Reading for Women and all the Family

The Plotters

A New Serial of East and West

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XIII

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For some days after this, John Butler saw Elizabeth Wade only at meal times or in the presence of Amos and Mrs. Chapin.

Elizabeth suspected that he was determined to prevent any closer acquaintance with herself, and was more amused than piqued by the suspicion. She appreciated that, believing her to be the cousin of the farmer's wife, he had scruples about paying her such marked attention as he might bestow upon one of his own class. So, smiling to herself, she aided and abetted his efforts to evade her.

Yet, occasionally, she wished that she might have a pleasant, long talk with him. She was lonely here, away from all her former associates and without intellectual companionship. When not helping Mrs. Chapin she spent much of her time in her room reading. She wrote to her brother but seldom, for there was little to tell except that his ex-patient was looking stronger and better with each passing day and that the fields were improving as rapidly as he was.

It was evident to her that Chapin was not allowing John Butler to do much of the work that he himself was in the habit of performing. Whereas Amos was accustomed to rising at daylight, on these mornings he lay abed until Butler had been below stairs for an hour. In the afternoon, also, Amos would come to the house for a little nap, while the younger guest would remain at work until the close of the supper hour. Elizabeth knew that since Butler had been forced upon Chapin the farmer had resolved to take advantage of the chance to lead a more luxurious life than heretofore.

Butler may have noticed this himself, but he spoke no word of complaint. Instead, he took matters more and more into his own hands, ordering from the city certain farm implements, and making improvements that the farmer considered useless.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," Chapin remarked dryly one day to his wife, as she and Elizabeth sat in the vine-shaded kitchen porch hulling strawberries. "That young Butler seems to be crazy to spend good money on a lot of new fangled fixin's. Well, if he wants to do it, and the owner of the farm don't object, I'll not say anything. Your brother and I will profit by it maybe—if there is any profit, which I doubt," he added to Elizabeth.

A Skeptical Farmer

"There will be profit, if one may judge by the looks of the farm," the girl affirmed gravely.

"Looks aren't everything. Wait till the crops come in," the man said skeptically. "I don't hold with these scientific ways of doin' things. But your brother wanted it tried out—so I'm keeping mum." The words set Elizabeth to thinking, and the results of her cogitation was the decision that John Butler knew what he was doing and that she would best not display too much interest in the matter. She would not mention it to him.

But Butler himself introduced the subject one morning when, on her way down to the pond for waterlilies, she met him.

"May I go with you?" he asked abruptly when she told him her errand.

"Why—yes," she stammered, "if you aren't too busy?"

"I am not," he declared, "I have been working hard lately, but just now I called Mr. Chapin's attention to this fact and suggested that he and Talak finished the bit of cultivating I was doing in the corn. I do not think he liked it," he added, reflectively.

"It is his job, anyway," Elizabeth declared bluntly. "Don't let him impose on you, Mr. Butler."

The man looked at her with a surprised expression that reminded her that Chapin was supposed to be her cousin by marriage.

"I mean," she explained, "he's always been in the habit of doing such work and you have not."

He did not say much until he and she were in one of the flat-bottomed boats on the little lake. Then, when Butler had rowed around a bend that hid them from the farm, he laid down the oars and let the boat drift into the shadows.

A Pleasing Impression

"It is good to get out here where it is quiet and cool," he remarked after a long silence. "Chapin brought me a letter from the village an hour ago. It is from my mother. Do you mind if I read it now?"

"Certainly not," she assured him. "Read it, by all means."

Leaning back in the stern of the boat she watched him stealthily. How well he was looking, and how much more handsome he was than he had been on his arrival three weeks ago!

As he read, she saw him start and flush suddenly.

"By Jove!" he muttered.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Is anything wrong?" Then, as he did not reply at once—"I beg your pardon!" she said. "I did not mean to ask that question, but you looked so startled."

"Don't apolobize, please," he begged. "I was startled. My mother has written something that surprised me somewhat, that was all. But she often fancies things that don't exist. I wish," looking at Elizabeth wistfully, "that I might talk about it to you."

"Pray do not!" she exclaimed. "The accident of my being here when you received your letter does not mean that you must reveal its contents to a complete stranger."

"But," he said slowly, his eyes fixed on hers, "you do not seem like a stranger to me. I have had but one real talk with you since I came—yet there has not been an hour when I have not remembered that you were here on this farm, and I have wished I knew you better. Miss Moore, can't we be friends?"

"Why, yes," she hesitated, "but—you must not forget that your circle of friends is quite different from that to which I belong, Mr. Butler."

"Nonsense!" he burst forth. "I need your friendship! Say I may have it, please!"

"Why, yes," she agreed, with an earnestness that surprised even herself, "of course you may have it."

(To Be Continued.)

HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

From Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Jas. Rohrberg, 620 Knapp St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrberg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

For Skin Soreness

of infants and children you can find nothing that heals like

Sykes Comfort Powder

Leading physicians and nurses have used and endorsed it for more than 25 years. 25c at the Vinol and other drug stores The Comfort Powder Co., Boston, Mass.

Bringing Up Father

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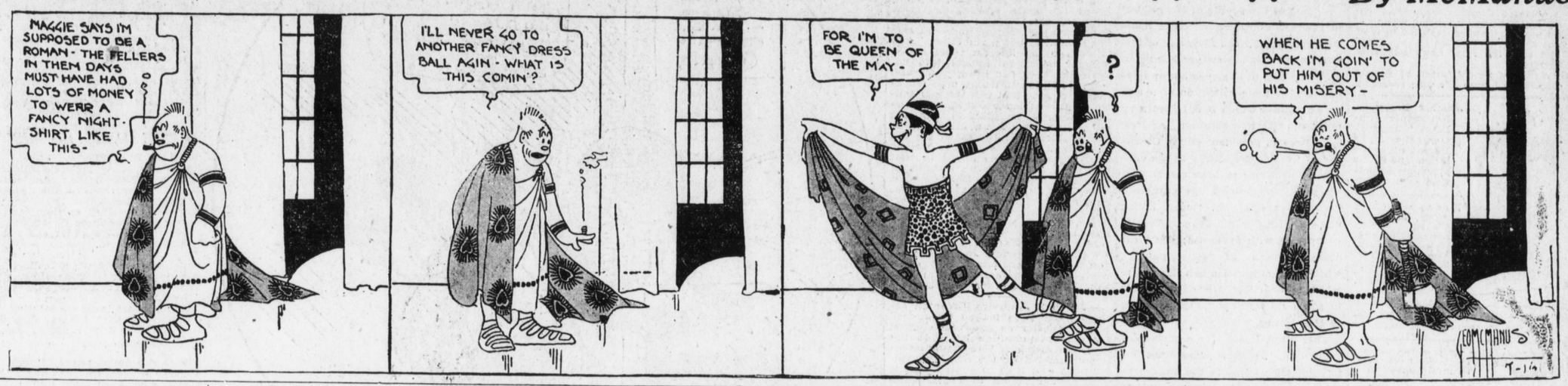
By McManus



Dr. Mudge Gives Patriotic Sermon on Bastile's Fall and Its Effect on World

Not only was the fall of the Bastile on July 14, 1789 during the bloody days of the French Revolution significant as the commencement of French civil liberty, but it was also significant for the commencement of French religious liberty. Declarations to this effect were made by Dr. Lewis S. Mudge, pastor of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church in a special sermon on "The Fall of the Bastile" yesterday morning.

The church was tastefully decorated yesterday morning for the commemoration of the French Independence Day. The tricolor of France predominated among the decorations and the music, too, was especially selected for the occasion. Only compositions of French composers were rendered at the service. At its conclusion, after the benediction, at the request of Dr. Mudge, the audience remained standing while Frank A. CcCarrell played the French national air, the "Marseillaise," as a little token of the high esteem in which the French are held by Americans.

Dr. Mudge in his sermon, pictured quite graphically incidents leading up to the fall of the Bastile and the fall itself. He told of the efforts made by the French ruling classes to exterminate the Hugenots, but how they persisted, all the time growing stronger, awaiting continually a chance to overthrow the autocrats and establish a democracy.

The odious persecutions visited upon them by Louis XV and his predecessors, the many conspiracies of the many French cliques against the happiness of the lower and middle classes all were related with vividness.

The special significance of the fall of the Bastile as regards civil, religious and political liberty for France was mentioned. The fall of the Bastile, with the freedom which it brought, Dr. Mudge declared, "paved the way for religious freedom in America as well."

Additional Sugar May Be Had by Grocers Under New System of Purchases

By means of a new system of sugar purchase grocers will be enabled to secure additional sugar supplies for sale to household consumers, according to authority received at the local food administration offices from the state food administration this morning.

Retail grocers selling sugar for canning purposes may secure additional supplies for the same purpose by turning in the signed sugar purchase certificates for home canning to the food administration office, Room 203, Dauphin building, every Monday. The sugar thus authorized to be purchased is in addition to the amount permitted for ordinary use and adoption of this system insures the dealers and customers an adequate supply for the season's canning.

A force of volunteer workers is at work to-day in the food administration offices insuring the special sugar purchase certificates and the regular purchase certificate for the trade.

When the sugar purchase certificates are turned in each Monday they will be examined and checked by a federal agent and false statements will result in action by the administration similar to that taken in cases where hoarding is detected.

Grocers must supply themselves with blank forms, samples of which may be obtained at the food administration offices.

Eight hundred sugar purchase certificates have been obtained by grocers, chemists, manufacturers, and other commercial users of sugar. To-day is the last day for the sugar consumers to file their sugar statements, and after to-day only householders may secure sugar without sugar purchase certificates.

Vegetable Time

There are so many vegetables to be eaten this summer that one can very well afford to do without wheat, beef and sugar. The United States Food Administration feels that the use of Vegetables cannot be too strongly encouraged.

Boiled Summer Squash

Wash squash and cut in thick slices or quarters. Cook twenty minutes in boiling salted water, or until soft. Drain, mash and season with butter or butter substitute, salt and pepper.

Sliced Tomatoes

Wipe and cover with boiling water; let stand one minute, when they may be easily skinned. Chill thoroughly and cut in slices. Tomatoes may also be peeled by careful rubbing of surface with a knife which allows skin to be easily removed. This is of advantage as it does not heat the tomato.

Boiled Onions

Put onions in cold water and remove skins while under water. Drain, put in a saucepan and cover with boiling salted water. Boil five minutes,drain and again cover with boiling salted water. Cook one hour or until soft, but not broken. Drain, add a small quantity of milk, cook five minutes and season with butter or butter substitute, salt and pepper.

Boiled Geet Greens

Wash thoroughly and scrape roots, cutting off ends. Drain, and cook one hour or until tender in a small quantity boiling salted water. Season with butter or butter substitute, salt and pepper. Serve with vinegar.

Boiled Green Corn

Remove husks and silky threads. Cook ten to twenty minutes in boiling water. Place on platter covered with napkin: draw corners of napkin over corn, or cut from cob and season with butter and salt.

Question Right to Sell Property of Estate For Debts Due Two Years

Whether the court has the jurisdiction to order a private sale of real estate for payment of debts of an estate which have been due for more than a year, because of the new fiduciary act was brought out in court to-day, when an effort was made to get a court order to sell properties of the estate of the late H. C. Wright of Steelton. Counsel for the administratrix, Mr. Wright's widow, presented the petition asking permission to sell five Steelton properties in order to realize funds toward the payment of debts totaling $27,000, but which have been due for more than a year as there is no personal property which can be used to meet them. No order was made by the court, pending a further study of the proper course of procedure which will be made by the attorney for the estate.

Court Holds Up Lykens Liquor License Transfer

The transfer of the liquor license held by Albert Fritz to sell intoxicants at Odd Fellows Hall, Lykens, was taken under consideration by the court to-day, pending a decision on whether it is necessary for the court to direct in which newspapers advertisements of the application for transfer shall appear. Mr. Fritz has been notified that the lodge prefers that he should remove and he has asked for the transfer of the license to 147 Market street. While the application was advertised in three newspapers the court questioned the selection of them as no definite order had been made. Counsel for Fritz said he understood the practice which was followed was to advertise the same as for the original application. The court reserved decision.

Letter List

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN the Post Office, at Harrisburg, Pa., for the week ending July 13, 1918:

Women's List — Mrs. Mary Billett, Gertrude Cassel, Mrs. Caroline Catney, Mrs. W. E. Clark, Ethel L. Davis, Mildred Dewey, Sophia Dugan, Mrs. J. C. Dysart, Maud Griffith, Mrs. Annie Hicks, Mrs. Hattie Jackson, Mary L. Johnson, Ruth A. Kepner, Grace Klang, May Kreiger, Mrs. W. H. Linderman, Stella Lyter, Roda Miller, Miller Irena Miller, Mrs. Leonard Myers, Pansy Plank, Mrs. Lulu Rheinhart, Miss N. Robbins, Lillian Stegman, Mrs. William Straw, Mrs. William H. Vail, Mrs. J. M. Wagner, Mrs. Lucy Washington, Alma Webb, Mrs. Ell Witmer, Allie Wood, Sue Yingst.

Men's List — E. Alley, Ray Anderson, H. E. Bailey, Osville Bauscher, Jacob Benner, Hermon Bultz, Jos. Carter, Frank Cline, V. C. Daughty, Martin Douglass, H. P. Eby, Antonio Faille, Henry Grant, Merlin Green, L. Hersler, J. H. Hurst, Elmer Jackson, George James, Charles W. Johns (2), Dr. J. E. Johnston, Stephen C. Kenney, Jimmy Kent, George C. Kiner, J. F. King, L. W. Koueke, James R. Little, Albert Lloyd, S. O. McAlarney, Harry Myers, Frank W. Norton, S. W. Pender, F. Polansky, Samuel E. Rapp, Harry B. Ritner, John H. Sneiders, Luther Snyder, Harry Stahl, Rev. W. B. Stoddard, R. J. Sweitzer, Charlie Thompson, Govmaus Wellam, Wilbert Western.

Foreign—Walter Wade.

Firm—American Protective Association.

Persons should invariably have their mail matter addressed to their street and number, thereby insuring prompt delivery by the carriers.

FRANK C. SITES,
Postmaster.

FLYING WITH SHAFFER

PUTNAM'S FINE WORK

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille Spad 38,
Secteur Postal 12,
June 7, 1918.

Dear Mother:

To-day we are really beginning to feel summer here, despite the fact that we live in a pine grove. Indeed, the hangars and barracks are so well hidden by the surrounding pines that I have difficulty in recognizing it from the air, 'tis camouflaged so well. We are well established in our new quarters now and are getting accustomed to the new landing ground.

I used to kick about the punk "piste" we had at Melette, but it's no comparison to this. It's plenty long enough, but so doggone narrow and one must needs steer a mighty straight line to keep out of the trees, hangars, bad ground and planes lining its side. Only last night while going off I nearly took the wireless outfit with me, there being a cross wind which drifted me sideways before I had hardly cleared the ground. As it was, banked up on one wing, I saw with relief the wires pass a foot under me. Such things as these, though, are everyday occurrence in the flying game, and are forgotten nearly as soon as finished, for since it's impossible to stop or back up one must continually keep mind and eyes ahead.

To make things worse on our narrow landng strip, right in the exact middle of the length of it runs a bump about a foot high. Never having landed a fast plane loaded with two guns, cartridges and a heavy motor, you will not see the significance of that bump. Believe me, it has every pilot worried on the "piste," and he carefully calculates his landing so that he will have stopped before he hits it. Not that it's dangerous for the pilot. On the contrary, it isn't—not any more than thousands of other little things, but he is liable to smash his machine and especially the "Becky." No pilot wants to do that, although it will happen, as the saying goes, "in the best regulated families."

Where the Trouble Is

The sharp hump causes trouble in this way; the pilot is coming down to land, he gets near the ground, levels out some few feet above the ground and lets her ride along until she (the wing) loses speed and starts to sink then he slowly pulls the tail down so that the tail skid (Becky) and wheels hit at the same time.

He may hit the ground at varying speed from seventy to ninety miles an hour, all depending on the pilot, so you can see after he is actually on the ground he will roll a considerable distance before stopping—and here is where the hump gets in his dirty work, for rolling along the ground at this speed he hits the hump, and zooie! up in the air he bounces. Having neither enough speed to hold him in the air, and therefore his controls having no effect, he just naturally comes back to Mother Earth with a resounding bump, and something naturally gives; as the landing gear of an airplane is not made to stand an "elevator" landing.

Since the last letter nothing has happened of note, although I've been in the air twice, once flying back of Rheims and over the new battlefield with four other Spads. We saw no Huns however, which was a good thing for my guns were not working. I tried them twice, but only got a couple of cracks out of one of them and the other would not speak at all, trying them both again neither would work, so being no good up there with only a good motor I came home.

Up Again

Last evening I went up again, but after I had climbed over the clouds at 3,000 meters my motor began knocking, vibrating and making more peculiar noises than two lovers watching the moon come up. I had no desire to keep company with such a motor and promptly came home again, and say maybe I didn't make some landing! Golly! I sure was proud of it, because you know when I wrote the last letter, two smashed "Beckies" stood against me as result of bad landings, and this time I sat her down as lightly as a leaf, so easily did I touch the ground, I hardly knew I was there, and to make me more pleased with myself we stopped several feet from that doggone hump, even crowed about it at dinner and Putnam lost no time in reminding me of the busted 'Beckies," but even that did not lower my optimism, for you could surely tell how sad I felt in the last letter.

Bad Humor

You know I'm flying a Spad now, armed with two guns, lots of cartridges and about a million instruments. I am getting used to handling these numerous instruments now though, and golly, but there is a lot watch and thus keep our water at the cooled we have a thermometer to watch and thus keep our water a the right temperature. This gives the most trouble of all, because if the motor is run at full speed down low the water begins to boil, up high where it is cold very little trouble is experienced, except when diving, and then one must shut the shutters, which are on the radiator in front so the water won't freeze up. Sometimes one forgets to put the cat out and shut the shutters when diving, or forgets to open them again when climbing. So Putnam did the other day when he dove on some Boches—shut the shutters and then interested in the fight forgot all about them, and pretty soon his water was boiling, steam coming out of his tank like an engine ready to leave the station. His temperature was way above the danger point, so he promptly dove for home, wondering what in Sam Hill was wrong. Judging from the humor he was in when he landed, the warm remarks he was addressing to that——must have made the temperature go up ten more degrees.

Putnam's Work

He got one Hun though since joining this escadrille, he has gone through the Huns like a whirlwind having bnocked down three officially, and last night bowled over five out of a patrol of ten. He's a wonder but details of his fights have to be pried out of him and then they are very unsatisfactory. About all he will say is that he dove at the Hun, held his fire until he say the pilot's head clearly and then let go point-blank with both guns, indeed much the same as his ancestor at Bunker Hill, who waited until he saw the whites of their eyes. Anyway we had learned the secret—get up close and then shoot.

Quite simple indeed to think about but practically it takes some nerve to calmly hold your fire until you nearly hit his plane, all the time wondering whether your motor will respond when you pull up to climb out of that nest of hornets, and whether your guns are working; also if while you are interested in the Hun directly in Front, another don't maneuver and get on your tail.

Nothing in Details

My plane should be ready for tonight, it being under repairs all morning, as last night a magneto broke, along with several wires, so I was wise in coming down instead of going to the lines as I had a reckless idea of doing. In that case I would have surely gone "en panne,' with so much of my motor busted, and just now that's dangerous, for the grain crops are growing making former good landing fields nothing but high grass and grain. Landing in such stuff means a somersault sure—and maybe other things, so I have no desire of being put to the test of picking out a field—a nice green one—from way up on high and get down to find it's composed of rippling grain

From our usual altitude of 5,000 meters such details cannot be noticed as all green fields look alike. Even roads are hard to find, and railroads almost impossible, and of late the sky is nearly always polluted with big white bollowy clouds, which sure are a nuisance for one can only see where he is at through the holes in the clouds, and these Spads are blind enough without that. Looking out over the side about all the pilot can see beneath him is his lower wing.

Honestly I was over the city of Rheims the other day and was looking everywhere for it, finally I stood up on one wing and there it was right under me, hidden by my wing all the time. Yea boy! It's a great life if you don't weaken! Don't forget to send my mail to the Y. M. C. A., address in Paris, for I may move any minute.

WALTER

P. S. Am sending enclosed two pictures. Did you get them?

(To censor)—Say! If you won't pass the whole picture, please cut out little me and send it. It's of no military importanc to the Huns unless they use it to frighten their children.

Sergeant Putnam's wonderful work in downing five enemy planes in one day was told in Associated Press dispatches from the front last month and Putnam is a descendant of General Israel Putnam, "Old Put" of Revolutionary fame and has been flying with Shaffer for some time. His record is one of the best yet made by Americans at the front.

No News Received About Railroad Man Missing From Home Since July 6

FRANK C. SMITH

Frank C. Smith, the Pennsylvania Railroad freight fireman, who disappeared from his home, 2634 North Sixth street, on Saturday, July 6, is still missing. He is five feet eleven and a half inches in height, weighs about 160 pounds, has dark hair, brown eyes and dark complexion. A slight scar on either right or left cheek, while two fingers on his left hand are also scarred from slight operations. He was wearing a dark green pinch-backed suit, Panama hat, white shirt with lavendar leaf, light necktie, white socks and high tan shoes. Information as to his whereabouts should be furnished to Mrs. Frank C. Smith, the police or given over Dial phone 5201—6953.

"Don't Come to Germany" Write Returned Prisoners, Telling of Home Conditions

London, July 14. — Germans who have been interned in England and German prisoners of war who have recently been sent back to Germany from England are not happy when they reach the Fatherland. Letters they write prove their surprise and dismay when they discover the true state of things in Germany. One letter from a prisoner sent back to Germany reads:

"About 10 o'clock in the morning we left for the good old Fatherland. The first stop we made was at Goch, in Germany, where we were kept six days for examination. From there I was sent to Dortmund, where I was forced by military authority to work in a munitions factory. I stuck at it for three days. I tried my best but I was not strong enough. The third day I told them I was too weak to do such hard work and left the place.

"In the Bezirks command I got the order to do only Government work otherwise I should be taken for the army—and I thought to get my liberty in the Fatherland. I was really worse off than at the English camp. On the night of the —— I deserted into Holland. It was a foggy night and a long and dangerous march. Well, dear friend, I think you would have done the same. So much for them. If they had caught me, I should have had a bad time, I believe. But now I am out of it, and I give you one word of advice. Whatever you do, don't apply for repatriation."

Another prisoner who was sent to Germany writes: "I have been here about ten days. But what a disillusion! It is no more as it used to be. All is strange, and one rushes about like a lost sheep. Our business is absolutely dead."

The following is a message sent to a prisoner in England from Germany: "You are in Heaven as compared with us. Don't come to the Fatherland, if you can help. We are all famished."

Notice to Merchants

Office and salesroom of National Cash Register Co. will be closed all day Saturdays until middle of September.

N. R. BLACK, Sales Agent.

What To Take On Picnics

You will be going to picnics this summer and here as everywhere else the United States food administration asks your co-operation. Don't pack up more food than you will eat. If there is anything left, take it home. Wheat bread sandwiches are taboo, so is beef. But there is a vast variety to choose from nevertheless.

Her eis a list of meats—things which we cannot ship abroad, wienerwursts, picnic ham, summer sausage, beef tongue.

Instead of meat—Chicken, fish, hard boiled or devilled eggs, game.

Sandwich fillings, cream cheese or cottage cheese, chopped egg and pepper, date and nut, cress, salmon and mayonnaise, honey and nut, chopped chicken and celery, peanut butter and chopped celery.

Vegetables—Tomatoes with salt, peppers, corn on cob (roasting ears), potatoes (bake in coals).

Fruits—Apricots, bananas, berries, cherries, melons, peaches, pears, plums.

$50,000,000 Offered on Bethlehem Steel Notes

New York, July 15.—The banking syndicate which has been arranging for the new financing of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation will offer to-day a $50,000,000 issue of 7 per cent. secured notes of the corporation, maturing serially from one to five years, at prices to yield investors from 7½ to 7¾ per cent., depending upon the maturity.

The notes will be secured by pledge of $70,000,000 of thirty-year sinking fund 6 per cent. bonds issued under a new consolidated mortgage, in which the Bethlehem Steel Company will join. The indenture securing these notes will provide that the corporation will not declare or pay dividends on its commoon stock which would result in reducing the net current assets of the corporation and its subsidiaries below the face amount of these notes than outstanding.

It is also provided that the new 7 per cent. notes shall be convertible at the option of the holder into the thirty-year sinking fund 6 per cent. bonds on 6½ pe rcent. basis.

Final Settlement to Be Made in Escheating Funds

Counsel to-day notified the Dauphin county court that final disposition can be made in the escheat proceedings to get unclaimed funds of the Fifth Avenue Savings and Loan Association, which has been in the hands of the receiver, Harry S. Calvert, for several years. Months ago it was found that unclaimed deposits and dividends totalling hundreds of dollars could be escheated as they had not been used for more than 7 years. Upon advertising for claimants however, scores appeared and further hearings were held. To-day T. C. McCarrell presented in court reports of Mr. Calvert with the claims he allowed and stated that a balance of more than $700 remained unclaimed and would be turned over to the state.

ARRESTED FOR FIGHTING

Albert and Richard Dorsey, well-known to police, were arrested yesterday on the charge of fighting in the streets. The fight occurred in Cowden street. John Rogers and his wife, Mattie, were arrested at Fifth and Strawberry streets on the charge of disorderly conduct. It is said they were fighting in the street there.

Nurses Recommend Cuticura Soap

It appeals to them because it is so pure and cleansing. It does much to keep the skin clear and healthy especially if assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment to first signs of pimples, redness, roughness or chafing. Ideal for toilet uses.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 34A, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

LOW PRICE LEADERS

ROBINSON'S WOMAN SHOP

20 NORTH FOURTH ST.

Near the Young Women's Christian Association

Beautiful Silk Dresses at Less Than The Cost of The Material

Silk Dresses

$9.75

A collection of handsome silk dresses in a variety of styles that will surely surprise you at this low price. Satins, Taffetas, and Crepe de Chine, in the newest shades. The materials would cost you more. All sizes can be fitted.

ALTERATIONS FREE

Silk Dresses

$14.75

Stunning dresses for street, afternoon or party wear. A choice selection consisting of Satins, Georgettes, Crepe de Chine and Taffeta, in every last-minute style and shade. Beautifully tailored and charmingly trimmed. All sizes in this splendid collection.

ALTERATIONS FREE

Extra Special

Summer Washable Dresses, $3

Pretty fast color voiles in neat styles; sizes for women and misses.

Extra Special

Summer Washable Dresses, $4

Fast color ginghams and pretty colored voiles in a variety of pretty styles; all sizes for women and misses.