



Read for Women and all the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

The other day a group of professional women were discussing Lady Randolph Churchill and her third marriage to a young Englishman named Porch.

And one of them, a physician, said: "If her door bell were at the mercy of patients, like mine, all night long, she would not be marrying again at sixty-five."

And the miniature painter said: "Nonsense, being up all night with sick folk is velvet compared to my job: No woman ever has a miniature painted except to look young and lovely, and they never sit—at least to me—till they are forty-five."

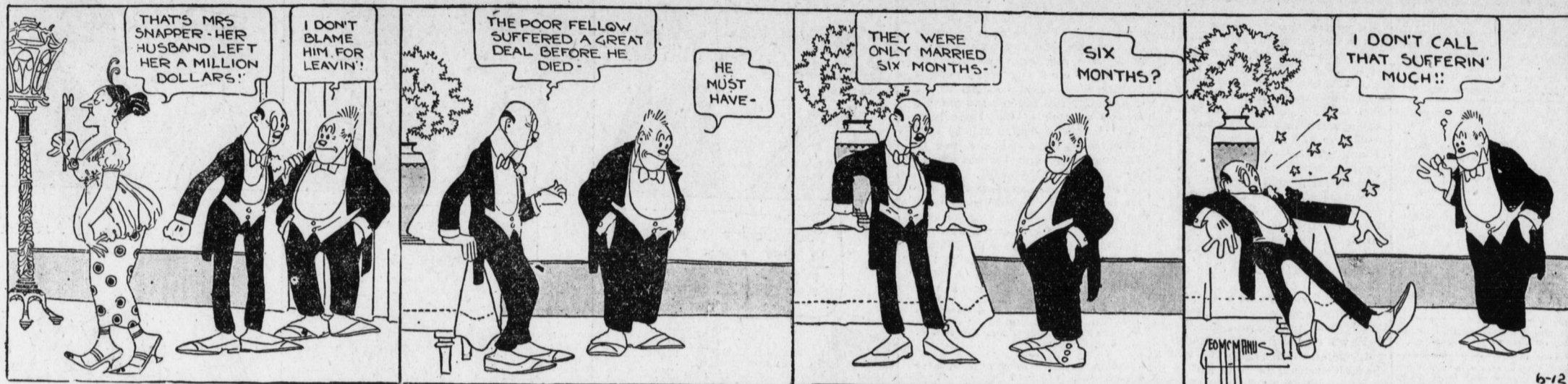
She sighed, passed a thin hand over a haggard brow and said: "I've handed over every shred of youth and—never had any beauty—well, we'll call it appearance, to my sisters."

The woman who had written plays frowned: "Ungrateful women, neither of you knows when you're well off. The most aging thing on earth is writing plays. You have to contend with the manager, the actors, the critics, and if there is anything left to you or your play—the public, Lady Randolph Churchill never wrote a play or she wouldn't be marrying a third time."

The woman who wrote short stories smiled with deadly superiority: "Amateurs in affliction, all of you: the come of woe is being told how to write a story by a man who would starve if he had to write one himself."

Someone else said Lady Randolph had nursed soldiers during the Boer

Bringing Up Father



war, and nursing was not a youth-conserving profession.

And someone else remembered that she had nursed them very long.

The group next fell to discussing her memoirs, which were published in a certain magazine a few years ago. At that time Lady Randolph had been once widowed and once divorced and the public regarded the memoirs as the swan song of a very interesting woman who had started out on her career as a beauty and wound up as a power.

But bless you no, Lady Randolph

then sixty, had no idea of regarding her memoirs as her swan song. They were nothing more than a non-day-careful to her. She kept right on looking lovely, being fascinating and finally made the young diplomat her third husband.

By this time the group of highly successful professional women, none of whom had passed the forties, and a couple of them a decade younger, wore a resentful look. It was as if the famous Lady Randolph, still having romances at sixty-five, had defrauded them of something—as if perhaps she kept young at their expense. None of them knew her, so they didn't mind showing a claw or two.

Someone said she always had plenty of brains, but she never used them except to be attractive. Then the miniature painter said: "She evidently preferred running a beauty parlor to a political salon."

The memoirs were canvassed again and it was decided if she had not been a powerful politician, she would have made a power of her. And that, viewed from any angle, her life had been highly successful, and to all appearances a very happy one.

She had no money as money is reckoned these days, something under fifty thousand dollars, when Lord Randolph Churchill came to New York forty years ago.

He was the younger brother of the Duke of Marlborough and infinitely cleverer and more popular than the head of the family. Lord Randolph and Jennie Jerome met at a dinner in New York, and in those days young ladies used to have accompaniments.

Never Has Returned Here

It was said to be the understanding and breadth with which she played a Chopin nocturne that attracted the brilliant Englishman.

They married after a short engagement and the young American beauty became identified with the country of her adoption. I believe she is one of the few American women married to Europeans who has never returned to her native country.

But the professional group, all of whom showed the tooth of time, could not make up its mind what had kept this remarkable woman so young looking. Was it because she had had brains and had employed them in keeping her beauty, rather than in any larger sense? She had never even gone in for facials or beauty treatments as day follows night, but beyond making the best of every advantage.

An inquiry then started if professional women, with the sole exception of actresses, were ever conspicuous for their beauty or their ability to retain youth? And no one could remember an example of the stage who was this.

Moral: Let professional women take enough care of themselves? And an answer in chorus, "No, they did not."

The physician remarked if a woman's professional duties amounted to anything she could not spend the time in taking facial massage or having her hair treated. "But the men take time for beauty conservation," the miniature painter said. "All the barber shops now have facial massage and electric skin treatments and goodness knows where else."

"The men certainly take more time to care for themselves than we do, women of our class, I mean, not the sex generally speaking."

"Well, let them say the doctor: 'when I'm through with a lot of overstrung, nervous women who have nothing especially the matter with them I want no more feminine fussing in my day. It's golf for me, or a long motor ride, no rubbing out of wrinkles or coddling of falling hair.'"

"Well, what do you expect?" asked the short story writer.

"Not a third husband at sixty-five, certainly when I've not annexed my first at forty-three," said the doctor. So they all sat and flayed to tatters the subject of whether it was better to take the aunts God gave and develop them, or spend their lives keeping young and pretty.

At midnight they were still discussing it, and at 1 o'clock they had got no farther than to agree that every woman must decide the question for herself.

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The bite of a rabid dog is no longer deadly, due to the now famous Pasteur treatment, but the slow, living death, the result of poisoning of the system by deadly uric acid is as sure and inevitable as day follows night.

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LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Sorrow comes to us all. Bereavement is the common lot. And we manifest it very largely according to our individual temperaments and the customs in which we have been reared.

The philosopher Bion observed cynically of the king who was tearing his hair out by handfuls: "Does this man think that baldness is a remedy for grief?" Yet the monarch was merely conforming to the proprieties of an exotic age. It was once as much de rigeur to sit in sackcloth and ashes as it is today to wear black gloves at a funeral.

In ordinary times I have no quarrel with black crepe. For myself I have always eschewed it, yet I concede the perfect right of those to whom the wearing of it serves as a consolation, or who prefer to abide by the settled convention.

But these are not ordinary times. The great duty of to-day is to maintain a spirit of cheery optimism and courage, and so help to preserve the morale of our armies in the field and of the nation as a whole. The mourners must not go about the streets.

The psychological effect of mourning is depressing, and the world today needs all the hope and all the sunshine that we can give it. Let us follow the gallant example of the women of England, who, rather than obtrude their private sorrows upon the national consciousness—and scarcely a home there has been left untouched—have practically discarded the suits and trappings of woe.

Very wisely our Government has recommended for those whose sons or brothers fall in the service the hand bearing a star like those upon a service flag for each relative lost—a badge of honor and a tribute to those gone, than which nothing more is required.

Would it not be a good thing if the same idea were carried into general practice? During such a crisis as the present, does not elaborate ostentation and bad taste as an overdisplay of jewels or sybaritic luxury?

And, even more important, is it to preserve a feeling of confidence and composure concerning those who are on the battlefield?

I would not for a moment minimize the risks and hazards and hard-

ships which our boys are so dauntlessly facing. But it is no forlorn hope upon which they are engaged, no Thermopylae or Little Big Horn. The great majority will come back with waving banners to receive the proud and grateful acclaim of the nation.

Certainly gloomy prognostications and headshakes will not help them in what they have to do. They themselves are meeting the ordeal in no such tearful trepidation, but with eager heroism—a song on their lips and a light in their eyes—and with unshakable confidence in victory.

There will be casualties, alas! But there is no need to anticipate disaster, no need to stir the hearts of already overburdened with anxiety by dwelling upon dangers and including in morbid imaginings.

This is a War for Civilization, and Civilization is restrained. The nation has uncomplacingly accepted the burdens and restrictions imposed by our entrance into the war, and our young manhood without a murmur has subjected itself to the rigorous discipline of the training camps and the hazards of the battlefield. Can we not match their fortitude by curbing our apprehensive impulses and helping to maintain a spirit of public cheer and confidence?

A young girl with a brother at the front whom she is devoted has been trying to keep a brave front to the world. Many a night she has cried herself to sleep since his departure, but not even to the members of her own family will she confess how deeply she is affected.

Recently she was deeply hurt by the criticism of one of her friends, who told her that from her actions no one would believe that she cared what became of her brother. Fearful of losing the good opinion of those she knows, she has written to ask me if I think she is wrong in thus veiling her true feelings.

I do not. I think she is a real patriot, a worthy sister to that brave boy "over there," and one of whom he can feel proud. Wailing and lamentation might gratify the morbid interest of a few of her acquaintances, but it would not help her in the least. To paraphrase a line from Petrarch: "He who can give open expression to his sorrow has but little sorrow to express."

When will people learn that the deepest emotions are those which are least paraded? It is proverbial that the husband who seeks to throw himself into his wife's grave is the sooner consoled. To paraphrase a line from Petrarch: "He who can give open expression to his sorrow has but little sorrow to express."

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York Makes Bid For Spur of the Susquehanna Trail

With the purpose of pushing the claims of York for a place on the route of the Susquehanna trail, 150 leading men of that city, members of the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary club, Kiwanis Club, Auto Dealers' Association, etc., in fifty automobiles yesterday afternoon escorted from Harrisburg to York twenty-five members of the board of governors of the Susquehanna Trail Association together with their wives and daughters.

Last evening these members were the guests of honor at a reception of the York Motor Club. The address of welcome was delivered by Mayor E. S. Hugentugler. Senator Henry Washers, member of the York trail committee, explained the object of the day's trip.

The twenty-five governors, all of

them coming from towns along the trail north of Harrisburg, came here yesterday for the purpose of selecting a route for the section of the trail from Harrisburg to the Mason and Divon line. The trail follows the Susquehanna river from Lawrenceville to this city.

The York route which passes through Dillsburg, Wellsboro, Mount Royal, Dover and Weiglestown, favorably impressed the governors, but no definite decision has yet been reached concerning the route to be finally selected. To-day the officials made a trip to Gettysburg to pass

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Face eruptions are caused by blood impurities, which in turn result from poor digestion, sluggish liver and nervous debility. If your skin shows blotches, pimples or eruptions of any sort, do not neglect it, but take Bliss Native Herb Tablets and the result will be a clear complexion, a healthy skin, bright eyes and general good health.

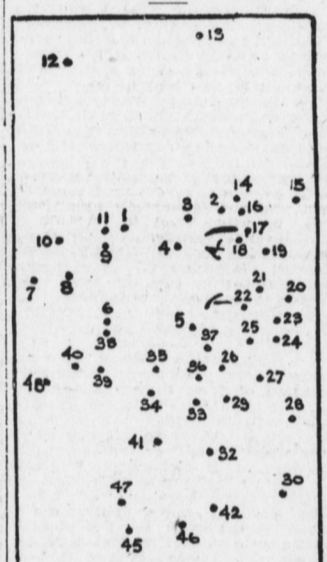
This condition is brought about by the action of the tablets on the blood, liver and kidneys. The blood is purified, the liver becomes active, the kidneys are cleansed of all impurities, your appetite improves, your digestive organs perform their functions easily and effectively and general good health is yours.

"I have used Bliss Native Herb Tablets for a bad condition of the blood. When I commenced using them I suffered from boils. Now I am free from boils and feel better than I have for a long time."

making this statement. Morris Long, Freedom, Ohio, reiterates the testimony of thousands of others who have been greatly benefited by Bliss Native Herb Tablets. For over thirty years they have been acknowledged as the only standard herb remedy. They contain nothing of a harmful nature, are used by old and young, and have proved their value as a blood remedy weak in and weak out during all that time.

If you suffer from constipation, heartburn, sick headache, biliousness, foul breath, or rheumatism, be sure to use Bliss Native Herb Tablets. They never disappoint. They are put up in a yellow box of 200 tablets, on the cover of which is the portrait of Alonzo O. Bliss. Every tablet is stamped with our trade mark. Price \$1 per box. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by Kennedy's Drug Store and local agents everywhere.

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Stop Corn Agony In Four Seconds

Use "Gets-It"—See Corns Peel Off!

The relief that "Gets-It" gives from corn-pains—the way it makes corns and calluses peel off painlessly in one piece—is one of the wonders of the world. The woman in the home, the



shopper, the dancer, the foot traveler, the man in the office, the clerk in the store, the worker in the shop, have to-day, in this great discovery, "Gets-It," the one sure, quick relief from all corn and callus pains—the one sure, painless remedy that makes corns come off as easily as you would peel a banana. It takes 2 seconds to apply "Gets-It." It dries at once. Then walk with painless joy, even with tight shoes. You know your corn will loosen from your toe—peel it off with your fingers. Try it, corn sufferers, and you'll smile!

"Gets-It," the guaranteed money-back-corn-remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drugstore. Mfg'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in Harrisburg and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by Clark's Medicine Store, H. C. Kennedy, G. A. Gorgas, W. F. Stever, Keller's Drug Store, Frank K. Kitzmiller—Advertisement.

FASHION'S FORECAST

(By Annabel Worthington)



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

This Oriental looking negligee is simplicity itself as far as the making is concerned, for it is made from a straight length of material and the drapery is formed by the way in which the sides are sewed. The edge of the pattern, which is marked with three large perforations, is laid on the lengthwise fold of the material. The fold is to be slashed between the two large perforations, providing the opening for the head. This opening is faced with a band of satin. The selvages are gathered between the indicated perforations and cuffs of the satin are used to finish. The graceful back drapery forms itself after the negligee is put on.

The lady's one piece negligee pattern No. 8865 is cut in one size and requires 3 1/4 yards 40 inch material, with 1/2 yard 36 inch contrasting material.

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You are no longer STOUT, you can wear more fashionable styles; and you get Satisfaction and Value at most moderate price. You never wore more comfortable or "easy feeling" corsets.
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Made of fine quality fiber—well braced—a very comfortable rocker, worth \$6.
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Of fumed oak—shaped seat—rustproof chains with bolt running through to bottom of seat—42 inches wide. While they last, \$3.98.
VUDOR PORCH SHADES will keep your porch cool, comfortable and secluded. Sold only in Harrisburg by GOLDSMITH. All sizes \$2.75 up.
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