



**Little Talks by
Beatrice Fairfax**

We were discussing the widow the other day and the amazing success she has made of her life. We had all been schoolmates of hers, and she remembered her as a homely little girl with a winning smile. This was way back in the fourth and fifth grades, and that picture persisted—a beautiful little girl consoling herself with a surreptitious peppermint.

Never an attractive child, she developed into rather a peevish girl who always had a woe or two on her hand that she was more than ready to tell you about. She seemed chronically in need of sympathy, and she absorbed it as a blotting paper absorbs ink.

We were surprised—in the unflattering way of classmates—when she married a young Army officer and went to live in the Philippines.

None of us ever knew what happened in the islands. Perhaps one fine morning she met a long-lost fairy godmother who confided to her the secret of "charm," perhaps, like Aladdin, she found an old lamp that worked miracles, or maybe she just schemed out the whole thing by herself.

At any rate, rumors began to fly home that Louise—we'll call her that—was the most fascinating woman in Manila. "She's got 'em all on the string," the reporting friend confided; and by "em" she meant everything in a uniform, from young and slender second lieutenants to pompous colonels no longer slender. And we who had been school with her found it hard to believe.

Then we heard she had been left a widow and had gone to China, where she had a brother in the consular service. And the China bulletins equaled those from the Philippines—Louise carried everything before her. She was like a racing yacht, full sail on a winning breeze. No unpleasant gossip in her wake. No broken home wreckage, no spectacular gossip, nothing unpleasant. And the former classmate jury sat on her case every time it met. It couldn't understand, still remembering the fat little girl, eating peppermint on the sly.

Finally she came home, and we nearly broke our necks in the haste we made to call on the "siren." Had the dumpy little girl been turned into a daughter of the gods—divinely and eternally fair? It couldn't think, despite our impressions, we went expecting to find a triumph of the "beauty parlor." And a clever "stage manager," too; a woman who would understand clothes and backstage effects and rose-colored curtains.

But, bless you, no, we found Louise still rather inclined to be dumpy and not at all good looking. And as for "effects," the afternoon sun was shining unmercifully on the table at which she was pouring tea.

But she had entirely given up the tears of childhood and the thirst for sympathy of early youth. She was cheerful, and she remembered the most charming things of all of us. She remembered all our good points, too—which had the beautiful complexion, which the curly hair, which played well enough to adorn the concert stage, and very delicately she insinuated each had kept these gifts.

There was nothing suggestive of trowel work about her way of saying gracious things. It was all as delicate as an old pastel drawing. We may have had our own misgivings, but it was highly gratifying and agreeable.

On Good Terms With Yourself
There was nothing as gross as flattery about her manners, a fine appreciation more nearly conveys the effect it produced. And the rather hostile schoolmate jury began to beam as it realized what a success it had made of life.

While we were there several men called—officers she had known in the Philippines and now on their way to France. She didn't have to ask any one how he liked his tea—she remembered. Again I heard her convey to each when he was out of hearing of the others, that she looked to him, personally, to save civilization.

She hoped Colonel Smith would have time for just a round of golf before he sailed—no—too bad!—he played such a wonderful game. She recalled Mrs. Smith's "inspired"

Bringing Up Father



"DON'T YOU DARE COME TO THE TABLE TONIGHT WITH THOSE DIRTY NAILS—GO GET A MANICURE—"

"FOR GOODNESS SAKE—WHAT IS THAT?"

"GO TO A BARBER SHOP—THEY'LL TELL YOU—"

"THEY TELL YOU EVERYTHING IN A BARBER SHOP!"

"DO YOU KNOW—THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER HAD MY NAILS FIXED?"

"THEY LOOK IT!"

"MAGGIE—I THINK ME NAILS NEED MANICURIN' AGIN—"

NEXT DAY—6-8

**LIFE'S PROBLEMS
ARE DISCUSSED**

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

bridge. She asked for, by name, some one of her children. She was reminiscent of a Manila woman named "Dixie," and the mistress of the deceased dog recalled his most beguiling tricks.

Mrs. Smith, who had played the "inspired" bridge, begged her to "save August" for her—she had taken a cottage at the North Shore. Some one else entered her to go on a morning trip, and a camp in the Adirondacks would be a rank failure without her presence. The summer would be a very economical season for our old schoolmate, we decided.

My conclusion in regard to her was that she was life in the terms of a salad, and that her receipt called for oil, more oil, and then some more. If there was any vinegar added to her famous dressing, no one could detect it. Oil, oil, oil—until all the human ingredients that she manipulated at her pleasure fairly whirled without a hint of friction. Louise was a wonderful salad dresser; of that there could be no doubt.

The Secret of Her Influence
We noticed that she accepted none of the invitations for the summer, and that her eye rested favorably on a certain very eligible man, some eight or ten years younger than she was. Could it be possible that she was going to marry him? Before our call was over it was made plain to us, by the happy man, that this was so.

He has a highly important "job," his influence is felt by thousands, yet our homely little friend turns him around her finger. On my way out I heard some one ask a bluff Englishman what he thought of her. "Wonderful little woman!" he answered. "But her power over people," his questioner persisted. "Oh, quite easy to see," drawled the Briton. "She puts you on such ripping terms with yourself."

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If you hear these things said once, you hear them a dozen times: "I don't know what is the matter with me this spring; I can't shake off this depression. I am not at all like myself. I never was irritable before. And now I'm cross and horrid all the time." Or, "I have just had one thing after another happen to me—illness, bad luck, everything gone wrong." Or, "I don't know what it is, but I have never been so miserable and unhappy before. There is something in the air." They are right. There is something in the air—war.

"The grim gods of the past have arisen, the mountains boom. The black swamps throbb and And the dust from their iron-sandaled feet. Shrouds the sun in a blood-red gloom; northern mountain passes. Flame the banners and glare the swords. The old gods march from their wild morasses. The old gods march with their ancient hordes."

And no matter how occupied we may be, or how remote the actual scenes of battle, we are all involved with the mighty struggle. The waves of the sea of conflict and pain and death are beating ceaselessly upon our inner ear and breaking over our hearts. We are all in it, whether we are soldiers or nurses of Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. workers, or sitting here in the safe security of our homes. It is a part of our consciousness, and none may escape it, rich or poor, high or low. The war has come home to us all. Many of us read the other day of a conversation which a nurse who had recently returned from the front is said to have had with a famous surgeon. He was by nature and training an agnostic. But he said that since he had witnessed in the hospitals and on the battlefield the courage, the self-sacrifice, the indifference to danger, the transcendent heroism, which was universal and not confined to the few, he had been convinced against his will and beyond all peradventure of the subliminal nature of man and of the existence of the great Over-Soul.

Those who have been much at the

Food Clubs

Every woman in every community should be interested enough to help form, or at least to become a member of, a food club.

In some states such clubs have been organized in a very thorough and systematic manner by the Federal food administrators. It is the province of these clubs to disseminate food administration literature, to act as a community exchange for receipts, and to spread in various ways the message of food conservation.

If no such club exists in your community, appoint yourself a committee of three or more, and interest your circle or neighborhood in some systematic work along these lines. Regular monthly meetings might be held with occasional called meetings between times.

The following suggestions are given for the conduct of these meetings:

- Read conservation news in answer to rollcall.
- Give cooking demonstrations.
- Conduct receipt contests.
- Exchange receipts.
- Report unpatriotic acts.
- Conduct a question box.

Daily Dot Puzzle

21	19	17	15	13
23	20	18	16	14
15	22	20	18	16
24	21	19	17	15
25	23	21	19	17
27	24	22	20	18
29	26	24	22	20
31	28	26	24	22
33	30	28	26	24
35	32	30	28	26
37	34	32	30	28
39	36	34	32	30
41	38	36	34	32
43	40	38	36	34
45	42	40	38	36
47	44	42	40	38
49	46	44	42	40

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE
COLDS
Head or chest—are best treated "externally"
VICK'S VAPORUB
25c—50c—\$1.00

Milk Soups

The United States Food Administration is encouraging in every way the use of milk. Since it is one of the best meat substitutes and since meat is upon the list of foods to be conserved, let us modify our eating habits accordingly. Try one of these milk soups instead of serving meat:

Peanut Soup
4 cups thin white sauce, 1/2 cup peanut butter, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt.
Add peanut butter to white sauce and serve at once.

Cream of Asparagus Soup
To one cup white sauce add one cup milk and one cup asparagus puree, one cup of the water in which the asparagus was cooked may be used for part of the liquid.

Thin White Sauce
1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon barley or oat flour, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper.
Melt fat in saucepan, stir in the flour, salt and pepper and cook slowly without browning until the mixture bubbles. Remove from the heat, add the milk gradually, stirring and stirring constantly until the sauce thickens.

Potato Soup
2 potatoes, 4 cups milk, 1/2 onion, 2 tablespoons savory fat, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, salt, paprika, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.
Cook the potatoes in boiling salted water until soft and put through a sieve. Scald milk with onion and add milk to potatoes. Melt fat, add cornstarch and seasonings and then the potato mixture. When thoroughly blended add chopped parsley.

Cheese Soup
1/2 onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 tablespoon rice flour or 2 tablespoons sage or egg yolks, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, paprika.
Cook the onion in the fat until tender, but not brown. Remove the onion, add the flour, then the milk gradually, saving out 1/4 cup. Cook until smooth and add seasoning. If sage or tapioca is used in place of flour, add it to the milk and cook fifteen minutes or until tapioca is clear. Pour the soup over the egg beaten with 1/4 cup of cold milk. Add the grated cheese and serve immediately.

Cream of Tomato Soup
1 slice onion, 1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons savory fat, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1/4 teaspoon sugar, salt, paprika, 1 clove, bit of bay leaf, 1 1/2 cups milk.
Cook onion with tomatoes ten minutes and rub through strainer. Make tomato sauce, using fat, cornstarch, salt and pepper, and seasonings. Allow this mixture to become very cold. When ready to use, combine with the cold milk. Heat in a double boiler and serve. No soda is needed if this method is followed.

GOLDBERG'S FUNNY PICTURES
In Sunday's New York American. Don't miss the full page in color introducing Bob McNutt ("He has a good heart, but seems skippy in the seat"), in the famous Colored Comic Section of SUNDAY'S NEW YORK AMERICAN.—Advertisement.

WHEAT PRICE UNDECIDED
Washington, June 8.—Conferees were again unable to agree on the \$2.50 wheat amendment to the agricultural bill, and adjourned to meet later.

Wheatless Meatless Meals
By this time everyone knows the wheat substitutes pretty thoroughly. But we must now reclaim the meat substitutes:
Milk, cheese, peas, fish, eggs, nuts, beans.
BREAKFAST
Fresh Strawberries
Oatmeal with Milk or Cream
Cottage Cheese Sausage
DINNER
Broiled Fish Mashed Potatoes
Lettuce Peas
Lemon Gelatine
Barley Flour Cookies
SUPPER
Omelet Potato Cakes
Wheatless Bread
Fruit Slices
Oatmeal Brown Betty
Cottage Cheese Sausages
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons savory fat, 1-3 teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon milk, 1/2 cup cottage cheese, 1/2 cup cold cooked rice, 1/2 cup wheatless bread crumbs, 1/4 cup coarsely chopped peanut meats, 1/2 teaspoon powdered sage, 1/2 teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1/4 cup peanut butter.
Cook the onion in the fat until tender, but not brown. Dissolve the soda in the milk and work into the cheese. Mix all other dry ingredients thoroughly with the bread crumbs. Blend peanut butter and onion with the cheese and mix with them the bread crumbs. Form into flat cakes, dust with bread crumbs or cornmeal and fry a delicate brown in a little fat in a hot frying pan.
1 cup liquid, 4 tablespoons fat, 4 tablespoons syrup, 2 eggs, 6 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups barley flour, 1 cup ground rolled oats.
Add to the liquid the melted fat, syrup and egg. Combine the liquid and well-mixed dry ingredients. Bake as a loaf in a moderately hot oven one hour or until thoroughly baked.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX
OF COURSE IT IS "PROPER"
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Some time ago I was introduced to a young man at a social gathering at the home of a relative. We have corresponded since then, and now he has asked to take me out to my girl friend's home. My mother has met him, but not his parents, and knows nothing about them, and she will not consent to my going, as she believes it is improper for a girl ever to go out with a man unless she intends to marry him. Do you agree with her?

I am seventeen and he is two years my senior. Will you please advise me whether it is proper for me to go out with him?

M. S. C.
I am a decided believer in clean, honest, good times for young people, and of pleasant friendships between boys and girls I will always be an advocate. So I see no reason why you should not be permitted to visit your most intimate girl friend's home with this boy, who has been received as a guest in your home, and with whom you have been allowed to correspond. I would not suggest your going about with just any boy—or going just anywhere with this boy. But to the home of your girl friend, and with a boy you met in the home of your kinsfolk, and whom your mother in turn has met, why not? It is "proper," and it is just the sort of thing my sweetest ever can safely permit her daughter to have.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL—
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
My fiance has gone to France to fight for the American flag. I have every intention of marrying him as I love him very dearly.

Now, Miss Fairfax, there is a man who visits my home, a friend of the family, who asks me to go out with him, just as a friend, on a motorcycle, and lots of good things similar to same. I cannot go out with him, as I think of my sweetheart who is sacrificing his all.

WHAT CAN I DO?
A CONSTANT READER:
Aren't you creating a little dramatic situation for yourself out of whole cloth? Maybe this family friend thinks he must offer the daughter of the house some little courtesies and means nothing at all serious by them. However, I am only offering this as a possible solution. If the man knows of your engagement and tries to force his attentions on you, he deserves no mercy. Tell him simply and with emphasis that your heart and loyalty are both all for your soldier boy, and that you have no interest in other men and no respect for a man who annoys you when he is so dearly loved.

If he does not know of your betrothal, tell him a little plain, unvarnished truth, and your English is what best fits your needs.

DON'T HURT YOUR HUSBAND
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I have married a man who is in every respect a wonderful man, only he is insanely jealous of me, even of my women friends. Last October he was called and at present is in the Army. Three months ago I met a man and have grown to love him dearly. Of course, no one knows of my meetings and I have told him so many times that were the world to know of our love they would not believe us in doing. My husband has made me miserable by his jealousy, and it is in this man's companionship that I find any comfort, although I love it in his hands and would not hurt him for the world. Do you believe any woman can really love two men at the same time?

TROUBLED.
Do you think a generous woman who knows her husband is "insanely jealous," would risk any hurt to him when he is serving in the army, for the cause of liberty? Apart from any question of "propriety," this seems to me most unworthy of womanhood or patriotism. Please, my dear friend,

give to your absent husband the loyalty every decent woman must feel for a soldier lover Over There.

HOW DEEP ARE YOUR FEELINGS?
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
Two years ago my sweetheart and I had an understanding that we were to be married as soon as certain circumstances permitted. We are now engaged and the circumstances adjusted but he is in the draft and doesn't know when he may be sent to France.

Now, some say we should be married before he goes and I agree, but he says although he would desire it, it would be sacrificing me, for if he should not return he could never think of what condition I might be left in.

ANXIOUS.
I approve of war marriages for women and men who are fine enough to dare them. If your feelings are big and strong and you are ready to sacrifice and suffer for love—and true love is always proudly prepared to endure what it must—then marry and may God bless you. This decision is a matter of your basic character and the permanence of your feelings. No

one can guarantee that emotion shall last; every one is now under the influence of a certain hysteria; but, allowing for all that are you intrinsically loyal? Do you care deeply and generously? Can you contemplate the worst tragedies as the result of the marriage and feel that they are not too much to pay? Even if your lover were already in camp, I would approve of your marriage if both of you are made of the right stuff—and from your desire to marry him and make him happy and his wish to spare you, I think you both are true blue.

**America Has Rifles
For 2,000,000 Men**

Washington, June 8.—More than a million and a half rifles have been produced for the United States Army since the country entered the war, says an announcement by the War Department. Of this number, 1,140,585 are modified Enfields, 174,796 Springfield models of 1903 and 251,270 Russian rifles.

**Keep Your Home
GERM-
PROOF**

If your boy is in one of the National Army cantonments, he is safer than before he left you—unless you keep your home free from disease-bearing germs.

What the army doctors have done, YOU can do, right in your own home, simply and easily, at a cost of only a cent or two a day.

Kill the germs in your home
with ACME Chlorinated Lime before they have a chance to enter their deadly work.

Medical men everywhere endorse the use of chlorinated lime in the home. A little ACME in your garbage pail arrests fermentation and decay; destroys foul odors. ACME keeps your sink and toilets fresh and clean. On pantry shelves, protects the food and keeps away roaches, water-bugs and vermin.

The Mendleson Corporation
New York City

Get a 15 cent can of ACME today. Insist on ACME. Substitutes may be stale and worthless. Write for free booklet.

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BREAKFAST
COCOA**

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
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
Established 1870

**SAUER'S
Pure Flavoring Extracts**

Conserve food by using Sauer's Extracts in your left-overs, such as Rice, Stale Bread, etc., which can be made into palatable puddings, desserts, etc.

Sauer's Pure Flavoring Extracts Have Won 17 Highest Awards and Medals For Purity, Strength and Fine Flavor.

Largest Selling Brand in the United States
32 distinct flavors that will please you—Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Orange, Raspberry, Almond, Peach, etc. Order SAUER'S EXTRACTS from your dealer—accept no other. Prices 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c and \$1.00 packages.

THE C. F. SAUER CO.
Richmond, Virginia

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HARRISBURG, PA.

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