



# Reading for Women and all the Family



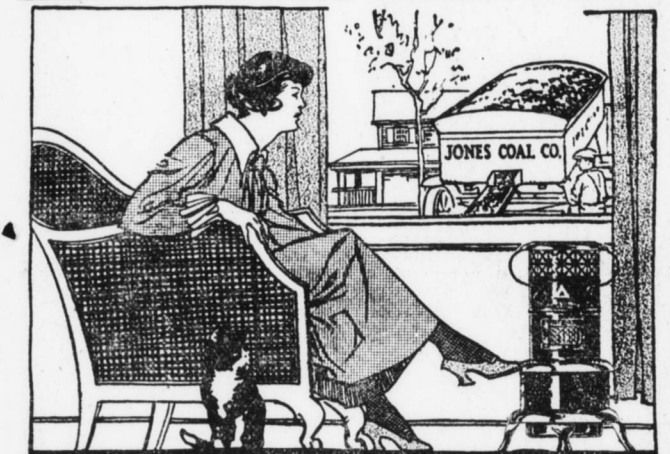
## THE PLOTTERS

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

CHAPTER XLIX.  
(Copyright 1918, Star Company)  
"John," Elizabeth caught her companion's arm. "It's Talak! What's the matter with him? How will he look?"  
"Talak!" Butler called, "where are you going?"  
At the sound of John's voice Talak stopped, turned quickly, laid something he carried down on the ground in the bushes, then came forward.  
"Where are you going?" John repeated.  
"Away," the man said, sullenly. "I leave that damn head now, and he gives me no money."  
"What!" Butler exclaimed, "did he pay you nothing?"  
"No," the Pole shook his head. "I left before my time was up. He said I couldn't get any pay. I haven't a cent now."  
"You were foolish to leave before your month was out," Butler commented. "Where are you going?"  
"To Midland."  
"And you have no money for food or lodgings?"  
"No," Talak shook his head. "I'll get even with him. You wait and see."  
"Hold on!" Butler drew a bill from his pocket. "Here take this. The man seized the bank note eagerly. "Oh, thank you, thank you," he quavered.  
"Nonsense!" John cut short the mumbled expression of gratitude. "Only get food and a bed with it—and no drink. Understand?"  
Talak nodded. "I understand. You're a good man. I'll not forget."  
"Well, good-by and good luck," Butler said, taking Elizabeth's arm and walking on.  
The betrothed pair did not look back. Had they done so they would have seen Talak sink back to the point at which he had laid down the burden he carried, pick it up, then, returning to the edge of the woods, stand watching Butler and Elizabeth as they disappeared over the crest of the hill.  
**Ho Utters a Threat**  
"He most beat me once—yes," the half-witted creature muttered. "But I'm a good man. I'll not forget him. And," with an ugly snarl, "I'll not forget old Chapin."  
He did not continue on the trail through the woods. Instead, he set down as if weary, or waiting.  
"What time is it, John?" Elizabeth asked as they reached the farm gate at the back of the house.  
Butler glanced again at his watch and gave a low whistle. "It's seven forty-five, and supper was supposed to be at six thirty," he told her. "Fortunately, Mrs. Chapin is a sweet-tempered soul."  
"She certainly is, and will probably give us a bite to eat and a glass oficed tea sooner than let us starve," Elizabeth smiled.  
Yet she felt vaguely uncomfortable as she went up the steps to the back door. The buoyant joy of the afternoon seemed to have faded suddenly, as the sunset glow was fading from the western sky. She shivered involuntarily.  
"Why, dear," John asked, "what's wrong?"  
"She tried to laugh. 'I don't know,' she admitted, 'except that I feel suddenly afraid.' 'Of Mrs. Chapin's scolding or of getting no supper?'  
"Of neither," she tried to speak jestingly. "Nor of being sent to bed as punishment."  
"Her tone was light, but her heart was heavy. She was ashamed of her sudden change of mood.  
As the pair entered the hall, Amos Chapin came out from the dining-room followed by his wife.  
"Well, Lizzie dear," the matron queried, "what happened?"  
"We went further into the woods than we meant to, and got on a very rough path trying to find a short-cut home," the girl explained.  
"That's too bad! My—but you're all tuckered out I expect," Mrs. Chapin sympathized. "Run upstairs and wash, dearie, and I'll just go out and fix a little supper for you both."  
"I am sorry we have put you to this inconvenience, Mrs. Chapin," Butler apologized. "It was really through my stupidity that we got lost. I thought I knew the way better than I do."  
**Man to Man Talk**  
During this interchange of remarks, Amos Chapin had stood, his face set, his eyes stern. Now he spoke.  
"Of course it's not Lizzie's fault," he said. "She's not the kind of a girl to do a thing like that. But you might have seen to it that she got home earlier."  
"Mr. Chapin," Elizabeth began. "But John checked her.  
"Go on upstairs, please, and let me talk to Mr. Chapin," he said gently, but firmly.  
As she did his bidding she heard Amos speak again.  
"It's I that want to talk to you, young man," he declared. "There's something that I want to say and I may as well say it at once. Suppose we go in here," leading the way into a small room at the rear of the parlor.  
The girl stopped at the head of the stairs and looked back. As she did so Mrs. Chapin paused in the doorway of the kitchen. Their eyes met and the matron smiled reassuringly.  
"Never mind, dearie," she said, softly. "You get the supper ready, and I'll get the supper ready. Pa's just a little cranky, but let the men talk it out between them. That's the best way. It don't concern us." And she went on through the dining-room into the kitchen.  
Elizabeth hesitated for a moment, then obeyed Mrs. Chapin's suggestion, going into her own room and closing the door behind her.  
(To Be Continued)

## 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.



## "That Ton Will Last Longer Now"

Every ton of coal lasts longer in homes where Perfection Oil Heaters are used. It isn't necessary to have the whole house at 68. Keep the furnace fire lower and put your Perfection in the room you want to be in.

## PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

are not for emergency heat only, but to use right along all winter and in the fall and spring, so as to burn less coal. It seems wonderful how such little things make a room warm and comfortable in a few minutes. And you are mighty glad for a Perfection when the north wind howls around the eaves and the thermometer drops lower, lower, lower.

One of the best features about the Perfection is that it burns kerosene—an economical fuel. But bear in mind that there are different kinds of kerosene. Also that there is one kind which always gives satisfactory heat. It is called Atlantic Rayolight Oil to distinguish it from the others. It burns without smoke, smell, or charring the wick. Ask for it by name.

Remember this: Perfection Oil Heaters are safe. There is no danger of turning the wick too high. You can't. The patented construction prevents it. And don't put off buying your Perfection Oil Heater until the last minute. Better get one now while your dealer has a good supply. They are priced \$5.65 to \$10.00, at hardware, housefurnishings and department stores.

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Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware



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## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



## 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. 30. What Do You Do When Your Child Disobeys?

ON a train not long ago, a man and his wife were entertaining some other passengers with a tin cup and their baby which perhaps was about a year old.  
After giving the child a drink, the cup was set on the window sill. Little "Jimmy" soon managed to knock it off. Of course, it made a splendid noise. The young father picked it up and at the same time advised Jimmy that he shouldn't have done it. But Jimmy must have misunderstood because in a moment we again heard the beautiful vibration of the tin cup.  
Then something happened. The mother noticed that other passengers were amused—supposedly at the cute and unusually clever child—and of course she, too, thought it was quite a stunt for the child to manage to get the tin when the father was trying to keep it out of reach. The baby laughed with glee on seeing the mother smile and the father also caught the spirit and so the cup fell on the floor about every "twelve telegraph poles" for the next few minutes.  
The end of the story is more interesting. The father suddenly became very stern and tried to hold Jimmy. But Jimmy squealed and began to strike at his father, ruffling up his hair. This of course was followed quite naturally by a spanking thus ending the scene with a crying spell.  
That incident was amusing—and yet, in a sense, it was a tragedy. This child in effect was given a most impressive lesson in disobedience. In the future he will receive many whippings intended to teach him obedience, but all the whippings put together will not counteract the effect of a few such lessons as that described.  
Laughing at disobedience is a crime.  
Many persons have pointed the finger of shame at a youth or young man having committed some crime, who were themselves partially responsible without knowing it. Child-training is not such a haphazard sort of thing after all.  
One child through inattention may be harder to control than another, but wise training will count.  
So many cases of crime, however, attention in which the child has the habit of laughing when spoken to.  
For example, one mother writes to me:  
"Our little two-year-old son often

## Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX  
OLD FRIENDS MAKE GOOD HUSBANDS

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have known a man for four years. I only met him once a week when he was away from work. He was always a good friend to me. On several occasions he proved to be the best friend I ever had, when I was in trouble, assisting me, though he did so sometimes at inconvenience to himself. He has told me a couple of times that he is lonesome and needed me, and that I could trust him and he would always make good if I gave him the chance. And still I am in doubt what to do. I don't like to lose his friendship, and I haven't the heart to hurt him.  
NELLIE.  
From the tenor of your letter, all of which I have not space to publish, I believe this man cares for you and would make you happy. I should certainly marry him if he again proposes.

## SEE TAKES ALL THE GIRLS ALONG

I am keeping company with a young woman three years my junior, and she has three girl friends whom she has known for many years, and whenever I suggest going anywhere she tells me she has previously arranged to see the girls. Due to said appointments, I seldom get the occasion to go out with her alone. Do you think she is justified in paying so much more attention to her girl friends than to me, and what would you advise me to do?  
PATIENCE.  
It does not look as if the young woman were very deeply in love with you, or she would not always suggest

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Lend Like Our Boys Fight—Buy All the Liberty Bonds You Can

# Astrich's

308 Market Street  
**A 3 Day Sale of Women's and Misses' Suits, Coats and Dresses at \$25.00**  
Today, Tomorrow and Friday

This announcement will be welcome news to the women who appreciate the fact that ASTRICH'S maintain their pre-war standard of quality and always offer the greatest values procurable for the money.

While we do not mention former values in this great 3-day event, we do say that every garment NOW OFFERED AT \$25 represents a saving of several dollars—a saving worth while. Come and see the garments—you'll be surprised at the wonderful values.

## The Suits at \$25

This special grouping embraces all that is new in ripple-back, high waist-line and braided models, together with pleated back, Empire styles, belted and semi-tailored creations in Poplins, Serges, Gabardines and Oxford Cloths. The colors are Burgundy, Navy, Rookie, Taupe, Brown, Green and Black.

SEE WINDOW DISPLAY

## The Coats at \$25

In this group we offer the greatest values in the city at this price—a wide selection of smart, trim, dressy models and Trench Coats, suitable for dress or business or general utility wear—some half lined, others full lined. All colors. Velvets, Kerseys, Zibelines, Velours and Army Cloth.

SEE WINDOW DISPLAY

## The Dresses at \$25

An exceptionally large selection of truly high-grade Dresses of Satin, Georgette, Taffeta, Jersey, Crepe de Chine and Serge and Satin, also Satin and Georgette combination, in all the wanted colors.

## Sulphur Is Wasted When You Waste Paper

Washington.—Every pound of paper wasted diminishes the available supply of chemicals requisite for the making of munitions of war. Sulphur is wasted when you waste paper. Chlorine is wasted when you waste paper. Your delicate white note paper is bleached with chlorine, and your boy at the front needs it, needs it as you never understood need. Caustic soda is wasted when you use unnecessary quantities of paper, and the government already laments a shortage of \$8,000 tons.

## First to Lose Life in an Airplane Accident

Washington.—The first man to lose his life in an airplane accident was Lieutenant Thomas H. Selfridge, of the United States Signal Corps, who was killed in September, 1908, while flying as a passenger with Orville Wright at Fort Myer, Va. The next fatal airplane accident occurred a year later in France, when Eugene Lefevre was enrolled as one of the martyrs to the conquest of the air. Since the outbreak of the war, of course, brave fliers without number have given their lives to their respective countries, and a list of them would fill pages. The first woman to be killed in an airplane accident was Mme. D. Moore, who lost her life at Etamps, France, in 1911.

## Make Your Stomach Your Best Friend

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Digest the Food, Prevent Sourness and Make You Feel Fine All Over

If you feel any distress after eating take a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet. You will then have a good, steady friend in your stomach. For no matter what you eat there will be no gas, no sour risings, no lump in your throat, no biliousness, no dark brown taste in the morning. And should you now be troubled, eat a tablet as soon as possible and relief will come promptly. These tablets correct at once the faults of a weak or overworked stomach, they do the work while the stomach rests and recovers itself. Particularly effective are they for banquetters and those whose environment brings them in contact with the rich food most apt to cause stomach derangement. Relief in these cases always brings a smile. Get a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, 50 cents, in any drug store. Be good to your stomach.

## Daily Dot Puzzle

25 27 28 29  
26 30 31 32 33 34 35 36  
24 37 38 39 40 41  
23 42  
22 32 39 40  
21 43 44  
19 20 71 46  
18 15 72 70 45  
16 14 13 12 11 63 47 46  
14 13 12 11 63 47 46  
9 68 67  
8 7 66 65 50 49  
6 5 64 63 51  
4 3 53  
2 62 61 52  
2 59 60 55 54  
1 58 57 56

An — will come to you when you've traced to seventy-two.  
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## New York Newspaperman Downs Two Machines

With the British Army in France.—Lieutenant Walter P. Chalaire, who at the outbreak of the war was a reporter on a New York newspaper, is a hospital in England with a bullet wound through his shoulder. While attached to a British photographic flying group, Chalaire's and another observer discovered a large group of German planes in the sky and another group below. The enemy began a concerted attack. Chalaire used his machine gun, and at least two enemy machines were seen to go earthward in a spin.

## Moscow Lets Huns Man Ships to Keep Bosphorus

Amsterdam.—The Russian battleship "Volga" and other navy vessels completed during the war, which have been under German control, have been handed by the Germans in agreement with the Moscow government, according to a dispatch from Berlin. The "Volga" is being towed by tugs in the Black Sea, by this move, it is added, receive a very considerable reinforcement of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus.

## Farmer's Help Was Given By His Neighbor

Hummelstown Resident Says It Was the Best of Aid

"Scratch! Scratch!" was all that William F. Wheeler, a farmer of Hummelstown, near Harrisburg, could do when what he wanted to do was "his bit" on his land.  
"Help came, however," he said, "after I had despaired of ever getting it. I had a bad case of eczema, and was all broke out; my stomach went back on me and I got so nervous and restless I couldn't sleep. Mr. Hanlon told me to try Tanlac. I took his advice and now, thanks to the great medicine, my skin is entirely well. I now eat and sleep well and feel like a new man. I am making up for lost time in my work."  
Tanlac now is being specially introduced and explained in Harrisburg at the George Gorgas Drug Store.  
Tanlac is also sold at the Gorgas Drug Store in the P. R. R. Station; in Carlisle at W. G. Stevens' Pharmacy; Elizabethtown, Albert W. Cain; Greencastle, Charles B. Carl; Middletown, Collins S. Fow's Pharmacy; Waynesboro, Clarence Croft's Pharmacy; Mechanicsburg, H. F. Brunhouse.