Bellefonte, Pa., June 14, 1918.

THE LITTLE STAR IN THE WINDOW.

There's a little star in the window of the house across the way,

A little star red bordered, of pearly white:

I can see its gleam at evening; it is bright at dawn of day. And I know it has been shining through the long and dismal night.

The folks who pass the window on the busy city street,

I often notice, turn a glance before they hurry by, And one, a gray haired woman made curt-

sey low and sweet. While something like a teardrop was glistening in her eye

And yesterday an aged man, by life's stern

His empty coat sleeve hanging down, a witness sadly mute,

Gave one swift look and halted-his form full height, unbent-And ere he passed his hand came up in soldierly salute.

The little star in the window is aflame with living fire, For it was lit at the hearthstone where

a lonely mother waits; And she has stained its crimson with the glow of her heart's desire,

And brightened its pearl white heaven beyond the world's dark hates. The star shall shine through the battle when the shafts of death are hurled; It shall shine through the long night

watches in the foremost trenches' line; Over the waste of waters, and beyond the verge of the world, Like the guiding Star of the Magi its

blessed rays shall shine. The little star in the window shall beacon your boy's return As his eyes are set to the homeland,

when the call of the guns shall cease; In the Flag's high constellation through the ages it shall burn,

A pledge of his heart's devotion, a sign of his people's peace. -John Jerome Rooney, in N. Y. Sun.

THE UNSENT LETTER.

He wore the uniform of a major; but the Red Cross band on his sleeve, it had brought him out of a deep shell the stoop of his shoulders, and the fact that he did not stand with his was no pleasant chauteau to live in. feet at right angles to each other proved that he was nothing of the kind. The uniform was his by courtesy of the War Department. It helped him to get swift access to the dead, and to those who could tell him how

The War Department had not wished to give him the uniform or any other privileges whatever. "If you want really living for the first time. to serve," the War Department had said, "why don't you fight?" The War Department had said this not only Department had said this not only there had been a short, sharp advance with reference to Locksley but to the over a shell-hilled terrace. The reginineteen other young men for whom

Red Cross, a Harvard graduate with very much better manners than the subterranes. The Germans had moled

plained:
"When a man is killed one of our men will find out just how he died, them. During the process, certain and will write the facts to the man's shelter-roofs had collapsed, destroy-quick and don't trip over anything, mother or some member of his family, and make them just as comforting as areas the caved-in labyrinth would he can. The men we want to send have to be explored by the Engineer

ten thousand in a night."

"Did you ever read the letter that Lincoln wrote to the mother who had you were a fox (on a large scale, of lost her boys? That is the ideal our course) and that you lived in a lair men will have before them. The oth-er extreme is the cold-blooded and entrances and secret chambers. brutal notification which the Department sends out. What our men succeed in doing will be somewhere in between. You merely tell a mother that her boy is dead. You don't tell strong into the daybreak certain her that he was going forward over while he was dying. You don't do anything to soften the blow or to make the mother proud. You simply give her a smack between the eyes and soll it officiency."

Much pressure had to be brought on the War Department before he saw the light. And it is doubtful if he ever did see it. He learned that breath, and crawled back into the burhimself a soft-hearted fool (under his breath), he granted the uniforms and the privileges.

Soldier's heavy noti-haited boots, locksley knelt and followed.

The electric torch showed him circles of concrete, of raw earth, of wooden trestlework, a German head

Sea and the Swiss border, is fortunately subject, he wrote fiction, and type-wrote it, and posted three copies (the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always some three controls of the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always some three controls of the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always some three controls of the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always some three controls of the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always subject to the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always subject to the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always subject to the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always subject to the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always subject to the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always subject to the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always subject to the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always subject to the first story he sent was blown up by a submarine and after that he always submarine always s ways sent three at intervals, so that you." one would surely reach the publish-

Locksley's answer to the question:
"Why don't you fight?" And they were the reason why he kept out of danger whenever it was decent to do so, and why he nursed his health and proved that the war would and before prayed that the war would end before

who was living, that from the survivors he could get the details, that, whenever it was practical, he could see the wounded for himself, and that afterward, at some well-lighted table in some old French chauteau, he would peace together the notes that he had taken and write his letters.

Now, sir, 1 you figet that by the word—"

"I get you," said Locksley shortly.

It all happened very suddenly. The whole burrow was shaken as a rat is to give to his sweetheart. A good soldier whole burrow was shaken as a rat is

Things had turned out very differently. One of the first twenty to be sent out, he had now many men under him, one or two to every thousand soldiers, and in addition to his fieldduties and his desk-duties and his duty to his family, he had many others.

upon that part of the line, and, though he wasn't a real major, he had as much work to do as any of the real majors, and, because of the mobile nature of his job, saw more fighting than any of them and was quite as often

under fire. He hadn't supposed that he would be called upon to do first-aid work or stretcher work, to squirt morphine and antitoxin into the wounded, and to help carry them out of the iron rain in which they were so inconsiderate as to be lying. He hadn't supposed that, in volunteering to help the Red Cross, he was risking his life as much as, and perhaps more than, the average soldier. If he had supposed any such thing, he would never have vol-It would have been the height of selfishness. But there was

no turning back. "I'm here under false pretensions," he often thought, "but I'm too good a coward to back out now. I'd be Cainided completely muffled the sound.

Locksley managed to look over his would no longer buy my fiction, and my family would just be as unsupport-ed as if I got killed. And they'd rather starve because I was dead than because they were ashamed to bear

Sometimes it made him proud to think how many letters he had writwas best in him into those letters. He had tried to make the mother's sacrifice seem beautiful to her. And such was his love of motherhood that twice he had swallowed his hatred of the Germans and written to two German mothers to tell them (in very bad German) how splendidly their boys

had died. These letters had been difficult to deliver; but the general having given permission, Locksley had slipped them into empty bottles, and Corporal Fagan (a major-leaguer in his day) had taken the bottles by the neck and thrown them with perfect accuracy into the nearest stretch of German trench. Usually when Fagan threw things into that trench, the things exploded and sometimes the fragments hurt enemies and the enemies threw explosive things back. But, on the present occasion, after a discreet in-terval, nothing more dangerous was returned than one of the bottles. It

contained a slip of paper on which some one had written, "Danke schon." The work fascinated Locksley when it did not appall him. He felt that Life was dour and without amenities. His fine sensibilities were often on edge. He waged steady warfare on fleas and lice. And there was never a day when he could have said, "Behold me; I am clean from head to foot!" But although he had loved, married, begotten children, and seen them born, he felt that now he was

During the hour which precedes and the hour which follows daybreak, and privileges.

"What's the idea, anyhow?" the War Department had said. And the Red Cross, a Harvard graduate with the result of the result o ment which had been chiefly involved

It was a terrace full of pits and War Department, had patiently ex- it up and down the crisscross. Out of their sheltered holes and wallows, it had been neccessary to blast and prick will all be trained writers—"

"Why don't they fight?" interrupted the War Department. "I can send out the death-notices. I can send out the death-notices of the deathtric torches and very flat stomachs. It was rather like pretending that

From one of the entrances to such her that he was going forward over groanings and bleatings that sound-the ditch when the bullet caught him, ed un-American in Locksley's ears. or that he was trying to rescue a friend, or that he spoke of his mother said Private Strong, "when the roof

"Of course," said Locksley. "After

the British Red Cross had such a system, and that the whole army and the whole of England swore by it, and fiscoldier's heavy hob-nailed boots,

Locksley had been at the front for caught between two beams and mash-three months. During the lulls to which the battle, which for years now feel the drip from the thing on his has been going on between the North shoulder. After fifteen feet, the pas-

He took the torch from Locksley ers), and supported his wife and their two children.

His wife and their children were of a German officer lying face down, sounds that were somewhere between

a splinter of shell got him.

He had figured that after battles he could find out, in complete safety, who was dead, who was wounded, and who was living, that from the surviwho was living, that from the survihere and lift, his beam lifts, too. But here are an lift here and lift, his beam lifts, too. But here are an lift here and lift here are an lift here. Now, sir, if you'll get him by the arms

shaken by a terrier. And Locksley, loves his rifle. You ought to know that

ty to his family, he had many others.

They were of an executive nature. If some part of the line had hit hard or been hit hard, he had to gather his investigators and writers and find trans
That thing on his left hand was not as gentle as he is brave. I've seen him helping an old French woman put her little garden in order after a shell had dropped into it and tossed most of the early vegetables over the garden wall.

port for them and concentrate them switch forward, and there was light. but not the natural voice) of Private Strong. It was a strained, worried

"All right, but can't get up," said Locksley. "He's sitting on my legs." "It's more roof fallen in," said Strong. "What'd ya put the light out

"Guess my fingers did it without my knowing." Locksley's brain was clearing.

"Flash her round." Private Strong did not seem to have moved. Legs bent, he was still straining upwards against the great beam which rested on his shoulders. And something in his face and eye and something in the quivering of his great muscles seemed to say that he had been so straining for a long time. The German officer no longer groaned or bleated. Or, if he did, the earth

shoulder for his legs, but they were too well buried to be seen. He tried desperately to move them.
"I'm stuck," he said feebly; "stuck tight."

He raised himself on his elbows and looked over his other shoulder and searched with the torch for the tunten to mothers whose boys had been nel by which they had entered. That, killed or hurt. He had put all that at least, was unchanged. It was still at least, was unchanged. It was still a tunnel, and, so far as the light penetrated, the roof had not fallen. "You must dig me out, Strong," he

> "If I give," said Strong, "the whole roof comes down." "What happened?" Locksley asked

The answer came in a series of "A shell, somewhere up above, started 'nuther cave-in. That's all." A moment later, he added, "Dutch got

Locksley tried to think and couldn't. "Is it very heavy?" he asked. "It sure is."

Locksley did not finish his sentence. The full extent of their calamity had, for the first time, dawned upon him. The moment the strength of Private Strong proved unequal to the weight that was imposed upon it, they would be buried alive. He felt for the moment as if he was falling through space. There was a rushing in his ears and confusion. The torch slipped from his fingers and he groaned.

His brain cleared and began to

"Nope," he said curtly. He recovered the torch and had a look at Private Strong. The bent legs, the bent back pressing upward were splendid to see—the thick, foreshortened face of which the expression was stubborn and angry.
"How long can you hold out?" ask-

ed Locksley. "Dunno."

There was something which Locksley felt that he had to say. The saying of it would be a proof to him that he had done his duty by manhood and by civilization. But, for a few long moments, self-pity made him inartic-

He was surprised at the sound of his own voice; it was so natural and conversational. The fact comforted him so that speaking was no longer an effort. "Strong," he said, "I'll turn the light over the ground between you and the tunnel. Then I'll hold it and the tunnel. square on the tunnel. The roof won't

quick and don't trip over anything, you've an even chance of getting out of here." The eyes in the strained, stubborn, angry face of the private followed the beam of light, but with no great show of interest. He shifted one of his feet

a little, with a kind of grinding, heeland-toe sidewise twist. Then he grunted. "How about you?" "You'll get hold of a bunch of sappers and dig me out. I shouldn't wonder if I came through all right."

He spoke in a smooth, confident voice, which deceived no one.
"Not a chance," said Private Strong.

There was a dead silence.
"What——" said Locksley, petulantly, what is the use of both of us getting killed?"
"No use 't I can see."

"You've got a chance—you ought to take it." "Both got a chance—can hold roof

More long moments of silence followed, during which Locksley felt a curious warming of the heart and a detachment form the ultimate horror

of his fate. He got a scratch pad out of his pocket and some pencils, raised himself on his elbows, arranged the torch so that it illuminated the pad, and began to write.

"Whad ye doin'?" "Attending to business," said to cut wires. But one man can't locksley. If they ever dig us out and locksley. If they ever dig us out and said in the cut wires. But one man can't light a whole war. It ought to comfort fight a whole war. It ought to comfort fight a whole war. When you kissed Joe good-bye, it came."

The pencii scratched boldly, almost

A moment later he had begun to

To the Mother of Private Strong. Dear Mrs. Strong:

Then, with the aid of his lettered and numbered sketch, he explained the situation. He went on:

I couldn't lift and pull him at the same time, and that's why I need you. little. About a week later, I came across him

opening his eyes, remembered very distinctly that a giant had thrown him flat on his face and at the moment the strongest. It must be fine to have him was sitting on his legs to keep him alongside of you in a fight. You simply couldn't be afraid.

A Day's Food for a Family of Five.

Health and Happiness, Number 44



Fig. 1-A day's food for a family of five.

Fig. 1-A day's food for a family of five. This illustration is taken from Farmers' Bulletin 808, "What the Body Needs," United States Department of Agriculture. The | Co. He cereals include 11/2 pounds of bread, one ordinary-sized portion of rolled oats (onefourth pound in all), and one of rice for each person (one-half pound in all), and a pound of flour for use in cooking. The meat and meat-substitute group includes 2 quarts of milk, 1 pound of beef, and two eggs. A little more than 1 cup of sugar. Three-fourths cup of butter or other fat. The vegetables and fruits are cabbage, potatoes and apples—4 pounds in all. The ration represented in this figure is explained on page 4 of the Bulletin as follows:

A family consisting of a man and a woman who do moderately hard muscular work and three children-say, between 3 and 12 years of age-would get the food they require if supplied daily with:

4½ pounds of bread, having the same food value as 3 pounds of wheat or rye flour, oatmeal, cornmeal or hominy, or rice; or about 23 pounds of cereals and 5 or 6 medium-sized potatoes. cup of fat (butter or butter with oil, beef drippings, or other fat)—a week-

y allowance of 2½ to 3 pounds. A little more than 1 cup of sugar, or a weekly allowance of 4 pounds; or an equivalent amount of some other sweet. ounds in all of fresh fruits and fresh or root vegetables.

One of the two following, the choice depending on the age of the children: the Ordnance Department of the arquarts of milk and 1 pound of other foods taken from the meat and meat- my. The "Ordnance standards," as substitute group. quarts of milk and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of other foods taken from the meat and meat-

substitute group. This rather rough calculation is based on the assumption that cereals contain, on the average, about 12 per cent. protein (see p. 7, B), 1 per cent. ed and even where the law permits a fat, and 75 per cent. carbohydrates, and that 1 pound of bread contains about 9 or 10 hour day, efforts should be made to restrict the work of women two-thirds of a pound of cereal; that butter, oil, lard, and other fatty foods average 90 per cent. fat; that fresh fruits and fresh and root vegetables average about ½ per cent. protein and 10 per cent. carbohydrates, with negligible quantities of fat; and that meats, fish, eggs, cheese, etc., as purchased, may be considered to average about 14 per cent. each of protein and fat. The estimate also assumes that all the fat obtained with the meats, etc., is utilestimate also assumes that all the fat obtained with the meats, each, ized, being either eaten with the meat or saved for use in cookery. Under these conditions the fuel value of the diet would be about 10,000 calories per these conditions the fuel value of the diet would be about 10,000 calories per day; for a meal, and a recess of 10 minutes should be allowed in the middle of each working period.

4. Time for Meals—At least 30 meals, and a recess of 10 minutes should be allowed for a meal. the protein value would be about 330 grams per family, or 100 grams per man minutes should be allowed for a meal, and this time should be lengthened to

SAMPLE MEALS FOR A FAMILY.

(Man, woman, and three small children).

BREAKFAST.

Fruit, 11 pounds of fresh fruit (equivalent to 3 medium-sized oranges, 5 small apples, or a quart-box of strawberries), or 3 or 4 ounces of dried fruits (equivalent to 10 or 12 dates or 4 or 5 figs).

Cereal breakfast food, 4 ounces before being cooked, or about 11 pints after it is cooked. The equivalent in food value in puffed or flaked, ready-to-eat cereals would be 5 or 6 cups.

Milk on cereal, ½ cup for each person. Sugar on fruit, on cereal, or in coffee, 2½ level tablespoons or 1½ ounces. Bread, 8 slices, or 8 ounces. Butter, 11 ounces, or 21 cubic inches.

An egg or 2 ounces of meat, fish, or poultry for each older person, and a glass

Meat, or fish, 4 pound per grown person; or, for each child, an egg or a glass

of milk. Potatoes (5 medium sized), 14 pounds. Another vegetable (turnips, spinach, corn, cauliflower, or other), 1 pound. Bread, 8 slices, or 8 ounces. Butter, 11 ounces, or 21 cubic inches.

Steamed apple (or other fruit) pudding. (Ingredients: Two cups flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cup milk, 4 apples, 1 tablespoon sugar).

Sauce. (Ingredients: One-half cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons butter, 4 cup water, flavoring).

A gravy made out of 1 pint of skim milk, \(\frac{1}{4}\) cup flour, 2 level teaspoons butter, and 4 ounces salt or smoked fish (just enough for flavor). To this can be added the egg yolk left from the frosting of the cake. (See below). Rice, 8 ounces, or 1 cup, measured before being cooked.

Bread, 8 slices, or 8 ounces. Butter, 1½ ounces, or 2½ cubic inches.

One-half of a cake. (Ingredients for whole cake: One-fourth cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder). Frosting made with 1 egg white and 4 cup sugar.

He didn't know much about gardening, been trying to put some of it down. and the old woman was very severe with him. He pretended to be very much "Dunno." him. He pretended to be very much

frightened, but all the time he was laughing up his sleeve. a daredevil. There's nobody quicker to sacrifice. When you kissed Joe good-bye,

of milk for each young child.

you weren't kissing any ordinary boy. Private Strong felt a dimness spreading over his eyes. He snffled spreading over his eyes. He snffled spreading over his eyes. He snffled spreading over his share. do a whole lot more than his share. There aren't many quitters in the army

> I stole a look at him just now. He looks like a wonderful statue by Michelangelo. The muscles of his thighs and shoulders are almost bursting his clothes. I never saw him look so big or so splendid. I asked him to save himself, but he would not. So he is giving his life, not to save me, but that I can live a little longer. You must not hate my memory. I don't really come into it at all. He's the kind of man who has to die for some one-for some one who is helpless, just as I am,

and not much account anyway-Locksley paused. "What you thinking Strong?" about,

"Dunno." I've just asked him what he is thinking about. He is thinking about you, and how all this is going to hurt you. And it will hurt you. I cannot go into that. But I know that it will exalt you and make you glad that you have lived, and that you nave borne a son-

"Pret' near through."

"Yep."
"So'm I." "You're a great man, Strong. I've

Next article in this series-"Cereal Foods."

The giant was beginning to shake ng up his sleeve.

No use, I suppose, telling you that he's breath. Locksley finished his letter. There's not much time left now, Mrs. Strong. Joe tells me that he's all in. I hope God will give you strength in your

> He signed his name and stuffed the sheets into his pocket. look at Private Strong told Locksley that their time had come.

"Joe," he said, "you're a great man. "I'm making a rough sketch to show the fix we're in. It'll be easier to understand.

A moment later he had begun to but there are soldiers and soldiers. And Joe is one of those with a wonderful natural talent for war. If we had a half million like him, I think we'd have reached great beam against whose weight he dropped sharply a matter of four inches and stuck fast. A little shower of earth fell from the roof of the dugout, a few small lumps of concrete,

and that was all. The two men lay for a long time without moving. Except that, at first, Private Strong's great torso rose and fell with the powerful expansions and expulsions of his lungs. He was blubbering. He sat up and had a first-class fit of hysterics. Locksley, on the other hand, felt perfectly calm and peaceful. There was no sensation in his legs, and he imagined that they were sound asleep. The rest of him could have slept with a little encour-

"Joe," he said sharply, "stop that! Pull yourself together and go get some one to dig me out. Shut up! Don't make a fool of yourself."

The tone of command had its effect.
"Dig'y'out meself," said Private

He had no entrenching tool, and the business took a long time. It required strength and delicacy.

When, at last, his legs were free,

Locksley could not move them. They were sound asleep. And even after they had been slapped and pinched into wakefulness, they remained for a

long time groggy.
When the two men crawled into the sunlight, their contours were the only human thing about them. They look-ed as if they had been entirely made from whity-gray dirt. Private Strong found some dirty cigarette-papers and some dirty tobacco somewhere in a pocket that was half filled with dirt, and they rolled dirty cigarettes and enjoyed to the last gritty mouthful a dirty smoke.

They rested luxuriously against the mound beneath which they had suf-

"Don't know as I ever noticed the color of the sky before," said Locks-

"Nor I," said Private Strong. "It's blue," said Locksley raptur-

Locksley reached out a grimy paw and saw it swallowed in one that was even grimier. Locksley's face twist-

"Darn you," he said; "I thought you were all in." The strong man chuckled sheep-

Captain Cary, of the Engineers, had dropped in to borrow some tobacfound Locksley bent over a scrap-basket and reducing some very grimy sheets of manuscript into very

small pieces, by tearing.

"What's the matter?" said Cary,

"Wouldn't the story tell itself?"

"That's just the trouble," said
Locksley. "I started out to write a thrilling tragedy, and just when—well, you may say just when the roof was going to fall in—the story took itself out of my hands and insisted on having a happy ending. And, of course, that's rotten bad art."—By Gouverneur Morris, in The Cosmopol-

For Women in Industry.

The woman's committee of the Council of National Defense has recently adopted as its standards for women in industry those issued given in a Summary of Recommenda-

tions to Arsenal Commanders and Other Employers, provide: 1. Hours of Labor-Existing legal standards should be rigidly maintainto 8 hours.

2. Promotion of Night Work-The employment of women on night shifts should be avoided as a necessary protection, morally and physically.
3. Rest Periods—No woman should be employed for a longer period than

45 minutes or an hour if working day

exceeds eight hours. 5. Place for Meals-Meals should not be eaten in the workrooms.
6. Saturday Half Holidays—The Saturday half holiday should be considered an absolute essential for wom-

en under all conditions. Seats-For women who sit at their work, seats with backs should be provided, unless the occupation renders this impossible. For women who stand at work, seats should be available and their use permitted at

regular intervals. Lifting Weights-No woman should be required to lift repeatedly more than 25 pounds in any single load.

Replacement of Men by Wom-9. en-When it is necessary to employ women on work hitherto done by men, care should be taken to make sure that the task is adapted to the strength of women. The standards of wages hitherto prevailing for men in the process should not be lowered where women render equivalent service. The hours for women engaged in such processes should, of course, not be longer than those formerly worked by men.

Some Hike!

"Astronomers tell us," said the man of statistics, "that an express train moving a hundred miles a second would consume several million years in reaching a certain star." The other man sat silent, wrapped in thought.

"Did you hear me?" asked the man of statistics. "Oh, yes, I heard you," responded the other qquietly. "I was just think-ing what a predicament a chap would be in if he should miss the last train and have to walk."

The Idea!

"Well, of all the impudence!" exclaimed Mrs. Newriche. "What is it, Agnes?" asked her hus-

"Those poor first cousins of yours are telling people they got the same identical ancestors that you've got.

That Would Help.

Maid (about to leave)-Might I ask for a recommendation, ma'am?
Mistress—But, Mary, what could I truthfully say that would help you get another place? Maid-Just say that I know many of your family secrets ma'am.

Journalistic Amenities.

"Our wart of a contemporary," says the Tazville Gazette, "claims, as far as the war is concerned, to have the earliest intelligence. That is the kind of intelligence they always had at that office. It is more than early; it is primitive."

God's Service Flag.

The other night a dear little fiveyear-old, gazing up into the sky dotted with a million stars said: 'Oh, mother, what an awful lot of God's men have gone to war.'

Instant Relief.

"So you think Kathleen made a very suitable match."
"Yes, indeed. You know what a nervous, excitable girl she was. Well, she married a composer.'