Reading for Women and all the Family

THE PLOTTERS

A New Serial of East and West

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

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CHAPTER XLV.
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"Oh, what is it? Please don't look like that!" Elizabeth Wade exclaimed. "Wait until you hear why he deceived you—then you may forgive us."

"Forgive!" Butler ejaculated. "Forgive! It is you who should forgive me."

"What do you mean?" she asked, puzzled. "You have been all kindness and consideration. Even when Clifford told you I was not the person I pretended to be your manner to me never changed. You trusted me in spite of everything."

"Yes," he admitted, with a sigh, as of relief. "I thank heaven that is true. I trusted you in spite of everything. I meant what I said when I declared that I would have to hear from your own lips anything that could change my opinion of you. So when you said what you did just now"—

He stopped with a little shudder.

"I have been amazingly stupid," he went on presently. "Are you willing to tell me any more about yourself?"

"Not until I tell you how much I appreciate your confidence in me," she demurred. "It must have taken a great deal of resolution not to doubt me after you heard me talking to Amos Chapin about my having had a letter from Douglas. You must have thought that we were pretty good friends—Douglas and I."

There was a moment's silence, and in that moment a sudden idea came to the girl. It seemed to throw some light on several perplexing matters.

"Did you fancy," she asked impulsively, "that by any chance young Dr. Wade' and I were engaged? But no," with a laugh at her own folly, "you could not have thought that when you knew that he was in love with your sister?"

A Tremulous Laugh

"No," he said slowly, "I could not. But weeks ago I wondered for a while if you cared more for Dr. Wade than you admitted."

She laughed tremulously. "How funny!"

"It did not seem funny to me then," he remarked gravely.

She changed the subject quickly. "I want to explain the little plot that Douglas and I had. For you must want an explanation."

"Yes," he said, "I would like an explanation when it suits you to make it. Just now, I am satisfied with what I have been told. Yet there are certain questions that are already forcing themselves into my mind."

"Of course there are," she nodded understandingly. "Most men would be angry until they comprehended the whole thing. Perhaps, for that matter, you will be angry."

"I could not be angry with you," he said softly.

She ignored the feeling in his voice by turning his words into a jest.

"Some people manage to get very angry with me," she rejoined lightly. "For instance, Amos Chapin. He was furious with me a while ago. He waylaid me out in the hall and asked me what I had written to Douglas about the sale of the farm. I behaved as if I thought too little of the matter to refer to in my letter to my brother, or to care."

"But you do care?" Butler questioned.

"Care!" and the look of pain on her face showed more plainly than her reply how she shrank from the idea of parting with the old home. "I care terribly! Why—this was my grandfather's place, and is the only semblance of a home that I have in the world. It means less to Douglas now, for he will probably live at the West always. I used to think I would live with him—but now I won't. "Not," she added hastily, "that I am not delighted that he is to marry and have a home of his own. I am glad for him and for your sister. But I wish we could keep this old place. As it is, it now looks as if we would have to allow Amos to buy it."

John Butler was silent for a moment. He was thinking rapidly. Yet when he spoke it was with deliberation, as if he was debating a doubtful question.

A Friend in Need

"I have just remembered," he said, "that I have a friend who might like to have a chance to buy this farm. I am sure he could give Dr. Wade a better price for it than Chapin could."

"A friend of yours?" the girl asked.

"Yes. Would you mind very much if this chap were to buy the property?"

"Why," hesitatingly, "I have had no time to think about it. I do not know. But," with a bright smile, "of one thing I am certain. I would rather have it owned, by some one who was a friend of yours—and, therefore, a gentleman—than to have it bought by some one whom I dislike and distrust as I do Amos Chapin. It would hurt less to know it was the property of your friend than a man like him," with a gesture toward the door through which Amos had recently passed. "But, you see, no time is to be lost. For unless Douglas gets a better offer he will probably close with this one. To be frank, he feels it is his duty to do so."

Conversation was checked by the ringing of the supper bell. As its clanging ceased Mrs. Chapin called from the hall: "Lizzie, where are you, dearie?"

"I am here," the girl answered, starting towards the door. Her companion detained her long enough to make a suggestion.

"Suppose you do not tell the Chapins that I know who you are until we have had a chance for a long talk."

She nodded her assent.

"When will that be?" he asked. "What about a walk over to the woods to-morrow afternoon?"

"Very well," she agreed. "I will go with you to-morrow afternoon."

To Be Continued.

THIS WOMAN ESCAPED AN OPERATION

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Many Others Have Done the Same

Troy, N. Y.—"I suffered for more than seven months from a displacement and three doctors told me I would have to have an operation. I had dragging down pains, backache and headaches and could not do my housework. My sister, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, asked me to try it. I have taken several bottles and am now entirely well—so I do all my work—and not a trace of my old trouble. I have told many of my friends what wonderful results they will get from its use."—Mrs. S. J. Semler, 1650 5th Ave., Troy, N. Y.

Women who are in Mrs. Semler's condition should not give up hope or submit to such an ordeal until they have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

For suggestions in regard to your condition, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their forty years' experience is at your service.

FOR SKIN ERUPTIONS
Nothing heals and clears the skin of infants and children like
Sykes Comfort Powder
which contains harmless antiseptic healing ingredients not found in any other powder.
25c at the Vinol and other drug stores
The Comfort Powder Co., Boston, Mass.

Watch the Little Pimples; They Are Nature's Warning

Unsightly and Disfiguring Signals of Bad Blood

Don't close your eyes to the warning which nature gives, when unslightly pimples appear on your face and other parts of the body.

Not only are these pimples and splotches disfiguring, but they lead to serious skin diseases that spread and cause the most discomforting irritation and pain. Sometimes they foretell Eczema, boils, blisters, scaly eruptions and other annoyances that burn like flames of fire, and make you feel that your skin is ablaze.

When these symptoms appear on any part of the body, take prompt steps to rid the blood of these disorders. And the one remedy which has no equal as a purifier is S. S. S., the purely vegetable blood medicine, which has been on the market for more than fifty years. It is sold by druggists everywhere.

If you are afflicted with any form of skin disease, do not expect to be cured by lotions, ointments, salves and other local remedies, as they can not possibly reach the source of the trouble, which is in the blood. Begin taking S. S. S. to-day, and write a complete history of your case to our chief medical adviser who will give you special instructions, without charge. Write at once to Swift Specific Co., 441 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.—Adv.

NOTICE

The following resolution was passed on the evening of September 27 by the "Independent Associated Grocers" unanimously by the forty-one grocers present.

Resolved: That we, the members of the "Independent Associated Grocers" place ourselves on record to abide by the request of Ross Hickok, Esq., fuel administrator of Dauphin county, insofar as possible for the conservation of fuel by opening each day at 6 o'clock A. M., and closing at 8 o'clock P. M., except Saturday, when the closing hour will be 9 P. M. Making a saving of fuel each day of four hours over our former hours. This resolution to go into effect on Monday, September 30.

We feel that we are doing our patriotic duty in attempting to aid our Government in this way.

Bringing Up Father

:-: :-: Copyright, 1918, International News Service :-: :-: By McManus

Flying With Shaffer

INTO HUN LAND

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille Spad 38,
Secteur Postal 241, G. C. 22.
Aug. 15, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Have not received my "certificate of loyalty" yet. It surely has been lost. Please get another one and send it to the Y. M. C. A. address so I will be sure to get it. You see I still have hopes of getting that permission. Winter is coming, you know, and the activity will surely ease up and then the permissions may be put on again.

This diving around in high altitude is beginning to affect my ears, the right one getting very sore. The other day after being on the ground for five days I made a patrol at 6,000 meters and came down with a terrific headache.

Air Battle With Tokkers

Incidentally, we got in a fight with four Tokkers. I didn't do much in this scrap as my motor was acting badly, so I contented myself with giving my moral support by flying around above them. In a way, this was lucky for me, because we had tumbled into one of the Huns' favorite tricks, the four planes simply being bait, seven more floating around high overhead waiting to jump on any little Frenchy who attacked.

One of our patrol was chasing one of the four when they saw the seven others coming. They saw him about the same time and promptly started down, but the Frenchman maneuvered back to his lines and came home, one excited man for it was no other than the bashful gentleman I have spoken of several times, and this was his first tight place.

Yesterday I started out to hunt "drocheus" again, but I had no more than reached the lines when my motor began acting queerly. Fortunately, it kept working so I could reach a landing place at my old escadrille at Melette. There it was discovered that a spark plug had been blown out, part of it falling inside the motor, which makes it necessary to put a new one aboard. Meanwhile, I wait some more.

Trip With an Ace

My monthly bath has been some time overdue, but the water and I finally got together on the sanitary question and now I feel more like talking. That happened this morning when I went to Vitry le Francois with one of the "aces" of the escadrille. I would have appreciated the honor of his company more if he hadn't drank so much. Not that it affected him any, you know, because they are used to it, but every block or so he had to while away half an hour over a drink.

Incidentally, I sure did get the "razoo" for my regularity in ordering lemonade. Anyway, we finally arrived at dinner time with nothing done but a thorough view of innumerable "cafes." The dinner left considerable to the imagination also, consisting of calf's head and carrots. Knowing this, you will excuse me from going into details about my enjoyment of same. Honest, I prefer the snails. There is more taste to them—and not as slimy as you may think, either.

Another Air Battle

As for what I have been doing of late, it has not been much, owing to my lack of a plane, for my zang is still at Melette where the motor is being changed. However, an American lieutenant loaned me his machine yesterday and I put in quite a pleasant day. What with two patrols and done fight. I was going to say two, but that would not be the exact truth. True, I shot at a biplane in the morning but it was at such long range that I merely called it trying my guns, and let it go at that. Certainly it did not affect the Boche any.

You see, we were flying around Rheims, led by that "ace" that showed me the bathhouse this morning, looking diligently for some venturesome Boche to come near our side of the fence. I saw one and watched him for some time as he patroled up and down his beat well inside his lines, but he was very low which is probably the reason we did not go after him.

Our leader though had his eye on another one just a little below our level and started down after him; but this particular Hun maneuvered quite well and gave us considerable trouble getting in position to fire, all the time drawing us further into Germany. Finally, our leader dove down below the level of the Boche and attempted to sneak up under his tail, counting on the Boche's attention being centered on we two coming along above.

But little "Willie" seemed to be wide awake that morning and wasted no time in turning his plane so that his machine-gunner was in position to fire. Seeing this, our leader quickly did a right-about-face and started back for the lines. It was just a little too much to expect the Boche not to see him, as his machine is painted a bright red with a white nose and white tail for trimming. A very beautiful sight, indeed, but not the best camouflage in the world.

Air Trip Into Germany

Anyway, when he turned for home, I let several shots go also and then, quickly followed, for we were some seven miles in Germany, which is a very unhealthy distance to meet a bunch of Tokkers (Boches' new plane) high overhead. Seeing that we were in that far though made me wish I was flying my own plane armed with the balloon gun, because one was swinging gently in the breeze far below, and as Dad would say, a very tempting shot, indeed.

But with the two guns loaded with solid balls only, it was out of the question, besides the lieutenant whose plane I was using, did not want his plane all shot up, so he jokingly told me anyway, after I had come back from several balloon-hunting expeditions, somewhat punctured but none the worse for wear.

"Twas well we came back when we did, because we had no more than reached the lines when six Tokkers hove in sight. There being only three of us our leader decided not to attack, so that ended my morning flight. Gee! It sure felt good to spread my wings again, to feel the wind go roaring past and hear the hum of the motor as she sang me up to 5,000 meters, for I had been on the ground all of two days. Really, so good did I feel that I tried acrobatics when I came home from the second patrol—but I am getting ahead of myself.

We went out again in the evening, the red and white "ace," another Frenchman, and I just about the time you sit down to supper—6:30 p. m.—when the sun was setting and the ground somewhat blurred by the twilight haze. This haze was about 1,000 meters thick, spread over the earth like a black blanket. Only by looking straight down or getting the sun at one's back could one see anything. As for seeing anything while facing the sun it was an impossibility.

I ought to know, because the leader was above me and the only way I could find him was by tipping one wing down a little so as to cut out the sun. You can see what an asset this would be in attacking. Coming down with the sun at one's back, the Boche wouldn't see one in a thousand years. Nobody knew this better than our brightly painted leader, for we kept climbing, always climbing into the sun until we had reached some 5,500 meters—and still going up.

Twilight Air Battle

It was quite a relief at this heigh with the cool, rare air in direct contrast to the terrific heat below, for it sure has been hot here of late. We soon discovered four Boches a little lower than us and proceeded to get the sun at our back before attacking. We were soon in position and on our way toward those slick-looking Huns with their pretty white tails, our red and white leader tearing along in front, with me right behind and the other Frenchman following me. It looked as if we were going to surprise them as we hoped; but the anti-aircraft guns got busy—must have had a parasol or sunshade on the field glasses—both French and German, and put the Boches wise before we were within firing distance. They started the usual merry-go-round, but we got among them before it was well started and helped liven it up some, for my leader firing at one and making him start down, pulled up and turned on another, while I being next in line proceeded to open fire. Only two shots regarded my pressure on the triggers and then the usual jams occurred. Pulling out of the dive, I fixed the guns in time to turn and be in position to fire at the second Boche my leader was just leaving.

The guns worked well this time, but the only effect I could see on the Boche was several quick turns. I find it as hard to hit one of these lively little Huns as hitting a swallow with a rifle bullet. You may sit around the library table and wonder how in Sam Hill it is I shoot so many bullets away and never hit anything. I can only say it looks easier than it really is.

After we had drawn off from the attack we went back on our side and flew up and down watching for an opportunity to attack again. But those Huns were sure the watchful little boys and kept marching up and down on their side of the line, turning whenever we did; in short, taking good care we did not start another surprise party. It would have been amusing if it had not been so grimly earnest, seeing those two patrols marching up and down, each on his own side. Seemed just like a game of prisoner's base. Finally, our leader tired of the inaction and started down after them again, and you should have seen those Huns maneuver then. Such a dancing you never did see. From the way they acted they must have been members of the "Tango escadrille," (a crack Boche escadrille). If so, they surely acted up to the name, for we maneuvered for fully ten minutes trying to get on their tails. We finally gave it up as a bad job and went home, for with their lightness and powerful motor they were too active entirely to keep the sight on long enough to shoot a bullet.

Owing to the hot weather when I got below 1,500 meters the water in my radiator would reach the boiling point. I had noticed this on getting off the ground, and the motor continued very hot, event to the danger point, until I had reached 2,000 meters. Naturally nursing my motor along to reach that height without busting I had not forgotten the fact, and since owing to the radiator being on the front of the plane a long dive tends to cool the heated water. Therefore, on coming home from this fruitless patrol I kept considerable space under me, so that by the time I reached the little village near our camp I was still up 2,000 meters.

I tried a "vertical virage" to see if all controls were working well, and then shutting off the motor, came whirling down in the famous "vrille." Coming out of that all right I tried a loop. What it looked like I don't know, but I came out right side up, and since I still had some height to kill I made several "retourments"—done by kicking yourself over on your back and then shutting off the motor, finishing the loop, coming out in the opposite direction from where you went in. This brought me fairly close to the ground, so down I came in a surft dive past the village. I circled around and came down again. Luck was with me this time, for one of the little black-eyed French turns I told you about in a former letter came out adjusting an apron, and was so anxious to wave to me that she forgot to tie the apron. Sure I waved back, for I can drive with one hand—now.

Waving from an airplane is not such a simple movement as you might think, for when the arm is stretched out it meets a tremendous wind pressure. The first time I tried it I nearly broke my arm, so this time I was duly brave, you can bet.

I had it all doped out that evening to stroll into town and let the lady know how much had been done for her favor. I did stroll in too—and found one of the "aces" of the escadrille, with enough medal ribbons on his chest to make a Christmas corset cover, holding a commanding position near the particular turn I had picked out.

Believe me, I wish the new motor was mounted in my plane, so I could go "sausage" hunting. I can hit them, at least. It's a pretty bumpty road to decorations, but it gets one there just the same.

WALTER.

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes Indigestion. Druggists refund money if it fails. 25c

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.

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No. 26. Do Your Children Know How to Conduct Themselves in Public?

Your child's manners reflect you, and you are naturally concerned about them. Babies may be excused for speaking out loud in the midst of a solemn performance, but children should know better.

The fact that many grown-ups do not know how to conduct themselves in public, may explain why it is so difficult for children to learn good manners, but this will not excuse either of them or you. The grown-ups may be too old to learn. The children are not.

"What shall I do with my ten-year old son?" one mother writes. "We are obliged to take him out with us because there is no one to leave him with, and we frequently take one of his companions along; but we are constantly humiliated by their behavior. If we take them to a concert or moving picture show they chatter and annoy other people. And somehow they always manage to have chewing gum or peanuts in their pockets."

First of all, show that you are "a good fellow," then try gradually to show the boys what is expected of them in public. For instance, before you go to a concert next time you might say:

"Let's all sit together to-night. There are some things I want to talk to you about between numbers." Lead them to see that it is thoughtless to talk and prevent other persons from hearing. But between numbers enter heartily into their conversation.

Another time you might say:

"Boys, have you had all you want to eat? If not, get it and eat it now. We will not have any eatables this time when we are trying to enjoy the music. If you have peanuts, eat them at home."

Your boy complains, "But the other boys all eat while the music is going on."

"Yes, I know. I heard some men speak of this only yesterday. They said, 'If you want to see a menagerie, come down to Miller's Falls some time and see the natives at one of their music shows. Eat? You would think you'd been invited to a church supper.' Now, I'm determined we shall not form a part of the munching crew."

If your child turns about and begins to play with another child in a rear seat, find something to attract his attention toward the front of the auditorium. You may say, "Can you tell what that little griffin is doing away up there on the curtain?"

The child may not know what a griffin is and the study will occupy some time.

Should the disturbance occur during a selection from the orchestra, whisper in the child's ear:

"Listen and see if you can hear those big instruments played by the men who are standing." Avoid repressive measures, as they may provoke an outcry, making matters worse.

If the family are all engaged in improving behavior at the entertainment, any special attention given to the ten-year-old will not hurt his feelings. Moreover, by following the plan proposed, family interests are substituted for the fascinated gazing at the misbehavior of other children.

Your child is probably just a perfectly normal, active child, more thoughtless than troublesome, but needing direction in this as in everything else. You can help him by a few wise suggestions. Show him what is expected of him and the chances are he will rise to your expectation.

And you will be helping him not for now only but for life. Good manners make one's whole road through life easier. They help anyone on the way to success.

(Copyrighted, 1918, The Parents Association, Inc.)

Fonck, Great French Ace, Downs Six Planes in Day

Paris, Sept. 30.—Lieutenant Rene Fonck, the leading French aviator, brought down six enemy airplanes on September 26. His total now aggregates sixty-six.

Fonck's latest feat duplicates his own record and also those of Captain Trollope and Lieutenant Claxton, both of the British flying corps.

Boys in Mills of Steelton Gave Him Tip

Acting on Their Advice He Soon Had New Courage Come

"I don't know just how to describe my trouble but the doctors said I had catarrh of the bladder," says Robert E. Miller, a steel worker, of Steelton, Pa., "but I do know that I hadn't enough gumption to lick a postage stamp.

"Some of the boys in the mill told me about Tanlac and urged me to try it.

"Well I was ready to try anything. I felt that bad, so I started in. Why it wasn't any time at all, it seemed to me before I began feeling some better; then I felt a whole lot better and now, whatever my trouble was it's gone and I feel as fine as silk.

"I eat and sleep fine and my work goes as easy as anybody could wish. Tanlac sure is a great and good medicine and I'm going to pass the word along."

Tanlac is now being introduced here at the George Gorgas Drug Store.

School Baskets Must be Filled

School lunches for the children have again become the chief thought for many mothers in the morning. It is easy enough to prepare wholesome milk dishes when the children are at home, but to find something that will pack safely in a basket or pail is another question.

The subject of food for children has become vital this year when it is realized as never before how necessary it is to provide for the coming generation. School lunches which will be economical and which, above all, will provide sufficient nourishment must be carefully planned by housekeepers.

A few suggestions of wholesome basket lunches are offered by the United States Food Administration.

Cheese sandwiches, orange, dates stuffed with unts.

Hard cooked eggs, crisp baking-powder biscuits, celery, prunes stuffed with peanut butter.

Baked bean and lettuce sandwiches, apple sauce, small cakes.

HAS NOT ANSWERED LETTER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going about with a young man for about two years. We had a little falling out and he joined the Army. His mother gave me his address, and I wrote. He answered and we have been writing back and forth for about a month, but he did not answer my last letter. Do you think I should write again and ask what is the matter? I love this man and am heartbroken.

A. J.

Perhaps the soldier is sick, or again his letter may have been lost in the mails. I should certainly give him another chance.

Buy Liberty Bonds Till Your Conscience Tells You to Stop

It is the fixed policy of our store to be ready at all times to do the thing that will help win the war speedily. Hence, in accord with the Fuel Committee's request that store hours be uniform to SAVE FUEL our business hours will be

Daily (Except Sat.) 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.
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MARKET SQUARE
UNDERSELLING STORE

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 from what 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 Glycerophosphate; Iron Peptonate; Manganese Peptonate; Ext. Nux Vomica; Powdered Gentian; Phenolphthalein; Olearesin Capsicum; Kola.

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