
Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion containing Hypophosphites is a most reliable prescription which we always recommend for that purpose.
George A. Gorgas.

YOUTH ROBS TEXAS BANK

Caught With Three Others After Pistol Duel and Cash Is Recovered
Houston, Tex., Jan. 27.—Three men were wounded, one probably fatally, late yesterday when detectives pursued a youthful bank robber to a house in the residence district and engaged in a pistol battle with the occupants. None of the officers was shot. The boy, unmasked, walked into the Guarantee State bank, forced the two officials there into a vault with a revolver and escaped with between \$5,000 and \$6,000 in silver and currency. Just outside the door he dropped a handful of silver. This was noticed by a passerby, who entered the bank, heard the imprisoned men pounding on the door of the vault and notified the police.

The detectives traced the robber to the home of a merchant, where he was found with three other men. After three had been wounded in a pistol battle, the fourth surrendered. The money was recovered.

ABLE TO WORK, BUT JOBLESS

Unemployed in Chicago Undergo Physical Examination
Chicago, Jan. 27.—Ninety per cent of the thousands of unemployed men in Chicago are employable, according to statistics made public yesterday by Professor C. R. Henderson, of the University of Chicago, member of the Municipal Industrial Commission. Physical examination of the men indicated that they have no ailment which would prevent them from working, the report says. Fifty per cent of the men are building workers by trade.

Indirectly the figures indicate that the city is sheltering thousands of men who have come from other parts of the country. Only about five per cent of them are listed as "hoboes."

NO REASON FOR IT

When Harrisburg Citizens Show a Way
There can be no reason why any reader of this who suffers the tortures of an aching back, the annoyance of urinary disorders, the pains and dangers of kidney ills will fail to heed the words of a neighbor who has found relief. Read what a Harrisburg citizen says:

E. E. Dare, 430 Peffer street, Harrisburg, says: "Several years ago I was laid up with lumbago. The attacks lasted for several days at a time and made me helpless. I couldn't move without having a knife-like pain across my kidneys. When I was able to get around I could hardly bend over, and if I did I couldn't straighten up again. Many a night I would have to sit in a chair from the pain in my back. I knew my kidneys were the cause of the trouble for I had to pass the kidney secretions so often and they contained sediment. I doctored and tried different remedies but got no relief to speak of. Finally I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and in a few days after I went back to work. The sharp pain in my back left and I was able to get around as well as ever."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Dare had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

CHARGED WITH MAIL FRAUD

Denver, Col., Jan. 27.—J. Luther Wyatt, general manager of the American-Canadian Securities Company, with offices here, was released on bond yesterday after having been arrested on a charge of using the mails to defraud. The charge against Wyatt is in connection with the operations of the Commonwealth Securities Company of Dallas, which is now involved in voluntary bankruptcy proceedings.

BANK LOOTER DIES IN PRISON

Man Who Helped Take \$1,050,000 Would Soon Have Been Free
Pittsburgh, Jan. 27.—John Young, former auditor of the Farmers' Deposit National bank, died in the Western penitentiary here yesterday of tuberculosis.

Young, with another employe of the bank, was convicted of stealing \$1,050,000 from the institution in 1908, and was to have been given his freedom February 20 next.

TWO KILLED, FOUR HURT COASTING

Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 27.—Two boys were killed and four injured in two coasting accidents near here late yesterday. John Humaniak, 12, was killed, and Arthur Bridges, 9, injured seriously when their sled struck an automobile in Homestead. In Brownfield, Fayette county, George Dargi, 18, was killed and three of his companions were hurt painfully when their sled overturned on a hill.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAILROAD

In Effect May 24, 1914.
Trains Leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5:02, 7:50 a. m., 3:18, 5:27, 7:50 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:03, 7:50, 11:02 a. m., 3:40, 5:52, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 4:48 a. m., 2:18, 5:27, 8:30, 5:30 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5:02, 7:50 and 11:52 a. m., 2:18, 5:27, 8:30 p. m.
*Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
H. A. RIDGLE, G. F. A. Supt.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

H.B.G. BUSINESS COLLEGE
320 Market Street
Fall Term September First
DAY AND NIGHT

Big Dividends For You

Begin next Monday in
Day or Night School
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
15 S. Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.

SEVEN LICENSES REFUSED

Court Closes Old Stands in Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Coal Township
Sunbury, Pa., Jan. 27.—The Northumberland county license court here yesterday threw a surprise into the ranks of the liquor men, when the Judges refused seven old licenses which had been withheld since Monday. These are for stands that have been in business for more than twenty years in some cases and represent an investment of more than \$50,000, lawyers said yesterday.

The court made no comment in writing "refused" across the application. No allegation of law violation was made, but the court evidently acted in line with its former declaration that there are too many licenses in the county.

Those refused yesterday are John Benko and J. H. Reilly, Mount Carmel; Frank Polaski, Shamokin; Stanley Baginski, Stanley Rancovich, Charles M. Gottshall, Charles Marcovitch and Andrew Bonswowski, all of Coal township.

FILIPINO LEADER HANGED

Gen. Noriel and Two Accomplices Pay Penalty for Murder
Manila, Jan. 27.—General Noriel, the insurgent leader, and two accomplices, who were found guilty of having killed a political enemy at a cock fight in 1902, were hanged here early this morning.

The early hour of the execution possibly prevented disorders, for which the army had been ordered to be prepared. It is expected, however, that a demonstration will take place at the time of the funerals.

NO REASON FOR IT

When Harrisburg Citizens Show a Way
There can be no reason why any reader of this who suffers the tortures of an aching back, the annoyance of urinary disorders, the pains and dangers of kidney ills will fail to heed the words of a neighbor who has found relief. Read what a Harrisburg citizen says:

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TERMS AND CONDITIONS

1. The several above described premises will be first offered for sale separately, and then all of the said premises as a whole, to the highest and best bidder, subject to confirmation by the Court.

2. Twenty-five per cent of the amount of any cash bid shall be paid at the time of sale, in cash, and the balance of the purchase money shall be paid upon completion of the sale by the Court, without any liability of the purchaser to see to the application of the purchase money.

NOTE

"The condemnation proceedings heretofore instituted to acquire Clarks Ferry River Bridge (see "Ferry" supra) have been dismissed by the Court since this advertisement first appeared, and therefore the sale of said bridge will not be subject thereto."

THE DAILY FASHION HINT.



Maternity gown of rose pink satin. It has a deep lace flounce embroidered with gold and a black velvet Empire belt. Small taffeta hat with flowers and berries.

DOEHNE BEER

A Brewery construction which admits of perfect cleanliness of floors, walls and ceilings. Perfect ventilation and equipment. Best and purest Malt, Hops and Ingredients.

Skilled Brewmaster---Proper Management

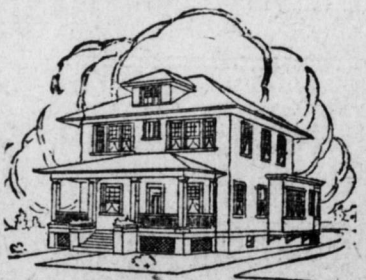
RESULT } High-grade products
BEER } ALE

DOEHNE BREWERY

Bell 826 Order It Independent 318

"It Brought The Answer"

Again and again—almost every day—we are told that ads in our classified columns are effective and bring most satisfactory results.



TRY THEM NOW
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STAR-INDEPENDENT CALENDAR FOR 1915

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

STAR-INDEPENDENT
18-20-22 South Third Street
Harrisburg, Pa.