

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

How Lye Should be Used

Frequently one hears of serious burns caused by lye or potash, then one feels as if this dangerous substance should not be so indiscriminately used. But rightly handled lye is a good friend and there are thousands of households where it has been used for generations without accident.

It should, however, never be used in its raw natural form. Holes should be cut in the top of the can and the contents poured into several gallons of water.

This solution should be kept in jugs and used sparingly. It is a wonderful disinfectant. A little poured into sinks, drains and greasy pipes will sweeten and clear them almost at once. Very bad drains should be filled with the solution at night and flushed in the morning.

Every housekeeper has had experiences in cleaning when only lye could be relied upon to remove the dirt and its whitening powers deserve praise indeed but it should not be used regularly for scrubbing in time it takes the life from any wood and softens the fibres.

The best way to use lye is to make it into soap and this is good season for this duty for the necessary fat to put with it can be secured easily now.

The proportions for hard soap, for general cleaning purposes, is five gallons of water, five pounds of fat and one can of lye. Boil together in a great kettle until the mass is like milk. Then add salt until the soap separates from the water. Boil fifteen minutes longer and cool. Skim off the soap and put into molds. This will improve with age.

To make soft soap take one quart of the hard soap, before it cools, and add it to four gallons of water. Boil this until reduced one-half and cool in crocks or jars.

The hard soap is excellent for scrubbing purposes when mops are used and the older it is the better it cleans. The soft soap is to be used for laundry purposes and for washing greasy cookery pans.

Washing fluid is also made from lye, it is too strong for the average family unless the clothes are very coarse and exceedingly dirty. The Javelle water is much preferred.

Here is the recipe for making the lye fluid but it is published with the reservations noted.

Use a large stone jar and label it "washing fluid, LYE." In this put two gallons of cold water, one tablespoon of carbonate of ammonia and one tablespoon of salts of tartar. When these have dissolved add one ten-cent can of lye, cork and let stand several days. Use a half a pint of this to a tub of water when washing clothes. To bleach put two tablespoons into a washbowl of water. For scrubbing use one tablespoonful to a bucket of water.

Beside removing odors, freshening sinks and drains a little of the solution used in washing shelves will prevent mice entering cupboards. It should never be sprinkled around in its crystal form for it is capable of doing untold harm to individuals and of ruining any surface it touches.

THE AFTER HOUSE

A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Continued

"You see," she said, "I was mailed downtown late this afternoon. The boat got late at 7 o'clock. Marshall wanted to get a detective, but I thought of you. I knew you knew the boat, and then you had said—"

"Anything in all the world that I can do to help you I will do," I said, looking at her. And the thing that I could not keep out of my eyes made her drop hers.

"Sweet little document!" said McWhirter, looking over my shoulder. "Sent by some one with a nice disposition. What do the crosses mark?"

"The location of the bodies when found," I explained—"these three. This looks like the place where Bugs lay unconscious. That one near the rail I don't know about, nor this by the mainmast."

"We thought they might mark places, clews, perhaps, that had been overlooked. The whole—the whole document is a taunt, isn't it? The scold and the ax and 'not yet'—a piece of bravado?"

"Right you are," said McWhirter admiringly. "A little escape of glee from somebody who's laughing too soon. One-third it will soon be the proper hour for something to happen on the Ella, won't it? If that was sent by some member of the crew—and it looks like it, they are loose today—the quicker we follow up the better if there's anything to follow."

"We thought if you would go early in the morning, before any of them make an excuse to go back on board—"

"We will go right away, but please—don't build too much on this. It's a good possibility, that's all. Will the watchman let us on board?"

"We thought of that. Here is a note to him from Marshall, and will you do us one more kindness?"

"I will."

"Then—if you should find anything bring it to us to the police later, if you must, but to us first."

She held out her hand, first to McWhirter, then to me. I kept it a little longer than I should have, perhaps, and she did not take it away.

"It is such a comfort," she said, "to have you with us and not against us. For Marshall didn't do it, Leslie—I mean—it is hard for me to think of you as Dr. Leslie. He didn't do it. At first, we thought he might have, and he was delirious and could not reason. He swears he did not. I think, just at first, he was afraid he had done it, but he did not. I believe that, and you must."

I believed her—I believed anything she said. I think that if she had chosen to say that I had witnessed the murderer's act on the Ella I should have gone to the gallows rather than ginsay her. From that night, I was the devil's advocate, if you like. I was determined to save Marshall Turner.

I stood in the street, bareheaded, watching her take the ax and walk down the street. McWhirter touched me on the arm.

"Wake up!" he said. "We have work to do, my friend."

We went upstairs together, cautiously, not to rouse the house. At the top Mac turned and parted me on the elbow, my shoulder being a foot or so above him.

"Good boy!" he said. "And if that shirt front and the didn't knock into eternal oblivion the deck washing up the Ella, I'll eat them!"

"It's got my goat," he admitted. "It smells like a tomb."

"Don't be an ass."

"Turn the light over the side and see if we fastened that boat. We don't want to be left here indefinitely."

"That's folly, Mac," I said, but I obeyed him. "The watchman's boat is there, so we—"

But he caught me suddenly by the arm and shook me.

"My God!" he said. "What is that over there?"

It was a moment before my eyes after the flashlight could discern anything in the darkness. Mac was pointing forward. When I could see Mac was ready to laugh at himself.

"This tomb has sure got my goat," he said sheepishly. "I thought I saw something dark around the corner of that building, but I think it was a ray from a searchlight on one of those boats."

"The watchman, probably," I said quietly. "But my heart beat a little faster. The watchman taking a look at us and gone for his gun."

I thought rapidly. If Mac had seen anything, I did not believe it was the watchman. But there should be a watchman on board—in the forward house, probably. I gave Mac my revolver and put the light in my pocket. I might want both hands that night. I saw better without the flash, and I thought rapidly.

That, after all, is the story. Jones was a madman, a homicidal maniac of the worst type. Always a madman, the homicidal element of his disease was recurrent and of a curious nature. He thought himself a priest of heaven, appointed to make ghastly sacrifices at certain signals from on high. The signals I am not sure of; he turned factum after his capture and would not talk. I am inclined to think that a shooting star, perhaps in a particular quarter of the heavens, was his signal. This is distinctly possible and is made probable by the stars which he had painted with tar on his sacrificial robe.

The story of the early morning of Aug. 12 will never be fully known; but much of it, in view of our knowledge, we were able to reconstruct. Thus—Jones ate his supper that night, a mild and well disposed individual. During the afternoon before he had read prayers for the soul of Schwartz, in whose departure he may or may not have had a part—I am inclined to think not. Jones construing his mission as being one to remove the wicked and the oppressor, and Schwartz hardly coming under either classification.

He was at the wheel from midnight until 4 in the morning on the night of the murders. At certain hours we believe that he went forward to the forecastle head and performed, clad in his priestly robe, such devotions as his disordered mind dictated. It is my idea that he looked, at these times, for a heavenly signal, either a meteor or some strange appearance of the heavens. It was known that he was a poor sleeper and spent much time at night wandering around.

On the night of the crimes it is probable that he performed his devotions early, and then got the signal. This is evidenced by Singleton's finding the ax against the captain's door before midnight. He had evidently been disturbed. We believe that he intended to kill the captain and Mr. Turner, but made a mistake in the rooms. He clearly intended to kill the Danish girl. Several passages in his Bible, marked with a red cross, showed his inflamed hatred of loose women, and he believed Karen Hansen to be of that type.



It Was Covered With Dark Brown Stains.

guided partly by the bow light, partly by my knowledge of the yacht, I led the way across the deck. The forward house was closed and locked, and no knocking produced any indication of life. The after house we found not only locked, but barred across with strips of wood nailed into place. The forecastle was likewise closed. It was a dead ship.

No figure reappearing to alarm him, Mac took the drawing out of his pocket and focused the flashlight on it. "This cross by the mainmast," he said—"that would be where?"

"Right behind you, there."

He walked to the mast, and examined carefully around its base. There was nothing there, and even now I do not know to what that cross alluded, unless poor Schwartz!

"Then this other one—forward, you call it, don't you? Suppose we locate that."

All expectation of the watchman having now died, we went forward on the port side to the approximate location of the cross. This being in the neighborhood where Mac had thought he saw something move, we approached with extreme caution. But nothing more ominous was discovered than the port lifeboat, nothing more ghostly heard than the occasional creak with which it rocked in its davits.

The lifeboat seemed to be indicated by the cross. It swung almost shoulder high on McWhirter. We looked under and around it with a growing feeling that we had misread the significance of the crosses, or that the sinister record extended to a time before the "she devil" of the Turner line was dressed in white and turned into a lady.

I was feeling underneath the boat, with a sense of absurdity that McWhirter put into words. "I only hope," he said, "that the watchman does not wake up now and see us. He'd be justified in filling us with lead or putting us in straitjackets."

But I had discovered something. "Mac," I said, "some one has been at this boat within the last few minutes."

"Why?"

"Take your revolver and watch the deck. 'One of the barcass'—"

"What's that?"

"One of the water barrels has been upset, and the plug is out. It is leaking into the boat. It is leaking fast, and there's only a gallon or so in the bottom. Give me the light."

The contents of the boat revealed the truth of what I had said. The boat was in confusion. Its cover had been thrown back, and tins of biscuit, ballers, bootbooks and extra rowlocks were jumbled together in confusion. The barcass lay on its side, and its plug had been either knocked or drawn out. McWhirter was for turning to in-

spect the boat, but I ordered him sternly to watch the deck. He was inclined to laugh at my caution, which, he claimed, was a quality in me he had not suspected. He lunged against the rail near me and in spite of his chaff kept a keen enough lookout.

The barcass of water were lashed amidships. In the bow and stern were small air tight compartments, and in the stern was also a small locker for which the biscuit tins had been taken. I was about to abandon my search when I saw something gleaming in the locker and reached in and drew it out. It appeared to be an ordinary white sheet, but its presence there was curious. I turned the light on it. It was covered with dark brown stains.

Even now the memory of that sheet turns me ill. I shook it out, and Mac at my exclamation came to me. It was not a sheet, at all—that is, not a whole one. It was a circular piece of white cloth, on which in black were curious marks, a six pointed star predominating. There were others—a crescent, a crude attempt to draw what might be either a dog or a lamb and a cross. From edge to edge it was smeared with blood.

Of what followed just after both McWhirter and I are vague. There seemed to be simultaneously a yell of fury from the rigging overhead and the crash of a falling body on the deck near us. Then we were closing with a kicking, biting, screaming thing that bore me to the ground, extinguishing the little electric flash, and that, rising suddenly from under me, had McWhirter in the air and almost overboard before I caught him. So dazed were we by the onslaught that the thing—whatever it was—could have escaped and left us none the wiser. But, although it eluded us in the darkness, it did not leave. It was there, whimpering to itself, searching for something—the sheet. As I stepped Mac it passed me. I caught at it. Immediately the struggle began all over again. But this time we had the advantage and kept it. After a battle that seemed to last all night, and that was actually fought all over that part of the deck, we held the creature subdued, and Mac, getting a hand free, struck a match.

It was Charlie Jones.

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POISON VICTIM WAITS END

Ex-Army Officer Bids Good-Bye to Grief-Stricken Wife and Is Prepared for Inevitable

Philadelphia, Nov. 2.—Knowing that death is only about forty-eight hours distant, Adolph Langhorst, a former officer in the United States army and a victim of poison tablets, yesterday resigned himself to his fate and cheerfully bade good-bye to his wife, who sat at his bedside throughout the day. Langhorst has been a patient in the hospital for several days, but it was not until Saturday that his identity was revealed. When admitted to the institution he declared his name was Magrane. This he did, he explained, because he wished to avoid notoriety.

Langhorst reiterated the statement he made Saturday when he declared that he had taken the poison tablets in mistake for peppermint lozenges. He said that he did not discover the error until he began suffering pains in the abdomen. He then went to the hospital.

The dying man spoke cheerfully to his wife, nurses and physicians until about noon yesterday when swollen ulcers in his throat silenced his voice. He then wrote short notes to his wife and in these told her he is prepared to die and is calmly awaiting the end. During the afternoon he was visited by C. Stuart Patterson, Jr., his attorney and former comrade in the army. The two men fought in the Spanish-American war and were members of the Sixth United States Coast Artillery. Langhorst was advanced to the rank of second lieutenant, but left the army two years ago.

Physicians at the hospital declared yesterday that Langhorst probably will die Wednesday. Everything known to medical science, they declare, has been employed to save the life of the patient, but he is gradually growing weaker and is now beyond all aid.

Mrs. Langhorst returned to her home last night in accordance with the wish of her husband. She will return when his death is announced and claim the body.

FOOT STRAIN

Little Talks on Health and Hygiene by Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., Commissioner of Health

Rudyard Kipling makes one of his characters in a military tale say "A soldier is no better than his feet." The man or woman whose occupation or duties require them to stand or walk for a greater portion of the day come to a certain extent in the same category—they are no better than their feet.

This is not alone due to their lack of mobility, but to the ever present strain on the nervous system when the feet are partially incapacitated. Any one who has suffered from the breaking down of the arches of the feet can appreciate how extremely painful this is and how serious a handicap. Cases of this sort are of an extreme character.

What people do not appreciate is that worn down heels which throw the weight of the body to one side or other of the feet may cause a continuous strain when walking or standing. Many people who are particularly careful in the care of their hands pay less attention to their other extremities.

Our modern shoemakers are turning out better shoes than have ever been made in the history of the world. They are less clumsy and more serviceable. Unfortunately, however, the dictates of fashion have led women and men to wear footwear which distorts the natural shape of the foot.

The Roman sandal which permitted the toes to assume their natural position and allowed each one of the five to bear its portion of the weight and give spring to the step was obviously more sensible than the French heeled pump. The latter throws the weight of the body on the ball of the foot and this causes a strain to keep the body balanced. This may be an unconscious action, but it is nevertheless extremely tiresome. It is possible owing to the craftsmanship of present day shoemakers for both men and women to secure neat, trim-looking footwear which is sensible in shape.

To be comfortably shod is no small factor in the preparation for one's daily work and will prove a material aid in increasing individual efficiency.

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DEATH AFTER AUTO'S BLOW

Woman Struck as She Alights From Car and Hurled Into Curb

Seranton, Pa., Nov. 2.—While alighting from a street car in North Seranton yesterday afternoon, Miss Sue Haron, of Wilkes-Barre, was struck by an automobile and so badly injured that she died before she could be moved to a hospital.

The young woman had just alighted, when the automobile whizzed from behind the car on which she had been riding. She was thrown to one side of the road, her head striking against the curb, which fractured her skull.

ORDERS SCHOOL HEAD TO JAIL

Judge Gives Superintendent Ten Days and \$500 Fine for Contempt

Cleveland, Nov. 2.—Common Pleas Judge Neff has sentenced Superintendent J. M. H. Frederick, of the Cleveland public schools, to serve 10 days in jail and pay a fine of \$500 for contempt of court. Superintendent Frederick was found guilty of violating the court's order which restrained school officials from refusing to reappoint teachers because of their activities in the teachers' union.

Attorneys for Superintendent Frederick announced that an appeal would be made to the higher court at once. This action will work a stay of execution of the sentence. Superintendent Frederick was found guilty Monday last, but the court gave him until Saturday to reinstate the teachers "and lighten his offense."

TWO KILLED BY EXPLOSION

Father and Daughter Fatally Injured at Duke Centre

Kane, Pa., Nov. 2.—In a gas explosion Saturday night at Duke Centre, W. M. George and his daughter, Alma George, were fatally burned.

The explosion occurred at the George home and is thought to have been caused by a leak in the gas connection. The force of the explosion was so great that Mr. George and his daughter were blown through a window into the yard, a distance of 20 feet. When neighbors came to their assistance their clothing was a mass of flames. They were taken to a hospital, where the daughter died at midnight and the father one hour later. The George home and the adjoining residence, owned by S. M. Sullivan, were burned.

CAR KILLS COURT CLERK

Steps to Track as Halloween Party Waits for Special

Pittsburgh, Nov. 2.—Robert P. Moore, chief clerk of the Allegheny county Common Pleas Court, died in the Homeopathic Hospital yesterday morning from injuries received when struck by a street car at Brookside, a suburb.

Moore, with a party of other county officials, had been attending a Halloween celebration near by. All were waiting for a special car to take them back to this city, when Moore stepped to the track. No one had noticed a swiftly-moving regular car approaching. It struck Moore.

The injured man was placed aboard the car and hurried to the hospital, where it was found his skull, right leg and an arm had been fractured.

DEATH SLEEP IN BARN

Man Whose Body Was Found Supposed to Have Caused Fire

Woodbourne, Pa., Nov. 2.—After the barn of Zephaniah Force had been burned at 7 o'clock last evening, the charred body of Hugh Costello was found in the ruins.

Costello had been loading in the barn all day, not feeling well, it is said. It is believed that he smoked and went to sleep, thus setting the structure afire. It was not known, however, that he had perished in the flames until they had been subdued by the Langherne firemen, called when smoke issuing from the barn directed attention to the blaze. Loss, \$3,000.

DEBING OF STAB WOUND IN LUNG

Lebanon, Pa., Nov. 2.—William Malone, of Philadelphia, is in a critical condition at the Good Samaritan hospital, suffering from stab wounds, one of which pierced the lung. Malone claims he was attacked during a quarrel by a foreigner—now under arrest—armed with a stiletto, at Myerstown Saturday night. Malone is 35 years old and is employed as a farm hand. He is not expected to recover.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

Trains Leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 5:40 a. m., 8:40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at 5:05, 7:50, 11:15 a. m., 2:45, 5:35, 7:40, 11:50 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 8:45 a. m., 2:15, 5:17, 8:30, 9:30 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:50 and 11:15 a. m., 2:45, 5:35, 7:40, 11:50 p. m.
*Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A., Supl.

Ends Life With Hogs' Acid

Reading, Pa., Nov. 2.—Peter Still, formerly of Scranton, for 19 years a trusty in the State Asylum for Chronic insane at Wernersville, committed suicide yesterday by drinking a bottle of carbolic acid, which he found in the hog pen, where it had been used for treatment of hog cholera.

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