



# Read it for Women and all the Family



## THE PLOTTERS

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

CHAPTER XXXVI

Elizabeth checked herself in the middle of her speech, blushing furiously. She remembered that this man probably knew that her own brother was a physician.

Butler also looked embarrassed. He was remembering Dr. Wade, and remembering him, he noticed his companion's discomfort, and wondered at it.

He did not believe a word that Clifford Chapin had said. Yet what was the matter? Why was she so confused? He longed to relieve her fear of nervousness, to make her believe that he trusted her implicitly.

"Miss Moore," he began, then recalled Clifford's statement that "Moore" was not her name.

If Clifford Chapin could have known the naivete that his threats and revelations had produced, his small soul would have been at least partially satisfied. As it was, he was now speeding toward Chicago, feeling that he had failed in his

aims at revenge, which while a very painful sensation, is much better for a dwarfed soul than is the consciousness of victory over another.

"What?" Elizabeth looked up at the man bending over her, forcing herself to meet his gaze steadily.

"Nothing—only—Butler stammered, "I wish I could tell you every thing—and I know you are distressed—and yet I can't be of any assistance to you."

Her eyes fell before his. She wanted to talk freely to him, to unburden her soul—yet first she must find out how much he already knew.

"I wish I could tell you every thing," she acknowledged wistfully. Then, with a sudden resolution, "Did Clifford Chapin speak to you of my brother?"

"A Considerate Companion  
"Your brother? What about your brother?"

"Didn't Clifford tell you?" she repeated.

"Why, no—he did not mention your brother," Butler assured her. "I did not even know you had one. Why do you ask?"

"Oh—nothing," she exclaimed. "It's no matter anyway, just now. I—I don't feel like talking."

"Of course you don't," Butler straightened himself up and spoke briskly. "You are faint for your breakfast, and here I am letting you talk about everything except what you most need—food. I declare I am ashamed of myself! You just lean back against that tree and close your eyes until I return. I'll not be long."

She did his bidding. She was tired and perplexed.

For a minute she had thought that the worst would soon be over, was, perhaps, over already. She had fancied that Clifford had told John Butler who she was. From Butler's bearing he had shown that he felt no resentment at the deception she and Douglas had practiced upon him. If that had been the case, all was well.

But as soon as she mentioned her brother, she saw her mistakes. Butler knew all about her kinship with Douglas Wade, his physician. All that revelation must yet be made—perhaps even the loss of his regard.

She sighed wearily. Never mind! She would rest now. She would not cross that bridge before she came to it.

The warm sunshine drew sweet perfume from the clover. The bees hummed drowsily about her. The shade of the apple boughs above her

## Bringing Up Father



shielded her from the direct glare of the sun's rays; a robin whistled to his mate; a song-sparrow trilled out his joy in the day and in life.

How lovely it all was! And how deliciously drowsy it made her.

She had slept little last night; her nerves were over-tired. She had her eyelids droop over her eyes, and in three minutes she was fast asleep.

In the farmhouse Mrs. Chapin was preparing a tray according to John Butler's suggestions.

"The Farmer Objects  
"Miss Moore was rather shocked at the sight of that dog lying dead there," he explained. "So she thought she didn't want any breakfast. But I persuaded her to let me bring something down to the orchard to her. I think a couple of those biscuits that you cooked for breakfast will be all she wants. Oh, yes—and a saucer of those big blackberries."

Mrs. Moore liked John Butler. She liked him better—at least with more ease—now that her son was out of the way. Clifford's dislike of him had made her feel almost as if she was wrong in not sharing it.

Perhaps Clifford had been a little peeved because Elizabeth Wade had not seemed to like the son of the house better than she did. This stranger, well, there was no accounting for girls' tastes. And maybe she did care a good deal about Clifford after all, only would not show it. The thought softened the maternal heart more than ever toward Elizabeth.

"I guess Father's not very well, anyway," she remarked. "I noticed last evening that she seemed kinder moping."

As Butler started across the back lawn, carrying the laden tray, he met Amos Chapin. The farmer eyed him in surprise.

"I thought you were at work," he said. "Where are you taking that stuff?"

"To Miss Moore," John replied, calmly.

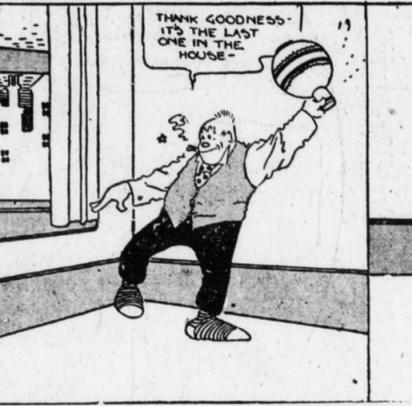
"What's the matter with her that she can't eat breakfast in the house without taking a man's valuable time?" Amos demanded.

"She was sickened by the sight of your shooting that dog down right before her eyes," Butler replied sharply.

Amos started to retort, then thought better of it and went on toward the house.

(To Be Continued)

## THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS



By ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D. D. S.  
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(Continued.)

In the morning I inquired of the proprietor where the Great Army Headquarters was and he told me it was right around the corner. I told him that I was to go there to meet the Kaiser and he then informed me that some officers in two motors had been around looking for me half an hour before.

"They first went to the station to meet the 6:15 train, and when they found you were not on that they came here, but you weren't registered and I didn't know you were in the place and I sent them away. You can get in touch with them by calling up number fifteen on the telephone."

I followed his suggestion and quickly secured a connection with the Kaiser's headquarters. His secretary said he would send right around for me.

They came over in a big car, and after picking up my baggage at the station, drove me to the palace. Sentries were posted at the palace gates, but there was no other sign of military activity that I could observe.

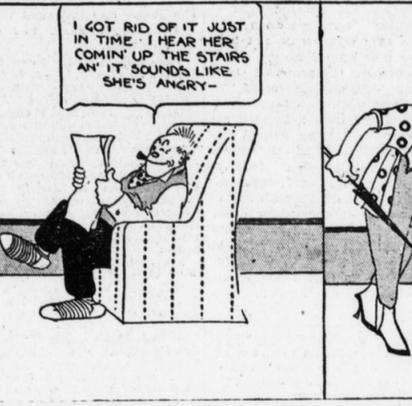
As we drove through the beautiful park surrounding the palace I kept on the lookout for marching troops and other evidences of the bustling activity which I naturally expected to find at the Great Army Headquarters of the largest army in the world's history, but everything was strangely calm and peaceful.

"I concluded that I naturally purposely kept me out of the busy section of headquarters."

When we arrived at the palace I was ushered through long marble halls, the walls of which were covered with antlers to a very large room on the ground floor. There was a bright red carpet on the floor and the furniture was in gold and white of an antique French design. It overlooked a terrace and one of the most beautiful garden landscapes I had ever seen. Lakes and flowerbeds arranged in the most artistic manner stretched as far as the eye could see. Long-tailed golden pheasants were walking on the lawn some distance away and swans adorned the lakes. Away in the distance I saw two officers on horseback cantering across the lawn, but they were the only soldiers in the scene, and there was absolutely nothing else to indicate that this picturesque estate in all its peacefulness and quiet was nevertheless the center about which the world was revolved.

The Kaiser walked in unannounced. He was dressed in his full uniform. "Isn't it beautiful here, Davis? Did you ever see a lovelier place?" he asked, as he observed me studying the landscape.

## By McManus



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I GOT RID OF IT JUST IN TIME I HEAR HER COMIN' UP THE STAIRS AN' IT SOUNDS LIKE SHE'S ANGRY--

WHAT DO YOU MERN BY THROWIN' A VASE OUT THE WINDOW AT ME - YOU TRIED TO KILL ME - DIDN'T YOU?

**Right around the corner**  
is the druggist or dealer in medicine who can supply you with a bottle of that wonderful

**DILL'S Balm of Life**  
(For Internal or External Use)

Use it internally at once, according to directions that come with the bottle, for cramps, colic, dysentery. Also use externally for rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, swellings of all kinds, sprains, soreness. Be sure to get a bottle on hand for the emergencies that so often come in summer.

Made by The Dill Co., Norristown, Pa. Also manufacturers of those reliable

**Dill's Liver Pills**  
**Dill's Cough Syrup**  
**Dill's Worm Syrup**  
**Dill's Kidney Pills**

Ask your druggist or dealer in medicine. The kind mother always kept

**Advice to the Lovelorn**  
BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX  
SHE WANTS TO BE A NURSE

As my husband is in France I should like to take up nursing and help me find an institution. I have only a grammar school education, and I don't know if that is sufficient for a nurse. I am twenty-one and have no children, so would like to take up nursing very much.

O. G. S.

So many correspondents have asked for similar information that I am going to attempt something in the way of a "lovelorn" reply. I suppose there are twenty-five thousand nurses issued by the Surgeon-General's office, and I am sure that the most efficacious way of "doing their bit." And in responding to the call they are not only showing a proper patriotic spirit, but are putting themselves in the way of getting the best possible training for one of the noblest professions open to women. To avail themselves of the offer it will be necessary for applicants to have a high school education or its equivalent. Due credit will be given for certain courses of study. All applications should be sent to The Army School of Nursing, Surgeon-General's Office, Seventh and B streets, Washington, D. C. Blanks will be sent to applicants to be filled. The course of three years' duration and cannot be too highly recommended to women of patriotism and intelligence.

**CHARITABLY DISPOSED**  
At an evening party poetry was being discussed. A young lady asked one of the young men "capricious" yours? "Yes," "Well, the girls persisted in declining the poems they were, but I took up for you!"

**Claims Dandruff Will Cause Baldness**

If you have dandruff you must get rid of it quick—it's positively dangerous and will surely ruin your hair if you don't.

Dandruff heads mean faded, brittle, gray, scraggly hair that finally dies and falls out—new hair will not grow—then you are bald and nothing can help you.

The only sure way to abolish dandruff for good is to destroy the germ that causes it. To do this quickly, surely and safely, and at little expense, there is nothing so effective as Parisian sage, which you can get from Kennedy's Drug Store and good druggists everywhere. It is guaranteed to banish dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair, and promote a new growth, or the coat, small as it is, will be refunded.

Parisian sage is a scientific preparation that supplies all the needs—antiseptic liquid neither sticky or greasy, easy to apply, and delicately perfumed.

If you want beautiful soft, thick, lustrous hair, and lots of it by all means use Parisian sage. Don't delay—begin tonight—a little attention now insures abundant hair for years to come.—Adv.

**Daily Dot Puzzle**

43 45 46 48 49  
42 44 47 50  
38 40 41 51 52  
37 39 42 53 54  
36 38 39 54 55  
35 37 38 55 56  
27 29 30 58 62  
26 28 31 61 63  
25 27 32 60 64  
24 26 33 62 65  
23 25 34 63 66  
21 22 35 64 67  
20 23 36 65 68  
19 24 37 66 69  
18 25 38 67 70  
17 26 39 68 71  
16 27 40 69 72

What is Susie doing?  
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

I told him that the scene was too beautiful for description, but I did not tell him what was really in my thoughts. I was thinking of what my laboratory assistant had said when he returned from the western front on a furlough: "If the ones who started the war could be where we were just one hour, they would be willing to make peace immediately!"

"Did you have any trouble in reaching Pless?" the Kaiser asked.

"On the contrary, I got in about four hours ahead of time, your Majesty," I said, and I explained to him how it happened.

"Well, it speaks well for our railway system in wartime, doesn't it? Who ever heard of a train getting in ahead of time these days?"

During the course of my work one of his private secretaries came in repeatedly with telegrams and messages for the Kaiser, and he would usually excuse himself to read them. Sometimes he would be summoned outside to consult with important persons who were there to see him, but he was never gone more than ten minutes at a time.

I did not think he looked exceptionally well. He seemed to be very tired and he had very little to say in itself an indication that he was not exactly normal.

When my work for the morning was over and his valet, who had assisted me, had been excused, the Kaiser gazed at me for a moment, and then, apropos of nothing, burst out with the rather remarkable comment: "The man who brought this catastrophe on the world, Davis, is not a stranger to me by the neck and that man is not I, as the world seems to think! The Czar of Russia and the King of England, when they were at the head of their armies, were put in my own house, mind you, and my blood relatives—hatched this plot against me. They were envious of my power, but they will now learn what that power is!"

In the same breath almost he made the inconsistent remark: "England will never be able to raise an efficient army; it took Germany one hundred years to accomplish what she has done!" How ridiculous it was to suppose that the Czar of Russia and the King of England could have hatched the plot, neither of them was the least prepared to carry out and which Germany was apparently powerful enough to foil!

After this, one of the biggest merchants in Berlin told me that he had heard on the Stock Exchange that the Kaiser had made the remark that the King and Czar had hatched the plot against him, and as I had repeated the Kaiser's statement to no one, I realized that he must have told the same thing to others. If this version of the starting of the war was put into circulation with the idea of absolving the Kaiser, it certainly didn't carry conviction even among the Germans themselves. The merchant who told me about it was put to rest, made fun of the idea, and I never heard the point seriously raised by anyone else of influence.

Before I left the Kaiser that morning he spoke of the Anglo-French loan which had been floated in America and condemned us severely for countenancing it. When I told him that Germany had also floated a loan in America, he replied: "But ours was only \$10,000,000, while theirs is \$500,000,000!" to which I naturally rejoined that the size of the loan certainly did not affect the question of our neutrality in floating it.

He criticized our bankers who handled the loan, and when I asked him if he had ever seen the number of German names that appeared on the list of bankers who were interested in it, he said he hadn't read the list, but he was quite sure there was one bank in New York which wouldn't touch it. "That bank wouldn't touch anything that would be detrimental to Germany!" he added.

In the afternoon, after the Kaiser had had his invariable afternoon nap, I attended him again, and that night I returned to Berlin. It was with regret that I left such a beautiful, restful place, for although Berlin in wartime was almost death-like in its quietness, it couldn't excel the Army Headquarters for restfulness.

Several months later I was called to Pless again and the place was just as peaceful as it had been on my first visit. Not even the ordi-

**Resinol**  
stops itching instantly

Don't let that itching skin-trouble torment you an hour longer! Just spread a little Resinol ointment over the sick skin and see if the itching does not disappear as if you simply wiped it away!

And—even more important—this soothing, healing ointment rarely fails to clear away promptly every trace of the unsightly, tormenting eruption, unless it is due to some serious internal disorder.

Resinol Ointment usually gives even prompt results if the sore places are first bathed thoroughly with Resinol Soap and hot water.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap contain nothing that could injure or irritate the tenderest skin. They clear away pimples, redness and roughness, stop dandruff. Sold by all druggists.

The Innocent Suffer Even Unto the Third and Fourth Generations, But Relief Is Now in Sight.

It has long been accepted as a matter of course that the sins of the fathers must be suffered by innocent posterity, yet it is hard to become reconciled to this condition. The heritage of physical infirmity is a handicap under which thousands must face the battle of life.

Scrofula is probably the most noticeable of the transmitted blood disorders, though there are other more severe diseases of the blood that pass from one generation to another. No matter what inherited blood taint you may be laboring

under, S. S. S. offers hope. This remedy has been in general use for more than fifty years. It is purely vegetable, and contains not a particle of any chemical, and acts promptly on the blood by routing all traces of the taint, and restoring it to absolute purity.

Some of the most distressing cases of transmitted blood poison have yielded to the treatment of S. S. S., and no case should be considered incurable until this great remedy has been given a thorough trial. S. S. S. acts as an antidote to every impurity in the blood. You can obtain it at any drug store. Our chief medical adviser will take pleasure in giving you without cost any advice that your individual case requires. Write to-day to Swift Specific Co., 433 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

**Emphatically Asserts Worn Out, Lagging Men Can Quickly Become Vigorous and Full of Ambition**

7 A DAY FOR 7 DAYS

Don't blame the man who is perpetually tired; his blood needs more red corpuscles and his brain and nerves are craving for food.

Given the right kind of medicine, any tired-out, inactive, lagging fellow can quickly be made into a real live, energetic and even ambitious man.

So says a student of the nervous system who advises all men and women who feel worn out and who find it hard to get up ambition enough to take a regular job to get a package of Bio-feren at any druggist.

This is the new discovery that pharmacists are recommending because it is not expensive and speedily puts vigor and ambition into people who despaired of ever amounting to anything in life.

People whose nerves have been wrecked by too rapid living, too much tobacco or alcohol, have regained their old-time confidence and energy in less than two weeks.

No matter how you cause your nerves went back on you; no matter how run down, nervous or tired out you are, get an original package of Bio-feren at once. Take two tablets after each meal and one before bedtime—seven a day for seven days—then one after each meal till all are gone.

Then if you still lack ambition; if your nerves are not steady and you haven't the energy that red-blooded, keen-minded men possess, your purchase money will be gladly returned.

Note to Physicians: There is no secret about the formula of Bio-feren, it is printed on every package. Here it is: Lecithin, Calcium Glycero-phosphate, Iron Peptonate, Manganese Peptonate, Ext. Nux Vomica, Powdered Gentian, Phenolphthalein, Oleoresin Capsicum, Kola.

**Careful Dry Cleaning**

THE least expense and the most benefit for your old garments is Finkelstein Dry Cleaning.

We not only make your old garments like new, but we save your money for YOU—because your clothes give you longer service, thereby doing away with the purchase of new clothes.

Send For us at once  
We will call For and deliver all work promptly

**FINKELSTEIN**  
1322 N. G. ST. BOTH PHONES  
CLEANER

**WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11---Important**

**The Day We Start**

**Kaufman's 10 Day Bargain Basement Thrift Sale**

Full Details in This Paper Tomorrow

Bigger Than Ever---More Welcome

Wartime Economies in Present Day Needs

and in conjunction

**4 Big Advance Sale Days of Fall Merchandise**

Read Tomorrow's Announcement

Be Sure to Come---Wednesday, Sept. 11

**KAUFMANS**  
MARKET SQUARE  
UNDERSELLING STORE

STORE OPENS 8:30 A. M.—CLOSES 5 P. M.

**NEURALGIA**  
or Headache—  
Rub the forehead and temples with

**WICKS VAPORUB**  
NEW PRICES—30c, 60c, \$1.20.