Reading for Women and all the Family

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

"What kills married love?" An unhappy woman put the question to me in a letter the other day, and then proceeded to answer it. "Money is the chief cause of domestic unhappiness. Other married woes may be endured with dignity, patience, resignation, but there is something degrading about the disputes that arise over money."

My correspondent then went on to tell me about her own case. She and her husband had been through everything together—poverty, sickness, the death of a child, then success and prosperity. But breakers were now ahead, because they could not compromise their differences on money matters.

The wife insisted that she was not extravagant, and to prove her claim, went on to tell that in their lean years she often did all the household work, besides caring for the children and doing the family sewing.

And now that her husband was prosperous, even more than prosperous, she felt that a little ease and comfort were only her due. "But," she went on to say, "he allows me for household expenses but little more than he gave me in our direst poverty. He still expects me to do a great deal of the housework, and gives me no personal allowance at all."

The matter came to a climax when she ordered some necessary clothing at a department store, and had the bill sent to her husband, who promptly refused to pay it; she appealed to a woman relative who settled the bill, and now the wife expects to sue for separation and maintenance.

Prosperity Is Fatal

An extreme case, you will say, and very probably it is, but variations on this distressing and sordid theme disturb the peace of far too many American families. The amazing thing is that people can face poverty together—they can scrimp and save and do without—but prosperity will upset the domestic ship in seven cases out of ten.

People who have been through everything together, as this woman says, "sickness and the death of a child," will turn and rend each other for a few miserable dollars and some sticks of worthless furniture.

They forget that in getting down to this primitive basis and quarreling, as their "arboreal ancestors" might have quarreled in the jungle over a cocoanut shell drinking cup, or a cudgel to belabor an enemy, they are throwing away something that money cannot buy.

Love, trust, comradeship and the blessed responsibility shared in the care of children are gifts of God that all the money in the United States Treasury cannot buy. They are the best things in life, the most uplifting forces in the world.

Money, household goods, clothes, jewelry and success come; in acquiring them we realize how much more alluring was their pursuit than the actual possession. But love and trust endure till the end, if they are not ruthlessly done to death.

In an extreme case, like that of the woman who wrote me, doubtless the ingrained habits of squeezing every penny till it does the work of two, necessary to lift a man from poverty to success, leaves its imprint on the character of the individual. In this case it seems to have left so much of avarice that it is difficult to find anything of the real man.

Love of Money Usurps All

The hoarding of money takes the place of wife and child; there is no joy in life comparable to juggling money that it may yield a few more pennies to be invested, put in the bank, the old worsted stocking, or wherever else the miser keeps the darling of his heart.

Take the case of our most famous miser among the captains of finance of a generation ago. The hoarding of money, even pennies, had become pathological with him, he could not bring himself to spend, even if he knew that hoarding for a week, or a month, or even a year longer, would cost him a thousand-fold in the end.

The papers made much of this story at the time it happened. The door bell of his bleak home was of the old-fashioned type that has to be pulled instead of pressed. It had long been out of order, and his wife, visitors and the servants continued to report to the head of the house the inconvenience of its lack of repair.

He Preferred to Take the Risk

But the old gentleman could not be made to spend the dollar that would put it in order. He preferred to give the bell the mighty jerk that was required to make it heard.

Coming home from Wall Street one day, he pulled the balky bell as usual. The rusty wire broke, and the capitalist went sprawling backward down his brownstone steps.

When the specialists had finished patching and mending him, their bills amounted to several thousands, and the bell had to be repaired into the bargain. Curiously enough, he did not complain over the colossal expenditure; he paid it as another man of his class would buy a rare picture or a tapestry. When it came to a showdown, he was willing to pay the price for his pet weakness, that is, "Never to spend a penny til actually driven to it."

Saving Not Vice of Americans

Saving is certainly not the vice of the American people, especially the women, who spend more money on their clothes, it is alleged, than all the women of Europe put together.

What would our grandmother, with that sole black silk dress — that was inherited from generation to generation — think of those diaphanous fabrics, those chiffons and gauzes, that we feel we must have in such profusion these days?

Undoubtedly our point of view has changed very materially since grandma solemnly bequeathed her best black silk and her mink furs to her favorite daughter. In those days no one would have dreamed of altering furs; they were as final in cut and shape as death and taxes, but now we tear up our furs and have them made over every season.

Are we any happier than was grandma with her gentle placidity and her one black silk frock? I doubt it. And certainly the incessant demand for money and the refusal and ensuing altercations are at the bottom of much unrest in our domestic life.

But the war is gradually reforming us, and the new impetus to thrift given us by the Liberty Bond drive may save us from one of our least commendable tendencies.

Stop Corn Agony In Four Seconds

Use "Gets-It"—See Corns Peel Off!

The relief that "Gets-It" gives from corn-pains—the way it makes corns and calluses peel off painlessly in one piece—is one of the wonders of the world. The woman in the home, the

shopper, the dancer, the foot traveler, the man in the office, the clerk in the store, the worker in the shop, have to-day, in this great discovery, "Gets-It," the one sure, quick relief from all corn and callus pains—the one sure, painless remover that makes corns come off as easily as you would peel a banana. It takes 2 seconds to apply "Gets-It;" it dries at once. Then walk with painless joy, even with tight shoes. You know your corn will loosen from your toe—peel it off with your fingers. Try it, corn sufferers, and you'll smile!

"Gets-It," the guaranteed money-back corn-remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drugstore. Mn'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.

ACIDS IN STOMACH CAUSE INDIGESTION

Create Gas, Sourness and Pain How To Treat

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach and not as some believe to a lack of digestive juices. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestents are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from G. A. Gorgas or any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

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Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Stenotype, Typewriting, Civil Service.

If you want to secure a good position and Hold it, get Thorough Training in a Standard school of Established Reputation. Day and Night School. Enter any Monday.

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Bringing Up Father

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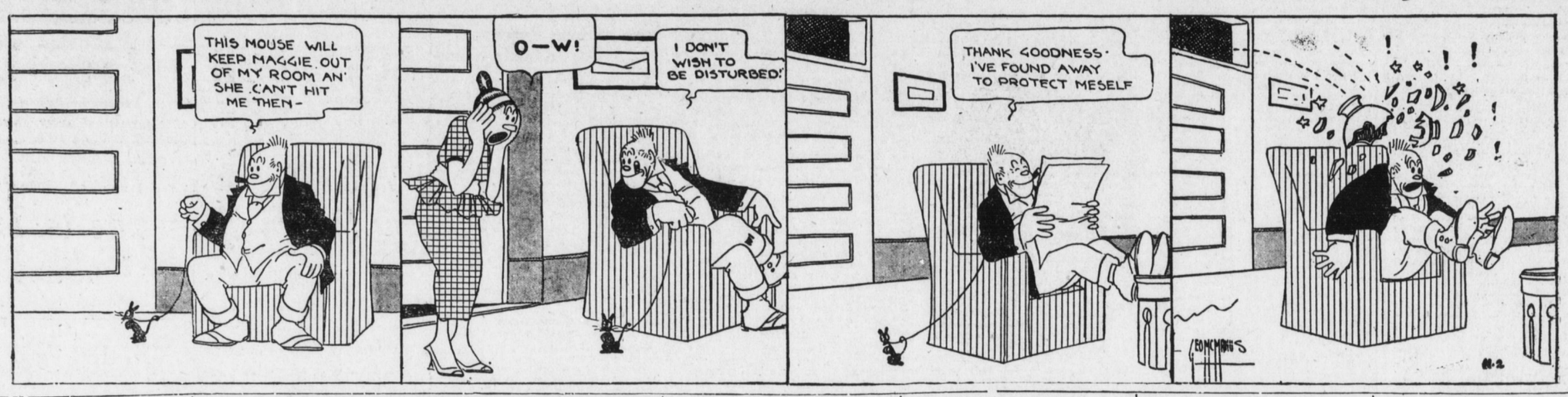
By McManus



"Outwitting the Hun"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

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

In many sections of Belgium through which I had to pass I encountered large areas of swamp and marshy ground and rather than waste the time involved in looking for better underfooting—which I might not have found anyway—I used to pole right through the mud.

Apart from the discomfort of this method of traveling and the slow time I made, there was an added danger to me in the fact that the "squash, squash" noise which I made might easily be overheard by Belgians and Germans and give my position away. Nobody would cross a swamp or marsh in that part of the country unless he was trying to get away from somebody, and I realized my danger but could not get around it.

Cows Yoked With Donkeys

It was a common sight in Belgium to see a small donkey and a common ordinary milch cow hitched together, pulling a wagon. When I first observed the unusual combination I thought it was a donkey and ox or bull, but closer inspection revealed to me that cows were being used for the purpose.

From what I was able to observe, there must be very few horses left in Belgium, except those owned by the Germans. Cows and donkeys are now doing the work formerly done by horses and mules. Altogether I spent nearly eight weeks wandering through Belgium, and in all that time I don't believe I saw more than half a dozen horses in the possession of the native population.

One of the scarcest things in Germany, apparently, is rubber, for I noticed that their motor trucks, or lorries, unlike our own, had no rubber tires. Instead, heavy iron bands were employed. I could hear them come rumbling along the stone roads for miles before they reached the spot where I happened to be in hiding.

When I saw these military roads in Belgium for the first time, with their heavy cobblestones that looked as if they would last for centuries, I realized at once why it was that the Germans had been able to make such a rapid advance into Belgium at the start of the war.

I noticed that the Belgians used dogs to a considerable extent to pull their carts, and I thought many times that if I could have stolen one of those dogs it would have made a very good companion for me and might, if the occasion arose, help me out in a fight. But I had no way of feeding it and the animal would probably have starved to death. I could live on vegetables, which I could always depend upon finding in the fields, but a dog couldn't and so I gave up the idea.

Fires Too Dangerous

The knack of making fire with two pieces of dry wood I had often read about, but I had never put it it to a test, and for various reasons I concluded that it would be unsafe for me to build a fire even if I had matches. In the first place, there was no absolute need for it. I didn't have anything to cook nor utensils to cook it in even if I had. While the air was getting to be rather cool at night, I was usually on the go at that time and didn't notice it. In the daytime, when I was resting or sleeping, the sun was usually out.

To have borrowed matches from a Belgian peasant would have been feasible, but when I was willing to take the chance of approaching any one, it was just as easy to ask food as matches.

In the second place, it would have been extremely dangerous to have built a fire even if I had needed it. You can't build a fire in Belgium, which is the most thickly populated country in Europe, without every one knowing it, and I was far from anxious to advertise my whereabouts.

The villages in the part of Belgium through which I was making my course were so close together that there was hardly ever an hour passed without my hearing some clock strike. Every village has its clock. Many times I could hear the clocks striking in two villages at the same time.

But the hour had very little interest to me. My program was to travel as fast as I could from sunset to sunrise and pay no attention to the hours in between, and in the daytime I had only two things to worry about; keep concealed and get as much sleep as possible.

Sick of Turnips and Beets

The cabbage that I got in Belgium consisted of the small heads that the peasants had not cut. All the strength had concentrated in these little heads and they would be as bitter as gall. I would have to be pretty hungry to-day before I could ever eat cabbage again, and the same observation applies to carrots, turnips and sugar beets—especially sugar beets.

It is rather a remarkable thing that to-day even a smell of turnips, raw or cooked, makes me sick, and yet a few short months ago my life depended upon them.

Night after night as I searched for food, I was always in hopes that I might come upon some tomatoes or celery—vegetables which I really liked—but with the exception of once, when I found some celery, I was never so fortunate. I ate so much of the celery the night I came upon it that I was sick for two days thereafter, but I carried several bunches away with me and used to chew on it as I walked along.

Of course, I kept my eyes open all the time for fruit trees, but apparently it was too late in the year for fruit, as all I was ever able to find were two pears, which I got out of a tree. That was one of my red-letter days, but I was never able to repeat it.

In the brooks and ponds that I passed I often noticed fish of different kinds. That was either in the early morning, just before I turned in for the day, or on moonlight nights when the water seemed as clear in spots as in the daytime. It occurred to me that it would be a simple matter to rig a hook and line and catch some of the fish, but I had no means of cooking them and it was useless to fish for the sake of it.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

A SATIN TAILLEUR.

There is a growing feeling in Paris for the satin tailleur, especially with the short jacket designed in the interest of material conservation. The design pictured here has the skirt plaited at the front. The jacket has a straight vest-front of self-material and a peplum that falls in points on either side of the front. Collar and revers are of self-satin. Medium size requires 6½ yards 40-inch material.

Pictorial Review Jacket No. 7607. Sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 20 cents. Skirt No. 24 to 36 inches waist. Price. 20 cents.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

CHILDREN

Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply "externally"—

Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

VICK'S VAPORUB

25c—50c—$1.00

Dr. Howard always recommended

Oxidaze for Coughs, Colds, Br. Asthma

Years of study and observation convinced him it would safely, quickly and surely stop a bad cough and give instant relief in Bronchial Asthma. Money back if it fails. Guaranteed harmless. At George A. Gorgas and all druggists. 30c.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Gambling Habit

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

We have lived happily for four years, have a nice home and two children. My husband is very fond of horse racing. He has lost most of the time. When he wins he plays all the more. I have tried to get his mind on other things. He means well. He says "I want to get rich quick." It worries me terribly. We have already drawn from the bank several times and the rent is overdue. Is there any cure for this gambling habit? J. B. F.

The gambling habit is about on a par with that other horrible foe of humanity—drunkenness. One sure cure for it is a sojourn in the poorhouse or prison, where the "get-rich-quick" racetrack gambler generally lands. No poor man ever beat the great stock manipulators of Wall Street——nor yet the bookmakers at the races. These gentlemen are not in business "for their health", but to take the money of just such men as your husband. Once I made a study of the racing game as a newspaper assignment. I went to Belmont Park with exactly $5 to place. On the first race I won about $20. That is the point at which the man who bets on the races always thinks with joy, "I'm going to make a fortune. I am lucky. I understand the 'ponies.' But in every subsequent race I lost. I stopped when I had lost just the $5 I had allowed for the experiment. By the way, I was one of a group of five—and each of us either came out as I did—or with greater losses. You cannot beat the bookmakers. Show my reply to your husband. Your rent is overdue, you are on the verge of the poverty that always comes to those who try to get rich quick. You must not nag or scold the man you love. Just try to make him see reason. And let your love and devotion make up for the feverish pleasure you ask him to give up for you.

UNREQUITED LOVE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am hopelessly in love with a handsome sailor boy. He has recently gone away and has not written to me. Also, he did not pay enough attention to me when he was here. I paid him very much attention and he did not reciprocate, although he told my friends he liked me. Please tell me what to do. I am heartbroken.

Hoping you will answer this as soon as possible, I am,

Yours,

MISS —— R.

I am afraid, Miss R. you must have killed your handsome sailor boy with kindness. Men, alas! are often wooed and won in spite of their most valiant efforts, but it takes considerable art to conceal these processes. And the man likes to preserve the illusion that he is doing the courting, even though he has moments of vision in which he knows that it is beyond him.

The next time you take a fancy—for you are really not heartbroken—dont "pay him very much attention." Let him do this, and try to preserve a discreet attitude of receiving his addresses, gracefully.

Nothing alive enjoys being shooed to its fate, whether it is a chicken about to be decapitated, or a man urged to propose. A semblance of leaving the situation in his hands will work miracles, even though he was doomed from the beginning.

SEEKS TO CORREPOND

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have received a letter from a young man in a training camp, requesting that I correspond with him. I do not know him. My older brother severely reprimanded me for even considering the matter, saying that it would be decidedly unladylike. Please tell me your opinion on the subject, and also if he should come up to this city, in which his home is, would it be proper for me to permit him to call at the house? Several of my girl friends under the same circumstances are likewise awaiting your decision before answering their letters.

M. A. K.

These stirring days hearts go out so eagerly to our brave soldier boys that it is difficult to realize, sometimes, that we ought to abide by the conventions the same as in times of peace.

Doubtless this young man in uniform is everything he should be—certainly he is doing his part. But I can't help agreeing with your brother that an introduction is necessary before he writes or calls on you.

But, with all the organizations and citizens' committees anxious to make things pleasant for the men in uniform, an introduction ought not to be difficult to manage. A number of the churches are arranging neighborhood gatherings to give soldiers and sailors an opportunity to meet nice girls. Why not go to one of these?

THE SOLDIER FRIEND

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

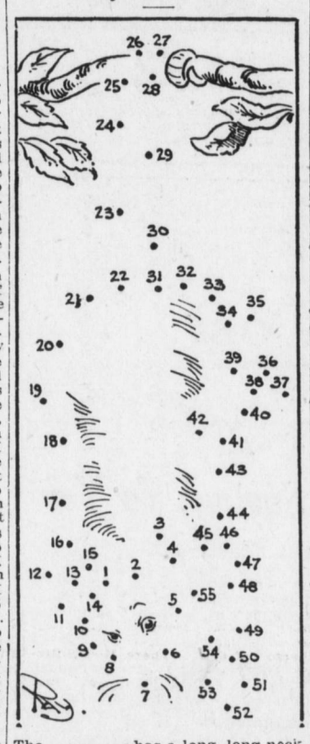
I am 17 and have a boy friend who enlisted in the Army about three months ago. Once a week there is a dance at the armory where he is stationed. Would it be proper for me to attend this dance, escorted by him? I also meet many friends there I know.

Also is it proper for me to accept a box of candy, call him up on the telephone and write to him frequently when he sails for France, which he expects to do soon?

ELEANORE.

There certainly is nothing "improper" about any of your suggestions, and yet these very questions seem to puzzle any number of my girls. The discipline at the armory dances is splendid; there are generally numerous fine, older women present — officers' wives, patronesses, members of the National League for Women Service, etc. Go to the dance, my dear, and have a happy time, giving also real enjoyment to the lads who will soon cross the sea and be cut off from home and the innocent gayeties youth needs. Of course, you may accept such a gift as a box of candy—or flowers, or a little book, or any small token your soldier can afford to send you. And every brave, sunshiny, friendly letter you write him will help keep up his courage and make him a better fighting man.

Daily Dot Puzzle



The —— —— has a long, long neck,
And gobbles or'nges by the peck.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

CHARTER CLOSES FOR KNIGHTS OF KHORASSAN

Koraz Temple, Dramatic Order of the Knights of Khorassan, will be instituted May 29, it was decided last night at a meeting of the charter members. The charter of the newly-formed organization closed last night with 160 members. The required number was 100. Application for the charter will be made to-day.

The organization is a branch of the Knights of Pythias, and officers elected at last night's meeting include: Royal vizier, Harry W. Haas; Grand emir, W. E. Franklin; mahedi, H. R. Lacks; sheik, C. B. Strickler; secretary, O. G. Brenneman; treasurer, James H. Baker; satrap, John F. Kerns; sahib, J. R. Coppenhaver; trustees, H. D. Reel, J. A. Alexander and B. W. Flack; imperial representative to the grand lodge, Charles W. Erb; alternate representative, H. D. Reel.

MUTUAL FILM HEAD QUITS

Chicago, May 2.—As a result of internal dissensions, John R. Freuler, of Milwaukee, Wis., yesterday resigned as president of the Mutual Film Corporation of Delaware, and the directors elected James M. Sheldon, of New York, to fill the vacancy. Several attachments against the company were taken out by the First National Bank of Milwaukee on an unpaid note for $10,000.

MAGNETO CO. REORGANIZES

Springfield, Mass., May 2.—Announcement is made here of the reorganization of the Bosch Magneto Company, whose plants in this city and Plainfield, N. J., have been taken over by the Government alien property custodian.

Try This If You Have Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This destroys it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.—Adv.

Ostend Channel Opens on Sea Like Neck of Bottle

The Ostend Channel, which the British attempted to block with concrete-laden cruisers, apens like a neck of a bottle directly upon the North Sea. This channel, which leads from three large basins and several smaller ones, is about 2,300 feet long and 260 feet wide at its narrowest point, expanding to a mouth 490 feet wide.

The waterway is kept free from the shifting sands of the shore by two protecting moles flanking it east and west, while the town to the west is protected by a sea wall at the foot of which are the bathing establishments. If the cruisers sunk were like those submerged at Zeebrugge—that is, more than 300 feet in length—and were driven near enough, even without entering, the neck of the bottle, they would make a formidable barrier around which the sand would quickly pile at this season of the year, both from the coast east and west and from the natural discharge of the channel carrying waste from a dozen towns on its way from Bruges, thirteen miles to the southeast.

The sea wall runs along the beach as far as Mariakerke, three miles west of the town, and forms a fortification from which fire could be concentrated on the mouth of the channel. It is sixteen and a half to thirty-five yards wide and twenty-five feet in height.

Beyond the beaches on the South the channel connects with the Leopold basin for merchantmen, and the naval and repair basin on the east, the new harbor on the south, and the fishing and commercial enclosed docks on the west. From the basin containing the commercial docks runs the canal to Bruges.

At Zeebrugge, a mole more than a mile and a half long, running in a curve to the northeast, protects an open harbor whose mouth is about seven-eighths of a mile wide. About half a mile east of the junction of the mole with the shore is the channel which leads to the inner docks, and thence to the canal to Bruges, ten miles long. Half a mile east of this channel is the mouth to the Lys canal. Both canals have tide gates, and one report says that those "inside the mole"—that is, the Bruges canal gates—were destroyed. If the submarine which was detonated alongside the mole effected a break, the first of the nor'westers common on that coast would drive sand into the harbor.

PENBROOK TO STOP LOAFING AND SPEEDING

Penbrook's police force went on duty to-day to break up speeding, street corner loafing and other nuisances in the busy borough east of the city. The force is Officer George W. Weaver, who took the oath of office to-day, Burgess M. L. Ludwick administering it in the Sheriff's office. Officer Weaver was then furnished with a badge and club by Deputy Sheriff Burton R. Speas, after which he left for Penbrook to begin his duties. The borough is one of the first of the smaller ones in the county to put a uniformed officer on duty. Penbrook officials declare street loafing and speeding must be stopped.

FLUSH KIDNEYS WITH SALTS IF BACK IS ACHING

Noted authority says we eat too much meat, which clogs Kidneys.

Take glass of Salts when Kidneys hurt or Bladder bothers you.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

IT'S YOUR LIVER! YOU'RE BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK!

Don't stay contipated with breath bad, stomach sour and head dull.

Enjoy life! Liven your liver and bowels to-night and feel fine

When Do We Die?

Investigation of the Question has interested Scientists

Practically speaking, many people actually begin to die years before they cease to live. Many times you see a comparatively young person with shrunken features and pallor that you might expect to find in a hospital ward. That unfortunate person is suffering from impoverished blood and every vital organ of the body begins to die the moment the blood becomes impoverished.

DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS have been prepared to feed the blood the elements it lacks and feed it quickly. The blood needs Iron. Dr. Chase's Blood and Nerve Tablets contain Iron in a most active and condensed form, so compounded with Nux Vomica, Gentian and other blood and nerve builders, that it can be assimilated or absorbed directly. When in perfect health the blood gradually draws these elements from the food you eat, but when the blood becomes impoverished, it must have more direct nourishment.

You should weigh yourself before taking DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS and note your weight increase each month. Price sixty cents; Special Strength (stronger and more active) ninety cents.—Advertisement.

Learn How to KNIT

Nearly everybody's knitting these days, so of course, you want to do your BIT for OUR soldier boys as well as make a sweater and other comfort articles for yourself.

THE WINIFRED CLARK SWEATER BOOK

includes instructions for the standard Red Cross Army and Navy sweaters and helmets.

Every Woman Wants One

Mail the coupon and 15 cents to this paper to-day and the Winifred Clark Sweater Book will be mailed to you.

Enclosed find 15 cents for which mail me the new Winifred Clark Sweater Book.

Name .....

Address .....