



Reading for Women and all the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

I clipped the following from a newspaper recently:

"Danville, Ill., Mrs. E. Wolgammott, eighty years old, whose husband was among those reported 'missing' during the Civil War, and who had kept a lighted lamp in the window of her cottage for more than fifty years, hoping that some day he would return, and the light might guide him home, is dead at the hospital at Kan-kakee.

"Her husband was a member of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois Infantry, which was organized in Danville.

"I am old-fashioned enough to believe these two found each other at last, and the war-bride of fifty years feels repaid for lighting the lamp in her window all those years.

"I've had so many letters from girls who want to know whether it would be advisable to marry their soldier sweethearts before the boys sail for 'over there,' that I am going to attempt something in the way of a collective answer.

"In the first place, the wisdom of a war marriage depends on the type of girl about to become a 'war bride.' The question cannot be answered by 'yes' or 'no,' circumstances and the individual must decide the case.

"The girl's position will be hard enough, in any event, and unless she has the love 'many waters cannot quench,' and the grim ability to live from day to day in suspense, and to face anything the future may bring, she would better defer her wedding.

"It would be absurd for a susceptible little butterfly, always interested in the last man she meets, to marry a soldier, and the grim reality of his cry her eyes out at parting, then feel sorry for herself when she sees other girls going to dances and picnics and realizing she is a married woman, she was not getting as much attention as formerly.

"She'd Imagine a Tragedy

"Then probably someone else would come along, and she would imagine she had a regular three-act tragedy on her hands. Therefore, to the pretty, susceptible butterfly let me say, and say as emphatically as I am capable of: The lot of a 'war bride' is not for you.

"It takes sterner stuff than butterflies are made to stand the strain and suspense and the stealing of heart and hand every time one picks up a newspaper with its dread casualty list.

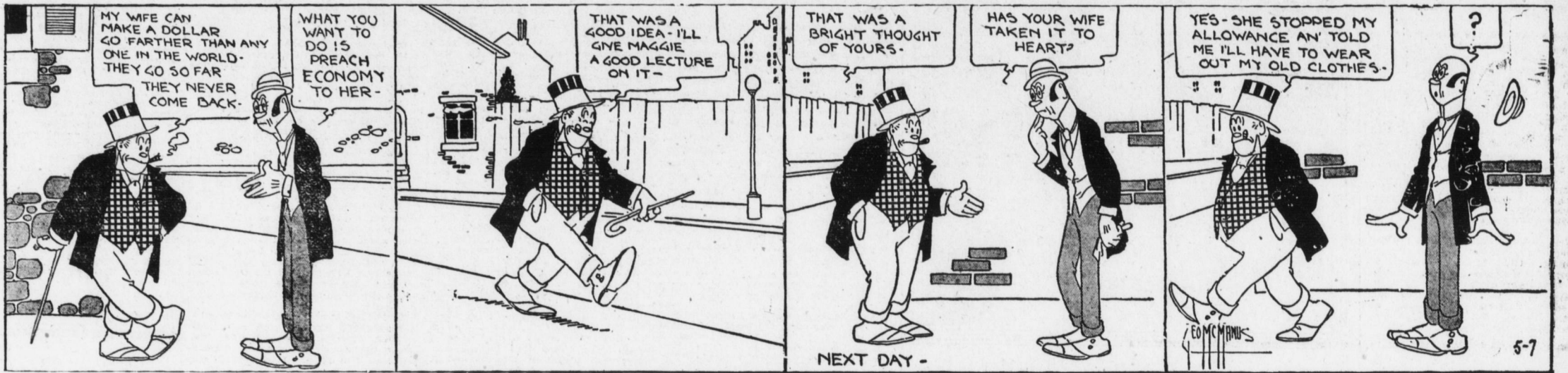
"It takes something of the heroic spirit that sent our Pilgrim women across an unknown sea into an unknown land and steeled them to face the waiting hardships, because they loved the men who loved freedom. They would not consent to wait for their men in comfort, by an English fireside, till the wilderness had been subdued.

"The chances of being a heroic 'war bride' are good, if any of my girl correspondents have written on this subject has in her veins the blood of some pioneer woman who helped to settle our great West.

"Have you ever thought of the part played by these women in the colonizing of our Western States? Day after day they traveled in the big covered wagons, cooking, washing, keeping house as they made their way across the wilderness. The sun rose behind them in the morning, overtook them, dropped below the horizon at night—month after month, year after year, sometimes—as they plodded along in the lumbering, creaking wagon.

"Sometimes children were born on these journeys, and again, children

Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

died, and the mother would put up a cross in the wilderness and pray she might come back to the little grave some day. That makes Empires and again they would push on, not knowing what the next day would bring forth—an Indian massacre, perhaps, an attack by wild beasts or the loss of all their possessions, in crossing some swollen stream. But dogged, resolute, they kept on, building up, day by day, that something of which empires are made.

"And giving to their descendants, even to the third and fourth generation, that grit, fiber, backbone—call it what you will—that has been the saving grace of the American people.

"Sometimes we seem to lose this quality, and grow soft, when luxury overtakes us, but in the long run it may be depended on when the clinch comes, to land us—'over the top.'

"To girls who have some of the stoicism of the pioneer women in their makeup, I would say, by all means, marry your soldier boy and—God bless you. But to the butterfly, don't take your feelings too seriously—there will be other soldier boys and other civilians, too, for that matter.

"The other day in a department store, I noticed a girl in the act of measuring something thrown back her head and puffed her hand over her face. I saw that her tears had been too quick, and that she was careful to save the delicate fabric she was handling.

"She told me her husband had left for France about two weeks ago; as he left her he called back: 'So long, girl—I'll see you again.' 'I know now,' she said, 'he meant we'd meet again—somewhere—even if he didn't come back.'

"He Couldn't Say 'Good-by'

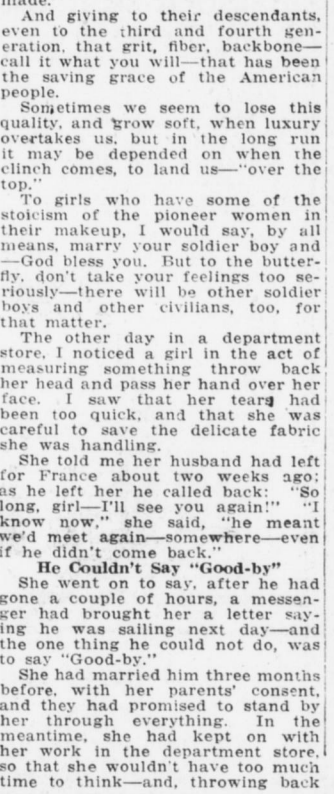
"She went on to say, after he had gone a couple of hours, a messenger had brought her a letter saying he was sailing next day—and the one thing he could not do, was to say 'Good-by.'

"She had married him three months before, with her parents' consent, and they had promised to stand by her through everything. In the meantime, she had kept on with her work in the department store, so that she wouldn't have to rush time to think—and, throwing back

her head, I suppose, when the tears proved troublesome.

"I had no doubt as to that girl; she was fine and true and loyal; every line of her face proclaimed that she was the type of poor old Mrs. Wolgammott, who could wait fifty years and keep her love light burning in the window.

Daily Dot Puzzle



CHAPTER XII
The Forged Passport

For obvious reasons I cannot describe the man to whom I applied for the passport nor the house in which he lived. While, in view of what subsequently happened, I would not be very much concerned if he got into trouble for having dealt with me, I realize that the hardships he had endured in common with all the other victims of that conquered city may possibly have distorted his idea of right and justice, and I shall not deliberately bring his identity into the open.

"This man—we will call him Huyliiger because that is as unlike his name as it is mine—was very kind to me on that memorable night when I awoke him from his sleep and in a few words of explanation told him of my plight.

"He invited me inside, prepared some food for me and, putting on a dressing gown, came and sat by me while I ate. Listening with the greatest interest to the short account I gave him of my adventures.

"He could speak English fluently, and he interrupted me several times to express his sympathy for the sufferings I had endured.

"O'Brien," he said, after I had concluded my story, "I am going to help you. It may take several days—perhaps as long as two weeks—but eventually we will provide the means to enable you to get into Holland."

"I thanked him a thousand times and told him that I didn't know how I could possibly repay him.

"Help in 'Outwitting the Hun'

"Don't think of that," he replied, "the satisfaction of knowing that I have aided in placing one more victim of the Huns beyond their power to harm will more than repay me for all the risk I shall run in helping you. You'd better turn in now, O'Brien, and in the morning I'll tell you what I plan to do."

"As I removed my clothes and noticed that my knees were still swollen to twice their normal size, that my left ankle was black and blue from the wrench I had given it when I jumped from the train and that my ribs showed through my skin, I realized what a lot I had been through. As a matter of fact, I could not have weighed more than 150 pounds at that time, whereas I had tipped the scales at 190 pounds when I was with my squadron in France.

"I lost no time in getting into bed and still less in getting to sleep. I don't know what I dreamed of that night, but I had plenty of time to go through the experiences of my whole life, for when I was aroused by a knock on the door and Huyliiger entered in response to my call, to enter he told me that it was nearly noon! I had slept for nearly twelve hours.

"I cannot say that the thought did not run through my head that perhaps after all I was living in a fool's paradise, and that when Huyliiger reappeared it would be with a couple of German soldiers behind him, but I dismissed such misgivings summarily, realizing that I was doing Huyliiger an injustice to let such things enter my head even for an instant.

"I had no right to doubt his sincerity and it would do me no good to entertain such suspicions. If he was going to prove treacherous to me, he was powerless, anyway, to cope with him.

Has a Heavenly Meal

In a few moments my host reappeared with a tray containing my breakfast. I don't suppose I shall ever forget that meal. It consisted of a cup of coffee—real coffee, not the kind I had at Courtaul—several slices of bread, some hot potatoes and a dish of scrambled eggs.

"Every mouthful of that meal tasted like angel food to me, and Huyliiger sat on the edge of the bed and watched me enjoying it, at the same time outlining the plans he had made for my escape.

"In brief, the scheme was to conceal me in a convent until conditions were ripe for me to make my way to the border. In the meanwhile I was to be dressed in the garb of a priest, and when the time came for me to leave the city I was to pretend that I was a Spanish sailor, because I could speak a little Spanish, which I had picked up on the coast. To attempt to play the part of a Bel-

"Outwitting the Hun"

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

gian would become increasingly difficult, he pointed out, and would bring inevitable disaster in the event that I was called upon to speak.

"Huyliiger said I would be given sufficient money to bribe the German guards at the Dutch frontier, he assured me that everything would work out according to schedule.

"Yours is not the first case, O'Brien, we have handled successfully," he declared. "Only three weeks ago I heard from an English merchant who had escaped from a German detention camp and came to me for assistance and whom I had been able to get through the lines. His message telling me of his safe arrival in Rotterdam came to me in an indirect way, of course; but the further disaster he had made carried through without mishap makes me feel that we ought to be able to do as much for you."

"I told Huyliiger I was ready to follow his instructions and would do anything he suggested.

"I want to rejoin my squadron as soon as I possibly can," I told him, "but I realize that it will take a certain length of time for you to make the necessary arrangements, and I will be as patient as I can."

Role of Spanish Sailor

The first thing to do, Huyliiger told me, was to prepare a passport. He had a blank one and it was comparatively simple matter to fill in the spaces, using a genuine passport which Huyliiger possessed as a sample of the handwriting of the passport clerk.

"My occupation was entered as that of a wine merchant, he gave me as Spain, and we put my age at 30. As a matter of fact, at that time I could easily have passed for 35, but we figured that with proper food and decent place to sleep at night, I could soon regain my normal appearance, and the passport would have to serve me, perhaps, for several weeks to come.

"Filling in the blank spaces on the passport was, as I have said, a comparatively easy matter, but that did not begin to fill the bill. Every general place to stamp an official rubber stamp, something like an elaborate postmark, and I was at a loss to know how to get over that difficulty.

"Fortunately, however, Huyliiger had half of a rubber stamp, which he had evidently been thrown away by the Germans, and he planned to construct the other half out of the cork of a wine bottle. He was very skillful with a penknife and, although he spoiled a score or more of corks before he succeeded in getting anything like the result he was after, the finished article was far better than our most sanguine expectations. Indeed, after we had paraded it over here and there and removed whatever imperfections our repeated tests disclosed, we had a stamp which made an impression so closely resembling the original that without a magnifying glass, we were sure, it would have been impossible to tell that it was a counterfeit.

Photographed For Passport

Huyliiger procured a camera and took a photograph of me to paste on the passport in the place provided for that purpose, and we then had a passport which was entirely satisfactory to both of us and would, we hoped, move equally so to our friends, the Huns.

"It had taken two days to fix up the passport. In the meanwhile Huyliiger informed me that he had changed his plans about the convent and that, instead, he would take me to an empty house, where I could remain in safety until he told me it was advisable for me to proceed to the frontier.

"This was quite agreeable to me, as I had had some misgivings as to the kind of a priest I would make, and it seemed to me to be safer to remain aloof from everyone in a deserted house than to have to mingle with people or come in contact with them, even with the best of discretion.

"That night I accompanied Huyliiger to a fashionable section of the city, where the house in which I was to be concealed was located.

"This house turned out to be a four-story structure of brick. Huyliiger told me that it had been occupied by a wealthy Belgian before the war, but since 1914 it had been uninhabited save for the occasional habitation of some refugee whom Huyliiger was befriending.

"Huyliiger had a key and let me in, but he did not enter the house with me, stating that he would visit me in the morning.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Fashion Hint
Prepared Especially For This Newspaper

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Any corn will dry up and lift out, says a Cincinnati authority.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called Freezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts out without pain.

This drug is sticky but dries at once and is said to simply shrivel up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue.

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