

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"We ought to have a perfect time," said Helen, watching the flying landscape and settling down closer in the seat of the car.

"Yes, and the kid will be tickled with the flowers," said Warren, grinning amiably. "I'm glad you thought of that."

"Girls are so thrilled about receiving flowers," said Helen. "I remember how I was at seventeen."

Helen and Warren were on their way to see a school play. One of Warren's nieces was at boarding school out in the Jersey hills and had sent them an invitation to attend an annual play. For a wonder Warren had been quite taken with the idea. Helen was vaguely surprised as he so seldom had time for anything of the kind but when the invitation had come he had said immediately that they must go.

"Well, run out in the car," he had said suddenly. "Oh, then it isn't true," said Helen quickly, and then stopped.

"What isn't true?"

"That we are going to sell the car."

"Now, where did you hear that?" "Mrs. Davenport mentioned it at Louise's luncheon."

"And I suppose you have been making yourself miserable over it," Warren had continued.

"Well, Warren, I did think that if you had decided anything but when I found that I should have been told."

"Well, we're not going to sell the car, make your mind easy on that score."

"What did Mrs. Davenport mean?"

"Well, business was poor a couple of months back and I did think I might raise some ready cash on it."

"I spoke to Davenport about it, but I found that I couldn't get nearly what it was worth. I didn't tell you because I didn't want to worry you about it before I found out for sure."

"A Perfect Day"

"And you want to go up in it Saturday?"

"Sure, I think that's a great plan unless it rains."

"And so they had actually started in the car, Helen, jubilant and Warren in one of his best humors.

The day was perfect and the car ran smoothly. They had left rather late in the afternoon as Warren had taken time to finish some business letters, but they had planned to reach Mendel Valley in plenty of time to dress for dinner.

Warren seldom spoke when he was driving, and Helen was silent too. The beauty of the day made her disinclined for talking and the country was looking its best. At Morris-town as they were driving through a fire blew out. Helen stole a glance at Warren's face, and for a wonder found him grinning.

"Tough luck," he remarked. "Well, we'll have it fixed in a jiffy. They drew up to the curb and Helen jumped out and went into the little dry goods store that boasted the name of Perkins over its awning. She smiled a little as she watched Warren from the window. He had gone to work and had the shoe off already.

The rest of the drive was accomplished safely and they drove up to the low wooden structure, where they engaged rooms, or where Natalie had engaged rooms for them. Everything was pleasant and they went upstairs immediately to a large square room. The bed looked comfortable, and Warren walked around and examined things closely as was his wont.

"Things look great, eh?"

"Yes, everything is certainly comfortable, dear."

"Well, it's after six; shall we dress right away? I feel as if a bath would make a good impression on me."

"You take your bath and I'll get your things out," said Helen, beginning to unpack the traveling bags.

"Things were progressing beautifully. She was beginning to feel quite girlishly excited over the prospect of being the guest of honor and having one's niece take a prominent part in a play. She had met Natalie only once and remembered her as a slim little thing with a wide laughing mouth and beautiful eyes.

Warren finished dressing and urged her to hurry.

"We want some time to look around before the show starts," he had said.

Helen hastened as much as possible and just as she was ready to come out she heard Warren utter a savage exclamation.

"Trouble at Last"

"What is it dear?" she called.

"What is it?" repeated Warren sarcastically. "Well, you've made a pretty mess of things."

Helen wondered what she had forgotten to pack and hurried out to him her eyes filled with anxiety.

"What's the matter, Warren?"

"Matter? Matter enough. Do you know what you've done? You've brought my old dress coat."

"Why, Warren, that isn't possible."

"Why isn't it? Here it is, you can see for yourself. Now, what's going to be done?"

Helen was genuinely sorry for Warren. She knew that he boyishly wanted to make a good impression that evening and she was furious with herself for the mistake.

"I thought you had put that coat away," she said penitently. "I am so sorry, dear, I shouldn't have done it for worlds."

Helen might have said that it was his own fault for not remembering to take care of it as he said he would. She had offered to do it herself, but he had told her to leave it alone. Well, things might be worse. Warren must make the best of it.

"It won't be noticed, dear," she offered consolingly.

"Won't be noticed. That's all you know about it," said Warren, setting into the coat. "I've a good mind now to go at all." And he went angrily out of the room.

(Another incident in this interesting series will appear here soon.)

COLLAPSE OF ALL POPULARLY ACCEPTED FOOD VALUE THEORIES

Chapter 57

Dr. E. Perrenon of the Kronprinz Wilhelm Did Not Consider the Shortness of Breath and the Pallor the Crew Engaged in Sinking French and British Ships to Be Seriously Significant—For This Reason No Effort Was Made to Change the Dietary, Which Finally Resulted Not Alone in the Collapse of the German Sailors, but Also in the Collapse of All the Popularly Accepted Theories Concerning Food Values.

The Kronprinz Wilhelm steamed from Hoboken August 3, 1914. A little more than a month later, September 4, 1914, she sank the British steamer Indian Prince bound from Bahia to New York, after confiscating all the coal, white flour, meat, butter, canned vegetables, coffee, sugar, and soda crackers found on that ship.

Her own supply of fresh meat was nearly exhausted when the Indian Prince was sighted. The white flour and meat were looked upon as manna from heaven. Another month passed. On October 7, 1914, the British steamer La Correntina, bound from Argentina to London with 5,600,000 pounds of fresh beef, was sighted by the German submarine lookouts. She was run down and from her immense refrigerators, flooded with formaldehyde gas, the Germans seized enough chilled and frozen beef to supply her needs for several years.

She crammed her own spacious refrigerators with hindquarters and ribs. In addition she carried 150,000 pounds of rounds using the customary brine of sodium chloride and potassium nitrate in the process. After taking enough meat to provide each member of her crew as much as three pounds a day for an entire year she confiscated all the La Correntina's butter, patent flour, tea biscuits, sweet crackers, potatoes, canned vegetables, and her meager supply of fresh vegetables before blowing her up. Six weeks passed.

November 21, 1914, she captured the French bark Anne Brangne on her way from Fredrickstad to Sydney. This boat, before she was blown to pieces, surrendered all her coal, patent flour, butter, potatoes, canned vegetables, sugar, coffee, champagne, and dried peas. The rest of her provisions went to the bottom.

The Germans had all the meat, bread, and butter they could eat. With their twenty-six knots an hour they knew they could continue to scour the seas until the end of the war, if necessary, since they were carrying and obtaining coal and provisions as long as the men continued in health.

Fresh meat, bread and butter, and potatoes are generally assumed to be life-sustaining, and the Germans unwittingly were about to explode that mischievous but long-venerated theory.

December 4, 1914, after she had been cruising for four months, she sank the British steamer Bellevue, bound from Liverpool to South America. From this ship she secured 400 tons of coal and an immense shipment of sweet biscuits with all the patent flour, butter, and canned vegetables which the Englishman carried.

The slow-motion influence of their refined and demoralized diet (entirely acid-producing) had not yet made itself felt in the bodies of the sturdy Germans and there was no suspicion, even among the ship's surgeons, of the fact that the fruits of her raids were actually gnawing into her own vitals.

On the afternoon of the same day, December 1914, she sank the French steamer Mont Agel, bound from Marseilles to South America. Before blowing her up all her butter, patent flour and potatoes were transferred.

Each raid, while supplying tons of food, was slowly but surely intensifying the mild acidosis that was finally destined to a violent end. The would-overpower her crew and compel her to make her last dash through

darkness into a neutral port, enfeebled, broken and undone. Had it not been for her plentiful supply of typical American and English meals she might have remained there on the high seas until the end of the war, sinking French and English ships.

Christmas of 1914 passed quietly, and three days later, December 28, she sank the British steamer Hemisphero, bound from Hull to Rosario, obtaining 5,000 tons of coal, with a great quantity of white flour, butter, sweet cakes, potatoes, and canned vegetables.

January 19, 1915, she sank the British steamer Portoro, bound from Liverpool to South America, after taking all her coal, patent flour, sugar, canned vegetables, butter, and enormous consignment of Huntley & Palmer's sweet biscuits. So many of these biscuits were seized that tin boxes of them were presented as "tips" to all the small boys and messengers who ran out to her in small boats on the James River with papers, packages, telegrams, and mail after her arrival at that port.

As I watched the boys take away those prize boxes of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits I wondered whether the people would really ever hear the truth through the magazine and ladies' journals and other organs of uplift that parade the advertising of so many foodless foods.

January 14, 1915 she sank the British steamer Highland Brae, running between the slaughterhouses of Buenos Ayres and the meat markets of London. The temptation to seize more fresh meat was not resisted, and in addition she took enough shoes to supply a small city. She also took all the butter, patent flour, potatoes, and each member of her crew which the Highland Brae had aboard.

Scarcely had the bomb exploded which caused the British steamer to lurch forward and gurgle to the bottom when the British schooner Wilfred M. from St. John's to Bahia came peeping over the horizon. In half an hour the Germans had overhauled her and in a few hours had confiscated her cargo of salt fish, potatoes, white flour and butter.

The pallor of her crew and the dilatation of the pupils of their eyes, together with marked shortness of breath here and there, were observed by Dr. Perrenon, but were not considered seriously significant, and the advertising geniuses of the refined food industry.

February 9, 1916, she sank the Norwegian bark Samantha, from Linton to Falmouth, loaded with a cargo of whole wheat. The germ and bran of more fresh wheat was not resisted, and to the rapidly succumbing Germans than its weight in gold and precious stones, but the Germans did not realize that they were sick.

Acidosis is a disease which does not find its way into the papers, and the common people, including those who suffer most from its ravages, have never heard of it. It was not surprising that the Germans did not know how badly they needed that whole wheat with its alkaline bases and its other soluble extractives and vitamins.

They did not know that within a few weeks one hundred of them would pass just one inch beyond the limit of tolerance, and that the only treatment under the blue sky could save them. In consequence of their faith in fresh meat, white flour, butter, baked potatoes, canned vegetables, sweet biscuits, coffee and condensed milk, those thousands of bushels of whole wheat with their priceless salts and colloids were sent to the bottom, and not a single bushel was transferred to the German boat.

The facts about to follow have made history, even though they are doubtfully destined to provoke much noisy and futile controversy in high places.

cancelled owing to failure of Mr. Ward to complete his work in the West in time to reach this city. An expert from one of the Eastern cities in which the system is operating will be secured at an early date.

Adams Agriculturists to Arrange Farm Bureau

Gettysburg, Pa., May 12.—Plans are about completed for the organization of an Adams county farm bureau by farmers and final action on the organization will be taken this week. Fruit growers, dairymen, market gardeners, stock raisers and grain farmers are interested in the organization and when completed a county agent will be employed to take charge of the business end.

BUTTON STRIKE ENDS

Lykens, Pa., May 12.—Employees at the Short Mountain colliery resumed work yesterday morning after being idle two days on account of a button strike. The twelve men on account of whom one thousand were compelled to remain idle have secured buttons or given satisfactory promises that they would do so.

BUT THIS IS HOW HE DID IT

OH YES, MRS. SMITH, I'M VERY FOND OF WIDOWS - IN FACT WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, I MARRIED SEVERAL!



BUT THIS IS HOW HE DID IT



Advertisement for Women's Kid Boots. Features an illustration of a boot and text: 'Just In! Another Shipment of Women's Kid Boots. The same boot other stores are asking \$5 and \$6 for. Special for this Saturday. A Handsome 9-inch Lace Model \$3.95. A Very Clever New York Style. White Kid, Gray Kid, Champagne Kid, Bronze Kid, Nu Buck and Combinations. A very popular style and moderately priced. These handsome kid boots in the desired heights for wear with shorter skirts. Stunning models in white and colored kid and two-color combinations. Every size. Women's White Canvas Lace Boots with white soles and heels. All sizes; \$4 value \$2.45. 217 MARKET STREET OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE. Women's Shoes, Pumps and Oxfords, clever styles in all leathers; \$3.50 values at \$2.45.

Summer Chautauqua For Mechanicsburg in July

Mechanicsburg, Pa., May 12.—Plans have been formulated by the executive committee of the Mechanicsburg Chautauqua Association for the annual series of summer entertainments, the date of which is July 13 to 19, inclusive. The tent will be erected on the plot of ground on the corner of Market and Marble streets, where the chautauqua was held in 1914, the only location available. The following chairmen of committees were appointed by the president, the Rev. H. Hall Sharp: Hospitality, H. C. Ryan; advertising, A. B. Harbush; parade, Louis A. Diller; grounds, James W. Loose; tickets, Miss Maude K. Williamson; junior chautauqua, Miss Rezag. The program this year will be of a high order and Dr. Cadman, who lectured last year, will again appear. The chautauqua superintendent is A. E. Turner. Officers of the local association, who are making every effort for the most successful year, are: President, the Rev. H. Hall Sharp; vice-president, Dr. J. N. Clark; secretary, Guy H. Lucas; assistant secretary, George B. Hoover, and treasurer, A. E. Selber.

MOTHER'S DAY AT FALMOUTH

Falmouth, Pa., May 12.—Elaborate programs have been prepared for Mother's Day services in the Falmouth United Brethren Church and Geyer's United Brethren Church on Sunday, May 14, at both church service and Sunday school session. The pastor of the charge and the superintendents of the Sunday schools have made arrangements for special services.

JUNIOR MECHANICS' REUNION

Duncannon, Pa., May 12.—The seventeenth annual Junior Order United American Mechanics' Perry county reunion will be held at Newport, Saturday, June 17, under the auspices of Newport Council, No. 614.

AGAIN IN BUSINESS

Duncannon, Pa., May 12.—Theo Noye and son Charles, who sold their meat market to Kistler & Rotz several months ago, have purchased the business back again.

DRILL BY TRESSLER ORPHANS

Newport, Pa., May 12.—Captain James Hahn will give a competitive military drill in the Square here on Saturday, May 20, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, by the junior military company of Tressler Orphans' Home at Loyalville. The same company will drill at the Tressler Home on June 1 at the anniversary. The drillmaster will put in the hands of competent judges \$100 as a prize for any company that can excel the boys in a strictly military drill.

20 Industries Came to Harrisburg From 1909 to '14

According to a statement issued by the United States Census Bureau, 20 industries came to this city in the period between 1909 and 1914. The capital investment in 1914 in these plants was \$21,650,000, and the cost of materials used that year, \$10,605,000.

Advertisement for Resinol. Text: 'Resinol easily stops skin-troubles. Doctors have prescribed Resinol for over twenty years in the treatment of eczema and similar itching, burning, unsightly skin diseases. They use it regularly because they know that it usually gives instant relief and soon clears away the eruption. They know, too, that it contains nothing harmful or irritating to the most delicate skin. See if Resinol does not stop your skin trouble quickly.' Includes an illustration of a Resinol soap box and bar.

Advertisement for Hotel Astor Uncoated Rice. Text: 'HOTEL ASTOR Uncoated RICE. AN ideal luncheon or supper dish that takes the place of meat and that gives a delightful spice of variety is— Hotel Astor Rice Creole. 1 cup Hotel Astor Rice, 1 cup of strained tomatoes, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoonful drippings, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 cup finely cut onions. Have four quarts of water boiling hard. Add rice and cook for twenty-five minutes. Drain in colander, pour hot water through rice, shaking so the grains will separate. Dry on top of range. Put the dripping in a pan, add the onions and cook until tender and yellow. Add tomatoes, salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly with the rice. Serve on a platter and sprinkle top with parsley. Hotel Astor Rice is sold in sealed cartons only. 10c for a full pound in the yellow carton. At most good grocers. If yours cannot supply you send 10c for full pound carton to B. FISCHER & CO., Importers, 190 Franklin St., New York City.

Advertisement for Chestnut Street Market. Text: 'DIRECT FROM PRODUCER TO CONSUMER. Agricultural statistics of Pennsylvania show that the farmer receives about fifty cents on the dollar for his produce. The balance goes to the Middleman,—and the public pays. Much of this you will save by attending the CHESTNUT STREET MARKET. Of value to Farmer and Housekeeper. The seller gets a little more for his produce, and the buyer pays considerably less. Get the economy habit. Go to the Chestnut Street Market, Wednesday mornings until 10 o'clock. Practically all day Saturdays, until 9 o'clock in the evening.'

Advertisement for The Telegraph Printing Co. Text: 'Stock Transfer Ledger. The Pennsylvania Stock Transfer Tax Law (Act of June 4, 1915) which is now in effect requires all corporations in the State, no matter how large they may be to keep a Stock Transfer Ledger. We are prepared to supply these Ledgers promptly at a very nominal price. The Telegraph Printing Co. Printing—Binding—Designing—Photo Engraving. HARRISBURG, PA.'

Advertisement for Harrisburg Gas Company. Text: 'Grasp It! Special prices on all GAS RANGES and TANK GAS WATER HEATERS if bought before we close Saturday night. Gas Range week is nearly over. Don't miss the opportunity it brings to save you money. \$2.00 off the price of any Cabinet Gas Range. \$1.00 off the price of any Single or Double Oven Gas Range. In addition. \$1.00 off the price of Tank Gas Water Heaters when bought and installed with a gas range. Visit our store, or have us send a representative. Harrisburg Gas Company. 14 South Second St. Bell 2028. Cumb. Val. 752.