



Reading for Women and the Family



THE PLOTTERS

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

CHAPTER XXIV
It was dawn before Elizabeth Wade fell asleep. It was breakfast time when she awoke.

Jumping up hastily, she glanced at her watch. She had slept an hour later than usual. The household must already be at the table. Mrs. Chapin had been too lenient to call her.

Dressing hastily, she hurried downstairs. She had been right. Amos and Martha Chapin and their guests were still at table, but had almost finished their morning repast.

"Oh, Mrs. Chapin, I am so sorry I am late," the girl apologized as she entered the dining room.

Something in Mrs. Chapin's face reminded Elizabeth that she had not called her "cousin" Martha. She glanced hastily at John Butler, but he had, apparently, not noticed the lapse.

He had risen to her entrance, and now stood waiting for her to sit down.

She was rather pale, she fancied, yet, as she met his glance, he smiled, and she was conscious of a sensation of immense relief.

No matter what Clifford had told him, John Butler was not angry at her.

"But your breakfast in the oven to keep it hot for you, dearie," Mrs. Chapin informed her. "I'll get it for you."

"Indeed you will not," the girl declared affectionately. "I overslept shamefully—and the penalty must be that I wait on myself—don't you see?"

"May I not help?" Butler asked.

Elizabeth shook her head. "No, please not. Don't punish my tardiness by letting me feel that I am inconveniencing other people. Please sit down."

He obeyed her request without a demur. She knew that Clifford Chapin would have insisted upon forcing his help upon her, and she liked this man better for understanding her

preference so well. He was never officious, she reflected gratefully.

A Hungry Dog
As she went into the kitchen a growl from the back porch started her.

The outer door was open, but the screen door was closed. Pressed against this, and looking into the kitchen hungrily, was Silvio Talak's dog.

"Go away, sir!" she commanded, remembering that Amos Chapin had forbidden his presence near the house.

As she spoke, Talak appeared beside the dog.

"I heard you," he grinned. "You give Nig some breakfast now, won't you?"

She hesitated. "I don't think Mr. Chapin wants him fed here," she said. Then, with a shudder as she remembered that last encounter with this half-witted farmhand, "Take him back to the barn and feed him down there."

Instead of obeying, the Pole patted his dog. "Speak, Nig," he urged. "Speak to the lady."

Nig gave vent to a mixture between a yelp and a bark. At the sound Amos Chapin appeared in the door leading into the dining room.

There was nothing to do but comply. But at his first word, Talak disappeared around the corner of the house.

Not so the dog. He stood on the mat, growling, his eyes on the man whose dislike for him he seemed to understand.

"Perhaps he is hungry," as Talak suggested, Elizabeth ventured.

"Then Talak should have fed him when he had his own breakfast two hours ago," the farmer asserted. "His too soft with that dog—wants him to have meat and such things as we eat. I won't have the beast coming here."

Pushing across the floor, he sprang across the screen door to open it. As he did so, the huge dog sprang against the wire screening, his weight tearing it loose on one side.

With a muttered oath, Amos rushed out of the kitchen by the door opening upon the side porch, and to the dog's surprise, appeared a second later upon the back steps.

He Shoots the Dog
"Get out of here, you brute!" the farmer exclaimed.

The dog showed his teeth, crouching as if to spring upon his master.

On the little porch at the head of the steps, stood Amos Chapin's loaded shotgun.

He had taken it down to the meadow early this morning to shoot some quail that had awakened him by their persistent cawing. By the time he had reached their assembling place, they had disappeared. He returned to the house, breakfast was ready. He was hungry, and it was later than he was used to breaking his morning fast.

Without waiting to unload the gun he stood it against the porch railing. Nobody would be out here before he had finished his breakfast. He might have a chance at those crows after a while.

An evil light in the dog's eyes now startled him as he approached him. He would stand no nonsense from this dirty brute.

The torn screen door added to Amos Chapin's anger. That would mean more money out of his pocket. His pocket-nerve was extremely sensitive.

"Get out of here!" he roared, again, seizing the gun and pointing it at the animal.

With a howl of rage, the dog sprang straight at him. And as he did so, Amos pulled the trigger of the shotgun.

The huge body fell fully a foot in the air, then fell over on its side and rolled heavily toward the steps. For an instant it twitched, then lay still.

(To Be Continued.)

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

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

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(Continued.)

Back I went to the hotel and explained the situation, offering to show the clerk the letter and telegram I had received from the Kaiser, and suggested that I go back to the police station, ring the bell to arouse some one and register in compliance with the regulations. There was nothing to do but comply, and it was nearly two in the morning before I finally got to bed and I had to rise early to catch my train.

The consequence was that when I arrived at Homburg I was not only tired but rather displeased. A big Mercedes car, which was waiting for me at the station, took me to the palace, where I was given two rooms on the ground floor. I was simply furnished but commanded a splendid view of the grounds. Second breakfast was waiting for me and consisted of white bread and cold meats and cold Mosel wine. I may say here that all the food I had during the three days I remained at the palace was of pre-war quality, and there was no evidence that the royal household was suffering in the slightest degree from the food shortage which was causing the people at large so much distress.

After breakfast I was conducted upstairs to a magnificent Oriental room, the doors and walls of which were richly inlaid with old wood's and which contained a number of Oriental relics and works of art. Subdued light added to the effect.

The Empress came in and greeted me more cordially than usual, inquiring whether I had experienced any difficulty in getting to Homburg. I told her what my experience had been and she expressed surprise, stating that she had given orders to General von Kessel, the commander of the province of Brandenburg, to see that everything was arranged so that I would suffer no inconvenience on the way. No doubt the reason I had been overlooked was because he was very much occupied just then in his coming nuptials with a young woman of thirty-six.

I arranged a large upholstered chair near a window overlooking the beautiful park at the rear of the castle, but the Kaiserin would not be seated until her maid, Martha, had left the room, and she seemed very determined that none of her servants should be aware of the nature of the work I was doing for her.

When it was found that I needed a table in connection with my work, the Empress summoned Martha loudly. When the maid appeared she was directed imperiously to "go to Majesty's room and bring the small mahogany table which is there." I noticed that the Empress always referred to the Kaiser as "Majesty" when addressing the servants instead of saying "his Majesty," as is more customary, but perhaps the "supreme war lord" was entitled to less deference in his own household.

During the time I was there I could not help observing how extremely timid the servants seemed to be of the Kaiserin. One attempted to find the utmost servility among the Kaiser's underlings, but I confess it came rather as a shock to me to see the maids walking so timidly and talking so fearfully when in the presence of their white-haired royal mistress. I noted particularly how very gently they knocked at the door before entering and how, after knocking, they immediately placed their heads against the panel that they might catch the Kaiserin's low command to enter the first time.

"I HAD SUCH AWFUL SICK HEADACHES" HE SAYS

Talak Brought Him Relief After He Had About Given Up Hope

SUFFERED A LONG TIME

"Yes, sir, I'm feeling fine these days and going strong," says Louis T. Laboc, a popular grocery clerk, of Second and Eleanor streets, Steelton, Pa.

"I'd tried a lot of things without doing me any good, but I heard such a lot of talk around the store about Talak that I said to myself, 'Lou, let's try it.'"

"Say, it worked like magic. Just seemed to get busy right away and give me a thorough overhauling and now I feel simply great. No aches, no pains, and an appetite like a horse. Talak is sure great."

Talak is now being introduced here at Gorgas' Drug Store.

blind, to which she frequently made donations, and I have often thought that if the war had depended upon her sanction it would never have taken place.

The people respect their Empress and admire her for her charitable acts, but they have not the reverence for her that they have for the Kaiser. She has the reputation of being unbending, and the comment was frequently made: "She need not be so haughty. She occupied no position until the Kaiser married her."

The last time I saw her was at the Bellevue Palace, in Berlin, where I was summoned but a few days before I left that city, in January of this year. Since the war they occupied the Bellevue Palace when in that city because it required fewer servants. There was an atmosphere of sadness about her that day which impressed me forcibly, and I wondered if her feminine intuition had not perhaps given her an insight into the future which had been denied the Kaiser and left him unperturbed.

(To Be Continued.)

How to Conserve

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

CANNING BEETS
Use only small beets for canning. Wash, scrubbing if necessary, and get very clean. Cut off all but an inch of leaf stems. Grate, and branch five minutes. Cold dip, and scrape off skin and stems. Beets averaging one inch in diameter may be packed whole, but larger ones may be cut in convenient sizes for packing. Any reader of this paper can get a free canning manual by writing to the National War Garden Commission, Washington, sending a two-cent stamp for postage. Add one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart jar, and cover the pack with boiling water. Put on a new rubber ring, and the top, dipping them both in hot water just before packing. Adjust the top ball or screw on the top with thumb and little finger.

Sterilize ninety minutes in hot water bath, or steam for five to ten pounds steam pressure. Remove from sterilizer, seal tight and cool. The Commission will be glad to answer any questions written on one side of the paper and sent in a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

If you are suffering from skin trouble

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But why be satisfied with temporary relief from the pangs of pain which are sure to return with increased severity, when there is permanent relief within your reach? Science has proven that Rheumatism is a disordered condition of the blood. How then, can satisfactory results be expected from any treatment that does not reach the blood, the seat of the trouble, and rid the system of the cause of the disease? S. S. S. is one blood remedy that has for more than fifty years been giving relief to even the most aggravated and stubborn cases of Rheumatism and cleanses and purifies the blood by routing out all traces of disease. The experience of others who have taken S. S. S. will convince you that it will promptly reach your case. You can obtain this valuable remedy at any drug store.

FALL OPENING

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, is the day upon which the Fall Term, for both Day and Night School, will begin.

Standardized Courses

By enrolling here, you have the opportunity of taking standardized courses approved by the United States Bureau of Education—first-class teachers, and good equipment.

Decide and Arrange Now

Owing to the great demand for young men and women with business training, there are many who will enter commercial schools this Fall, and you will be assured of a place, if you arrange early. Call upon us; we shall be pleased to advise you.

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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.

(Copyrighted, 1918, by The Parents Association, Inc.)

No. 15. Can You Make a Child Stop Crying?

BEAUTIFUL noise," a little boy I know called music, but, all noise is not beautiful, and certainly the noise of a crying child is anything but music.

There is nothing more aggravating to the parent and more unwholesome for the child and more generally disconcerting to everyone within hearing distance, than a child's or baby's continued crying. Some children become expert in producing varied tune effects. Some even seem to enjoy crying.

A short cry now and then doesn't hurt a child and should cause the parent no anxiety. But the crying habit should be broken by all means.

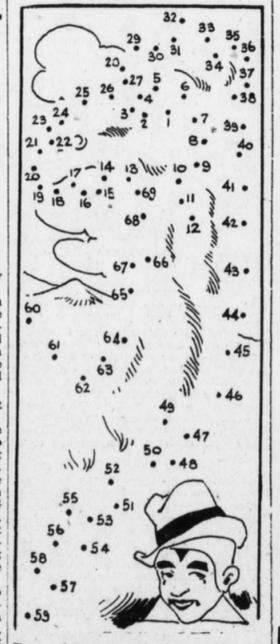
"Our four-year-old daughter cries at the least provocation and doesn't know when to quit," writes one mother. "Can you give me a plan to break her of this habit?"

If you want to cure your child of crying, avoid whining generally, to provoke the crying, at least for a few days while you are trying to break the habit. Better also speak to your family physician about diet.

Just after you take the child to bed and both of you are in a very happy spirit, before bidding her good night, say:

"Oh, yes, I have something else good to tell you. You are now old enough to begin playing like and acting like a grown-up woman. Beginning with to-morrow morning, you are not going to cry any more, unless you are badly hurt. Of course, if we are badly hurt, we can't help crying, but unless we are, we won't cry. You are now big enough to act like a woman, so mother does not want you to cry any more unless you have something to cry about. And you don't want to cry any more unless you have something to cry about, do you? No, of course not. All right, we'll both remember that. Beginning to-morrow, we'll both try to

Daily Dot Puzzle



Trace from one to sixty-nine. See a— Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

An Unfailing Way to Banish Hairs

(Beauty Notes)
Ugly hairy growths can be removed in the privacy of your own home if you get a small original package of delatone and mix into a paste enough of the powder and water to cover the hairy surface. This should be left on the skin about two minutes, then removed and the skin washed and every trace of hair will have vanished. No harm or inconvenience can result from this treatment, but be sure you buy real delatone.

SHINOLA

AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH

We have complied with the Government's request to be satisfied with a reasonable profit and to keep the quality up to standard.



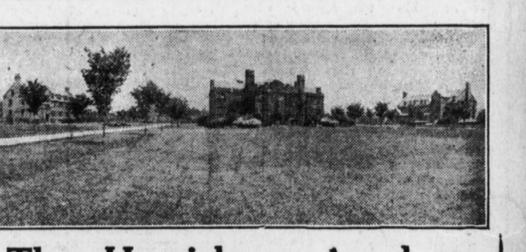
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METHOD—Boys are taught in small classes; each pupil is given undivided personal attention.

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