

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Tapioca and Its Uses

We have used tapioca for years and know very well that it is made from cassava, a tuber something like the potato, only enormous in size. But the tapioca we buy now is snowy white and its grains are small and it cooks quickly. "Is it the same?" we ask. It is just the same, with modern improvements.

There are many grades of tapioca but the price does not vary much, unless we buy the costliest sort, which is really a great temptation for its cooks so quickly.

The pearl tapioca must be soaked over night, or at least some hours. Then it is steamed or boiled and served with dates, or preserves, or with cream and sugar, just as rice is cooked and served.

Tapioca is a fine cereal for breakfast and what remains may be mixed with fruit and molded for dessert. Boiled tapioca is cooked in the double boiler and not in a pudding bag as an inexperienced cook once tried to do when preparing it for my table!

All fruits blend nicely with tapioca but the apple seems to be especially well liked with it. Apple tapioca pudding is made as follows:—Put the grains to soak in warm water and when they seem to be softened, pare and quarter tart apples and place them in a baking dish. Sprinkle them with sugar, nutmeg and cinnamon and also a little lemon juice. Drain all the water from the tapioca and spread it over the apples, add one tablespoonful of melted butter and a cup and a half of milk or enough to cover. Bake in oven until tapioca is clear and like jelly.

Cover with a meringue of whipped egg whites and sugar.

Serve with cream and sugar.

Tapioca and date pudding. Add yolk of one egg to each cup of cold cooked tapioca, also one cup of milk and sugar and flavoring to suit your palate. Seed dates and cut in small bits, mix into the above and bake in pudding dish until done. Serve very cold with cream. This makes a pleasing luncheon with hot buttered muffins and tea.

Sago is another form of tapioca but is not so well liked and is seldom used to any great extent in the home cuisine.

Puddings, jellies, jams, cakes, candies, pies, delicacies, bread, baked beans and other staples and handicraft of all sorts, are a few things the public is always in need of.

A lunch room in connection with our women's exchange boards young employed girls at four dollars and a half a week. Here is a daily menu served them, selected at random from others as good:

| DAILY MENU | |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Cereal, Sugar and Cream | Breakfast |
| Minced Beef with Eggs and Toast | Dinner |
| Coffee | Luncheon |
| Chicken Salad | Radishes |
| Cress | Cream Cheese |
| Rolls | Lemon Ice |
| Tea | |
| Clear Soup with Croutons | Dinner |
| Spiced Fresh Beefs Tongue | Luncheon |
| Boiled Potatoes | Corn |
| Lima Beans | Lettuce Salad |
| Cake | Coffee |

C. V. NEWS

DRANK ALCOHOL FROM HOSPITAL CURIO JARS

Ribulous West Virginians Shocked to Learn They Had Imbibed Liqueur in Which Tumors, Appendices and Abnormal Growths Were Preserved

Cumberland, Md., March 8.—Many drinkers in the Willis Creek section of Randolph county, West Virginia, below Elkins, are excited because Planckers Twilley, a negro, sold them preserving alcohol, which he obtained at a hospital in Elkins, where he had been employed.

Only that Twilley is in the Tucker county jail for six months for violating the anti-pistol toting law saved him from rough treatment at the hands of his infuriated customers.

The alcohol sold by Twilley was taken from bottles in which hospital surgeons had preserved tumors, cancers, appendices and abnormal growths. The horror at the discovery by his victims of the kind of intoxicant he had hold him has tended to make the section drier than ever.

Hanged Self in Family's Absence

Gettysburg, Pa., March 8.—Mrs. Matilda Palmer, 73 years old, committed suicide by hanging herself at the home of her grandson, Charles McCadden, near here, yesterday afternoon. When McCadden went to the barn to do the feeding, in the darkness he ran into the body, suspended by a rope from the hayfork.

The woman had been melancholy, she had threatened her life several times, and, taking advantage of the rest of the family's absence at a neighborhood funeral Saturday afternoon carried out her threat.

Church Cornerstone Laid

Waynesboro, March 8.—The cornerstone at the new \$35,000 sanctuary of the First United Brethren church was laid yesterday afternoon by the Rev. W. H. Washington, presiding elder of the Pennsylvania conference of the United Brethren church. Large offerings were received for the church and many pledges of money were given.

Doctor's Widow Is Dead

Gettysburg, March 8.—Mrs. Louise F. Cox died at 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning at the home of Dr. Carlisle Cox on Baltimore street. She was taken ill last Sunday with apoplexy, but prior to that time had been in her usual health.

Mrs. Cox was born in Abbotstown a daughter of Samuel and Susana (Baugher) Fahnestock. Soon after her birth the family moved to Gettysburg where she resided until her marriage to Dr. John A. Cox, of Lancaster, for many years Dr. and Mrs. Cox lived in Reading and later in Philadelphia. Mrs. Cox returned to Gettysburg in 1865 after the death of her husband, and for some years had been living with Mrs. Sallie Cox.

Raise Money for Hospital

Carlisle, March 8.—The campaign for funds for the equipping of the children's ward of the new Carlisle Hospital, just concluded by the Children's Friend Society, has netted \$475.60. The town was divided into districts and the various districts apportioned to the members of the society. They worked earnestly and rapidly and soon had the entire town canvassed.

Lantern Explodes and Barn Burns

Allentown, March 8.—While a young son of Moses Metzger, a wealthy farmer of Saegerville, was exploring a dark subcellar under his father's barn with a lighted lantern yesterday the foul air caused the lamp to explode and the building was destroyed. The loss is \$8,000.

Madman's Seventh Victim Dies

Brunswick, Ga., March 8.—The death here yesterday of Ernest McDonald, shot Saturday when Monroe Phillips, a real estate dealer, apparently driven insane by recent financial losses, killed five persons and wounded thirty-two others with an automatic shot gun before he himself was killed, increased the death list to seven. The others wounded, except Gunner Tolmas, a bank clerk, were reported as doing well. Physicians fear Tolmas will die.

PARROT & CO.

HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of *The Carpet from Bagdad*, *The Place of Honeymoons*, etc.

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CONTINUED

"Will you go below?"

"Yes, yes! Turn it away!" sober enough by now.

Warrington switched off the key, his face humorless, though there was a sparkle of grim humor in his sleep-hungry eyes. Craig leaned against the deckhouse, shaking and panting.

"I would I could get at your soul as easily," Warrington threw aside the hose, and the Lascars sprang upon it not knowing what the big blond sahib might do next.

Craig turned, venom on his tongue. He spoke a phrase. In an instant, cold with fury, Warrington had him by the throat.

"You low base cur!" he said, shaking the man until he resembled a man on wires. "Had you been sober last night, I'd have thrown you into the sea. Honorless dog! You wrote to Miss Chetwood. You insulted her, too. If you wish to die, speak to her again."

Craig struggled fiercely to free himself. He wasn't sure, by the look of the other man's eyes, that he wasn't going to be killed then and there. There was something cave-mannish and cruel in the way Warrington worked the man, shaking him from side to side and forcing him along the deck. Suddenly he released his hold, adding a buffet on the side of the head that sent Craig reeling and sobbing into the companionway.

"Here, I say, what's the row?" Warrington looked over his shoulder. The call had come from the first officer.

"A case of drunkenness," coolly. "But I say, we can't have brawling on deck, sir. You ought to know that."

"You low, base cur!"

"I see with reasonable eyes, if that is what you mean. The people I know, mine own people, understand Elisa Chetwood."

So her name was Elisa? He repeated it over and over in his mind. She continued her exposition. "There are but few, gently born. They are generous and broadminded. They could not be mine own people otherwise. They are all I care about. I shun mediocrity as I care about the plague. I refuse to permit it to touch me, either with words or with deeds. The good opinion of those I love is dear to me; as for the rest of the world!" She snapped her fingers to illustrate how little she cared.

"I am a man under a cloud, to be avoided."

"Perhaps that cloud has a silver lining," with a gentle smile. "I do not believe you did anything wrong, prematurely. All of us, one time or another, surrender to wild impulse. Perhaps in the future there awaits for me such a moment. I cannot recollect the name of Warrington in a cause celebre," thoughtfully.

He could only gaze at her dumbly. "My name is not Warrington's" finding his voice. God in heaven, what would happen when she found out what his name was? "But my first name is Paul."

"Paul. I have had my suspicions that your name was not Warrington. But tell me nothing more. What good would it do? I did not read that man's letter. I merely noted your name and his. You doubtless knew him somewhere in the past."

"Might there not be danger in your kindness to me?"

"In what way?"

"A man under a cloud is often reck-

lessly full-up. Will you have a peg?"

"No, thanks. But I wish to say that it is very decent of you." Warrington rose.

"I have traveled too long not to recognize a man when I see him. Drop in any night after ten, if you care to."

"I shall be glad to accept your hospitality."

Outside, Warrington sought Elisa, and as they promenade, lightly recounted the episode of the morning.

Elisa expressed her delight in laughter that was less hearty than malicious. How clearly she could see the picture! And then, the ever-recurring comparisons: Arthur would have gone by, Arthur would not have bothered himself, for he detested scenes and fistfights. How few real men she had met, men who walked through life naturally, unfettered by those self-applied manacles called "What will people say?"

"Let us go up to the bow," she invited. "I myself have a little story to tell."

A school of porpoise were frolicking under the cutwater. Plop! plop! they went. Finally all save one sank gracefully out of sight. The laggard crisscrossed the cutwater a dozen times, just to show the watchers how extremely clever he was; and then, with a plop! that was louder than any previous one, he vanished into the deeps.

"I love these oriental seas," said Elisa, with her arms on the rail and her chin resting upon them. She wore no hat, and her hair shimmered in the sun and shivered in the wind.

"And yet they are the most treacherous of all seas. There's not a cloud in sight; in two hours from now we may be in the heart of a winter storm."

"I am grateful for that Mercy! Think of being shipwrecked on a desert island with the colonel and his three splinters! Proprietaries, from morning until night. And the chattering tourists! Heaven forbid!"

"You had a story to tell me," he suggested. His heart was hot within him. He wanted to sweep her up in his arms and hold her there forever. But the barrier of wasted opportunities stood between them.

"Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten." She stood up and felt for wandering strands of hair. "I find the world more amusing day by day. I ought to feel hurt, but I am only amused. I spoke to the colonel this morning, merely to say howdy-do. He stared me in the eye and deliberately turned his back to me."

"The doddering old—"

"There, there! It isn't worth getting angry about."

"But, don't you understand? It's all because of me. Simply because you have been kind to a poor devil, they start in to snub you, you! I'll go back to my old seat at the table. You mustn't walk with me any more."

"Don't be silly. If you return to your chair, if you no longer walk with me, they'll find a thousand things to talk about. Since I do not care, why should you?"

"Can't I make it clear to you?" desperately.

"I see with reasonable eyes, if that is what you mean. The people I know, mine own people, understand Elisa Chetwood."

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CIVIL WAR VETERAN KILLED

Shamokin Man Run Down by Passenger Train in Storm

Shamokin, March 8.—As Benjamin Snyder, an old Grand Army man, was going home early yesterday from the wedding of his daughter, Emma, to Silas McNutt, the former was run down here by a passenger train on the Reading railway. A heavy snow storm prevailed at the time, and when the train stopped at the station an extra engine was coupled to the train to help it out of the suburbs.

Snyder had been killed and badly mutilated when struck. A portion of the body lay on the pilot of the engine and was not discovered until it fell beside the road after the train was several squares from the station.

MINE CAVE-IN TRAPS THREE

Victims Believed Dead, But Big Force Attempts Rescue

Petersburg, Ind., March 8.—Three men were entombed when a large section of the roofing of the Ayreshire mine, seven miles south of here, caved in yesterday.

It is believed the men were killed, but efforts are being made to clear out the debris. One hundred men are employed in the mine regularly, but only three were in it yesterday.

SPOUSE FATALLY SHOTS WIFE

He Says It Was Accident, but Washington Police Are Skeptical

Washington, D. C., March 8.—Claude D. Allen, an employee of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, is under arrest, charged with having fired a bullet through the head of his wife, Mrs. Carrie E. Allen, in Anacostia, at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, while his 3-year-old baby looked on. Mrs. Allen is dying at the Casualty Hospital.

When taken to the police station, Allen claimed the shooting was accidental. He said he had taken an old revolver out of the cupboard to clean it and, as he was talking to his wife, the gun was discharged. The police authorities are disinclined to believe this story.

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Forster and Cowden Streets



"You Low, Base Cur!"

If the man's conduct was out of order, you should have brought your complaint before the captain or me. We really can't have any rowing, sir."

Warrington replied gravely: "Expediency was quite necessary."

"What's this?" The officer espied the soaked bedding. "Who turned the hose here?"

"I did," answered Warrington. "I shall have to report that to the captain, sir. It's against the rules aboard this steamship for passengers to touch anything of that sort." The officer turned and began violently to abuse the bewildered Lascars.

Warrington entered the companionway; and a moment later he heard the water hiss along the deck. He was not in the least sorry for what he had done; still, he regretted the act. Craig was a beast, and there was no knowing what he might do or say. Still dressed, he flung himself in his bunk, and immediately fell into a heavy dreamless sleep that endured until luncheon.

Shortly after luncheon he was summoned to the captain's cabin. Warrington presented himself, mildly curious. The captain nodded to a stool.

"Sit down, Mr. Warrington. Will you have a cheroot?"

"Yes, thanks." A crackle of matches followed.

"This fellow Craig has complained about his treatment by you this morning. I fancy you were rather rough with him."

"Perhaps. He was very drunk and abusive, and he needed cold water more than anything else. I once knew the man."

"Ah! But it never pays to manhandle that particular brand of tippler. They always retaliate in some way."

"I suppose he has given you an excerpt from his history?"

"He says you cannot return to the States."

"I am returning on the very first boats I can find."

"Then he was lying?"

"Not entirely. I do not know what he has told you, and I really do not care. The fact is, Craig is a professional gambler, and I warned him not to try any of his tricks on board. It soured him."

"And knowing myself that he was a professional, I gave no weight to his accusations. Besides, it is none of my business. The worst scoundrel un-hung has certain rights on my ship. If he behaves himself, that is sufficient for me. Now, what Craig told me doesn't matter; but it matters that I warned him. A word to anyone else, and I'll drop him at Pensac tomorrow, to get out the best way he can. Ship passing there this time of year are

CAR HITS AUTO, 4 KILLED

Two Others Hurt in Collision Between Motor and Trolley

Albion, N. Y., March 8.—Four persons were killed and two injured in a collision late yesterday between an automobile and an interurban trolley car at Knowlesville, near here.

The dead are: Mildred Skinner, 18 years old; Helen Skinner, 12; Hershell Harding, 10, and Marion Harding, 14. The injured are: Dorothy Skinner, 14 years old, painfully; A. J. Skinner, 40 years old, badly hurt about head.

The Skinners and Hardings live on adjoining farms near Knowlesville, and Mr. Skinner was driving both families home from church in his machine when the collision occurred.

VETERANS PLAN REUNION

Men Who Took Part in War With Spain to Meet in Reading

Reading, Pa., March 8.—The local Veterans of Foreign Wars have made final arrangements for the annual State encampment to be held in this city on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 21, 22 and 23. The occasion marks the seventeenth anniversary of the war with Spain, and it will be the sixteenth annual reunion of the members of the order.

A feature of the encampment will be a reunion of the men who served in the Fourth Regiment during the Spanish-American War, and every company, including Company A, of this city, will be well represented.

FRENCH DETECTIVE DEAD

Was Known World Over for Solving Baffling Murder Mysteries

Paris, March 8.—Pierre Fortune Jaume, famous as a detective, died here yesterday. He was 69 years old.

M. Jaume gained an international reputation through his solving of crimes. Among them were the murder of Bailiff Goffe, the killing of Baroness de Lard and the slaying of five persons at Pont-a-Mousson.

The authorities were on the point of abandoning the last named case for lack of a clue, when M. Jaume took charge. Within forty-eight hours he had arrested the murderer through the finding of a trouser button.

The detective wore picturesque disguises whenever necessary.

ONCE RICH, THEN SUICIDE

Detroit, March 8.—Horace S. Burroughs, 29 years old, a son of the late William S. Burroughs, inventor of an adding machine, died yesterday in a local hospital from a self-inflicted wound. He was penniless and in frail health, friends said. Several years ago, according to former associates, he was worth more than \$250,000.

Burroughs was found yesterday in a Michigan avenue rooming house. A vein in his arm had been cut and he was unconscious from loss of blood. Burroughs regained consciousness at the hospital long enough to make a statement.

J. Harry Stroup

Insurance Agent

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