



Reading for Women and all the Family



THE PLOTTERS

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

CHAPTER XXXV.
(Copyright, 1918, Star Co.)

"Oh, Pa!"

The exclamation was Mrs. Chapin's. She stood at the screen door, her face white, her hands trembling.

"Oh, Pa!" she repeated as her husband made no response.

He was gazing at the dog, where it lay right across the path at his feet.

At the reiterated appeal Amos looked up impatiently, flushing with anger.

"Well, what of it?" he challenged. "If a dog attacks me I have a right to defend myself, haven't I?"

John Butler, hearing the shot, had come out of the house by the front door and now spoke. Until then Amos had not known that he was at his side.

"You could have hit the dog over the head with the butt of the gun," he remarked. "You would not have killed him then, for he is certainly stone dead."

"I don't care if he is," the farmer declared. "I've told Talak often to keep that dog out of my way. He was not safe."

"It would have been well if man and dog had both been dismissed long ago," Butler commented dryly. "Here comes Talak now."

He could see the man shambling up the walk from the field behind the house, where he had retreated when his employer had reprimanded him. The sound of the shot had startled him.

Elizabeth Wade had retreated in-

"CLEAR THE TRACK ALL WAY TO BERLIN"

Remarkable Feats of American Engineers in France Described in Sunday Public Ledger

American engineers, among them a large percentage of Pennsylvanians, and headed by a former P. E. R. vice president, have amazed the world by their accomplishments in France.

Their part in preparing for the great "drive" that will end only in Berlin will be described in a graphic article by Charles E. Duke in next Sunday's Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The same issue will contain an interesting article, "The Fifth Kingdom—Prophet Daniel's Vision of the World War."

Another important feature will be a number of articles describing additional acts of heroism by Pennsylvania soldiers in France, such as were contained in last Sunday's Hero Supplement. In order to be sure of a copy place your order in advance with M. Forney, Harrisburg News Agency, or E. Hoffman.

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Bringing Up Father



"Come down to the orchard." They walked side by side in silence until they reached a large apple tree in the middle of the orchard.

"Come, sit down here," Butler urged.

He pulled his coat off and laid it on the soft, thick grass at the foot of the tree.

"Now I am going to give my orders, and you are going to obey them," he said.

She smiled up at him after she was seated. "What are you going to do?" she questioned.

"Wait and see," with mock severity, "I am going to play doctor now, and you are to be the patient."

"I never had a doctor order me about in all my life," she said, "at least—not as a patient."

To Be Continued.

Oil Division Head Warns City's Motorists; Rules for Conservation

Local motorists were warned by C. C. Wingham, head of the oil division of the Federal Fuel Administration, that unless more gasoline is saved voluntarily by them a compulsory order will issue.

It is said in the warning sent to J. Clyde Myton, secretary of the Harrisburg Motor Club, that while motorists patriotically observed the first gasolineless day last Sunday, they defeated the ends of the conservation program Monday, Labor Day, by driving twice as far and using twice as much gasoline to make up for the denial of the day before.

Mandatory orders which will be felt sharply by the motorists will be a necessary measure unless co-operation is secured from every motorist, Mr. Wingham said.

The following rules for the conservation of gasoline were outlined by the oil division of the fuel administration:

Don't run engines when the automobile is not running.

Avoid overfilling tanks and see that no gasoline is spilled or leaks.

Adjust carburetors to work on the thinnest possible mixture.

Discontinue all unnecessary driving.

Celebrated Cantor to Conduct Special Service



THE REV. M. ABRAMSON

The Rev. M. Abramson, celebrated Jewish cantor, who, with his choir of twelve voices, will sing at Chisuk Emunah synagogue, Sixth and Forsyth streets, during the high holidays, opening to-day and continuing tomorrow and Sunday and on September 15 and 16, pleased a large audience last Sunday morning when he sang before the same congregation.

A student of St. Petersburg Imperial Conservatory, he possesses a powerful but pleasing voice. During the coming services, compositions of the Rev. Abramson will be sung as special features. Reservations for seats at these services are being made in large numbers.

I'm buying War Stamps. Of course - says Bobby.

I'm also eating POST TOASTIES (MADE OF CORN)

THEY SAVE WHEAT

THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS



"With so many men at the front," he said, "the men at home ought to be having a fine time with the women, eh, what? Do you see many good-looking girls in Berlin now?"

In this connection I may mention that many of the more sober officers told me that they were disgusted with the manner in which the Crown Prince was acting at his headquarters.

"It is really a disgrace," they complained, "for the Crown Prince to have so many questionable women visiting him. It certainly doesn't set much of an example for the rest of the staff."

The whole situation appeared to the Crown Prince very much in the light of a joke.

"I've just come from the western front," he told me. "My men are up to their knees in water and mud. We've been having lot of fun pumping the water out of our trenches into the French trenches."

"Well, I suppose the French pump it right back, don't they?"

"You're quite right, quite right. That's exactly what they do. Really, it's a great lark!"

Remarks of this kind rather sickened me of this self-satisfied young man. I realized, of course, that his part in the war was played at such a safe distance from the front lines that he was probably not familiar with all the horrors of trench warfare, and yet it could not be possible that he was unaware of the terrible loss of life and the untold agony and suffering which millions of his people had to endure while the "non-combatant" war continued.

That the Crown Prince had very little influence in the internal affairs of his country was indicated, perhaps, by an incident in which he attempted to do me a favor.

I had a new "Merzer" car which I had had sent over from America just before the war started. I had been able to use it but little because the use of automobiles by civilians was prohibited as soon as hostilities began, and in fact, most of the cars were seized by the military authorities.

For some reason, however, my car did not appear to them, although I decided to send it to the Scandinavian countries or send it back to America, but I had been unable to get permission to do so, and I

asked the Crown Prince if he could arrange it for me.

"I'll arrange that for you all right," he promised.

A few weeks later he wrote me again with the authorities, it would go through without a hitch as he had notified them about it and had asked them to grant my request.

Accordingly applied to the proper official, to whom I gave the Crown Prince's letter, but apparently it carried very little weight. They kept the letter and the car is still in Berlin.

In marked distinction to the indifference of the Crown Prince to the horrors of the present war was the attitude of the Crown Princess. She frequently expressed to me the sorrow she felt for all the wounded and the surviving families of the killed.

After the sinking of the Lusitania I told her that it looked as if that tragedy would bring the United States into the war.

"It isn't that serious, is it?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," I replied. "It will be difficult now, I imagine, to restrain Americans, and I would be at all surprised if war were declared without further negotiations."

She looked somewhat startled. I thought, but the next time she called some two days later—she was all wreathed in smiles, and said that my fears were ill-founded. There would be no declaration of war between America and Germany. Two or three days later came Germany's agreement to give up her ruthless submarine warfare. Evidently she knew what she spoke.

That her information was not always based on such sound foundation, however, was indicated later on in the war.

Again she was most optimistic and I sought to elicit from her the grounds for her assurances.

"Well, there's one thing you seem to overlook," she answered, very wisely. "There are no less than twenty million German-Americans, or Americans of German antecedents, in your country. Their influence will be sufficient, you may depend upon it, to avert war between the two countries. They will take care that America never declares war against Germany. I haven't any doubt about it at all."

Although, of course, she was quite

wrong in this supposition, as this was the sentiment expressed no doubt in the Kaiser's palace, she was a gifted and well-balanced woman, and I could not help thinking that if the time ever came when her husband became ruler of Germany her wisdom might make up in part for his unfortunate shortcomings.

After diplomatic relations were broken off between America and Germany, the Crown Prince and his family ceased coming to me. They were afraid, no doubt, of public criticism, although the Kaiser was not.

Of the Kaiser's other children, Prince William Eitel Frederick and Prince Oscar were the only ones I never met.

Prince Adolph, the Kaiser's third son, was a very handsome and charming man. He always came to me attired in a naval officer's uniform. I saw him but a few times, as he was seldom in Berlin, and he never talked on matters of general importance. I never saw him after America entered the war.

Prince August Wilhelm, the fourth son, was perhaps the most democratic of them all. He sometimes came to see me in an ordinary taxicab and he was the only one of the Kaiser's sons whom I ever saw in civilian dress. He was the first member of the royal family to come to me after the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and he was in mourning when he called. He looked very sad and dejected and gave me the first intimation that the tragedy of Sarajevo would almost inevitably lead to a general war.

In January, 1918, in speaking of the part that America would take in the war, he mentioned that his officers had told him that 60,000 Americans were on the western front. "We don't believe it, however," he added. "How could they get there without our knowing it? Our U-boats would certainly have found it out. No, Davis, it's not true."

When he said "We don't believe

it" he undoubtedly meant the Kaiser and the High Command. Unquestionably, they have long since realized how unreliable was their information.

The Prince suffered a most serious accident after the war started. While driving an automobile the steering gear broke and it crashed into a tree. The chauffeur was killed and the Prince fractured both legs in twelve places and sustained a fractured jaw besides.

After a number of operations and several months' treatment in the hospital, he came to me on crutches. Despite his condition he was able to extract a certain amount of amusement out of an account of the accident which he had read in a Paris newspaper, a copy of which he had with him. It explained that the accident had in reality occurred while the Prince was frantically attempting to dodge an enemy airplane and went on to say that the fractured jaw was the Prince's worst sorrow because he was such a pig and hated to miss his meals. The Prince thought it was a great joke. He will be slightly lame permanently as a result of this accident.

(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.

No. 16. Shall We Tell Our Children Fairy Tales?

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

WE KNOW the value of imagination to the child, and to the man. It is the great saver as well as the great sweetener of life. It is because of imagination that a man survives—it matters not whether he be an artist or a financier. He must have the vision before he can achieve.

Fairy tales feed the imagination—and what is more important, perhaps, from the parent's point of view children love them and we long to give them what they love.

But some parents object to fairy tales. For example, one father writes to me:

"Don't you think that true stories that are not overdrawn or at least stories that might be true could be made just as interesting as the stories that are out of all reason and which will have a tendency to make children superstitious after they grow up? And when they find there is nothing in such stories as that about Santa Claus, you think they will turn on Christianity and say, 'I wonder if it is like the fairy stories I used to hear? I don't believe there ever was such a person as Jesus!'"

There is just one big point to be made in regard to fairy tales. To tell a child a fairy tale as if it were a true story is wrong, just as actually to tell a child that there is a Santa Claus, who comes down the chimney, is wrong. But the wrong lies in the introduction to the story and not in the story itself.

I do not fully agree that true stories are just as interesting as fairy tales to children. There is a certain amount of fun about Santa Claus in the fairy tales and "air castles" which they do not get from actual history.

By McManus



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