

Reading for Women and All the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW
It was one of those places where women congregated, and in the little group which I had joined the talk had turned on the question of old age.

"I am as old as the hills," I murmured. "If I live to be a hundred I shall stoutly refuse to let any one fuss about me with wraps and pillows and things, and assist my tottering footsteps. I may get my cape on hind-side-before, but I'll do it myself, and if I can't walk alone I'll let the policeman pick up the pieces. But I will not have some younger woman putting my bonnet on straight or dragging me up out of chairs."

"The last straw for me," said another woman of the group, "will be when a girl gets up in a streetcar to give me a seat. That will break my spirit forever."

"I can remember things that happened before the rest of you were born, but I decline to be elderly. I am merely experienced."

"She spoke the same plain, stimulating truth. It was impossible to guess her age. She baffled the most acute feminine eyes. But just where between thirty and seventy she belonged none could tell. She wore attractive things which suited her, but no one thought of her clothes. They were completely overshadowed by her personality."

"What is old age, anyway?" asked another of the group. "You see two women who have acquired about the same number of years and are old, if one judges them by the standard of time, and yet one of them will look delightful and interesting, full of life and vigor and able to take her part in the passing show, while the other will be bent and feeble, slow in mind and body, and unable to do a fact at all? Is it merely a state

of mind. It is a reality only for those who believe in it and all its decrepit manifestations, while to those who refuse to entertain it, who resolutely bar the door on it and will not tack on to a certain number of years a certain number of ailments and restrictions, it is merely a bugaboo which can be cheerfully and successfully defied.

Sarah Bernhardt, one of the most wonderful girls in the world, has said recently that the best receipt for retaining youth is hard work, study and the society of young people. A word from her should be authoritative for not only in her appearance, but in her unconquerable spirit she has retained her youth beyond the usual three score and ten years, in spite of various distressing physical vicissitudes.

An American actress, a lady of ninety-one years, died a few days ago. She had been continuously before the public ever since she had been a young girl, she played last season in New York and on the road, and had just signed a new contract to appear next season.

Most of us have seen examples of this kind. I shall always remember a lady of over ninety-five years who had none of the infirmities of age and found the world a very good place to live in. She was the amazement of all who knew her. She looked very little over sixty, and took a very keen interest in such frivolous things as clothes.

She was not in the least deaf, and her eyesight was good. She could read and sew and knit without difficulty. She visited her friends, she ate what she pleased, and slept the sleep of the just. But then she had a beautiful and serene spirit, which may have accounted for her length of days and her contentment in them.

The great majority fret and worry and grouch and overeat and overindulge themselves into old age. But, as Emerson says: "We grizzle day by day. I see no need of it."

Bringing Up Father



THERE'S MRS. JONES GO OVER AND TELL HER WHAT A WONDERFUL TIME YOU ARE HAVING. TELL HER HOW WELL SHE LOOKS!

DO I HAVE TO LIE LIKE THAT TO THE LADY?

MY GOODNESS—HOW WELL YOU ARE LOOKIN'—

I NEVER FELT BETTER—THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY.

AN' HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND?

FINE—HE'LL BE FIFTY YEARS OLD TOMORROW. THERE ARE TEN YEARS BETWEEN US—

REALLY? YOU LOOK AS YOUNG AS HE DOES—

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By McManus

THE PLOTTERS

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

CHAPTER IX (Copyright, 1918, Star Co.)

Her experiences on the evening of John Butler's arrival at the farm had made Elizabeth Wade expect further questioning from him. After a day or two she appreciated that she might have spared herself this uneasiness, for Butler became so much absorbed in matters outside the house that he paid scant attention to what was going on inside.

At table he talked of crops, fertilizers and irrigation with an ease that surprised the women of the household and made Amos feel less sure of himself than he had been formerly.

Except for a perfunctory nod at Elizabeth, the young man appeared to take no notice of her until one very warm evening a week after he had started upon his work for Wade. The day had been a hot one, and the guest looked jaded and worn. Noting this, Mrs. Chapin voiced a gentle protest as she and Elizabeth took their seats upon the veranda after supper.

"I am afraid you're doing too much, Mr. Butler," she said. Amos spoke before Butler could reply. "He's doing no more than me," he declared brusquely. "Yet I don't see you worrying about me, Martha."

"You're different, Amos," Mrs. Chapin reminded him. "You're well and strong, and used to work. If you were delicate, too, or sickly, I'd worry over you just as much as over anybody."

Butler frowned. "Who says I'm not well and strong?" he demanded. "Why, I thought from your looks," Mrs. Chapin explained, "that you were kinder delicate. I said as much to Lizzie the night you came."

Elizabeth interposed hastily. "Because a man is not tanned and stout does not mean that he is not perfectly well and strong, Cousin Martha."

Butler glanced at her gratefully, then his face clouded again. "I wish I could get where there were no women to fuss about me!" he burst forth impatiently. "That was one reason I came here—to get away from fussy people."

Elizabeth's eyes flashed dangerously. "I will gratify your wishes so far as I am concerned, Mr. Butler!" she exclaimed. "It would be quite as agreeable to me as to you."

A Little Spat Before the man could protest, she sprang to her feet and started away from the veranda. Butler was at her side in an instant. "Oh, I say, Miss Moore, I did not mean that!"

But she waved him back imperiously. "I wish to go for a walk by myself," she said stiffly. "You are displeased with me," he regretted. She laughed scornfully. She was surprised to find herself so angry. Her temper was easily aroused, but

(To Be Continued)

FLYING WITH SHAFFER

IN THE NEW SPAD LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille Spad 156, Secteur Postal 12, May 27, 1918.

Dear Mother:—Have been busy the last few days learning to fly our new type airplanes the Spad. It's a very different machine from the light, quick and responsive Morane, and there was lots to learn not only in landing but in the air. My first trip aloft started out badly, because I blew out one of my tires while making a sharp turn on the ground to get in position to get off, but what was a small trifle on one wheel—went the gas and away we went. Once in the air my troubles multiplied, because with this motor the pilot has to keep tabs on so many things, what with 3 pressure dials, 3 small levers, a hand pump, not forgetting a watch, an altimeter, compass and map. You can well believe with all these things to watch, a pilot's flying must be almost instinctive—so many more things being more important.

And yet, with all, I had to give some thought to my flying, for flying a Spad the first time could well be compared to dancing a fox trot with a fat lady—no, don't realize how fast they are getting under way until they hit something, and when making a sudden turn, the aforesaid lady, being a fox trot, will give you a thought and consideration of same, else there might be a tragedy.

Thus I found the Spad on my first trip, not at all amenable to reason, but to-day she was beginning to eat out of my hands, for I have been riding quite regularly of late. No, I didn't break any. Yesterday being Sunday, the usual crowd of curious people arrived, among them about a dozen American soldiers. I was awaiting my turn to fly in the Spad again at that time, when after looking me over for quite awhile, one big tall husky six-footer came over, said "Howdy-doo" doubtfully, and shook his hand like excited drum major. "I was sure you were an American! You looked like it."

A Compliment Unknowingly he paid me quite a compliment, because many Americans after being here a while—obeying the injunction "when in Rome do as Romans do"—lose their distinctive American manner and pass easily as Frenchmen. Further more, the above should prove to you that your son still possesses that "Boy-look" which Dad drew attention to by the poem he sent. "I was sure you were an American! You looked like it."

Advice to the Lovelorn BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX SELFISH! DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am 17; my father died when I was four, and mother and I lived together until recently.

When I was about 13 mother married a man with seven children. We lived together about one year. I was unable to get along with the children so mother left him. For three years they were separated, now she is again going to live with him.

The girl nearest my age came up from Brooklyn to see me Sunday. We went out together, and I introduced her to some of the things you were all right with the girls, but the language and actions she used with the boys was something dreadful. I told my mother that I couldn't go out with her if we lived together, so mother told me I will have to live outside.

H. A. G. My dear girl, you have been loving mother to bring you up. Rosie is one of seven, and the busy father supporting them has had no time or opportunity to teach her the things your mother has taught you. Don't you think it would be only decent and kind and fair to give Rosie her chance? Once for your sake, your mother left her second husband—now she is going to live her own life and go back to him. And selfish little girl that you are, you are demanding that your mother give up her husband because you don't like your stepbrothers and sisters. Suppose you consider other people's feelings and forget yourself. Go and live in your mother and stepfather's household and try to look upon yourself as one-tenth of the family—not the "whole show!"

FREE CANNING BOOK 32 pages fully illustrated for every reader of THE HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH We have arranged with the National War Garden Commission, Maryland Building, Washington, D. C., for you to get this Free Canning Book of instructions. Send this coupon and a two cent stamp for postage NOW to NATIONAL WAR GARDEN COMMISSION Maryland Building Washington, D. C.

Herewith two cent stamp for postage for which please send me your Canning and Drying Book free. (Please Write Plainly) Name Street City State

WARNING! You Must Fill Out These Blanks!

GAME OFFICERS TO GET POWER

New Authority May Be Given Wardens by the State

Steps whereby the powers of the state game protectors, as the wardens are officially known, will be enlarged for purposes of preventing violation of explosive, food and federal regulations are under consideration at the Capitol as the result of discoveries made by the game commission's men in the course of their activities in confiscating firearms and weapons owned by foreigners. Attorney General Francis Shunk Brown has been asked to determine what powers the governor has in such cases and it may happen that the protectors will be made special policemen or members of the volunteer state police under the act of 1917. Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the commission, is asking speedy action.

In the last six months hundreds of guns, revolvers and other weapons have been taken from un-naturalized aliens. In many instances game protectors had to enter the homes of foreigners suspected of possessing firearms and the discovery was made that in addition to firearms and knives that dynamite, notably Austrians, had dynamite and other explosives in their homes. Some had dynamite capped and prepared for firing in trunks or bureaus in their homes and resented it being removed, while others declared that they were allowed to hold it because they were miners. Hoards of flour, sugar and other provisions, clothing and shoes were also discovered in sections where foreigners congregate.

Pending decision as to increased powers the protectors, who have orders to round up firearms wherever in possession of foreigners, will report any discoveries of dynamite or explosives to the state police and of flour or food or clothing in undue quantities to federal administrators of the district. Any disloyal or seditious remarks or actions against the draft, food or fuel administrators or evidence of wadding will be immediately reported to the proper authorities. The game commission officers, according to Dr. Kalbfus will become an active co-operating force at once.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life, should give this famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham, Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Your Child's Skin will be free from chafing, scalding eruptions and all soreness if you use Sykes Comfort Powder For more than 25 years it has been healing and preventing skin soreness, 25c at the Wind and other drug stores. The Comfort Powder Co., Boston, Mass.

UZAT FOR CORNS BUNIONS CALLUSES Immediate Relief—25 cents GORGAS DRUG STORES

Much of this new model building, with lots of sunlight and fresh air, is now being used on government work.

Uncle Sam is sending our boys across in large numbers and needs equipment. We have contracts, and new machines have been installed to get it out, but need operators.

If you are an experienced operator on a power sewing machine and not earning \$2.00 to \$3.50 per day, see us before the new machines are taken.

Be Patriotic and Help Jennings' Manufacturing Co. 2012 N. Fourth Street

Call at the office, or make an appointment by phone or letter to see the work and get full particulars at your convenience.

Jennings' Manufacturing Co. 2012 N. Fourth Street

IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Oskaaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."

Mrs. Courtney, 108 8th Ave., West Oskaaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life, should give this famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham, Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

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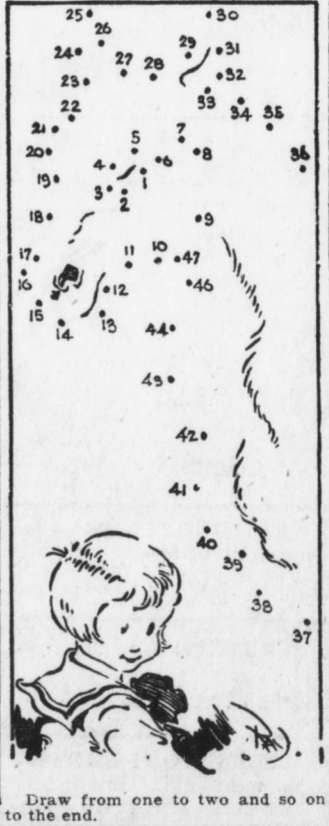
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Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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I. B. DICKINSON BOTH PHONES 505-513 N. 13th St.

FASHION'S FORECAST

(By Annabel Worthington)

A very new and clever idea for a well fitting corset cover is pictured in No. 8858. The garment is all in one piece and is to be slipped on over the head, the neck opening being cut sufficiently large for this purpose. The lower edge of the front is gathered to give a soft fulness at the waistline, but the back fits snugly. There are tab extensions at each side of the front and back, and they fasten securely around the waistline, holding the corset cover in place. The lady's one piece corset cover No. 8858 is cut in six sizes—34 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 1 1/2 yards 36 or 40 inch material, with 2 1/2 yards 36 or 40 inch material, with 6 yards ribbon. Price 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.

