



Reading for Women and the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

Bringing Up Father



BY GOLLY-JIGGS—JUST THINK—IT'S TWENTY YEARS SINCE I'VE SEEN YOU AN' MAGGIE—HOW IS MAGGIE?

SHE'S JUST THE SAME SHEDD' BE GLAD TO SEE YOU—MIKE!



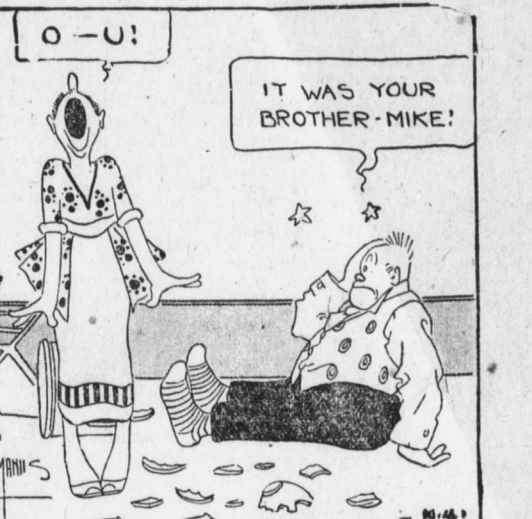
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING YOUR FRIENDS IN THE PARLOR!

EVERY TIME YOU BRING IN ONE OF THOSE ROUGH-NECKS I'M GOING TO RUN THEM OUT!



WHO WAS THAT LOW-BROW?

O—U!



THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO TELL YOU—

IT WAS YOUR BROTHER—MIKE!

By McManus

"How old are you?" might have been the title of an amusing comedy, enacted at the special Congressional election in New York, when women voted.

This inquiry was put to a tall, slim, boyish-looking woman—one of the keen, live-wire type. Without a moment's hesitation she answered: "Forty-nine."

She was informed this was no occasion for jocularity, and serious consequence might ensue if she persisted in merrymaking. The lady, with an air of "I expected this," opened her handbag and produced a marriage license, setting forth that she had been married twenty-eight years and that she was twenty-one at the time of the ceremony.

The men looked foolish, and the slender one, with an air of having insured herself against masculine stupidity, went on with her business of citizenship and repaired to the train at night, and makes three or four speeches the following day. If you've ever heard the magic of her eloquence, it is not necessary to say how young she is. Amelia Barr, at eighty-seven, is still writing books that sell up into the thousands.

These people haven't time to get old. They are too busy thinking and working at important things—they let the years take care of themselves.

If you would be young and haven't a vital and consuming interest, it's up to you to create one. The war, with its countless opportunities for work, has been a godsend to the type I am going to call the mummified woman.

The mummified woman is to be found in classes of society. The influences that control her life are always material. Her world is thrown out of gear if the silver can't be cleaned on Wednesday, if that happens to be a silver-cleaning day. If the seamstress is late or unable to come, it is a tragedy. If the department store has no more magenta satin of the particular shade—she has decided on for a belt, it is a world calamity.

In her soul that woman is as old as Rider Haggard's "She." Never an interest in life above some foolish material thing, that she'd be better off without. Sofa pillows, lamp shades, a bargain—something not really needed—ice cream soda, cards, bridge, movies and a petty rivalry in getting ahead of some other woman. She never thinks her brain is the organ above which she pins her hat.

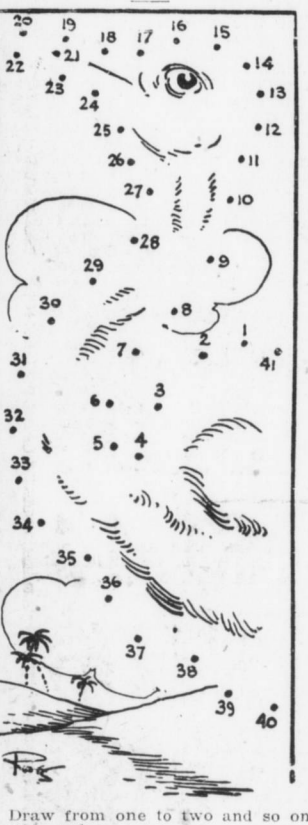
The mummified woman seldom cares about children—if she did they would keep away that slow drying-up process. Usually she lives in a flat which reduces her housework to a minimum.

And her family consists of a couple of plants, a Victrola and a canary, sometimes the canary is varied by a dog. More often there's not a living thing in the house but a mummified husband in the background, and he, too, has his dry-as-dust little interests.

Now the great world war has laid its grip on that family and shakes them out of that slow process of evaporation that was desiccating them body and soul. It has given her something to do, something to think about besides the iniquities of the junior and the great question of doing the laundress make off with the handkerchiefs?

If she goes out to do Red Cross

Daily Dot Puzzle



Wheatlessness at Dinner

No croquettes, macaroni or spaghetti in soup—use barley, tapioca, sago, peas, beans or oat with it wheatless and yeastless wafers.

NO BREAKFAST—The servings of potatoes or two kinds of potatoes, (sweet and white) or potatoes and hominy or potatoes and rice.

Crackers (if any) wheatless and yeastless. (Use rice flour, corn flour, cornmeal, oatmeal.)

Pie crusts of corn flour, barley flour, cornmeal, oatmeal.

Other wheatless desserts such as tapioca puddings, rice puddings, gelatin dishes, frozen desserts, custards, blanc mangas, fruit compotes, fruit sponges, potato flour desserts, creamed puddings of cornmeal and barley, baked puddings of cornmeal and barley wheatless cakes.

CORN FLOUR BISCUITS
2-2 cups corn flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons fat
1 cup liquid

Mix dry materials together. Work in fat well. Combine liquid and dry materials, handling lightly. Roll or pat 1/2 inch thick and cut as biscuits. Bake in a hot oven.

RICE FLOUR SPONGE CAKE
4 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
3-4 cup rice flour

Separate the whites and yolks of eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon colored. Beat sugar into yolks, add the lemon juice and salt. Fold in alternately the stiffly beaten whites and flour. Bake in ungreased pan for 35 to 40 minutes.

"Outwitting the Hun"

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

Enlisting in the R. F. C. in Canada in May, 1917, Lieutenant O'Brien was transferred to France on active service, where he was brought down behind the German lines, in a fall of 3,000 feet. He escaped later, in a many a hair-raising episode, the aid of a prison train going thirty miles an hour.

Then came his extraordinary journey out of Germany, through Luxembourg and into Belgium. He traveled at night and rested in hiding during the day, surviving terrible hardships, swimming rivers when delicious from the banks and exposure, living like a hunted animal. When well on his way through Belgium, one night, in a Flemish peasant, who befriended him and directed him to a man in a Belgian city who will help him secure a passport. Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER XI
I Encounter German Soldiers
(Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien.)

What the Belgian had told me about the need of a passport, I was fresh cause for worry. Suppose I should run into a German sentry before succeeding in getting one!

I decided that until I reached the big city which the Belgian had mentioned—and which I cannot name for fear of identifying some of the people there—and before that I would proceed with the utmost precaution. Since I had discarded my uniform and had obtained civilian clothes, I had not been quite as careful as I was at first.

While I had done my traveling at night, I had not gone into hiding so often. The morning as before and I had sometimes had a night when I was quite dark, relying upon the fact that I would probably be mistaken for a Belgian on his way to or from work, in the case of my being detected.

That evening I came to a river which was getting wider and wider. I thought I would walk a little way to the river bank, I had not a hundred feet when I saw a boat. It was the first time I had seen a boat in all my experiences.

Making my way across the river, I made several miles that night and before daylight found a safe place in which to hide for the day. From my hiding place I could see through the bushes a heavy thick wood only a short distance away. I decided that I would start earlier than usual, hurry over to the wood and perhaps, in that way, I could cover two or three miles in the daytime and gain just so much time.

Traveling through the wood would be comparatively safe. There was no railroad going through the wood, but I did not figure that would make it any the less safe.

About 3 o'clock that afternoon, therefore, I started from my hiding place and hurried into the wood. After proceeding for half a mile or so I came to the railroad. I took a sharp look in both directions and seeing no signs of trains or soldiers, I walked boldly over the tracks and continued on my way.

I soon came upon a clearing and knew that someone must be living in the vicinity. As I turned a group of trees I saw a small house and in the distance an old man working in a garden.

I decided to enter the house and ask for food, figuring the woman would probably be old and would be a match for me if she proved hostile. The old woman who came to the door in response to my knock was older than I had expected. If she wasn't close to a hundred years, I miss my guess very much.

She could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, of course, but nevertheless I made her understand that I was very hungry to eat. She came out of the door and hollered for her husband in a shrill voice that would have done credit to a child of eighteen.

The old man came in from his garden and between the two of them they managed to get the idea that I was hungry and they gave me a couple of bread-crusts very much to eat. She came out of the door and hollered for her husband in a shrill voice that would have done credit to a child of eighteen.

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Secret Service For Cooks

Can you tell the difference between a bakery or confectionery cake and a wheat flour chocolate cake? Do you know whether your biscuits are rice flour or wheat flour? Could you make an accurate guess as to whether that pie crust was corn flour or wheat flour? If you can't then isn't it silly to say "O, I can't use these wheat substitutes. The family won't eat them."

It is not a question of becoming used to wheat substitutes, but we must realize that the time for idle prejudice and idle talk has gone. It is a question of life and death for our soldiers that we eat other cereals and send the wheat to them.

Cooks of America, line up in the ranks of the secret service. You do not bear an employe of that branch of the service TALKING about his work. Don't say to your family, "We have no wheat on the table, we are eating no wheat, we haven't had any wheat for weeks." Say rather, "Yes, I think that bread is pretty good myself." (In wheatless baking powder loaf bread.) But there's no need of neglecting the potatoes, John. Here, eat more of them and less of the bread. What are we going to do for dessert? Oh, something you like. Fruit gelatin and cakes—barley flour—"if you must know, well what's the news about Ypres tonight?" and so on.

Do your talking about wheat substitutes when you meet with the other wives who are secretly serving. There is the place to compare notes and, incidentally, receipts. There is the place where you will talk shop to your heart's content. But in your family let your conversation, as well as your meals, be wheatless.

German Admiral Removed; Result of Zeebrugge Raid

Admiral von Schroeder, commander of the German naval base at Zeebrugge, has been relieved of his command. His demotion was the result of the successful raid recently made by British and French warships.

BABY SCRATCHED DAY AND NIGHT

Had Breaking Out All Over Face and On Head. Blisters Came. Cuticura Healed.

"My baby had a breaking out all over her face, and there was some on her head. Small blisters came, and then they burst and became sore, red, and angry, and a dry skin came over them. She scratched at them day and night, and she was so disgusted I was ashamed for her to be seen."

"My mother suggested that we get a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and we did. It gave relief at once. Then we bought more, and in about four weeks she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. G. S. Carr, Landenberg, Pa., Nov. 12, '17.

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

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

They Are Selfish
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man, and there is no doubt as to the sincerity of his love for me. The barrier to our marriage is the fact that his people are not anxious to see him marry, as they hate to see him leave them. He is urging me to wed him without their consent. What would you advise? M. C. S. S.

This man's parents, as you describe them, are selfish and self-centered. Most parents hate to see their children leave the home nest—but most parents conquer their own feelings. They once upon a time wanted a home of their own and not they should realize the right of their children to have an individual existence, too. If only a selfish unwillingness to part with their boy stands between you and the man you love, then I think you two young people have a right not only to take your happiness and to force your way to a more generous attitude of acceptance—but to compel them to recognize your rights if generously, or not.

Why Encourage Him?
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am just eighteen years. I am in love with a man of twenty-one in my class at college. This young man has been friends with a young lady, about twenty, for several years, and though they are not formally engaged, are understood to be so.

What shall I do? May I offer him any encouragement? I do not want to feel that I will be the cause of making a girl miserable.

Why should you "offer him any encouragement"? He has not shown any signs of wanting to be encouraged. Has he "said" that you are in love, or that you are romantic and not too honorable. Leave this boy alone. He is pledged to another girl. He might merely be disgusted with you if you tried to steal his love—but even you might be possible for you to gain it, such a course would be contemptible.

Are You Mercenary?
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am twenty-eight and have a friend (widower) twenty-one years my senior. He is well able to give me a more comfortable home than I have. We love one another and know that we will do everything to make one another happy. Do you think the difference in ages is too great?

L. R.

One sentence in your letter seems to settle the whole question. If you are convinced of your own sincerity and mean what you say, this disposes of the situation for you. The sentence to which I refer is this: "We love one another and know that we will do everything to make each other happy." My dear girl, as compared to that, what is any evidence of the calendar and the date of your birth in the town hall or family bible? You are a woman grown and this man is in what is called "the prime of life." Age is a matter of spirit rather than time. One of the youngest, most vital and energetic men I know is sixty-five. The only thing that worries me is the suggestion of a marquis in 4 yards 54-inch material. Pictorial Review Cont. No. 7759. Sizes, 34 to 46 inches bust. Price, 25 cents.

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Don't worry about eczema or other skin troubles. You can have a clear, healthy skin by using a little Zemo, obtained at any drug store for 35c, or extra large bottle at \$1.00.

Zemo generally removes pimples, blackheads, blotches, eczema and ringworm and makes the skin clear and healthy. Zemo is a clean, penetrating, antiseptic liquid, neither sticky nor greasy and stains nothing. It is easily applied and costs a mere trifle for each application. It is always dependable.

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Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

7750 A COAT IN HIGH FAVOR.

Despite the cry for wool conservation entire coats of brown English cheviot are to be seen among the spring modes, and also in high favor are the Canadian homespun, English woolsens, Irish friezes and Scotch tweeds. The model pictured is in straight-line effect trimmed with large pockets, cuffs, collar and belt of self-material. Medium size requires 4 yards 54-inch material. Pictorial Review Cont. No. 7759. Sizes, 34 to 46 inches bust. Price, 25 cents.

Help wanted by many women

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PUSO'S TABLETS

Sample Mailed Free—address postcard to THE PUSO COMPANY, 200 PISO BLDG., Warren, Pa.

Two Potato Receipts

Even if you have never liked potatoes before, you will like them fixed in the following ways:

POTATO PUFFS
2 cups mashed potato
2 eggs
1 cup grated cheese
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt

Add the milk and salt to the potato and beat until thoroughly blended. Add the beaten egg and the grated cheese. Bake in greased tins or ramekins in a slow oven. BELGIAN BAKED POTATOES

Wash, pare and slice potatoes as for French fried. Lay the strips in an oiled granite pan and bake in the oven. Salt and serve.

(To Be Continued.)

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