



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Frying

(Continued from yesterday.)
The fat used for frying meats or croquettes, sweets and delicate articles, should be clear and fresh; when it begins to look dark, from frequent heatings, you can clear it by frying potatoes in it. After it has been used several times and is no longer suitable for fine frying it should be strained and used for fish frying or for articles seasoned with onion, as these two articles leave their penetrating and disagreeable odor in both utensil and fat.
To fry properly you must have your croquettes, fish balls, oysters and the like, well coated with crumbs. It saves time to make these ready before hand by drying every bit of bread you have left in the bread box, or drawer, in the oven and then rolling and sifting them. They should be very fine when finished and may be kept in a glass jar or a canister.
To egg and crumb articles nicely break one egg into a shallow dish. Use an old-fashioned soup plate for this because its wide edge allows one to drain the croquettes or patties on it. To each egg add one tablespoon of water and a pinch of salt. Have also a plate of the fine crumbs.
Dip the article to be fried into the crumbs first, and lay it aside until all are crumbed, then dip into the egg, and finish this dipping, too, before starting to put on the second coating of crumbs. This allows the coating to adhere to the food and it is less liable to break or drop off in the process of frying than if you egg and bread each article rapidly. Some fine cooks use flour first

THE AFTER HOUSE

A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued

The wheel, replaced by a new one white and gilt, remained in its old position behind the after house, the steersman standing on a raised iron grating above the wash of the deck



"You have been ill, haven't you?"

Thus from the chart room, which had become a sort of lounge and card room through a small barred window it was possible to see the man at the wheel, who, in his turn, commanded a view of part of the chart room, but not of the floor.

The craft was schooner rigged, carried three lifeboats and a collapsible raft and was navigated by a captain, first and second mates and a crew of six able-bodied sailors and one young youth whose sole knowledge of navigation had been gained on an Atlantic City catboat.

I do not recall that I performed the nautical rite of signing articles. Armed with the note McWhirter had secured for me and with what I fondly hoped was the rolling sea of the sea-faring man, I approached the captain a bearded and florid individual. I had dressed the best old trousers a cap and a sweater from which I had removed my college letter. McWhirter, who had supervised my preparations and who accompanied me to the wharf, had suggested that I omit my morning shave.

The result was, as I look back, a lean and cadaverous six foot youth, with the hospital pallor still on him, his chin covered with a day's beard, his hair cropped short and a canibalistic gleam in his eyes. I remember that my wrists, thin and bony, annoyed me and that the girl I had seen through the opera glasses came on board and stood off, detached and indifferent, but with her eyes on me, while the captain read my letter.

When he finished he held it out to me. "I've got my crew," he said curtly. "There isn't—suppose there's no chance of your needing another hand?" "No. You can leave your name and address with the mate over there. If anything turns up he'll let you know."

My address? The hospital? I folded the useless letter and thrust it into my pocket. The captain had gone forward, and the girl with the cool eyes was leaning against the rail watching me.

"You are the man Mr. McWhirter has been looking after, aren't you?" "Yes." "I pulled off my cap, and, recollecting myself—yes, miss." "You have been ill, haven't you?" "Yes, miss."

"Could you polish brass and things like that?" "I could try. My arms are strong enough. It is only when I walk—" But she did not let me finish. She left the rail abruptly and disappeared down the companionway into the after house. I walked uncertainly.

When the girl returned she came to me and stood for a moment looking me over with cool, appraising eyes. I had been right about her appearance, she was charming—or no, hardly charming. She was too aloof for that. But she was beautiful, an Irish type, with blue gray eyes and almost black hair. The tilt of her head was haughty. Later I came to know that her hauteur was indifference. But at first I was frankly afraid of her—afraid of her cool, mocking eyes and the upward thrust of her chin.

"My brother-in-law is not here," she said after a moment, "but my sister is below in the cabin. She will speak to the captain about you. Where are your things?"

I glanced toward the hospital, where my few worldly possessions, including my dress clothes, my amputating set and such of my books as I had not been able to sell, were awaiting disposition. "Very near, miss." I said.

"Better bring them at once. We are sailing in the morning."

She gave a curt little nod of dismissal, and I went down the gangplank and along the wharf, I had secured what I went for, and my summer was provided for. I was exultant, but with my exultation was mixed a curious an-

ger at McWhirter, that he had advised me not to shave that morning.

My preparation took little time. Such of my wardrobe as was worth saving McWhirter took charge of. I sold the remainder of my books, and in a sailor's outfitting shop I purchased boots and slickers—the sailors' oilskins. With my last money I bought a good revolver, second hand, and cartridges.

I was glad later that I had bought the revolver, and that I had taken with me the surgical instruments, antiquated as they were, which, in their mahogany case, had accompanied my grandfather through the civil war, and had done, as he was wont to chuckle, as much damage as a three pounder.

McWhirter came to the wharf with me and looked the Ella over with eyes of proprietorship.

"Pretty snappy looking boat," he said, "if the nigger gets sick give him some of your sick remedy. And take care of yourself, boy." He shook hands, his open face flushed with emotion. "Darned shame to see you going like this. Don't eat too much, and don't fall in love with any of the women. Goodby."

He started away, and I turned toward the ship, but a moment later I heard him calling me. He came back, rather breathless.

"Up in my neighborhood," he panted, "they say Turner is a devil. Whatever happens, it's not your mix-in. Better—better tuck your gun under your mattress and forget you've got it. You've got some disposition yourself."

"The Ella sailed the following day at 10 o'clock. She carried nineteen people, of whom five were the Turners and their guests. The cabin was full of flowers and steamer baskets.

Thirty-one days later she came into port again, a lifeboat covered with canvas trailing at her stern.

From the first the captain disclaimed responsibility for me. I was housed in the forecabin and ate with the men. There, however, my connection with the crew and the navigation of the ship ended.

As a matter of fact, I found myself a sort of deck steward, given the responsibility of looking after the shuttle-board and other deck games, the steamer rugs, the cards—for they played bridge steadily—and answerable to George Williams, the colored butler, for the various liquors served on deck.

The work was easy, and the situation rather amused me. After an effort or two to bully me, one of which resulted in my holding him over the rail until he turned gray with fright, Williams treated me as an equal, which was gratifying.

The weather was good, the food fair I had no reason to repent my bargain. Of the sailing qualities of the Ella there could be no question. The crew, selected by Captain Richardson from the best men of the Turner line, knew their business, and, barring the odor of formaldehyde in the forecabin, which I found me to sleeping on deck for a night or two, everything was going smoothly, at least on the surface.

Smoothly, as far as the crew was concerned. I was not so sure about the after house.

As I have said, owing to the small size of the vessel and the fact that considerable of the space had been used for bunks, there were, besides the family, only two guests, a Mrs. Johns, a divorcee, and a Mr. Vall. Mrs. Turner and Miss Lee shared the services of a maid, Karen Hansen, who, with a stewardess, Henrietta Sloane, occupied a double cabin. Vall had a small room, as had Turner, with a bath between which they used in common. Mrs. Turner's room was a large one, with its own bath, into which Elsa Lee's room also opened. Mrs. Johns had a room and bath. Roughly and not drawn to scale, the living quarters of the family were arranged like the diagram in a later chapter.

I have said that things were not going smoothly in the after house. I felt it rather than saw it. The women rose late—except Miss Lee, who was frequently about when I washed the deck. They chatted and laughed together, read, played bridge when the men were so inclined, and now and then, when their attention was drawn to it, looked at the sea.

The men were violently opposed types—Turner, tall, heavy shouldered, morose by habit, with a prominent nose and rapidly thinning hair, and with strong, pale blue eyes, congested from hard drinking; Vall, shorter by three inches, dark, good looking, with that dusky flush under the skin which shows good red blood, and as temperate as Turner was dissipated.

CHAPTER II.
I Unclinch My Hands.

VALL was strong too. After I had held Williams over the rail I turned to find him looking on, amused. And when the frightened ducky had taken himself, muttering threats, to the galley, Vall came over to me and ran his hand down my arm.

"Where did you get it?" he asked. "Oh, I've always had some muscle." I said. "I'm in bad shape now. Just getting over fever."

"Fever, eh? I thought it was jail. Look here!"

He threw out his biceps for me to feel. It was a ball of iron under my fingers. The man was as strong as an ox. He smiled at my surprise, and, after looking to see that no one was in sight, offered to mix me a highball from a decanter and siphon on a table. I refused.

"Have you any idea, Leslie, how much whisky there is on board?" "Williams has considerable, I believe.

NOTICE!

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I don't think there is any in the forward house. The captain is a teetotaler."

"I see. When these decanters go back Williams takes charge of them?" "Yes. He locks them away."

"Empty them, Leslie," he said. "Do you understand? Throw what is left overboard. And if you get a chance at Williams' key, pitch a dozen or two quarts overboard."

"And be put in irons?" "Not necessarily. I think you understand me. I don't trust Williams. In a week we could have this boat fairly dry."

"There is a great deal of wine." He scowled. "Dash Williams, anyhow! His instructions were—but never mind about that. Get rid of the whisky."

Turner coming up the companionway at that moment. Vall left me. I had understood him perfectly. It was common talk in the forecabin that Turner was drinking hard and that, in fact, the cruise had been arranged by his family in the hope that, away from his clubs, he would alter his habits—a fallacy, of course.

Early as it was, he was somewhat the worse for it that morning. He made directly for me. It was the first time he had noticed me, although it was the third day out. He stood in front of me, his red eyes flaring, and although I am a tall man, he had an inch perhaps the advantage of me.

"What's this about Williams?" he demanded furiously. "What do you mean by a thing like that?"

"He was bullying me. I didn't intend to drop him."

The ship was rolling gently. He undid a pass at me with a magazine he carried and almost lost his balance. The women had risen and were watching from the corner of the after house. I caught him and steadied him until he could clutch a chair.

To Be Continued.

G. A. R. ELECTS OFFICERS

Veterans Select Coatesville for Next Year's Meeting Place
Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 16.—Five hundred veterans, representing the membership of the Central Pennsylvania Association, G. A. R., held their eighteenth annual reunion here yesterday.

Coatesville was selected for the 1915 meeting, and these officers were elected: Commander, C. R. Lantz, Lebanon; senior vice commander, J. W. McCune, Lancaster; junior vice commander, Captain H. M. M. Richards, Lebanon; chaplain, the Rev. J. R. Forncrook, Harrisburg; quartermaster, W. A. Cook, York.



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SALESMEN'S HINTS DEAR

Eight Dollars Apiece for Car-Window, Toothbrush Advice
York, Pa., Oct. 16.—"Handy Hints for Salesmen," a paper-bound booklet of 38 pages, at \$8 apiece, was the money-maker for the Union Cigar Company, according to testimony given before United States Commissioner John F. Kell here, yesterday, at the hearing of Francis C. Hollingsworth for using the mails to defraud. Hollingsworth was held for the District Court and in default of \$5,000 bail was committed to the Dauphin county jail.

The book on salesmanship contained such advice as: "Don't stick your head out car windows;" "Don't speak loud in a dining room;" "Always carry a toothbrush."

For \$10 this book, with a sample case of cigars, was sent to a prospective agent, and \$2 was invariably retained for the latter.

FIRE EXTINGUISHER EXPLODES

Badly Injures Athlete and a Woman Across the Street
Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 16.—William Wagner, famous basketball star for the Frackville boys, and Mrs. William Broscious, of Frackville, were seriously injured in a fire at the home of Philip Nash, Frackville, when a chemical Babcock exploded. Wagner was on the roof of the burning house and had a hand Babcock, getting it into position to play the stream on the flames.

The upper part of it flew across the street and struck Mrs. Broscious on the head, inflicting a deep gash. Wagner will lose the use of his right hand.

SAYS WOMAN SHOT HIM

Man With a Dangerous Wound Tells of Jealous Quarrel
Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 16.—Irwin Shelly, a Lebanon county farmer, was found here yesterday lying on the street with a dangerous bullet wound in his left side.

An ante-mortem statement made last evening accused Mrs. May Kohl of the shooting. He said it occurred during a quarrel, when he told her his intimacy must cease. Mrs. Kohl declares Shelly shot himself.

TRIES TO WRECK ON HIGH BANK

Columbia, Pa., Oct. 16.—Amos McCarnsey, arrested for attempting to wreck trolley cars, admits his guilt and has been sent to prison. He placed ties on several occasions on the track of the Donegal division of the Conestoga traction line at a sharp curve above an embankment of 100 feet.

Big Night School in Altoona

Altoona, Oct. 16.—There are 1,740 in the night school here. This is double the attendance last year. Vocational training is preferred. Classes in dress-making, millinery, stenography, typewriting, mechanical drawing and machine shop work are the largest.

Acquitted of Girl's Charges

Seranton, Pa., Oct. 16.—John L. Decker, former chief of the Dunmore fire department, was yesterday acquitted of charges preferred by Ethel Davis and Margaret Seiger, both under 12 years of age, by a jury which had heard testimony since Monday.

FORMER COUNTESS DIVORCED

Husband Gets Decree on Ground of "Intolerable Severity"
New York, Oct. 16.—It became known here yesterday that Hiram Elisha Foster had obtained a divorce from Mrs. Daisy Ellsworth Kirk Foster in Newport, Vt., September 24. Mr. Foster charged "intolerable severity."

Before her marriage to Mr. Foster his now divorced wife was the Countess de la Chesnaye. They were married in Stamford, Conn., on February 6, 1913. Two years previously the Countess had obtained a divorce from Count Paul Hartzel de la Chesnaye. She is the daughter of the late Harvard B. Kirk, possessor of great wealth in distillery and other interests.

SUICIDE DOUBTS RELIEF

Check That Would Have Aided Him Comes Next Day
Reading, Pa., Oct. 16.—With relief almost in sight, Luther Kelly, aged 26 years, a traveling man, ended his life in a hospital here Wednesday night by cutting his throat with a pocket-knife. He was ill and without funds, and had sent an appeal for help to his relatives in Littlestown.

A check for a substantial amount came to Chief of Police Green yesterday, with a request that the sick man be sent home, and that his bills be paid. It was mailed from Littlestown early Wednesday, but came to Reading after the suicide occurred. The money will be used by the police in preparing the remains for burial and shipment.

FINDS A HEADLESS BODY

Hunter Discovers Indubitable Evidence of Murder
Bloomsburg, Pa., Oct. 16.—A murder shrouded in mystery was revealed yesterday when William Ludwig, of Catawissa, out hunting, came upon the badly decomposed body of an unidentified man at the base of Catawissa mountain.

About ten feet from the body lay the severed head, with a bullet-hole above the socket of the left eye.

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DAY AND NIGHT

Day and Night Sessions

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For Chambersburg, at 5:03, 7:50, 11:50 a. m., 2:18, 5:32, 8:50, 11:58 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50, 11:58 a. m., 2:18, 5:32, 8:50 p. m.
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