



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Halloween—"The Gobble Uns'ull Git Yu If Yu Don't Look Out!"

Robbing for apples is always fun on Halloween and so is telling stories while baking apples. Take the cores out and in the center place some little toy indicative of each guest's future. A ship for a sailor, a pen for a writer, a fan for a flirt and so on. These favors can be had at toy stores and should be wrapped in paraffine paper. Slip them into the cavity left from the core and put a raisin at each end. If it is not convenient to bake the apples on a feeder or on a string before an open fireplace you will have to bob for them after all.

After ghost hunts, trips to imaginary caves and consultations with fortune tellers Halloween celebrators will be ready for refreshments.

Have the dining room as gay as possible, the lights should be covered with Jack-o-Lantern heads and the center on the dining table should be half of a pumpkin scooped out and filled with fruits.

There is no drink quite so popular as cider at this season when it is fresh and mild. If the night is cold you may have it mulled. Heat it, and put cinnamon chips, whole cloves and whole allspice in a muslin bag in it, do not let it boil, only simmer. Taste it now and then and when it is pleasantly spicy pour it into a great bowl or pitcher and serve. Grate just a little nutmeg into each glassful as you serve it.

You will want doughnuts for this and I am glad to have a splendid recipe for them that was contributed by one of our readers last June.

Doughnuts—One cup of sugar, one level teaspoon of salt, three teaspoons of baking powder and three cups of flour. Sift all these dry ingredients together and make into a soft dough with two eggs beaten with one cup of sweet milk. Season with nutmeg and fry in deep fat.

This is such a busy night that the young folks will hardly want to stop their fun to eat, so you will only need a buffet supper. You can use the really pretty white paper plates made especially for this date. They have a glossy finish and are decorated with black cats and witches; moons and stars. They sell at about fifteen cents a dozen at any store selling paper novelties.

If you want something hot, oyster soup with crisp crackers, celery, coffee and cheese is sufficient but I think a cold supper is best.

I suggest the following which you can alter to suit your guests, your convenience and the weather:

Cold boiled tongue, potato salad, dill pickles, wafers, olives, cheese, ginger bread, coffee.

You can make cheese wafers if you prefer and then put the tongue or cold boiled ham in sandwiches and, of course, the ginger bread may just as well be Devil's food cake or Angel cake. The charm of your supper table or buffet luncheon will lie in your decorations and the spirit of fun that pervades, not in what you feed your friends.

THE AFTER HOUSE

A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued

He watched her. "She didn't either," he said. "I swear to that, Leslie. She didn't go near the bunk. She covered her face with her hands and leaned against the door. I thought she was going to faint."

"Against the door, of course, and got an impression of the key. The door opens in. She could take out the key, press it against a cake of wax or even a cake of soap in her hand and slip it back into the lock again while you—what were you doing while she was doing all that?"

"She dropped her salts. I picked them up."

"Exactly! Well, the ax is gone." He started up on his elbow.

"Gone?"

"Thrown overboard, probably. It is not in the cabin."

It was brutal, perhaps, but the situation was all of that. As Burns fell back, colorless, Tom, the cook, brought into the tent the wire key that Singleton had made.

That morning I took from inside of Singleton's mattress a bunch of keys, a long steel file and the leg of one of his chairs, carefully unscrewed and wrapped at the end with wire—a formidable club. One of the keys opened Singleton's door.

That was on Saturday. Early Monday morning we sighted land.

We picked up a pilot outside the Lewis breakwater—a man of few words. I told him only the outline of our story, and I believe he half-credited me at first. God knows I was not a creditable object. When I took him aft and showed him the jolly boat he realized at last that he was face to face with a great tragedy and paid it the tribute of throwing away his cigar.

He suggested our raising the yellow plague flag, and this we did, with a ready response from the quarantine officer. The quarantine officer came out in a power boat and mounted the ladder and from that moment my command of the Ella ceased. Turner, immaculately dressed, pale, distinguished, member of the yacht club and partner in the Turner line, met him at the rail and conducted him with a sort of chastened affability to the cabin.

The conference below lasted perhaps an hour. At the end of that time the quarantine officer came up and shouted a direction from below as a result of which the jolly boat was cut loose and, towed by the tug, taken to the quarantine station.

The quarantine officer, a dapper little man, remained on the boat and busied himself officiously, getting the names of the men, peering at Singleton through his barred window, and expressing disappointment at my lack of foresight in having the blood stains cleared away.

"Every stain is a clew, my man, to the trained eye," he chirruped. "With an ax, too! What a brutal method! Brutal! Where is the ax?"

"Gone," I said patiently. "It was stolen out of the captain's cabin."

He eyed me over his glasses. "That's very strange," he commented. "No stains, no ax! You fellows have been mighty careful to destroy the evidence, haven't you?"

Williams, the butler, had emerged from his chrysalis of fright, and was ostentatiously looking after the family's comfort. No clearer indication could have been given of the new status of affairs than his changed attitude toward me. He came up to me early in the afternoon and demanded that I wash down the deck before the women came up.

"Williams," I said, "you are a coward—a mean, white-livered coward. You have skulked in the after-house, behind women, when there was man's work to do. If I wash that deck it will be with you as a mop."

He blustered something about speaking to Mr. Turner and, seeing that I did the work I was brought on board

thet. My nerves were strained to the utmost. Lack of sleep and food had done their work. I was no longer in command of the Ella. I was a common sailor, ready to vent by spleen through my fists.

I knocked him down with my open hand.

It was a barbarous and a reckless thing to do. He picked himself up and limped away, muttering. Turner had watched the scene with his cold blue eyes, and the little doctor with his nearsighted ones.

"A dangerous man, that!" said the doctor.

"Dangerous and intelligent," replied Turner. "A bad combination."

It was late that night when the Ella anchored in the river at Philadelphia. We were not allowed to land. The police took charge of ship, crew and passengers. The men slept heavily on deck, except Burns, who developed a slight fever from his injury, and moved about restlessly.

It seemed to me that the vigilance of the officers was exerted largely to prevent an escape from the vessel and not sufficiently for the safety of those on board. I spoke of this, and a guard was placed at the companionway again. Thus I saw Elsa Lee for the last time until the trial.

She was dressed, as she had been in the afternoon, in a dark cloth suit of some sort and called me to join her where she stood.

"We are back again, Leslie."

"Yes, Miss Lee."

"Back to—what? To live the whole thing over again in a courtroom! If only we could go away, anywhere, and try to forget!"

She had not expected any answer, and I had none ready. I was thinking— heaven help me—that there were things I would not forget if I could—the lift of her lashes as she looked up at me, the few words we had had together the day she had told me the deck was not clean, the night I had touched her hand with my lips.

"You have been very good to us," she said wistfully. "We have all been strained and nervous. Maybe you have not thought I noticed—or appreciated what you were doing, but I have always. You have given all of yourself for us, and now you are going to be imprisoned. It isn't just!"

I tried to speak lightly, to reassure her.

"Don't be unhappy about that," I said. "A nice, safe jail, where one may sleep and eat and rest and sleep—I shall be very comfortable! And if you wish to make me exceedingly happy you will see that they let me have a razor."

But to my surprise she buried her face in her arms. I could not believe at first that she was crying. The policeman had wandered across to the other rail and stood looking out at the city lights, his back to us. I put my hand out to touch her soft hair, then drew it back. I could not take advantage of her sympathy, of that hysterical excitement of that last night on the Ella. I put my hands in my pockets and held them there, clinched, lest, in spite of my will, I reach out to take her in my arms.

CHAPTER XII.

I Take the Stand.

AND now I come with some hesitation to the trial—hesitation because I relied on McWhirter to keep a record. And McWhirter, from his notes, appears to have been carried away at times by excitement, and either jotted down rows of unintelligible words or waited until evening and made up his notes, like a woman's expense account, from a memory never noticeable for accuracy.

At dawn the morning after we anchored, Charlie Jones roused me, grinning.

"Friend of yours over the rail, Leslie," he said. "Wants to take you ashore."

I knew no one in Philadelphia except the chap who had taken me yachting once, and I felt pretty certain that he would not associate Leslie the football player with Leslie the sailor on the Ella. I went reluctantly to the rail and looked down. Below me, just visible in the river mist of the early morning, was a small boat, from which two men were looking up. One was McWhirter!

"Hello, old top!" he cried. "Or is it you behind that beard?"

"It's I, all right, Mac," I said, somewhat huskily. What with seeing him again, his kindly face behind his glasses, the cheerful faith in me which was his contribution to our friendship—even the way he shook his own hand in default of mine—my throat tightened. Here, after all, was home and a friend.

He looked up at the rail and motioned to a rope that hung there.

"Get your stuff and come with us for breakfast," he said. "You look as if you hadn't eaten since you left."

"I'm afraid I can't, Mac."

"They're not going to hold you, are they?"

"Mac's a rep or so, yes."

Mac's reply to this was a violent resume of the ancestry and present local condition of the Philadelphia police, ending with a request that I jump over and let them go that the plump he had just designated as their abiding place in eternity. On an officer lounging to the rail and looking down, however, he subsided into a low muttering.

The story of how McWhirter happened to be floating on the bosom of the Delaware river, before 5 o'clock in the morning was a long one. It was

months ago. Briefly going home from the theater in New York the night before, he had bought an "extra" which had contained a brief account of the Ella's return. He seemed to have gone into a frenzy of excitement at once. He borrowed a small car and assembled in it in wild confusion one suit of clothes for me, his own and much too small, one hypodermic case, an armful of newspapers with red sect heads, a bottle of brandy, a bottle of digitalis, one police card and one excited young lawyer of the same vintage in law that Mac and I were in medicine. At the last moment, fearful that the police might not know who I was, he had flung in a scrap book in which he had pasted—with a glue that was to make his fortune—records of my exploits on the football field.

A dozen miles from Philadelphia the little machine had turned over on a curve, knocking all the law and most of the enthusiasm out of Walters, the legal gentleman, and smashing the brandy bottle. McWhirter had picked himself up, kicked viciously at the car and, gathering up his impedimenta, had made the rest of the journey by foot and street car.

His wrath at finding me a prisoner was unbounded. His scorn at Walters, the attorney, for not confounding the police with law enough to free me was furious and contemptuous. He picked up the oars in sullen silence and, leaning on them, called a loud and defiant farewell for the benefit of the officer.

"All right," he said. "An hour or so won't make much difference. If you'll be free today, all right, all right. And don't let them buff you, boy. If the police get funny tackle 'em and throw 'em overboard, one by one. You can do it."

He made an insulting gesture at the police, picked up his oars and rowed away into the mist.

But I was not free that day, nor for many days. As I had expected, Turner, his family, Mrs. Johns and the stewardess were released after examination. The rest of us were taken to jail—Singleton as a suspect, the others to make sure of their presence at the trial.

The murders took place on the morning of Aug. 12. The grand jury met late in September and found an indictment against Singleton. The trial began on the 8th of November.

The confinement was terrible. Accustomed to regular exercise as I was, I suffered mentally and physically. I heard nothing from Elsa Lee, and I missed McWhirter, who had got his hospital appointment and who wrote me cheering letters on pages torn from order books or on prescription blanks. He was in Boston.

He got leave of absence from the trial, and as I explained, the following notes are his, not mine. The case was tried in the United States court before Circuit Judge Willard and District Judge McDowell. The United States was represented by a district attorney and two assistant attorneys. Singleton had retained a lawyer named Goldstein, a clever young Jew.

I was called first, as having found the bodies.

"Your name?"

"Ralph Leslie."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-four."

"When and where were you born?"

"Nov. 18, 1887, in Columbus, O."

"When did you ship on the yacht Ella?"

"On July 27."

"When did you sail?"

"July 28."

"Are you a sailor by occupation?"

"No; I am a graduate of a medical college."

"What were your duties on the ship?"

"They were not well defined. I had been ill and was not strong. I was a sort of deck steward, I suppose. I also served a few meals in the cabin of the after-house when the butler was incapacitated."

"Where were you quartered?"

"In the forecabin with the crew until a day or so before the murders. Then I moved into the after-house and slept in a storeroom there."

"Why did you make the change?"

"Mrs. Johns, a guest, asked me to do so. She said she was nervous."

"Who slept in the after house?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Miss Lee, Mrs. Johns and Mr. Vail, the stewardess, Mrs. Sloane, and Karen Hansen, a maid, also slept there, but their room opened from the chart room."

A diagram of the after house was here submitted to the jury. For the benefit of the reader I reproduce it roughly. I have made no attempt to

FIRE DANGER FROM DROUTH

Risks on the National Forests Greater Than Since 1910

Because of drouth conditions, there is considerable fire danger in the forests of the east this fall.

Pennsylvania and New Jersey lead all other States in the quantity of wood used for making tobacco pipes and utilize apple wood, French birch, ebony, birch, red gum and olive wood.

Cherry is the wood most used as a backing for the metal plates from which illustrations are printed in magazines and periodicals. It is chosen above all others because it holds its shape, does not warp or twist, works smoothly and does not split.

Two Governors, those of Oregon and Massachusetts, have suspended the hunting season this year because of increased danger of forest fires when the woods were exceptionally dry.

The position of city forester is now offering a new field for men with a technical training in forestry. Fitchburg, Mass., is one of the latest towns to secure an official of this sort.

Because of extreme drouth, the fire risks on the national forests in the Northwest have been greater this season than in any other since 1910, the worst year since the forests were created. Much less damage was done this year, because experience in fire-fighting was gained in the fires of 1910.

PROTECTION AGAINST FRAUDS

Geological Survey Field Men Provided With Identification Cards

Washington, D. C., Oct. 27.—The cashing of a number of worthless checks, purchasing supplies and not paying for them, and successfully penetrating other frauds by a young man posing as an engineer of the United States Geological Survey engaged in special work on Green, Grand and Colorado rivers would not have been possible had the victims asked to see the identification card with which every field man of the Geological Survey is provided.

Such cards carry the engraved signature of the Secretary of the Interior and the personal signature of the director of the survey, George Otis Smith, as well as the signature and photograph of the employe himself, with the seal of the United States Geological Survey stamped through all three. This may be worth remembering.

WILL BUILD A MONUMENT

West Chester Memorial to Soldiers and Sailors Will Cost \$20,000

West Chester, Pa., Oct. 27.—After consideration of the proposition for a soldiers and sailors' monument here for a dozen years, the present Board of County Commissioners yesterday adopted a resolution to erect a memorial on the court house lawn, and selected the design of Harry Lewis Raul, an Easton sculptor, at a cost of about \$20,000. It embodies the figure of a soldier in uniform bearing in one hand a bayonet and in the other holding a staff on which is partly unfurled a United States flag.

The figure, 11 feet in height, will be of bronze. The base is to be of granite, 12 by 18 feet and 19 feet high.

AUTO UPSETS, THREE INJURED

Machine Breaks New Telephone Pole 16 Inches in Diameter

Bloomsburg, Pa., Oct. 27.—Losing control of County Superintendent Evans' touring car last evening in crossing a trolley track three Bloomsburg young men were injured when it struck a telephone pole.

Howard Mensch was caught under the tonneau when the car turned over after being stripped. His right thigh was fractured, and Millard Cat and George Wright, the driver, were hurled through the wind shield and suffered cuts and contused wounds. The car broke off a new telephone pole 6 inches in diameter, the car was reduced to scrap.

FROM MINE FIRE ALIVE

Two of Three Trapped Miners Are Saved by New System

Pittsburgh, Oct. 27.—A rescue crew from the Pittsburgh station of the Bureau of Mines penetrated the burning workings of the Patterson mine of the Pittsburgh Coal Company at Elizabeth late yesterday and rescued alive two men. A third, William Jolls, had been burned to death. The men had been imprisoned for six hours.

Four hundred men are employed in the mine but only three were working, as the fan house was destroyed by fire a week ago.

APOPLEXY FATAL TO AGED MAN

Albert Showalter, 79, Was Prominent Lancaster County Resident

Denver, Oct. 27.—Albert Showalter, 79 years old, one of the most prominent residents of this section of Lancaster county, died Sunday from a stroke of apoplexy.

Mr. Showalter retired from business ten years ago, being engaged in gardening and farming. He was twice married and is survived by his second wife and ten children and a number of grandchildren. He was for many years connected with the Lutheran church.

PROSECUTOR NOT IN ERROR

High Court Dismisses Odd Appeal in Boyd Case

Pittsburgh, Oct. 27.—The Supreme Court, before concluding its session here yesterday, handed down a decision affirming the death sentence in the appeal of James Boyd from a sentence imposed in Philadelphia for the killing of Bertha Ann Fisher in a saloon on the night of August 24, 1913. Boyd, while seated at a table with the Fisher woman, fired five shots into her body. Unusual points of error were assigned. Boyd's counsel claiming the case was prejudiced against him by reason of the fact that the District Attorney occupied a seat of prominence in the court room during the trial. This assignment was dismissed in the order of the higher court.

Chief Justice D. Newlin Fell, of Philadelphia, sat for the last time on the Supreme Court bench yesterday. When the body convenes again his term will have expired, and he will be succeeded by Justice J. Hay Brown, of Lancaster.

Check Kidney Trouble at Once

There is such ready action in Foley Kidney Pills, you feel their healing from the very first dose. Backache, weak, sore kidneys, painful bladder and irregular action disappear with their use. O. Palmer, Green Bay, Wis., says: "My wife is rapidly recovering her health and strength, due solely to Foley Kidney Pills." And W. T. Hutchens, Nicholson, Ga., says, "Just a few doses made me feel better and now my pains and rheumatism are all gone and I sleep all night long. George A. Gargas, 16 North Third street and P. R. Station, adv."

FAMILY ESCAPES FLAMES

Coughing Wakes Boy, Who Arouses Four Others in the House

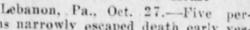
Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 27.—Five persons narrowly escaped death early yesterday morning when the home of William Rank, midway between this city and Jonestown, was destroyed by fire.

Arthur, an 8-year-old son, was awakened by an attack of coughing, and found the house filled with flames and smoke. He aroused his parents, sister and grandmother and all escaped. The family lost everything, including \$320 in cash, the savings of Mrs. Rank. The total loss is \$3,000.

Victim of Mishap or Attack

Denver, Pa., Oct. 27.—Lying in a pool of his own blood and unconscious, Robert Brubaker, employed in the local shoe factory, was found in the basement by the night watchman.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:15, 5:27, 6:30, 9:30 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:30 and 11:53 a. m., 2:30, 5:40, 8:50 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

J. H. TONGE, H. A. RIDDLER, G. F. A. Supl.

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