



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Out of the Frying Pan

The charge that fried food is indigestible and therefore harmful is true only when articles are improperly fried. Rightly done frying is no more harmful than any other mode of cookery; indeed it is more wholesome because food that is full of flavor and crisp and rich pleases the eye and the palate, and this we all know is a big step toward good digestion.

The trouble is that too many cooks think they are frying food when they cook in a skillet with a tablespoon or two of fat. This is not frying, but browning or sauteing. It is useful when preparing vegetables for stews, for the preliminary step toward a fricassee, and other similar things, but it is not true frying.

To fry means to immerse every part of the food in deep fat that is hot enough to cook from the moment the food is put in. If the temperature is right, the hot fat immediately forms an impenetrable coat that browns with the process of cooking, but through which the hot fat cannot seep.

To fry you must provide yourself with a wire basket and an iron kettle in which the basket will fit and sufficient frying material to cover what ever you intend to cook.

Good country lard is hard to improve upon when it comes to selecting a frying medium, but city dwellers find that most of the lard proves to be a compound or a mixture of various fats

when the label is carefully read. Some compounds are very good for all purposes you would use lard or cooking oils for, but even the best vary in quality. Therefore use one of the American cooking oils—there are dozens of them that are splendid—or buy pork lard from some honest farmer who never heard of sterine, or any kindred substitutes.

As the frying fat may be used again and again this method of cookery is not expensive. After frying in it strain the fat and return it to the frying kettle, cover and keep it in a cool place.

For dough mixtures test the fat with a crusty bit of bread. When it will brown in 40 seconds the temperature is right. But for croquettes and foods that have had previous cooking, and need only to be browned on the outside and made hot through, you must have the fat much hotter. However the lard or oil must never be allowed to smoke, else a strong greasy flavor will attach itself to the fried food and the cooking will proceed too fast.

Put the articles to be fried in the wire basket and lower it gently into the fat. If you have to turn the croquettes or crullers over use a dull pointed fork and try not to pierce them.

When an unmistakable doneness shows itself in the color of the food lift the basket out and drain the contents on soft paper or cloth before serving.

(Continued.)

THE AFTER HOUSE

A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht



By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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CHAPTER I. I Plan a Voyage.

By the request of an elder brother I was left enough money to see me through a small college in Ohio and to secure me four years in a medical school in the east. Why I chose medicine I hardly know. Possibly the career of a surgeon attracted the adventurous element in me. Perhaps, coming of a family of doctors, I merely followed the line of least resistance. It may be, indirectly but inevitably, that I might be on the yacht *Ella* on that terrible night of Aug. 12, more than a year ago.

Commencement left me with a diploma, a new dress suit, an out of date medical library, a box of surgical instruments of the same date as the books and an incipient case of typhoid fever.

I was twenty-four, six feet tall and forty inches around the chest. Also, I had lived clean and worked and played hard. I got over the fever finally, pretty much all alone and appetite, but—alive. Thanks to the college, my hospital care had cost nothing. It was a good thing. I had just \$7 in the world.

The yacht *Ella* lay in the river not far from my hospital ward. She was not a yacht when I first saw her, nor at any time, technically, unless I use the word in the broad sense of a pleasure boat. She was a two master and, when I saw her first, as dirty and disreputable as are most coasting vessels. Her rejuvenation was the history of my convalescence. On the day she stood forth in her first coat of white paint I exchanged my dressing gown for clothing that, however loosely it hung, was still clothing. Her new sails marked my promotion to beef-steak, her brass rails and awnings my first independent excursion up and down the corridor outside my door, and, incidentally, my return to a collar and tie.

The next day, I think it was, the deck furniture was put out on the *Ella*—numbers of white wicker chairs and tables, with bright cushions to match the awnings. I had a pair of ancient opera glasses, as obsolete as my amputating knives and, like them, a part of my heritage. By that time I felt a proprietary interest in the *Ella* and through my glasses, carefully focused with a pair of scissors, watched the arrangement of the deck furnishings. A girl was directing the men. I judged from the poise with which she carried herself that she was attractive—and knew it. How beautiful she was and how well she knew it I was to find out before long. McWhirter to the contrary, she had nothing to do with my decision to sign as a sailor on the *Ella*.

One of the bright spots of that long hot summer was McWhirter. We had graduated together in June, and in October he was to enter a hospital in Buffalo as a resident. But he was as indigent as I, and from June to October is four months.

"Four months," he said to me. "Even at two meals a day, boy, that's something over 240. And I can eat four times a day without a struggle. Wouldn't you think one of these over-worked-for-the-good-of-humanity dubs would take a vacation and give me a chance to hold down his practice?"

Nothing of the sort developing, McWhirter went into a drug store and managed to pull through the summer with unimpaired cheerfulness, confiding to me that he secured his lunch free at the soda counter.

McWhirter it was who got me my berth on the *Ella*. It must have been about the 20th of July, for the *Ella* sailed on the 28th. I was strong yet to leave the hospital, but not yet physically able for any prolonged exertion. McWhirter, who was short and stout, had been alternately flirting with the nurse as she moved in and out preparing my room for the night and sizing me up through narrowed eyes.

"No," he said, evidently following a private line of thought, "you don't be-

long behind a counter, Leslie. I'm darned if I think you belong in the medical profession, either. The British army'd snit you."

"The-what?"

"You know—Kipling idea—riding horseback, head of a column—undress uniform—colonel's wife making eyes at you—leading last hopes and all that."

"The British army with Kipling trimmings being out of the question, the original issue is still before us. I'll have to work, Mac, and work like the devil, if I'm to feed myself."

There being no answer to this, McWhirter contented himself with eying me.

"I'm thinking," I said, "of going to Europe. The sea is calling me, Mac."

"So was the grave a month ago, but it didn't get you. Don't be an ass, boy. How are you going to sea?"

"Before the mast." This apparently conveying no meaning to McWhirter, I supplemented "as a common sailor."

He was indignant at first, offering me his room and a part of his small salary until I got my strength. Then he became dubious, and finally, so well did I paint my picture of long, idle days on the ocean, of sweet, cool nights under the stars, with breezes that purred through the sails, rocking the ship to slumber—finally he waxed enthusiastic and was even for giving up the pharmacy at once and sailing with me.

He had been fitting out the stow-room of a sailing yacht with drugs, he informed me, and doing it under the personal direction of the owner's wife.

"I've made a bit with her," he confided. "Since she's learned I'm a graduate M. D. she's letting me do the whole thing. I've made up some lotions to prevent sunburn and that sea-sick prescription of old Larimer's, and she thinks I'm the whole cheese. I'll suggest you as ship's doctor."

"How many men in the crew?"

"Eight, I think, or ten. It's a small boat and carries a small crew."

"Then they don't want a ship's doctor. If I go I'll go as a sailor," I said firmly. "And I want your word, Mac, not a word about me, except that I am honest."

"You'll have to wash decks probably."

"I am filled with a wild longing to wash decks," I asserted, smiling at his disturbed face. "I should probably also have to polish brass. There's a great deal of brass on the boat."

"How do you know that?"

When I told him he was much excited, and although it was dark and the *Ella* consisted of three lights, he insisted on the opera glasses and was persuaded he saw her. Finally he put down the glasses and came over to me.

"Perhaps you are right, Leslie," he said soberly. "You don't want charity any more than they want a ship's doctor. Wherever you go and whatever you do, whether you're swabbing decks in your bare feet or polishing brass railings with an old sock, you're a man."

Soon after that he took his departure, and the following day he telephoned to say that if the sea was still calling me he could get a note to the captain recommending me. I asked him to get the note.

Good old Mac! The sea was calling me, true enough, but only dire necessity was driving me to sea before the mast—necessity and perhaps what, for want of a better name, we call destiny, for what is fate but inevitable law, inevitable consequence.

The stirring of my blood, generations removed from a seafaring ancestor; my illness, not a cause, but a result; McWhirter, filling prescriptions behind the glass screen of a pharmacy, and fitting out, in pellucid jars, the medicine closet of the *Ella*; Turner and his wife, Schwartz, the mulatto Tom, Singleton and Elsa Lee; all thrown together, a hodgepodge of characters, motives, passions and hereditary tendencies, through an inevitable law working together toward that terrible night of Aug. 12, when hell seemed loose on a

Painted sea.

The *Ella* had been a coasting vessel in the South American trade. The firm of Turner & Sons owned the line of which the *Ella* was one of the smallest vessels.

The gradual elimination of sailing ships and the substitution of steamers in the coasting trade, left the *Ella*, with others, out of commission. She was still seaworthy, rather fast, as such vessels go, and steady. Marshall Turner, the oldest son of old Elias Turner, the founder of the business, bought it in at a nominal sum, with the intention of using it as a private yacht, and since it was a superstition of the house never to change the name of one of its vessels, the schooner *Ella*, odoriferous of fresh lumber or raw rubber, as the case might be, dinky gray in color, with slovenly decks on which lines of seamen's clothing were generally hanging to dry, remained, in her metamorphosis, still the *Ella*.

Marshall Turner was a wealthy man, but he equipped his new pleasure boat very modestly. As few changes as were possible were made. He increased the size of the forward house, adding quarters for the captain and the two mates, and thus kept the after house for himself and his friends. He fumigated the hold and the fore-castle—a precaution that kept all the crew coughing for two days, and drove them out of the odor of formaldehyde to the deck to sleep.

To Be Continued

Going 3,750 Miles to Wed
Hazleton, Pa., Oct. 15.—Taking a 3,750-mile journey to be a bride, Miss Jean M. Wetter, of Hazleton, a Gettysburg College graduate and former Hazleton High school teacher, left for New Westminster, British Columbia, where upon her arrival, October 24, she will be wed to Dr. Fred M. Witich, a former Hazletonian, and also a graduate of Gettysburg and Johns Hopkins Medical School, now in charge of a big tuberculosis camp in the forests of the Northwest.

Holds Up Nordica's Will
Newark, N. J., Oct. 15.—George W. Young, husband of Madam Lillian Nordica, the prima donna, who died at Batavia, Java, last May, was yesterday temporarily restrained from proceeding in Monmouth county with the probate of the will, which Mr. Young claims, was made by his wife prior to the one filed in New York City, under the terms of which the singer left him nothing. The order was obtained in behalf of Robert S. Baldwin.

Try to Link Hungry Boy to Murder
Hazleton, Pa., Oct. 15.—Believing that Adam Treouens, a Virginian boy found stealing food from dinner cans in the Jeaneville mines of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, might know something of the murder of Lehigh Valley Section Foreman Conrad Kneidel, of Hazleton, in the woods near Onedia, September 26, railroad detectives induced Alderman Heidenreich to commit Treouens to jail for four months as a vagrant, to give the officers a chance to work on the case.

Stop Those Early Bronchial Coughs
They hang on all winter if not checked, and pave the way for serious throat and lung diseases. Get a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and take it freely. Stops coughs and colds, heals raw inflamed throats, loosens the phlegm and is mildly laxative. Charles T. Miller, Ed. Enquirer, Canton, Ind., had bronchial trouble, got very hoarse, coughed constantly from a tickling throat. He used only Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Was entirely relieved. Wants others to know of Foley's Honey and Tar. George A. R. Gorak, 16 North Third street and P. R. K. Station, adv.

Red Cross Contract Let
Washington, Oct. 15.—Contract for the construction of the new American Red Cross building, to be a memorial to the women of the Civil war, was let by Secretary Garrison yesterday to the Boyle, Robertson Construction Company, of Washington. Of the \$700,000 fund for the building and site Congress appropriated \$200,000, and many large donors were contributed by private individuals. The building will be within a stone's throw of the White House.

Tried to Wreck Trolley Car
Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 15.—Amos McComey, of Columbia, was lodged in the county jail yesterday, having been caught attempting to wreck a Conestoga trolley car near Chickies Park by placing a cross-tie on the track. Within the last few weeks half a dozen attempts have been made to wreck cars at the same point and McComey has confessed to be the offender.

Lynch Law After Respite
Angleton, Texas, Oct. 15.—Joe Durfee, a negro convicted of murdering Mrs. J. M. Seitz, of Post City, was taken by a mob here yesterday and lynched. Durfee was to have been hanged legally last week but was respite for thirty days.

Slips That Pass in the Night
Belated City Man (after second unsuccessful attempt to stop passing fire engine)—Orl rite, then—his—keep your bloomin' chestnuts.—London Tatler.

STOP THIEF!

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

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"Nix! Never again for me to New York. What else?"

"Oh, she says," went on Nell, laughing still harder, "that her mother has lost her ear trumpet again."

"Well, they can't say I took it—or you either. That's one comfort."

"No. But Miss Caroline says they are afraid her father has done something with it and can't remember. I suppose he's getting it again."

"Getting what again?"

"That disease with the long name, klepto—whatever it is. You know."

"Uh-huh! If they don't put tin mittens on that old man he'll land in jail yet," predicted Jack Doogan, shaking his head solemnly.

THE END.

C. V. NEWS

RAIN HALTS RACING

Weather Kept Many Away From the Hagerstown Fair
Hagerstown, Md., Oct. 15.—Rain necessitated a postponement of the harness horse racing program at the Hagerstown fair yesterday afternoon, as a result of which the races will be called at 11 o'clock to-day.

The four running races produced exciting sport and several spills, the worst occurring in the three-quarter mile race, when several jockeys were thrown heavily to the track and badly bruised. The horses ran away, causing considerable excitement. Jockey Chappel had the good fortune to ride three of the four winners during the afternoon and the misfortune to be set down for the remainder of the meeting owing to disobedience to the starter at the scoring post. Summary:

Five-eighth-mile dash, purse \$100—Osary Maid, W. E. Suggs, Chappel, won; Chilton Chief, H. A. Griswold, Lyons, second; Sati, Mulligan & Gelo, Richards, third. Martell Beda, Will Waddell, Travel Light and Kidron also ran. Time, 1:02.

Special race, 5 furlongs, purse \$100—General Warren, C. G. Pons, Chappel, won; Fanchette, A. W. Foulk, McCarthy, second; Chanticleer, F. W. Harmon, Lyons, third. Aquila, Dan De Noyles, Z. J. Weaver, Top Rock, Dorothy Pryor and Stanley H. also ran. Time, 1:02 3/4.

Three-quarter-mile dash, purse \$100—Mollie Richards, P. S. Shoot, Chappel, won; Maxentius, C. H. Stoller, Meyers, second; Sunkist, J. C. Gragg, Jackson, third. Tiger Jim, Masola, Augie D. and Curieux also ran. Time, 1:19.

One-and-a-quarter-mile dash, purse \$150—Laird 'o' Kirkaldy, J. McCarthy, won; Lewin, J. H. Ford, Garnet, second; Marigold, F. A. Heckman, Nichols, third. Virginia Creeper, Haldeman and Miss Sherwood also ran. Time, 2:14.

Woman Burned to Death

Shippensburg, Oct. 15.—Mrs. George Plasterer was burned to death Tuesday while making applebutter in the yard at her home. She had carried some apples to the kettle and her dress caught fire. The accident occurred at 10 o'clock in the night. Mrs. Plasterer was in an unconscious condition until she died at 11 o'clock in the night. Her husband and daughter were badly burned in their efforts to extinguish the flames.

Soon Will Be Apple Day

Chambersburg, Oct. 15.—The big day is coming Tuesday, October 20, is the tenth anniversary of National Apple Day, founded by James Handly, of Quincy, Ill., and ratified and endorsed by Governors, congressmen, horticultural societies and trade bodies from ocean to ocean. King apple ascends the throne on National Apple Day and all who wish may do him honor.

Medical Society Meets

Carlisle, Oct. 15.—Officers were elected yesterday and an interesting discussion on typhoid fever taken up at the quarterly meeting of the Cumberland County Medical Association held in the Y. M. C. A. parlors at 2 o'clock. Dr. W. S. Ruch, of Carlisle, was chosen president, and Dr. E. R. Plank, also of Carlisle, secretary.

Dr. D. S. Funk, of Harrisburg, read an interesting paper on "Typhoid Fever" which was discussed by the members present. Regular routine business with this exception was transacted. The next meeting will be held in this place on the second Tuesday in January.

Joins Insurance Company

Waynesboro, Oct. 15.—Clarence Hartsock, South Franklin street, clerk in the Philadelphia shoe store for the past two years, to-day went to Harrisburg where he has accepted a position with the New York Life Insurance Co., with offices in the Union Trust Co. building on the square.

George M. Sangler, West Main street, is superintendent of the Harrisburg district of the New York Life Co. and will in a short time move his family to Harrisburg.

Big Chestnut Crop

Gettysburg, Oct. 15.—Adams county will have a crop of uncut chestnuts this year that will probably exceed the yields of most seasons. The wild chestnuts have been on sale at the several vendors for the past ten days and people from town have been making excursions to the mountains during the last week to gather the nuts.

Drought Damages Tobacco Crop
By Associated Press.
Springfield, Mass., Oct. 15.—Growers of tobacco in the Connecticut river valley report damage from the long drought. The crop is being cured and the dry spell has delayed the process.

NEW CUMBERLAND

Accident Occurs to Engine of Baltimore Accommodation Train
Special Correspondence.
New Cumberland, Oct. 15.—What might have been a very serious wreck occurred here last evening when the driving axle of the Baltimore accommodation train broke. The train had just left the depot and had gone about 200 yards when the accident occurred. The large wheel of the engine was broken off and the track badly splintered. George Yeagy was the engineer. There were three passenger coaches and a baggage car. The train is due here at 4:22 and was delayed about an hour and a half. An engine was run down from Lemoine and took it west to Baltimore on one of the other tracks. A wrecking crew removed the broken engine.

On Sunday communion services will be held in St. Paul's Lutheran church, the rite of baptism will be performed and members will be received into the church.

William Ennis has been sent to South Bethlehem by the State Board of Health on account of the epidemic of typhoid fever at Lehigh University. The Rev. Edward W. Leach, of Baltimore, visited friends here this week. He was on his way home from the annual conference at Mechanicsburg.

The Rev. S. N. Good has been returned as pastor of the Church of God by the Eldership, which convened at Lancaster the past week. Mr. Good has served this charge the past seven years.

Ruby Minter, N. S. Biery, of Allentown, and Mrs. J. C. Forrester, of Harrisburg, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Minter this week.

Harry Lingle's family moved into G. F. Bobb's house on Bridge street on Wednesday.

Mrs. R. M. Kline is visiting relatives in Fishing Creek Valley.

BOROUGHS WANT MORE POWER

Home Rule League of the County Public Service Law Amended
Members of the executive committee of the Municipal Home Rule League of Dauphin county, met in the hall of the City Commissioners, in the court house, yesterday afternoon and decided to call a meeting of representative borough councilmen and township supervisors to be held in the court house on October 23. This session is called for the purpose of increasing the league's membership.

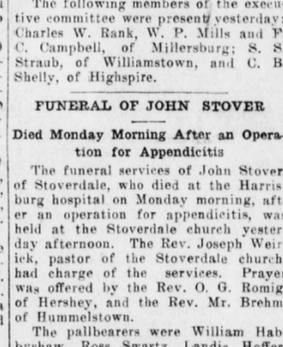
The members of the executive committee had hoped to have all boroughs and townships of the county represented at the meeting yesterday although through some misunderstanding the proper notices had not been sent out. The chief purpose of the league is to urge the next Legislature to amend the Public Service Commission Act, so as to return the municipal officers certain powers which they formerly held and which are now vested in the Commission.

The following members of the executive committee were present yesterday: Charles W. Rank, W. P. Mills and F. C. Campbell, of Millersburg; S. S. Straub, of Williamstown; and C. B. Shelly, of Highspire.

FUNERAL OF JOHN STOVER

Died Monday Morning After an Operation for Appendicitis
The funeral services of John Stover, of Stoverdale, who died at the Harrisburg hospital on Monday morning, after an operation for appendicitis, was held at the Stoverdale church yesterday afternoon. The Rev. Joseph Weirick, pastor of the Stoverdale church, had charge of the services. Prayer was offered by the Rev. O. G. Romig, of Hershey, and the Rev. M. Brehm, of Hummelstown.

The pallbearers were William Habyshaw, Ross Swartz, Landis Hoffer, Arthur Yungst, Ira Eshelman and Joseph Snively. Burial was made in the Stoverdale cemetery.



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WEST POINT MEN FIGHT FIRE

Entire Garrison Called Out to Stop Forest Flames
Albany, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The entire West Point garrison has been called out to fight great forest fires at Mt. Pleasant and Phenicia, Ulster county. Four hundred acres of forest land have already been completely swept by the flames. The West Point men are doing heroic work in the attempt to stop the huge blaze.

Smaller fires at Lackawanna and Greenville were reported under control yesterday by the State Conservation Commission.

Gould Gets Verdict Against Heinz

New York, Oct. 15.—A verdict in favor of Edwin Gould in his suit against F. Augustus Heinz for the recovery of \$1,200,000, a part of the purchase price of stock in the Mercantile National Bank with interest thereon, was returned by a jury in the United States District Court here yesterday. While the jury was out Justice Page sent instructions it must bring in a verdict for the whole amount or nothing.

To Honor Monsignor Shahan

Washington, Oct. 15.—Monsignor Shahan, rector of the Catholic University of America in this city, will be consecrated titular bishop of Germanopolis on Sunday, November 15, by Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore. The assistant consecrators will be Bishop Nilan, of Hartford, and Bishop O'Connell, of Richmond. The sermon will be preached by Monsignor Duggan, vicar general of the Hartford diocese.

Former Judge Ashman Dies

Philadelphia, Oct. 15.—Former Judge William Nielson Ashman, of this city, died Tuesday night at his summer home at Buck Hill Falls, Monroe county, Pa. He served as a judge in this city for more than thirty years and retired recently. He was 75 years old.

GEO. H. SOURBIER FUNERAL DIRECTOR
1510 NORTH THIRD STREET