# Reading for Women and all the Family

## WINTER PUDDINGS

**Tasty Dishes Made According to U. S. Food Administration Conservation Lines.**

In wintertime we like plum puddings and fruit cakes. And we may have them, says the United States Food Administration, if we use receipts like these:

**Plum Pudding**

1 cup dried bread crumbs, ½ cup vegetable oil, 1 cup corn syrup, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup currants, ½ cup finely cut citron, ½ cup finely cut figs, 1 tablespoon candied lemon peel, 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ¼ teaspoon ginger, ¾ cup fruit juice, 1 cup rye flour.

Mix in the order given and add enough cold water to make a stiff mixture. Turn into a well-oiled pudding mold or into two smaller molds, filling the molds only two-thirds full. Cover the mold tightly and place in boiling water and boil six to seven hours. Remove the pudding from the mold when cold. This may be made two weeks before it is to be served, but it must be reheated by boiling one hour just before serving. Serve with pudding sauce.

**Fruit Pudding**

1-3 cup vegetable fat, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon salt, 2¾ cups rye flour, 1¼ cups raisins cut fine, ¾ cup currants.

Combine the melted fat, molasses and sour milk. Sift together the soda, baking powder, spices and 2 cups of the flour. Add the liquid to the dry ingredients. Finally stir in the fruit mixed with the remaining flour. Turn into a greased mold. Steam four hours. Serve with a fruit sauce.

**Fruit Sauce**

1 cup fruit syrup, ½ cup corn syrup, 1 teaspoon cornstarch, 1 teaspoon butter substitute.

The syrup from the apricots, peaches, cherries, quinces or any fruit may be used. The amount of sweetening will depend upon the acidity of the fruit. Mix the cornstarch with a little of the cold fruit syrup. Add the rest of the corn and fruit syrups. Boil together five minutes. Add the butter substitute last.

## JOB HAD NOTHING ON HIM, HE SAYS

**Mr. Stimeling Was All Run Down and Had Many Boils**

**TANLAC PROVED VALUE**

"When it comes to a question of suffering from boils and carbuncles, Job had nothing on me," says W. F. Stimeling, who is employed in the Bridge and Construction Department of the Steel Works and who lives at 1824 Fulton street, Harrisburg, Pa.

"I was all run down. The boils would swell up all over my body and I would no sooner get rid of one batch than another would come.

"My wife heard about Tanlac and she started me in on it. And it sure did do the work for my boils began to fade away in a day or two and now I haven't even got one left as a souvenir."

"I feel about 100 per cent. better in every way and I give all the credit to Tanlac."

Tanlac is now being introduced here at Gorgas' Drug Store.

Tanlac is also sold at the Gorgas Drug Store in the P. R. R. Station; in Carlisle at W. G. Stephens' Pharmacy; Elizabethtown, Albert W. Cain; Greencastle, Charles B. Carl, Middletown, Colin S. Few's Pharmacy; Waynesboro, Clarence Croft's Pharmacy; Mechanicsburg, H. F. Brunhouse.—Adv.

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

## THE YUKON TRAIL

**By William MacLeod Raine**

(Continued)

"I reckon you travel where you want to, Gid—same as I do."

"Maybe so. I shouldn't wonder if you'd find out quite soon enough what I'm doing here. You never can tell," the old man retorted with a manner that concealed volumes.

Those who were present remembered the words and in the light of what took place later thought them significant.

"Anyhow, it is quite a social event for Kusiak," Macdonald suggested with a smile of irony.

Without more words Holt turned back to his bargaining. The big Scotsman went on his way, remembered that he wanted to see the cashier of the bank which he controlled, and promptly forgot that old Gid existed.

The old man concluded his purchase and drove up to the hotel behind one of the best dog teams in Alaska.

Gideon asked a question of the porter.

"Second floor. That's his room up there," the man answered, pointing to a window.

"Oh, you, seven—eighteen—ninety-nine," the little miner shouted up.

Elliot appeared at the window. "Well, I'll be hanged! What are you doing here, Old-Timer?"

"Onct I knew a man lived to be grandpa minding his own business," grinned the little man. "Come down and I'll tell you all about it, boy."

In half a minute Gordon was beside him. After the first greetings the young man nodded toward the dog team.

"How did you persuade Tim Ryan to lend you his huskies?"

"Why don't you take a paper and keep up with the news, son? These huskies don't belong to Tim."

"Meaning that Mr. Gideon Holt is the owner?"

"You've done guessed it," admitted the miner complacently.

He had a right to be proud of the team. It was a famous one even in the North. It had run second for two years in the Alaska sweepstakes to Macdonald's great Siberian wolfhounds. The leader, Butch, was the hero of a dozen races and a hundred savage fights.

"What in Halifax do you want with the team?" asked Elliot, surprised. "The whole outfit must have cost a small fortune."

"Some dust," admitted Gideon proudly. He winked mysteriously at Gordon. "I got a use for this team, if anyone was to ask you."

"Haven't taken the government mail contract, have you?"

"Not so you could notice it. I'll tell you what I want with this team, as the old sayin' is." Holt lowered his voice and narrowed slyly his little beadlike eyes. "I'm going to put a crimp in Colby Macdonald. That's what I aim to do with it."

"How?"

The miner beckoned Elliot closed and whispered in his ear.

CHAPTER XIX

**In the Dead of Night**

While Kusiak slept that night the wind shifted. It came roaring across the range and drove before it great scudding clouds heavily laden with sleety snow. From dark till dawn the roar of the wind filled the night. Before morning heavy drifts had wiped out the roads and sheeted the town in virgin white unbroken by trails or furrows.

With the coming of daylight the tempest abated. Kusiak got into its working clothes and dug itself out from the heavy blanket of white that had tucked it in. By noon the business of the town was under way again. That which would have demoralized the activities of a Southern city made little difference to these Arctic Circle dwellers. Roads were cleared, paths shoveled, stores opened. Children in parkas and fur coats trooped to school and studied through the short afternoon by the aid of electric light.

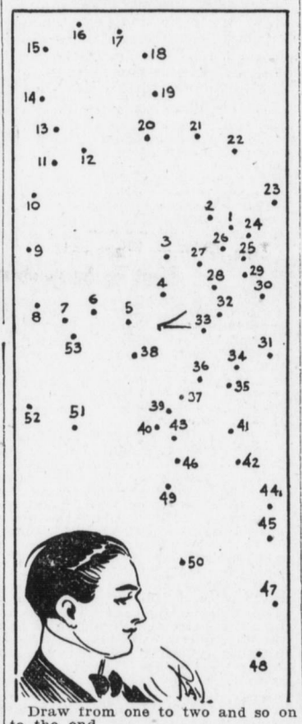
Dusk fell early and with it came a scatter of more snow. Mrs. Selfridge gave a dinner-dance at the club that night and her guests came in furs of great variety and much value. The hostess outdid herself to make the affair the most elaborate of the season. Nobody in Kusiak of any social importance was omitted from the list of invited except Gordon Elliot. Even the grumpy old cashier of Macdonald's bank—an old bachelor who lived by himself in rooms behind those in which the banking was done—was persuaded to break his custom and appear in a rusty old dress suit of the vintage of '95.

The grizzled cashier—his name was Robert Milton—left the clubhouse early for his rooms. It was snowing, but the wind had died down. Contrary to his custom, he had taken two or three glasses of wine. His brain was excited so that he knew he could not sleep. He decided to read "Don Quixote" by the stove for an hour or two.

Arrived at the bank, he let himself into his rooms and locked the door. He stooped to open the draft of the stove when a sound stopped him halfway. The cashier stood rigid still crouched waiting for a repetition of the noise. It came once more—the low, dull rasping of a file.

(To be Continued)

## Daily Dot Puzzle



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

## THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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Helen had been hoping that Warren would say nothing this year about the yearly family party at Carrie's. Before old Mrs. Curtis had died Helen had endured a family party on almost every holiday, and now that Warren's father was living with Carrie and Fred Carrie had invariably thought it her duty to continue the custom. Carrie always made Helen feel that it was a duty and not a pleasure.

Now that Winifred was growing older Helen felt more than ever, that Carrie's attitude of disapproval was bad for the child, and would be sure to incite trouble of some kind. Roy was growing older, too, and was beginning to develop bold tendencies that Helen did not like. He had all of his childish faults, with others added. He played with boys who were older than he was, and his attitude toward Winifred savored of a boastful patronage which Helen did not fancy.

When Carrie and Fred had been in shopping just before Christmas, they had come up to the apartment for dinner one evening. Roy had been with them, and as a special favor Winifred had been allowed to sit up.

"Just this once," Helen had conceded. And Roy had said jeeringly, "Oh, what a baby, still eating supper alone."

Helen had felt like boxing his ears, but Carrie had smiled indulgently, and had remarked acidly, "You do make a perfect little tenderfoot of her, don't you, Helen?" Looking at Warren for commendation.

Helen did not know herself how she managed to get them all off for home without precipitating anything like a quarrel, and afterward she remembered with a thrill of exultation that nothing had been said about the yearly party.

Helen and Warren had been invited to the Bells to spend Christmas, and Helen had longed to introduce this idea at some favorable time when, fortified by a good dinner and a cigar, Warren could be induced to accept. Then if he remembered afterward Helen could say that it was too late, as they had already accepted the invitation from the Bells. The prospect of a quiet week-end in the country with the chance for some chummy talks with Babbie and the long quiet evening over the open fire appealed to Helen. She did hope that nothing might happen to make Warren remember.

"Warren," she said one evening, "you've never told me what you want to do about the Bells' invitation."

"Oh, I'd forgotten about it. I guess," Warren remarked genially. "What do you want to do about it?"

"Well, don't you think it would be nice to go?" asked Helen trying not to appear too eager. "It was lovely up there in the Fall. They have the dearest place, Warren, and the country air would be splendid for Winifred. Besides, it would be a lovely change for both of us and we do enjoy the Bells so much."

"That's right. Well, I'm game to go if you want to. Might as well write them a letter and say we'll be along."

"Warren, you dear, I'm so glad you want to go. I'll write the letter to-night, dear, and get it off. It won't take a minute."

Warren went back to his paper, and silence ensued for a few minutes, save for the scratching of Helen's pen. She was delighted with her success, and was frantic to get the note off before anything could happen. They would have such a lovely time.

The tinkle of the telephone interrupted both of them, and Helen started up.

"I'll go dear, I wonder who can be calling at this time of the night?"

"Probably the wrong number," Warren returned.

Helen at the telephone took down the received and said sweetly, "Hello."

"Hello," came Carrie's unmistakably thin, disagreeable voice across the wire.

"O, you Carrie, how are you?" said Helen, her heart sinking.

"We're all fine. Say, Helen, I called up to remind you of our yearly party. Don't forget that you and Warren come out here for the week end."

"Why, we had forgotten about it, Carrie," said Helen, trying desperately to save her shceme, and failing utterly.

"What's that?" Warren called out, "Carrie calling?"

"Just a minute, Carrie," Helen said, putting her hand over the receiver and speaking to Warren.

"Yes, Warren, it's Carrie, she called up to ask us out there."

"That's right, we always go out there, don't we? I'd forgotten all about it."

"Yes, dear, but the Bells have asked us for the week end. Couldn't we get out of going out to Carrie's this year? She only asks us because we have always kept up that custom."

"I'm afraid Carrie would think it funny," Warren returned. "It's an old family arrangement, and I don't think it's fair to her not to go as usual."

"And I don't think it's fair to me to refuse the Bells' invitation," flashed out Helen, "when I want to go so much and you said you would go."

"Of course, you'd rather go," Warren said, coming over to the telephone quickly. "You have never liked Carrie and you never take any pains to hide the fact. Here, give me the receiver, I'll talk to her."

And Helen, relinquishing the telephone to him, felt a surge of hot anger sweep over her as she heard him tell Carrie that of course they would be delighted to come.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

**BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX**

**Christian and Jew**

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-one and dearly love a man twenty-three. He has asked me to marry him, but not for four years. I am willing to wait, but my mother objects to our match as we are not of the same faith. Do you think my mother is doing right by objecting? P. L.

This is a question too personal for me ao answer with any show of authority. Your mother has a right to her own attitude in the matter, but I do not happen to agree with her attitude. What keeps such marriages from failing is toleration, broad-mindedness, sympathetic understanding. If you have them you are safe to proceed; if you do not possess them you are likely to find only unhappiness in your marriage.


## NO STOMACH PAIN, GAS, INDIGESTION IN FIVE MINUTES

**"Pape's Diapepsin" is the best antacid and stomach regulator known.**

"Really does" put upset stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness due to acid fermentation in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach antacid and regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments and turns sour, you belch gas and eructate undigested food or water; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin is worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest antacid for the stomach in the world.

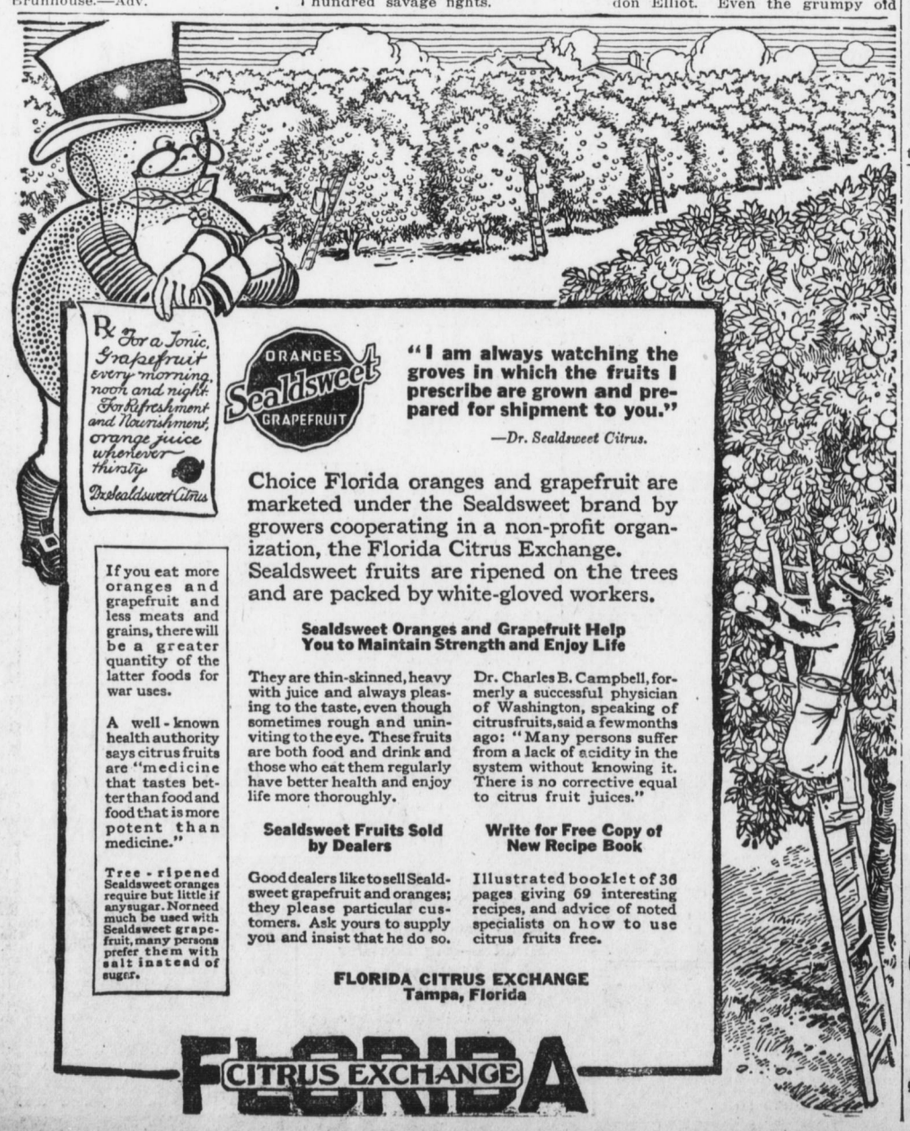

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

9606 Dress with Deep Collar, 36 to 44 bust. Price 15 cents.

This is a gown that can be utilized for many different needs. The blouse is just a simple one but with a very new collar that almost covers it and which gives a jacket suggestion. The skirt is simply full and gathered with a tunic over the sides, and it gives most becoming and attractive lines. You can make it all of one material or you can make the blouse and tunic of Georgette or of any such material with the skirt of soft satin or make some similar combination. As it is shown here, it is adapted to general wear, but if the shirrings of the skirt are made adjustable it will become available for the expectant mother. In the illustration, a soft satin is used throughout and the trimming is silk soutache arranged over a simple design. Soutache is being utilized to trim materials of all weights and sorts and it is exceedingly handsome while it is also simple to apply. If you prefer the effect, you can couch a heavy worsted thread over the design in place of using braid, and on some materials it gives a very smart effect.

For the medium size will be needed, 7 yards of material 36 inches wide, 4¾ yards 44, with 1¾ yards of either width for the tunic.

The pattern No. 9606 is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of fifteen cents.


**"I am always watching the groves in which the fruits I prescribe are grown and prepared for shipment to you."**

—Dr. Sealdsweet Citrus.

Choice Florida oranges and grapefruit are marketed under the Sealdsweet brand by growers cooperating in a non-profit organization, the Florida Citrus Exchange. Sealdsweet fruits are ripened on the trees and are packed by white-gloved workers.

If you eat more oranges and grapefruit and less meats and grains, there will be a greater quantity of the latter foods for war uses.

A well-known health authority says citrus fruits are "medicine that tastes better than food and food that is more potent than medicine."

Tree-ripened Sealdsweet oranges require but little if any sugar. Normed much be used with Sealdsweet grapefruit, many persons prefer them with salt instead of sugar.

**Sealdsweet Oranges and Grapefruit Help You to Maintain Strength and Enjoy Life**

They are thin-skinned, heavy with juice and always pleasing to the taste, even though sometimes rough and uninviting to the eye. These fruits are both food and drink and those who eat them regularly have better health and enjoy life more thoroughly.

Dr. Charles B. Campbell, formerly a successful physician of Washington, speaking of citrus fruits, said a few months ago: "Many persons suffer from a lack of acidity in the system without knowing it. There is no corrective equal to citrus fruit juices."

**Sealdsweet Fruits Sold by Dealers**

Good dealers like to sell Sealdsweet grapefruit and oranges; they please particular customers. Ask yours to supply you and insist that he do so.

**Write for Free Copy of New Recipe Book**

Illustrated booklet of 36 pages giving 69 interesting recipes, and advice of noted specialists on how to use citrus fruits free.

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Beautiful Cloth Coats, now 14.75 19.75 to 34.75
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Splendidly Tailored Suits . . . 12.75 to 24.75
Styles suitable for Spring wear but at less than half the coming spring prices — sizes 16 to 51.

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