



# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

## Henrietta D. Grauel

### Good Coffee—Like Mother's

Once upon a time a rough tramp entered a lonely farm house and commanded the woman of the house to make him a cup of coffee. Terrified, she used her best efforts, her richest cream and produced a drink fit for a gentleman—perfect coffee. She served it in her choicest china and stood aside hoping he would drink it and go. After one sip he flung up and contents to the floor. "That don't taste like coffee," he said, and made her make it over. The water was not quite hot this time and there was no more cream, but the unwelcome tramp drank a little of the mixture. "It is better," he said, "but it don't suit me." So a third time the unhappy woman undertook to make him a cup of "good" coffee. The hot water was all used and her guest was becoming violent—in desperation she filled up the coffee pot with dish-water, and served it again, this time in a tin-cup. "Ah!"—sighed the tramp, "it tastes just like Mother used to make, and he drank it all and left happy.

You have heard this old story before, I know, for it has gone the rounds and is just an adaptation of "never cast your pearls before swine." But is it not true that many persons do not know that coffee is only "good" in more ways than one, when fresh made? Then its aroma is rich and fragrant for there has been no time for any poisonous properties to steep out and it invigorates and stimulates and is a wholesome beverage.

After it has stood an hour or less the grounds impart to it a flat, heavy, dead taste; it is then positively injurious.

The percolators have solved the question of good coffee at all hours because

with these the coffee is made and the used grounds can be thrown out; they do not stand in the liquor. If you have no percolator put the coffee into a bag and after making lift this out and then there will be no stale taste to the coffee if you must re-heat it for a late comer.

If you use the percolator, or a bag, you can have your coffee pulverized instead of merely ground. This is a great saving; a pound of pulverized coffee will go almost twice as far as the coarser coffee.

No egg is needed to settle coffee made so, for it cannot be muddy.

If you want but a little coffee and want it just right you will like the prepared coffee. This is sold in tiny cans but each can holds enough for twenty-five cups and it is as fine as the most expensive brands. You put a half a teaspoon of the powder into a cup and pour on boiling water and—Presto!—your coffee is ready to drink.

Now that mornings are growing just a little cool there is a great temptation to sleep just a moment longer and the breakfast coffee is often made so hurriedly that it does not boil properly. A quart thermos bottle has helped a certain individual case I know about. The coffee here is made at night and poured into the bottle and corked. In the morning it is still hot enough to burn one's tongue when it is poured into the cups.

The proper proportion for the average cup of good coffee is to allow one level tablespoon of coffee to each cup and one extra spoonful for the pot. Pour on boiling water hotly five minutes, set back where it will keep hot five minutes, settle it with a dash of cold water and serve at once.

# THE AFTER HOUSE

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

### By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Publications, Inc.  
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Continued

"And what was your reply?"

"He made an absurd threat to put me in irons."

"What were your relations after that?"

"They were strained. We simply avoided each other."

"Just a few more questions. Mr. Turner, and I shall not detain you. Do you carry a key to the emergency case in the forward house, the case that contained the ax?"

"Like many of the questions, this was disputed hotly. It was finally allowed, and Turner admitted the key. Similar cases were carried on all the Turner boats, and he had such a key on his ring."

"Did you ever see the white object that terrified the crew?"

"Never. Sailors are particularly ill-bred to such—hysteria."

"During your delirium did you ever see such a figure?"

"I do not recall any details of that part of my illness."

"Were you in favor of bringing the bodies back to port?"

"—Yes, certainly."

"Do you recall going on deck the morning after the murders were discovered?"

"Vaguely."

"Let us refresh your memory from the ship's log, reading:"

"Mr. Turner insisted that the bodies be buried at sea and on the crew opposing this retired to his cabin, anouncing that he considered the attitude of the men a mutiny."

"I recall being angry at the men, not much else. My position was rational enough, however. It was midsummer, and we had a long voyage before us."

"I wish to read something else to you. The witness Leslie testified to sleeping in the storeroom at the request of Mrs. Johns, reading, 'giving as her reason a fear of something going wrong, as there was trouble between Mr. Turner and the captain.'"

"Whatever question Mr. Goldstein had been trying to get at was not permitted to use this part of the record."

Turner, pale and speaking, left the stand at 2 o'clock that day and I was recalled. My earlier testimony had merely established the finding of the bodies. I was now to have a bad two hours. I was an important witness, probably the most important.

The record of my examination is particularly faulty. McWhirter having allowed personal feeling to interfere with accuracy. Here and there in the margins of his notebook I find flattering allusions to the prosecuting attorney, and after one question, an impeachment of my motives, to which Mac took violent exception, no answer at all is recorded, and in a furious scrawl is written: "The little whipper snapper! Leslie could smash him between his thumb and finger!"

"I found another curious record—a leaf, torn out of the book, and violently designed to be sent to me, but failing its destination, was as follows: "For heaven's sake, don't look at the girl so much! The newspaper men are on."

But, to resume my examination. The first questions were not of particular interest. Then:

"Did the prisoner know you had moved to the after house?"

"I do not know." The forecastle hands knew."

"Tell what you know of the quarrel on July 31 between Captain Richardson and the prisoner."

"I saw it from a deck window." I described it in detail.

"Why did you move to the after house?"

"At the request of Mrs. Johns. She said she was nervous."

"What reason did she give?"

"That Mr. Turner was in a dangerous mood; he had quarreled with the captain and was quarreling with Mr. Vall."

"Did you know the arrangement of rooms in the after house? How the people slept?"

"In a general way."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I knew Mr. Vall's room and Miss Lee's."

"Did you know where the maids slept?"

"Yes."

"You have testified that you were locked in. Was the key kept in the lock?"

"Yes."

"Would whoever locked you in have had only to move the key from one side of the door to the other?"

"Yes."

"Was the key left in the lock when you were fastened in?"

"No."

"Now, Dr. Leslie, we want you to tell us what the prisoner did that night when you told him what had happened."

"I called to him to come below, for God's sake. He seemed dazed and at a loss to know what to do. I told him to get his revolver and call the captain. He went into the forward house and got his revolver, but he did not call the captain. We went below and stumbled over the captain's body."

"What was the mate's condition?"

"He was intoxicated. He collapsed on the steps when we found the captain. We both almost collapsed."

"About this key: was it ever found? The key to the storeroom?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"That same morning."

"Where? And by whom?"

"Miss Lee found it on the floor in Mr. Turner's room."

CHAPTER XVI.  
Free Again.

THE prosecution was totally unprepared for this reply, and proceedings were delayed for a moment while the attorneys consulted. On the resumption of my examination they made a desperate attempt to impeach my character as a witness, trying to show that I had sailed under false pretenses, that I was so feared in the after house that the women refused to allow me below or to administer to Mr. Turner the remedies I prepared and finally that I had surrendered myself to the crew as a suspect of my own accord.

Against this the cross examination threw all its weight. The prosecuting attorneys having dropped the question of the key, the shrewd young lawyer for the defense followed it up:

"This key, Dr. Leslie, do you know where it is now?"

"Yes. I have it."

"Will you tell how it came into your possession?"

"Certainly. I picked it up on the deck a night or so after the murders. Miss Lee had—dropped it. I caught Miss Lee's eye, and she gave me a warm glance of gratitude."

"Have you the key with you?"

"Yes." I produced it.

"Are you a football player, doctor?"

"I was."

"I thought I recalled you. I have seen you play several times. In spite of our friend the attorney for the commonwealth I do not believe we will need to call character witnesses for you. Did you see Miss Lee pick up the key to the storeroom in Mr. Turner's room?"

"Yes."

"Did it occur to you at the time that the key had any significance?"

"I wondered how it got there."

"You say you listened inside the locked door and heard no sound, but felt a board rise up under your knee. A moment or two later when you called the prisoner he was intoxicated and reeled. Do you mean to tell us that a drunken man could have made his way in the darkness through a cabin filled with chairs, tables and a piano in absolute silence?"

The prosecuting attorney was on his feet in an instant and the question was sustained. I was next shown the keys, club and file taken from Singleton's mattress. "You have identified these objects as having been found concealed in the prisoner's mattress. Do any of these keys fit the captain's cabin?"

"No."

"Who saw the prisoner during the days he was locked in his cabin?"

"I saw him occasionally. The cook saw him when he carried him his meals."

"Did you ever tell the prisoner where the ax was kept?"

"No."

"Did the members of the crew know?"

"I believe so. Yes."

"Was the fact that Burns carried the key to the captain's cabin a matter of general knowledge?"

"No. The crew knew that Burns and I carried the keys; they did not know which one each carried, unless—"

"Go on, please."

"If any one had seen Burns take Mrs. Johns forward and show her the ax he would have known."

"Who were on deck at that time?"

"All the crew were on deck, the forecastle being closed. In the crew's nest was McNamara; Jones was at the wheel."

"From the crew's nest could the look-out have seen Burns and Mrs. Johns going forward?"

"No. The two houses were connected by an awning."

"What could the helmsman see?"

"Nothing forward of the after house."

The prosecution closed its case with me. The defense, having virtually conducted its case by cross examination of the witnesses already called, contented itself with producing a few character witnesses, and "rested." Goldstein made an eloquent plea of "no case," and asked the judge so to instruct the jury.

This was refused, and the case went to the jury on the seventh day—a surprisingly short trial, considering the magnitude of the crimes.

The jury disagreed. But, while they wrangled, McWhirter and I were already on the right track. At the very hour that the jury were being discharged and steps taken for a retrial, we had the murderer locked in my room in a cheap lodging house off Chestnut street.

My situation was better than it had been in the summer. I had my strength again, although the long confinement had told on me. But my position was precarious enough. I had my pay from the Ella, and nothing else. And McWhirter, with a mouthful stipend from his hospital of \$25, was not much better off.

My first evening of freedom we spent at the theater. We bought the best seats in the house, and we dressed for the occasion—being in the position of having nothing to wear but shabby everyday wear and evening clothes.

"It is by way of celebration," Mac said, as he put a dab of shoe blacking over a hole in his sock; "you having been restored to life, liberty and the

pursuit of happiness. That's the game. Leslie—the pursuit of happiness."

"Happiness!" I said scornfully. "Do you call this happiness?"

We enjoyed the theater, after all with the pent up enthusiasm of long months of work and strain. We laughed at the puerile fun, encored the prettiest of the girls, and swaggered in the lobby between acts with cigarettes. There we ran across the one man I knew in Philadelphia and had supper after the play with three or four fellows, who, on hearing my story, persisted in believing that I had sailed on the Ella as a lark or to follow a girl. My simple statement that I had done it out of necessity met with roars of laughter and finally I let it go at that.

It was after 1 when we got back to the lodging house, being escorted there in a racing car by a riotous crowd that stood outside the door, as I fumbled for my key, and screeched in unison: "Leslie! Leslie! Leslie! Sick 'em!" before they drove away.

The light in the dingy lodging house-parlor was burning full, but the hall was dark. I stopped inside and lighted a cigarette.

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," I said. "I've got the first two, and the other can be had for the pursuit."

Mac did not reply; he was staring into the parlor. Elsa Lee was standing by a table looking at me.

She was very nervous and tried to explain her presence in a breath—with the result that she broke down utterly and had to stop. Mac, his jovial face rather started, was making for the stairs; but I sternly brought him back and presented him. Whereon, being utterly confounded, he made the tactful remark that he would have to go and put out the milk bottles; it was almost morning!

She had been waiting since 10 o'clock, she said. A taxi cab, with her maid, was at the door. They were going back to New York in the morning and things were terribly wrong.

"These are detectives watching Marshall. We saw one today at the hotel. If the jury disagrees—and the lawyers think they will—they will arrest him."

I thought it probable. There was nothing I could say.

"I was to ask you to do something," she said. "None of us can, for we are being watched. I was probably followed here. The Ella is still in the river, with only a watchman on board. We want you to go there tonight if you can."

"To the Ella?"

"She was feeling in her pocketbook, and now she held out to me an envelope addressed in a sprawling hand to Mr. Turner at his hotel."

"Am I to open it?"

"Please."

I unfolded a sheet of ruled note paper of the most ordinary variety. It had been opened and laid flat, and on it in black ink was a crude drawing of the deck of the Ella as one would look down on it from aloft. Here and there were small crosses in red ink and overlying it all from bow to stern a red ax. Around the border, not written, but printed in childish letters, were the words: "Not yet. Ha, ha." In a corner was a drawing of a galloos or what passes in the everyday mind for a horse and in the opposite corner an

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"He was intoxicated. He collapsed on the steps when we found the captain. We both almost collapsed."

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HERO MEDALS AWARDED

Recognition of Bravery Accorded to Sixty-nine Persons

Pittsburgh, Oct. 31.—The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission yesterday awarded 15 silver medals and 54 bronze medals. Thirteen of the heroes lost their lives, and to the dependents of ten of these persons or sums of money to be applied subject to the discretion of the commission are granted.

There are six heroines, Margaret Guy, aged 16, of South Boston, Mass., who saved a lad three years her senior from drowning; Mary Allen, of Big Rapids, Mich., who rescued two girls from drowning in Rose Lake, Leroy, Mich.; Sophia Thomas, of Newry, S. C., who rescued a girl from a rapid dog; Phoebe Briggs, a Vassar College girl, who saved three college mates from drowning; Mrs. Lillian M. Coburn, who saved two men from burning at Susanville, Cal., and Frances Spanko, 14 years old, of Hartman, Ark., who lost her own life in saving another girl from being killed by a train.

CIGAR AND CASE FOR WIFE

She Gets Gift From President Grant to Her Late Husband

Marietta, Oct. 31.—In the will of the late Martin D. Kendig he has made the following bequests:

To the treasurer of the old Menonite church, \$500; to the trustees of the mission board of the church of the Brethren, Elgin, Ill., for work in India, \$500; to the Rev. C. N. Hostetter, of the River Brethren church, \$300 for missionary work in South Africa; to the Lancaster General hospital, \$200; to the Menonite Sunday school, Millersville, \$100. He gives to his wife the cigar and case he received as a gift from President Grant.

CHILD WELFARE FIRST

Concluding Talks at Mothers' Congress Along This Line

Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 31.—At the American Mothers' Congress yesterday afternoon the Rev. William K. Bennett of Portsville, gave an interesting talk on "Work for Children in the Anthracite District." He was followed by Mrs. Milton P. Higgins, of Worcester, Mass., who spoke of "Child Welfare," and Miss Anna Windle Paiste, of Philadelphia, who presented "Montessor Work in Rome."

The concluding session was held last evening, with addresses by Mrs. William F. Young, of Chicago; Dr. William J. Hull, of Swarthmore College, and Mrs. Frederick Schott, of Philadelphia.

Reading invited the association for its 1915 session, and the present of flowers held over until that meeting.

View Girard Coal Holdings

Shenandoah, Pa., Oct. 31.—The Girard Estate officials, of Philadelphia headed by ex-Governor Stuart, made a tour of inspection of the estate's interests in this section; among them were the big reservoir here and the mammoth strippings on Broad Mountain.

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. Gorgas, 16 North Third street and P. R. R. Station. adv.

WILL PREACH FOR HUSBAND

Pastor Is Member of Murder Jury Deadlocked for Eight Days

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 31.—Mrs. Thomas B. Payne, wife of the pastor of the John Raymond Memorial Universalist church, sent notices to the local papers yesterday afternoon that "owing to Mr. Payne's being held up on jury duty, the pastor's wife will conduct the services to-morrow."

Mr. Payne is on the jury which, since October 23, has been deadlocked on a verdict in the case against William Pegram, charged with the murder of Mary Quinn, 12 years old. The jury yesterday asked the Court for release, but Judge Edwards avers that they must stay in session until a verdict is reached.

## NEW HOTEL VENDIG

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MANGLED, HE BREATHES ON

Amazing Vitality of Boy Who Was Hurrying to Work

York, Pa., Oct. 31.—Dozing in front of a Western Maryland Railroad shifting engine at the West York Station yesterday morning in his anxiety not to be late to his work at the plant of the York Manufacturing Company, 17-year-old Howard Bankard was struck down and ground under the wheels of the locomotive.

For ten minutes, frantic efforts were being made to release the terribly mangled boy, he continued to breathe. He expired as his body was lifted from the rails.

\$2,000 AS PARTIAL BALM

But No Amount of Cash Could Heal This Maiden's Heart

Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 31.—Sadie A. Miller in her declaration filed in a breach of promise suit against Samuel B. Pfantz, says: "No amount of money can pay me for wounded feelings and humiliation;" but as the law required an amount to be named, she fixed upon \$2,000.

She tells in her papers of his court- ing regularly for two years; of their agreement to marry; of the cooling of affection for her, and his breaking of the engagement.

Lancaster Men Die in Utah

Lancaster, Oct. 31.—Two notices of deaths just received by relatives in Lancaster county reveal a singular coincidence. Relatives of John F. Smith, of Ogden, Utah, formerly of Elizabeth town, have been notified of his death, and M. J. Smith, of Columbia, has been advised of the death of his brother, John F. Smith, also at Ogden. The men were not even relatives. Both went West in 1878, but not together.

Record for Street Paving

Altoona, Pa., Oct. 31.—A world's record for laying brick street paving was established here yesterday by J. J. Crowley, a paving foreman, who laid 1,980 square yards in 10 hours. The sand bed was made, bricks down and the surface ground with cement. The work was so systematized that there was not a moment's delay.



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For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:02, 7:50, 11:45 a. m., 5:40, 5:52, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 8:45 a. m., 2:15, 2:27, 6:30, 9:30 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 5:10, 5:22, 6:30 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

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