Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Plotters

A New Serial of East and West

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER VII.

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So John Butler was glad to get away from women and doctors, Elizabeth Wade mused. Well, she and her beloved brother were in that class. As she was a girl, and a young one at that, she had a momentary sensation of pique. Then she smiled as she appreciated how ridiculous she was.

Surely, John Butler had cause to feel that a fussy woman even a devoted mother—and the many physicians consulted with regard to him had increased the nervousness from which he suffered. That this was true was proved by the fact that Douglas had ordered the patient off here, where there was not a physician within seven miles, and where his parent could only communicate with him by mail.

As the farmer's wife began preparing supper, Elizabeth helped her in spite of the older woman's protests.

"Dearie," Mrs. Chapin pleaded, "please don't stay here near the hot stove. Run away and sit out on the porch where it's cool."

But Elizabeth shook her head. "If I am your young cousin, how will it look if I let you get the supper while I sit in luxury outside?"

"Lots of girls do that very thing in their homes," Mrs. Chapin remarked.

"Not the kind of girl I want to seem to be," Elizabeth affirmed. "However, since I am evidently not needed in here, I will go into the dining room and set the suppey table."

"Thank you," the matron said, gratefully.

Elizabeth suspected that it was an actual relief to the good woman to have her out of the way. Mrs. Chapin had done her own work for so long that she was embarrassed by the presence of one accustomed to what the country dweller termed "city ways."

Elizabeth was somewhat at a loss as to just how the table should be set. She tried to recall Mrs. Chapin's methods, but was obliged to repair to the kitchen for instructions. When at last the cloth was laid and the glass, china and silver arranged upon it according to Mrs. Chapin's directionsfl the girl made a request.

"Couldn't I go out and get some of those lovely lilacs and put them in the middle of the table? There are some sprays that are almost out—and they are so pretty!"

"Surely, dear," Mrs. Chapin agreed. "For pity's sake, don't ask me if you can do so and so! The farm is your brother's still, you know—even if Amos and me do live here and work it."

This kind creature was not party to her husband's scheme, the girl decided, as she went out into the yard to gather the lilacs.

The blossoms she sought were at the top of the bush, where the sun fell on them more directly than on the farther down. She had to stand on tiptoe to touch them, and even then she could not grasp the stems.

Returning to the kitchen, she carried from there a wooden-bottomed chair. Mounting this, she broke off the sprays she wished, humming to herself as she did so.

She heard a window blind on the second floor of the house open, and for an instant she stood motionless. She remembered that this was the corner of the house in which John Butler was lodged. He had probably thrown open the blind of his room to get more light, and must have seen her.

Was he watching her? She pretended to be busy with the flowers, but she felt waves of hot color flooding her neck and face. What a fool she was!

With an impatient movement she sprang down from the chair and hurried into the house.

Laying her flowers in the dining room, she went back to the yard for the chair. This time she permitted herself to glance up furtively at the window above her.

Yes, John Butler stood there, and she saw that now he was not looking at her. Instead his eyes were fixed dreamily on the hills in the distance. But as she started to go back to the house he moved quickly and looked down, then leaned forward to see her more clearly.

Her eyes did not meet his for she bent over the chair as if finding it heavy. Had she detected an expression of disapproval on the face of the newcomer? If so, it was because he had fancied that she was some girl to whom he would have to be agreeable. Well, the would set his fears at rest when she came face to face with him.

He need not be nervous lest there was some woman here who would demand attention from him.

She went into the kitchen when supper was ready and lingered there until she heard the guest enter the dining room and take the seat assigned to him by his host. There was the sound of chairs being pulled back from the table, then a silence while the trio waited for her.

After a minute Mrs. Chapin called: "Lizzie," with a tremulous note as she spoke the unaccustomed name "Come, my dear."

"All right, Cousin Martha," the girl called back.

She glanced again in the mirror over the kitchen sink and smoothed her hair hastily, then went on into the dining room hurriedly, as if she had been busy to the last moment with some necessary household task.

Amos Chapin did not rise as the girl entered. John Butler ,true to the instinct of his class, arose immediately.

"Mr. Butler, let me make you acquainted with—with my young cousin—Miss"——

Mrs. Chapin hesitated for the fraction of a moment, but her husband came to her aid.

"Our young cousin, Miss Moore," he supplemented. "Sit down, Lizzie, we're waiting supper for you."

(To Be Continued)

FLYING WITH SHAFFER

DINING IN NIEUPORTS

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille M. S. P. 156,
Secteur Postal 12,
May 10, 1918.

Dear Mother: Just came back from looking at a plane which "smashed up" as we were eating dinner. For a complete wreck I have yet to see the equal, and yet, the pilot got away with only a cut, due to his goggles breaking. It was one of the type of planes that are rarely seen on the front any more, their lack of speed and stability being the reason. We often watched them fly slowly and laboriously around the "piste" and laughed at the way they floated down to a landing. They were so enormously big and slow that we could not imagine any one being hurt in one, even if he did smash. But if the pilot was not broken up much, the airplane sure looked just as if some one had rolled it up in a ball, and like a little boy who throws up a stone, yelling "What ever goes up is sure to come down," had chucked it up and let nature do the rest. The result sure proved Newton's law.

Playing tennis, and eating roast chicken and "floating island" doesn't sound at all like war, does it, or, what a soldier on active duty at the front should be doing? but I did both to-day. The tennis came first, as it should, since it made the chicken taste better—and what a strange way to play tennis too, because we used a cement court with heavy hobnailed Poilu shoes for sneakers.

'Twas indeed impossible to sneak upon a ball with so much foot armor, and when one tried to stop—ye gods and little fishes, it was impossible! The hobnails having nothing to catch hold of made a noise like a saw hitting a nail as they slipped, and let me bring up ignominiously in the net, which fortunately was made of chicken wire, so it didn't hurt it much. We had quite a fast little game, and drew many Poilus, who looked on in wonder as we three Americans whanged that white pill, so unmercifully, or they saw me charge in to follow up a swift volley and end up by getting tangled in the chicken wire when my armored shoes played me false. And now I have a small headache on account of the unusualness of the exercise.

Snails For Lunch

Of course, the snails may have had something to do with it, for I ate several dozen to-day for lunch. Yes, I said snails, and it is spelled "s-n-a-i-l-s," and means that soft, slimy "animal" that carries his shell with him and is always used to compare the speed of things, or rather the lack of it. Hope you don't read this right before lunch as your imagination may play havoc with your "inwards" and give you what is known on the ocean as "seasickness." But really, after one gives his imagination a rest he finds them very well tasting indeed. When I began to eat them, I did so with an open mind, as well as mouth, and thought my imagination was securely tied down to last out the meal; but after I had eaten half a dozen it wriggled loose and nearly ruined my enjoyment. But I quickly put him under leash again and ate some more. Snails are considered a French delicacy and are much in demand. I don't wonder they eat them here, as they seem to multiply faster than the ploverbird flea. One could go right outside the door and gather a bushel. They are everywhere here, and one cannot sit down under a pine tree without crushing several dozen.

In fact, I would not be surprised to wake up some night and find one "faire une petite promenade" over my face, like the curious rat at Avord. I hope it don't occur because that would be my idea of an awful nightmare.

Yankees Drop In

To-day an American dropped in for dinner here, aboard one of the new Nieuports. We sure were glad to see him, as we had known him at school and promptly invited him to dinner. That was the day we had snails, so you can see at what pains we were to please. This American, having accepted a second lieutenancy in the American army, and being situated at a big American training camp, we had lots to ask him about the other fellows there whom we had gone to school with. As is always the case, he had lots of stories to tell of flying experiences and therefore we had a very pleasant dinner indeed, for we kept urging him right along, asking where this man was and that one, and so on. Some had joined the navy. One in particular, a big, husky six-footer who had played football in Yale and been on all-American teams several times as a result, and whom I remember as the man with the heartiest laugh I ever heard. He was flying a big seaplane one day, trying out the engine, you know, when the engine did the unexpected thing and quit work. Right ahead of him was a big steamer and not having height or speed enough to turn he obeyed instructions so impressively given to us in school, to wit: When motor stops, nose down, and if close to the ground do not attempt to turn. Go straight ahead! If its a wall run into it head on, if a house, steer for a window—you might get through by leaving your wings outside. At least, it gives you one chance of escaping.

Following His Nose

Entering by way of a window is indeed rather a rude way of making a call, but needs must wait when the devil drives. In this case, there were no windows and his instruction did not cover boats. Still, he could go straight ahead, which he did, tearing right between the wireless masts, taking the wires with him "enrante." Then, while still wondering what hit him, another ship loomed up in the front, and there being nothing else to do he squashed squarely in the middle of the deck making enough kindling of his Zing to keep the galley in firewood for many a long voyage. Yes "squashed" was the proper word to use in a case like that, and here's the strange part—he wasn't hurt a bit. Indeed, when I think of the many smashes I have seen and heard of where the pilot was unhurt, I wonder if the age of miracles has not returned. Up to date none have happened to me, but if the opportunity ever comes I certainly have no objections to having another happen.

Our dinner companion had not only stopped in here to call on us but to ask our Captain if he would take him into the escadrille, as he wished to be on the front where he was actually in the fight. His present work did not suit him at all, not that it lacked excitement, for he was a tester for new planes received by the U. S. A. service, but he wanted to fight, and since the Captain likes Americans I think he will take him. This camp where he did his testing must have sure been an interesting place, what with all the latest type planes being tested, improved, refused, smashed, or burned as the case may be. It would not be wise to tell everything he told us about the activities of the French aeronautic end of the game, but from what we learned of the varied assortment of new and speedy planes, it's a cinch the Boche are going to get the surprise of their lives mighty quick and to think some of them are faster even than the Morane! Holy smoke! If the speed continues to increase we'll catch up to our own bullets, and then it will not be necessary to shoot them. Just a dive and a flash, and the Boche would have a confused idea of Halley's Comet coming his way. After that, if the wind of our passing didn't give him pneumonia it surely would take his wings off. This matter of speed may bring up the old problem of the train going 60 miles an hour. A cannon shooting a shell which travels 60 miles an hour is planted on the last car. If the cannon is shot in the opposite direction from which the train goes, where will the bullet go—roll out the barrel or keep going?

Helping Himself

With the airplane the problem is different, as we shoot the same way we are going. That was what called forth the remark about catching up to one's own bullets. It would be fantastic indeed, wouldn't it? But I stray from the subject—our American dinner guest. While he helped himself to some more snails, we were given an insight into another line of his work, that of flying new machines to escadrilles at the front. Rarely do the airplanes have guns mounted in cases like this, as they are generally mounted in the escadrilles. You can see then that if a Boche met such an unarmed pilot, said pilot would be "sorta outa luck."

Well, anyway, our dinner companion and another American started to take two machines to the front one day, unarmed, as usual. Nevertheless, his comrade decided to have a little fun on the lines just the same. So when they came to the lines, our curious, fun-hunting friend noticed a Boche balloon close back of the lines. What did he do but dive headfirst for it, unarmed as he was; and the men in charge of the balloon, having no way of knowing whether he was armed or not, promptly pulled it down, much to the amusement of the Americans. Such fool tricks as these is what causes the French men to call all Americans crazy—and love them for it. Indeed, we have quite a reputation to live up to.

One Road to Knowledge

Sometimes, however, in flying these planes to the front, the pilot loses his way, and only discovers his error when the shrapnel begins to break around him. Then he knows he is headed for Berlin, and having no gun he promptly goes back to get one. This happens quite often, and several pilots have even lost their way and landed in Germany. One story has it that a pilot started to take a machine to the front one time, lost his way, got over the lines—he knew that by the shrapnel bursting around him. Turning back, he endeavored vainly to find himself again. Finally, when his "gas" gave out he landed in a big aviation field and discovered he was only two (2) miles from his orginial starting points.

You can imagine how his fellow pilots kidded him. I think you will begin to agree with me that our dinner companion had plenty of news. What? It may interest you to know that I have just lately been promoted to "Sergeant," and if we get awing again will soon be an "adjutant." You see we are promoted in aviation not so much on merit, although that counts, but on points acquired. Takes so many points for sergeant, double the number for adjutant, etc. Points are counted as follows: One point for missions, one for every hour over the line (and since every hour over the lines is a mission, it counts two points), so many for shooting up the trenches, so many for combat, some more for knocking down a Boche, and so on. So you see how necessary it is to fly to climb up the official ladder, and why we fret and get the blues at the enforced idleness called "repose," while waiting on our new two-gun machines. But rest assured once I get my new machine to fly I will lose no time chasing for something higher than sergeant.

Am glad to hear my certificate of loyalty is on the way and have hopes of getting home for thirty days in August. I am living strictly in the present and making no plans for the future until the war is over and I am out of it. This is war, and one has to face facts, and they are that life is very uncertain on the ground as well as in the air. So far be it from me to bet on the favor of the gods by making plans for the future.

Was pleased to learn from your letter that Helen Miller, R. C., of Dauphin, is now in France. Possibly with her wonderful smile she will put "sunny" once more in France.

WALTER.

FASHION'S FORECAST

(By Annabel Worthington)

The short waisted or Empire style of dress seems to be becoming to the majority of little girls, but when it is featured in a jumper dress the effect is irresistible. In No. 8880 the tiny jumper is cut low in U shape at front and back, and the armholes are also cut quite low. The one piece skirt with straight lower edge is gathered to the short waisted jumper and the dress slips on over the head. As the guimpe is separate, it may be made of contrasting material. The closing is at centre front and a wide Dutch collar finishes the neck. The sleeves may be either long or short.

The girl's jumper dress pattern No. 8880 is cut in five sizes, 2 to 10 years. The 8 year size requires 2⅜ yards of 36 inch material for the dress and 1¼ yards of 36 inch for the guimpe. Price cents.

This pattern will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 12 cents in stamps. Address your letter to Fashion Department, Telegraph, Harrisburg, Pa.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

WORK!

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Through misfortune my husband has lost considerable money which he inherited from his father. For the last five years he has had a position with a firm in Wall Street. He started in with $10 a week, and for the past two years has been earning $25 a week. My little family consists of four—husband and self and two children. My husband's people give $15 a week toward the upkeep of my children. I do the greater part of my laundry work, yet I find it quite impossible to get along easily on this stipend. We pay $38 a month rent. I cannot manage to get even ordinary apparel for myself. Would you advise going out to earn my own living? I have a profession at which I can earn $25 a week. I really do not know what to do. I am ill and most unhappy.

ELOISE.

Yours is a problem of economics—not love. And yet I suppose that unless the economic condition changed, love will go. Evidently you are not the "manager" type of woman, and in the process of trying to get along on your $40 a week you are making yourself unhappy and cutting yourself off from being the right sort of wife and mother. Since for from $5 to $8 you can get a maid to do the work you so dislike, why not go out and earn the $25 a week, which will probably enable you to work out a far more satisfactory family budget? Work will probably let you find yourself again, make you contented and well, and enable you to bring stimulation and interest in to your family. I am afraid you feel bitter, abused, a drudge. And if you do, it will react badly on your husband and children. Show him the wisdom of a change—the wisdom of your taking up a gainful occupation which you like, instead of struggling with the household job for which you do not feel fitted. Don't let him think he is a failure or reproach him. Instead, make him see that you believe in him and want to be more of a help than you are now.

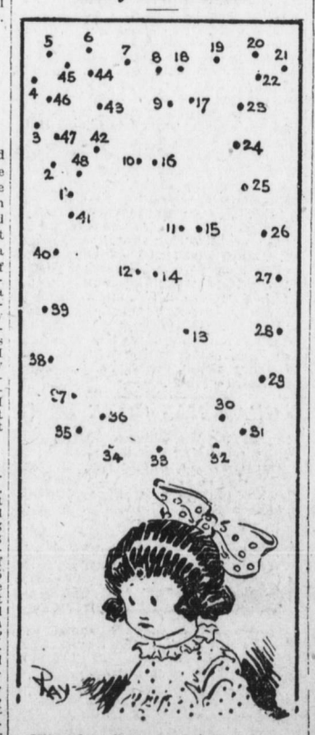
Many Pledge Selves to Buy Thrift Stamps

No accurate figures on the result of the campaign for pledges for 'Baby Bonds' were ascertainable this morning. Pledge cards of the 20,000 distributed in Harrisburg are pouring in on the officials in charge of the work and while clerks are working on them to-day, no figures could be issued. Results which will be announced this evening will materially boost the county total in the drive for the $300,000,000 quota. Frank C. Sites, chairman of the county committee, has issued a request that to-morrow be considered as a second pledge day throughout the county. The pledge campaign will officially close to-morrow evening.

TO CLIMB WALLS OF NEW PENN-HARRIS

As a little thriller staged for the benefit of Harrisburgers and others from surrounding territory who may come here to-morrow to view the Independence Day celebration, "Bill" Strother, the "Human Spider," after climbing the bare walls of the Penn-Harris Hotel, will stand on his head on the very edge of the roof and then place the American flag at the top of the new flag pole, his manager, S. A. Hart, announces. Arrangements for this event were made by Hart and Henderson Gilbert, chairman of the "stunts" committee, assisting in making arrangements for the Fourth of July celebration.

Daily Dot Puzzle



What has Susie broken?

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

ONLY 24 OF 258 SAVED

By Associated Press

London, July 3.—A thorough search of the waters in the vicinity of the spot where the Canadian hospital ship Llandover Castle was sunk by a German submarine, has resulted in no further survivors being found. An official statement issued by the Admiralty says it may be assumed that only twenty-four out of the 258 persons were saved.

PLANS BIGGEST PLANT

Kearny, N. J., July 3. — Announcement thta the Henry Ford plant, to be erected for the manufacture of submarine chasers and patrol boats, will be the largest of its kind in the world, was made by a representative of the Ford interests. The Government, he said, has approved plans for a $2,000,000 factory, and ground will be broken this week.

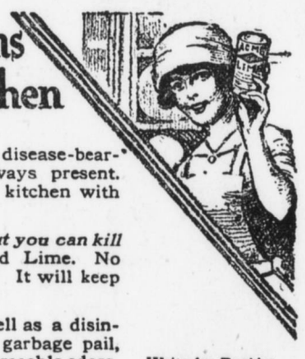
WAR PRAYER BLOCKED

Washington, July 3. — Consideration of a resolution by Senator Myers, of Montana, requesting the President to call upon the nation to pause one minute each day to pray for success in the war was blocked in the Senate yesterday by Senator Thomas, of Colorado. "Let us pray as we work and work, whether we pray or not," said the Colorado Senator in refusing unanimous consent to take up the resolution.

FINLAND TO EXPEL ENGLISH

Stockholm, July 3.—The correspondent at Helsingfors of the Swedish News Agency says he has learned from a high military authority that it was decided on Monday to expel Englishmen from Finland.

Kill the Germs in Your Kitchen



YOU can't avoid dangerous, disease-bearing germs. They are always present. They are brought into your kitchen with every opening of the door.

You can't keep them out—*but you can kill them* with ACME Chlorinated Lime. No germ can live in its presence. It will keep your kitchen *safe*.

And it is a deodorizer as well as a disinfectant. Keeps your kitchen, garbage pail, sink, toilets, etc., free from disagreeable odors.

Get a can of ACME today. At good grocers and druggists, 15 cents a can.

Write for Booklet

ACME CHLORINATED LIME

The Mendleson Corporation New York

Drive a Nail Here---Now.

In every healthy body there are fifty-grains of iron, about as much as is contained in an ordinary railroad spike. By reason of lack of iron in the blood many persons are anemic, pale, thin, emaciated, their blood corpuscles are uneven, instead of being round and full of good red blood, and the nerves are lacking in strength. Feed the nerves on good, rich, red blood, and one feels full of vigor.

How can we acquire good red blood? It is easily answered. For many years Dr. Pierce and his staff of physicians at the Surgical Institute, in Buffalo, N. Y., experimented with iron and other tonics, and finally found a soluble iron which, when combined with native herbal extracts, made a wonderful blood and nerve tonic. This they named "Iron-tic." It can now be had at most drug stores, and comes in 60-cent vials. If you feel worn out before the day is half over, if your blood is poor, if you are pale, or pimples or boils appear on the face or neck, go to the nearest drug store and get "Irontic" tablets. Take them regularly for thirty days, and you will notice the wonderful energizing effect. You will feel full of vim, vigor and vitality, instead of dull, tired and weak. If you wish to make a test send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and obtain a trial package.

W.B. Elastine-Reduso CORSETS

Effect an Astonishing Reduction in Stout Figures

BACK and FRONT LACE

Hips, bust and abdomen reduced 1 to 5 inches, you look 10 to 20 pounds lighter.

You are no longer STOUT, you can wear more fashionable styles; and you get Satisfaction and Value at most moderate price. You never wore more comfortable or "easy feeling" corsets.

LACE BACK REDUSO STYLES

No. 723. Low bust, coutil price $5.00
No. 703. Medium bust, coutil, price $5.00
No. 771. Short stout figures, low bust, coutil.....price $5.00
Without Gores Elastic No. 731, Med. Bust No. 732, Low Bust $3.50

W.B. NUFORM CORSETS

Back and Front-Lace for Slender and Average Figures give the "new-form" the figure vogue of the moment. Inexpensive, faultlessly fitting. Unequalled for Comfort, Wear and shape-moulding. $1. to $3.50

Many Children are Sickly. MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

TRADE MARK

Cases of Summer Complaint, Stomach and Intestinal disturbances are frequently corrected by the use of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They tend to Cleanse the intestinal tract and promote digestion. Pleasant to take and give satisfaction. A certain Relief for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Teething and Stomach Disorders and remove Worms. All druggists sell them, 25c. Read a few extracts from the hundreds of unsolicited letters we receive every year, the originals of which are on file in our offices:

"I think MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN are grand. They were recommended to my sister by a doctor. I am giving them to my little three year old girl who was very puny, and she is picking up wonderfully."

"I received a sample of MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN some time ago. I tried them for both my babies and found them to be a great cure for worms. The babies like to take them and cry for more."

"I am using MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS as directed, and have no trouble in giving them to the children as they are much nicer to take than oils or syrups. I will always keep them on hand."

"We have used MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN at different times for past nine years, and always found them a perfect children's medicine and very satisfactory in every case."

"I think MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN are the best thing I have ever used, and my little boy has not had a sick spell since I have been giving him the Powders."

"I have used your MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS for our children, and have found them at all times to produce the desired results. We are never without them."

"I have used your MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN for a long time, and find them more beneficial than any other medicine."

Used by Mothers for over thirty years.

Do Not Accept Any Substitute for MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS.

You Need Not Suffer From Catarrh

But You Must Drive It Out of Your Blood to Get Rid of It Permanently.

You have probably been in the habit of applying external treatments, trying to cure your Catarrh. You have used sprays, washes and lotions and possibly been temporarily relieved. But after a short time you had another attack and wondered why. You must realize that catarrh is an infection of the blood and to get permanent relief the catarrh infection must be driven out of the blood. The quicker you come to understand this, the quicker you will get it out of your system. S. S. S., which has been in constant use for over fifty years, will drive the catarrhal poisons out of your blood, purifying and strengthening it, so it will carry vigor and health to the mucous membranes on its journeys through your body and nature will soon restore you to health. You will be relieved of the droppings of mucous iin your throat, sores in nostrils, bad breath, hawking and spitting.

All reputable druggists carry S. S. S. in stock and we recommend you give it a trial immediately.

The chief medical adviser of the company will cheerfully answer all letters on the subject. There is no charge for the medical advice. Address Swift Specific Company, 432 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.