

THE WOMAN WHO SPONSORED STATE TROOPS—A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY—LETTER

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY CAN BE MATTER OF PATRIOTISM

Let the Children Go Home With Something More Lasting Than a Candy Hatchet—Link Up the Past With the Present

THERE are parties and parties to be given on George Washington's Birthday. It is the kind where children come and eat themselves into inaction with the aid of candy cherries and hatchets. Another might combine business and pleasure as to send them home with something a little more lasting than a bit of red candy.

Washington is known as the Father of His Country, and this year country means about a thousand times more to us than it did at the same time last year. Less than two weeks ago a great many of our men went to death for their country—buried into the black and cold of the seas. Over in France thousands upon thousands of our best stand ready to fight for their country. Here in the United States a million men are in arms in the name of America.

AT THE right kind of a George Washington party a mother links up the past with the present. Not that I mean to leave out the cherries and hatchets entirely. But we need the practical patriotism of our children. And all the cherries in the world won't send a little girl home from the party determined to fill out her thrift card by the end of next month. They won't make a little boy forgo a little surplus sugar on his oatmeal.

Read to the children at the party. Go to the public library and ask for the brightest and most human sketches of George Washington's life. Then at a certain time in the afternoon group the little ones in a circle and let George Washington become to them something more than a little boy who either did or did not chop down a cherry tree.

TO ADD zest to their interest in this reading plan a little game based on

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to the editor of the Women's Exchange, Philadelphia, Pa.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. What novel salad course can be introduced at the Washington's Birthday party?
2. Who is Emillee Moreaux?
3. What collar holds fast to be more popular than the other?
4. What custom of smart people, so long as observed by smart people, is returning to vogue?

ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. A little sweet oil applied on a bit of cotton to let it clean and brighten it.
2. Wash embroidered silks in tepid soda of pure white soap. Iron when quite dry.
3. A little well-diluted oxalic acid will remove obstinate stains from the bluffs.

A War Cake

Dear Madam—Will you please print a recipe for a cake that does not require eggs? I think it is a sort of fruit cake.

A Mini-Sized Hair

Dear Madam—I received your letter regarding the hair. I have a very short hair and I want to know how to care for it.

Dyeing Crepe de Chine

Dear Madam—Will you kindly let me know through the Women's Exchange the following: 1. Is it best to remold a crepe de chine dress that has been dyed?
2. Does the dyeing harm the crepe de chine?
3. Is it best to remold the dress first?
4. Crepe de chine does not shrink to any great extent in the dye process.
5. The dyeing will not harm the heads.
They remain the same color.

Let's Shake on This

Dear Madam—It may interest you to know that I have a letter to his Mother and I would like to see it. Perhaps some reader would like to help in this brave work he has undertaken of collecting money for the Red Cross.

Callie Has Good Home

Dear Madam—Today Mr. G. called for the letter and he had a very good home for Callie.

HOW THE "STATE TROOP IDEA" WON A GREAT CHAMPION



A GROOM FROM THE STABLE BROUGHT US WORD OF THE MURDER, THOUGH IT WERE NOTHING AT ALL...



THE MAN CARRYING A DINNER PAIL AS A PREY TO CRIMINAL ATTACK IN MEXICO...

HOW A WOMAN'S LITERARY WORK CREATED A STATE POLICE FORCE

Katherine Mayo's Enthusiastic Account of Our State Constabulary Aroused the New York Legislature to Emulation

By MLISS

THE glorious deeds of the Pennsylvania State Police have been put into an illiad and the Homer who has sung them is a woman.

"Justice to All" has come into its third edition. It is the book which tells the glowing story of the more than ten years' work of this State's constabulary. It is the book which Colonel Roosevelt sent to every member of the New York Legislature when that body was considering whether or not it ought to have an organization of rural policemen modeled after Major John C. Groome's. It is the book which the legislators indignantly turned the trick and got New York its "troopers."

Miss Katherine Mayo did it. I found her, a white-haired aristocrat, fastidious and cultured, in a sumptuous New York apartment building in fashionable Park avenue—a woman to all outward appearances whom you would suspect of no more energetic employment than that of sitting on a cushion and sewing a fine seam. But she it is who has come to the most isolated mountain and mining towns of Pennsylvania to gather the material for her book and for the short stories that have recently appeared in the Saturday Evening Post and the Atlantic Monthly. Because she has advertised the work in the State of New York, Michigan, Colorado and Texas have been moved to follow suit, and almost every State in the Union is giving serious consideration to the subject. Several States, including New Jersey and Maryland, already have bills before their legislative bodies.

THE INSPIRATION

The story of how this worthy woman was aroused to the point of forgetting everything else in her work for the spread of the "State-troop idea" is a tale as thrilling as any that she recounts in the book. "I was called to the attention of the deeds of Major Groome," she said simply when I asked her to begin at the very beginning. "The friend with whom I lived was building a country place in Westchester County, New York. A fine young American boy, just the type you have in your constabulary, was the foreman. About twenty-four years ago he was a very clear American type, honest and efficient. As the months went by and the building progressed we grew very fond of Sam Howell."

Then he was murdered. Ambushed by four foreigners in a little clump of woods he had to pass through to get to the construction site. He had the papers, and they knew it. They demanded it. Two of them were discharged workmen and would have been an easy matter and no disgrace—they were four to one—for him to have passed over the money. But Sam Howell was the type that couldn't do that. The rods were straight through them on his motorcycle. The four of them shot at him. When he arrived at the site with the moneybag still in his clasp there were eleven wounds in his abdomen, seven of which were mortal.

"Before he died he was able to tell the names of the men who had attacked him," Frank Lewis told me. "I wrote my book because I wanted the people of New York, particularly the intelligent people who get things done, to know everything about the point of forgetting State. It is from them and not from the Northwest Mounted or the Irish Constabulary, both admirable organizations, however, that the New York force is learning."

"And now that we have troopers of our own, I want to say that Pennsylvania still is the only State where we shall do our best to catch up with your State Police."

When you talk with Miss Mayo and

witness her tremendous enthusiasm, with the energy of an inspired missionary in the face of it, you understand how she got such men as Roosevelt and the late Sixth Lord, Governor Whitman, Henry Murray Butler and hundreds of the most prominent men in the country to support the proposition at Albany—an opposition which couldn't understand why any force "absolutely clear of politics" should be organized.

"I did it because Sam Howell was a man," she finished her story, "and because I couldn't rest with the thought that he had died in vain."

Needless to say, the members of Major Groome's force adore Miss Mayo, and provide her with much of the material for her stories. They are true stories, with true names and true places, the one exception being the name of a farmer's wife who suffered a ghastly experience which would have gone unavenged had it not been for the State Police. Miss Mayo was born in Ridgefield, Pa., and spent the first ten years of her life in this State.

EPILEPSY AND ITS TREATMENT

Answers questions on race betterment, epilepsy and "right living." Conducted by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., LL. D.

By J. H. KELLOGG, M. D., LL. D. EPILEPSY—or, as it is usually called, "fits"—begins in most cases in early youth, before puberty, although it may make its appearance later on in life. Fits are of two kinds, differing for the greater part in intensity. One kind is called petit mal.

A victim of this form of epilepsy usually, when the attack comes on, drops whatever he is saying or doing and becomes rigid. The eyes become fixed. A pallor spreads over the face. The hands relax and relax convulsively. The victim is lost in unconsciousness and usually falls to the ground, without however, undergoing the convulsive seizures that attend the severer type of epilepsy. Consciousness returns suddenly as it left, and the individual will probably pick up the thread of his conversation where he left off or continue where he left off the work in which he was engaged.

The second form of epilepsy is called grand mal. In an attack the head is first thrown back, or to the side. The victim usually falls wherever he happens to be. The muscles of the jaw contract and become rigid. The hands close tight and the legs straighten out stiff, while the muscles contract to such an extent that they interfere with breathing. At first the face becomes red, changing shortly to a dusky or livid hue. In this condition the victim remains for a few seconds only. Presently the muscles begin to contract and relax intermittently. As the attack progresses the contractions become more rapid, so that the legs and arms jerk and toss about violently. The eyelids open and shut convulsively and the eyeballs roll from one side to the other.

The teeth, in most cases, grind together, and as the muscles of the jaw contract, are likely to bite the tongue severely. Where prompt attention is not given, the tongue is even bitten quite off. Any injury to the tongue or cheek causes the froth, which flows from the mouth, to become red, from the blood which mixes with it. On this account the case takes on a most frightful and apparently serious aspect to the color who is not familiar with cases of this kind. The bladder and bowels may be emptied involuntarily.

The breathing, which has been labored and noisy, now begins to relax, although it is still noisier than in normal breathing. The face becomes less livid.

The unconsciousness that accompanies this condition is most profound, and at times it is possible to arouse the victim, but at first it is better to permit him to sleep for several hours—when he will awaken of his own accord, and without a feeling that anything unusual or discomforting has occurred. It may observe a slight headache or confusion of ideas, but this is about all.

The first-aid step in taking care of these cases is to look to yourself, and force yourself to keep cool. Protect the victim from injuring himself by falling him fast to the ground or on the floor. Place a bit of wood or cork or some other substance between his teeth to prevent biting and injury to the tongue and cheeks. It probably will be necessary to have some one assist you in getting him under control. Do not attempt to hold the arms or legs quiet, except as this may be necessary to protect the victim from himself. The convulsions will abate of themselves, when he can be lifted to a bed and allowed to rest until he awakens of his own accord.

In case you have not witnessed the case from the start and are not sure of all the symptoms, have some one relate these to you, so that you may be certain that it is epilepsy that the victim is suffering from. The blood-stained froth from the mouth, and the bitten tongue will, however, be of great assistance in determining the cause of unconsciousness.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Obesity

When can a person be called obese, or fat? JACK.

The normal weight for an adult person may be determined by the following

INSTEAD OF MEAT

Serve POULTRY, FISH, EGGS, BEANS OR CHEESE

Remember

TOMORROW IS A MEATLESS AND PORKLESS DAY

When you talk with Miss Mayo and

Editorials for Women by Women

SEND 'EM SMOKES

By SYDNEY V. WILSON

IT HELPS them to forget and yet remember. "Over here" and "over there"—what a difference! Our boys are far from mothers, wives, sweet hearts; they are lonely, homesick, perhaps waiting to go "over the top," but they've found a way to bring "over here" over there.

They say they can forget for a while the dread borders of "No Man's Land" and think of all they hold dear at home if we send them smokes! It is a small request in comparison with the sacrifices they make, the agonies they suffer. We have it on authority right from the front that wounded men ask for a cigarette.

Have you ever noticed that all the speakers from over there, whether they be soldiers, sailors, nurses or war workers in any capacity, all make a special plea for smokes for the fighting men?

A shell will do more harm and cause more agony than a few smokes will, so send them a package of smokes as often as you can. Don't let any personal objections you may have smokes deprive a fighting man of the only source of joy he has.

When a young Canadian was just coming to the realization that he was blinded for life and that even his hands had been cut off, his one means of groping around in his world of darkness, his plaintive request was for a cigarette—somehow it helps. "Send 'em smokes!"

How to Grow Taller

Could you tell me something to make me grow taller? J. E.

There is nothing to do but to eat plenty of vegetables, fruits and cereals. Exercise a lot and stand straight. Some day physicians may be able to increase stature, but the plan has not yet been worked out.

Disposal of Garbage

Kindly tell me an effective but simple method to dispose of garbage in the country. FARMER'S WIFE.

Garbage can be fed to chickens. If this method is not available and feasible, domestic garbage can be buried. It can be burned in a crematory built of stones after the fashion called "kitchen sink

crematories" in the United States army. This is a small pit lined with stones, deeper at one end than at the other, and with a central pile of loose stones reaching higher than the level of the pit. A wood fire is built in the pit. After the stones are heated through, the garbage is fed to the fire at a moderate rate.

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Test It In the Cup At Our Expense

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Buy a pound of OUR VERY BEST COFFEE today. Take it home and make a thorough test, have all your family try it and if it does not please you in every way, in fact, if it does not prove itself to be the finest "cup" you ever drank—then bring back the unused portion and we will refund the full price paid.

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