



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

The Beginning of the Dinner

Soups and their foundations really constitute the first step toward dinner making, for soup gives the greatest amount of nourishment, yet requires no effort for assimilation. It may serve as the principal part of a meal or as an appetizer for more food.

In summer, soups soothe and nourish tired stomachs, and in winter they give heat, life and endurance to withstand climatic changes and hardship.

The French like to claim that "Le Grand Monarque" invented bouillon, potage and consommé to do away with what he considered the vulgar habit of mastication. But it seems to us the art, and it is an art, of soup making was rather well developed in the days of Esau and Jacob.

Though the French may have added to its ingredients, other countries have done the same, and the first principles of soup making remain the same.

First, you must have every soup, for it is the beginning of every soup. Make it with a three-pound shin of beef, a three-pound knuckle of veal and a ham bone. Have each of these cuts of meat cut small with the butcher's cleaver, for then the strength will be more easily drawn from them. Put them to cook in cold water and as they simmer a scum will form over the liquid, do not remove it. This is the very best part of your soup, and later it will dissolve and be absorbed by the vegetables, making them rich and full of flavor. Add one bay leaf, a few cloves, salt to taste and pepper to the cooking

meat. The vegetables may be of your own choosing; they are usually two carrots, two onions, one turnip, cut in slices.

After all the juices are extracted from the meat and the soup is rich and clear looking, strain and cool it and remove the fat that will form over the top.

In cold weather this will keep a week or longer and be the making of the prelude of many a good dinner.

Bouillon is always made with beef and is always clear and free from fat. It is more stimulating than nourishing.

Consommé is said to have no English word-equivalent. It is richer than bouillon but darker. It contains various vegetables, but these are always added after the consommé is clarified, and they are cooked separately. We have consommé with rice, consommé Julienne and consommé au Italien and so on all through the list.

The potage is a soup in which cereals are cooked, sometimes milk is added, often they are made without meat and are then known as "soupes maigre" or "poor" soups. This does not imply that these soups are not fine tasting, but that they are for the poor or the economically inclined.

Purees are made from meat stock and vegetable pulp; they are thick, rich and creamy.

Fish broths are called bisque of this, that or the other sort of shell fish from which they are made.

THE AFTER HOUSE

A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued

"All right," he said. "Do as you like. I'm sick."

After the men had gone I knocked at Mrs. Turner's door. It was some time before she roused. When she answered her voice was startled.

"What is it?"

"It's Leslie, Mrs. Turner. Will you come to the door?"

"What is wrong?"

I told her as gently as I could. I thought she would faint, but she pulled herself together and, leaving the door, went into her sister's room, next. I heard Miss Lee's low cry of horror, and almost immediately the two women came to the doorway.

"Have you seen Mr. Turner?" Miss Lee demanded.

"Just now."

"Call the maids, Leslie," she said quietly.

I went the length of the cabin and into the chart room. The maids' room was here, on the port side and thus aft of Mrs. Turner's and Miss Lee's rooms. It had one door only and two small barred windows, one above each of the two bunks. I knocked at the maids' door and, finding it unlocked, opened it an inch or so.

"Karen?" I called—and, receiving no answer, "Mrs. Sloane" (the stewardess).

I opened the door wide and glanced in. Karen Hansen, the maid, was in the floor, dead. The stewardess, in collapse from terror, was in her bunk, unjured.

I went to the after companionway and called up to the men to send the first mate down, but Burns came instead.

"Singleton's sick," he explained. "He's up there in a corner, with Ole-son and McNamara holding him."

"Burns," I said cautiously, "I've found another."

"God! Not one of the women?"

"One of the maids—Karen."

Burns was a young fellow about my own age, and to this point he had

ain't, in a manner of speaking, been one of us, nobody's feelings can't be hurt. Ain't that it, boys?"

"That, and a matter of brains," said Burns.

"But Singleton?" I glanced aft.

"Singleton is going in irons," was the reply I got.

CHAPTER V.
We Find the Ax.

THE light was stronger now, and I could see their faces. It was clear that the crew or a majority of the crew believed him guilty and that as far as Singleton was concerned my authority did not exist.

"All right," I said. "I'll do the best I can. First of all I want every man to give up his weapons. Burns!"

"Aye, aye."

"Go over each man. Leave them their pocket knives. Take everything else."

The men lined up. The situation was tense, horrible, so that the miscellaneous articles from their pockets—knives, keys, plugs of chewing tobacco and here and there among the foreign ones small combs for beard and mustache—unexpectedly brought to light, caused a smile of pure reaction.

I went over to Singleton and put my hand on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Singleton," I said, "but I'll have to ask you for your revolver."

Without looking at me he drew it from his hip pocket and held it out. I took it. It was loaded.

"It's out of order," he said briefly. "If it had been working right I wouldn't be here."

I slid his revolver into my pocket and went back to the men. Counting Williams and the cook and myself, there were nine of us. The cook I counted out, ordering him to go to the galley and prepare breakfast. The eight that were left I divided into two watches. Burns taking one and I the other. On Burns' watch were Clarke, McNamara and Williams, on mine Ole-son, Adams and Charlie Jones.

It was two bells, or 5 o'clock. Burns struck the gong sharply as an indication that order, of a sort, had been restored. The rising sun was gleaming on the sails; the gray surface of the sea was ruffled under the morning breeze. From the galley a thin stream of smoke was rising. Some of the horror of the night went with the darkness, but the thought of what waited in the cabin below was on us all.

I suggested another attempt to rouse Mr. Turner, and Burns and Clarke went below. They came back in ten minutes reporting no change in Turner's condition. There was open grumbling among the men at the situation, but we were helpless. Burns and I decided to go on as if Turner were not on board, until he was in condition to take hold.

We thought it best to bring up the bodies while all the crew was on duty, and then to take up the watches. I arranged to have one man constantly on guard in the after house—a difficult matter where all were under suspicion. Burns suggested Charlie Jones as probably the most reliable, and I gave him the revolver I had taken from Singleton. It was useless, but it made at least a show of authority. The rest of the crew, except Ole-son, on guard over the mate, was detailed to assist in carrying up the three bodies. Williams was taken along to get sheets from the linen room.

We brought the captain up first, laying him on a sheet on the deck and folding the edges over him. It was terrible work. Even I, fresh from a medical college, grew nauseated over it. He was heavy. It was slow work getting him up. I laid him on the sheets from his bunk. Of the three he was the most mutilated. The maid, Karen, showed only one injury, a smashing blow on the head, probably from the head of the ax, for ax it had been beyond a doubt.

At three bells the cook brought coffee and some of the men took it. I tried to swallow, but it choked me.

I find it hard to recall calmly the events of that morning; the three still and shrouded figures, prone on deck; the crew, bareheaded, standing around, eyeing each other stealthily, with panic ready to leap free and grip each of them by the throat; the grim determination, the reason for which I did not yet know, to put the first mate in irons, and, over all, the clear sunrise of an August morning on the ocean, ralls and decks gleaming, an odor of coffee in the air, the joyous lift and splash of the bowsprit as the Ella, headed back on her course, seemed to make for home like a nag for the stable.

Surely none of these men, some weeping, all grieving, could be the fiend who had committed the crimes. One by one, I looked in their faces—Burns, youngest member of the crew, a blue eyed, sandy haired Scot; at Clarke and Adams and Charlie Jones, old in the service of the Turner line; at McNamara, a shrewd little Irishman; at Ole-son the Swede. And, in spite of myself, I could not help comparing them with the heavy shouldered, sudden faced man below in his cabin, the owner of the ship.

One explanation came to me, and I leaped at it—the possibility of a stow-away hidden in the hold, some maniacal fugitive who had found in the little cargo boat's empty hull ample room to hide. The men, too, seized at the idea. One and all volunteered for what might prove to be a dangerous service.

I chose Charlie Jones and Clarke as being most familiar with the ship, and we went down into the hold. Clarke

carried a lantern. Charlie Jones held Singleton's broken revolver. I carried a belaying pin. But, although we searched every foot of space, we found nothing. The formaldehyde with which Turner had fumigated the ship clung here tenaciously, and, mixed with the odors of bilge water and the indescribable heavy smells left by tropical cargoes, made me dizzy and ill. We were stumbling along, Clarke with the lantern, I next and Charlie Jones behind, on our way to the ladder again, when I received a stunning blow on the back of the head. I turned dizzy, expecting nothing less than sudden death, when it developed that Jones, having stumbled over a loose plank, had fallen forward, the revolver in his outstretched hand striking my head.

I picked myself up sheepishly, and we went on. But so unnerved was I by this fresh shock that it was a moment or two before I could essay the ladder. Burns was waiting at the hatchway, peering down. Beside him on the deck lay a blood stained ax.

Elsa Lee, on hearing the story of Henrietta Sloane, had gone to the maids' cabin and had found it where it had been hung into the berth of the stewardess.

But, after all, the story of Henrietta Sloane only added to the mystery. She told it to me, sitting propped in a chair in Mrs. Johns' room, her face white, her lips dry and twitching. The crew was making such breakfast as they could on deck, and Mr. Turner was still in a stupor in his room across the main cabin. The four women, drawn together in their distress, were huddled in the center of the room, touching hands now and then, as if finding comfort in contact, and reassurance.

"I went to bed early," said the stewardess, "about 10 o'clock. I think, Karen had not come down; I wakened when the watch changed. It was hot, and the window from our room to the deck was open. There is a curtain over it to keep the helmsman from looking in—it is close to the wheel. The bell, striking every half hour, does not waken me any more, although it did at

a wrapper. The room was dark when she opened the door. There was a little light in the chart room from the bluntness lantern. The door at the top of the companionway was always closed at night; the light came through the window near the wheel."

She had kept up very well to this point, telling her story calmly and keeping her voice down. But when she reached the actual killing of the Danish maid she went to pieces.

The rest of the story we got slowly. Briefly it was this: Karen, having made her protest at being called at such an hour, had put on a wrapper and pinned up her hair. The light was on. The stewardess said she heard a curious chopping sound in the main cabin, followed by a fall, and called Karen's attention to it. The maid, impatient and drowsy, had said it was probably Mr. Turner falling over something and that she hoped she would not meet him.

The sound suddenly ceased. It was about five minutes since the bell had rung, and Karen yawned and sat down on the bed. "I'll let her ring again," she said. "If she gets in the habit of this sort of thing, I'm going to leave."

The stewardess asked her to put out the light and let her sleep, and Karen did so. The two women were in darkness, and the stewardess dozed, for a minute only. She was awakened by Karen touching her on the shoulder and whispering close to her ear.

"That beast is out there," she said. "I peered out, and I think he is sitting on the companion steps. You listen, and if he tries to stop me I'll call you."

The stewardess sat up in bed, which was the one under the small window opening on the aft deck. She could not see through the door directly, but a faint light came through the doorway as Karen opened the door.

The girl stood there, looking out. Then suddenly she threw up her hands and screamed, and the next moment there was a blow struck. She staggered back a step or two and fell into the room. The stewardess saw a white figure in the doorway as the girl fell. Almost instantly something whizzed by her, striking the end of a pillow and bruising her arm. She must have fainted. When she recovered faint daylight was coming into the room, and the body of the Danish girl was lying as it had fallen.

She tried to get up, and fainted again.

That was her story, and it did not tell us much that we needed to know. She showed me her right arm, which was badly bruised and discolored at the shoulder.

"What do you mean by a white figure?"

"It looked white; it seemed to shine."

"When I went to call you, Mrs. Sloane, the door to your room was closed."

"I saw it closed!" she said positively.

"I had forgotten that, but now I remember. The ax fell beside me, and I tried to scream, but I could not. I saw the door closed, very slowly and without a sound. Then I fainted."

Miss Lee got up and came to the door where I was standing.

"Surely we need not be prisoners any longer!" she said in an undertone. "It is daylight. If I stay here I shall go crazy."



"The captain ordered Mr. Singleton on deck."

first. It is just outside the window. But I heard the watch change. I heard eight bells struck and the lookout man on the forecastle head call 'All's well!'

"I sat up and turned on the lights. Karen had not come down, and I was alarmed. She had been—had been flirting a little with one of the sailors, and I had warned her that it would not do. She'd be found out and get into trouble."

"The only way to reach our cabin was through the chart room, and when I opened the door an inch or two I saw why Karen had not come down. Mr. Turner and Mr. Singleton were sitting there. They were—" She hesitated.

"Please go on," said Mrs. Turner.

"They were drinking?"

"Yes, Mrs. Turner, and Mr. Vall was there too. He was saying that the captain would come down and there would be more trouble. I shut the door and stood just inside listening. Mr. Singleton said he hoped the captain would come; that he and Mr. Turner only wanted a chance to get at him."

Miss Lee leaned forward and searched the stewardess' face with strained eyes.

"You are sure that he mentioned Mr. Turner in that?"

"That was exactly what he said, Miss Lee. The captain came down just then and ordered Mr. Singleton on deck. I think he went, for I did not hear his voice again. I thought from the sounds that Mr. Vall and the captain were trying to get Mr. Turner to his room."

Mrs. Johns had been sitting back, her eyes shut, holding a bottle of salts to her nose. Now she looked up.

"My dear woman," she said, "are you trying to tell us that we slept through all that?"

"If you did not hear it you must have slept," the stewardess persisted obstinately. "The door into the main cabin was closed. Karen came down just after. She was frightened. She said the first mate was on deck in a terrible humor and that Charlie Jones, who was at the wheel, had appealed to Burns not to leave him there; that trouble was coming. That must have been at half past 12. The bell struck as she put out the light. We both went to sleep then until Mrs. Turner's ringing for Karen roused us."

"But I did not ring for Karen."

The woman stared at Mrs. Turner.

"But the bell rang, Mrs. Turner. Karen got up at once and, turning on the light, looked at the clock. 'What do you think of that?' she said. 'Ten minutes to 3, and I'd just got to sleep!' I growled about the light, and she put it out, after she had thrown on

to Be Continued.

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NEARLY SHOT RELATIVES

Philadelphians Drove to Farm in Chester County for Surprise Visit

Pottstown, Pa., Oct. 20.—By the narrowest chance Mr. and Mrs. John Byrne, of Philadelphia, escaped being shot early yesterday morning when they were mistaken for thieves by Mrs. Byrne's brother, Charles Beadle, of Pughtown.

The Philadelphians drove up on a surprise visit and were unhitching their horse when Beadle, awakened by a noise at the barn, raised a window and fired twice. The shot struck Byrne's carriage.

Grocer Fails Hold-up Man

Altoona, Pa., Oct. 20.—When Andrew N. Baker, a grocer, stepped out of his home at Roaring Springs Sunday night he found himself looking into a revolver and heard the command, "Handis up!" He grabbed the highwayman's arm and sprang in the house just as a shot struck the door. He had Saturday's receipts in his pocket.

Put on Trial for Murder

Seranton, Pa., Oct. 20.—William Pegram, colored, was placed on trial yesterday before Judge Edwards for the murder of Mary Quinn in West Seranton 12 years ago. May, and confessed to District Attorney George W. Maxey. Afterwards he denied that he had killed any one.

Pastor Wouldn't Be Juror

Pittsburgh, Oct. 20.—The Rev. Daniel Martin, a minister, yesterday refused to serve on a jury because, he said: "The Constitution does not recognize God or Christ or the divine law." Judges Cohen and Carnahan excused him. He got \$2.50 for his day's work.

PATRIARCHS MILITANT MEET

State Session Opens in the New \$50,000 Odd Fellows' Building

Pottstown, Pa., Oct. 20.—Patriarchs Militant of Pennsylvania convened in their twenty-first annual session in the new \$60,000 building, erected by the town's 700 Odd Fellows. Borough Solicitor Jesse R. Evans made the address of welcome and pointed to the large membership and the new building as a testimonial to Odd Fellowship strength here.

In his address to the Patriarchs Militant, Major General J. Blair Andrews, of Altoona, said: "While the slogan of the Grand Lodge is 20,000 members, let yours be one canton, at least, in every county of the department."

A report by Colonel C. C. Middleton, inspector general, shows 47 cantons with a membership of 1,594. Commander Andrews was presented with a jeweled badge by Major William H. Moore, of Allentown, in behalf of the officers and chevaliers of the department of Pennsylvania.

Yesterday afternoon the Pottstown, Erie and York cantons participated in a competitive drill for the Cogswell and Stokes awards. R. J. Lippey, Easton; H. F. Schmidt, Pottstown; and F. A. Breakiron, Franklin, the judges, reserved their decision until today.

The feature last night was the ex-emption of the Rebekah degree by the crack degree team from Esther Rebekah Lodge of Reading. Nearly 100 Reading men and women came with them. The conferring of the Patriarchs Militant degree also took place last night.

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BOSTON FREEZES OUT TANGO

Not Suited to Hub Temperament, Dancing Teachers Decide

Boston, Oct. 20.—The Dancing Teachers' Club of Boston has decided that the tango is not for Bostonians. "The Parisian steps do not suit Boston temperament at all," said Miss Fannie Paulhaber, who has just returned from the Continent. "After the importation of almost countless French inventions which are really wonderful to the true lover of the aesthetic in dancing, the one-step remains the most popular here."

The teachers decided that the lulu fado, the hesitation waltz, the fox trot, the one-step and the maxixe are to be the dances taught by the association this winter.

Investigating a Suicide

York, Pa., Oct. 20.—An investigation is being made by the District Attorney's office into the suicide of Charles E. Rentzel. It is said that Rentzel had been threatened with the event of him testifying for the Commonwealth this week in the local courts. These threats, it is believed, drove him to suicide.

Fall Breaks Man's Neck

Easton, Pa., Oct. 20.—Joseph Behasabi was killed yesterday by a fall from a work car on the Easton Transit lines. His neck was broken.

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COUNTY REUNION OF A. O. H.

Two Thousand Members Take Part in Mahanoy City Parade

Mahanoy City, Pa., Oct. 20.—Nearly 2,000 members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians from all over the anthracite region greeted the national and State officers at a county reunion here last night. In the official party were National President Joseph McLaughlin, Philadelphia; State President P. J. Kilgallen, Pittsburgh; State Vice President James Campion, Heckserville, and State Secretary John O'Dea, of Philadelphia, who headed a big street parade.

Following the parade the guests addressed an open meeting in the Armory Hall. Delegations of the Women's Auxiliary from Shenandoah, Ashland, Pottsville and other towns were present. The visiting Hibernians came by special train. A banquet was served.

Heavy Terms for Auto Thieves

Sunbury, Pa., Oct. 20.—For stealing a \$2,000 automobile from Meyer Miller, a Sunbury merchant, George Wilk, of this city, got two years in the Eastern Penitentiary, and Howard Gingrich, of Shamokin, a year, and Charles Shonts, of Shamokin, nine months in the county prison in court here yesterday. They pleaded guilty. The garage was broken into at night. They were caught at Trenton, N. J.

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