

Reading for Women and All the Family

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

Did Justice Benedict, of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, think we are too strongly inclined to run to the divorce court without sufficient justification when he handed down a momentous decision the other day?

He declared it "cruelty" to sue for divorce and then discontinue the action for lack of proof.

The justice decided that such action, by a Brooklyn man, was sufficient cause for the wife to sue for separation, alleging cruel and inhuman treatment. Justice Benedict granted the woman a decree of separation with alimony.

Let those restless spirits who regard a change of life partners as only a little more complicated than a change of residence "mark, learn and inwardly digest" this latest ruling of the Supreme Court.

It would seem to point to the passing of what for lack of a better name, might be called the crumpled rose leaf, as grounds for divorce.

Marriage a Serious Matter

Divorce is an excellent thing, when there are vital reasons for demanding one, just as dynamite, razors, cyanide of potassium are un- rivalled in their own particular spheres. But they are fatal if they get mixed up with the flat, the furniture and the preparations for dinner.

Divorce, drugs and weapons are for dire emergencies—not a refuge from sulks, disappointment and insufficient spending money.

In rushing to the divorce court without due reflection, it might be well to consider the dictum of the old Virginia mammy: "Dar's nothin' in dish yere quittin', de torment you leave wid one is jes' sittin' dar waitin' fo' you wid de nex'."

There is an old proverb to the effect that when poverty looks in at the door love flies out at the window. But a glance at the divorce proceedings in the daily papers would lead one to distrust this plat-

HOW U. S. OFFICERS ARE SELECTED

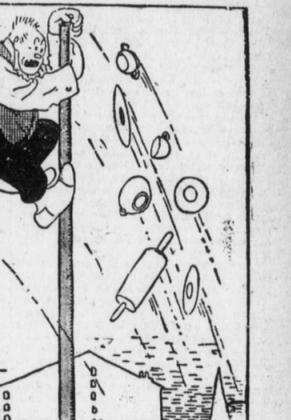
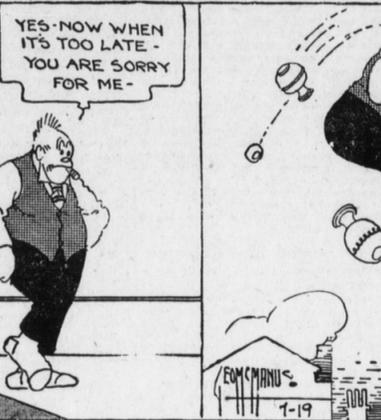
War Department Permits Description of System Under Which Commissions Are Awarded—Every Boy Has a Chance

What chance has your boy to win a commission? What competition does he face? What tests must he satisfy? Will he be held back by lack of influence? What is the new system under which officers are being selected from the men now going into camp?

All the factors which guide the selection of officers from among the men now going into camp are described for the first time in a remarkable article by William Atherton DuPuy—"The Democratic Army." This article is the second of a series describing America's marvelous military preparations, based upon official information supplied by the War Department, and is accompanied by an introduction written by the Secretary of War himself.

It tells how men were selected from last summer's draft to officer the next half million—the psychological tests to which they were subjected, the "trifles"—the use of employment experts to weed out the unfit—the vast system of card records for every man in the Army—how the gigantic undertaking designed to crowd fifty years of West Point into one—all are described in this, the first complete issue of how 2,000,000 men have been offered. In order to be sure of obtaining a copy of this issue, reserve it, notifying the Public Ledger agent, M. Formey, Harrisburg News Co., J. Hoffman.

Bringing Up Father



For the poor do not get divorces as frequently as the rich. Nor is this due to lack of money, as one at first glance might imagine. The poor, like genuinely busy people, are too actively engaged to take their little differences seriously. Occupation is the greatest promoter of successful marriage.

Too Busy For Trouble

It is the prosperous idlers who make the rich harvests for lawyers that specialize in divorce. A difference of taste in regards to neckties, jokes, movies or breakfast foods assumes proportions that justify the word "incompatibility." And Webster's dictionary is authority for this definition of the word: "Incapable of harmonious association."

And having once established such imposing words to express their case, they naturally have recourse to the law. The "evidence" of cruelty given in a divorce case mentioned in the papers a week or so ago turned on the keeping of a dog, one "adored" dog, the other "abhorred" dog—hence cruelty.

The poor and the busy escape these crumpled rose leaves of domestic life. If they do drop up, matters of greater importance crowd them out. But to the idle they become insurmountable barriers to happiness.

No Sympathy at Home

Another fruitful source of income to the "put-asunder" specialist is that venerable excuse of the egotist, "No sympathy at home." Two thoroughly self-centered people, not vitally interested in much besides cat, drink and me merry, are apt to discover a lack of sympathy at home.

Very probably their grievance means nothing more than that both are looking for a new audience for old jokes.

Their little characteristic conceits evoke no further smiles at home. Hence the following dialogue which may be picked up at almost any restaurant:

"I can tell you this, but my wife wouldn't understand," says the obese gentleman at the next table to the woman with the carefully applied eyebrows.

And the woman, who looks capable of understanding very little indeed, inclines a suspiciously rosy ear to listen. The obese gentleman has nothing very interesting to tell, but it has long been a favorite of his, perhaps it puts him in the near-heretic light.

The woman listens, not because she is interested, but because outward attention is the price of her support. And a lobster palace is more to her than home sweet home. She loves the glitter, and the people, and the staring, and the food. So

FASHION'S FORECAST

(By Annabel Worthington)



For the warm weather the semi-tailored waist of washable silk is favored by the well dressed women because it is so practical. The most popular materials are crepe de Chine, pussywillow taffeta and washable satin. In No. 8868 the large collar is cut so as to form deep revers which follow the surplice closing to the left side. The back of the waist extends over the shoulders and the fronts are gathered. The long sleeves have deep turned back cuffs. A band of contrasting material on the edge of the collar makes an effective trimming.

The lady's waist pattern No. 8868 is cut in five sizes—36 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards 32 inch, 2 1/4 yards 36 inch or 1 1/2 yards 40 inch material. Price 75 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.

she listens to the story because it makes this sort of thing possible. And doubtless the wife of the obese gentleman is saying to-it's safe to say—a man ten years younger than herself: "I just dote on poetry, but do you know I've never told it to my husband; he wouldn't understand."

This is the type that seems to take a collector's pride in the number and variety of his marriage licenses. Judge Benedict's decision will undoubtedly have the effect of making them consider before they try, try again.

COLD PACK METHOD IN 12 SHORT STEPS

No. 9

NATIONAL WAR GARDEN COMMISSION



After sterilizing in hot water bath the jars are removed and the top tightened, says the National War Garden Commission of Washington, which will send any reader of this paper a free canning book for a two-cent stamp to pay postage. Watch for step No. 10.

It is advisable for the housewife to can local food surplus. Pineapples are easily canned and if not shipped from a distance may be profitably put up for home use. The National War Commission, Washington, will send you free canning and drying manual on request and the enclosure of a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. This book contains careful directions for canning common fruits and vegetables by the old pack, single period sterilization method.

Select firm pineapples for canning. Pare, remove eyes, shred or cut into slices or small pieces. Save the juice which escapes while cutting and strain and reserve. Blanch three to five minutes, cold dip and pack in jar. Cover with boiling syrup of medium grade, made with one part sugar to two parts water. The pineapple juice contains 7 per cent of sugar and when it has accumulated in sufficient quantity it may be used as a beverage. Pineapple canned for children is wholesome put up in this way.

After packing the jar and filling spaces with hot liquid, put on rubber and top. Adjust top ball or screw top on with thumb and little finger. Sterilize thirty minutes in hot water bath, or ten minutes at five

Daily Dot Puzzle

2 3 4 5
45 6 7 8
46 9 10
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38 59 17
37 34 21 20 18
36 35 22 25 19
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34 30 23 26
33 28 27
32 29

"TIZ" FOR SORE TIRED FEET--AH!

"Tiz" is grand for aching, swollen, tender, calloused feet or corns.

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, aching, tender, sweaty feet. No more soreness in corns, callouses, bunions.

No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use "Tiz." "Tiz" is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. "Tiz" cures your foot trouble so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore and swollen. Think of it, no more foot misery, no more agony from corns, callouses or bunions.

Get a 25-cent box at any drug store or department store and get instant relief. Wear smaller shoes. Just once try "Tiz." Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 25 cents. Think of it.

THE PLOTTERS

A New Serial of East and West

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XIV
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Mrs. Chapin came out on the porch as Elizabeth and Butler crossed the front lawn to the house.

"Dear!" she called happily. "I've just got a telegram; they telephoned it out from the station. Clifford is coming to-night to stay a part of his vacation here."

"How nice for you!" Elizabeth tried to rejoice with the rejoicing mother. "I know how glad you must be."

"Indeed I am glad," Mrs. Chapin admitted. "It's so seldom the boy gets home nowadays. Well, I must hurry back and see about dinner."

"And who may Clifford be?" John Butler inquired as the matron disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

"Mrs. Chapin's son," Elizabeth explained. "He is in business in Chicago."

"Ah! A nice chap, is he?" Butler asked.

"I don't know," Elizabeth replied. "His mother thinks he is the paragon of all manly virtues, of course."

"You don't agree with her?" John Butler smiled.

"Why—don't know him," Elizabeth began, then added hastily, "It is strange how many relatives one may have of whom one knows nothing. I have not seen Clifford since I was a little girl."

The arrival of the son of the house would complicate matters, she reflected later as she arranged the water lilies in a bowl in the living room. If he was quick and clever he might play the part assigned him—the part of cousin to Lizzie Moore. If he were dull, he might make awkward mistakes. She must charge Mrs. Chapin to try to convince him that she was really his cousin—that she was Elizabeth Wade—that she was the little "Lizzie Moore" who came here to see the Chapins when a mere child. She hoped the man would believe the tale and that his mother would be able to tell it in such a way as to make him credit it.

A Fond Mother

That Mrs. Chapin might have an opportunity to do this, the girl remained in her own room that afternoon for an hour, when she heard the sound of the depot wagon that brought Clifford Chapin from the railway station at Midland. She heard mother and son mount the stairs to the young man's room, and then for many minutes there was the subdued murmur of voices in unbroken conversation. Once the man laughed loudly, boisterously, as if much amused at something his mother was telling him. Evidently he had a sense of humor.

A remnant of that laugh seemed to linger as Elizabeth at the foot of the stairs when she descended just before supper. She had put on a simple white organdie dress, and added to the twinkle of amusement in the new arrival's eyes, was a gleam of admiration.

"Good evening, cousin!" she remarked, stepping forward and holding out his hand to her.

Beyond him, in the front door, she saw Butler standing, watching the meeting between the pair. She must feign a cordiality she did not feel.

"Good evening, cousin!" she returned, forcing a smile.

Clifford Chapin did not release immediately the hand he had grasped. Instead he held it, looking downward into her face with a familiarity that she dared not resent at this moment. I wish I dared exercise the cousinly right of kissing you," he teased.

"You certainly may not!" Elizabeth said, wrenching her hand from his.

He laughed, throwing back his head, as was his manner.

"Well, considering I haven't seen you since you were a small kid with short skirts and pigtails, perhaps I'll wait until I know you a bit better," he agreed. "But, remember, cousins can afford to be cousinly, and blood is thicker than water."

"Clifford, you are naughty!" Mrs. Chapin came out into the hall and now spoke with the combination of pride and pretended reproof common to mothers of only sons. "You must not tease Lizzie."

"Oh, she don't mind," the son declared. "Does she, Butler?" turning to John, who stood a silent spectator of the scene.

Clifford had been introduced to Butler but a moment ago, yet had already dropped the prefix of "Mister" from his name.

Butler Doesn't Unbend

"I can hardly answer for Miss Moore, Mr. Chapin," Butler said, stiffly.

He went out upon the veranda and young Chapin looked at Elizabeth with a grin.

"He's swallowed a poker and hasn't digested it, I guess," he observed. "He's got some opinion of himself, hasn't he? Who is he, anyway. Mother seemed hardly to understand why he was here."

"He is a friend of Dr. Wade's, I believe, whom he has asked to come here to try scientific methods to redeem the farm," Elizabeth informed him, gravely.

Clifford shrugged his shoulders. "Swell chance of his doing that!" he scoffed.

"There is every chance of his doing it," Elizabeth rejoined. "Anyone can note the improvements he has started already."

"One would fancy he was a friend of yours as well as of Dr. Wade," the man suggested.

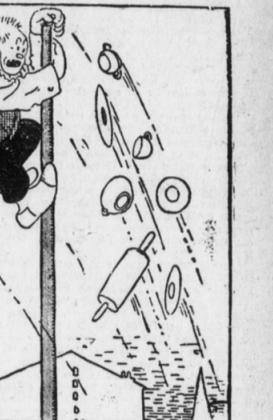
She was annoyed to feel herself blushing.

"I never met him or spoke to him until he came here," she said. "And I have had only two or three conversations with him since then."

She followed Mrs. Chapin into the dining room, resolved to end this interview.

She had been afraid this morning that Clifford Chapin would not play the cousinly part she wished him to play. Now she feared, with a sinking heart, that he was going to play it too well.

By McManus



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"I suffered from a very bad stomach on account of Catarrhal Gastritis," says Mrs. Margaret Smith, of Narvon, Lancaster county, Pa. "I had no appetite, and bad pains all through my body, due to the condition of my stomach. I am 72 years old."

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