



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Plotters

A New Serial of
East and West
By Virginia Terhune
Van de Water

CHAPTER XXIV

Although Clifford Chapin had said that the matter of Lizzie Moore was none of his business, he spent a good deal of thought on it after leaving his mother's room.

Seated on the side porch, he leaned back and smoked in gloomy silence. It was strange how innocent country people could be—how easily deceived by the wiles of women and the lies of men.

Yet his father was clever enough in some ways, Clifford reflected. He had certainly worked out a clear plan of action so far as the purchase of the farm was concerned. The owner, Douglas Wade, could know nothing of what was passing in the older man's mind.

And so wise was Amos Chapin that he was tolerant of certain ideas of Wade's that, at another time, would have tempted him to rebellion. There, for instance, was John Butler. Douglas Wade had sent this scientific farmer out here, as Amos suspected, to spy on him and to see just how matters were progressing. Amos was able to treat him with ordinary civility because it was to his interest to do so.

Clifford could understand that. Yet—what about Lizzie Moore—so-called? Of course she was not Lizzie Moore. He had suspected that soon after his arrival here. He might not have suspected it had his mother not told him with such circumstantiality how her cousin's daughter happened to be staying with her, and what a nice girl she was. He had wondered at the time why his parent had taken so much trouble to go into details and why she had been so anxious to have him understand the situation.

Yes, he had always fancied there was something strange about it all. As he had not known what it was, he had determined to find out.

He remembered that his mother's cousin had several daughters. This girl's brusque declaration that she had no sister had been the last bit of evidence that he had needed to prove that she was not a relative but was acting as a spy.

Why was she doing this? He was certain that he had the answer to this question in the letter that she had received this morning. It was written by a man. The handwriting indicated that. So did her keen interest in its contents.

He has a Doubt
Clifford had not noted the sender's address on the letter until he had picked it up from the steps where the girl had dropped it. Then, in the light of the handwriting, he had made to him an hour earlier he had

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By McManus



THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

By ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D. D. S.

I—"AMERICA MUST BE PUNISHED"

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CHAPTER II

The Kaiser at Potsdam

Getting cut of Germany proved to be a far more difficult proposition than I had imagined.

Because I was an American, I thought I would be able to go whenever I was ready, as long as I did not overstay the nine months period provided for in the treaty which I have already referred to, although I knew, of course, that I would first have to obtain certain credentials from the police and military authorities. I did not anticipate any trouble in that direction, however, particularly as I was generally known as a resident of the Kaiser's court.

In this, however, I was very much mistaken. I had been in touch with a Dr. Charles P. Haselden, of Hamburg, an American dentist, regarding his taking over my practice, twelve years ago, and other responsibilities. To complete the negotiations it was desirable for us to get together in person, but several applications which I had made for leave to visit me in Berlin were flatly refused.

The restrictions placed on travel from one city to another, especially where alien enemies were involved, were very severe, and if one of the cities happened to be a seaport it was increasingly difficult. Indeed, before an alien resident of a seaport was allowed to leave the country he was required to spend at least two months in some interior town designated by the officials. The idea, of course, was to prevent his carrying away too much information as to conditions prevailing in the port of departure.

When this matter up with the Kommandantur of Berlin—the military department controlling alien enemies—but they said they would allow Haselden to come to Berlin because there were too many American dentists there already. The fact that Americans and other aliens were profiting by the absence of Germans from Berlin was naturally a thorn in the side of the Germans. As a matter of fact, however, out of some twenty-five American dentists practicing in Berlin before the war there were now less than a dozen left, the others having either returned to America or established themselves elsewhere in Europe.

Realizing, therefore, that it would probably be several months before I could finally settle up my affairs, and that my child, who was a genuine Kommandantur, was being taken out of Germany with as little delay as possible because food conditions were fast going from bad to worse, I applied to the Kommandantur for leave to have my wife and child go to Montreux, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, where I hoped to join them at the earliest possible moment and accompany them home. I did not relish the idea of their going across the ocean without me.

That was in May, 1917. Weeks passed while our application was going from one official to another, lying, perhaps, for days at a time under a pile of other applications of a similar character or awaiting the investigation of our personal histories, and it was not until the end of June that we received any word regarding them. We learned that it had been denied.

This was my first intimation that we might have difficulty in getting out of Germany. I applied to the Kommandantur for leave for my wife and child to go to Montreux, but I have just heard that it has been refused. "Davis, I will see what I can do in the matter," he replied reassuringly, and as he was leaving my office he

"Do you know who the girl is?" Clifford questioned. "Of course I do, you fool! You can keep a secret, so I'll tell you. She's Wade's sister. Why, what else you?"

For Clifford Chapin had burst into a loud laugh. It was not the laugh of amusement, but of absolute incredulity.

However, he did not explain this to his father.

(To Be Continued)

turned to me and said in the presence of his two adjutants. "Regarding that matter you spoke of leave it to me and I will see what I can do."

The Kaiser's influence would readily solve our problem, I thought, and I was very much relieved. Two days later, however, I received a letter from Count von Moltke, one of the Kaiser's adjutants, stating that the Kaiser had spoken to him regarding the Swiss passport project but, under the circumstances, it was out of the question. If, however, my child's condition were such as to make a change of climate really necessary, he added, the Kaiser suggested that a trip to the Austrian Tyrol might perhaps be arranged, as the climate there was just as good as that of Switzerland, but before permission would be granted for that trip it would be necessary to obtain a certificate from the district doctor stating that it was necessary.

As the food problem in Austria was just as bad as it was in Germany, if not worse, that idea didn't appeal to me at all, and I went immediately to the Kommandantur and explained the situation to them.

When they saw Count von Moltke's letter, the officer in charge threw up his hands.

"That's final," he declared. "That comes from a higher authority than ours. It is useless to pursue the matter any further. The Kaiser's decision is final. In three days the Italians were swept out of Austria and the Teutons pressed forward to the passes west of the Isonzo River leading to the Venetian Plains. By the end of October the Italian armies were in full retreat. Before this offensive was over, the Germans captured, it was claimed, no less than 300,000 prisoners and several thousand big guns, besides vast stores of munitions and supplies."

Then, on October 24, just as things were looking their blackest, the great German-Austro offensive against the Italians was started. In three days the Italians were swept out of Austria and the Teutons pressed forward to the passes west of the Isonzo River leading to the Venetian Plains. By the end of October the Italian armies were in full retreat. Before this offensive was over, the Germans captured, it was claimed, no less than 300,000 prisoners and several thousand big guns, besides vast stores of munitions and supplies."

I got up at once and packed my trunk, and, after a short stay in the car, a big gray Mercedes limousine

MAKING THE MOST OF OUR CHILDREN

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A.
President of the Parents Association.

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No. 5 Are You Making Pessimists or Optimists of Your Children?

YOU do not necessarily spoil a child just because you indulge him. This is contrary to the old idea, of course, but many of the old ideas are absurd and need to be modified if not actually cast out. It is true that children are frequently indulged in ways that are detrimental to their development, but the trouble in most cases is that children are indulged at wrong times and in the wrong manner. Indulgence, when properly executed, is one of the most effective instruments in the hands of parents.

To illustrate—a mother writes to me: "What can I do to make my nine-year-old boy quit acting foolish?" He continually tries to mock Charlie Chaplin. I am ashamed of him, especially when we have company. I have never indulged him in it and he knows that it provokes me. Scolding has only made him worse. What should I do with him?"

Indulge this boy in the very thing he likes to do. Give him confidence. Spend a few minutes' time paying close attention to him and laughing with him. Tell him you want him to stage a Charlie Chaplin stunt for you—tell him to run with his toes out and with his hat on one side of his head, etc. Suggest various forms of dramatization and show your appreciation of whatever effort he makes for you.

By this time, you will have gained at least his momentary confidence, and you are ready for suggestion. Say, "All right, now I want about three more stunts and that will be enough for this time." Proceed to suggest three things for him to do. Approve him on the execution of

each one, suggesting in each case the number to follow and, after the last one, say, "You're getting to be quite an actor—I'll have to have you act for me again some time."

Immediately after making the last remark, change the subject to something of a serious nature, but one which he will surely be interested in. Speak in a low, confidential manner, which will be such a contrast to what has gone before that it will be quite unnatural for him to try to continue the play.

By using this method for two or three days, you will have him under control. If, after indulging him in the manner suggested, and after you have assumed a serious attitude, he should try to get you to laugh, say, "Yes, I see, but that's ENOUGH NOW." Then immediately ask him some serious question.

Many mothers, in dealing with a case like that described, would find it difficult to keep from saying, "Oh, you needn't think for a minute that I'm cute! You are simply making a dunce of yourself!" But this would be worse than friendly remarks, the way would simply take delight in "getting back" at his mother by teasing her more.

The natural tendency of fathers in treating the case would be to threaten punishment and perhaps handle the boy roughly. But this is not advisable, because it would tend to make a boy secretive and the father's influence over the boy would thus be impaired.

The method recommended is correct because it secures results without friction. The parent is working with the child rather than against him, and since the result is secured through confidence, it will be more lasting than if the appeal had been made to lower motives.

arrived. Besides the chauffeur there was an outsider carrying the bags whose distinctive notes only the Kaiser may use.

It was a matter of only eighteen miles to the palace, but the weather was foggy and we traveled at a comparatively slow pace, traversing at one point a road which had been built specially for the Kaiser's use, and it was nearly eight o'clock when we arrived at the garden gates, where two armed sentries were stationed.

A whispered word from the chauffeur got us past the sentries without delay, and we drove up to the front entrance of the palace. A couple of liveried lackeys came out and took charge of my baggage, which consisted of three bags containing my equipment. I was led through the famous Shell-Room. This room, familiar enough to tourists, is, perhaps, a hundred by seventy-five feet in area. Its ceiling, walls and floor are richly embellished with shells, precious stones and other minerals from all over the world and of every period. It was in this room that the Royal Christmas had been celebrated for many years.

While the Shell-Room and other staterooms were accessible to visitors before the war, no one was ever permitted to visit the private apartments of the Kaiser upstairs.

On this occasion, however, I was guided right through the Shell-Room, through a door opening on the left and up a wide staircase to the Kaiser's Garderobe, or dressing-room.

There I found breakfast ready for me. It consisted of real coffee, real white bread, butter, marmalade, sugar, cream and cold meats. It was the first food of the kind I had eaten

in some time and practically no one in Germany outside the royal family and the Junkers was any better off than I in that respect.

I disposed of every morsel of the meal except one slice of bread, which I left for the Kaiser's head body-servant, who conversed with me while I breakfasted, to remark that I had better eat that, too.

"Even here," he suggested, "we don't get any too much of that," and I followed his advice. Spurious verities! Schultz volunteered the information that the Kaiser had suffered

pain the greater part of the night, and advanced the opinion that his condition was all due to the war. As a matter of fact, however, when I came to examine him, I found him to be suffering from an affection which, while extremely painful, was common enough—an inflamed pulp, which would have resulted in a swelling and an abscess unless properly treated, but which could hardly have been attributed to the cares of war, no matter how heavily they may have weighed on the Kaiser's mind.

(To Be Continued.)

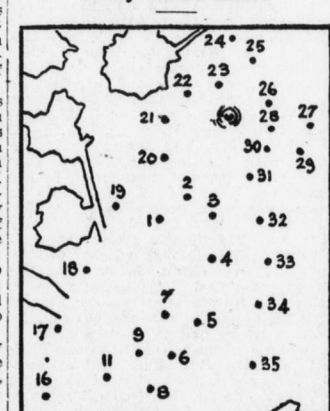
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