



# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### Housekeeping With, and Without, Neighbors

The correspondent who asked for directions for hanging mirrors in her reception hall so they would reflect the face of callers at the door certainly struck a responsive chord, for many readers have asked to have the same information forwarded to them when it comes. So far no one seems to know the exact angle in which to place the glasses, for as we thought, it all depends on the entrance and the position of the inner door. But any number of worried women are telling how they must plan to circumvent the early morning caller or the intruding agent. Listen to their secrets!

One woman says she had her son arrange a switch on the electric bell and when busy and unrepresentable she can turn this so that the bell will not ring. "This does not work in all cases," she writes, "for my most troublesome caller has found out the scheme and now telephones before she comes visiting. Of course, I must answer my telephone, so many of my precious morning hours are taken from me in spite of the silent door bell."

Another confession comes from a city woman who takes refuge in flight: "I have my long coat and hat near at hand and when one of my tiring, time-consuming friends (I) just drops in for an hour or two I am just going out. It is a real treat to run away from the house for a few moments and I return more rested than if I had spent a morning or an afternoon listening to chit-chat or gossip."

Now all these confidences might make one think that women are growing just a trifle selfish with their time,

but this does not follow. Rather it shows that they are developing a higher regard for it and for themselves.

When carpet sweepers were first put on the market I heard a woman ask her husband for one. "What would you want with one?" he demanded. "It would save time," she meekly replied. "Umph," snorted the man, "what's a woman's time worth and what would you do with it if you did save it?" Happily, this attitude is fast passing away. Mothers' time is very precious to her family now, and if she is to keep up to date, and even with her children, she must save it and use it for reading, a little club work, an occasional pleasure trip and to make home the loveliest place in the world. No, it is not selfish to deny your time, interest and strength to inquisitive strangers, it is only sensible, for it permits extending more generous hospitality to your chosen friends.

It is just as easy to make friends with persons of refinement as with those who never bring you an interesting thought. Easier even, for intelligent persons are always approachable. Their very surroundings and the food they eat become more interesting for their presence. With them your olives and sardines recall a trip to Italy; a penny print brings forth the history of a famous painting and a Dutch cheese turns at once into a fairy coach, and away you go into Holland, with its dikes and windmills.

Share your home with your friends and neighbors, but as soon as your hospitality seems burdensome you will know you are practicing the wrong kind.

# THE AFTER HOUSE

## A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht

### By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued

Turner wrinkled on me, incredulity and rage in his face.

"You?"  
I put the best face I could on the matter, and eyed him steadily. "There has been too much drinking on this ship," I said. "If you doubt it go up and look at the three bodies on the deck."

"What have you to do about it?"  
"With Schwartz gone, Captain Richardson dead and Singleton in irons the crew had no officers. They asked me to take charge."

"So! And you used your authority to meddle with what does not concern you! The ship has an officer while I am on it. And there will be no mutiny."

He hung into the main cabin and made for the forward companionway. I stepped back to allow Miss Lee to precede me. She was standing, her back to the dressing stand, facing the door. She looked at me and made a helpless gesture with her hands, as if the situation were beyond her. Then I saw her look down. She took a quick step or two toward the door and, stooping, picked up some small object from almost under my foot. The incident would have passed without notice had she not, in attempting to wrap it in her handkerchief, dropped it. I saw then that it was a key.

"Let me get it for you," I said. To my amazement, she put her foot over it.  
"Please see what Mr. Turner is doing," she said. "It is the key to my jewel case."

"It is not the key to a jewel case."

"It does not concern you what it is."

"It is the key to the storeroom door."

"You are stronger than I am. You look the brute. You can knock me away and get it."

### CHAPTER VII.

#### "The Dead Line."

I KNEW then, of course, that it was the storeroom key. But I could not take it by force. Yet I had no intention of losing the key. I could not take it by force, but she knew as well as I did what finding it there in Turner's room meant. Turner had locked me in. But I must be able to prove it—my writ against hers, and the advantage mine. I had the woman under guard.

I went up on deck.  
A curious spectacle revealed itself. Turner, purple with anger, was haranguing the men, who stood amidships, huddled together, but grim and determined withal. Burns, a little apart from the rest, was standing, sullen, his arms folded. As Turner ceased he took a step forward.

"You are right, Mr. Turner," he said. "It's your ship, and it's up to you to say where she goes and how she goes, sir. But some one will hang for this. Mr. Turner—some one that's on this deck now—and the bodies are going back with us, likewise the ax. There ain't going to be a mistake. The right man is going to swing."

"That's mutiny!"  
"Yes, sir," Burns acknowledged, his face paling a little. "I guess you could call it that."

At 2 o'clock all hands gathered amidships, and the bodies were carried forward to where the boat, lowered in its davits and braced, lay on the deck. It had been lined with canvas and tarpaulin, and a cover of similar material lay ready to be nailed in place. All the men were berefted. Many were in tears. Miss Lee came forward with us, and it was from her prayer book that I too moved for self-consciousness, read the burial service.

"I am the resurrection and the life," I read huskily.

Mrs. Johns and the stewardess came up late in the afternoon. We had railed off a part of the deck around the forward companionway for them, and none of the crew except the man on guard was allowed inside the ropes. After a consultation, finding the ship very shorthanded and unwilling with the night coming on to trust any of the men, Burns and I decided to take over this duty ourselves and, by stationing

ourselves at the top of the companion way, to combine the duties of officer on watch and guard of the after house.

Mrs. Johns, carefully dressed, surveyed the railed off deck with raised eyebrows.

"For us?" she asked, looking at me.

"Yes, Mrs. Johns."

"Where have you put them?"

I pointed to where the jolly boat, on the portside of the ship, swung on its davits.

"What did you do with the—the weapon?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Morbid curiosity," she said, with a lightness of tone that rang false to my ears. "And then—naturally, I should like to be sure that it is safely overboard, so it will not be"—she shivered—"used again."

"It is not overboard, Mrs. Johns," I said gravely. "It is locked in a safe place, where it will remain until the police come to take it."

"You are rather theatrical, aren't you?" she scoffed, and turned away. But a second later she came back to me and put her hand on my arm.

"Tell me where it is," she begged.

"You are making a mystery of it, and I detest mysteries."

I saw under her mask of lightness then; she wanted desperately to know where the ax was. Her eyes fell under my gaze.

"I am sorry. There is no mystery. It is simply locked away for safe keeping."

She bit her lip.

"Do you know what I think?" she said slowly. "I think you have hypnotized the crew, as you did me—at first. Why has no one remembered that you were in the after house last night, that you found poor Wilmer Vail, that you raised the alarm, that you discovered the captain and Karen? Why should I not call the men here and remind them of all that?"

"I do not believe you will. They know I was locked in the storeroom. The door—the lock—"

"You could have locked yourself in."

"You do not know what you are saying!"

But I had angered her, and she went on cruelly:

"Who are you, anyhow? You are not a sailor. You came here and were taken on because you told a hard luck story. How do we know that you came from a hospital? Men just out of prison look as you did. Do you know what we called you, the first two days out? We called you Elsa's jail bird! And now, because you have dominated the crew, we are in your hands!"

"Do Mrs. Turner and Miss Lee think that?"

"They feel as I do. This is a picked crew—men the Turner line has employed for years."

"You are leaving me only one thing to do," I said. "I shall surrender myself to the men at once." I took out my revolver and held it out to her.

"This rope is a dead line. The crew know, and you will have no trouble; but you must stand guard here until some one else is sent."

She took the revolver without a word and, somewhat dazed by this new turn of events, I went aft. The men were gathered there, and I surrendered myself.

"It will leave you pretty short handed, boys," I finished, "but you'd better fasten me up somewhere. But I want to be sure of one thing first: whatever happens, keep the guard for the women."

"We'll like to talk it over, Leslie," Burns said, after a word with the others.

I went forward a few feet, taking care to remain where they could see me, and very soon they called me. There had been a dispute, I believe, Adams and McNamara stood off from the others, their faces not unfriendly, but clearly differing from the decision. Charlie Jones, who by reason of long service and a sort of pious control he had in the forecastle, was generally spokesman for the crew, took a step or two toward me.

"We'll not do it, boy," he said. "We think we know a man when we see one, as well as having occasion to know that you're white all through. And we're not inclined to set the talk of women against what we think best to do. So you stick to your job and we're back of you."

In spite of myself I choked up. I tried to tell them what their loyalty meant to me; but I could only hold out my hand and, one by one, they came up and shook it solemnly.

"We think," McNamara said, when, last of all, he and Adams came up, "that it would be best, lad, if we put down in the log book all that has happened last night and today, and this just now too. It's fresh in our minds now, and it will be something to go by."

By unanimous consent the task of putting down what had happened was given to me. I have a copy of the log book before me now, the one that was used at the trial. The men read it through before they signed it.

AUG. 13.

This morning, between 2:30 and 3 o'clock, three murders were committed on the yacht Ella. At the request of Mrs. Johns, one of the party on board, I had moved to the after house to sleep, putting my blanket and pillow in the storeroom and sleeping on the floor there. Mrs. Johns gave, as her reason, a fear of something going wrong, as there was trouble between Mr. Turner and the captain. I slept with a revolver beside me and with the door of the storeroom open.

At some time shortly before 3 o'clock I awakened with a feeling of suffocation and found that the door was closed and locked. I tried to force the door, but in vain. I called on the crew and set to work with my penknife to unscrew the lock. When I had two screws out a woman screamed, and

I broke down the door.

As the main cabin was dark I saw no one and could not tell where the cry came from. I ran into Mr. Vail's cabin, next the storeroom, and called him. His door was standing open. I heard him breathing heavily. Then the breathing stopped. I struck a match and found him dead. His head had been crushed in with an ax, the left hand cut off, and there were gashes on the right shoulder and the abdomen.

I knew the helmsman would be at the wheel and ran up the after companionway to him and told him. Then I ran forward and called the first mate, Mr. Singleton, who was on duty. He had been drinking. I asked him to call the captain, but he did not. He got his revolver, and we hurried to the forward companion. The body of the captain was lying at the foot of the steps, his head on the lowest stair. He had been killed like Mr. Vail. His cap had been placed over his face.

The mate collapsed on the steps. I found the light switch and turned it on. There was no one in the cabin or in the chart room. I ran to Mr. Turner's room, going through Mr. Vail's and through the bathroom. Mr. Turner was in bed, fully dressed. I could not rouse him. Like the mate, he had been drinking.

The mate called the crew, and they gathered in the chart room. I told them what had happened and that the murderer must be among them. I suggested that they say together and that they submit to being searched for weapons.

They went on deck in a body, and I roused the women and told them. Mrs. Turner asked me to tell the two maids, who slept in a cabin off the chart room. I found their door unlocked and, receiving no answer, opened it. Karen Hansen, the lady's maid, was on the floor, dead, with her skull crushed in. The stewardess, Henrietta Sloane, was fainting in her bunk. An ax had been hurled through the doorway as the Hansen woman fell and was found in the stewardess' bunk.

During the coming by that time I suggested a guard at the two companionways, and this was done. The men were searched and all weapons taken from them. Mr. Singleton was under suspicion. It being known that he had threatened the captain's life, and Oleson, a lookout, claiming to have seen him forward where the ax was kept.

The crew insisted that Singleton be put in irons. He made no objection, and I locked him in his own room in the forward house. Owing to the loss of Schwartz, the second mate, already released, as I saw from the log book, on the Aug. 9, the death of the captain and the imprisonment of the first mate, the ship was left without officers. Until Mr. Turner could make an arrangement the crew nominated Burns as acting commander and asked me to assume command. I protested that I knew nothing of navigation, but agreed on its being represented that, as I was not one of them, there could be no ill feeling.

The ship was searched on the possibility of finding a stowaway in the hold. But nothing was found. I divided the men into two watches. Burns taking one and I the other. We walked up the after companionway and forbade any member of the crew to enter the after house. The forecastle was also locked, the men bringing their belongings on deck. The stewardess recovered and told her story, which, in her own writing, will be added to this record.

The bodies of the dead were brought on deck and sewed into canvas and later, with appropriate services, placed in the jolly boat, being the intention, later on, to tow the boat behind us. Mr. Turner insisted that the bodies be buried at sea and, on the crew opposing this, retired to his cabin, announcing that he considered the position of the men as mutiny.

Some feeling having arisen among the women of the party that I might know more of the circumstances, Burns, supposed, having been in the after house at the time they were committed and having no references, I this afternoon voluntarily surrendered myself to Burns, and accepted first mate. The men, however, refused to accept this surrender, only two, Adams and McNamara, favoring it. I expect to give myself up to the police at the nearest port until the matter is thoroughly probed.

The ax is locked in the captain's cabin.

RALPH LESLIE.

Witnesses, John Robert Burns, Charles Klinebinder (Jones), William McNamara, Carl L. Clarke, Joseph Q. Adams, John Oleson, Tom MacKenzie, Ousadih Williams.

### To Be Continued.

#### 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 throat, loosens the phlegm and is mildly laxative. Charles T. Miller, Ed. Enquirer, Cannelton, 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. Gorgas, 16 North Third street and P. R. R. Station.

#### Under Surgeon's Knife at 92

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 22.—Stephen Ballard, 92 years old, was operated on in the State hospital here yesterday for a trouble of 40 years' standing. Ballard entered the operating room, saying, "I'm good for ten years yet."



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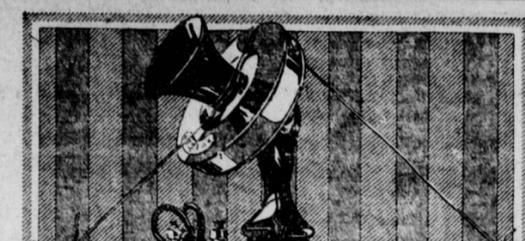
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### PRIEST HELD AS SLAYER

#### Inquest Over Victim of Supposed Insane Clergyman Continued

Chicago, Oct. 22.—The Rev. J. J. Mullen, of Holy Rosary church, this city, who Tuesday night stabbed and killed Thomas J. Patterson in the Hill-side suburban railway station, supposed while insane, yesterday was ordered held in the county jail pending a continuance of the coroner's inquest to November 5.

Selz Simonini at the opening yesterday of the inquest over Patterson testified that Father Mullen had acted in a frenzied manner in a restaurant just before the fatal quarrel, throwing glasses and bottles around the room and finally suffering a knockdown in a fight with another customer. Simonini said:

"I picked him up and he shouted, 'Keep away; I'm dangerous.' Then he broke away and ran toward the railroad station."

### COKE OUTPUT IS CUT

#### Frick Company Blows Out 1,200 Ovens in Connellsville Regions

Connellsville, Pa., Oct. 22.—Twelve hundred ovens were blown out this week by the H. C. Frick Coke Company, bringing the Connellsville coke region's output down to approximately one-third capacity. There are now 20,000 of the 38,000 ovens operating and the ovens that are operating are running only two and three days a week.

Curtailed output of pig iron production on the part of the Steel Corporation is the reason assigned for cutting the coke output.

New Catholic Cemetery Near Lebanon, Lebanon, Oct. 22.—The Rev. Adam

Christ, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic parish, this city, has had plans drawn for the laying out of a Catholic cemetery to take up one-fourth of the Kral farm in North Lebanon township, purchased by him last spring. The cemetery will be 25 acres and will shortly be deeded over to Bishop J. W. Shanahan, of the Harrisburg diocese.

"My new teeth are pretty good company at a square meal."  
"Still, you must be careful how you pick your company."—Philadelphia Ledger.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

REG. BUSINESS COLLEGE 329 MARKET STREET Fall Term September First DAY AND NIGHT

Day and Night Sessions Positions for All Graduates Enroll Next Monday SCHOOL OF COMMERCE 15 S. Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.

Gumberland Valley Railroad In Effect May 24, 1914. Trains Leave Harrisburg: For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5:02, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 7:02, 7:50 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 2:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 4:43 a. m., 2:18, 1:27, 2:20, 5:40 p. m. For Ellensburg at 5:02, 7:50 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 2:18, 2:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. H. K. RIDDLE, G. P. A. H. TON, Sup.

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### ADMITTED TO INDIAN TRIBE

Wife of Minnesota University President Becomes "Moonlight"

Walker, Minn., Oct. 22.—Mrs. George Vincent, wife of the president

of the University of Minnesota, was admitted to the Chippewa tribe of Minnesota Indians, with the name of "Moonlight."

Her adoption, the first of any white woman into the tribe, was accompanied by ceremonies here. Her admission was voted some time ago.

# GEO. H. SOURBIER FUNERAL DIRECTOR

150 NORTH THIRD STREET

### Takes Poison by Mistake

Hazleton, Pa., Oct. 22.—Making a mistake in the dark, Mrs. Jennie Fritzing, of West Hazleton, who arose to seek relief for a blinding headache, took two mercury bichloride tablets for headache wafers, and is dying.



"It is not overboard, Mrs. Johns."