



## Good Breakfasts mean good Report Cards

Teacher knows that. She also knows about Cream of Barley. She knows that every morning she faces two kinds of children. One kind thinks only of how soon they will have something to eat again. They are restless and don't learn much. She knows that the children of the other kind have good, sustaining Cream of Barley breakfasts in their "tummies." They think only of their work and learn a great deal. Teacher also knows all about the wonderful food value of barley—that it is the most digestible and sustaining food known. Teacher knows! And she wishes that all mothers knew that the most appetizing, delicious and sustaining breakfast cereal is Cream of Barley.



# Cream of Barley

(At Your Grocer's)

## OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

### WHAT HAPPENED TO JANE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXV.  
Copyright, 1916, Star Company.  
Gradually Milton settled down to its accustomed calm after the tragedies and shocks that had created such turmoil.

And, as it settled down, the people who had been so busy with the death of her once more as they had spoken of her when she was a girl. If there had been any hard feelings toward the young wife who had seemed to waver from her former associates, they were set aside. The sinister rumors, the fearful suspicions that had been whispered after her husband's death were forgotten—at least, they were silenced so completely that Jane herself never knew of the shadow that had hovered over her—the shadow that the confession and suicide of Mary Baird had banished. As the weeks passed, the girl's old friends came often to ask about her. Sometimes they had a glimpse of her when she was well enough to see them. She smiled brightly and was like the ghost of herself.

Each week there came from town a box of flowers addressed to Jane. There was no card with them and the girl never asked who sent them. If she suspected from whom they came, she accepted them as a token of sympathy of pity, and would not allow herself to fancy the tender heart of any more tender messenger. If Ezra Hardy was in the secret he did not betray it. He had grown strangely gentle of late, and Jane found his tenderness toward her almost pathetic. She felt no resentment for the part he had played in trying to arrange her life for her. He, too, had put his fingers on the machinery, and he had suffered for his interference.

Nobody but Ezra and his wife knew how wretched they had both been during the winter after Jane's marriage. They had sent their daughter from them and they seemed to have lost her. They had seen, too, that she was unhappy, although they tried to smother their misgivings with reproaches and reproofs at her indifference. Then she had returned to them—a broken, distraught creature; and, as they watched her lying at the very gate of death, they felt that their punishment was greater than they could bear.

But now she was restored as if by a miracle; and she declared that she never wanted to leave them again. For awhile this assurance had satisfied Mrs. Hardy, but as the wistful look lingered in her child's eyes the mother wondered if the light-hearted girl had forever banished the spring of youth in her entirely dry. Would she never be really interested in anything again? "She is interested in you and her father," Mr. Evans reminded. "Mrs. Hardy when she asked him this question."

"She used to be interested in everything," the mother argued. "Now she is as settled as if she were a middle-aged woman instead of a young thing. I wish I knew what to do." "Do nothing!" admonished the pastor. "Don't interfere with God's ways. Remember—the wages of sin is death. He did not mean to be severe. But Mrs. Hardy understood and obeyed. She repeated this conversation to her husband. He said nothing, but looked grave."

Surely, he reasoned within himself, he was not interfering with God's ways in answering certain letters that came to him. This was only helping things along.

September again. Perhaps not as wonderful a month as the September of a year ago, yet there were still beautiful golden days; still pale moonlight nights.

Jane was well now, she declared, and went softly about the house, doing the trifling tasks that her mother would allow her to perform.

The Coming Visit  
At last a day came when Ezra received a letter which he read to his wife. He called her into the kitchen and closed the door before imparting to her the contents of the epistle. "This was only one of many letters he had had from the same person, he announced with an air of importance. "I don't suppose you've guessed," he said, "who's been sending Jane those handsome flowers all this time." Mrs. Hardy looked at him with good-natured patronage. "Do you think I'm a fool—I'd like to know?" "Oh, so you guessed, did you?" he asked, astonished.

"Guessed?" she scoffed. "No, I knew." "Well! you're a wonder!" her husband exclaimed. "And I never told you a thing about it!" "You didn't have to!" she rejoined. "Well, anyway, he's coming to see her." "Let him come!" was the mother's succinct comment. "But we won't tell her a thing about it." But toward the close of a warm afternoon that Edward Sanderson came. Mrs. Hardy had so far disregarded Mr. Evans' suggestion that she arranged matters to her own satisfaction. She had persuaded Jane to take her book down to the sheltered porch—the little side veranda that could not be seen from the road.

But from where the girl sat could be seen the orchard that sloped away from the back of the house to the bridge across the little brook in the meadow. It was on this green stretch that Jane's gaze rested, now that she was alone. Her book lay unheeded in her lap.

Dream and Reality  
Was it only a year ago that she had told Edward Sanderson good-bye forever? Only a year! She closed her eyes and saw again his face. She had seen it thus in imagination a thousand times lately. This was her own happiness—to picture him as he used to look when he loved her. There could be no harm in this now. There was a step behind her, and she turned her head. There he stood in the doorway, his eyes full of love, as they had been on that day a year ago when he and she had watched the sunset together. He spoke her name softly, taking a quick step toward her. She rose and stood looking at him, whispering his name over and over.

"Ned!" she breathed. "Ned!" But he did not answer, only held his arms out to her. And with a happy little murmur of love she went straight to him.

In the kitchen two old people looked into each other's faces with moist eyes, but smiling lips. "Thank God!" Ezra quavered. "There pal, haven't I always told you not to worry?" Mrs. Hardy said tremulously. "I always knew that something very good would some time happen to Jane. And, you see, it has!"

THE END.

## Slush Ice Doesn't Affect Lights Here

Slush ice has so seriously jammed the big intake pipes of the York Haven Water and Power company to such an extent during the last few days as to actually impair the operation of the plant and the towns round about which depend upon the downriver generating station for their supplies of electric lighting and power current are suffering as a result. Royalton and Middletown have not been lighted throughout all night for several nights. Current is also supplied to the Harrisburg Light and Power company for furnishing light and motive power to Harrisburg and most of the surrounding towns, but the supply has not been interfered with by the shut-down at York Haven because the local company has installed additional boilers and other machinery to provide for just such an emergency. During the early winter the local company was inconvenienced to some extent one night by the slush ice at York Haven because the new equipment at the local plant had not yet been placed.

"We do not expect Harrisburg nor any of the towns which are supplied from this city to be bothered any more because of conditions at York Haven," said C. M. Kaltwasser, general manager last evening, "as the in-

## "The Bread Problem"

"The Bread Problem" is not a problem in the home where Shredded Wheat is known. The whole wheat grain is the real staff of life, and you have it in Shredded Wheat Biscuit, prepared in a digestible form. It contains more real, body-building material than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less. The food for the up-and-coming man who does things with hand or brain—for the kiddies that need a well-balanced food for study or play—for the housewife who must save herself from kitchen drudgery. Delicious for breakfast or any meal, with milk or cream. Made at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Installation of the new equipment at the central station here should take care of any emergency.



## CHARMING FROCK FOR SMALL GIRL

By MAY MANTON



8821 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Child's Dress, 2, 4 and 6 years.  
For the 4 year size will be needed, 2 1/2 yds. of founcing 26 in. wide, with 3/4 yd. of plain material 35 in. wide, or 2 1/2 yds. of plain material 27 in. 2 1/2 yds. 36, 2 1/2 yds. 44.  
The pattern No. 8821 is cut in sizes from 2 to 6 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

## KINGAN'S Delicious Sliced BACON

with Eggs  
An Appetizing Breakfast dish of unequalled Quality and Flavor.

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Put up in 1-Pound Air-Tight Boxes

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KINGAN PROVISION CO., Harrisburg, Pa.

## Arrests For Illegal Liquor Selling at Mifflintown

Special to the Telegraph  
Mifflintown, Pa., March 10.—District Attorney John J. Patterson, who assumed office on January 1, becoming convinced that illegal selling of liquor was being practiced, sent for the State's help. Four of the State constabulary responded and it was soon found that not only was liquor being sold, but Sunday poker games were carried on and slot machines were used in this town and in Port Royal. One of the officers found he was able to purchase booze at \$1 and \$1.50 per quart, Harry and David Code going to wet territory and bringing it here and retailing it to their friends. The officer discovered one day last

week thirteen quarts of whiskey had been brought to town. Harry and David Code were arrested and taken before Squire Hockenberger, who then pleaded guilty and were held under bail for court. Three other young men were arrested and fined for playing poker. Edwin I. Beers, who conducted the poolroom in Mifflin, was arrested for using slot machines and permitting gambling in his place of business. He is under bail to appear at court. George Crozier and Musser, of Port Royal, were arrested for running slot machines and are under bail.

## CONVENTION AT NEWVILLE

Special to the Telegraph  
Newville, Pa., March 10.—The Cumberland county Sunday school convention will be held in the United Presbyterian church here on Thursday and Friday, March 16 and 17.

## HOTEL ASTOR Uncoated RICE

FOR turning "left-overs" of chicken, turkey or meat into appetizing, wholesome dishes, nothing can take the place of Hotel Astor Rice.

Hotel Astor Rice Millness  
Heat one cupful of milk with a slice of onion in double boiler. When scalding hot, add 1 cupful Hotel Astor boiled rice. Remove from fire, cover and let stand about 20 minutes. Mould into rounds, hollow out centre and fill with chopped cooked chicken or turkey, plain or mixed with white sauce. Chopped ham, veal, roast lamb or almost any cold meat may be used. Decorate rice molds with pimientos or sliced pickled beets.

Hotel Astor Rice is sold in sealed cartons only. 10c for a full pound in the yellow cartons. At most good grocers. If yours cannot supply you send 10c for full pound cartons to B. FISCHER & CO., Importers, 190 Franklin St., New York City

## FOODS THEY BUILD OR DESTROY

Amazing but Rarely Suspected Truths About the Things You Eat.

(Copyright, 1916, by Alfred W. McCann.)

CHAPTER 30  
Babies are taught to walk with a broken staff. Thus in the United States is reared a race of such feeble vitality that 400,000 children under ten years of age die to-day every year into an abyss of untimely death.

Three times each day for 365 days a year a table is spread in each of the million households in the United States. This means that sixty million meals, however simple, are served for the pleasure and nutrition of the family between the rising and setting of every sun.

At each of these annual billions of occasions—the exceptions are too few to count—21,900,000,000, to be exact, the housewife places one article of food on the table. Whether that table be set in a mansion or in a hovel, whether it be loaded with an abundance of the luxuries of life or whether its contents be confined to one or two simple articles of food, there is one food always present.

It is to be wondered at, therefore, that bread is called the "staff of life."

What then is the staff on which humanity leans so trustingly be broken?

The flour advertisements with which the magazines are crowded tell us peculiar and wonderful things about flour. Millions of dollars are spent annually to inform us that our flour is washed, brushed, scoured, screened, and sifted through grits gauze and silk bolting cloth until nothing leaves the mill but utterly perfect flour.

Millions of dollars are spent annually to exploit the virtues of anemic crackers, denatured biscuits, and foodless cakes. Devoted mothers, believing the statements made to them through the highly colored printed page and the gaudily decorated billboard, rely with a profound faith upon the demineralized nutrient which advertising art extols. Their babies, from the very beginning, are taught with a broken staff to walk.

Thus is reared a race of such vigor that it sends in one year nearly 400,000 children under ten years of age where white bread and starchy biscuits are no longer needed.

Nature never made a white grain of wheat and man never knew the meaning of white flour until he conceived the fetching idea of starting his guests with bread as white and lifeless as the aristocratic napery on which it is served.

The unrefined grain of wheat as it comes from the field contains in organic form the twelve mineral substances needed for the health, growth and life of the animal body. Chickens, guinea pigs, white mice, or monkeys, fed on bread made from the unrefined wheat thrive indefinitely; but chickens, guinea pigs, white mice, or monkeys, fed on an exclusive white bread diet perish in from five to seven weeks.

Wherefore the whiteness of white bread? How is this whiteness ob-

tained? These are questions which we have set out to answer.

White bread becomes white because from the ground grain of wheat three-fourths of the mineral salts and colloids, including the salts of calcium, phosphorus, iron, potassium, chlorine, fluorine, sulphur, magnesium, manganese, etc., are removed. These mineral substances are contained in the brown outer skin, the cells underneath this skin and the germ of the wheat berry. They are sifted and boiled out of the ground meal leaving behind the white starchy cells and the refined gluten of the interior part of the berry.

Nature, in her most benevolent efforts to teach man that he cannot trespass with impunity against the laws of life, through thousands of years of agricultural experience, has failed to impress him with the priceless value of these subtle substances in the assembling of which for his needs she travels through so many subtle and diverse paths.

In the whitening of flour not only are the mineral salts and colloids removed from the wheat, but its ferments or vitamins, one of which was discovered by M. Mege Mourières in the inner cortical part of the wheat, are rejected. The function of these ferments or vitamins is not fully understood, but as they are among the elements of the wheat which man thoughtlessly destroys we note them here in passing.

for Breakfast

COFFEE TOAST and Grapefruitola MARMALADE AT YOUR GROCER

10¢ AND 25¢

If not obtainable at your grocery, send 25 cents for 15 oz. jar postpaid. Grapefruit Products Co., Watertown, N. Y.

## WM. J. MOXLEY'S SPECIAL OLEOMARGARINE

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A saving of about 15 cents a pound—as compared with good butter—amounts to many dollars a year.

Moxley's Special is not just oleomargarine; it is the best that can be made; call for it by name and you'll be satisfied.

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### Try This Recipe

ORANGE CAKE

1 cupful sugar 1 1/4 teaspoonfuls  
3 egg-yolks baking powder  
Juice of 1 orange 2 egg-whites  
1 cupful bread-crumbs  
flour.

Beat the egg-yolks till creamy, add the sugar, and blend thoroughly. Measure the orange juice and add water, if necessary, to make a half-cupful of liquid. Mix the baking powder with the flour, and add alternately to first mixture with the orange juice. Fold in the egg-whites beaten stiff. Bake in layers about five minutes in a hot oven; reduce the heat and cook more slowly till the cake is done—about fifteen minutes in all. Put together and ice with orange frosting, or use a jelly or whipped-cream filling and sprinkle powdered sugar over the top. This cake will keep moist for several days.