

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## MRS. WOODROW TO WRITE FOR TELEGRAPH

If Girls Are Going to Take the Plunge Into the Pool of Matrimony, They Must Equip Themselves to Swim Even Under Difficult Circumstances

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

It is my privilege to write of things that are real and vital in our lives—things that come home to all of us. Of course, I can only look at a question from my own angle, and it may not be yours. Yours may be the better and more illuminating. It is no fun throwing out words into cold, empty space. I want a response. I want to find out what we all think, and why we are thinking of.

Won't you write and tell me where you agree with me, and where you differ, and why?

MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

Today the art, or the science, or the business of home-making is about as complicated as intensive farming. Preparedness is the watchword of the hour; not merely as regards military matters but those more intimate battlefield, the home.

Why muddle along in anything? If you girls have chosen the profession of marriage and home-making, why take the plunge, hoping that the water is not very deep and that by some miracle you may be able to keep your head above the surface?

Why not, before you dive into that untried pool, equip yourself with the swimming gear of matrimony? Independence or any other kind. And, believe me, you have just as much right to your tastes and inclinations as the girl who feels that she must be out in the world earning her own money and spending it in her own fashion.

But, if you have chosen home-making as your job in life, for heaven's sake make a success of it!

Workers' Deficiency Depends on Quality of Food

Self-interest, if nothing else, should prompt you to do so. Your material comfort is dependent on your husband's earning capacity. Your husband's earning capacity is very largely dependent on his health and well-being. Workers build their mornings on their breakfast; the efficiency and enthusiasm and concentration we bring to the day depends mainly on the quality of our eggs and coffee.

The good, old days of leaving a few orders with the maid, and returning to the sofa and the last new novel, or starting out on a shopping expedition are gone. Each of us has to do the vanishing lady of the present. The munitions factories have swallowed her up. And when she no longer makes shells some other industry will engulf her. What is left of her order, the remnant of a once great army, will work in five or six hour shifts, two or three a day, and no one but plutocrats can afford servants.

The day is not far distant—but that phase is an absurdity in these speed-up times. To-morrow, my sisters, a maid will be as much a symbol of extravagance as peaches in December or an albatross.

A young fellow told me not long ago that he had seen the problem of the high cost of living. He and three other young men had rented and furnished an apartment. Each paid so much a week into a general fund for rent, food, etc., and his own breakfast, the earliest riser making the coffee for all; but every man boiled his own eggs and made his own toast. When they had gone to their office a woman came in and made the beds and cleaned up. Their luncheons they took near their places of business, and they returned to their apartment for dinner. Each in turn did the marketing for a week and cooked the evening meal, while one of the others, also in turn, looked after the table. It worked beautifully. They all learned how to cook and they were also congenial friends, never interfering with each other.

There, my dear girls, that is what you are up against. That young man may meet you to-morrow and may fall so desperately in love with you that he is willing to give up his happy, unfettered home for you and start another one. Personally I should feel inclined to side-step an offer from any such competing youth. It knows too much. Your only safety lies in going him one better, in being a better cook than he is and in giving him a more cheerful and attractive home than the one he has left.

It is of course difficult for you to realize that your beauty and charm, great as they are, very soon become commonplace to a mere husband. The lure of your dazzling eyes, Rosalind, is temporary, but the lure of good cooking and of comfort in the home is permanent.

For several years of my life I was a wanderer in the waste places. I became in that time fully initiated into the horrors of average American cooking. That soggy, fried meat! Those watery, tasteless vegetables! Let us not mention the bread.

I learned the wisdom acquired under such circumstances, and lived on boiled eggs and baked potatoes and things that could be cooked in their own shells and skins, unless it was possible for me to prepare my food myself.

It is often stated that many men become drunkards because their wives feed them day after day meals so wretchedly cooked and so lacking in nutritive value that they take to liquor to stop the ceaseless craving of their starved stomachs. Why had cooking been a penitentiary offense, or at least a cause for divorce, I don't understand.

I have always noticed that most of the lofty, misunderstood feminine some prize as "bright, cultured little women," but Susan, let me tell you, is a mighty efficient housekeeper.

The other day I overheard a "bus talker" remark in speaking of two such "bright, cultured little women," that I wanted to turn around and thank him and offer him 10 per cent. of what I am paid for this article; for he had given me an idea. I immediately put it to work.

In a casual way, and trusting to luck, they would not see my underlying craft. I have asked ten average American women which they would prefer to be called: "A bright, cultured little woman," or "A mighty efficient housekeeper?"

Seven of them chose the "Bright, cultured little woman." Two spoke for the "Mighty efficient housekeeper." One said, "Both."

And why, I wonder, did not all the women of whom I asked the question, say: "Both?" If one is an efficient housekeeper it ought not to be difficult to acquire a little culture on the side unless she is one of those farmers' wives we read about who go insane from cooking all day and hearing the wind whistling.

I am inclined to think there is deep, fundamental reason for this preponderance of choice. Is it not that women instinctively feel that instead of acquiring a little culture, they share of the earnings of the man as a more or less eleemosynary benefaction, instead of the fair division in an equal partnership?

Is this the chief cause that women in the mass are loath to learn the technical side of the greatest of arts—the art of home-making—and turn instead to something they call "culture," usually a half-baked substitute for the real thing, snatched up in some mental delicatessen shop and bolted in a hurry?

What do you think about it? Would you rather be, "A bright, cultured little woman," or "A mighty efficient housekeeper?" And why?

## The Scribb Family—They Live Right Here in Harrisburg—By Sullivan



## THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By HAZEL DALE

Janet would have taken the incident of the lettered Jack Armstrong to Karen more seriously if Karen hadn't taken a hasty departure the minute Jarvis returned. But before Janet could see the girl alone, Karen had crammed the envelope into her pocket and had run off with a hasty goodbye. And then, besides, something happened that same evening to Janet that made her forget the affairs of other people in the absorbing interest of her own.

For a time after Karen left Janet was quiet. Jarvis noticed it, and called to her from the bedroom. "What are you so quiet about, sweetheart? This is the time you ought to be happy. Let's go out somewhere and celebrate."

Janet loved their joint celebrations better than anything else in the world. Whenever either of them had a particularly good piece of luck, or made extra money of any kind, it was a signal for a celebration which meant dinner out and an evening spent together at the theater and sometimes even a week-end at some sleepy little place in the country. The first time that they had gone on a celebration since their marriage, Janet had spoken of it enthusiastically when she and Jarvis had had dinner together that evening. But the lesson that she had learned had taught her never to tell things again unless she could be sure of the way they would end.

Mrs. Carew had thrown back her aristocratic head and had laughed merrily. "Janet, you amuse me so much," she had laughed. "Imagining having any fun in going out of town and leaving a comfortable living quarter even if it is up a mile of frightful stairs and being uncomfortable for the fun of the thing."

"But it is fun," Janet had protested. "It's the kind of fun we like."

And then she had met Jarvis's eyes and they were tender with memories. They made her forget everything else for the time being, but she never spoke of their good times again.

"Oh, a celebration, Jarvis," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "What are we going to do?"

"Well, first, we'll go to dinner, and then we'll do anything we happen to want to. Don't plan for anything till the time comes."

This suggestion immediately claimed Janet's thoughts to the exclusion of everything else and she began to dress for the evening hurriedly, determined to look as "stunning" as possible. Before Janet had been married she had taken her look very seriously, but now, everything was changed. The thought that Jarvis noticed an attention paid to her, made her more conscious of how she looked. She cared about looking well for Jarvis and being noticed by other men when she belonged to just one, more than she ever had when she could pick and choose.

The restaurant where they went was a place they often frequented. It lacked the formality of most places, but there was a pleasant, homelike fellowship and a memory of the same faces seen time and again, that spoke well for the place; people went there to eat good food rather than to be seen and admired.

When they were seated at the table and Jarvis had ordered dinner, Janet leaned forward quickly and whispered: "Don't look now, Jarvis, but there is a man two tables from here on your right who keeps staring and staring. Perhaps you know him, he is very good looking."

"Why," said Jarvis, flushing a little as he surreptitiously stole a glance behind him and bowed cordially. "It's the fellow I met this afternoon. You must meet him. I'll go over and get him."

But there was no need of that, for the man had quickly risen and was now coming over to them. He was a man of about forty, with a well groomed appearance rather than a handsome face. He was dressed well, and looked prosperous, and he acknowledged the introduction to Janet with a rather overdone bow. Janet, who very quickly estimated people, decided that he was a little too eager to please, but he sat down at their table and began to talk so interestingly that she quite forgot the slightly unpleasant feeling that he had created.

"Mr. More says that you are on 'The Children's Hour,'" he said to Janet. "Yes, I have a department for about a month now," Janet returned eagerly. And she sketched briefly her work and her hours. "Of course I am virtually still with 'The Chronicle,'" she finished, "but I am getting more money than my position down there warrants. It's a temporary arrangement while one of the editors is away."

"Your husband is doing some sketches of Miss Alden," the man went on. "I like his work very well, perhaps we could arrange for something for our magazine. It would be rather nice if you and he could collaborate, Mrs. More."

"Oh, Jarvis, how splendid," breathed Janet, turning toward him. "Praise from you, Mr. Lowry, means a great deal." And then she stopped, for Jarvis looked up at her and she felt suddenly cold and spiritless. What had happened to make Jarvis look like that when only a short time ago he had been so anxious to have her meet this stranger?

To Be Continued

## BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months and in two months after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."

—Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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—George A. Gorgas, 16 North Third Street—Advertiser

### MAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman  
Author of *Whispering Smith*

(Continued)

**SYNOPSIS.**

**CHAPTER I—**On Frontier day at Sleepy Cat, Henry De Spain, gunman and train master at Medicine Bend, is beaten at target shooting by Nan Morgan of Music Mountain. Jeffries, division superintendent, asks De Spain to take charge of the Chief River stage line, but he refuses.

**CHAPTER II—**De Spain sees Nan dancing with Gale Morgan, is later derisively pointed out to Nan on the street by Gale, and is moved to change his mind and accept the stage line job.

**CHAPTER III—**De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabassas Inn, and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sassoon, gunman and retainers of the Morgan clan. Morgan demands the discharge of a stage driver and De Spain refuses. De Spain meets Nan but falls to overcome her aversion to him.

**CHAPTER IV—**Sassoon knifes Elpaso, the stage driver, and escapes to Morgan's gap, the stronghold of the Morgans. De Spain, Lefever and Scott go in after him, and De Spain brings out Sassoon alone.

**CHAPTER V—**He meets Nan, who derides him until nearly stricken by the Morgans, but lands his captive in jail.

**CHAPTER VI.**

**Maintaining a Reputation.**

The abduction of Sassoon, which signalized De Spain's entry into the stage-line management, created a sensation akin to the exploding of a bomb under the range. The whole mountain country, which concentrates, sensibly, on but one topic at a time, talked for a week of nothing else.

Experienced men in the high country—men of that class who, wherever found, are old in the ways of the world, and not promptly moved by new or youthful adventures—dismissed the incident after hearing the details, with the comment or the conclusion that there would hardly be for De Spain more than one additional chapter to the story, and that this chapter to be a short one. The most active Morgans—Gale, Duke and the easy-going Satterlee—were indeed wrought to the keenest pitch of revengeful anger. It was an overwhelming insolent invasion—and worst of all, a successful invasion, by one who had nothing but cool impudence, not even a budding reputation to justify his assault on the lifelong prestige of the gap clan.

De Spain himself, somewhat surprised at the storm he had kicked up, heeded the counsel of Scott, and while the acute stages of the resentment raged along the trail he ran down for a few days to Medicine Bend to buy horses. Both Gale and Duke Morgan proclaimed, in certain public places in Sleepy Cat, their intention of shooting De Spain on sight; and as a climax to all the excitement of the week following his capture, the slippery Sassoon, who broke jail and, after a brief interval, appeared at large in Calabassas.

This feat of the Morgan satellite made a loud laugh at De Spain's expense. It mitigated somewhat the humiliation of Sassoon's friends, but it in no wise diminished their expressed resolve to punish De Spain's invasion.

"Don't be overconfident, Henry; that's your danger. I know you can take care of yourself. All I want to do is to get the folks here acquainted with your ability, without taking unnecessary chances. You see, people are not now asking questions of one another; they are asking them of themselves. Who and what is this newcomer—an accident or a genuine arrival? A common scumb or a real explosion? Don't get excited," he added, in an effort to soothe De Spain's obvious irritation. "You have the idea, Henry. It's time to show yourself."

"I can't very well do business here without showing myself," retorted De Spain.

"But it is a thing to be managed," persisted Lefever. "Now, suppose—the topic is up—we 'show' in Main street for a while."

"Suggest we do," echoed De Spain ungraciously.

"That will crack the debut ice. We will call at Harry Tenison's hotel, and then go to his new rooms—go right to society headquarters first—that's my theory of doing it. If anybody has a quiet and orderly place. And if a man declines to entertain anybody up at Tenison's, we put him down, Henry, as not ravenously hungry."

"One man I would like to see is that sheriff, Druel, who let Sassoon get out."

"Ready to interview him now?"

"I've got some telegrams to answer." "Those will keep. The Morgans are in town. We'll start out and find somebody."

It was wet and sloppy outside, but Lefever was indifferent to the rain, and De Spain thought it would be undignified to complain of it.

When, followed by Lefever, he walked into the lobby of Tenison's hotel a few moments later the office was empty. Nevertheless, the news of the appearance of Sassoon's captor spread. The two sauntered into the billiard hall, which occupied a deep room adjoining the office and opened with large plate-glass windows on Main street. Every table was in use. A fringe of spectators in the chairs, ostensibly watching the pool games, turned their eyes toward De Spain—those that recognized him distinguishing him by nods and whispers to others.

Among several groups of men standing before the long bar, one party of four near the front end likewise engaged the interest of those leisure loafers who were capable of foreseeing situations. These men, Satterlee Morgan, the cattlemen; Brul Page, one of his cowboys; Sheriff Duell, and Judge Druel, his brother, had been drinking together. They did not see Lefever and his companion as the two came in through the rear lobby door. But Lefever, on catching sight of them, welcomed their opportunity. Walking directly forward, he laid his hand on Satt Morgan's shoulder. As the cattlemen turned, Lefever, genially grasping his hand, introduced De Spain to each of the party in turn.

(To Be Continued)

## Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

KEEP YOUR FRIENDS, TOO

Dear Miss Fairfax:

For a year I have been going about with a young man who pretends to be very fond of me. Even saying, I am the only girl with influence over him. I in turn have learned to love him, although I have never shown it by my actions. I even gave up other friends who were calling for him. Recently he has mentioned calling upon a girl out of town. Do you think this is fair to me? Should I let this go unnoticed, or should I ask him if he thinks it is fair? HELEN R.

I think you blundered in giving up all your other friends. I really feel that unless a man and girl are formally engaged it is folly for them to cut off from other interests and to grow too dependent on each other. I think it would be wisest to do nothing, but define the situation, why not ask your friend frankly if he does not agree that it would be sensible for each of you to see a little bit of other people? If you have that feminine desire to friend frankly if he does not agree that it would be sensible for each of you to see a little bit of other people? If you have that feminine desire to friend frankly if he does not agree that it would be sensible for each of you to see a little bit of other people? If you have that feminine desire to friend frankly if he does not agree that it would be sensible for each of you to see a little bit of other people?

SUSPECT ARRESTED IN CHESTER

Chester, Pa., April 8.—A suspect, who gave the name of Charles Adrella, was found aboard the partly completed tugboat at the Chester Shipbuilding Company yard yesterday and taken to the City Hall. When arrested in police court the prisoner could not explain how he came to be found on the boat and was held for a further hearing.

SUSPECT CAPTURED AT COLUMBIA

Lancaster, Pa., April 8.—Mel of the First Pennsylvania Regiment guarding the Susquehanna river at Columbia, yesterday, made prisoner a man who was attempting to take a photograph of the bridge. The military authorities refuse to give his name or any information about him or what disposition has been made of him.

TRAINING REPLACES ATHLETICS

Morgantown, W. Va., April 8.—Athletic contests at West Virginia University will be discontinued on account of the war, it is announced. More than 600 students at the university are taking military training, which will be substituted for athletics.

## DAILY DOT PUZZLES



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