

Reading for Women and all the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

The eternal dawn has come again, "spring with her thousand sorceries and her overflowing measure of unrest," as D'Annunzio puts it.

There is human unrest in the rush and roar of the rivers, clogged with ice floes, grinding and tearing at the shore. It is a blind force, earth-old and deathless, yet how many of the men and women who watch the spectacle realize this?

They are too tired perhaps, too worn out by the struggle to take the lesson to heart. It takes so much imagination to make the ever shrinking dollar spread over a larger area, a larger area of the high cost of living, that the blind rush of the waters in answer to the great awakening of spring means nothing more to them than that ice is thawing and it will soon be time to buy straw hats.

Singly, we manage to afford straw hats, green vegetables, linen suits, and an occasional treat at a theater or a "movie," but we can't afford these if we marry. Marriage, in less prosperous walks of life, is beginning to be like the sugar, wheat flour and beef that must go across the sea to our allies—it is getting to be taboo.

The Ban on Marriage.

Love comes under the ban of that blighting phrase "the increased cost of living." A man cannot afford to make love to the girl of his choice—unless she is rich—because he cannot afford to ask her to marry him. The income that very comfortably started his father and mother in life barely suffices for him alone. A normal home life is out of the question for him, and he begins to adjust himself to the bachelorhood.

The girl begins to see all the beautiful and real things in life slipping away from her, too. She lives in a dreary boarding house or she shares a small apartment with another girl, and they have too many meals of the tea-and-marmalade school to be really good for them. Such glimpses of home life as she gets come from some other woman's home. She goes to dinner on Sunday nights, or, and such smiles of babyhood as refresh her weary spirit come from other people's babies as they are trundled past her in their carriages.

Then she sees the dismal system of adjustment, the same as the man. She takes up some occult form of thought, that brings a shred of comfort, in the bleak assurance that nothing is real—love, home, babies and all the blessed responsibility that comes with them. No, none of these things are real; there is a phrase that covers the whole scheme of creation, and the phrase is, "in the seeming." Nothing real exists—it is all "in the seeming." And so she withdraws away into a melancholy old age.

Bad National Economics.

Now, this is all bad from the standpoint of national economics; the country needs that girl and her intelligence and her God-given faculty for making a home. It leaves these vital things too much to chance.

Last week I was in Washington and I could not help wondering over the fate of those and thousands of young men and women daily pouring in there to take up

Bringing Up Father



war work, only second in importance to the work on the firing line and in the field hospital.

Will the ageless miracle of love come to them? Will they marry "and be happy ever after" as in the comforting words of the fairy tale? Or will they become withered and desiccated, plodding back and forth to an unsweetened toil?

One cannot help wondering what fate has in store for them as one sees them on the streets, in the cars, going and coming from work. Will their lives become utterly sterile? Will they become mere human automata, or will a kinder fate give them a full measure of real living?

Will the young lady, with the delicious Southern accent, from North Carolina, Alabama, or Mississippi, and a feeling that the "Noth is still the Noth," forget all her inherited prejudices in listening to the curiosity foreign but not displeasing manner in which the young man from Massachusetts or Rhode Island pronounces certain words?

Will these energetic young men from New England remove the last shred of feeling against "Yankees"? Washington at the present time is the great melting pot of the country—the crucible that will bring forth the best spirit of Americanism that the country has yet known.

Will the young lady from Florida, Alabama or Texas—as the case may be—marry the young man from Connecticut, Massachusetts or Maine and amaze her grandmother—who still remembers the Civil War vividly—"by bringing a Yankee boy to the land of the magnolia and the mocking bird in their honeymoon?"

Why not? It is as much to the interest of our country—that we have these fine, clean American marriages as that we build ships or drill soldiers. This is exactly the sort of marriage we must have to carry on the great American traditions.

Not Sufficiently American

Our population comes too largely from the foreign born people who have these fine, clean American marriages but leave their patriotism in the old country.

Instead of paying statisticians and endorsing research bureaus with huge sums of money to prove that native American families are smaller or no families at all why does a stern government—blind to its best interests—place insuperable barriers in the way of marriages between its faithful employees?

It is understood, though there may be no actual law on the subject, that when the girl in the government department marries a fellow-employee she must resign. She automatically dismembers herself and yet the joint salaries of these two young people would secure a happy American home.

War is a great awakener, and before this one is over, perhaps our government will make it a crime to be a stern stepmother she has been in the past, and allow the long separated lovers to wed. New York has already threshed out the question, in the case of the married woman schoolteacher, and the married woman school teacher won the fight.

Therefore, when the ice comes crashing down the rivers and the bird sings to the lady of his choice, let not the pretty girl from the Carolinas despair. Uncle Sam may be trusted to see that in and boys, there is much wisdom.

THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XXXV

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Dora relieved the tension of the situation by a light laugh. "Why, mother," she teased, "you look as if you had seen a ghost!" Her mother tried to smile. "I haven't," she retorted. "But I thought you were in the library, daughter, and when I called you and saw it was Cynthia who was here, I was astonished, I supposed, turning to her piece, 'that you were still at Mr. Van Saun's.'"

"I returned a little while ago," Cynthia explained.

"Where are your hat and coat?" Mrs. Livingstone asked, glancing around.

"Upstairs, of course," Dora spoke before Cynthia could reply. "You would not expect as careful a girl as Cyn to leave them lying around down here—would you, mother?"

Mrs. Livingstone smiled again, but more naturally now. Then you have been in for some time, Cynthia," she observed. "In that case, I understand, I note," looking into the library, "that you young people have forgotten to turn on the lights. But with a significant lift of the eyebrows, 'fire-light is pleasant, under some circumstances, isn't it?'"

Cynthia did not speak, and Gerald Stewart came to her rescue. "I must be going, Mrs. Livingstone, he said. 'May I call again this evening?' I would like to have the opportunity with Mr. Livingstone, if he will be disengaged."

"We—Milton, mother, Cyn and I—are going to the Philharmonic to-night," Dora announced brusquely. "Don't come when we are out."

"He is coming to see your father, my dear," her mother reproved. Then, to Mr. Stewart—"I know that Mr. Livingstone will be in and disengaged."

"Thank you," Mr. Stewart said formally. "Good night."

Dora frowned with vexation at the calm manner in which her mother ignored her suggestion and at Gerald's submission to the matron's edict. Some of this vexation she uttered to Cynthia as the two girls were on their way upstairs to dress for the evening.

"I wish mother were not so magisterial," she complained. "The cool way in which she brushes aside my ideas is the limit."

But Cynthia's thoughts were elsewhere, and she did not reply.

"By the way," Dora remarked later, looking into Cynthia's room from the passage between that and her own room, "I am much obliged to you for allowing my lead so quickly and going into the library to talk to Gerald. I could not explain then what the matter was. To tell the truth, I did not want mother to know I had been in there."

"Why not?" Cynthia pulled herself out of her own reflections to ask this natural question.

"Because she doesn't like me to talk to any man except Milton," Dora evaded. "So I just called you in there right after I heard her come in the front door and go upstairs. I knew she would be right back. I was sure she saw Gerald through the fire-light window as she came up the front steps."

"I don't see why she need have cared if you were in the library with him," Cynthia argued.

"All the more reason why it was nice in you to do as I asked. I mean if you saw no sense in my asking it, I say, Cyn, are you worried about anything? You look so."

"No," Cynthia forced a smile. "I am a little tired, perhaps."

"Would you rather not go to the Philharmonic to-night?" Dora queried anxiously. "I mean—would you rather stay at home and talk to Gerald?"

"Indeed I would not!" The answer was so prompt that Dora looked relieved.

"Well, I'm glad you're going with us," she admitted. "I will let you and Milton amuse mother and me."

"I fancy you will manage to amuse each other—you and Milton," Cynthia remarked. "And now, my dear, I must hurry and dress, or I shall be late to dinner."

"There is always such a rush nowadays that I never have a chance for a good talk with you," Dora grumbled. "Sometime soon we'll have a regular heart-to-heart talk, won't we, Cyn? There are lots of things I want to fuss up to you about."

Cynthia promised. "All right," Cynthia agreed. "We will have that talk soon."

She turned to the mirror and went on with her dressing. She felt that she ought to tell her cousin of her engagement to Stewart, but did not want to do so now, she preferred to speak of the matter hurriedly in the few minutes that the two girls would be together before dinner. She was unhappy and could not pretend to be happy just yet. However, she must get accustomed to the new condition of affairs as soon as possible for she was sure it was of her that Gerald Stewart wished to talk this evening to Mr. Livingstone.

She dressed rapidly and her thoughts kept pace with her flying fingers.

Her aunt had been right. Gerald Livingstone loved her. She was the one dear thing in his lonely life. She must marry him. That was her evident duty.

She was glad that the thought of marrying him for a home had not entered her mind when he proposed to her. She had accepted him only because she did not want any man to suffer as she was capable of suffering. Surely she was doing right. Her marriage to Gerald would make her happy. It would please her relatives and relieve them of the burden of her support. It would prove to Dora that there was no reason for her to be jealous of her cousin and Milton, if she had ever really been jealous.

Yes, everyone would be happier for her having set aside her own selfish hopes and desires. She herself was not happy, but there was satisfaction in the consciousness that she was the only one who would suffer for her action.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



First War Suit Against U. S. Is Over Rich Man's Yacht

Washington, March 29.—The Government is fighting the first suit against it growing out of the war. The case, being heard by the Court of Claims, involves a dispute over the amount of compensation paid to Henry S. Harkness, a wealthy New York man, for his steam yacht, Warwick II, commandeered by the Government last summer for patrol work, along with 560 other private craft.

A Government board of appraisers set the yacht's value at \$265,000, but Harkness claimed \$600,000, because of the high prevailing cost of boats due to the war, and sued for the difference.

HOTEL MEN ASKED TO SIGN PLEDGE CARDS TO SAVE FOOD

In order to secure a 100 per cent. registration of all hotels, restaurants and clubs in Pennsylvania, the Federal Food Administration is publishing the official pledge cards in the newspapers. No one may be over-looked. Proprietors or managers are requested to fill out the blank form printed below, cut it out and send to: FEDERAL FOOD ADMINISTRATOR, Fifth Floor Bulletin Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

(Hotel, Restaurant or Club)

No. Street City or Town

In accordance with the authority of Section 2 of the National Food Control Act, providing for certain voluntary agreements between the United States Government and distributors of foodstuffs, and in order to further the efforts of the Government in the conservation of food during the war, the undersigned agrees to observe faithfully, to the best of his ability, the directions and regulations of the United States Food Administration in the conduct of the

(Hotel, Restaurant or Club)

It is understood that so long as the undersigned, shall adhere to the regulations, he may exhibit and display on his premises the official emblem of the Food Administration as evidence of this agreement and as an invitation to the public to support him and the Food Administration in the national service. To observe faithfully, to the best of his ability, the directions and regulations of the United States Food Administration in the conduct of the

(Hotel, Restaurant or Club)

There are no fees.

..... Manager.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax
WRITE A CALM LETTER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A young man who professed to love me went out with me about three weeks ago and we left one another the best of friends. He failed to ring me up and I have not seen or heard from him since that night. Ought I to write him a letter asking if he is sick or in trouble and telling him the misery his actions are causing me?

ROSE Q.

The actions of this young man are very difficult to understand. There may be an explanation which will clear up the whole case. Write to him, but without any hysterical accusation. Tell him that you are worried because you have not heard from him and that, since you do not doubt the sincerity of his friendship, you are imagining all sorts of difficulties. Tell him that you are sure I must hurry and dress, or I shall be late to dinner."

"There is always such a rush nowadays that I never have a chance for a good talk with you," Dora grumbled. "Sometime soon we'll have a regular heart-to-heart talk, won't we, Cyn? There are lots of things I want to fuss up to you about."

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Daily Dot Puzzle

A Mute Swan should be somewhere near. Trace sixty-one, it will appear. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

War Time Lexicon

(Copyright, 1918, by British Canadian Recruiting Mission, which maintains depots in all large cities where men, except Americans, may volunteer.)

Boche: The familiar epithet of the Allied soldiers for the German. Its derivation is somewhat uncertain, but probably it comes from the French word, Bocher or Bochler, meaning Butcher, with the common meaning, "inhuman monster."

Bay: The part of the trenches between the traverses. The distance may be long or short, according to conditions, but the longest bay is about 20 feet. On a wall, compared with a trench for instance, the bay would be the space between the buttresses or towers, manned by the defenders. The effectiveness of the high explosive trench-mortars is recognized from the statement that a direct hit by one of their shells will completely demolish an entire bay.

Ypres Express: A term common earlier in the war, referring to the big gun batteries, the number of which sounded like an approaching train.

Emplacement: Gun platform. It may be of concrete, hard-packed earth or stone and mortar. Some of the big guns are moved on specially constructed railways, which are built ahead faster than the advance of the battery, so that when a new position is taken, the guns can be moved forward very rapidly to defend it. Laying these railroads is one of the dangerous duties of the engineer's corps.

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The food drink without a fault

Made of high grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended and manufactured by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals. It is absolutely pure and wholesome, and its flavor is delicious, the natural flavor of the cocoa bean.

The genuine bears this trade-mark and is made only by

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CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Heal Pimples and Blackheads That Itched, Burned and Disfigured.

"I suffered from skin trouble such as pimples and blackheads. First a few pimples appeared on my face, and then more until my face was covered. They itched and burned causing me to scratch making my face red, and I was disfigured.

I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I thought I would try them. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap with one small box of Cuticura Ointment when I was healed." (Signed) Miss Mabel Harshman, Donora, Pa., Sept. 1, 1917.

For every purpose of the toilet Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. H, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

What Optometry Means

Advanced ideas in optical science—not merely the fitting of glasses. The deep and serious study of visual defects and knowledge of correcting them.

We are dependable, graduate optometrists.

MOTHERS Keep the family free from colds by using VICK'S VAPORUB

Keeps the family free from colds by using VICK'S VAPORUB

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Constipation Headache Biliousness Dr. Chase's Liver Tablets

Headache Biliousness Dr. Chase's Liver Tablets

Make the liver active, bowels regular, without causing any harm. Relieves the system, purifies the blood and clears the complexion. Large box, enough to last a month, 50c. Dr. Chase Co., 224 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Beautiful Bust and Shoulders

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are possible if you will wear a scientifically constructed Ben Jolie Brasieres.

The dragging weight of an unconfined bust so stretches the supporting muscles that the contour of the figure is spoiled. Put the bust back where it belongs, prevent the full bust from having the appearance of sagging, eliminate the danger of dragging muscles and confine the flesh of the shoulder giving a graceful line to the entire upper body.

They are the delectable and most serviceable garments imaginable—come in all materials and styles: Cross Back, Hook Front, Surplice, Bandeau, etc. Boned with "Walrus," the rustless boning—permitting washing without removal.

Have your dealer show you Ben Jolie Brasieres. If not stocked, we will gladly send him, prepaid, samples to show you.

BENJAMIN & JOHNES, 81 Warren Street, Newark, N. J.

"Father John's Medicine Is Good for the Children's Coughs and Colds"

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A Mother's Grateful Praise of This Old Fashioned Family Remedy.

In a recent letter the mother of these four healthy children says, "I have been using Father John's Medicine for the last five years and find it an excellent medicine for the children's coughs and colds. If any of my four children have a cold or cough I immediately give them Father John's Medicine and within a few days they are relieved. I have recommended Father John's to many of my friends and I would not be without it. (Signed) Mrs. E. Hambleton, 201 Elm St., Astoria, L. I."

A safe family medicine because it contains no alcohol or dangerous drugs but is all pure and wholesome nourishment.

Reading High on Tour, at Huntingdon Tonight; to Play Hazleton High

Reading, Pa., March 29.—The Reading High School basketball team, in charge of Coach Lightner, left yesterday for a ten days' trip covering 1,100 miles and general tour. The quintet will play its initial game of the tour with Huntingdon High at Huntingdon this afternoon, going to Clearfield for the evening game with Clearfield High. To-morrow afternoon Reading High plays at Reynoldsville against the fast Reynoldsville High School team.

Monday evening the Red and Black plays Punksutawney High at Punksutawney, Tuesday going to Rochester, where they play Rochester High the second of a series of three games, and Wednesday will play Niagara Falls High at Niagara Falls, N. Y. Thursday the Red and Black five will cash with Buffalo Technical High at Buffalo, and jump to Mahanoy City for Friday afternoon's game with Mahanoy City High, playing Hazleton High at Hazleton in the evening. The trip will be brought to a close at Danville Saturday evening, April 6, with a game with Danville High.

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