

Salt Is Composed of Two Deadly Poisons

When a native of the savage tribes of Africa happens to find a piece of rock salt he considers himself most fortunate. Often he will invite his friends to a party and serve this piece of salt as the refreshments. The guests seat themselves in a circle and take their turns at licking the choice bit, passing it around in much the same manner as the Indians pass around their pipe of peace. Salt seems to be necessary to most forms of animal life, cattle will travel for miles just to get a taste of it.

Few persons realize when eating this substance, that it is composed of two deadly poisons, the metal sodium and the gas chlorine. Sodium is one of the most active metals while chlorine is a gas dangerous to breathe even in small quantities. If a piece of sodium is placed on water it will react violently. For this reason it is always kept under kerosene to keep it from reacting with the moisture in the air, and it is always handled with tweezers as it might cause a severe burn if allowed to touch the skin, especially if the hands are damp. The poisonous nature of chlorine is generally known as it was one of the first deadly gases used by the Germans in the world war.

When these two chemical elements unite each loses its poisonous nature and the salt which is formed is an entirely new substance, having none of the properties of either sodium or chlorine. Nevertheless salt is composed of two deadly poisons, but chemically combined we eat it every day as it is both harmless and necessary.

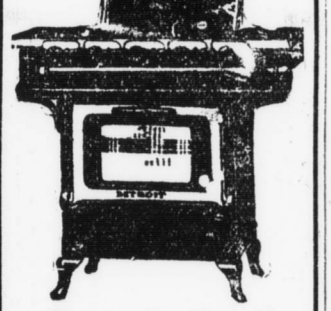
MANDATORY

"What kind of a woman is his wife, Amanda?" "I think she is what you call a mandatory."—Baltimore American.

HARRISBURG THIN PEOPLE

Bitro-Phosphate should give you a small, steady increase of healthy flesh each day. It supplies an essential substance to the brain and nerves in the active form in which it normally occurs in the living cells of the body. Bitro-Phosphate replaces nerve waste and creates new strength. Sold by druggists under definite guarantee of results or money back.

The Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

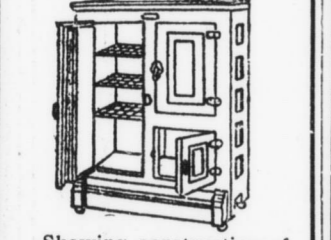


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DEALERS WANTED FOR ALL SUBURBAN TOWNS

The Private Life of the Kaiser

FROM THE PAPERS AND DIARIES OF THE BARONESS VON LARISCH-REDDERN

The Kaiser and Kaiserin's Late Major Domo, Chief of the Royal Household at Berlin and Potsdam.

Baroness von Larisch-Redden is the TRUE name of the Berlin Court Lady who gave the story of the Kaiser to Henry William Fisher, Uraula, Countess von Eppinghoven being a son de guerre, heretofore used to shield her.

Organized Meanness at the Prussian Court—The Kaiser Borrows From Servant Girls, and, Besides, Beats Them Out of Their Wages, According to Authenticated Statements of Court Officials—Hungry Chore-women Haunt the Corridors—No Fires to Warm by, Not a Drop of Hot Water; Wages 60 Cents Per Day For 12 to 14 Hours Work—Kaiser's Regular Servants Earned \$7.50 Per Month—Americans May Well Ponder Kaiser's Salary List—Kaiser Won't Hear of Distress Among His Servants—They Have Not the Right of Petition—Misery in Royal Family—Salary List in Kaiser's Household—Wage Earners Obligated to Pay Expenses of Journeys Undertaken For Kaiser.

Baroness von Larisch's "audits" of the Kaiser's finances are creating wide discussion because of William's apparent affluence since his exile. The chief of the Royal Household showed and continues to show that William always was in debt and that he could not live on his income—apparently at least.

Perhaps "the great charlatan" was shamming poverty with his people—the people he cheated and brow-beat, perhaps he was shifting away money all the time against the rainy day, that came sooner than he anticipated. Perhaps the Prussian nobles who administered his fortune saved his money for him by order of the Minister of Finance. Anyhow, the Kaiser's savings should be uncarried and turned over to the Allies for the relief of Kaiser-made cripples, widows and children.

[Continued from Yesterday.]

No long before he crossed over into Holland, I heard the Kaiser say: "Wilson shall stand before the world as the champion liar of the age. That title shall adhere to him like the rullest art of cozenage."

"Because," he explained, Wilson had bid shamefully when he suggested that "even one in Germany's 70,000,000 of people" would be happy enough to wish for the downfall of the Hohenzollerns.

"No," he said, the Roman people had but one head, that he might cut it off," he continued, "so I wish the German people had only one head to declare with one voice: The Kaiser and his loyal people forever and ever, hoors!"

Yet when Wilhelm hid behind Wilhelmina's petticoats, no German made a seri us attempt to persuade him to come home, to seek safety and refuge among "his own seventy millions."

I hold no brief for the Russian Court that was: Some of its Grand Dukes were as contemptuous of right and justice, of fair-play for "subjects" and of their own obligations to humanity as William, but the escape of the Dowager-Empress and ex-Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas from the Bolshevik hell proves that Russian royalty was not entirely devoid of friends. The three were kept prisoners for a year, the several massacres taking place during that period stopped short at their cells—they were esteemed as human beings if not as princes and in due time were allowed to escape. If the Kaiser and Crown Prince had relied on their German friends to save them, their names certainly

Kaiserin's natty moods and our householders in gold and silver dress—the only difference being that the maids and flunkies are engaged by the year, while the women are employed by the month, in hiring the residence of the Court of Potsdam.

But what about the Biblical crumbs that fall from the rich man's table? There were none. The allowance for the royal board were cut so fine as to just suffice for their Majesty's, the entourage, and the extra company at the last moment, the courses were hurried to cover up the shortening of rations, and the women who the visitors were "skipped" as if by accident. Of the royal guests, many left the flower-strewn table as hungry as the scrub girls did their nooks and corners after the noon recess.

Poverty in Shadow of Throne The women hailed from Potsdam or the surrounding villages, and worked in the castle from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., many of them for nine or more hours and from home. They were employed in the apartments of the adjutants, of the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, in the servants' quarters, and in the kitchens, at cleaning and scrubbing, wood and water carrying, etc., but on two-handed-room palace, and there were no place where they might cook a scanty meal or a room where they could eat and rest. Even their water was denied them.

"The get their wages," what more did they want? answered the House-maids, when we ladies pity the unfortunate, and we had to subsidize for fear that those we tried to help would starve to death. The House-maids, when we ladies pity the unfortunate, and we had to subsidize for fear that those we tried to help would starve to death.

"They have their wages," sixty cents per day for two or four hours work, and even in the coldest winter—the Court seldom removed to Berlin before Christmas—couldn't get a cup of coffee or a pipe of tobacco from the crowned master, though it was self-evident that none of the women had time to go home for dinner recess.

Distress Among Emperor's Servants A person of my rank ran against this case every day, and on many occasions only; but accident led me into the lower regions of the palace once in a while, and it gave me a shock. Perhaps the Kaiser's court fighting hunger and cold with food devoid of warmth, behind doors and shutters, when the wind whistled the international anthem of poverty.

After witnessing their distress and hearing their complaints once, I never went into the souterrain building cottages and sheds around his hunting lodge. The Reichstag called it "confounding mine and thine," and "maleficence worthy of a satrap who recognizes no distinction between the soldier's and his own individual resources."

Another picture: Noon at the Neues Palais. Forty hungry women and girls, some old, many young and comely, were hanging about the back-stairs of what was intended for the most magnificent royal Court of the day. Most of them were munching black bread, scantily spread with lard, while from tin bottles they partook of long draughts of cold cherry masquerading under the name of coffee. One or two proudly exhibit a hunk of salt pork, but many in the crowd depended entirely upon the charity of their colleagues or the good nature of the liveried servants, which latter receive either full board, or eat at the canteen.

And these women, wearing washed-out calico dresses all the year round and a twenty-four by forty-inch shawl barely covering their heads and breasts in winter, are imperial and royal employes, as well as the

have no appropriations for such extravagances. Baron von Mirbach to Baron von Lyncker (privately): "You ask me to create a dangerous precedent, most cher, thinking: 'No thanks! Not if I know myself.'" "Not if I know myself!" "Not if I know myself!" "Not if I know myself!"

Eight sheets of fool-scrap paper, emblazoned with crests and furnished with stamps and the most illegible signatures, as crammed with officious language in lapidary style—all about sixty-two cents and a half! Of course, there would have been just as much fuss if the object had been the fraction of a cent.

The Kaiser's mind—the coppers policy, even allowed to interfere with his predilection for cleanliness. As their Majesty's were sometimes unable to obtain clean sheets for their bed,—the statement that the royal servants, men and women, were kept exceedingly short in respect to towels and bedclothes will not surprise. As a matter of fact the allowance for the first-named article was two per week; the 1-1-linen was changed every month.

One evening, when we were talking in Her Majesty's dressing-room of the vagaries of Prince Frederick Leopold, Countess Basewitz remarked that he compelled his valets and the chasseur, serving him at table, to bathe morning, noon and night; that is, always before they came into personal contact with him.

"That is extravagant," said Her Majesty; "but persons of our rank cannot insist too strongly upon the daily bath for their attendants." "If there are enough bathrooms!" I remarked. "Well," said the Kaiserin, "I suppose there is a sufficient number in our palaces, at least here and in the Schloss."

"I beg Your Majesty's pardon, here, as well as in Berlin, we have out two bath-rooms for servants,—one for the men, one for the women."

The Empress gave me a startled look. "Two bathrooms?" she gasped. "Two bathrooms?" "Two bathrooms?" "Two bathrooms?"

"Two bathrooms?" I repeated; "and not only the people of the body-service, but all the liveried and attired men and women in the palace—coachesmen, tourmers, chassours, and attendants of the household departments—are expected to use them."

"My dear," said the Empress, in her naughtiest tone, "you are evidently misinformed," and rising she shook off her dressing sac, as with a little shudder, as if to repel an unpleasant sensation. "I do so hate to speak of matters of that kind," she added, dismissing us with a curt shrug.

What would Her Majesty have thought if I had continued in my revelations, for the scarcity of bath-rooms was not the most disgraceful evidence of penury at the Prussian Court, by far. The two eighteen by thirty-six inch huckaback towels given out Saturdays must suffice for the casual bath as well as for the every-day ablutions. The servants' wash bowls, are little tin affairs, holding less than three pints; foot-tubs and pitchers are tinned, together with other conveniences. But that is not all. The toilets for the servants are located on the back-stair landings, which are lighted by kerosene lamps day and night, and one closet must do for every twenty-three persons.

Ladies Can't Get Enough Laundry Washed at Court. Once or twice one of the Kaiserin's Maids of Honor asked me to increase the scanty allowance of linen washed every month. I answered, "but cannot, as funds for labor and material in the wash-rooms."

Very Effective Method For Banishing Hairs (Modes of Today) At very little cost any woman can rid her face of hairy growths if she will use the delatone treatment. This is made by mixing some water with a little powdered delatone. This paste is spread upon the hairy surface for 2 or 3 minutes, then rubbed off and the skin washed, when every trace of hair will have vanished. No harm results from this treatment, but care should be used to buy real delatone.

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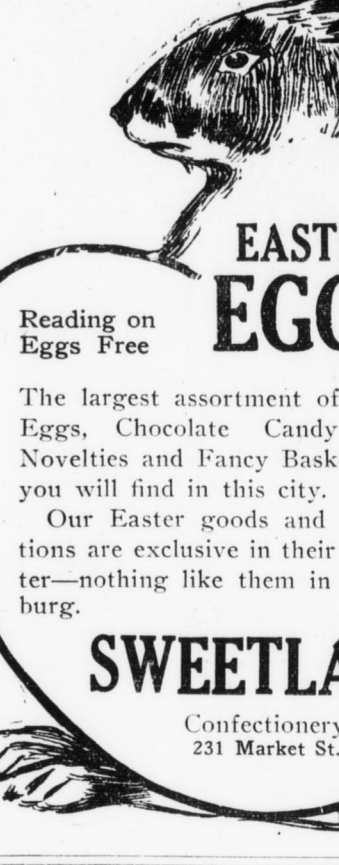
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Whoever did, indeed! "Do they really prefer the army mule to motors?" "Sure, motor engines go dead sometimes, but who ever saw a dead mule?"—Baltimore American.



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