



Reading for Women and the Family



The Plotters

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

CHAPTER XXV Like many another conceited amateur detective, Clifford Chapin let his imagination and excitement run away with his common sense and memory.

Had he been more cool in judgment, and less intoxicated by the belief in his own Sherlock Holmes-like genius, he would have remembered that his parents had not been entirely out of touch with Elizabeth Wade in the years that had passed since their son had seen her on the farm, when she was a little girl whose face he did not now recall.

Of this he took no thought, but jumped to the conclusion that Douglas was a villain, making use of two unsuspecting country people to further his own ends.

The self-appointed detective was at a loss as to what action to take. He wanted time to think the matter out, time to get the essential facts. Then he would face the girl with them. She had flouted him, had snubbed him, had resented his attempts at a harmless flirtation—just as if she had been the innocent and decent person she pretended to be.

Elizabeth Wade had wounded his vanity. That is an offense that an egotist never pardons.

This man was not honest enough to acknowledge the truth. Elizabeth called his resentment righteous indignation.

But he was destined not to carry his investigation as far as he expected. That afternoon he received a telegram from his employer. The man who was filling young Chapin's place during his vacation had been taken suddenly and seriously ill.

Clifford must start for Chicago tomorrow morning. To do this, he would have to take a late evening train from Midland to Manchester.

In spite of his self-love, Clifford was fond of his parents, especially of his mother. He could not bring himself to sneer by the knowledge he believed he had obtained. She, poor, unsuspecting soul, had acceded to his father's plans about this girl. His father had trusted Wade.

So both husband and wife had been made the tools of the unscrupulous physician. But he would not tell them this. His decision was to "have it out" with this girl who had snubbed him repeatedly. He would warn her unless she withdrew away he would divulge her shameful secret to his parents.

A Real Break To carry out his plan he would not be easy, he realized, when, that afternoon, he came out upon the veranda where Elizabeth Wade sat reading. She looked so serene, so that the man felt as if he had dreamed all the things that had filled his mind during the past few hours.

"What are you reading?" he queried, to gain time. Silently she held the back of the book toward him. It was "Middlemarch."

"I see," he commented awkwardly. He was not a reading man, and was at a loss as to what to say. "Are you fond of George Eliot?" she asked.

There was something in her tone that convinced him that she suspected he had never read a line by that celebrated author. Was there a gleam of amusement in her glance? "I never cared much for his stuff," he replied.

Now he was sure that there was a laugh in her eyes. He even detected a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Nothing," she answered demurely, resuming her reading.

He stood for a moment in uncomfortable silence; then, with a muttered excuse, strolled off the veranda and down the path.

What break had he made? Who was George Eliot, and why should one not say that he "did not care for his stuff?"

The sight of John Butler down in the orchard, where he had been showing Takah how to spray fruit trees, gave Clifford Chapin a sudden inspiration. He would try to learn from this college man what his mistake had been.

"Well," he greeted Butler easily, as he reached his side, "been busy, haven't you?"

He talks to Butler "Yes," replied Butler, "I am usually busy. But I like it."

"So do I," affirmed Clifford. "Go-

Bringing Up Father



ing up to the house now? We'll go together. Well," falling into step with Butler as he started from the orchard—"I'm returning to the wild and woolly west to-night, you know."

He went on to explain that he had received a telegram calling him back to Chicago.

"At first I was sorry, but after all, I don't mind getting into the harness again," he remarked. "I was wondering just now, when I saw Miss Moore sitting there reading a book by George Eliot, how women can be satisfied to sit quiet and read that kind of thing. I never care much about books. By the way, what do you think of George Eliot?"

Butler looked at him, puzzled. Why should this chap try to discuss literature?

"Why—just what most people think, I suppose," he said, "that she was a very remarkable woman. Don't you think so?"

So that was his break! George Eliot was a woman! And he had spoken to that girl about "his stuff!"

The blood rushed to his head. He was mortified. He was also angry. Elizabeth had made him appear ridiculous. He would never forgive her.

Well, she would behave in a different way when she knew what he knew about her! And, if he could, he would intimate to Butler that his "friend," Douglas Wade, was playing a game that no decent chap would stoop to.

He would show them that all it was not safe to make an enemy of him—Clifford Chapin!

(To Be Continued.)

How to Conserve

Canning and Packing For Winter's Use Explained in Detail by National War Garden Experts.

DRYING PUMPKIN

Pumpkins are bulky vegetables to store—why not try something new this year and dry them? It requires a sharp knife, some "elbow grease," a little common sense and sunshine.

The free drying manual which the National War Garden Commission, Washington, will send in return for a two-cent stamp gives detailed directions for drying fruits and vegetables.

There are two ways of preparing pumpkin for drying and both are satisfactory. Cut into one-half inch strips, pare and clean. Blanch three minutes. Cold dip, remove surface moisture by pressing between clean towels, and spread on drying trays, platters, or dripping pans. Spread a single thickness of paper or thin muslin first. The drying time is three to four hours, starting at 110 degrees F. and raising gradually to 140 degrees F. The pumpkin may be cut in rings instead of strips, and these rings hung up over the kitchen stove or in the sun. Unless the air is very dry, the time required will be longer if the drying is done in the sun than in a drier, but less watching is necessary and the product will have an excellent flavor. The commission will be glad to answer any questions written on one side of the paper and sent in a self-addressed stamped envelope.

THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

By ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D. D. S. HOW I BECAME THE KAISER'S DENTIST



ing up to the house now? We'll go together. Well," falling into step with Butler as he started from the orchard—"I'm returning to the wild and woolly west to-night, you know."

He went on to explain that he had received a telegram calling him back to Chicago.

"At first I was sorry, but after all, I don't mind getting into the harness again," he remarked. "I was wondering just now, when I saw Miss Moore sitting there reading a book by George Eliot, how women can be satisfied to sit quiet and read that kind of thing. I never care much about books. By the way, what do you think of George Eliot?"

Butler looked at him, puzzled. Why should this chap try to discuss literature?

"Why—just what most people think, I suppose," he said, "that she was a very remarkable woman. Don't you think so?"

So that was his break! George Eliot was a woman! And he had spoken to that girl about "his stuff!"

The blood rushed to his head. He was mortified. He was also angry. Elizabeth had made him appear ridiculous. He would never forgive her.

Well, she would behave in a different way when she knew what he knew about her! And, if he could, he would intimate to Butler that his "friend," Douglas Wade, was playing a game that no decent chap would stoop to.

He would show them that all it was not safe to make an enemy of him—Clifford Chapin!

(To Be Continued.)

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.

(Copyright, 1918, by the Parents Association, Inc.) No. 6. As You Making Pessimists or Optimists of Your Children?

WE ALL know the pessimist—have suffered by his spleen. We all know the optimist—have been glad to come in contact with him. As Robert Louis Stevenson says somewhere, when such a person enters a room, it is as if another candle had been lighted.

And the foundation of the determining attitude toward life are laid in childhood. You as a parent are laying the foundations. Pessimists are simply grown-up children who have never been taught in childhood not to whine and complain.

Let us take an example. A mother said to me: My little boy 6 1/2 years old whines nearly all the time. It seems as if he hardly can speak without whining. What can I do to get him to overcome this bad habit?

Your whining child should be treated something like this: The first time he says anything in a whining tone, pay no more attention to him than if he had not uttered a word. About the second time he runs over the same thing, turn your face toward him, look him squarely in the eye and say, "Come here."

When he comes to you, kneel, say rather slowly, "I will not listen to little boys who whine, any more. If you want me to hear you, you must talk without the whine. Now what is it you wanted to tell me?" Smile immediately after saying this and no matter what he says, smile again and say, "There, that's better."

If you treat him this way for a few days, the whining will entirely disappear. It is simply a bad habit. Let him understand that you will not recognize his whines when he whines and, further, that you will not permit his whining habit.

While you are trying to cure him, be sure to approve him a great deal in his play. Let him see how far he can jump, and no matter how short the distance, encourage him and praise him for his effort. A little of this sort of thing put into your routine will help you in quickly and effectively overcoming the bad habit.

"I have a daughter nine years old," writes another mother, "who has the habit of complaining. She has a very sensitive disposition and she is forever grumbling about some ailment. If not that, it is something else. Please tell me how to overcome this tendency."

This girl needs to have less attention paid to her when she complains. She should be neither scolded nor sympathized with. A little of this sort of thing put into your routine will help you in quickly and effectively overcoming the bad habit.

By McManus



There was really no reason why I should work for the Kaiser for nothing. Indeed, apart from the prestige involved, working for the Kaiser was not a particularly remunerative proposition. It meant the demoralization of my routine for a portion of the day whenever he called, and while that was not so serious in the early days, later on when other members of the royal family came to me for treatment and expected to be taken care of irrespective of such other appointments as I may have made, the situation was very provoking as well as comical.

Nevertheless, I submitted a very moderate bill for my first year's work, charging only my regular fee for the treatments I had given the Kaiser during the year. Within a few days there came a package containing new bills in payment of the account, and I was very much surprised to find that his Majesty had doubled the amount, an act which was not at all in keeping with the stately character of the whole royal family was known to possess.

Indeed, some years later, when I submitted my bill for professional services to one of the Kaiser's sons, he sent me a postal order in payment, but deducted the cost of the postal order.

(To Be Continued.)

Practice of Medicine Guesswork

It has been said that the practice of medicine at best is simply a game of guesswork, because the action of drugs varies to a great degree upon different individuals; but when a medicine has lived for forty years, constantly growing in sales and popularity, there can be no greater proof of its merit. Such a medicine is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that famous old root and herb remedy, now recognized from shore to shore as the standard remedy for female ills.

UNDERTAKER 3748 N. 6th St. CHAS. H. MAUK Bldg. PRIVATE AMBULANCE PHONES

A Sale of Sample Bedroom Suites

A Special Feature of Our Semi-Annual Furniture Sale

Here's a buying opportunity that comes but once in a very long time. These sample bedroom suites are from factories so far distant that owing to the freight congestion we are compelled to discontinue them for the time being. Note the savings—see the suites—you'll agree that they are bargains.

9-Piece Ivory Enamel Bedroom Suite—Chinese Chippendale design—all dustproof construction—must be sold complete—regularly \$323.00. Sale Price \$200

9-Piece American Walnut Bedroom Suite—dustproof construction—regularly \$330.00. Sale Price \$250

7-Piece Solid Mahogany Bedroom Suite—Hepplewhite design—dustproof construction—a very fine suite—must be sold complete—regularly \$304.00. Sale Price \$225

4-Piece American Walnut Bedroom Suite—Queen Anne design—dustproof construction—regularly \$165.00. Sale Price \$125

3-Piece Decorated Ivory Enamel Bedroom Suite—must be sold complete—beautiful suite—regularly \$100.00. Sale Price \$75

4-Piece Bird's Eye Maple Bedroom Suite—a very attractive suite—dustproof construction—regularly \$155.00. Sale Price \$117.50

A Deposit Reserves Any Article for Later Delivery

GOLDSMITH'S

North Market Square

HOUSEWIVES
Use Ammo, the Powdered Ammonia. Goes three times as far as liquid Ammonia. Nothing to equal it. Marvellous results. 12c. a can. At Your Grocer's.
BUY AMMO NOW!
WITMAN-SCHWARZ CO., DISTRIBUTORS

BUSINESS PAYS
Today BUSINESS is the one BIG OVERSHADOWING VOCATION. Get ready for it. Get ready for a big place in the business world. Complete one of our ACCREDITED courses, follow it industriously and earnestly and your final SUCCESS is assured.
We have thousands of young men and women in good positions, earning good salaries and achieving promotion constantly—and this is not the highest test of a good school?
Enter Any Monday—Ask For Free Catalog
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
AND
HARRISBURG BUSINESS COLLEGE
THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND BEST
TROUP BUILDING 15 S. MARKET SQUARE
BELL 486—DIAL 4393

