

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

The trial of the school teacher in Wisconsin for killing the wife of the man with whom she was infatuated, on the plea of "love gone mad," ought to serve as a lesson to men and women generally.

She lost her head—and head—to a veterinary surgeon. He had a wife who declined to give him up. The school teacher shot her, then made an unsuccessful attempt to take her own life.

Could she have thought that she would take the legal place of the woman she killed?

Imagine two people sitting at a prosaic meal like breakfast, with a hideous domestic skeleton like that grinning at them from behind the coffee cups or the cereal dish. There would be all sorts of impossible associations: the way the present wife poured coffee would recall the coffee-pouring methods of her predecessor. Then the husband would remember other things—the way his wife looked after she was killed, her burial, the trial, the wrangle of the lawyers, the dragging into broad daylight of every incident of the school teacher's life.

The "man in the case" will probably say, when he thinks these things over, "not for me." He will seek green fields and pastures new, and if he has a wife behind him who is still a young girl whose history is still a white page.

If, however, he should happen to be the one man in a thousand and marry the woman who killed for his sake—no one need envy their domesticity. There will be too many ranting skeletons around that household to make it livable.

Life is so magnificently worth while, such a splendid pond in which all sorts of prizes are coming to properly baited hooks, that one is tempted to ask why human creatures will throw everything to discard for a moment of riotous emotion. For in the beginning, these grand passions are within the grasp of sane people.

If the school teacher had been wise she would have realized she was becoming too fond of another woman's husband and would have sought new surroundings. Waukesha, Wisconsin, may be a highly attractive town, but it is not the world. The woman who killed her rival was a teacher in the high school; it is not difficult for a woman thus equipped to find a new situation.

She might have gone to a big city where there would be greater opportunities than in a little town in the Middle West. She might even have gone to France and worked for heroic people. If she had thrown herself into such work, heart and soul, "fate" would have dealt happiness instead of tragedy.

But she stayed where everything served to send her case from bad to worse; she stayed where she saw the man, she saw his wife, the sight of whom goaded her to jealous fury; recall her street and houses served to recall her unfortunate love affair. And one fine day she fired the pistol.

Mistake piled on mistake. Nothing that life might give her will equal what she lost.

If people who toss aside all that life has to offer for what they are pleased to call a "grand passion"

## Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

could only see the final chapters of some of these affairs, they would hesitate a long time before taking the step toward violence.

Some years ago, when in Pisa, the Italian city famous for its leaning tower, an American couple in the same hotel spoke to me in the lobby, and asked if I would sit at their table. I didn't know them, or anything about them, and their only excuse was that we all spoke English. I don't remember whether they called themselves Smith, Jones or Robinson; it doesn't matter. They spent all their time asking questions like, "Are there many changes in Forty-second street?" We hear the theaters have all moved uptown.

Living in the heart of a wonderful old medieval town, their most treasured collection was a bundle of American postcards that fellow travelers whom they had met in Pisa had sent back to them.

They seemed fascinated for talk—commonplace talk about restaurants, shops, hats, fashions, anything on earth but about the country where they told me they had lived for ten years.

I wondered continually why, when they craved for Broadway, they continued to stop in Pisa; then, one day, came the explanation. The woman lent me a book; on the fly leaf was a name with which, the readers of newspapers were familiar ten years back; both had families, from which they had eloped.

## LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

The idle girl is now almost as rare as a roe's egg and all signs point to her complete disappearance. She will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

And strange to say, the passing of "Lydia Languish" is marked by no funeral bells. She belonged to yesterday, and she passes unregretted into its mists.

In Wisconsin the Speakers' Bureau is planning a great offensive. A special drive is to be made against "the idle girl, the girl with no definite plans for the future, the girl who is not now preparing herself for useful work." She is not to be permitted to feel that the obligation to help win the war rests only on her brother. Her responsibility is just as great. And if the Speakers' Bureau has anything to do with it, she will have no chance to shirk.

If one can judge by the spirit of women all over the country, there will be no counter offensive to these drives. The drone in the hive is already and on her own initiative, transforming herself into the busy bee.

unhappy about it. Can't you suggest something for me to do?"

A third writes: "I so long to be able to do something worth while. I am young and strong and very bright. Please tell me what to do."

Of course in none of these cases could I say, "I would do this or I would do that," because I know nothing whatever of these girls, their circumstances, capabilities and powers of endurance.

But I can at least give them some idea of what is being done all over the country, and I hope it may suggest some occupation which would suit them and for which they would care to fit themselves. There is certainly something to be gained by women at the present time.

The State of Pennsylvania has established classes of training women which include such branches as stenography, telephone, nursing, filing, motor-mechanics, telegraphy, Red Cross work, war cookery, wireless, teaching the blind, draughting, farm traction and agriculture. And other states are organizing similar classes.

Lydia Languish would swoon if she saw that list of occupations for women and the grandmothers of most of us would undoubtedly turn over in their graves.

We hear on every side that the demand for nurses is greater than the supply, and this is also true of trained and experienced teachers.

I asked some one who was up on the subject how the farmers in general were pleased with their women, farm hands.

"Very much, from what we can gather from the reports that come in," was the answer. "The women are more conscientious, reliable and do more of the work than in the past. Not only because the work leads her into many new fields, but also because in doing it she is helping to 'carry on' in the great cause for which her brothers and sweethearts are fighting.

The spirit of the hour is strikingly reflected in the letters I am receiving, especially from those young girls. A year ago letters written by girls of the same age were more introspective, or were filled with the details of the love that wouldn't run smooth. But now the greater number of them express the longing for service.

One girl writes me: "I read so much about the great struggle going on across the sea, and I know that this is the day of big things. I want to do my bit, no matter how small. I couldn't afford to buy a Liberty Bond, but I am buying Thrift Stamps. Still I want to do something more to help."

Another says: "I am a young girl who has nothing to do with her time all day long. I feel ashamed not to be doing something, and I am very

## FLYING WITH SHAFFER

AN UNSATISFACTORY FIGHT

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille M. S. P. 156, Secteur Postal 12, April 12, 1918.

Dear Mother:

This certainly is the end of a perfect day, for I have never seen such a beautiful sunset since I left the "Heights"—all blue and red, with the smoke from burning Rheims giving just the right touch to make a most beautiful picture. Three times I flew to town today, totaling four hours in the air, and I sure am going to enjoy my trundle bed "ce soir," even if it has hot wire for springs and canvas for sheets. As Putman just remarked so much has happened to-day that he doesn't know where to start, and I don't wonder, for he was in two fights, and to top it off, his motor stopped dead and he landed in some trenches near camp.

I had my own troubles, too. My motor has just been taken down and cleaned, and I quickly discovered I had to learn it all over again—and to think I knew its every whim before! Anyway, when we went out the first time at 12 o'clock a lieutenant came along. My motor would not work at all, and kept spitting and coughing like a consumptive; something fierce, but I doggedly stuck, hoping it would run better after a while—a hope that was not realized. We had been up and down the lines once, when swinging around Rheims we saw some white shrapnel "way down at the other end of the line, so Putman started on his tail and begins climbing to have a look at the white shrapnel denotes a Boche; so did I, but fiddle as I would with that doggone motor, she would not pull me up to 3,500 meters. Not being able to climb up, I ambled along below in the hope that if they found the Boche and raved him down I might get a crack at him—and then I tried my gun to see if it was working.

fell, but probably got away as no confirmation came from the lines as yet. Besides, an airplane falling out of control can easily be duplicated and I ordered two for myself. The French. We were taught that at Pau.

Nothing Doing

No use my trying to continue writing about flying experiences now. Just came back from Chalons and Putman and I sure had some time. He tried on a uniform he had ordered and I ordered two for myself. Then, both of us being hungry for bonbons we began a still hunt for these scarce sweets. First store we tried had nothing like that, but Putman acquired some olives while I tried for sweet pickles. Nothing doing in the sweet pickle line! So we tried again.

That second store was some store! I can't think of anything they did not have, and the bright-eyed French damsel who attended us was a clever little saleswoman. Of course, Putman did the talking, but I caught the drift, and soon she was showing us \$3 a pound candy—and we were falling. At least Putman was, he having more money than I. I fell for francs' worth, but that was some candy, and the girl, with gestures of eyelashes, eyes and expression as only a French girl can put over, picked up one kind of bonbon and laughingly remarked it was "l'eau de vie" (water of life).

Naturally, we were interested, and after tasting one and being revived thereby, wanted a pound, along with some other things, although we care for expenses! This is war, and one never knows how long his life may last—so let appetite be unrestrained. Our "gourmand" shopping being finished, we decided to visit a hospital where we heard some American nurses were working. The first hospital we tried was wrong, but the second was the right, although, as luck would have it, the only American girl working there was out. So Putman wrote a note to be delivered and we walked sadly away. As we walked down the drive on the way out, two girls passed us, one being rather pretty, and we wondered at the time if one might not be the American we had come to see. However, we didn't speak, but we had not gone far down the road when who should we see come down the road, perched high on a cab, but the self-same girl we had passed in the hospital. She sure was a cute little trick, and was so glad to see two Americans she jumped clear to the ground without touching the step. Being introduced, as Putman knew her, she confidentially told us that when we passed her in the hospital she had remarked to her comrade that we didn't look like Frenchmen, and were good-looking enough to be Americans. Get the good-looking! (And I was one of those referred to.) We walked back to the hospital with her then, chatting as we went, and

mutually enjoying ourselves. She had to go on duty at 5 P. M., but before she went she set us roaring by saying she had twenty-seven babies to wash. It made me think of Arne and Ruth's trials, and the story Arne once told of washing a big colored lady and not knowing when she was clean. Yes, despite the rain I spent a most enjoyable afternoon, and tonight after I eat some of that "l'eau de vie" bonbons, their revivifying influence should help me to write some more flying experiences.

Expect to get a permission home this summer, but get that "certificate of loyalty," and please send it as soon as possible.

WALTER.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

HE MEANS TO BE UNSELFISH

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going about with a man a year next month. We are inseparable and enjoy each other's company and always have good times. We are much in love with each other, and he has said so many times some day you and I are going to very happy, of course, referring to marriage, but he has never asked me to marry him. I often wonder if he takes for granted that we are engaged.

This man is in the service, and I have felt that this was his reason for not asking me during war time.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I don't think men very often take engagements for granted. Probably he means to spare you and feel that it is not right to call up to much feeling just now when he is going overseas, and you might have to pay so dearly for your love. Of course, any woman who is fine and strong is ready to say and to stand by her soldier boy and sacrifice good times and comfort and peace of mind for him—but men do know that. Perhaps contact and sweetness and a little discussion of the problem of soldier marriages can help you. You ought to be able to talk the thing out with your boy and to make it all clear.

## Many School Children Are Sickly

Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They break up Colds, Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Teething Troubles, Headache and Stomach Disorders. Used by mothers for 30 years. THESE POWDERS NEVER fail. All Drug Stores, Etc. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.—Advertisement.

## U. S. Merchant Marine in 1920 to Beat World

South Bend, Ind., June 11.—America in 1920 will have a merchant fleet of 150,000 tons, declared the shipping board, declared here last night in an address giving the most complete statement of the nation's shipbuilding program which has been made public. He was speaking to the graduates of Notre Dame University.

This great commerce fleet, Mr. Hurley said, the largest ever assembled in the history of the world, and involving the expenditure of more than \$600,000,000 will link the United States to South and Central America by weekly steamer service which will enable the Latin-American countries to utilize their unlimited natural resources in the freest competition with other nations. It also will bridge the Pacific for the transportation of the products of Japan, Russia, China, Australia and the Orient, and will continue to promote America's trade with Europe.

## Noted Voices Raised in Getting Funds For War

New York, June 11.—More than \$25,000 was raised by the sale of boxes for the musical festival given at the Metropolitan opera house here last night under the auspices of the Department of Navy Recreation of the Woman's Naval Service, of which Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia, is national chairman.

Many noted singers, including Caruso, McCormack, Lavaro, Martinelli and Muratore, gave their services. A tableau "The Statue of Liberty" was presented, and a flying companion seriously injured late yesterday, when their airplane side-slipped and fell about 100 feet near Muldon, Miss.

PLANE SIDESLIPS; ONE DEAD

Aberdeen, Miss., June 11.—Lieut. Clarke Owen, of Lansing, Mich., stationed at Payne field, Westport, Miss., was instantly killed and a flying companion seriously injured late yesterday, when their airplane side-slipped and fell about 100 feet near Muldon, Miss.

## Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, snake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

## The Hard Way or The Easy Way



The Dromedary way is a whole lot pleasanter and easier than grating coconut by hand.

Just remove the cap from the "Ever-Sealed" package and pour out moist shreds of coconut every bit as fresh as if you yourself had just grated it.

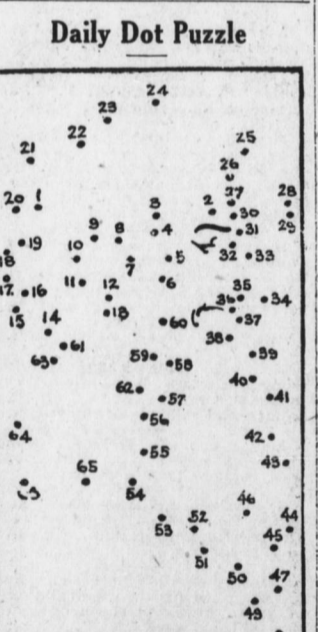
Besides being more convenient, Dromedary Coconut is more economical. It keeps fresh until the last shred is used.



Mrs. Kate Brown Vaughn uses Dromedary Coconut, Dromedary Dates, and Dromedary Tapioca in her lecture demonstrations.

The HILLS BROTHERS Company, New York

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

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For head or throat

Catarrh try the vapor treatment

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## Pin This Upon Wife's Dresser

Warns women against cutting corns and says they lift right out.

Because style decrees that women crowd and buckle up their tender toes in high heel footwear they suffer from corns then they cut and trim at these painful pests which merely makes the corn grow hard. This suicidal habit may cause lockjaw and women are warned to stop it.

A few drops of a drug called freezone applied directly upon a sore corn gives quick relief and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts out without pain. Ask the drug store man for a quarter of an ounce of freezone, which costs very little but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

This drug is gummy but it dries in a moment and simply shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.—Adv.

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## Ladies Bazaar

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