

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Article

The Real Duty of Motherhood, Says Writer, is the recognition that children are like plants in a garden and each must be treated according to its needs.

Copyright, 1916, Star Company. A fond mother took her son of about twelve out on some quest for his interest. Passing by the house of a friend she dropped in to see her. The hopeful never ceased to fuss and whine. "There's nothing for me to do here," he said. "I must be getting away."

The mother got up at once and left, her visit not even commenced. Meeting her friend some time later she said: "I suppose you think I was rude to go. But I can't deny my boy anything. He did not ask to come into the world, and I feel it my duty to amuse and entertain him every minute."

Another had a daughter who insisted upon going to camp. The father felt he could not afford the expense, but the daughter made such a scene he managed to let her go. The mother said: "He owes it to his daughter to provide everything she wants!"

Still another was highly incensed because the authorities interfered with boys' firearms for the Fourth. "I'd like to see any one stop my son becoming 'manly and brave,'" she said. And she took him out to a shop and had him choose his gun. All these are actual, true facts that I know. Is it any wonder that good citizenship is undermined and by so many mothers?

An observing woman who has large opportunities of meeting many people wrote the above words in a private letter to a friend. These words give one food for thought.

There are so many mothers of this type in the land that it is not to be wondered at when men question woman's ability to successfully manage the affairs of State.

Women ought first of all to demonstrate the qualities which make for success in the positions to which nature has assigned them—of daughters,

wives and mothers—before asking for a larger field of usefulness. Not one woman in one thousand is a success in these three domains.

But since women have failed so utterly to develop themselves under the conditions which men have imposed upon them, it seems advisable to let them try the experiment of making new conditions for themselves. Since they cannot be much poorer mothers than they are to-day, after thousands of years of the rule of man, they might possibly become better mothers under united rule of man and woman.

Mothers' clubs are being formed all over the country, and women are thinking more seriously than ever in their lives before on the subject of good motherhood. They are beginning to understand that the mere bearing of children or the toiling and working and saving for their children does not constitute true motherhood.

Here and there a mother may be found who has come into the realization of the fact that children are like plants in a garden and that each one must be studied separately and treated according to its needs. This understanding necessitates a vast amount of patience and labor in the rearing of children, and there are few mothers ready to make the necessary sacrifice.

A young woman who had spent the Summer at one of the fashionable resorts expressed great sorrow for the little children of fashionable mothers who were left to the care of governesses and maids. These children were allowed every liberty and luxury in the way of expensive costumes and elaborate entertainments.

In consequence, they were proud, conceited, selfish and jealous in their attitude toward one another. Listening to the greater part of the day to the language of their hired attendants was not conducive to the best diction or manners. Yet, without question, their mothers consider themselves "good mothers" and would be indignant at any one who questioned their right to the title. But they are not good mothers.

ALL 'ROUND SUIT FOR LITTLE BOY

Nothing Girlish About This With Its Severe Lines and Masculine Cut

By MAY MANTON



9001 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Little Boy's Dress, 1, 2 and 4 years.

Even in the age of dresses the boy's costume must give a masculine effect. Here is a smart little frock designed especially to meet that need. The box plaits and the round collar give a severe effect and the sleeves may be made short or extended to the wrists. In the picture, checked gingham is trimmed with plain color. For the more dressy frock, it would be made of all white or of white with trimming of color. While especially a boy's dress the model also is available for girls, for there are a great many mothers who like simple severe frocks for the girls as well for the boys.

For the 2 year size will be needed, 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36 or 44 with 3/8 yard 36 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern goes in cut in sizes for boys of 1, 2 and 4 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

DIXIE GOES AHEAD

By Frederic J. Haskin

[Continued From Editorial Page]

In Tarpon Springs. They form nearly half of the population, and have just about a fair share of the business. Although the Greeks dwell in their own quarter of the town, and preserve their national customs, they live in perfect amity with the Americans. There are very prosperous firms in the sponge business which are conducted by Greeks and Americans working in partnership.

The Greek likes American business methods, American money, American movies, and many other things; but when it comes to cheese, wine and candy, he insists on having his own. Hence there are in Tarpon Springs many picturesque little shops dealing in these things, and in other strictly Greek dainties which are beyond the appreciation of an American palate. There are also Greek coffee houses, where you sit, sipping the drink from little cups and smoking water pipes.

As sponges become scarcer, the fleets have to go out into the Gulf to get a good harvest. They now usually remain for two or three months at a time, returning all together at certain times of the year, when the great sales are held. Early in the fall, Christmas and Easter are the times of the most important sales, and upon these occasions Tarpon Springs becomes one of the liveliest little towns upon the globe. The Greek diver is a daring, happy-go-lucky chap, who makes big wages and does not believe in saving them. When he hits town he usually collects several hundred dollars and proceeds zealously to spend it all before going to sea again. He is a liberal and boisterous patron of wineshops and coffee houses and movies. He decks himself in the gayest and the most expensive clothes that money can buy. He rather overruns the town; but seldom does any harm either to himself or anyone else.

Early in the morning, the Greek diver is out in the water, and there is a race for it, the boy who wins receiving a prize. When the sponges are brought up by the divers, they bear no resemblance whatever to what you buy in a drug store; for the commercial sponge is merely the skeleton of an animal. In the natural state it is covered with a thick mucus. This is pounded and washed out, the roots are cut off with deep shears, the sponges are sorted according to variety and strung in bunches of from ten to thirty each. There are a number of varieties. The wool sponges are the most valuable, others being grass, yellow and wire sponges.

Sponges of all kinds are becoming scarce and the prices they bring are surprising. Wool sponges bring from \$2 to \$4 a pound. A little ragged heap of sponges that you would cart away in a wheelbarrow often sells for several hundred dollars. The sponges grow in banks upon the bottom of the gulf, and the great object of the fisher is to discover a new bank, for a large one is a veritable bonanza.

HOME A NOVEL BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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CHAPTER I—Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, Alan, as a martial figure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-bye.

CHAPTER II—Captain Wayne tells Alan of the falling of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

CHAPTER III—Judge Healey buys a picture for Altx Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers.

CHAPTER IV—Alan and Altx meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious.

CHAPTER V—At home, Nancy Starling asks Alan to go away from Altx. Altx is taken to task by Gerry, her husband, for her conduct with Alan and declines him.

CHAPTER VI—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Altx and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco.

CHAPTER VII—Altx leaves Alan on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a chance trip he meets a native girl.

CHAPTER IX—The judge falls to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Altx. Gerry to her home and shows him the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

CHAPTER X—At Maple house Collingford tells her he met Alan—"Ten Per Cent. Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XI—Collingford meets Altx and her baby and he gives her encouragement about Gerry.

CHAPTER XII—Alan comes back to town but does not go home. He makes a severe cut in the city.

CHAPTER XIII—Gerry begins to improve Margarita's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch.

CHAPTER XIV—In Africa Alan reads Clem's letters and dreams of home.

CHAPTER XV—Gerry pastures Lieber's cattle during the drought. A baby comes to Gerry and Margarita.

CHAPTER XVI—Collingford meets Altx in the city and finds her changed.

CHAPTER XVII—Alan meets Altx, J. Y. and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

CHAPTER XVIII—Kemp and Gerry visit Lieber and the three exiles are drawn together by a common tie.

CHAPTER XIX—Lieber tells his story. "Home is the anchor of a man's soul. I want to go home."

CHAPTER XX—In South America Alan gets fever and his foreman prepares to send him home.

CHAPTER XXI—Alan is carried to Lieber's fazenda, almost dead, and Gerry sees him.

CHAPTER XXII—Alan tells Gerry the truth about Altx and Gerry tells him of Margarita and the baby. Alan wonders and is disgusted.

CHAPTER XXIII—A flood carries away Margarita and her baby, despite Gerry's attempt at rescue.

CHAPTER XXIV—Ever follows Gerry's exposure. He sends a note to Altx by Alan when Alan and Kemp go home. He tells Lieber he can't go home.

CHAPTER XXV—Alan gets back to the city and sends Gerry's note to Red Hill. Alan tells her the truth about Gerry's story. Alan goes home to Red Hill.

CHAPTER XXVI—As Alan returns to his home he builds a barrier between himself and Clem, who does not understand. "Hide and seek" with the children.

CHAPTER XXVII—Alan meets Kemp in the city and takes him to Red Hill. Kemp tells Altx that Gerry will "hog-his himself" and come home.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Alan meditates leaving because he is not fit to love Clem. He goes for a ride.

Clem nodded. "How much time do you want?"

Alan hesitated. "A year," he said. "I'll make a year do it."

"You can have six months," replied Clem and added with a smile, "That's ten per cent under office estimates."

Then forgetful of hours and meals and the little things in life that do not count when human souls meet in the banquet of the gods, they sat side by side and hand in hand on a big rock and stared with unseeing eyes at the gray world. "With you beside me," said Alan, "all skies are blue and filled with the light of a single, steady star."

Clem did not answer, but in her eyes content and knowledge, tenderness and strength, pleasure and pain played with each other like the lights and dappled shadows under a swaying bough.

When Clem and Alan reached home long after the lunch hour they found the Hill a thrill with news. Altx had received a cable and had left at once for town. She had gone alone. That could mean but one thing—Gerry was at last coming back.

It was from Barbados that Gerry had cabled. Ever since he had written his short note to Altx, through long doubting weeks at Piranhas and longer days of questioning and hesitation on board the slow freighter that was bearing him home, Gerry had been fighting himself. Only Lieber's sudden death and his burial, to which Gerry had hidden post-haste, had come in between as a solemn truce.

On the freighter he had had time enough and to spare to think. He had spent hours going over the same ground time and time again. For days he sat in his chair on the short bridge-deck, staring out to sea, making over and over the circle of his life from the time he had left home. He remembered sitting thus on the way out. He

remembered the turmoil his mind had been in and the apathy that had followed, the long rest at Pernambuco, the trip down the coast and up the river, the glorious, misty morning at Piranhas, Margarita, catastrophe, awakening. What did that awakening stand for? Again he thought, if he could choose—would he wish to be back as he was before—as he was on the way out? A voice within him said "No."

In those days when once more his thoughts demanded to be seen in their relation to Altx, that steady voice within him was his only comfort. The flood at Fazenda Flores had swept away all that his hands had done, but the things that Fazenda Flores had done for him could not be swept away by any material force. They stood and feared nothing—except Altx.

Wherever his mind turned, it came back to Altx and found in her an impassable. Altx assumed more and more the portentous attributes of one unattached, sitting in judgment over his acts. His memory of her frailty, of her flowerlike detachment from the bones—the skeleton—of life, her artificiality, made her seem ludicrously incongruous in the role of judge. He could not picture her, much less estimate the sentence she would pass. His thoughts led him daily up to that impasse and left him. Then came the doubt and the question—why should he lead himself bodily to the impasse at all?

He was still fighting this point when he reached Barbados but there an incident befell which brought a new light to his mind and then a new peace to his soul.

He had gone ashore at Bridgetown simply because his whole body, perfectly attuned by three years of long hours of toil, was crying out for more exercise than the narrow decks of the freighter could afford.

When the little group of passengers reached shore, with the exception of Gerry and an old returning Barbadian, they all turned in the same direction as if by a common impulse.

The Barbadian glanced at Gerry and jerked his head at the disappearing group. "Men of the world in the big sense," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Gerry. "Son," said the old Barbadian, who was very tanned and whose kindly eyes blinked through thick glasses, "when a chap tells you he's a man of the world you ask him if he ever had a drink at the Ice house? You don't have to say 'in Bridgetown.' Ever had a drink at the Ice house? Just like that; and if he says, 'No,' you know he meant he was a town rouser when he said he was a man of the world."

Gerry smiled and fell naturally in step with the Barbadian as he moved slowly on.

"Yes," said the old man. "It's a sure bet. The man that hasn't crooked his elbow at the big, round deal table in that old, ramshackle drink-house can't say he's really traveled. Long-lost brothers and friends have met there, and when men that roam the high seas want news of some pal that's disappeared down the highway of the world they drop in at the old Ice house and ask what road he took. It's halfway house to all the seven seas."

"Have you lost anyone?" asked Gerry.

"No, I'm not thirsty for a drink just now," said the Barbadian with a smile. "And you?"

"Nor I," said Gerry, laughing. "I'm out to stretch my legs."

"You can't do that here," replied the old man. "You don't know our sun. Come with me." He hailed a ramshackle victoria.

Gerry hesitated. "You must have a home you want to go to and friends to see. Don't worry about me. I'll be careful about the sun."

"Boy," said the Barbadian, "I've got a home and I'm going to see it, but there's no reason why you shouldn't come along. As for friends—the ones I left here won't get up to meet anyone till the last trump sounds. Come along."

You are the only company and I'm the only host in our party."

They climbed into the rickety cab and the Barbadian gave directions to the driver. The driver answered in the soft guttural of the West Indian black.

Slowly they crawled through the crooked streets of the town. Gerry leaned back and gazed at the freakish buildings. They were all of framework. Some swelled at the top, and Gerry wondered why they did not topple over; some swelled at the bottom and he wondered why these did not cave in.

The Barbadian watched his face. "Funny town, eh?"

Gerry nodded.

Presently the found themselves on a country road. It was so smooth that the weighted carriage pushed the old horses along at an unwonted pace. Little houses—hundreds of them—that looked like big heneeps lined the road. Suddenly the carriage came to a halt. One of the little houses was trying to straddle the road. From around it came screams and cries. "Now, then, yo! Gladys, when ah say heft, yo' heft."

(To Be Continued.)

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Says Fruitola and Traxo Possesses All the Merit That Is Claimed For It.

After completing the necessary treatment, Mrs. S. S. Cole, Lampasas, Texas, was so well pleased with the results that she wrote the Pinus laboratories as follows: "Fruitola and Traxo are all you claim. It removed a quantity of gall-stones and I feel sure it saved my life. I am well now and thankful to you for the great good your medicine has done me."



Mrs. S. S. Cole PHOTO BY BROWN

Fruitola is a powerful lubricant for the intestinal organs and one dose is usually sufficient to clearly demonstrate its efficacy. It softens the congested masses, disintegrates the hardened particles that occasion so much suffering and expels the accumulated waste to the great relief of the patient. Following a dose of Fruitola, Traxo should be taken three or four times a day in order to rebuild and restore the system that has become weakened and run down from constant suffering. It is a splendid tonic, acting on the liver and stomach most beneficially.

Fruitola and Traxo are prepared in the Pinus laboratories at Monticello, Ill., and arrangements have been made to supply them through representative druggists. In Harrisburg they can be obtained at Gorgas, the Druggist, 16 North Third street, P. R. Station.

FOODS THEY BUILD OR DESTROY Amazing but Rarely Suspected Truths About the Things You Eat. (Copyright, 1914, by Alfred W. McCann)

CHAPTER 43 No quantity of medicines or other substances added to a diet of sugary and starchy foods can make a man, notwithstanding the fact that sugar and starch are rated as the principal high calorie foods, and therefore looked upon by mistaken scientists as the most important of all foods.

It is not the phosphorus loss in the milling of wheat, the polishing of rice, the pearling of barley, or the degerminating of corn which explains the inadequacy of such refined and denatured food when consumed by man or animal.

Commenting on the phosphorus content of unpolished rice as an index of its fitness for food, Chamberlain states:

"The determination of any other element which is chiefly contained in the pericarp, such as potassium, iron, calcium, etc., would be an equally good index of the safety of the rice."

In other words, the food factory cannot remove any one element from the cereals prepared by it without also removing all of the other elements. They are so intimately bound up with each other that when one goes they all go. Therefore it is not phosphorus in itself that must be considered, or iron, or calcium, or any one of the other food minerals and vitamins, but all of them together with such other bodies of unknown nature which natural foods contain, in order to determine the fitness of such foods for human consumption.

To over-emphasize the importance of ferments or vitamins or any one of the mineral fats is to cloud the whole issue by a bold and mysterious darkness. One might as well over-emphasize iodine and ignore the vitamins and ignore iodine.

We have already seen something of the thyroid gland and have learned that in health its iodine content is much higher than in disease. It has been established, as we have seen, that the thyroid gland of animals fed on food natural to them contains, at different seasons of the year, a varying content of iodine.

It has also been established that the presence of iodine compounds in the thyroid is largely responsible for the normal functioning of that gland. The manner in which iodine is so completely removed from bread, biscuits, cakes, crackers, cookies, breakfast foods, cornmeal, pearled barley, rye flour, polished rice, pancakes, glucose, table syrup, sugar candy, etc., influences the metabolism of other indispensable bodies is vaguely hinted at through the experiments of A. J. Usenko.

Usenko found that "following thyroidectomy (which means the removal of the thyroid gland) the percentage relation of phosphorus to nitrogen in the urine first increased, but then again is steadily diminished before death."

"The amino acids and purin bodies are increased while creatinin is diminished. The metabolism of the tissues containing phosphorus and nitrogen is acutely disturbed, the synthetic processes being mostly affected."

Here we behold the removal of an iodine-secreting gland affecting disastrously the interrelations of other parts of the body and modifying at once the nature and proportion of elements secreted and excreted by those other glands. Iodine in itself will not support life. Its combination with other elements is essential.

Chamberlain decries that Schaubmann's assumption that it is a phosphorus compound which prevents polyneuritis is not correct.

"A large number of substances," he says, "have been shown to be of no value in the prevention of polyneuritis. Among these may be mentioned potassium chloride, phosphoric acid, either singly or combined, potassium

phosphate, either acetate or carbonate, magnesium phosphate, liquids of the lecithin group, nitrogen compounds, such as histidin, asparagin, and various amino acids elaborated in the digestion of meat, eggs, cheese, etc.), potassium iodine, thyroid extract. Roman's salt mixture, cotton oil, egg albumen or any combination of these substances.

The failure of vitamins, when consumed without the assistance of the other food elements necessary to normal nutrition, to perform the miracle of sustaining normal life and health requires little demonstration.

These vitamins, some of which, as isolated by Casimir Funk, are complicated chemical compounds occurring as colorless needle-shaped crystals with a melting point of 451 degrees Fahrenheit, when added to a diet of sugary and starchy foods, will not maintain life, although sugar and starch are rated among the very highest of the "high calorie" foods, and therefore are looked upon by mistaken scientists as the most important of all foods.

In fact, however high the calories, or however abundant the vitamins, unless the experiments of Voegtlin, and Toveils with foods of "high caloric" value deprived of their mineral content demonstrate the inadequacy of the caloric theory.

These investigators found that "an aqueous extract of autolyzed spinal cord from which the coagulable vitamin has been removed contains vitamins of an anti-neuritic substance which cure symptoms of polyneuritis in birds fed on polished rice when administered in daily doses corresponding to four grams of dried cord."

"The vitamins or anti-neuritic substances, when added to a diet of polished rice seem capable of removing some of the nervous symptoms of disease, but fall absolutely to establish any relation to metabolism and the affected birds do not recover."

This is known. The simplest of natural foods contain all the mysterious, physiologically active principles required to maintain normal health. Still we find scientists blindly rummaging through fields of experimental darkness seeking complicated and his-sounding explanations for phenomena so humble on the surface and so majestic at the core that they have defied, so far, all the cross-examinations, all the problems, all the analyses, and all the theories of man.

The grain of wheat simply asks to be left alone. The other cereals cry out to humanity, "We are sufficient in ourselves; do not change our nature, do not undervalue our functions, do not manipulate our attributes, do not destroy those potent forces which we have wrought forth from the bowels of the earth for the food of man."

In vain shall we seek for peace while we are at war with the laws of God. Scientific phrases are not substitutes for the laws of life, however they may contribute to the vainglory of the eminent members of that inner circle of established reputations whose mighty wisdom, ignoring the simplest laws of life, clashes with the all-sufficient but hidden purposes of the Creator.

The shadow cannot ignore the substance; the dream cannot ignore the reality; the reflection cannot ignore the flame. The lore of the libraries and the language of the scientists in a drop of milk or a grain of wheat.

Real science, in all the humility of true greatness, suggests in what it is doing for the welfare of the world an image of the divine, but the scientific confusion which has complicated the dietary of nations is but a modern Babel. How true these statements are we are about to see.

The Importance of Skin Care In the Springtime

Infectious skin diseases are irritating, unpleasant, unsightly and dangerous. There never was a greater mistake made than trying to cure such disorders with pastes, lotions, or creams, rubbed on the outside. You can't cure skin diseases that way, because they are the direct result of infected blood, and you can't rub or soak poisons out of the blood. The annoyance of skin troubles are worse in spring than any other time. The perspiration that starts with the first warm days intensifies the smarting, burning sensation, and makes the trouble almost unbearable. There is only one way to relieve them, and that is through the blood, which must be thoroughly cleansed and purified. There is only one remedy that you can rely upon to do this, and that is S. S. S., the surest and best blood cleanser known. S. S. S. acts with sure effect directly upon the blood—taken internally, it goes right into the blood vessels, drives out every bit of poison of whatever nature, kills the germs that starve and impoverish the blood, restores the skin to its proper condition and gives you healthy bone and tissue building blood. Even the worst cases, such as scrofula and blood poisons, yield promptly to this efficient vegetable remedy. It doesn't matter how long you have had skin trouble, or if it has developed into chronic sores that you had given up all hope of curing. Take S. S. S. when all else fails. It brings relief. Write our Medical Department, Room 4, Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

Slim Steve allays says my memory is as short as my name. Maybe it is, but I don't hold a grudge like he does. What's the use?

Slim says he thinks that joak on April 1st was just a trick of Susie Smart's to keep him from making ez many pennies buying SAVE-A-CENT ez she did. Susie Smart just turned her nose up in the air and said, "The very idea, to think I'd play a trick like that," when Slim told her how mean he thought it wuz.

Somehow or other, I can't help but think that it was Susie, and ef it wuz her I'll play a good trick on her, just you see.

But you won't ketch me 'cusing her of doing it, cause that aint the way to make her own up to it. I told her to-day that I thought that wuz the bes joak I ever heered of. She sez, "I don't believe in April Fool joaks," but I think she wuz giggling under her breath all the time.

Well, we'll wait and see. The feller that keeps pulling his bait out of the water don't ketch no fish.

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