



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

The Egg Plant

One of the most delicate vegetables we have is the egg plant. It bears this curious name because it is shaped like an egg, some say, and others claim because it is as full of meat as an egg.

It is more popular abroad than here and French and Italian cooks prepare it for the table by frying, baking and stewing it and even add it to their soups. We only fry it or stuff and bake it.

To prepare it for frying: First cut the vegetable into slices about half an inch thick and remove the purple rind with a sharp pointed knife. Put the slices in a deep bowl and cover with salted water. Let stand over night or at least several hours.

Make a batter of egg and milk; dip the slices in this and then in bread crumbs. Fry in a basket with plenty of hot fat. Or, roll the slices in flour only and brown them in butter. Season with salt and pepper and serve very hot. The flavor is very like that of fried oysters.

The French call this delicate vegetable aubergine and this is the name usually accorded it in cookery books. A very good recipe from a French cook directs that the slices of the egg plant should soak in a marinade made with salt, pepper, vinegar and oil, for several hours. Then place them in a wire broiler and cook until each slice is delicately browned and very tender. Gar-

nish with a little parsley and dress with melted butter.

Small egg plants cook more quickly and have a better flavor than large ones. They are usually chosen for baking. Cut off a cap and scoop out the pulp with a pointed spoon, but leave a quarter of an inch against the skin. Chop up the part you have removed with cold meat, one or two mushrooms, seasoning and butter and a few bread crumbs. Heat this in a sauce pan, but do not let it brown or scorch and when partly done pack it back into the egg plant. It will more than fill it, so you may use the cap or not, as you like. Bake it in the oven and when nearly done put butter and grated cheese over the top.

There is still another way to cook this article; it is to cut and pare it as directed in the first recipe and sprinkle the slices with salt. Cover with a cloth and a plate or lid, as the air discolors it. After a few hours wash off the salt and steam the egg plant or boil it until tender. Press it through a sieve; add egg, milk and flour until you have a rich mixture very like a fritter batter. Drop this from a spoon onto a griddle and fry very brown. These are called aubergine fritters.

As you see, all these recipes for this pretty, tasty vegetable are extremely simple, but they are delicious and make a welcome change from the more common vegetables.

THE AFTER HOUSE

A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued

Williams came up on deck late this afternoon with a scared face and announced that Mr. Turner had locked himself in his cabin and was raving in delirium on the other side of the door.

Turner refused to open either door for us. As well as we could make out, he was moving rapidly but almost noiselessly up and down the stairs, muttering to himself, now and then throwing himself on the bed, only to get up at once.

Mrs. Turner dragged herself across, on the state of affairs being reported to her, and after two or three abortive attempts succeeded in getting a reply from him.

"Marsh," she called. "I want to talk to you. Let me in."

"They'll get us," he said craftily.

"Us? Who is with you?"

"Vail," he replied promptly. "He's here talking. He won't let me sleep."

"Tell him to give you the key and you will keep it for him so no one can get him," I prompted. I had had some experience with such cases in the hospital.

She tried it without any particular hope, but it succeeded immediately. He pushed the key out under the door, and almost at once we heard him throw himself on the bed, as if satisfied that the problem of his security was solved.

CHAPTER VIII.

The First Mate Talks.

PERSONALLY, I was convinced that Turner was guilty. Perhaps, lulled into a false security by the incarceration of the two men, we unconsciously relaxed our vigilance. But by the first night the crew were somewhat calmer. Here and there a pipe was lighted and a plug of tobacco went the rounds.

I find, on consulting the book in which I recorded, beginning with that day, the incidents of the return voyage, that two things happened that evening. One was my interview with Singleton; the other was my curious and depressing clash with Elsa Lee on the deck that night.

Turner being quiet and Burns on watch at the beginning of the second dog watch, 10 o'clock, I went forward to the room where Singleton was imprisoned. Burns gave me the key, and advised me to take a weapon. I did not, however, nor was it needed.

"For God's sake, Leslie," he said, "tell them to open the window. I'm choking!"

He was right; the room was stifling. I opened the door behind me, and stood in the doorway against a rush for freedom. But he did not move. He sank back into his dejected attitude.

"Singleton," I said. "I wish you would tell me about last night. If you did it, we've got you. If you didn't, you'd better let me take your own account of what happened, while it's fresh in your mind. Or, better still, write it yourself."

He held out his right hand. I saw that it was shaking violently.

"Couldn't hold a pen," he said tersely. "Wouldn't be believed, anyhow."

The air being somewhat better, I closed and locked the door again, and, coming in, took out my notebook and pencil.

Briefly, Singleton's watch began at midnight. The captain, who had been complaining of lumbago, had had the cook prepare him a mustard poultice and had retired early. Burns was on watch from 8 to 12 and on coming into the forward house at a quarter after 11 o'clock to eat his night lunch reported to Singleton that the captain was in bed and that Mr. Turner had been asking for him. Singleton therefore took his cap and went on deck. This was about twenty minutes after 11. He had had a drink or two earlier in the evening, and he took another in his cabin when he got his cap.

He found Turner in the chart house playing solitaire and drinking. He was alone, and he asked Singleton to join him. The first mate looked at his watch and accepted the invitation, but decided to look around the forward house to be sure the captain was asleep. He went on deck. He could hear Burns and the lookout talking. The forward house was dark. He listened outside the captain's door and heard him breathing heavily, as if asleep. He stood there for a moment. He had an uneasy feeling that some one was watching him. He thought of Schwartz and was uncomfortable.

He did not feel the whisky at all.

He struck a light and looked around. There was no one in sight. He could hear Charlie Jones in the forecastle drumming on his banjo and Burns whistling the same tune as he went aft to strike the bell. It was the duty of the officer on watch to strike the hour. It was then half after 11. As he passed the captain's door again his foot struck something, and it fell to the floor. He was afraid the captain had been roused and stood still until he heard him breathing regularly again. Then he stooped down. His foot had struck an ax upright against the captain's door and had knocked it down.

The ax belonged on the outer wall of the forward house. It was a rule that it must not be removed from its place except in emergency, and the first mate carried it out and leaned it against the forward port corner of the after house when he went below. Later, on his watch, he carried it forward and put it where it belonged.

He found Turner waiting on deck, and together they descended to the chart room. He was none too clear as to what followed. They drank together.

Vail tried to get Turner to bed and failed. He believed that Burns had called the captain. The captain had ordered him to the deck, and there had been a furious quarrel. He felt ill by that time, and when he went on watch at midnight Burns was uncertain about leaving him. He was not intoxicated, he maintained, until after half-past 1. He was able to strike the bell without difficulty, and spoke, each time he went aft, to Charlie Jones, who was at the wheel.

After that, however, he suddenly felt strange. He thought he had been doped and told the helmsman so. He asked Jones to strike the bell for him and, going up on the forecastle, lay down on the boards and fell asleep. He did not waken until he heard six bells struck—3 o'clock—and before he had fully roused I had called him.

"Then," I said, "when the lookout saw you with the ax you were replacing it?"

"Yes."

"The lookout says you were not on deck between 2 and 3 o'clock."

"How does he know? I was asleep."

"You had threatened to get the captain."

"I had a revolver. I didn't need to use an ax."

Much as I disliked the man I was inclined to believe his story, although I thought he was keeping something back. I leaned forward.

"Singleton," I said, "if you didn't do it—and I want to think you did not—who did?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"We have women aboard. We ought to know what precautions to take."

"I wasn't the only man on deck that night. Burns was about, and he had a quarrel with the Hansen woman. Jones was at the wheel too. Why don't you look up Jones?"

"We are all under suspicion," I admitted. "But you had threatened the captain."

"I never threatened the girl or Mr. Vail."

I had no answer to this, and we both fell silent. Singleton was the first to speak.

"How are you going to get back? The men can sail a course, but who is to lay it out, Turner? No Turner ever knew anything about a ship but what it made for him."

"Turner is sick. Look here, Singleton, you want to get back as much as we do or more. Wouldn't you be willing to lay a course if you were taken out once a day? Burns is doing it, but he doesn't pretend to know much about it, and—we have the bodies."

But he turned ugly again and refused to help unless he was given his freedom, and that I knew the crew would not agree to.

"You'll be sick enough before you get back," he snarled.

With the approach of night our vigilance was doubled. There was no thought of sleep among the crew, and with the twilight there was a distinct return of the terror of the morning.

Gathered around the wheel, the crew listened while Jones read evening prayer. Between the two houses, where the deck was roped off, Miss Lee was alone, pacing back and forward, her head bent, her arms dropped listlessly.

The wind had gone, and the sails hung loose over our heads. I stood by the port rail. Although my back was toward Miss Lee, I was conscious of her every movement, and so I knew when she stooped under the rope and moved lightly toward the starboard rail.

Quick as she was I was quicker. There was still light enough to see her face as she turned when I called to her.

"Miss Lee, you must not leave the rope."

"Must not?"

"I am sorry to seem arbitrary. It is for your own safety."

I was crossing the deck toward her as I spoke. I knew what she was going to do. I believe when she saw my

"Discipline! Are you trying to discipline me?"

"Miss Lee, you do not seem to understand," I said as patiently as I could. "Just now I am in charge of the Ella. You will go back to the part of the deck that is reserved for you or you will go below and stay there."

She flushed with anger and stood there with her head thrown back, eyeing me with a contempt that cut me to the quick. The next moment she wheeled and, raising her hand, flung toward the rail the key to the store-room door. I caught her hand—too late.

But fate was on my side after all. As I stood still gripping her wrist the key fell ringing almost at my feet. It had struck one of the lower yard braces. I stooped and, picking it up, pocketed it.

She was dazed, I think. She made no effort to free her arm. She put her other hand to her heart unexpectedly, and I saw that she was profoundly shocked. I led her unprotesting to a deck chair and put her down in it and still she had not spoken. She lay back and closed her eyes. She was too strong to faint. She was superbly healthy. But she knew as well as I did what that key meant, and she had delivered it into my hands. As for me, I was driven hard that night, for as I stood there looking down at her she held out her hand to me, palm up.

"Please," she said pleadingly. "What does it mean to you, Leslie? We were kind to you, weren't we? When you were ill we took you on, my sister and I, and now you hate us. Please!"

"Some one will suffer. Would you have the innocent suffer with the guilty?"

"If they cannot prove it against any one—"

"They may prove it against me."

"You!"

"I was in the after house," I said doggedly. "I was the one to raise an alarm and to find the bodies. You do not know anything about me. I am—Elsa's jailbird!"

"Who told you that?"

"It does not matter—I know it. I told you the truth, Miss Elsa; I came here from the hospital. But I may have to fight for my life. Against the Turner money and influence, I have only—this key. Shall I give it to you?"

I held it out to her on the palm of my hand. It was melodramatic, probably; but I was very young, and by that time wildly in love with her. I thought, for a moment, that she would take it; but she only drew a deep breath and pushed my hand away.

"Keep it," she said, "I am ashamed."

We were silent after that, she staring out over the rail at the deepening sky; and, looking at her as one looks at a star, I thought she had forgotten my presence, so long she sat silent. The voices of the men aft died away gradually, as, one by one, they rolled themselves in blankets on the deck, not to sleep, but to rest and watch. The lookout, in his lonely perch high above the deck, called down guardedly to ask for company, and one of the crew went up.

When she turned to me again, it was to find my eyes fixed on her.

"You are not getting much chance to rest," she said, with a sigh, and got up. I went with her to the companionway and opened the door. She turned and looked at me.

"Good night."

"Good night, Miss Lee."

To Be Continued.

Carvers' Tonic Tablets
For nerves, weakness and nervous prostration, 50 cents at druggists.

DROPS DEAD AFTER CARDS
Easton, Pa., Oct. 23.—James Lavelle, aged 25, a patrolman on the Easton police force, was electrocuted last night when he tried to adjust a city arc lamp that was not burning properly in a residential section of the city.

Lavelle grasped the wire rope and began lowering the lamp to inspect the carbons, when he received the full force of the current. He fell to the street dead. The jar set the carbons properly, and the lighted lamp disclosed Lavelle's body to residents of the neighborhood.

The young man was formerly connected with the detective department of the Lehigh Valley railroad.

5,000 SEE FALL TO DEATH
New Jersey Aeronaut Drops 3,000 Feet at Virginia Fair
Fincastle, Va., Oct. 23.—Walter Flaxton, 30 years old, an aeronaut of Gloucester, N. J., was dashed to death yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Fincastle fair, when his parachute failed to work and he dropped 3,000 feet on to one of the grandstands.

The young man, who had been making the circuit of fairs, giving balloon ascensions, had planned to make a triple parachute descent, but the parachutes failed to work, and when he came down he was grasping a bundle of cloth. His body was horribly mangled.

The aeronaut's tragic death was witnessed by 5,000 people. The body was shipped to Gloucester last night.

Religious Exhibit for Big Fair
New York, Oct. 23.—It was announced yesterday by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America that its committee of 100, appointed to arrange for religious activities at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, had obtained an excellent location on the Exposition grounds and proposed the erection of an exhibition building there in the interest of the religious movement.

Central Fire Alarms Lebanon
Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 23.—The plant of the Steitz Hat Company, in this city, was gutted by fire last night, entailing a loss of \$50,000. The plant occupied the major portion of a triangular piece of ground formed by the intersection of Spruce, Weimer and Lehman streets, and its proximity to the extensive plant of the Weimer Machine Works caused great apprehension for a time.

Says Fiance Cheated to Wed
York, Pa., Oct. 23.—Alleging that Ivan P. Folkenroth, a former Alderman of this city, obtained \$80 from her after promising to make her his bride, and then used it to take a trip to Philadelphia and marry another girl, Miss Fannie E. Good preferred a charge against her former fiance, and he was arrested last evening.

Retired Merchant Had Just Expressed Pleasure Over Luck
Atlantic City, Oct. 23.—"The cards surely came my way," said B. Honig, a wealthy retired merchant, as he arose soon after midnight from a game of pinocle at the home of his friend, Charles Krulweth, No. 275 South Connecticut avenue. He started for the door, intending to go to his home, a few doors distant, but staggered and fell, moaning his wife's name.

Krulweth and his friends rushed to Honig's side, only to find him dead. A hastily-summoned physician pronounced it a case of heart disease. Honig was formerly engaged in business in New York and Philadelphia, but retired and took up his residence here.

GAT THAT BIT FOUR MAD
Also Infected Other Members of the Feline Family
Mahanoy City, Pa., Oct. 23.—Specialists at the Pasteur Institute, in New York, yesterday declared that the pet cat which a few days ago bit Mrs. Eugene Kuder and either bit or scratched three other members of the same family, had rabies.

Other cats in the vicinity were bitten by the rabid animal, and now the health officers have declared a war of extermination on all "pussies" in the neighborhood.

Dr. Flower Waives Extradition
Toronto, Ont., Oct. 23.—Dr. Richard C. Flower, alias Montgomery, alias Oxford, arrested Wednesday night after a chase lasting 11 years, waived extradition yesterday and left for New York, in the custody of a Central Office detective.

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"We serve you wherever you are."



"If you didn't do it, who did?"
face that she read my knowledge in it. She turned back from the rail and faced me.
"Surely I may go to the rail."
"It would be unwise if for no other reason than discipline."

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Can't afford 'em?
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JAIL FOR WATERING MILK

Fined 12 Times, Dealer Gets 30 Days for Thirteenth Offense
New York, Oct. 23.—Louis Wank, a milk dealer of No. 699 Berriman street, Brooklyn, convicted twelve times of watering his milk, but always escaping a jail sentence, was sent to jail for thirty days yesterday in Special Sessions, Brooklyn. A milk inspector found his milk diluted again.

Wank's twelfth conviction was about two weeks ago and the justice cautioned him that his next offense would get a term in jail for him. They reminded him also that he was morally responsible for the life of a man, Schmidt, who had worked for him, had been convicted of selling doctored milk and had hanged himself in jail when his employer failed to pay his fine.

NOT DISCHARGED FOR DRINK
Only Half a Dozen Railroaders Reprimanded, It Seems
Reading, Pa., Oct. 23.—The statement telegraphed to Philadelphia from here Wednesday night that forty local employees of the Reading railway had been discharged for drinking was a gross exaggeration.

Only half a dozen were reprimanded for alcoholic indulgence.

Forest Smoke Hard to Breathe
Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 23.—A great forest fire is raging between Pottsville and Mt. Carbon, and dense volumes of smoke descending upon the houses in Mt. Carbon borough threatened to suffocate the people.

OLD DRUMMER BOY LEADS

He Was a Little 11-Year-Old When He Went to War
Allentown, Pa., Oct. 23.—On the fifty-second anniversary of the battle of Pocotaligo, S. C., in which the command lost several hundred men, survivors of the Forty-seventh regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, yesterday held their reunion in this city.

Sixty veterans attended, an interesting member being the Rev. D. Asher Hess, of Philadelphia, a native of Allentown, who enlisted in the regiment as drummer boy at the age of 11 years, and who yesterday led his comrades through the streets, beating the drum with the same vigor as he did more than half a century ago on his way to the war.

STUDENT DIES OF TYPHOID
Lehigh's Epidemic Possibly Traceable to Milk Farm
Allentown, Pa., Oct. 23.—Warren Henn, 18 years old, of Fullerton, died at the Allentown Hospital yesterday, a victim of the typhoid epidemic at Lehigh University. He was the son of Mrs. Ella Snyder Henn and the late George Henn, who was killed in an accident while hauling grain in 1902. His younger brother, Clarence, a student of the Whitchell High school, died of typhoid just a year ago, and the mother is the only survivor of the family.

The epidemic at Lehigh is believed to have started through infection that came from the place of a farmer, who furnished milk to the school, where conditions were found to be in abominable shape.

LIVE WIRE KILLS OFFICER
Trying to Adjust Arc Light, He Gets a Fatal Shock
Easton, Pa., Oct. 23.—James Lavelle, aged 25, a patrolman on the Easton police force, was electrocuted last night when he tried to adjust a city arc lamp that was not burning properly in a residential section of the city.

Lavelle grasped the wire rope and began lowering the lamp to inspect the carbons, when he received the full force of the current. He fell to the street dead. The jar set the carbons properly, and the lighted lamp disclosed Lavelle's body to residents of the neighborhood.

The young man was formerly connected with the detective department of the Lehigh Valley railroad.

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For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:02, 7:50, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:10, 11:00 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 9:20 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.
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DOWN BANK WITH ENGINE
Crash of Freights in a Fog Fatal to One of Victims
Kane, Pa., Oct. 23.—When a freight train on the Pennsylvania, running thirty miles an hour, crashed into the rear of a slowly-moving freight train, one man was killed and four injured at Otis, twenty miles south of this city at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. The dead man is Michael Fitzgerald, of Erie, and the injured are: Richard Roberts, Erie, severely scalded; W. P. Smith, Erie, cut and bruised; David Conway, Erie, injured in jumping; S. T. Davis, Erie, injured on face and body.

Owing to a dense fog, Engineer Fitzgerald had no chance to see the danger until he had crashed into the freight. The engine went over the bank, carry-

ing Engineer Fitzgerald and Fireman Roberts with it.

The wreck tied up railroad traffic for twelve hours, and is said to have been caused by giving a wrong signal.

FEDERAL RESERVE BANKS SOON
Treasury Aims to Inaugurate System Within Month
Washington, D. C., Oct. 23.—Although representatives of the 12 Federal reserve banks voted in favor of opening the banks November 30, members of the Reserve Board yesterday were going ahead with plans for putting the new banking system in operation November 16 or 20, if it be found that this can be accomplished.

Secretary McAdoo favored November 16 and President Wilson thought the banks should begin business at the earliest possible date.