



Reading for Women and of the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

By Beatrice Fairfax

A letter came the other day that is typical of the attitude so many women take toward age, work and life in general, that I am going to answer it at length:

"My dear Miss Fairfax:

"I was forty my last birthday, and have been employed since I was seventeen. I began by feeding a press in a printing office, worked my way up, till now I get fourteen hundred a year in another and better department of the same establishment.

"In the twenty-three years I have been in the office I have managed, as the result of a little investment and the utmost economy, to put by twenty-five hundred dollars.

"Enter the Young Man

"A country cousin of a young man six years my junior came to work in the same division with me, and we grew much interested in each other. He is a college man, and when he accepted his present position he regarded it as a stepping stone to greater opportunities.

"After he asked me to marry him, he did not want to take the risk of giving up his office. And this and the difference in our ages made me refuse to marry him, as I felt his affection for me was the result of propinquity. And I do not want to be a millstone around his neck, but I am heartbroken about giving him up, and he seems miserable, too. As you don't know either of us, a little impersonal advice would be very welcome. Yours,

"MRS. STERN."

In the first place, let me correct one mistake—you are not really forty years old. No one is forty, fifty or sixty years old; we age in heart and brain—not in years. And if you care deeply for this young man of thirty-four, and he cares about you, the chances are that in your subjective mind—where things really happen—you are no more than twenty-eight or thirty years old.

have known girls of twenty-seven and twenty-eight who have allowed their minds to age to the point of senility, and, on the other hand, I have known girls of thirty who were radiant young past fifty.

Birthdays a Mistake

It is the greatest mistake to think of ourselves in the terms of years: Birthdays are milestones that it is well to pass with eyes closed. Nothing is so aging as continually associating ourselves with accumulations of time. Birthdays—for those who have collected quite a stock of them—will more surely than disease, think young and you'll be young.

I believe those twenty-three years of Government service and the denial you have practiced in amassing your little fortune have made you a little morbid, a little blind to a great many delightful things that life offers to him that has the wisdom and courage to take them.

No one any longer regards six years seniority on the part of a woman as an impediment to marriage. Some of the happiest marriages in the world have been when the woman was the older. D'Israeli was a number of years his wife's junior. Browning was younger than Elizabeth Barrett, and Ashmead Bartlett, a couple of generations younger than the Baroness Burdett Coutts, yet these marriages remain ideals of history.

A man of thirty-four is not a

Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE
By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XXVII
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Cynthia's bruised shoulder, while painful for a few hours, was soon so well that she declared herself able to go about as usual.

On the third day after her accident she was so well that she appeared below stairs in a street dress. "Cynthia," Dora announced in the middle of the morning, "you have an engagement for to-night, only you do not know it."

Cynthia gazed at her, mystified. "What do you mean?" she questioned.

"Milton is taking a box for a play to-night, and has decided that it will be well to invite father and mother, too. He thinks it might please them. Ah! here is mother now"—as Mrs. Livingstone entered the room.

"Mother, Milton would like you and father, Cynthia and me to go to the theater with him to-night. He is taking a box—and Gerald will be with us, too."

"What is the play?" Mrs. Livingstone asked.

"I don't know, and neither does he, yet. He is going to see where he can get the best tickets, and will report later. I told him to make it a comedy, if possible. I hate sad plays and problem plays."

Cynthia spoke timidly. "I have not been to the theater this winter, Aunt Amanda. Would you mind if I declined this time?"

"Why should you decline?" her aunt demanded sharply.

"Because I do not feel just like going—and because"—Cynthia looked embarrassed and stammered, "because, you see—just now while I am in mourning"—

"You are very foolish in your ideas, Cynthia," she reproved.

"There was a silence, broken at last by Cynthia.

"I will do as you think best, Aunt Amanda," she said.

Inwardly she was reminding herself that this was the price she must pay for her dependence.

When Mrs. Livingstone had gained her own way she could afford to be magnanimous.

"That's a good girl," she approved, patting Cynthia on the head as she passed her. "I hope the play will be so entertaining that you will find it well worth while to have set aside your rather ridiculous prejudices."

Cynthia had seen neither Milton nor Gerald since the night of the accident. Both men had called the following evening to ask for her. At least her aunt had told her archly that "Milton came, of course,

to see Dora, but his friend to inquire for Dora's cousin."

Mrs. Livingstone had monopolized Stewart for the few minutes that he had remained, and had confided to him sundry interesting, if not quite veracious, fact about her husband's niece. When he had taken his departure, leaving Van Saun alone with Dora, it had been with sufficient food for reflection.

To-night the young people and the elderly couple were to go to and from the theater in the Livingstone's car.

Dora's parents insisted upon this in spite of the protests of their future son-in-law.

"You boys must do as we old people say," Stephen Livingstone commanded. "That is all there is about it."

Consequently, at 8 o'clock, the party of six left for the theater—Gerald assisting Mrs. Livingstone down the front steps, Milton, with his fiancée, while Stephen Livingstone and his niece came last of all.

"I am glad, my dear," Cynthia's uncle remarked as they descended the front steps together, "to note that you are trying to please your aunt and me. It may be a little hard at first, but it is what your father would have wished of you. He would disapprove of your becoming a recluse."

(To Be Continued Wednesday.)

Victory Bread

Save the Wheat

If barley is available in your section of the country use this receipt occasionally. "Variety is the spice of life."

BARLEY BREAD

1 quart water.
1 cup pearl barley.
2 or two cakes compressed yeast.
1/2 cup lukewarm water.
5 teaspoons salt.
2 cups flour.
2 cups corn sirup.

Mix as follows: Soak the barley in the 1 quart of water overnight. Boil in the same water until soft, mash fine, then cool until lukewarm. Add (1) the yeast softened in the 1/2 cup of water, (2) the salt, (3) sirup, and (4) flour to make a stiff dough. Follow the directions for kneading, rising, and baking given for potato bread.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

He is puzzled and bewildered. He has tried to do everything he thinks is fair and right, and he is in the middle of a deep blue muddle. So he has written me a letter.

Letters, by the way, are characteristic revealing. This one is straightforward and well expressed. It shows that the writer is a man of kindly impulses and deep affections, one who in the adjustment of a difficulty is willing to go two-thirds of the way to the other person's one-third.

This is his life as he describes it. He is a driver, and he is paid good wages. These he turns over to his wife, withholding only enough for tobacco and minor necessities. He gets up at five in the morning and prepares his own breakfast. His working hours are ostensibly from six in the morning until five in the evening, but "five" is a mere term for some time when he gets through—sometimes it is eleven.

If he gets home at a normal hour he finds his wife and baby all dressed up and ready to go out. His wife insists that he accompany them on visits to friends and relatives, or else take them to the motion pictures. If he demurs, because he has had an extra hard day, there are tears and tempers. If the quarrelling is prolonged she goes to her mother's, taking the baby with her, and does not return for a day or so.

He asks this question:

"Do you think a man who works sometimes from fourteen to sixteen hours a day at hard work is ready to go home and sit at his desk reading, or sit at a show when every muscle aches and rest and sleep seems the only and grandest things in the world?"

"I feel like chucking up the whole business," he goes on, "and letting her do as she likes. But, Mrs. Woodrow I have the grandest little baby, and I would rather stand anything that give it up."

Oh, marriage is certainly a complex affair. I wonder if his wife is one of those canary-bird women or if she just hasn't yet looked the facts of life squarely in the face? The symbol and counterpart of a certain kind of woman goes around in a cage. It is a pretty, fluffy, silly little thing, quite content to hop about in its ornamental cage and twitter and chirp and sing and sing and sing. It is a dream of no independent flights, or of seeking its own food, or of choosing its own location for a nest. Its mind is occupied with its bath, the fish-bone upon which it stretches its bill, and such table delicacies as chickweed and bird seed.

But the instinct of self-preservation of a rat or a snake is implanted in its tiny brain. It sings for its living, and so it pays as it goes. It wouldn't have the ornamental cage and the chickweed if it didn't. It wouldn't get them if it were not for its light and exquisite song and the cat would get it.

There are women who haven't the instinctive foresight of the canary. They want the equivalent of the chickweed, etc., but they refuse to burst into song. They have no idea of the quid pro quo.

This man's wife entered into a business partnership with him when she married him. She agreed to expand it in maintaining their mutual home. But what is the reserve capital on which they both depend? It is the man's health.

To preserve that, he requires nourishing, well-cooked and sufficient food, proper hours of rest, decent, clean and comfortable surroundings.

All Fat People Should Know This

The world owes a debt of gratitude to the author of the now famous Marmola Prescription and is still more indebted for the reduction of this harmless, effective obesity remedy to tablet form. Marmola Prescription Tablets can now be obtained at all druggists, or by writing direct to Marmola Co., 864 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., and their reasonable price (25 cents for a large case) leaves no excuse for dieting or violent exercise for the reduction of the overfat body to normal proportions.—Advertisement.

Wake up, little sister! I believe, and your husband believes, and you baby believes that you are really all right, with the best intentions in the world, although you seem a bit thoughtless and inconsiderate. And against the belief of three, you know, nothing can prevail.

The "JERUSALEM OF RUSSIA" Kiev, through whose streets many armies have passed during the present war, is in many ways a beautiful town, and especially is this true of the old quarter, which is built on a range of hills and bluffs overlooking the vast low-lying country that stretches out, like the sea, to the center of the city, which is the Dnieper. In the center of the old town stands the Cathedral of Saint Sophia, the oldest cathedral in Russia, with its renowned golden cupola, a noted landmark for many miles around; whilst the main street, the Kreshchatik, contains many fine modern buildings. Then Kiev is a great educational center. It ranks in fact in this respect next to Moscow and Petrograd. It has been called the "Jerusalem of Russia," and is still the center of the Russian trade of the entire region roundabout.

War Time Lexicon

(Copyright, 1918, by British Canadian Recruiting Mission, which maintains depots in all large cities where men, except Americans, may volunteer.)

Needle: The point of the bayonet.

Entrenching Tool: A trowel-shaped tool for digging-in, with which every soldier is supplied along with his market and ammunition. Opinion among soldiers varies as to its usefulness, some claiming it is the most satisfactory tool devised for scooping out a shelter quickly under fire, others regarding it as an entirely "useless cross between a tack hammer and a geologist's pick-ax."

Visibility: The condition of the atmosphere, by which the terrain and the enemy positions are easily seen or not. The heavy gun-fire and the low-undrained ground cause mists, smoke and other atmospheric conditions affecting observations either from observation posts or by airplane scouts, so that visibility is a very important factor. A foggy day—low visibility—while unfavorable to observation, is favorable to a surprise attack.

Strafing: From the German "hate," used to refer to heavy bombardment by the Germans. Thus, a rain of shells from the enemy, is spoken of as "Fritz is strafing."

Can't Find Dandruff

Every bit of dandruff disappears after one or two applications of Danderine rubbed well into the scalp with the finger tips. Get a small bottle of Danderine at any drug store for a few cents and save your hair. After several applications you can't find a particle of dandruff or any falling hair, and the scalp will never itch.

JAIL FOR MILLIONAIRE

Two-Year Term and Fine For Dodger

Chicago.—John F. Jelke, millionaire oleomargarine manufacturer, under sentence to serve two years in prison and pay a fine of \$10,000 on charges of conspiring to defraud the Government of taxes, must serve his sentence, according to a decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which upholds the decision of Federal Judge Landis.

The conviction of seven business associates of Jelke also was upheld. Francis M. Lowry, general manager for Jelke, must serve a year in the federal prison and pay a \$5,000 fine. The six others must pay fines of \$2,500 each.

196 INMATES AT HOME

Waynesboro, Pa., March 12.—According to the annual statement of the county poor directors, there were 196 inmates at the county home during 1917. Of these 28 died and 38 were discharged or eloped. The value of the farm products amounting to \$12,129.46; amount received from county commissioners, \$16,849.47, and the poor directors paid from this fund \$5,692.50 for outdoor relief. The cost to the county for support of the home alone was \$11,867.97.

Daily Dot Puzzle

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86 4
87 3
88 2
89 1

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

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Until the war a young lieutenant of a certain regiment had been calling on me for about a year. I did not know he had gone away until one day I got a letter from him stating he was down South camping, and that he was so awfully busy that he would not be able to write so often. Every now and then I have received a letter from him, but he has never mentioned his sudden departure.

I have heard he has been home on a furlough, but have neither seen nor heard from him.

Again I received a letter from him (last week from camp), and he does not seem to have changed a thing, or why he did not call on me while home.

Now what I would like to know is—should I answer this young man's letter?

Of course, if your young lieutenant were seriously interested in you he would, when home on furlough, want to see you. The fact that he has been a regular caller at your home, and is writing to you doesn't necessarily indicate that he is seriously interested in you. So after all you have nothing to be offended about! With a clear understanding in your mind that he is simply a friend who enjoys hearing from you now and then, and that you are not in any way necessary to his happiness, go ahead and answer his letter. In doing so, don't deceive yourself into imagining you mean more to him than you actually do mean. Girls make their own unhappiness very often by trying to exalt a friendly acquaintance with a man into a love affair and then by resenting the fact that the man doesn't play up to the part assigned him.

THEY MUST DECIDE

Dear Miss Fairfax:

My daughter is engaged. Her fiancé is in the draft but has not been examined yet, he doesn't know if he has to go, but he expects to be called soon.

But her aunt is getting married before he goes away.

And as I don't know what to advise them I am putting it up to you. So please advise me.

Sincerely,

A MOTHER.

Of course you don't know what to advise them. No outsider can justifiably play Providence in such a case. I answered to me that since your daughter's sweetheart has not yet been called for examination their case is vastly different from those I am generally called on to consider; viz, cases in which the soldier lad is already in active service at camp. If their love is well established and sincere, and they feel ready to face the long separation and loneliness and risk and sacrifice that such marriage entails, it would be safe to proceed. But a mere engagement is a safer bet for the girl, and will still hold them to each other if they are naturally faithful and loyal.

SUSPICION

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am nineteen and met a soldier who is about four or five years my senior. He has proved himself a gentleman and a good friend. After he left me he wrote newswy letters, which I answered.

He is now bound for France, so kindly tell me if it is proper to write newswy letters or to discontinue the correspondence altogether.

Thanking you,

A Z.

By all means write newswy, cheery letters to your soldier boy. During the time when men were sent from all parts of the country to the camps, there were married men who posed as single and girls who wantonly flirted with men regardless of possible home ties. But your friendship is established, I fancy you must have known something of your friend from other soldiers in his company. It cannot hurt you to write friendly letters.

NO MORE FOOT MISERY

ICE-MINT

A NEW DISCOVERY STOPS SORENESS AND CORNS FALL OFF

Just a touch or two with Ice-mint and your corns and foot troubles are ended. It takes the soreness right out, then the corn or callous shrivels and falls off.

No matter what you have tried or how many times you have been disappointed, Ice-mint will cure you for good.

You will never have to cut a corn again or bother with bungling tape or plasters.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, just shove up and lift off so easy. It's wonderful. You feel no pain or soreness when applying Ice-mint or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the skin.

This new discovery made from a Japanese product is certainly magical the way it draws out inflammation from a pair of swollen, aching, burning feet. Ice-mint imparts such a delightful cooling, soothing feeling to the feet that it just makes you sigh with relief. It is the real Japanese secret for fine, healthy little feet. It is greatly appreciated by women who wear high heel shoes. It absolutely prevents hot, swollen feet, keeps the feet sweet and comfortable.

It costs little and will give your poor, tired, suffering, swollen feet the relief of their lives. Soft and recommended by good druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Special Luncheons

at 20c—25c
30c—35c

Delicious and satisfying combinations that include dessert and coffee, at the Golden Seal Luncheonette. A delightful place to talk and rest while luncheon. The service is prompt and courteous; the menu extensive and varied.

Come in to-morrow at noon or night.

Open from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M.

A la Carte Service also.

Oysters in season

City Health Tests prove our Ice Cream the best in the City. Try some at the fountain—take some home.

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By carefully studying the features and expression of every patron, we supply glasses that enhance their appearance—that are really attractive. You will see better and look better with our glasses.

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Philadelphia Branch, 40 S. Delaware Ave.

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OLEOMARGARINE

Real Household Economy

These are days when the old adage becomes more true than ever before—"A penny saved is a penny earned."

Many a housewife can literally add dollars to her husband's salary by practicing household economy.

And in this connection she can do no better than use "Purity" Margarine on her table and in her kitchen. The saving will be worth-while. "Purity" always sells at least 15c a pound below the best butter.

But nothing will be sacrificed in flavor, purity or nutrition. For "Purity" Margarine and the finest butter are so alike on every count that it takes an expert to tell the difference.

If your dealer does not sell "Purity" Margarine, write us and we shall see that you are supplied. Ask your dealer or write us for free booklet—"Your Honor, We Appeal for a New Verdict."

Capital City Dairy Co., Columbus, Ohio

H. W. CONN, Ph. D., Professor of Biology, Wesleyan University, says of Margarine:

"The flavor is essentially identical with the flavor of butter. The product is perfectly healthful and in some respects even more wholesome than butter. In short, so far as cleanliness and wholesomeness are concerned, a good oleo product is superior to much of the butter on the market."

Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Clear the Skin

Women wear high heels which buckle up their toes and they suffer terribly from corns. Women then proceed to trim these pests, seeking relief, but they hardly realize the terrible danger from infection, says a Cincinnati authority.

Corns can easily be lifted out with the fingers if you will get from any drug store a quarter of an ounce of a drug called freestone. This is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. You simply apply a few drops of freestone directly upon the tender, aching corn. The soreness is relieved at once and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts out without pain.

This is a sticky substance which dries in a moment. It just shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue of skin. Cut this out and pin on your wife's dresser.

DON'T LET WIFE DIE OF LOCKJAW

Warn her against cutting corns because they can be lifted out.

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