

Reading for Women and all the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW
Do you believe in fate?
That was the sort of a depth-bomb which was flung at me in the very opening sentence of a letter from one of the most interesting of my correspondents.

Bringing Up Father



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WARN! You Must Fill Out These Blanks!

Mother Fries It in a Pan

Remember the little rhyme about the fish in the brook? Catching fish is real war work. Eating it instead of meat is patriotism. The United States Food Administration submits these menus to give you some ideas:

- Hallbut with Mexican Sauce
Belgian Baked Potatoes
Spinach
Corn Bread
Jellied Peaches with Rice
Fish Pilaf with Spanish Sauce
Fried Green Tomatoes
Tapioca Pudding
Jellied Salmon Loaf with Nippy Sauce
Cabbage and Green Pepper Salad
Blackberry Pudding

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

MAKING GOOD

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A few weeks ago I met a girl I love very much. She confessed her love through a letter which she sent me. Everything was all right till I told my past, which is not a good one, but a year ago I changed and have held down a good position with a firm owned by my employers (who know my case).

IRVING.

My dear boy, if you want to give years to study and education and growth, don't you think a wife would be a hindrance to you? For years at college—perhaps two years of preparation; have you a right to marry a girl who has met a certain girl, I, who has forced her attentions upon him by writing love letters. A girl who would leave for the service if told B that he could not marry now, as he would have to be the sole support of her mother and sister after he leaves. B said that he will help support us after marriage. I have not told B not to marry, as I love him too much to interfere with his happiness. What shall I do?

SISTER.

Perhaps your brother was just enjoying a little "flirtation" with this girl, and now all of you, by taking it so seriously, have put the idea of marriage into his head. Of course, he is too young to marry, but some day he will want a wife and home of his own, and you must not take a selfish attitude about it. A little tact will help you put over your present difficulty, but don't drive him to the very step you do want him to take by making it seem too romantic to be foregone. Your brother owes it to his mother to think of her now.

CANT BE DONE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 20, and it happens that on my way to business every morning, I see a woman whom I would like very much to meet. What can I do to make her acquaintance? HARRY.

DOGS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Experiments made in the training of dogs as messengers with the armies in the field have, it is stated, given satisfactory results. The dogs which have proved most receptive under instruction are chiefly half-bred collies and retrievers. A rather poor breed of bob-tailed sheepdogs has also done well. All have been trained to perform their errands during heavy firing, both rifles and guns. They can be fired over as easily as the ordinary sporting dog, and what is quite another thing, they will face fire at close range. Many have shown amazing skill in getting over, under and through all sorts of obstacles, including wire.

FLYING WITH SHAFFER

ALL SMILES

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille M. S. P. 156

Sicteur Postal 12

May 7, 1918

Dear Mother—To-day I met an American "observer," those men who take pictures do "regale" for artillery and some times shoot a Boche. He was a very rolypoly body and his only worry seemed to be that he would outgrow his uniform if he kept on growing—stouter, which same was caused by the drinks pressed upon him by the amiable Frenchmen. In fact, I found him in the bar shaking dice to see who paid for the drinks, and he exclaimed proudly that he hadn't paid for a drink since he came, and they were numerous, and hoped his luck would hold, etc. He was bored to extinction as he had been given no work to do since arriving, and was openly envious of the Frenchmen who had come with him and who were flying every day. Albert, he was a most jovial companion and told a laughable story of the wonderful eats he got, and the way his wine glass was always kept full by his attentive companions. Three glasses were always in front of his plate, when one became empty his neighbor on the right asked him something, and when he turned back from answering, the glass was full, and so it went during the whole meal, so that when he got up replete with good champagne and two more inches were added to his girth, and two more buttons strained at their moorings. Being on the "observatory" one day, he told me many amusing stories of this class of men.

Directing the fire of artillery is quite interesting, and doing with biplane airplane the observer being in command and the pilot merely a chauffeur, being guided like a homesick mother, and the observer, when he is not busy, is busy with his own affairs. First they hear a hollow "ker-oom" to the right, and then see a small black cloud, then another burst, and then they begin to wonder if the gunner far, far below will split the difference next crack, as troubles are supposed to be coming out this time a Boche sights them from his perch high aloft and comes hurtling down to the attack, spitting lead as he goes. The way one of the stories went anyway, told by this plump, jovial observer. He was over about recovered from his first sick attack, and was looking over his large scale, two by four map, when happening to look up, here was a Boche coming down on him, shooting like all possessed. Right then he decided he wanted to go home "toute de suite," but instead of signalling "home, James," or pulling on both ropes and standing on his tail, he chose a more efficient way of informing his pilot what was afoot, or rather doing, by smashing his cap case over the pilot's head. He was well pleased to have a heavy cascade on for it did no harm, but it did draw his attention, and they got away.

Here's another! A plane was all ready to sit out on a mission, when the French observer took suddenly the seat of the pilot, and the commanding near by, was asked if he wanted to take his place. Did he? You bet your bottom boots he did! But, did he know how to handle a machinegun? No, the commanding officer wanted to know. Oh sure. He was an expert, and made pretence of adjusting the sight and looking over the gun, to such good cause that the commander was reassured. The truth of the matter was it was his first close view of one, and about all the knowledge he had of his functions was a vague idea that one pressed the trigger and the gun did the rest. Sometimes that is the case, but not always. So you can imagine his feelings as he was sailing serenely along, enjoying himself to the full, when the rapid spurt of crack of a machine gun was heard above. And there came a Boche, sure, true and swift as death, spitting lead as he came. After the first second's shock, as the machine gun ceased to fire, he suddenly remembered he had a gun—and grabbed for one. But his heavy gloves were too thick for the trigger, and he tried to pull them off, pointed the gun in the general direction of the Boche and pulled the trigger.

The Boche kept coming, always shooting, and then he remembered he had another gun, and quickly found its trigger. Lead sure flew then, but the Boche seemed unhurt, and kept coming down. When nearly on top of the French plane he suddenly swerved, bringing the belly of his gun into view and the American promptly fired a full load, and down he went in flames. So cold was it at that height (5,000 m.) that his hand had frozen to his gun, which nearly caused its amputation. But he sure was a hero, and

Relief from Eczema

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Salads For Summer

Leafy vegetables have come into new favor. Like milk they give us some kinds of food that we cannot get along without. They are sometimes even called "protective foods."

Here are some salads suggested by the United States Food Administration.

Yellow Tomato Salad

Peel and slice yellow tomatoes, lay them on lettuce leaves, and pour over French dressing.

Kohlrabi Salad

Peel and cut in two and slice thin, the young kohlrabi; parboil in salt water, pour off, and stew in plain water for twenty-five minutes. Drain and let cool. Serve on lettuce leaves with red mayonnaise.

Endive Salad

Wash the endive thoroughly and let it stand in ice cold water for

MASCAGNI AND THE WAR

Pietro Mascagni, the celebrated composer, once told how the opening chorus of "Cavalleria" was composed on the night of February 3, 1889, when his first child was born. That son, Mimi, is now, or was recently, driving a motor truck for the Italian Army; and a second boy, Dino, became a private in the Engineer Corps, blowing up Austrian barbed wire barricades. On a visit to the young soldiers Mascagni saw his first battle.

"This is indeed music," he wrote. "It seems as if all the big drums in my orchestra had been multiplied by a million and suddenly gone mad."

The composer gave open-air concerts in the trenches, on one occasion attended by the King of Italy, and he set his hand to work on a great patriotic symphony, designed to be a musical apotheosis of Italy's "war of redemption."

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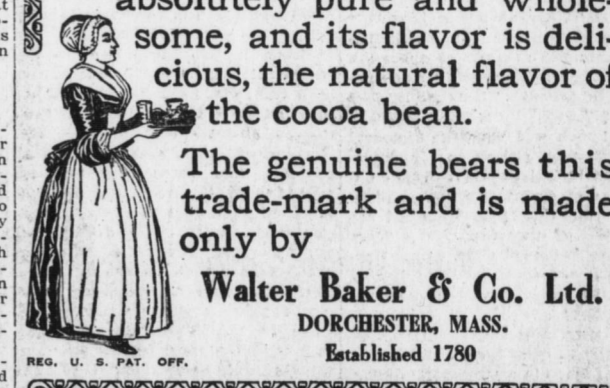
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