

WOMAN'S HERALD

Devoted to the Household, the Fashions and the Activities of Women.

MARY MARSHALL, Editor.

DAILY DEPARTMENT OF THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

Correspondence is invited. Address all communications to the Woman's Editor, The Washington Herald, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1915.

And Now It's Straw.

A German scientist has announced a discovery by which straw of the common garden variety may be made into a wholesome, nourishing food.

Why not straw? Man is partly an herbivorous animal and just look at the way horses consume this delicacy. True they usually eat oats if they had a chance, but then they don't draw the line at straw.

Isn't it amazing how interested we become whenever any one suggests the possibility of our adding hitherto supposedly inedible products to our list of possible food? Just a few months ago one of the government farmer's bulletins came out with the statement that "popcorn was a good and nourishing breakfast food, and although we had only thought of this product as something that we had munched at picnics in our childhood we immediately welcomed its new possibilities.

Why did God send you into my life if he did not intend you for me?" he questioned.

HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Saturday, April 24, 1915.

Astrology reads this as a rarely auspicious day for Mercury, the Sun, Neptune and Saturn are all in benefic aspect.

This should be a time for initiative in large enterprises, for making big investments and for planning ambitious ventures.

Advertising is under a particularly promising sign and it is predicted that magazines and newspapers will make substantial gains before autumn.

While this year's conditions generally conditions are deemed fortunate for procuring political preferment. It is predicted that vacancies in high places will occur in considerable numbers.

According to certain signs honors will be won by a military genius of constructive talent.

The signs predict that profit-sharing will be introduced in manufacturing ventures which will become famous for their far-reaching influence in re-habilitating war-stricken nations.

The discovery of a new agency for the alleviation of pain is predicted. This will become widely known before the end of the year.

Farmers, miners and all who work in the earth are under a kindly rule today.

The organization of companies for scientific co-operation in increasing the world's food supply is foretold.

Scandals in Great Britain will be numerous before autumn, a London astrologer declares. Army and social circles will be involved in startling exposures.

Persons whose birthday it is have the augury of a successful year, if they do not speculate or spend their money extravagantly.

Children born on this day probably will be rather quick-witted, but these subjects of Taurus may be ambitious, intelligent and gifted. Many writers are born under this sign.

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Coriase Flowers.

There are many pretty coriase flowers, and among them are roses made of picot-edged ribbon.

FOLK WE TOUGH IN PASSING

THE LETTERS.

By JULIA CHANDLER MANZ.

"You'll destroy them?" pleaded The Woman. The Man gave her a tender smile as he shook his head.

"I can't," he said, "over and over I have tried, but I can't."

"Then," said The Woman, "return them to me."

"I have tried that, too," answered The Man, "and I tell you I can't do it. Why, my dear little Lady, those letters of yours are the most beautiful revelation that life has ever brought me.

When the whole world seems an impossible place in which to live I sit alone with that little package which now lies safely locked in my safe and when I have read them I am flooded with an ecstatic sense of happiness. They give me courage to go on. I can't destroy them."

"But you know them by heart," protested The Woman. "You do not need them to assure you that my love for you is very real and very great. It is horribly selfish of you to persist in keeping them, and you subject each of us to a tremendous risk in doing so."

Whereupon The Man shook his head, and assured The Woman for the hundredth time that the letters which she had written him were perfectly safe.

"They are in a package to themselves, marked private, and with the instruction that they are to be destroyed in event of my death. There is no need to worry," he said.

But The Woman was not satisfied. She knew that no written message is ever quite safe from curious eyes as long as it remains in existence, and she wished every day of her life that she had not been so indiscreet as to have expressed what she felt for The Man in writing, but at the time the letters were written she had been confident that he would see the necessity for their speedy destruction and burn them at once.

That he had not done so caused her continuous uneasiness, not because she felt any lack of faith in The Man himself, but that she did not trust the hands into which the package might fall in event of his death.

The Man and The Woman were each married—but not to each other. They had not touched in passing until it was too late. When they met and loved, The Man was for chucking their respective responsibilities and realizing the happiness which he declared every human being had a right to possess.

"Why did God send you into my life if he did not intend you for me?" he questioned.

But The Woman protested that chance had had more to do with their meeting than God, and held to her belief that adherence to duty is the first business of the human race. She was not happily married, but there were



"Then, too, there is your wife."

children and The Woman's motherhood was to her a holy thing.

"And even if there were no children, I could not do the thing you ask," she assured The Man.

"For you see there is always my own self-respect."

"Then, too, there is your wife," she added.

To which things The Man made no answer, because there was no answer possible.

And when The Woman said they must part for all time The Man wrote her a letter so full of the emotions which swayed him, so pathetic with protest and pleading that The Woman answered in kind, expressing her undying love for him in language that breathed the spirit of springtime.

Whereupon The Man wrote again; The Woman replied, and this sort of thing went on until fully a dozen exquisite messages had passed between them. In the end The Woman memorized each of The Man's letters—wrote their messages on her heart—and burned every vestige of evidence that ever he had written them.

Several years had slipped by since The Woman had seen The Man when on a soft April afternoon through which sunshine had chased the gentle showers across the meadow the flaring headlines of a newspaper announced the tragic death of The Man. He had been horribly mangled in a railroad accident which had taken many other lives as well.

The Woman's thoughts flew beyond the suffering through which he must have passed to the package of letters she was sure still remained locked in his safe and panic seized her heart. She thought of a thousand plans by which she might procure the letters, but there was none which would not betray her. There was nothing to be done save to hope and pray that the instructions concerning them still remained on the package, and that these instructions would be obeyed.

The days and weeks dragged themselves by and The Woman's state of anxiety was so acute that at the end of a month she felt as though she stood beneath a leaden beam which threatened to fall and crush out her life, and do what she would she could not get away from her premonition of calamity.

One afternoon The Husband came home rather later than usual. His step was unsteady as The Woman watched him come up the street, and when he entered the house she saw that his face was white and drawn.

Without a word he took from his pocket a neatly tied package, removed the string, and spread out before The Woman's eyes every letter she had ever written The Man. One by one The Husband removed them from their envelopes and as he stood over The Woman forced her to read them. Then he refolded them, and with a he had replaced them in their envelopes retied them, and without a word turned on his heel and left the house.

With the letters which The Man's wife had given him as evidence The Husband had no difficulty in proving his charge of infidelity, and gaining his divorce from The Woman. The jury sitting in his case agreed to a man, and the judge—evidenced no hesitancy when he rendered his decision, that The Woman was not fit to rear the little children she had brought into the world with all but the sacrifice of her own life, and to whom she had given the best of her youth and the full limit of her strength.

So it came about that, as The Man lay silent within his narrow grave, The Woman who had refused to wreck his home and hers, remaining faithful to the motherhood she held sacred, went her way alone, robbed of every precious thing life holds, with the sneer of mankind ringing in her ears, paying the price of The Man's unutterable selfishness.

HOUSE-WIVES DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR

THREE REASONABLE SUNDAY DINNER DISHES.

Roast breast of veal with creole stuffing—Get two pounds of the breast even if there is to be no company, for it can be eaten cold the next day.

There is no old age when life is progress and the heart is young. High ideals and lofty sentiments, mind and heart alert for new light, from thoughts to weave into new pictures, keep heart and brain and body alert.

Woman is in her prime between 50 and 60. She has reared her children; she is now ready to enjoy with a wider understanding, a more comprehensive tenderness, her children's children.

The mother instinct, ripened by maturity and experience, is at the service of the whole race; broad fields of usefulness in public, civic, or religious affairs lie before her.

With experience she manages her household with ease; she has the time now to work for public housekeeping.

She has more leisure for the sport; she has more leisure for the good comradeship of husband and family.

Age has neglected her face and figure, now is the time and opportunity to rejuvenate them. Impossible for a middle-aged woman to be at-tractive if she is not young at heart.

It belongs to the dark ages. The tint of the spring flower may have left her cheeks, but the bloom of the Indian summer is less compelling.

There is nothing so ageing as these false limits some have placed on youth. Let us tear them down. Time was when women past 50 always dressed in black. Now we wear black becoming only to young girls with rosy cheeks. After 40 we wear soft colors.

Age is not a question of years and hours; it cannot be measured by the revolutions on the sundial, as sometimes it is checked off each day and discarded as a finished article.

No, age is measured by the growth of the spirit, by the maturity of the intellect, by the acceptance of new ideas, and by the willingness to be a new flower each morning, or a new note in the song bird's carol, or a new shade in heaven's blue.

The uplift is something better, the inquiring mental attitude, the belief in the ultimate rightness of the universe—these are the great rejuvenators.

Age comes in relaxing efforts; in letting go.

The woman of middle age should be conscious of an objective outlook on life. She can see it without its turmoil. She knows her feelings are many of the passions that assail youth.

That woman of middle age would wish to begin life over again at 19? Not many I am sure.

Why then should we not approach these middle years with gladness, not regret?

Answers to Correspondents.

Miss Corbett will endeavor to answer all questions as promptly as possible. It will not be practicable to print an answer to every inquiry, a stamped envelope should accompany questions. All letters should be addressed to Miss Susanna Cocroft, care of this paper.

Gastritis.

Mrs. H. O. B. writes: "Can you give me some relief, besides medicine, for chronic gastritis? I have almost constant trouble."

Chronic gastritis is most often accompanied with a thickening of the mucous lining of the stomach. Often a pint of slimy mucus will collect over night, and if this can be washed out, relief will be obtained. This is sometimes done daily before breakfast with a stomach pump.

The condition is helped by drinking a glass of cold water an hour before each meal, followed by stomach exercises, to cause a reorganization of the water through the stomach. This helps to pass the mucus into the intestine and brings the blood to the lining of the stomach—hence more nourishment and a better activity of the walls of the stomach.

Each mouthful of food should be masticated until it is a pulp—about twenty-five times—so as to swallow an abundance of saliva to aid digestion. Nourishment should be in liquid or semi-liquid form and eaten five times a day, so as not to overload the stomach at any one meal.

Milk, butter milk, cream, lipped milk, barley, oatmeal, rice soup, prepared with milk, chicken soup with an egg beaten in it, soft-cooked eggs, scraped meat, softened toast and butter are suggestive foods. Be sure to

TODAY'S FASHION NOTE.

To shrink gingham lay the cloth in a large tub of lukewarm rainwater, to which a handful of salt has been added, taking care to place the cloth in the original folds. Let it soak until the folds are thoroughly wet through, then remove the tub, and with the wringing pin to a line in the open air. It will dry perfectly smooth and the color will not run.



Small hat of white roses with black veil in the back.

The vogue for black and white effects has broadened into frocks. This good-looking model is developed in shepherd plaid, the collar and cuffs are of white satin edged with green. Patch pockets play an important part in the decorative scheme of the frock which requires 4-1/2 yards of 44-inch material with one-half yard extra to reproduce. Pictorial Review Costume No. 6125. Sizes, 32 to 36-inch bust. Price, 11c.

Pictorial Review Patterns On Sale at S. KANN, SONS & CO.

SUSANNA COCROFT

How to be Healthy In Mind-In Body

THE MEASURE OF AGE

Why is the average woman so afraid of that period commonly spoken of as middle age?

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Help the Stomach Digest Your Food.

When the stomach fails to digest and distribute that which is eaten, the bowels become clogged with a mass of waste and refuse that ferments and generates poisons that are gradually forced into the blood, causing distress and often serious illness.

Most people naturally object to the drastic cathartic and purgative agents that will quickly relieve constipation. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, sold by druggists at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle. It does not gripe or cramp, but acts easily and pleasantly and is therefore the most satisfactory remedy for children, women, and elderly persons. For a free trial bottle write to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 632 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

Does Not Eat Meat.

Mrs. M. L. writes: "My husband's sister is coming to make us a long visit. She will not touch meat in any form and I am in doubt as to how to arrange the family meals."

This will be difficult. If your family eat meat, they need to balance the protein in meat with vegetables containing a fair proportion of starch and light desserts, while the non-meat eater, in order to obtain the necessary protein, must have legumes, the whole of the grain and nuts. If she eat animal products, such as eggs, milk, cream and butter, your task will be comparatively easy. Give her an egg or a helping of nuts instead of meat. She should masticate the nuts well.

TOMORROW'S MENU.

But a plain leg of mutton, my dear. I bet they get ready to thrash. And what better mess can there be. —Theatrical.

BREAKFAST.

Apple Sauce, Oatmeal and Cream, Corned Beef Hash, Graham Rolls, Lettuce.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Corned Beef Salad, Raised Chicou, Cress, Tomatoes.

DINNER.

Cream Pie Pouch, Roasted Mutton, Boiled Potatoes, Creamed Onions, Turnips, Orange Salad, Baked Custard.

Graham rolls—Six two cupsful of Graham flour with one of white flour and two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve three-quarters of a compressed yeast cake in a cupful of tepid milk and make a sponge. Set to rise overnight and in the morning add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water. Knead, cut into rolls and let rise for twenty minutes in a warm place. Bake.

Corned beef salad—Cut corned beef into thin strips and put into a salad bowl filled with crisp lettuce leaves. Add some diced celery and a cupful of diced, boiled potatoes and a few beets diced. Cover with salad dressing, to which two teaspoonfuls of grated horseradish have been added.

Orange salad—Cut peeled oranges into very thick slices and arrange one or two slices for each person on nests of crisp lettuce leaves. Put a spoonful of mayonnaise and half a walnut meat on each slice of orange.

Many Menless Jobs Here.

In spite of the unemployment cry from all sides, the Federal employment bureau, in a bulletin issued yesterday, shows that there are a number of menless jobs in the District of Columbia, as well as in the near-by counties of Maryland and Virginia. Information about many positions may be obtained at the headquarters of the bureau, the Mills Building, Seventeenth street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest.

PLAN AVIATION CARNIVAL.

Transcontinental Races Wanted to Promote Aircraft Welfare.

Backed by twenty-five aero clubs, the Aero Club of America has launched plans for a mammoth aviation carnival, national in scope, and encasing every flying machine in the United States. Tentatively, the plan is to have the carnival open July 4 and continue for 100 days. Letters have been sent to the governors of all the States asking their co-operation.

The object of the carnival, it is explained, is to demonstrate to government officials the practicability of employing the aeroplane in carrying mail, of establishing aviation corps in the State national guards, and, in general, to promote the welfare of the aircraft.

The sum of \$25,000 will be divided among the three aviators making the best time across the continent, and a prize of \$5,000 for the best mail-carrying demonstration. In awarding the latter prize, regulation of service and protection of mail matter will be considered.

Ford Company Buys Property.

The Ford Motor Company, manufacturers of the Ford automobile, has purchased property at the northwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and John Marshall place northwest, facing 140 feet on the avenue and 106 feet on John Marshall place. It is understood that the Ford company will erect a large sales room and supply house.

WHO PAYS?

The Pursuit of Pleasure BY EDWIN BLISS

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(CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.)

Tenderly, an hour later, with a light in her eyes which no one had ever seen there before, she relinquished her precious burden to the mother, smilingly pleading forgiveness for the sleeping truant. And then she turned to meet her husband, just stepping from the car.

Linking her arm in his, she led him to the library, designedly selecting the same chair to seat him in which he, on another day, had seated her; designating perchingly upon the arm, playing with his hair while she struggled for words, words that were the harder to utter because of the cold, puzzled look he gave her.

"Oh, I wish Billie were here now," she cried, a little catch in her voice. "Then I could make you understand."

"Billie?" He turned toward her inquiringly and something in her eyes confounded him, set his pulses dancing, made everything blurry before him.

"Don't you remember, Jim? Billie—Sam and Mary's baby. Oh, I've had such an adventure. Billie's been visiting me—Billie came over to play with the little boy in our house. He went to sleep in my arms, Jim, went to sleep with his arms about my neck, and they weren't sticky a bit, well, only a little bit. He wanted to play, Jim, with that boy that belongs here and I told him, the boy was loaded, just a little bit loaded. Oh, don't you—can't you understand—won't you help me—hunt for him?"

He hesitated to his feet, his arms flung wide as though to clasp her to him. Blushing rosy, but with the gleam of

trickling laughter upon her lips she caught the expression in his eyes and retreated from him, all eager to be caught that she might lay her face against that shoulder she had regained, help with the maiden instinct for flight. Back—back and Jim laughingly advanced toward her, laughing with a curious sobbing sound that he could not suppress. And then he halted, the shadow of impending catastrophe gripping its icy hand upon him, freezing his blood. His lips uttered a cry of warning, even as Rita's shrilled forth one of error and appeal. The ripping of lace sounded as her heel caught in the ruffle of her bodice gown, tripping her. The heavier sound of falling portieres as she dragged them down in clutching for support against the fall. With a sickening crash she plunged down the stairs.

Dr. Judd gently withdrew himself from the clutching fingers of the Reverend Deane. He had felt very sorry for this old man, who, since the day of Rita's accident, had paced up and down—down and up outside the mansion, wistfully scanning the physician's face when he came and went, for news of his daughter's condition.

The operation was a complete success and she is almost able to be about," he said, then, as the old man turned away with a sign of relief, "but I think you had better come with me today. She may need you now." He whispered in the clergyman's ear and the old man straightened as though he had been stung, his face working convulsively. Then he nodded quietly and followed the surgeon to the room where Rita sat in a chair, her husband standing beside her.

He did not mind the coldness of his son-in-law's reception, did not mind the hesitancy of his daughter's kiss. He deserved all this. She only wished to be with her, to help her in her hour of misery, the misery he could feel running as an undercurrent beneath Dr. Judd's cheery words.

"Yes, little girl, you came through the operation nobly. It was a complete success. I didn't think you had the strength for such a battle as you put up with."

Rita blushed, looking meekly up at her husband.

"I had just gained untold strength—before the fall."

"Well, it worked wonders. It saved your life, Mrs. White. And now in a few days everything will be as it was before, except the happiness of motherhood can never—"

Like tiny threads of steel her fingers gripped his wrist. He nodded, avoiding the horrified expression that thus she did not weep—she only prayed that she would. She merely stared stonily into space. Her husband tenderly placed his hand upon her hair. She did not look at him. The Rev. Deane was upon his knees, fondling her icy fingers, but she seemed not to be aware of his presence. Dr. Judd motioned them from the room.

"She must be alone until she recovers from the shock," he explained.

Alone?

A bitter smile curved her lips as she stared into space. Her eyes were the eyes of one seeing wraiths, her ears seemed fairly peaked with the tenacity of her listening.

Alone?

Always alone she would be. Always alone with the ghosts. Always alone, listening for the pattering of baby feet through the place. Always alone, searching for the "lost" ones she never was to find, though she knew her life would be consecrated to the search.

Stonily she stared, then from the room. And no tears would come, would ever come to soothe and balm the soul of her.

WHO PAYS?

The third story, "When Justice Sleeps," commences in our next issue.

A Full Page Photographic Reproduction in sepia ink of

Albert Roscoe

—the new leading man of Washington's popular stock company—

The New Poli Players

—is one of the many exclusive features in tomorrow's

Sunday Herald

Give the Cook

—an even chance to succeed by providing her with strictly dependable flour.

Hundreds of experienced housewives are daily helping their cooks to produce light, delicious and wholesome bread, cakes, and pastries by ordering

Cream Blend FLOUR AT YOUR GROCER'S. B. B. Earnshaw & Co. Wholesale, 2000 and 2027 M. St.

Put Corby Cake on Your Order List

Your grocer can supply you with either of the four favorites