

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

Letters to me usually come in waves; there will be a wave of inquiry regarding the wisdom of marrying soldiers and sailors before they sail for "over there."

Then there will come a wave of protest from the wives of jealous men; next an inundation from wives who feel they have been skimmed in their household allowances more than is necessary; then girls write about meeting "him" and his acting "cool," and does it mean he doesn't care any more?

But the last wave has been from the mothers of girls and boys whose feelings are growing up to have their love affairs. And these good ladies are as unhappy and worried as the strange behavior of their children as is the proverbial hen who has hatched out a brood of ducklings and see it take to the water for the first time.

**The Case of Gladys' Hair**

They seem to forget—these anxious mothers and fathers—that they ever took to the water themselves, leaving for less frantic mothers on the shore. My advice is, be sympathetic and don't take the affair so seriously.

Also buy or borrow Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" from the nearest library, and forget your own worries and perplexities in a study of youth and first love as delightful as it is appealing.

"Do you think Gladys is losing her mind?" one mother writes to me. "She has always been such a sweet, sensible child; but now she giggles all the time and is so silly. In addition to this, she has taken to the craziest way of doing her hair; sometimes she pulls it out in bunches over her ears and looks exactly like photographs of her grandfather, who wore whiskers."

And, after telling more of Gladys' queer doings, the mother continues: "She drags her hat down over her eyes till she has to tilt her head backward to see; and if I remonstrate there are giggles, giggles, giggles, till I'm almost wild."

**John a Slave of the Tub**

The mother of a boy writes: "John has become so clean that I am worried about him. Fortunately, I am ashamed to say, I always had to pay him to take a bath; now no one else can get one. And when he isn't tubbing and scrubbing he is slicking his hair or doing his nails. His younger brother tells me he is interested in a girl—a classmate at the high school. Do you think this can be true? The child is only seventeen."

And I hasten to answer that I think the symptoms of John and also of Gladys are unfeeling. In the case of a boy, water may be depended upon for an adequate diagnosis in any attack of first love. But water, taken in connection with "hair slicking" and nail culture—the case is as easily determined as mumps or a cold. And, unless complications set in, there is really no cause for alarm.

But there is occasion for endless patience and sympathy; and if you must laugh at Gladys' hats and hair and John's tubbing and scrubbing, don't do it when they are about, because both of them, despite occasional moments of rapture, are having troubles of their own.

It was Thomas Moore who sang, "There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." And while it seems delightful, on paper, in real life it is only true in spots. "Love's young dream" apt to be complicated with tragic possibilities due to inexperience, an

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## Bringing Up Father



empty pocket and the cruel humor of a cynical world which declines to look with sympathy on John struggling in the grip of a great cosmic force. It sees in him only an urchin who had to be scourged or bribed to the tub but yesterday and to-day is a parody on the maxim, "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

"But to John there are few laughs left in the world; there is usually a hated rival—a middle-aged man of twenty-two or twenty-three—who has quit school and has a job. This commands wealth sufficient for ice cream sodas, "movies," the theater itself, and the family is still asking John what he did with the fifty cents he had the week before last.

John, waving his arms wildly, mutters that it is enough to drive "a man" wild! And so it is, but no one realizes it but the poor young victim himself.

**"Wealth Beyond the Dreams of Avarice"**

Sometimes a mother, wise beyond her generation, will realize the anguish of an empty pocket during the bitter-sweet season of the half dollar or so that means "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," to borrow Dr. Johnson's phrase, will enable John to order the two ice cream sodas that, side by side on the little metal table at the corner drug store, with "her" opposite, is "paradise now."

No; "love's young dream" is not an entirely blissful experience, despite the endorsement of poets and others. When the boy grows to be a man he will cherish, in retrospect, the memory of his first love, and the older he grows the more exquisite will seem the experience, but while it is in progress it is not rapture unalloyed.

Do not laugh at Gladys' hats, hair and giggles; she can't help them any more than she could help her first tooth, or outgrowing her shorts. And John after a while will tub less, as he withdraws his head from the rainbow and gets down to earth again.

In the meantime, please be kind to John and Gladys, and don't grudge the occasional fifty cents that will enable them to saunter, sometimes, down the road to paradise, either at the corner drug store or the "movies" four blocks farther. Remember this experience will come to them only once.

**WOMEN MAKE WAR ARTICLES**

London.—Articles used in the war, all the work of women, attracted much attention at an exhibition organized by the Ministry of Munitions and opened recently in London at the Whitechapel Art gallery. Two hundred specimens of parts of engines for aircraft, on which women are doing work of high precision, were among the objects shown.

## Keep the Sickroom Sanitary

IN ILLNESS vitality is low

The system can't put up a good fight against disease-bearing microbes. A patient suffering from one ailment often contracts others. That is why it is so important to keep the sickroom sanitary; to see that no dangerous germs reach the patient while in a weakened condition.

### Acme Chlorinated Lime

will make the sickroom safe; no germ can live where it is used. Physicians and nurses all agree that chlorinated lime gives effective protection both to the patient and other members of the family. ACME Chlorinated Lime kills odors as well as germs; keeps the sickroom and home fresh and clean.

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## THE PLOTTERS



**A New Serial of East and West**  
By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

**CHAPTER I.**

Dr. Douglas Wade, aged twenty-eight, most recent arrival among the new physicians of the small town of Riverhill, Wyo., sat in his office reading a letter one spring afternoon. He read slowly and thoughtfully. The epistle was from his sister, Elizabeth, the only creature in the world belonging to him.

"Thank you so much for the check, dear Douglas," the girl wrote. "I needed it, for we will have to provide our own costumes for the performance of 'Twelfth Night' which we girls are to give during our commencement week. And costumes mean something to a poor girl like me."

"I am to take the part of Viola. The professor who is coaching us says complimentary things about my acting—insists that I have 'genuine histrionic ability,' etc. I wish that you had a flourishing practice that you could afford to run east and see not afford the time to come. So there you'd have to stick, just as your lack of money makes you stick now. Luck does not consider our financial needs—does it, dear? But I am in the best of luck in having the dandiest brother in the world."

**A Graceful Sister**

"I have told you often—or tried to tell you—how grateful I am to you for keeping me in college, so I will not try to tell you again now. There never was such another brother. Since mother died, you have been both mother and father to me, Douglas. Some time, in some way, the chance may come for me to try to repay you. You will let me know when it is—I will be—Oh, so glad to do it."

"At any rate, in a year more I am coming to Riverhill to keep house for you. That is—unless you marry before then. How about the wealthy widow—the Mrs. Butler of whom you wrote me? You say her son is a nervous wreck, and speak of him as an educated man. So I fancy his mother is too old to have matrimonial designs upon you. What is the matter with her son? You did not tell me."

I got a letter to-day from Amos Chapin. He says he is willing to continue running the farm on the same share basis if we will pay for the farmhand that he has had to hire. If not, instead of half and half, he will ask you to give him two-thirds of the profits. He is surely an old skinflint, and I believe he wants to force us into selling the

farm. If his wife was not such a dear soul, I would want him to be bounced. And yet what would we do without him? I only wish that some up-to-date man, with modern scientific methods, could be on the farm and give old Amos some hints. But, of course, we could not pay for any such person.

"I hope we won't have to part with the old place. It is the only remnant of our young life that is left to us. And mother loved the farm so much—and she says that father did also."

**A Reminiscence**

When the letter was put away, Douglas Wade leaned back in his desk-chair and gazed out over the waters of the North Platte river, sparkling in the sun.

The river flowed at the foot of the sloping streets of the Western settlement, a thriving community that a few years ago had been a cattle town.

The rapid growth of the place had tempted Douglas Wade to come West, assured by friends who "knew" that there was an excellent opening here for a progressive physician.

The building in which Wade had his office was very quiet this afternoon. From the street came the noise of passing vehicles and the hooting of automobile horns. Tiny particles of dust gleamed in the sunlight slanting across the floor of the small room. This room contained no furniture except the hospital table, a desk and two chairs. On the wall above the desk hung a framed diploma from an Eastern university.

The doctor sighed as his eyes fell on this diploma. He always sighed now when he looked at it. For beside it should hang the diploma of a famous French university. He had been studying there when he had received the cable from his sister telling him of his mother's dangerous illness.

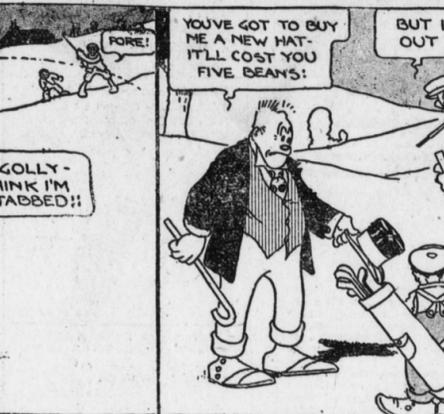
He had hurried home to find his mother dead. He also discovered that the money which he had always supposed would keep Elizabeth and himself in comfort had gone, through rash investments.

The readjustment he felt as if he had changed from a mere boy to a man during the few weeks that followed, as he

Do not make a bit of noise, And I'll catch this fine  
Draw from 1 to 2 and so on to the end.

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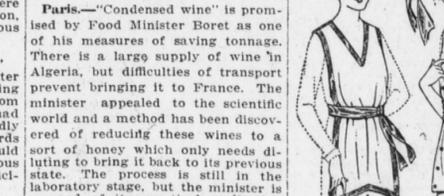
By McManus



**FASHION'S FORECAST**  
(By Annabel Worthington)

In these war and thrift days there is plenty of opportunity for feminine ingenuity to convert old garments into new ones, and one of the easiest ways of doing it is to add an attractive overblouse to an old dress, make the skirt narrower if necessary, and immediately you have a smart new frock. For this very purpose was the set given in No. 8885 designed. No. 1 has two straight panels at front and back, with a sash on the outside or run through a casing and tied at the left side. No. 2 shows an apron front gathered at the shoulders to a deep shawl collar and held in place by a wide draped circle. No. 3 shows a shawl collar, which extends into sash ends. The ends are brought around the waist and tied at the left side.

The lady's set of overblouses No. 8885 is cut in one size. No. 2 requires 1 yard 36-inch or wider; No. 1 requires 1 yard 36-inch or wider, with 7/8 yard 36-inch contrasting material. No. 3 requires 1 yard 36-inch or wider. Price 10 cents.

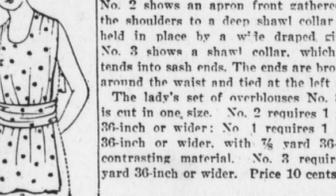


This pattern will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 12 cents in stamps. Address your letter to Fashion Department, Telegraph, Harrisburg, Pa.

**'Condensed Wine' Promised So as to Save Tonnage**

Paris.—"Condensed wine" is promised by Food Minister Boret as one of his measures of saving tonnage. There is a large supply of wine in Algeria, but difficulties of transport prevent bringing it to France. The minister appealed to the scientific world and a method has been discovered of reducing these wines to a sort of honey which only needs diluting to bring it back to its previous state. The process is still in the laboratory stage, but the minister is assured of its practical realization and expects to make an economy of four-fifths of the freight which would be necessary if these wines were shipped in barrels.

When would the long lane turn? To Be Continued.



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**SILVER HOARDING ILLEGAL**

London.—The new regulation under the Defense of the Realm act prohibits any person from retaining any more silver coinage than he actually needs for personal expenditure and in his business. Sale of any British coin for an amount exceeding its face value is prohibited.



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## It's all in Knowing How to Cook Food

Marked Improvement in Cooking After Using Mazola—the Oil from Corn

SINCE the war emphasized the need for food thrift more and more people have realized how much good food used to be spoiled by bad cooking methods.

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One reason is because we must save animal fats. Thousands of housewives now know that with Mazola they can cook better than they ever did before—and much more economically.

Mazola is a vegetable oil pressed from the heart of Indian Corn.

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Salad dressings are easier to mix with Mazola, they keep longer, and have a delicate tang impossible to get with olive oil.

Not a single drop of Mazola is ever wasted—it can be used and used again because it never carries odor or flavor from one food to another.

For sale in pints, quarts, half gallons and gallons. For greater economy buy the large sizes.

There is a valuable Cook Book for Mazola users. It shows you how to fry, sauté, make dressings and sauces more delicious, make light, digestible pastry. Should be in every home. Send for it or ask your grocer. FREE.

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**Mazola GINGERBREAD**

1 1/2 cups molasses  
1 cup sugar  
3 cups flour  
1 cup milk  
1/2 cup Mazola  
2 teaspoons gr. ginger  
1 teaspoon cloves  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 egg

Beat molasses, sugar, Mazola and spices all together; add the egg, sift flour and baking powder together and add alternately with gill.

Bake in moderate oven.

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