



# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### Bay-Leaves and Ginger

Some one has asked if the leaf from the swamp bay tree is identical with that used for seasoning and she sends me a black velvety leaf for a sample. It does not seem to even belong to the same family and has none of the spicy taste or odor that gives character to the bay leaf of the kitchen spice box. This leaf is from a tree that grows in the East Indies; it is used not only for seasoning, but for perfumes, and it is this same leaf that is distilled and used for making bay rum. If you do not like the flavor of bay in tomatoes and in spice mixtures, it is doubtless because you add it with too heavy a hand. Use but a little. One leaf broken in half is enough to put into a quart of food to be flavored and it should be taken out after a few minutes as it is so strong that it will cover all the other flavors if left in.

Ginger is another spice that is either much liked or ignored by every-day cooks. It is a valuable root crop though its value differs from that of roots that are used only for food.

Its aromatic quality and spicy flavor stimulates the flow of gastric juices and pleases the palate. The plant is taken from in very likely a palm and grows freely in moist places throughout the tropics. The root is gathered when the stalk withers and is sealed at once or washed and scraped to prevent its sprouting. The Chinese like to eat the most tender ginger sprouts and they also use them for many of their soups.

The old roots are strong in flavor and produce dark or black ginger, the white or light ginger is from the young

roots or from the dark roots bleached light.

The popular heating stimulant, Jamaica ginger, is a fermented extract of this root, as is ginger beer and ginger tea.

The most delicate rootlets are cut in slices and preserved in sugar syrup and are called Canton ginger in honor of the first Chinese makers. A taste of the sweet takes one's memory back to early trading days when the sea captains brought little blue and white jars of the preserve with them on their return from the "Chinese" sea.

In "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," the ginger jar has the place of honor on the parlor mantel and the writer of this quaint little novel, Frank R. Stockton, makes it the receptacle of the cast-a-ways' board money.

These little jars are still sold by importers and treasured by housekeepers after the candied ginger they held is used, for they are old in shape and foreign in appearance.

As for candied ginger itself, it is most wholesome; a small piece eaten after a heavy meal assists digestion so greatly that it is often recommended as an after dinner sweet by physicians.

When making fruit cake a little should be added just as citron is and it gives a splendid flavor to fruit fillings in layer cakes. The candy maker finds it blends with all flavors and makes a pleasant change from nuts, cherries and citron in decorating.

While it is quite possible to buy the green ginger root and preserve it in your own home, you will find it is not any cheaper, with sugar at its present price, nor is it so smooth and rich as the Chinese article.

# Stop Thief!



Novelized From the Great Play of the Same Name by George C. Jenks and Carlyle Moore

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Continued

Down he went on one knee behind the sofa, and pointing the automatic revolver at every one in the room with a sweeping motion that made the weapon seem equal in potency to a dozen revolvers, he thundered: "Hands up!"

The hands of everybody in the room went up in the air, those of the sergeant going higher than any of the others. Even the delicate white hands of Mrs. Carr and her three daughters were elevated.

"Now," went on Doogan in steady tones that conveyed a deadly purpose

was empty. The noise of the policemen tumbling down the stairs and rumpaging through the kitchen regions had ceased, and there was a stillness like that which often precedes a fierce outbreak of the elements in the country.

Suddenly Jack Doogan tiptoed into the room from the front hallway. His pistol was still in his hand, and as he glared about him there could be no doubt that he was prepared to shoot his way to liberty through any opposition he might encounter.

He beckoned to some one outside as soon as he had assured himself that the room was empty, and Nell came in and stood by his side.

"All right, Nell!" he whispered hoarsely. "I think we've slipped them. We were inside the front door before they came up from the basement, and the last I saw of them they were tearing down Seventy-second street to Riverside drive."

"Yes, that's the way they went, Jack. I saw them too." She giggled half hysterically. "My, how they were running! And the wrong way too! It was funny, Jack!"

"I only hope they won't be able to stop till they dive into the Hudson river," he responded grimly. "Take another peep from behind the door, Nell. As soon as they are out of sight we'll beat it ourselves."

"And everybody is running after them, crying 'Stop thief!'"

"Straight down the street, while we are comfortably indoors. It isn't hard to fool a bunch of cops."

"Jack?"

"Well?"

"Jack," she murmured, "they're shouting 'Stop thief!'"

"Of course they are. That's their battcry. You told me that before, although it wasn't necessary. I knew."

"I know, dear. And the worst of it is that they mean us."

"You bet they do. Look out there and see if they are gone."

"In a moment, dear. I just wanted to ask you something."

"Go ahead."

"You haven't forgotten that you promised me no one else would have an excuse to cry 'Stop thief!' after us when we have finished this job?"

"Why, haven't I told you?"

"I know; I know, Jack! But it has turned out differently from what we



"Hands up!" thundered Doogan.

"I'll put a bullet through the first man who makes a move."

He looked about him to make sure that none of the policemen had failed to obey his order and called out:

"Nell, come here!"

"But, Jack," she began as she went over to the sofa behind which he was entrenched.

"Never mind about talking. Take it in the run!" he interrupted.

"But, Jack," she expostulated, "we can't both make it, and I won't leave you here!"

"Go on, Nell!" he cried impatiently. "I know what I'm doing. Rent it, I tell you!"

He watched her as she glided away through the rear doorway, and he knew she had reached the kitchen stairs. Then he fastened his gaze on the sergeant, while his pistol waved slowly from side to side, although he addressed everybody in general as he said distinctly:

"You people will find everything that's missing in that trunk and the suit case. As for you cops, let me tell you something. All I want is five minutes' start, and you'll never see us in New York again. We're ready to blow the town, and God help the guy who tries to stop us, for I am a good shot, and I'm desperate! Understand?"

As he uttered the last word in a defiant shout he dashed to the door by which Nell had gone out, darted through and slammed the door after him.

For a few moments everybody in the library remained as Jack Doogan had left them, with their hands in the air. Then as they realized that he really had gone the sergeant swore a great oath and dropped his hands.

"Hurry up, men! Whip them out!" roared the sergeant as he shoved the sofa out of the way. "Are you all ready?"

The policemen all rushed the door together, and down it went with a crash. The officers tumbled through the opening in a heap and scuttled down the stairs. It was rather dark there, after coming out of the well lighted library, and they landed at the bottom in a profane heap, with the sergeant underneath.

As he extricated himself, in a frenzy of wrath, he belowed, "Blow your whistles, you fellows!" And away they dashed through the kitchen to the outer basement door, which was also locked and which they demolished, as they had the other door above.

Meanwhile James Cluney, who seemed to have forgotten his supposed kleptomaniacal ailment in the excitement of the last few moments and somewhat reassured by the confession of Jack Doogan, went over to Madge and put his arm around her protectingly.

They all went out, Dr. Willoughby closing the door behind them, although he was firmly resolved to get back and see the rest of the fun so soon as he should have the ladies settled down in the drawing room, where they could not hear whatever row there might be in the library.

For about half a minute the library



His Pistol Was Still In His Hand.

expected. You have not made any thing on this trick!"

"Not a red cent!" interjected Doogan regretfully.

"Then I thought—I feared—that you might want to try it again. You said you needed a stake to get married on, and, as we'd missed it this time, I didn't know what you might do."

"Nell," he said, "when I told you this was our last I meant every word of it. I didn't copper my bet. It was to be the last, win or lose, and that's what it is. We'll get out of this, and I'll show you that I can be as square as any guy that never put himself in wrong with the police. Get that?"

She held up her face to him, and he kissed her as she murmured with a happy smile:

"Yes, I got that, Jack, and I know it's straight."

A man in some sort of uniform which Jack Doogan thought at first was that of a policeman came in from the front hall and advanced on him.

Jack Doogan's automatic revolver was pointed at the newcomer's stomach in a flash, accompanied by the fierce order:

"Stick up your hands!"

The man obeyed, with wonderment as well as terror expressed in his white face.

"He's all right, Jack!" interrupted Nell hurriedly. "He's the chauffeur with my taxi. The cab is round the corner."

Doogan dropped the muzzle of his pistol as he remarked, with a warning shake of the head: "It's a pity you taxi

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### STATE CLUB WOMAN TO MEET

Many Talks and Some Feasting Await Pittsburgh Gathering

Pittsburgh, Oct. 12.—Club women of Pennsylvania will gather here this week to attend the nineteenth annual meeting of the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women. Mrs. Samuel Semple, of Titusville, State president, has arrived to welcome the incoming delegates to-day. The meetings will open formally to-morrow morning and will continue until Friday noon.

To-day a special conference on civics was held. The Equal Franchise Federation, of Pittsburgh, will entertain the officers and delegates this evening with a banquet in Soldiers' Memorial Hall. The speakers will be Mrs. Semple, Mrs. Desha Breckenridge, of Lexington, Ky., vice president of the National Federation; Miss Mary Macaulay, of Harrisburg, and Dr. Mary Wolfe, of Holmesburg, Pa.

Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, will address the convention to-morrow.

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**PENILESS IN GERMANY**  
Pottstown, Pa., Oct. 12.—President Wilson has been appealed to make an investigation into the case of Mrs. Sophia Bressler and her 10-year-old niece, Madeline Thomas, who, in a letter received from Mrs. Bressler, say they are without a penny and are half-starved in a little German town quite a distance from Berlin.

Sums aggregating \$260 have been forwarded by her folks here through various agencies. In her last letter she says she has failed to receive a cent.

She has return tickets on the Hamburg-American Line, but its boats are not running, and she has no money even to reach a port from which she could sail, much less to pay her passage.

**Critically Stabbed in Quarrel**  
Altoona, Oct. 12.—George Boyles is in the hospital with three stab wounds that may prove fatal and Vincent Perula is in prison awaiting the outcome. Perula and Boyles are said to have had an altercation about midnight, during which Boyles called Perula a hard name. Perula, it is alleged, drew a knife and as fast as he could wielded the weapon. He almost cut Boyles' right hand off, slashed him across the abdomen and plunged the blade into his left shoulder. Then he fled. When the police arrested him later they could not find the knife.

**NURSE ROUTS A BURGLAR**  
Compels Him to Replace Articles He Had Taken From Her Bureau

Sunbury, Oct. 12.—Coming unexpectedly upon a burglar rifling her bureau at a hospital here, Miss Mamie Harter, a trained nurse, demanded that he put everything just where he had found it and leave, under pain of being shot.

The fellow was inclined to laugh, she said, but when she made a step forward he beat a hasty retreat. The young woman did not have a revolver. The room is on the first floor.

**Toss Under Auto Fatal**  
Reading, Oct. 12.—While riding a bicycle on Centre avenue a block from his home, William D. Lance, aged 11, only child of Elwood H. Lance, was struck and almost instantly killed by an automobile owned by H. C. Meek. The boy was thrown under the wheels, carried home bleeding from the nose, mouth and ears, and died a half hour later.

### LONG DROUGHT BROKEN

Mountain Forest Fires Extinguished and Streets Get Washing

Altoona, Oct. 12.—An all-night rain broke the protracted drought in this section. All told, 1.31 inches of water fell Saturday night. It materially augmented the dwindling water supply of Altoona and other municipalities in the vicinity but has not entirely eliminated the danger of famine.

Forest fires which had been burning at several points on the mountains were extinguished. Altoona's streets, which had not been swept for several weeks on account of the water shortage, were thoroughly washed.

**Poles Lay Church Cornerstone**  
Steinardale, Oct. 12.—The cornerstone of the new \$150,000 St. Casimir Polish Catholic church was laid yesterday afternoon. The Rev. John A. Godriez, of the Polish college, Philadelphia, preached an eloquent sermon, after which the cornerstone was laid by Monsignor Masson, of Allentown, acting for Bishop McCort, of Philadelphia, who also spoke and gave the blessing to thousands of worshippers.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 4:48 a. m., 1:18, 3:27, 5:50, 8:50 p. m.  
For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:55 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.  
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**READING IMPOUNDS WATER**  
Manayunk Mills May Be Affected by Action of Coal Company  
Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 12.—In order that the drought, which gets more severe in the coal regions every day, notwithstanding slight rains, shall not cause the closing down of its collieries, the Reading Coal and Iron Company has impounded the headwaters of the Schuylkill canal. Electric and steam pumps are conveying the water to the collieries.

This move will affect the Manayunk mills, as there will be no water in the dams to flush the canal if the mills need water. Under the charter, the company is required to release water from the dams when the mills require it, but the Reading officials say they hope this will not be required of them, as the water is urgently needed in this section.

Artistic Printing at Star-Independent.

**Farmers Are Hauling Water**  
Sunbury, Oct. 12.—Northumberland, Union and Snyder county farmers are suffering severely from the drought. Their wells are drying up, and many are forced to drive from three to five miles a day to get water for their families and live stock.

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