



Reading for Women and all the Family



THE PLOTTERS

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

CHAPTER XLIV
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Elizabeth Wade was appalled by John Butler's outburst. She had thought she had prepared herself for his disapproval of her brother's scheme, but she had hoped that when she explained the reason of the plot he might understand and pardon it.

Now, as she looked at his pale face and noted the agitated twitching of his mouth, her heart sank. Yet why should the information that Clifford Chapin had given him distress him to such an extent—even if Clifford had told him that she was not Lizzie Moore, was not related to the Chapins, and that Douglas Wade was her brother?

She attempted to summon her startled wits.

"Mr Butler," she begged, "please let me explain. Clifford Chapin could not have told everything to you, because he did not know it all. He did not know why Douglas had come here under an assumed name."

The man did not reply, but stood staring at her with an expression of painted incredulity.

"I tell you I did not believe what he said," he muttered.

"But," gently, "I am not Lizzie Moore." Then, with an effort to steady her trembling voice, "You must believe that."

"I do."

"But you can't believe that!"—she checked her by a passionate gesture.

"I don't believe another word that he said," he burst forth. "Nor will I ever believe it unless you yourself, tell me it is true. I will not let any one else mention the matter to me."

A sound at the door made them both turn.

Amos Chapin stood on the threshold of the parlor, watching them. His face was dark and his voice disapproving.

"What are you two talking about?" he demanded. "You both seem very much excited."

Elizabeth attempted to laugh, but only succeeded in perpetrating a hysterical giggle.

Not a bit excited.

"Why no, we are not excited," she said. "We were only talking over a

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



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A Wonderful New European Product churned from Nuts and Milk, which takes the place of Butter and saves you 25c on every pound.

Benefit Brand Sweet-Nut Butter

1 POUND 33c POUND PRINTS
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TOMORROW, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28
We make the following Special Combination Offer
1 lb. Sweet Nut Butter..... 33c
1 Sheffield Silver Butter Knife.. 25c BOTH 33c
58c FOR

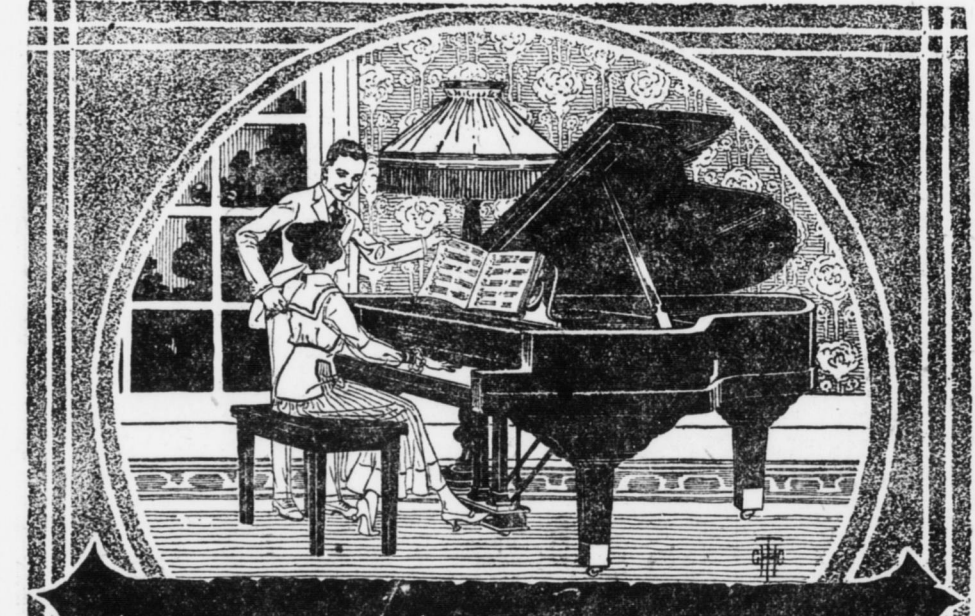
SWEET-NUT BUTTER is as pure as snow and richer than cream. Let us tell you how it is made. The ripe coconuts, imported from the Philippine Islands and Ceylon, are crushed and refined into a cream-white butter. It is impossible to think of anything sweeter, purer or richer. This cream of nuts, which does not contain a trace of water, is then churned with pasteurized milk. When it leaves the churn it is worked and salted in the same way as butter. Sweet-Nut Butter does not contain a particle of animal fat, consequently it is entirely free from lard or oily flavor.

It serves every purpose for which creamery butter is used—for the table, on hand or hot biscuits, and in every form of cooking, in pastry making, frying, etc., and for use on broiled meats.

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Troup Building 15 So. Market Sq.

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

During one of the hottest days of the last hot spell in Washington a woman noticed a little girl select a shady patch of the pavement and begin to set her lunch.

The lunch consisted of a large green pickle with two ice cream cones, and the little girl regarded the feast with the eye of a connoisseur.

The woman, a kind-hearted friend of her own who got sick sometimes, even on the most vigorously approved rations, tried to dissuade the reckless young epicure from what appeared to be sudden death. But her arguments, like those of every reformer, were coldly received.

"Eats um every day, sometimes 's two pickles 'n one cone—sometimes this"—and she bit into the pickle and the cone alternately.

The woman listened with the respect that "last words" from any source receive. And the little girl explained to her that she had bought Monday leaf over from Saturday in bakery. Gee—I do have good things to eat."

"And don't they ever make you sick?" inquired the woman whose children got sick sometimes on the most carefully supervised diet.

"Nope—but they kill out my little brother; he died of a Friday, buried Sunday." Evidently the young epicure represented the survival of the fittest.

The humane woman then asked if the little girl wouldn't like to visit her in the country where she had the nice milk she wanted. The young epicure considered dubiously for a moment or two, then said "Nope; I don't think much o' milk 'less it's in shakes, 'n then I like soda 'n ice cones better."

Did an Amount of Thinking

So the woman went back to her place in the country where her carefully supervised children awaited her and did an amount of thinking. Here was a little girl who had been whose mother worked, and who ran the streets and ate pickles and ice cream cones.

Such emergencies have been met to a great extent in New York City by patriotic women working in connection with various war and civic organizations. But as far as the rest of the country is concerned, the necessary branch of war service has been practically neglected.

And why should such conditions be tolerated? The war wife who faces the street and dines on pickles and beautiful ice cream today, is to-morrow's citizen, soldier, or mother of a family. And how much loyally and good citizenship do you think a child brings to maturity when the state has proved to be such a casual stepmother?

In our headlong desire to win the war we have mobilized about everything that the country has produced—everything but the idle rich women in the land. Their consciences with a little detached war work or waiting for a chance to get into the work of the year of 1918—why, in this eventful time, when we are trying to salvage one-third of our doomed 200,000 babies, should not this work of looking after the children of our nation-wide?

The weighing and measuring of babies is of little practical benefit if, when we get them past those first difficult years, they are allowed to roam the streets and eat any unwholesomeness their pocket money will buy.

Great Duty Near Home

If the dozens of girls and women who write to me inquiring how they may get to France in any capacity would only give this matter of the children of our nation the consideration what miracles of efficiency might be accomplished.

Why is it that the duty near at hand always lacks the magic of the duty several thousand miles away? France is a far-off beckoning and beautiful adventure. We see her in our dreams a sort of promised land, where we ride our horses and in and we are told that every ounce of food in France is precious; that she has her full quota of sympathizing friends, and unless we are trained workers the war we have mobilized about everything that the country has produced—everything but the idle rich women in the land. Their consciences with a little detached war work or waiting for a chance to get into the work of the year of 1918—why, in this eventful time, when we are trying to salvage one-third of our doomed 200,000 babies, should not this work of looking after the children of our nation-wide?

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The Fifth Wheel of Food

Women "come together over a cup of tea;" motorists stop at inns and country clubs for sandwiches or ices; and young people flock around soda fountains and candy counters. It isn't nourishment they want, for they have enough without that addition. It is merely a pleasant social habit.

But all these candies, creams and afternoon teas are made up of nourishing food. Every such morsel eaten is subtracted from the legitimate and necessary meals of the country. They offer a constant temptation to the seller to use more than he should in Europe, and they lure the buyer into careless extravagant food habits.

When people eat well-balanced meals and obtain sufficient nourishment at the table, any other food they use is wasted. It is like having a fifth wheel on a cart.

Why not cut out this fifth wheel of food consumption, as it doesn't help our progress? Conservation can go on gaily without tea and cakes, and a soda does not improve the plot of the movies. Try companionship for its own sake, theaters for the play and driving for the scenery—without the expensive, unpatriotic food wasting too often connected with them.

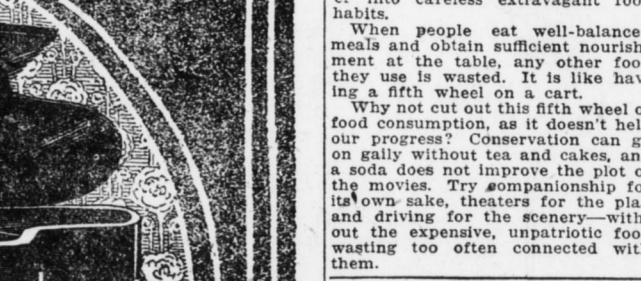
Amos Is Conciliatory

"Well, well, Lizzie," he said conciliatingly, "don't you mind what I say when I'm a bit out of humor. The heat makes me cranky, I guess. But I was only jollying you a little. Of course it don't matter to you who owns this farm."

"But it does," she contradicted. "It matters very much."

He forced a difficult grin. "Well,

Daily Dot Puzzle



Hanlon Drives Poisons Away In Quick Time

Hummelstown Garage Man Describes His Successful Fight in Detail

Walter Hanlon, of Hummelstown, Pa., near Harrisburg, thought the oil and grease with which he worked in a garage there were the causes of the eczema and water pimples which a itched him.

"I was all broke out on the hands, arms and face and tried all kinds of ointments to get relief, but nothing helped me. I saw a Tanlac ad and in despair decided to try it. I'm not despairing now, though, for Tanlac certainly reached whatever was the cause of my trouble and drove it out. Instead of being the oils and grease outside, as I thought, it was inside, but it didn't stay long when Tanlac was sent after it. Tanlac also built me up and made me feel fine all over."

Tanlac now is being specially introduced as explained in Harrisburg at the George Gorges drug store

Stomach Dead Man Still Lives

People who suffer from sour stomach, fermentation of food, distress after eating and indigestion, and seek relief in large chunks of artificial digestors, are killing their stomachs by inaction just as surely as the victim of morphine is deadening and injuring beyond repair every nerve in his body.

What the stomach of every sufferer from indigestion needs is a good prescription that will build up his stomach, put strength, energy and elasticity into it, and make it sturdy enough to digest a hearty meal without artificial aid.

The best prescription for indigestion ever written is sold by druggists everywhere and by H. C. Kennedy and is rigidly guaranteed to build up the stomach and cure indigestion or money back.

This prescription is named Mi-o-na, and is sold in small tablet form in large boxes, for only a few cents. Remember the name, Mi-o-na stomach tablets. They never fail.—Advertisement.

Advice to the Lovelorn

A BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR A YOUNG MAN

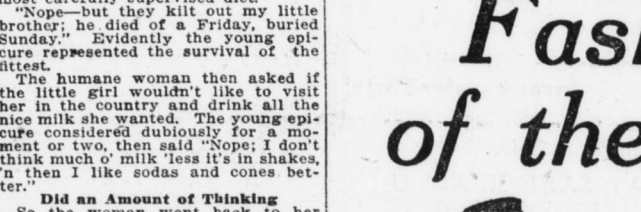
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a girl of 18, and have many friends. Now, Miss Fairfax, as there

Didn't Care What Happened

"I became a physical wreck from stomach trouble and was a fit subject only for the operating table or graveyard. Being discouraged, I gave way to drink, which made things worse. I got so I didn't care what happened and wanted to die. May's Wonderful Remedy has cured me of everything. Am now in fine condition and feel 25 years younger." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allows the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded.

Garments of Quality

Fashions of the Hour



There's real economy in the quality of the garments to be found here, as well as in the prices, at which we have marked them. You will realize the force of this statement if you will investigate.

All Wool Poplin Suits \$18.95
An Exceptional Value Made of all-wool American poplin, with belted coat, lined throughout; pockets, velvet collar, high button neck; in navy, brown, black and plum.

All Wool Poplin and Manish Serge Suits \$24.95
Two striking values in all-wool American poplin and manish serge; belted models; silk lined; in navy, green, black and brown.

All Wool Poplin Coats \$18.95
Made of all-wool American poplin; belted model; assorted shades.

Velour Coats \$26.95
Smart belted models, plain and velvet trimmed; assorted shades to choose from.

Broadcloth Coats With Full Fur Collar \$32.95
Beautiful model, lined throughout; all desired shades.

Coats \$39.95 to \$59.95
In silver-tone, silk velour, silver-tip velours, etc.; plain and fur-trimmed; in a full range of colors.

New Dresses \$14.95 to \$29.95
In all wanted fabrics and color tones, including serges, poplins and jerseys.

Skirts Wool and Silk Fabric Skirts \$4.95 to \$18.95
In all-wool novelty plaids, silk poplin, silk faille, satin, charmeuse; in many models, some with overskirts and French panels; mostly blues, blacks and taupe.

New Blouses Crepe de Chine Blouses \$2.95
Plain embroidered and striped crepe de chine waists, V-neck, satin-trimmed sailor and roll collars.

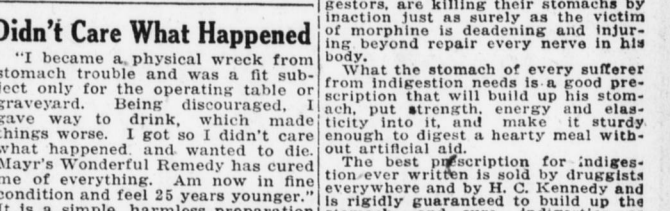
Georgette Blouses \$3.95
in flesh and white; V-neck, sailor collars.

Satin Waists \$4.95
New arrival, high and low necks, flesh and white, tailored models.

Other silk and Georgette waists in many models. \$3.95 to \$12.95

Ladies Bazaar

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