Reading for Women and all the Family

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife.

CHAPTER XXXII

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Sunday was a riot of blue skies and golden sunlight and soft breezes that whispered gay little invitations to come out and play. After breakfast my husband hurried off to keep his appointment with a man upstate, and Neal and I fell upon the dishes and washed and dried them and gossiped with a vim.

"Say, Babbsie, at the rate we're going we won't be done when that husband of yours gets back. Say, he's a winner! He can have me all right if he'll always treat me as white as he did this morning. Lady Evelyn says it won't hurt for me to kind of follow his lead once in a while. She thinks he's all right, too," said Neal, turning mattresses with brisk vigor.

A minute later he added:

"I've a date with—her to-day. Say, sposin' you finish your room and I do mine and we see who beats. Otherwise we'll never get through."

"Righto, Nealie! Only it's no fair leaving dust in corners," I agreed light -heartedly. Hadn't my young brother just called my husband a winner? If my boys liked each other, if we had our own happy little family group, if Jim found work—then Jim and I would be woven into the very pattern of each other's daily lives, and I would never again have the pang of feeling the "outsider." His old life would slip away into a background of unimportant memory and his real life would date from the hour he had found me.

I dreamed as I worked, and little snatches of song rose to my lips. I wonder if every woman longs as I do to be all-in-all to the man she loves? I must mean everything to my Jim—as he does to me.

Quickly and deftly my happy fingers completed their tasks.

"I win, Neal," I cried, actually hippity-hopping to the door of the living room.

There stood Neal over by the big carved Florentine chest. Its lid was thrown back, and in my brother's hands was the shimmering blue and green robe Tom Mason had—given me. I dashed across the room and tried to snatch the lustrous thing from Neal's hands. But Neal turned, twisted it from my grasp and swung the silk high above his head where it winked at me eyilly.

"Tush, tush, Barbara Anne, why this unseemly haste?" questioned my brother in a teasing voice.

"Give it to me! Give it to me!" I cried.

"Come and take it," laughed Neal, sliding across the floor and brandishing the flashing robe above his head.

"Don't tease, Neal—give it to me!" I cried in exasperation that was almost tearful.

Then his teasing look turned suddently to an earnest one.

"What do you want to do with this—thingumabob, Babbsie?"

"I want to hide it away!"

"Hide it! From whom?"

"From myself, Neal."

"Sure it's not from your husband?"

"Neal! What do you mean?"

"I want to know what you mean, Babbsie—having all this heavy, embroidered stuff made into some sort of a dress and hidden away," said my brother, sternly.

And as I faced the sturdy determination in his young eyes I knew with relief that at last I was going to tell the story of that "haunted" robe! And when I had told him how Tom Mason had made me a gift—an unwelcome one—but still a gift—of that priceless robe, my brother was fairly furious. He stormed out that I must send it back at once, and that he'd fix any cad who dared insult his sister by forcing presnts of clothes upon her.

"Neal, you're right. You and I have different standards. We aren't new fashioned city folk, but simple, homey country people—and I'm proud of it and I'm going to be what I am as honestly as I can. Now, put the robe away, dear. I'll tell my husband about it as soon as he comes in, and then he and I together will send it back to Mr. Mason."

Neal kissed me, hugging me tight:

"You need some one to look out for you, Babbsie—some one who understands you. Maybe it's going to turn out for the best that I came."

This disquieted me. Did Neal mean to insinuate that Jim didn't understand me? And why should his coming to New York not turn out well?"

I tied his tie, helped him smooth down the rebellious waves of his flamboyant red hair and sent him off to join his "Lady Evelyn." Then I got out my mending and stitched a little of my love into the crisscross of Jim's socks. At noon I put the roast of lamb into the oven. At one I began peeling the potatoes and carrots—a fine hot dinner should be awaiting my boy when he returned—that would refresh him and help him over disappointment perhaps.

But there was no disappointment. Even my boy's limp had lost some of it's weary drag, for as he hurried in a few moment's later, he shouted boyishly that he had a job.

"To-morrow Neal and I start off for the workingman's life togeth-er!" he cried, enveloping me in a bear hug. "Litttle brother has nothing on me. I'm inspector in a cap factory. Don't know nothing about caps—or inspecting, but this pays eighteen hundred a year and may lead right to the presidency."

After our first rejoicing was over, I pulled Jim down at my side on the big couch and told him the story of the blue robe. At first I didn't dare raise my eyes to his face—the words came stumbling out in cold panic. I sat staring out ahead of me with cold hands clasped—then, for comfort, I reached over and seized the lapels of Jim's coat and dragged my eyes up to his. He was smiling!

"You aren't angry?" I gasped. Neal had been so very angry.

"Angry?" Jim swept his hands down and caught my wrists—he lifted them and laid a kiss in each palm. "Poor little frightened girl—did she think her big tyrant husband had shut her up in a Bluebeard tower?"

"You'd let me accept presents from other men?" I gasped in a whirl.

Jim threw back his head and fairly shouted. "Take all you can get—kiddie. That's the law of society. Of course, I wouldn't have you push that to extremes. But the robe was right here in the apartment and Tom threw it in as part of the rent. He's rich—it won't hurt him to be a little generous to us."

I drew away—offended. Jim's words hurt me. Had my husband no real pride for me—or for himself?"

(To Be Continued)

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

A Friendly Enemy

Lena, who had cooked for two generations of Johnsons, could certainly make sauerkraut. Crisp, white and to just the right degree briney, it would have tickled the palates of her ancestors in Saxony. It could not nave been improved upon by her old grandmother who had brought her to America fifty years before Also it was one of the prides of the Johnsons' menus—until some over-zealous patriot sniffed at the once popular dish and refused it. Besides, she told a neighbor, there must be something very queer about a family named Johnson that doted on such a German dish!

Then the young Johnsons rose up.

"No more sauerkraut," said they. "Lena is using German propaganda on us."

So sauerkraut was interned as a dangerous alien enemy for a week.

Then Mrs. Johnson began to think it over. She looked up the origin of the dish. She read the suggestions of the Food Administation on the subject, and the next evening announced her stand to the family.

"In the first place," she said, "I have found that historically sauerkraut is of Dutch origin, rather than German. Also, I am firmly convinced that it is patriotic to eat it, and foolish not to. Cabbage is now fresh from the garden we have been cultivating all summer. It is exactly the kind of food that the Food Administration asks us to eat because it is home-grown, perishable, and not one of the staples that we have to send abroad.

So the next day Lena began to make sauerkraut again. She first cut the heads of cabbage into long, fine shreds, and put them into a big jar in layers, with salt sprinkled thickly between She mashed each layer down with a hard-wood weight.

After twenty days, she took the jar out of the cellar, where she had put it because she wanted the temperature of about sixty degrees for it, and she saw that the process of curing was complete, because bubbles had ceased to rise at the edge of the jar.

That night the youngest Johnson helped himself to a generous portion of sauerkraut, to eat with his cold meat, and said:

"Well I guess old Lena and her sauerkraut are all right after all. And besides wasn't it silly to call cabbage German, when it grows right in our own yard?"

Miss Elizabeth S. Engle Announces Her Engagement

Elizabethville, Pa., Oct. 12.—At a party given several days ago, Miss Elizabeth S. Engle announced her engagement to David C. Witmer, of Donegal Springs. Those present were: Grace Heisey, Shippensburg; Miriam Enslow, Donegal; Theodora Pearson, Philadelphia; Kathryn Zug, Donegal; Edna Heishey, Mount Joy; Clara Bolster, Manheim; Mary Carter, Columbia; Pauline Garber, Bainbridge; Pauline Clark, Heishey; Helen Gross, Elizabethtown; Myrtle Binkley and Abram Forney, Elizabethtown. — P. R. R. Operator Chas. H. Wormley, visited friends at Harrisburg, this week. — Mathew Beamesderfer and family, of Lebanon, spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. William Beamesderfer. — Lloyd Murphy an employe of the Pennsylvania Railroad is ill.—Miss Mary Yeager, of Manheim, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. H. Heagy at the Black Horse hotel in South Market street—Paul Kieffer, a clerk at the Post Office is ill at his home in Washington street.—Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Brandt, daughter and son, and Miss Virginia Martin were the guests of relatives at Bainbridge.—S. B. Kieffer and Milton Kepner are on a trip to Middletown.—George Eby and family, of Shippensburg and A. D. Ulrich and family, of Palmyra, attended the funeral of Walter G. Heishey on Thursday.—Charles H. Weidman is ill at his Park street home.—Tillman Ebersole and family, of Quarryville, are guests of D. M. Reese.—Mrs. J. S. Carmany, of Florin, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Dierolf.—Roy Wormley and Millard Galebach, who had been stationed at Camp Greenleaf, Ga., have been transferred to Camp Upton, N. Y.

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Some one—a man, of course—has written a letter asking me to define the difference between an old maid and a bachelor girl.

I don't know what the dictionaries have to say on the subject, or if they discourse to any extent on the space thta sparates these two states, but to the world at large the dissimilarity is as the poles.

To be an "old maid" denotes a state of mind rather than a condition of single blessedness, and is by no means confined to the female sex. Old maids in trousers and Derby hats and taking pride in mustaches and pointed beards infest our street cars, professions and public offices. The old maid may be determined by a tendency to ossify, or turn to bone, usually beginning at the head.

They are opposed to change of any sort, they like things to keep on in the same old rut, because they had always ben that way from their earliest recollections.

The genuine article, of either six, is more concerned with things than principles. A world war may be raging, nations pershing of starvation or by the sword, but the real issue of life to the gentlemanly old maid will be: "Are my suspenders where I have them every night?" And to the ladylike old maid: "is my hat on straight?"

Their world is bounded on the north by "Me" on the south by "My Things," on the east by "What I Think," andon the west by "What I Feel About Other People." Sometimes a genuine old maid marries, but not often; the responsibilit of seeing some one's else shoes arranged at what may be an offending angle is too great a responsibility.

Better go through life unloved, unwed, unmourned, than take such chances. To the simon pure O. M. there are really no such things as days or the week; instead, there is "The day I go to church, ride in a Ford, ferry or trolley, according to my circumstances. Monday is my Monday, but the day I have my clothes washed. Tuesday, the day I eat the last of the cold roast. Wednesday, the day my sweeping is done. Thursday, the day I go to the movies or indulge myself in some such recreation, etc.

"In like manner, 1914 is not the year of the world war, but the year I set out my scarlet runners, or had my front tooth filled with porcelain."

"Prunes and Prisms Preferred"

This self-centered product had flashes of patriotism, and would honestly enjoy buying Thrift Stamps, War Savings Certificates, or even a Liberty Bond or two, but the habit of vniesting in "Prunes and Prisims preferred" has been formed and the O. M. cant bear the thought of risking a change.

For very much the same reason your typical O. M. is always an anti-suffragist, for the compelling motive that his or her grandmother was one. Why they do not wear caps and hoopskirts for the same reason it is difficutl to follow.

We have old maids of this type in the Sente, House and State Legislature. We have always had them, and like the Biblical poor, we shall have them perpetually. The impatient reformer does not always see it, but these reactionaries are a valuable spur to all forward movements.

They are the pebbles that give greater momentum to the stream of progress. But we think of them and lament their presence in Tennyson's apt phrase: "A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburiable." Not long ago, one of these ran for the Presidency, he also undertook an unsuccessful pleasure excursion, at the government's expense, for which a certain club awarded him a medal for valor. I do not know the inscription on this gift horse, but bearing his record on women suffrage in mind, it might have read: "He has not changed his mind in fifty years,"

Some times the old maid is young, as years are counted, but as set as a hard-boiled egg in the matter of convictions. The crown prince of Germany, for instance, sees a pershing world waiting for him to set it straight.

The Bachelor Girl

The bashelor girl differs from the old maid in that she is invariably feminine. We have no bachelor girls in trousers and wearing mustaches and beards, as we have old maids—and all too many of them.

The bachelor girl is a spinster, and as progressive as the old maid is ractionary. The bachelor girl almost always marries, and if she does not, it is for every reason but lack of opportunity. She dresses well, because she realizes that a good appearance is the best introduction and while a dowdy jacket may cover a noble heart, she realizes it will obtain slower recognition than if its nobility were masked by one that is up-to-date.

The bachelor girl is human, genuine and refreshingly free from cant. She is never a Pollyanna—glad because an automobile ran over her, and thereby secured her a ride to the hospital—or some such nonsense.

The bachelor girls were the first that require much sugar, to avail themselves of the higher education offered to women, and to fill the colleges and prepare for the professions. They were the first ot organize units in France and Belgium to feed the refugees, care for the lost children and nurse the sick, and they went prepared for these duties.

They did not invade stricken countries full of futile sympathy and inability to speak a word of the language. They ha dless of "Oh, you poor dears," and more of "Je pearle."

They did, the first thing that came to hand, and they did it mighty well. A famous war correspondent tells of a group of them, from Smith College, whom he met in the north of France helping to repatriate the peasantry. I ntheir wrecked and desolate homes.

They stayed by the work till the Huns were upon them, and then applied the torch to the model village that it had taken thousands of dollars and months of labor to build, rather than let it fall into the enemys hands.

And when they did leave, each one of them came driving her own motor truck and bearing in it a load of helpfell natives. One girl actually brought to shelter a troop of terrified dwarfs, dropped from a stranded caravan. Nok she was a bachelor girl, modern, resourceful, humane. An old maid would have said, in reference to the dwarfs: "Haven't you something more pleasant for me to drive?"

To be an old maid indicates a state of mind, to be a bachelor girl denotes a state of grace.

Thoughtlessness

He wore a service pin upon his coat. Every day at the office he told them proudly how glad he was that his son could be in the fight even if he himself was too old to go. Then that the sugar shortage was surely bringing the war home to us. "The restaurants, you know, have been cut down so that they only serve you a teaspoonful for your offee and about the same amount for your oatmeal. I like mine sweeter, so I've taken to buying it myself. Then I carry it with me in an envelope."

There was silence in the office for a minute. Then one of the older men spoke up.

"My son's wife and the two children have come to live with us since John went to war. Their mother's preached to them I guess. This morning little John took just a half-teaspoon of sugar on his cereal. I asked him why he did that, for he loves sweets. What do you suppose he said? 'Why, grandpa, we must feed the world!'"

Again there was a silence in the office. But the first man was a good American.

"I guess you meant that for me, Stanley. I'm not angry, but I think you know that I have been behind every move our government has made."

" know you have. That's just why I couldn't understand you on this thing. It isn't as if there weren't a reason for it. t isn't as if the whole thing wasn't tied up with getting men overseas and sending them food after they get there. It takes ships to get sugar into the country. It takes ships to get sugar into the country. It's just as if you were holding back your boy because you wanted the ship which might take him over, to go down to Cuba first and get you some sugar."

"I see!"

"I know your heart's in the right place, I know you're proud that your son has gone and that you're able yourself to get in a few good licks at home. But we've all of us got to learn to think in international terms—or else the autocratic empire over there will teach us how to think nothing but German. I know you're not consciously with the enemy. You're just htoughtless—thats all. But have any of us any right to be thoughtless any more?"

"I guess you're right, all right. It has been thoughtlessness. But—well, you're right, no one has a right to be thoughtless now. I don't like my coffee with only one teaspoonful of sugar or my oatmeal either—but I guess I can learn if the rest of oyu and even the children can."

To Save Sugar

Use fresh fruits without sugar.

Cook dried fruits without additional sugar; they already contain sugar.

Can more fruit without sugar; put up fewer jams and jellies.

Use less sugar in tea and coffee; you will soon learn to like it better.

Avoid such sugar luxuries as candy, cakes, chewing gum, sweet drinks and sodas.

Use honey, maple sugar and syrups and other sweeteners when available.

Cut out all desserts or other dishes

Illness Due to Change of Drinking Water

When people go away from home, or for some other reason change their place of residence, it often happens that they have a spell of digestive trouble. Not uncommonly it is due to water.

We are accustomed to think of drinking water as if it were always the same thing—a definite compound which the chemist would call H2O, or two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen. But it isn't.

Much other stuff is mixed with it. For the water we drink was derived originally from rocks, out of which it has dissolved various mineral salts. Among the latter may possibly be magnesium sulphate, which is Epsom salts, or sodium sulphate, which in the commercial form is known as Glauber's salts. As everybody knows, these are medicinal.

Of course, water that contains appreciable quantities of such ingredients would not be potable. But other salts, if one be unaccustomed to them, may disagree with the digestive apparatus. We are in the habit of drinking the brand of water obtainable in our neighborhood; it might make a stranger sick.

So, on the other hand, we may visit another locality that has water of a composition to which we are unused, and it may disagree with us—for a while, that is.

What Westerners call "alkali water" is simply water so loaded with objectionable mineral constituents that nobody can drink it or get used to it. It may not even be utilizable for cooking. Plants, actually, may be poisoned, instead of refreshed, by it.

Y. M. C. A. Necessary For Men Who Serve the Nation

Through the United War Work Agencies at No. 60 Vanderbilt avenue, New York, excerpts from a letter from Corporal James R. Storey, of Company C, 112th Infantry, A. E. F., writing from Camp Hancock shortly before leaving for France, have been made public. He wrote:

"Without the Y. M. C. A. camp life would not be complete, as the wholesome entertainment and religious opportunities it affords are readily recognized by every man in Camp Hancock who has taken advantage of them. Personally, I feel I could not get along without the "Y" for the many pleasant evenings spent there will never be regretted by me, and the people at home can rest assured that they have invested their money in a paying proposition, for there is not a man in Camp Hancock who has not been benefited by attending and taking advantage of its many wholesome facilities.

Many Visitors in Dauphin Cottages and Bungalows

Dauphin, Oct. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bayley, of New York, are occupying the bungalow for the fall months.—Miss Mary Bohner, who was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Poffenberger, of Erie, has returned to her home at Sunbury.—Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Arthur, of Steelton, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gruber, of High street.—Mrs. J. M. Shoop, wife of the Rev. J. M. Shoop, who has been seriously ill, is improving.—F. G. McKill, of Kurzen, was the guest of G. M. Kinter on Wednesday.—Miss Minnie Keyser and William Loose, of Selinsgrove, were guests of Mrs. W. F. Reed.—Miss Vorginia Wallis and Miss Sara Margaret Hawthorn took a hike of fifteen miles on Monday with the Girl Scouts, of Harrisburg.—Ralph Shoop, principal of the Dauphin High school, has resigned to accept a position as teacher at the Steelton High school.—A. G. Austin, of the United States Navy, woh has been spending a furlough with his wife at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Makin, has returned to Charlston, S. C.—Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Deibler, Miss Ruth and Wellington Deibler were recent visitors at Halifax.—Mrs. Harrison Lebo, of Harrisburg, spent Wednesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Dill.—Miss Margaret Brooks and Miss Mary Umberger were weekend guests of friends at Harrisburg.—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Maurey and Miss Lydia, have returned from a visit to the Rev. and Mrs. George A. Maurey, at Frackville.—The Rev. W. H. Zweizig, who was ill at the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, has returned home much improved in health.—Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Culmerry, of Harrisburg, have been spendng some time with Mrs. Culmerry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Beidleman. — Joseph H. Fite, of Sparrow's Point, Md., spent the weekend with his family here. —Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zeider and daughter, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday with Mrs. Zeider's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Putt.—Augustus Brooks, of Newark, N. J., spent several days with his sister, Miss Margaret Brooks.—Mrs. Elmer Weisman and daughter, July Ann, were the guests of the Misses Kinter.—Miss Ruth Shaffer, a nurse at the Pennsylvania Hospital, of Philadelphia, is spending several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Shaffer. Miss Shaffer is recovering from a severe case of influenza.—Miss Ruth Nauman, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Sabra Clark returned on Wednesday from Goucher College, Baltimore, Md., the college being closed on account of influenza.—W. B. Corbett, of Harrisburg, was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Clark on Sunday.

SPANISH INFLUENZA---WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT SHOULD BE TREATED

Nothing New—Simply The Old Grip, or la Grippe That Was Epidemic in 1889-90, Only Then It Came From Russia by Way of France and This Time by Way of Spain.

Go to Bed and Stay Quiet—Take A Laxative—Eat Plenty of Nourishing Food—Keep Up Your Strength — Nature Is The Only "Cure".

ALWAYS CALL A DOCTOR

NO OCCASION FOR PANIC

Spanish influenza, which appeared in Spain in May, has all the appearance of grip or la grippe, which has swept over the world in numerous epidemics as far back as history runs. Hippocrates refers to an epidemic in 412 B. C. which is regarded by many to have been influenza. Every century has had its attacks. Beginning with 1831, this country has had five epidemics, the last in 1889-90.

There is no occasion for panic—influenza itself has a very low percentage of fatalities—not over one death out of every four hundred cases, according to the N. C. Board of Health. The chief danger lies in complications arising, attacking principally, patients in a run down condition—those who don't go to bed soon enough, or those who get up too early.

THE SYMPTOMS

Grippe, or influenza as it is now called, usually begins with a chill followed by aching, feverishness and sometimes nausea and dizziness, and a general feeling of weakness and depression. The temperature is from 100 to 104, and the fever usually lasts from three to five days. The germs attack the mucuous membrane, or lining of the air passages—nose, throat and bronchial tubes—there is usually a hard cough, especially bad at night, often times a sore throat or tonsilitis, and frequently all the appearances of a severe head cold.

THE TREATMENT

Go to bed at the first symptoms, not only for your own sake but to avoid spreading the disease to others—take a purgative, eat plenty of nourshing food, remain perfectly quiet and don't worry. Quinine, asprin or Dover's Powder, etc., may be administered by the physician's directions to relieve the aching. But there is no cure or specific for influnza—the disease must run its course. Nature will throw off the attack if only you keep up your strength. The chief danger lies in the complications which may arise. Influenza so weakens the bodily resistance that there is danger of pneumonia or bronchitis developing, and sometimes inflammation of the middle ear, or heart affections. For these reasons, it is very important that the patient remain in bed until his strength returns—stay in bed at least two days or more after the fever has left you, or if you are over 50 or not strong, stay in bed four days or more, according to the severity of the attack.

EXTERNAL APPLICATIONS

In order to stimulate the lining of the air passages to throw off the grippe germs, to aid in loosening the phlegm and keeping the air passages open, thus making the breathing easier, Vick's VapoRub will be found effective. Hot, wet towels should be applied over the throat, chest and back between the shoulder blades to open the pores. Then VapoRub should be rubbed in over the parts until the skin is red, spread on thickly and cover with two thicknesses of hot flannel cloths. Leave the clothing loose around the neck as the heat of the body liberates the ingredients in the from of vapors. These vapors, inhaled with each breath, carry the medication directly to the parts affected. At the same time, VapoRub is absorbed thru and stimulates the skin, attracting the blood to the surface, and thus aids in relieving the congestion within.

HOW TO AVOID THE DISEASE

Evidence seems to prove that this is a germ disease, spread principally by human contact, chiefly thru coughing, sneezing or spitting. So avoid persons having colds—which means avoiding crowds—common drinking cups, roller towels, etc. Keep up your bodily strength by plenty of exercise in the open air, and good food. Above all, keep from colds, as colds irritate the lining of the air passages and render them much better breeding places for the germs.

Use Vick's VapoRub at the very first sign of a cold. For a head cold, melt a little VapoRub in a spoon and inhale the vapors, or better still, use VapoRub in a benzoin steam kettle. If this is not available, use an ordinary tea-kettle. Fill half-full of boiling water, put in half a teaspoon of VapoRub from time to time—keep the kettle just slowiy boiling and inhale the steam arising.

NOTE. Vick's VapoRub is the discovery of a North Carolina druggist, who found how to combine, in salve form, Menthol and Camphor with such volatile oils as Eucalyptus, Thyme, Cubebs, etc., so that when the salve is applied to the body heat, these ingredients are liberated in the form of vapors.

VapoRub is comparatively new in New York State and New England and a few Western States where it is just now being introduced, but in other sections of the country it is the standard home remedy in more than a million homes for all forms of cold troubles. Over six million jars were sold last year. It is particularly recommended for children's croup or colds, since it is externally applied and therefore can be used as freely as desired without the slightest harmful effects. VapoRub can be had in three sizes at all druggists.

Don't Rub and Scrub on Wash Day

THERE is an easier way out of the hard work and your clothes will look whiter and cleaner. Go to your dealer's and get a package of

20 MULE TEAM BORAX SOAP CHIPS

and make a Soap Jelly in this manner. To a quart of water add three tablespoonfuls of 20 Mule Team Borax Chips and boil. Pour enough of this solution into the wash water to make a good suds. Then soak or boil clothes as usual.

Don't rub—they will come out snowy white and hygienically clean.

20 Mule Team Borax Chips will not shrink woolens or injure dainty fabrics. An 8 oz. package of 20 Mule Borax Soap Chips equals 25c worth of ordinary laundry soap.

It's the Borax with the chips that does the work

AT ALL DEALERS

Can't sleep! Can't eat! Can't even digest what little you do eat!

One or two doses

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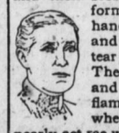
Heal Blisters On Hands, Itched and Nearly Set Wild.



"Blisters would form on my hands and then break. Then they would form large scales and my hands would crack open and bleed. I could almost tear them off they itched so. The skin was sore and red, and my hands were inflamed and swollen, and when I put them in water it nearly set me wild.

"I bought a cake of Soap and a box of Ointment, and after two months I was healed, the first time in twenty years." (Signed) Mrs. George L. Ogden, 6933 Paschall Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa., April 6, 1918.

These fragrant emollients are all you need for all toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. M, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

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