Reading for Women and all the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

"The Eternal Feminine!" It is a catchword that gained vogue and belongs to an earlier era, to those sofe and silken decades before the war when chiffons were the mode and girls fashioned their conversation after the "Dolly Dialogues," rather than to these strenuous years of khaki and a language that is practically new-born of the trenches.

Adaptability. That is the keynote everywhere for the woman of 1918, and it has completely and effectually put the kibosh on the dear, old "Eternal Feminine." We are so busy doing the world's work and conserving the world's resources, adapting ourselves to all sorts of new vocations and improving on the old ones, that we really haven't time to bother with those qualities which used to set us apart as a peculiar people.

One can hardly be capricious and illogical when one is operating a turning lathe, or running a farm tractor, or carrying mail, or serving as conductor on a street car, or nursing in a field hospital. The results are too apt to be disastrous. One wisely conforms to system and method.

Gone, too, are the old days of subtle speech—of not saying what you mean and not meaning what you say. When we talk now, we are direct, business-like, to the point.

Amelia Barr, the novelist, speaking from the ripe experience of eighty-seven and from her long study of human nature, said the other day that in all this amazing war there was nothing more amazing to her than the hosts of women who have come forward to offer themselves for war work.

And then she immediately qualified by adding that she had never known the time when host of women had not come forward in response to any call or necessity.

In other words, the present emergency is mobilizing and putting to service one of the strongest characteristics of the sex and the one for which the American woman has been most noted—her adaptability and her devotion to style.

For generations she has been unconsciously training herself for this moment. She has made it an axiom, that one might as well be dead as out of the fashion. Some striking figure, some phase of the moment set a vogue, and immediately every woman tried to conform to it.

We have them pale and languid, or ruddy and vivacious as the mode of the hour decreed, convex or concave, hipless or laced to an imitation of the hour-glass, and our waist-line has travelled from our neck to our knees and back again.

These things were not a mere fad; they were a religion, catholic, universal.

Some twenty or twenty-five years ago a clever artist made a name for himself by drawing a tpye of statuesque young woman with tossed-back, fair hair. His picture attracted attention and almost over night the whole country blossomed out with living replicas of his creation. No cross-roads village was so remote as to escape the epidemic; in every country town Main street on Saturday night furnished a parade of them; the womanhood of the entire nation, fat and lean, short and tall, without regard to age, color or previous condition, modelled itself on the lines of the Gibson Girl—and, on the whole, did it successfully.

And that is only one example. There have been many of them. Sports eras, dancing eras, bicycling eras, roller-skating eras, aesthetic eras, tailor-made eras. The cartoonists and paragraphers made hay out of them, the moralists wagged their heads and predicted the things in each instance; but the women flocked unheeding to the new fashion, and, as now can be seen, it all served a purpose.

When the great necessity came it found the American woman trained in adaptability, ready to jump into the breach. With the same ingenuity that taught her how to walk in the hobble skirt she plunged into the unaccustomed tasks forced upon her by the war and has mastered them.

She has made it the "fashion" to knit, to nurse, to solicit subscriptions to prevent waste in her household, to do her bit in every way she can. And for once the moralists are silent and the paragraphers do not poke fun.

There is nobody, so far as I have heard, who has remarked that the serious, sober, enthusiastic, efficient part which women have taken in the war is only another example of "the Eternal Feminine."

And yet perhaps it is.

STEREOPTICON LECTURE AT WESTMINSTER CHURCH

At Westminster Presbyterian Church last evening the pastor, the Rev. Edwin E. Curtis, gave an interesting stereopticon lecture on Cuba and Porto Rico, with special reference to the work of missions as prosecuted by the Presbyterian Church in those islands. There were thrown on the screen a number of pictures of churches and mission chapels, not only of the Presbyterian denomination, but of Episcopal and Methodist places of worship. Missionary hymps were sung.

OWLS BUY BONDS

Liberty Bonds to the amount of $500 have been subscribed by Capitol City Lodge No. 1729, Order of Owls, following a meeting of the order held last night. A large service flag was recently unfurled in honor of members in the service.

WADSWORTH IN SERVICE

A letter received by S. S. Pomeroy advises that Robert Wadsworth, formerly secretary of the old Board of Trade, will enter the service May 15 as a field representative of the Red Cross on the battlefields of France.

Bringing Up Father

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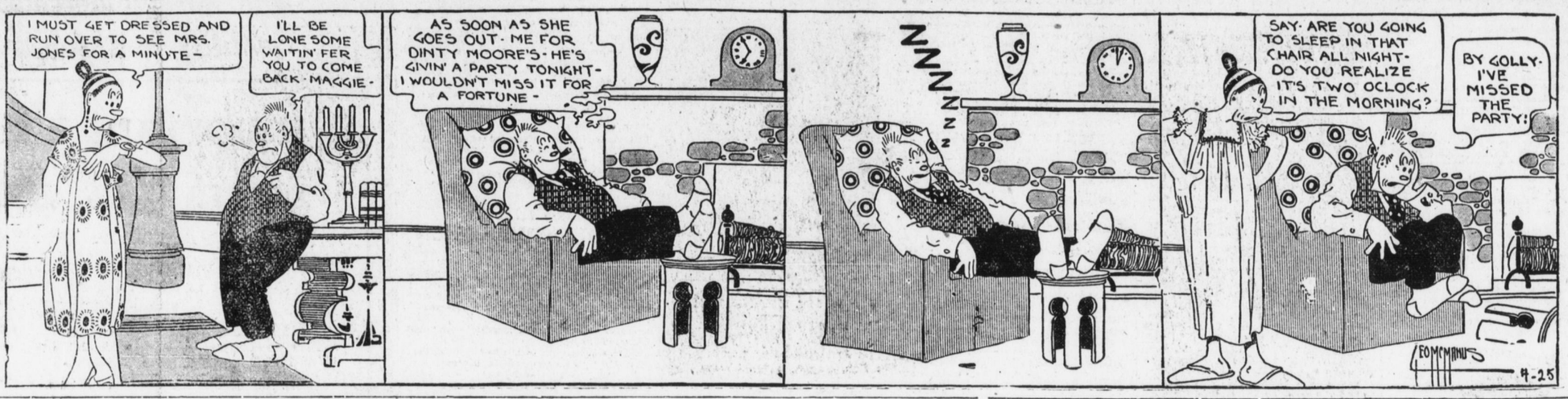
By McManus



"Outwitting the Hun"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

(Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

After recounting his enlistment in the R. F. C. in Canada, May, 1917, and his transfer to France via England for active duty, Lieutenant O'Brien tells of bringing down two German airplanes and of his last flight, in which he was brought down, wounded, behind the German lines.

After recuperating he was sent to an officers' prison camp at Courtrai. There he planned his escape, and by great sacrifice saved two daily rations of bread. He also cleverly confiscated a map of Germany. Just half an hour later he was on a train for a prison camp in Gedmany. On the train, deciding it was his last chance for liberty, he opened a window and jumped while the train was going thirty miles an hour, before his guard realized what he was contemplating.

Although badly bruised and suffering from the reopening of his wound, he was sound of limb and free. For nine days he crawled through Germany, hiding during the day, traveling at night, guided by the stars, subsisting on raw vegetables, sleeping only from exhaustion. He covered seventy-five miles before reaching Luxemburg, where for nine days more he struggled on in a weakened condition toward Belgium. Now go on with the story.

Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien

Crawling Through Germany

That night I came to a river, and as it was the first time my clothes had been dry in a long time, I thought that I would try to keep them that way as long as possible. I accordingly took off all my things and made them into two bundles, planning to carry one load across and then swim back for the other.

The river was quite wide, but I am a fairly good swimmer and I figured I could rest awhile after the first trip before going back for the second bundle.

The first swim was uneventful. When I landed on the other side I drank till my thirst was quenched and then swam back. After resting awhile I started across a third time, with my shoes and several other things firmly tied to my head. Just about ten feet from the opposite bank one of the shoes worked its way loose and sank in about eight feet of water. There was nothing to do but finish the trip and then go back and dive for the missing shoe, as I could not go on with a single shoe.

Diving in my weakened condition was a considerable strain, but I had to have that shoe and I kept at is for nearly an hour before I eventually found it, and I was pretty nearly all in by that time.

That was the last time I ever took my shoes off, for my feet were becoming so swollen that I figured if I took my shoes off I might not be able to get them on again.

This stunt of crossing the river and diving for the lost shoe had consumed about three hours, and after resting some fifteen minutes I went on my way again. I had hardly gone a mile when I came to another river, about the same size as the one I had just crossed.

A Bit of Hard Luck

I walked along the bank awhile, thinking I might be lucky enough to find a boat or a bridge, but after walking about half an hour I received one of those disappointments which "comes once in a lifetime." I found that this river was the one I had just swam! I had swam it on the bend and was still on the wrong side. Had I made only a short detour in the first place I would have avoided all the annoyance of the past three hours and saved my strength and time.

I was never so mad in my life at myself as I was to think that I had not paid more attention to the course of the stream before I undertook to cross it, but, as a matter of fact there was really no way of telling. The river was not shown on my map at all.

Now I had to cross it, whereas before I could have turned it. I walked boldly into the water, not bothering to take my clothes off this time, nor did I ever bother to take them off afterwards when swimming canals and rivers. I found it was impossible to keep them dry anyway, and so I might just as well swim in them and save time.

All the next day I spent in a forest, to which my night's travel had brought me about 5 o'clock in the morning. I kept on my way through the woods until daylight came, and then, thinking the place would afford fairly good concealment, I concluded to rest until night.

The prospects of even a good sleep were dismal, however, for about the time the sun's face should have appeared, a drizzling rain began and I gave up my search for a dry spot which would serve as a bed. Some of the leaves were beginning to fall, but of course there were not enough of them to form a covering for the ground, and the dampness seemed to have penetrated everywhere.

I wandered around through woods for two or three hours looking for shelter, but without any success, for although the trees were large, the forest was not dense, and there was practically no brush or shrubbery. Consequently one could get a fairly clear view for some distance, and I know it would be unwise to drop off to sleep just any place, or someone would surely happen on to me.

Human Voices Alarm Him.

Once I came very near to the ends of the woods and heard voices of men driving by in a wagon, but I couldn't make out just what they were, and instinct told me I had better not come out of the woods, so I turned back.

(To Be Continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Old Prejudices

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty; employed as a stenographer. For some time I have been going out with a young man who holds a reliable position with the same firm.

He lives with an old mother, being the main support of that household. He has a well-balanced character and compassion for weaknesses in his fellows is very strong. Taking all in all, I would class him as "A perfect man." I have acquired a great deal of knowledge through our little discussions such as topics of the day and occasional busoness matters. He has helped me above all to be broad-minded.

To make a long story short, he is a Protestant while I am an American of Hebrew descent. My parents object to my going out with him, and have told him so.

PEGGY H.

If this man is the fine, splendid, loyal and generous individual your letter describes, and you have the gift of appreciating all he is and stands for, I think it is a real tragedy that the old prejudices should separate you. Once upon a time we all laid too much stress on the fact that the Jewish religion marked an actual racial distinction, and that Jew and Gentile was separated not merely by creed, but by differences in environment, training, ideals and by all the contrasting conditions of their family lives. Recently on the stage of one theater the war drive of the Knights of Columbus was held. And on the stage sat together in friendly unity an Episcopalian minister, a Jewish Rabbi, and a Cardinal. Your parents have not quite caught up yet with the broader and more generous views, which are actually part of our life to-day. I wish they would think over the situation carefully and see whether in this man's respect for the old, compassion for the weak, consideration for others and fine admiration for their own daughter they do not recognize their own best ideals.

ATTEND CONVENTION

Local architects are attending the fifty-first annual convention of the American Institute of Agriculture, being held in Philadelphia. A number of prominent architects are scheduled to address the convention.

TO STUDY BIRDS

Members of the bird section of the Harrisburg Natural History Society will hike through Italian Park, Hoffman's Woods and Wildwood Park, Saturday afternoon. The party will assemble at 1.15 o'clock at Third and Seneca streets.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

COLDS

Head or chest—are best treated "externally"

"Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home"

VICK'S VAPORUB

25c—50c—$1.00

Rugs and Carpets now cost 1½ to 3 times more

—GRIT is wearing out those you own
—What are you doing to save them?

Do you want to replace those rugs and carpets of yours—in a year or so—and pay double or three times the price? Then get that destructive GRIT out of them—and KEEP it out! Straighten up the crushed nap, too.

You can't do it with brooms—or carpet-sweepers, or ordinary vacuum cleaners. They only get the top dirt. It's the down-in dirt that's doing the damage under the pressure of footsteps, rocking chairs, etc. You can't have a man beat the rugs and carpets every week, either.

There's only one solution. That is to get

THE HOOVER electric SUCTION SWEEPER

It's the only device made that actually BEATS OUT every particle of imbedded GRIT from carpetings, as they lie on the floor. Does it dustlessly, too. And it straightens up the crushed nap. The HOOVER is guaranteed to greatly prolong the life of any rug or carpet. All you do is guide it. The HOOVER supplies its own muscle. Let us show you—here or on your rugs.

Harrisburg Electric Supply Co.
24 South Second Street
HARRISBURG, PA.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price, But Great In Every Other Way

As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS correct CONSTIPATION.

Genuine bears signature Brent Good

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of Iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by Carter's Iron Pills

"BLUE BONNETS"—A New Fabric with New Features.

"Blue Bonnets" meets the needs of the woman who wants a beautiful, durable fabric that wears without wrinkling, repels dust and launders perfectly. Admirably adapted for tailor-made dresses, sport coats and skirts, childrens garments, petticoats, etc. Also draperies, furniture coverings etc. Guaranteed dye fast and durable. Wide variety of exquisite patterns.

If your dealer doesn't carry "Blue Bonnets" send us this ad with name of dealer and we will send him samples and notify him of your request.

LESHER WHITMAN & CO. Inc., 881 Broadway, New York

Daily Fashion Hint

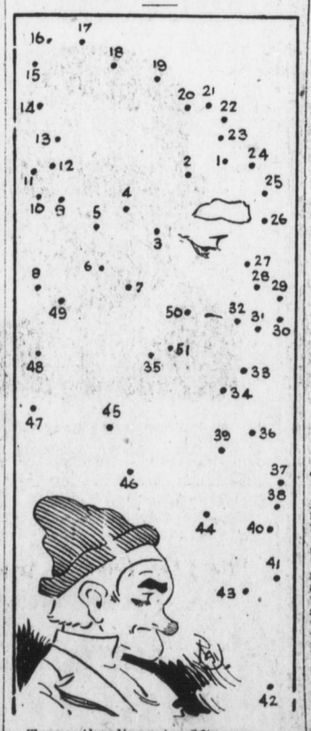
Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

BLACK SATIN SKIRT IN VOGUE.

Amazing numbers of black satin separate skirts are being used for spring and summer. They are being worn by everyone from sub-deb to grandmother and can be youthful or matronly, gay or severe. They are always handsome and becoming, however, as is this model with polka dots in two sizes. The trig blouse is of white tub satin. Medium size requires 2½ yards 36-inch satin for the waist and 3¾ yards 36-inch satin for the skirt.

Pictorial Review Waist No. 7630. Sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 20 cents. Skirt No. 7657. Sizes, 24 to 32 inches waist. Price, 20 cents.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Trace the lines to fifty-one And the sketch will be all done. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

"Gets-It"---2 Drops---Then to the Dance!

"Goodnight to Corn Pains—Corns Peel Off With 'Gets-It'"

"Say, girls, you can laugh at tight shoes, or damp, corn-pulling weather, big bumpy corns, calluses on the soles of your feet, corns between the toes, hard and soft corns, if you will

"It's All Off With This Fierce Corn Now—'Gets-It' Is Magic"

just touch the corn or callus with a few drops of 'Gets-It.' What a blessed relief it gives the corn pains! You won't limp any more; you can enjoy the dance every minute. Then to see how that corn or callus will come right off complete, like a banana peel and without the least pain, is just wonderful. 'Gets-It' is the biggest seller among corn removers in the world to-day, simply because it is so wonderfully simple and always works. Be sure you get 'Gets-It.'"

"Gets-It," the guaranteed, money-back corn-remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drugstore. M'f'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in Harrisburg and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by Clark's Medicine Store, H. C. Kennedy, G. A. Gorgas, W. F. Steever, Keller's Drug Store, Frank K. Kitzmiller.—Advertisement.

Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

Gray Hair use Hay's Hair Health

A very meritorious preparation for restoring natural color to gray or faded hair, for removing dandruff and as a hair dressing. Is not a dye. Generous sized bottles at all dealers, ready to use when you get it. PHILO HAY CO., Newark, N. J.

Buy Liberty Bonds

Semi-Annual Blouse Event

at the

LADIES BAZAAR

Friday & Saturday

Striking a new note in Blouse values—always leading in the values we offer—we are in this instance surpassing every previous effort.

Three—four and five blouses will be bought by many at these prices.

AT 1.98 — Heavy satin stripe Jap silk—georgettes, crepe de chine, silk nets and lace Bouses, values to $4.75

AT 2.98 — Georgette, crepe de chine, hand embroidered silk net and silk lace Blouses, values to $5.75

AT 3.98 — White Satin Collar trimmed georgette Blouses, hand embroidered and beaded—values to $6.50.

AT 4.98 — Beautiful new georgette Blouses finely hand embroidered and with cut beads—values to $7.50

AT 6.98 — Splendid quality georgette fine hand embroidered in classic designs with beading—values to $9.50

AT 50c — About 50 voile and filet lace trimmed Blouses—slightly soiled in stock—values 98c to $1.98

AT 8.98 — Fine heavy quality georgette Blouses—artistic hand embroidered and beaded—in newest creations—values to $12.50

Beautiful New Dresses

Just Arrived

Georgettes Crepes Charmeuse 16.95 to 24.95 42.75

Voiles Ginghams Taffetas 7.95 to 9.95 14.95

Suit Sale On

Ladies Bazaar

8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST.

Showing New Coats

Harrisburg's Gar ment Institution