



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Light Housekeeping

"A bite—25c. A square meal—50c. A perfect gorge—\$1.00."

From "An Out West Restaurant."

Persons who do "light" housekeeping, live in apartments or have a family of only two or three to provide for complain that no plans are ever made for them. All recipes and cooking directions, they claim, are for six or eight persons and the selection of the food is on the same generous plan.

There is no need for these criticisms for, even though you are cooking on a "monkey" stove or over a single gas burner, you can use many appliances to help you out. As for the recipes, they are always planned to be cut down or added to, depending upon whether your family wants "a bite, a square meal or a gorge." The proper use of recipes is a study of itself and one that is mastered sooner or later by every successful cook.

Dining around among some of the light housekeepers is a splendid way to pick up some wrinkles on this subject. One will tell you about merits of the freest cooker. With it, whether you occupy an entire mansion or only a hall room, hot cereals are a certainty for every morning in the year.

Now a square meal is said to be the half way step between a snack and a banquet and is what we all deserve three times a day. It does not consist in sandwiches and lukewarm tea or trifling trimmings like olives, pickles and radishes. Indeed, if you let these trifles appear too often in your make-shift meals your grocery bill will climb to unreasonable heights and your health will suffer. And even with a freest "you can't have everything," if you live in rooms, as the man said when he had smallpox and cholera and yellow fever became epidemic in the neighborhood. But you can have an "oven"

that will really bake half a dozen biscuits, three potatoes or broil two chops in a very few minutes. If you invest in a perforated sheet iron lid. These are found in any hardware or household furnishing store and with them you must get a high, close fitting cover. Nothing burns when cooking in this oven and so perfectly is the ventilation arranged that the most snoring landlady will never sniff a smell when it is in use.

Beside this oven, there is a dainty little steamer affair of aluminum being shown. It is in three sections; the bottom pan holds enough water for two cups of tea and furnishes the hot steam for the second saucepan, which fits into the bottom one. In this one you can steam a vegetable or make an appetizing stew, a custard or cook rice or oatmeal. On top of this a third little pan is placed and though it does not get so hot as the middle one it has a snug cover and will heat any small amount of food. These three set one above another, all cook over one small burner. Real housekeepers envy those who do only a small bit of cooking at a time and can use them, for they are so compact and practical.

Then there is the toaster in several different sizes with a square top on which you can heat your tea or cocoa water while toasting your bread or buttered muffins. And I have not said a word about the thermos boxes or the alcohol stoves that are so convenient for keeping things hot or for warming up articles smuggled in from the delicatessen store. And the chafing dish, too—that good old friend—both your space is gone—and a hint to the wise is sufficient—"Great Scott," says my editor looking over my shoulder, "no wonder there are so many bachelor girls in cities if there are all these do-dinkies for them."

THE AFTER HOUSE

A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued

"You try any tricks like that again and you'll go overboard!" he stormed. "Who are you anyhow? Not one of our men?"

I saw the quick look between Vail and Mrs. Turner and saw her call forward. Mrs. Johns followed her smiling.

"Marsh," Mrs. Turner protested. "I told you about him—the man who had been ill."

"Oh, another of your friends!" he sneered, and looked from me to Vail with his ugly smile.

"That was on Monday, the third day out. Up to that time Miss Lee had not noticed me, except once, when she found me scrubbing the deck, to comment on a corner that she thought might be cleaner, and another time in the evening, when she and Vail sat in chairs until late, when she had sent me below for a wrap. She looked past me rather than at me, gave me her orders quietly but briefly and did not even take the trouble to ignore me.

But that morning after they had settled to bridge she followed me to the rail, out of ear shot. I straightened and took off my cap, and she stood looking at me, unsmiling.

"Enclinch your hands!" she said. "I beg your pardon?" I straightened out my fingers, conscious for the first time of my clenched fists, and even opened and closed them once or twice to prove their relaxation.

"That's better. Now, won't you try to remember that I am responsible for your being here, and be careful?"

"Then take me away from here and put me with the crew. I am stronger now. Ask the captain to give me a man's work."

"We prefer to have you here," she said coldly, and then, evidently repenting her manner: "We need a man here, Leslie. Better stay. Are you comfortable in the forecastle?"

"Yes, Miss Lee."

She turned to leave, smiling. It was the first time she had thrown even a fleeting smile my way, and it went to my head.

"And Williams? I am to submit to his insolence?"

She stopped and turned, and the smile faded.

"The next time," she said, "you are to drop him."

But during the remainder of the day she neither spoke to me nor looked, as far as I could tell, in my direction. She flirted openly with Vail, rather. I



"She's still the she devil of the Turner line."

thought, to the discomfort of Mrs. Johns, who had appropriated him to herself—sang to him in the cabin, and in the long hour before dinner, when the others were dressing, walked the deck with him, talking earnestly. They looked well together, and I believe he was in love with her.

Turner had gone below, grimly good humored, to dress for dinner, and I went aft to chat, as I often did, with the steersman. On this occasion it happened to be Charlie Jones. Jones was not his name so far as I know. It was some inordinately loud and different German inheritance, and so, with the facility of the average crew, he had been called Jones. He was a benevolent little man, highly religious, and something of a philosopher.

"Setz du dich," he said and moved over so that I could sit on the grating on which he stood. "The sky is fine tonight. Wunderschön!"

"It always looks good to me," I observed, filling my pipe and passing my tobacco bag to him. "I may have my doubts now and then on land, Charlie, but here between the sky and the sea I'm a believer, right enough."

We were silent for a time. The ship rolled easily; now and then she dipped her bowsprit with a soft swish of spray; a school of dolphins played astern, and the last of the land birds that had followed us out flew in circles around the masts.

The door into the main cabin beyond was open. It was dark but the summer twilight except for the four rose shaded candles on the table, now laid for dinner. A curious effect it had—the white cloth and gleaming pink an island of cheer in a twilight sea, and to and from this rosy island, making short excursions, advancing, retreating, disappearing at times, the oval white ship that was Williams' shirt

boreson. Charlie Jones, bending to the right and raised to my own height by the grating on which he stood, looked over my shoulder. Dinner was about to be served. The women had come out.

I had been the guest of honor on a steam yacht a year or two before after a game. There had been pink lights on the table, I remembered, and the place cards at dinner the first night out had been caricatures of me in fighting trim. There had been a girl too. For the three days of that week end cruise I had been mad about her. Before that first dinner, when I had known her two hours, I had kissed her hand and told her I loved her.

Vail and Miss Lee had left the others and come into the chart room. As Charlie Jones and I looked he bent over and kissed her hand.

The sun had gone down. My pipe was empty, and from the galley, forward, came the odor of the forecastle supper. Charlie was coughing, a racking paroxysm that shook his wiry body. He leaned over and caught my shoulder as I was moving away.

"New paint and new canvas don't make a new ship," he said, choking back the cough. "She's still the old Ella, she devil of the Turner line. Pink lights below and not a rat in the hold! They left her before we sailed, boy. Every rope was crawling with 'em."

The odor of formaldehyde in the forecastle having abated, permission for the crew to sleep on deck had been withdrawn. But the weather as we turned south had grown insufferably hot. The reek of the forecastle sickened me—the odor of fresh paint, hardly dry, of musty clothing and sweaty bodies.

I asked Singleton, the first mate, for permission to sleep on deck and was refused. I went down, obediently enough, to be driven back with nausea. And so, watching my chance, I waited until the first mate, on watch, disappeared into the forward cabin to eat the night lunch always prepared by the cook and left there. Then, with a blanket and pillow, I crawled into the starboard lifeboat and settled myself for the night. The lookout saw me, but gave no sign.

It was not a bad berth. As the ship listed the stars seemed to sway above me, and my last recollection was of the Great Dipper performing dignified gyrations in the sky.

I was aroused by one of the two lookouts, a young fellow named Burns. He was standing below, rapping on the side of the boat with his knuckles. I sat up and peered over at him and was conscious for the first time that the weather had changed. A fine rain was falling. My hair and shirt were wet.

"Something doing in the chart room," he said cautiously. "Thought you might not want to miss it."

He was in his bare feet, as was I. Together we hurried to the after house. The steersman, in oilskins, was at his post, but was peering through the barred window into the chart room, which was brilliantly lighted. He stepped aside somewhat to let us look in. The loud and furious voices which had guided us had quieted, but the situation had not relaxed.

Singleton, the first mate, and Turner were sitting at a table littered with bottles and glasses, and standing over them, white with fury, was Captain Richardson. In the doorway to the main cabin, dressed in pajamas and a bathrobe, Vail was watching the scene.

"I told you last night, Mr. Turner," the captain said, banging the table with his fist. "I won't have you interfering with my officers or with my ship. That man's on duty, and he's drunk!"

"Your ship!" Turner sneered thickly. "It's my ship, and I—I discharge you!"

He got to his feet, holding to the table. "Mr. Singleton (hic) from now on you're captain—Captain Singleton! How—how d'ye like it?"

Mr. Vail came forward, the only cool one of the four.

"Don't be a fool, Marsh," he protested. "Come to bed. The captain's right."

Turner turned his pale blue eyes on Vail, and they were as full of danger as a snake's. "You go to—" he said. "Singleton, you're the captain, d'ye hear? If Rich—if Richardson gets funny put him—in-iron!"

Singleton stood up, with a sort of swagger. He was less intoxicated than Turner, but ugly enough. He faced the captain with a leer.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said, "but you heard what Turner said."

The captain drew a deep breath. Then, without any warning, he leaped across the table and shot out his clinched fist. It took the mate on the point of the chin, and he folded up in a heap on the floor.

Turner picked up a bottle from the table and made the same inco-ordinate pass with it at the captain as he had at me the morning before with his magazine. The captain did not move. He was a big man, and he folded his arms with their hairy wrists across his chest.

"Mr. Turner," he said, "while we are on the sea I am in command here. You know that well enough. You are drunk tonight. In the morning you will be sober, and I want you to remember what I am going to say. If you—interfere again—with-me—or my—officers—I—shall—put—you—in—iron."

He started for the after companion-way, and Burns and I hurried forward out of his way—Burns to the lookout, I to make the round of the

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after house and bring up, safe from detection, by the wheel again. The mate was in a chair, looking sick and dazed, and Turner and Vail were confronting each other.

"You know that is a lie," Vail was saying. "She is faithful to you, as far as I know, although I'm d—d if I know why." He turned to the mate roughly. "Better get out in the air."

Once again I left my window to avoid discovery. The mate, walking slowly, made his way up the companion-way to the rail. The man at the wheel reported in the forecastle, when he came down at the end of his watch, that Singleton had seemed dazed and had stood leaning against the rail for some time, occasionally cursing to himself; that the second mate had come on deck and had sent him to bed and that the captain was shut in his cabin with the light going.

CHAPTER III.

I Quote Omar Khayyam.

At first the thing seemed smoothed over. It is true that the captain did not speak to the first mate except when compelled to and that Turner and the captain ignored each other elaborately. The cruise went on without event. There was no attempt on Turner's part to carry out his threat of the night before, nor did he, as the crew had prophesied, order the Ella into the nearest port. He kept much to himself, spending whole days below, with Williams carrying him highballs, always appearing at dinner, however, sodden of face but immaculately dressed and eating little or nothing.

A week went by in this fashion, "urging us all to security. I was still lean, but fairly strong again. Vail, left to himself or to the women of the party, took to talking with me now and then. I thought he was uneasy. More than once he expressed a regret that he had taken the cruise, laying his discontent to the long inaction. But the real reason was Turner's jealousy of him, the obsession of the d'p-somaniac. I knew it, and Vail knew that I knew.

On the 8th we encountered bad weather, the first wind of the cruise. All hands were required for tacking, and I was stationed on the forecastle head with one other man, Williams, the butler, succumbed to the weather, and at 5 o'clock Miss Lee made her way forward through the driving rain and asked me if I could take his place.

I said that I was probably not so useful that I could not be spared and that I would try. Vail's suggestion had come back to me, and this was my chance to get Williams' keys. Miss Lee having spoken to the captain, I was relieved from duty and went aft with her. What with the plunging of the vessel and the slippery decks she almost fell twice, and each time I caught her.

The second time she wrenched her ankle and stood for a moment holding to the rail, while I waited beside her. She wore a heavy ulster of some rough material and a small, soft hat of the same material pulled over her ears. Her soft hair lay wet across her forehead.

"How are you liking the sea, Leslie?" she said after she had tested her ankle and found the damage inconceivable.

"Very much, Miss Lee."

"Do you intend to remain a—a sailor?"

"I am not a sailor. I am a deck steward, and I am about to become a butler."

"That was our agreement," she flashed at me.

"Certainly. And to know that I intend to fulfill it to the letter I have only to show this."

It had been one of McWhirter's inspirations, on learning how I had been engaged, the small book called "The Perfect Butler." I took it from the pocket of my flannel shirt, under my oilskins, and held it out to her.

"I have not got very far," I said humbly. "It's not inspiring reading. I've got the winglasses straightened out, but it seems a lot of fuss about nothing. Wine is wine, isn't it? What difference, after all, does a hollow stem or green glass make?"

The rain was beating down on us. "The Perfect Butler" was weeping tears, as its chart of choice vintages was mixed with water. Miss Lee looked up, smiling, from the book.

"You prefer 'a jug of wine,'" she

said. "Old Omar had the right idea, only I imagine literally it was a skin of wine. They didn't have jugs, did they?"

"You know the 'Rubaiyat'?" she asked slowly.

"I know the jug of wine and loaf of bread part," I admitted, irritated at the slip. "In my home city they're using it to advertise a particular sort of bread. You know—a book of verses underneath the bough, a loaf of Wiggins' homemade bread and thou..."

In spite of myself, in spite of the absurd verse, of the pouring rain, of the fact that I was shortly to place her dinner before her in the capacity of upper servant, I thrilled to the last two words.

"And thou..." I repeated.

She looked up at me, startled, and for a second our glances held. The next moment she was gone, and I was alone on a rain swept deck, cursing my folly.

That night in a white linen coat I served dinner in the after house. The meal was unusually gay, rendered so by the pitching of the boat and the uncertainty of the dishes. In the general hilarity my awkwardness went unnoticed. Miss Lee, sitting beside Vail, devoted herself to him. Mrs. Johns, young and blond, tried to interest Turner and, failing in that, took to watching me, to my discomfort. Mrs. Turner, with apprehensive eyes on her husband, ate little and drank nothing.

Dinner over in the main cabin, they lounged into the chart room—except Mrs. Johns, who, following them to the door, closed it behind them and came back. She held a lighted cigarette, and she stood just outside the zone of candlelight, watching me through narrowed eyes.

"You got along very well tonight," she observed. "Are you quite strong again?"

"Quite strong, Mrs. Johns."

"You have never done this sort of thing before, have you?"

"Butler's work? No, but it is rather simple."

To Be Continued.

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PROUD OF CHURCH MISSIONS

Mennonites Give Liberally to Home and Foreign Fields

Bethlehem, Pa., Oct. 17.—Considerable business was disposed of at the sessions yesterday of the thirty-fourth annual conference of Pennsylvania Mennonites. It was reported that B. Bryan Musselman, of Fleetwood, and L. D. Wesner, of Sunbury, had successfully passed the first-year examination for the ministry.

The Rev. H. B. Musselman, Allentown, was chosen chairman of the next annual conference; the Rev. C. H. Brunner, Bethlehem, secretary, and L. M. Gehman, Macungie, treasurer.

Interest in the election of two presiding elders culminated in the choice of the Rev. H. B. Musselman, of the Bethlehem district, and the Rev. W. G. Gehman, of the Mt. Carmel district. The Rev. C. H. Brunner, of Bethlehem, was elected vice presiding elder of the Bethlehem district, and the Rev. W. S. Hotel, of the Mt. Carmel district.

The conference unanimously elected W. B. Musselman, of Cleveland, missionary presiding elder. The Committee on Presiding Elder was chosen, in the persons of the Rev. E. N. Cassell, Copersburg; J. G. Shireman, Easton, and F. M. Hotel, Reading.

The conference heard with unconcealed pleasure the very satisfactory report that for every member in conference \$4.08 is raised annually for foreign missions, and twice that amount for home missions. The total figures for foreign missions is \$7,174.38. The conference supports 16 missionaries in foreign fields, or one missionary for every 100 members—a wonderful record compared with other denominations.

"You prefer 'a jug of wine,'" she

COLUMBIA'S RELIGIOUS PARADE

Demonstration To-night in Connection With Campaign

Marietta, Oct. 17.—The largest parade held in years in connection with a religious movement, will be the demonstration to-night through the efforts of the Nicholson-Hemminger Campaign going on in Columbia, in which Mount Joy, Marietta, Washington, Ironville, Kinderhook, Mountville, Maytown and Wrightsville will have large representations in line, including the Sunday schools and members of the churches in four divisions, each division being headed by a band.

The Metropolitan band of Columbia, will be in the lead. Immediately following they will go to the tabernacle where services for two hours will be conducted. A choir of 400 voices will furnish music.

MASONIC HOME SERVICES

Lamberton Lodge Will Conduct Exercises at Elizabethtown

Elizabethtown, Oct. 17.—Lamberton Lodge of Masons will hold special religious services at the Masonic Home to-morrow afternoon. A special train will leave Lancaster for Elizabethtown at 1:10 and returning it will leave Elizabethtown at 5:15. All members with their families and friends are invited to accompany the excursion.

There will be an address by the Rev. J. A. Weigard, of the "Pearl Street" Evangelical church, and vocal solos by Miss Miriam Shaub and Earl Grosh, of Lancaster.



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Veteran's Will Probated

Lebanon, Oct. 17.—The will of the late Corporal Jeremiah H. Rauch, of Palmyra, was probated yesterday by Deputy Register Joseph Hoke and letters testamentary were granted to the widow, Annie E. Rauch. Mrs. Rauch is given a life interest in the estate, valued at \$10,000, and following her death it goes to her daughter, Mrs. Robert Phillips, of this city.

Artistic Printing at Star-Independent.