

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

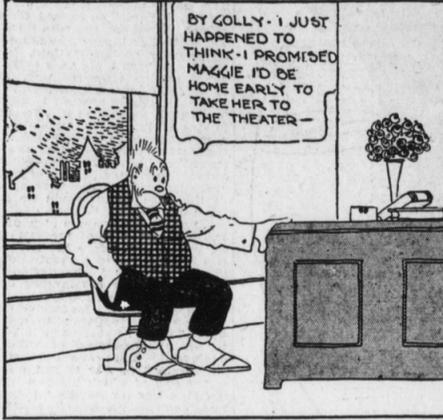
One day a Government marine inspector employed upon one of our transports was handed by a sailor a newspaper containing an article of mine with a request that he read it. The article touched upon the question of a life after death, and since some of the statements I made appealed to both men, they discussed the subject at considerable length. As a result of the incident I have received from the inspector a truly remarkable letter—a letter so sincere, so straight from the heart, so gripping in its pathos, that I challenge any one to read it unmoved.

"I ran away from home before I was quite through the grammar school," he writes, "and took to the road. The lure of the open was strong upon me, and the sweetest sound I knew was the highball whistle of a train. I kept always moving. I never liked to have my shadow fall twice in the same town. In short, I was a C. to C. (coast to coast) hobo, who rode about every important railroad in the country, from the rods to the deck and every way that a train could be traveled except on a ticket. The 'jungle' caps along the tracks were my only school, and I loved to listen to the stories that I heard there. The only difference between me and most of the other tramps was that I neither drank nor smoked. I was just an A-1 hobo with a smile that usually got me over the roughest sort of going; one day here, and the next two or three hundred miles away.

"Then one day I met a girl—the only one I ever had. I was able to do an act of courtesy for her, and through this we fell into conversation. She gave me the best advice a mother might have done. I have had many mothers cry and ask me if I ran across their boys to tell them to come back home, but nothing ever affected me like the words of that little girl. I started right back for the East and my old home town, and when I got there I went to work at a trade. Often I would drop tools and everything at the sound of a train whistle, but I stuck it out and in the end made good.

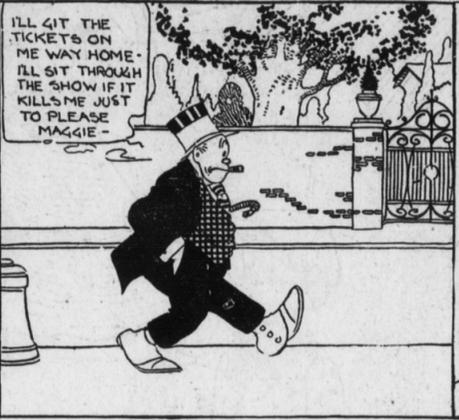
"Then, two years later, purely by accident, I happened to run into the little Western girl who had given me the good advice. She had come East to visit relatives, and our renewed acquaintance quickly ripened into marriage. Her relatives who were wealthy, objected to her mating up with me; but to me it meant everything. In a short time I had a home of my own for her, and everything in it that heart could wish. No two people ever lived happier than we did, and the credit was all my 'Little

## Bringing Up Father



BY GOLLY, I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK I PROMISED MAGGIE TO BE HOME EARLY TO TAKE HER TO THE THEATER—

ILL GET THE TICKETS ON MY WAY HOME— I'LL SIT THROUGH THE SHOW IF IT KILLS ME JUST TO PLEASE MAGGIE—



WELL, MAGGIE— I'VE GOT THE TICKETS AN' AM ALL FIXED UP TO TAKE YOU TO THE SHOW TONIGHT—



YOUR WIFE WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN A LITTLE WHILE SHE IS SUFFERING FROM SHOCK— DO YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSED IT?



YEP— I KEPT AN APPOINTMENT WITH HER—

Pal's. That is what I used to call her, for she was certainly the best pal a man ever had. With her believing me everything a man could be, I could not help trying to live up to it. When work was through at night I could not get home fast enough, and there would be my Little Pal hiding behind the door to jump out to throw her arms about my neck. I would pick her up and carry her into the house, and there would be as fine a supper as man ever sat down to. On the road I had dreamed of a home some day, while sleeping in shacks or in a haystack or on the ground with only the stars for a blanket—I guess no one dreams more than a young tramp—but the real home when it came, had it all over the dream one.

"Yes, we were happy—too happy. When the second baby came, she did not recover her strength. The doctor pronounced it T. B., and I took her up into the mountains where the weather was thirty below zero. I stayed there with her and nursed her, but in less than five weeks she was taken away. To me she did not die. I have seen men die, but she just went to sleep. She looked up at me smiling, whispered that she loved me, and went to sleep.

"But with her gone, everything is different. I am like one among those present. When my pal's eyes closed, the silk left me, and, as we say on the road, when the 'silk' is gone all's gone. I don't honestly care to play the game any longer. I wouldn't have stayed behind a day after my pal left. We had always said in planning the future, that

## THE PLOTTERS

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

CHAPTER XVIII  
"Another chance to be your cousin!" Elizabeth Wade wondered what the words meant. And, as she was not sure, she was afraid to repulse Clifford Chapin.

Perhaps he might be as genuine as she seemed. Perhaps, on the other hand, he suspected that she was no relative of his and was using this suspicion as a weapon to make her do his bidding. She said to steer a safe course.

"Why, yes," she said slowly after a pause. "I am willing to give you such a chance of friendship as any cousin might expect. But remember, you must keep your hands off me."

"Why?" he argued. "Surely cousins can be ordinarily demonstrative with each other."

"I am not demonstrative with anybody," she declared. "And I do not propose to break that habit now. If you are satisfied to be what I am willing to have you be, well and good."

She turned a bend in the road and, for a few seconds, was out of sight of her pursuers—if such they were.

She broke into a rapid run, but had gone only a few feet when Talak shouted to her, and she heard his heavy feet pounding along after her. She must stop and face him. She was no coward. She could show him that she was no.

"What do you want?" she demanded, wheeling upon the man as he reached her.

"What you runnin' for?" he asked. "What you afeared of—me or Nig?"

"I am not afraid of you," she said. "But I do not like your dog. He growls at me whenever I go near him."

The Pole grinned. "Nig won't hurt you. Pat him!"

She started to walk on. "I don't want to pat him," she said.

Talak shuffled along beside her. "Why are you afeared of me?" he questioned. "You like all but me. You talk to the city man; you go ridin' with the boss's fine son. But me, you run away from. But I like you."

To her horror, he caught her suddenly by the wrist. She smelled liquor on his breath. A sick fear seized her. It was bad enough to meet this mental defective alone on a dark road, but to meet him when his poor, deficient brain was inflamed by alcohol was far worse.

"You forgot yourself!" she burst forth. "You have no right to ask such a question. It is an impertinence."

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, his manner changing immediately to well-feigned humility.

"I'll try to grant it," she said stiffly.

He called her as she walked away. "I'll take you home and come back for the car."

"I am not afraid," she called back. "I prefer going alone."

She did not run when she was out of his sight, but walked rapidly past the cross-road that led to the village. At first, she thought only of widening the space between her and this man who puzzled her by speeches that might be innocent or fraught with hidden meaning. Then as her footsteps fell regularly upon the silent road, she began listening to her own tread. How still the night was, and how much noise she seemed to be making, although she wore light shoes! Every footfall was followed by an echo.

Some One Coming  
But was it only an echo? Surely somebody was coming along the road behind her, keeping pace with her— someone who wore heavy boots. As she listened, she heard an occasional shuffle or stumble, as if the walker's foot caught upon a stone or other projection.

(She glanced back. A man was following her, and in that one glance she saw that a low, dark shadow moved along close beside him.

The truth burst upon her. Talak and his dog were pursuing her. She longed to run, but she feared that if she did this the dog would spring at her, perhaps throw her

end of sweet peppers, allowing one for each person to be served. Discard seeds and parboil peppers fifteen minutes in boiling salted water to which soda has been added. Drain, fill with corn mixture, arrange on platter, sprinkle tops with paprika and garnish with parsley.

"Corn Mixture: Cut sweet corn from the cob to make two and one-half cups, put in omelet pan, add milk and cook slowly at low temperature for seventy-five minutes, stirring frequently. Season with oleomargarine, salt and pepper.

"Corn Oysters—One cup raw corn, 1 egg, 1-4 cup corn flour, salt, pepper.

"Corn Oysters: 1 cup raw corn, 1 egg, 3/4 cup corn flour, salt and pepper.

"Grate uncooked corn from the cob. To one cup add egg well beaten, flour and salt and pepper to season highly. Drop from tip of tablespoon on to hot well greased

Use McNeil's Pain Exterminator—Ad.

## CORN TO THE FRONT

These two fresh corn receipts appear in the August Woman's Home Companion: "Peppers stuffed with fresh corn; 6 sweet peppers, 1-8 teaspoon soda, fresh corn, 1-2 cup milk, oleomargarine, salt, pepper.

"Cut a thick slice from the stem

## NERVOUS PROSTRATION

May be Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—This Letter Proves It.

West Philadelphia, Pa.—"During the thirty years I have been married, I have been in bad health and had several attacks of nervous prostration until it seemed as if the organs in my whole body were worn out. I was finally persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it will guarantee they will derive great benefit from it."—Mrs. Frank Fitzgerald, 25 N. 41st St., West Philadelphia, Pa.

There are thousands of women everywhere in Mrs. Fitzgerald's condition, suffering from nervousness, backache, headaches, and other symptoms of a functional derangement. It was a grateful spirit for health restored which led her to write this letter so that other women may benefit from her experience and find health as she has done.

For suggestions in regard to your condition, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their forty years' experience is at your service.

To Heal Bed Sores  
For 25 years physicians and nurses have never found anything equal to Sykes Comfort Powder  
One box proves its extraordinary healing power for any skin inflammation. 25c at the Vinol and other drug stores. The Comfort Powder Co., Boston, Mass.



## Resinol the tested skin treatment

"Resinol is what you want for your skin-trouble—Resinol to stop the itching and burning—Resinol to heal the eruption. This gentle ointment has been so effective for years in treating eczema, ring worm, itching, burning rashes, and sores, that it has become a standard skin treatment. It contains nothing that could irritate the tenderest skin."

Your druggist will also tell you that Resinol Ointment is excellent for relieving the smart, itch, and burn of mosquito-bites, and insect-stings. It soothes and cools skins burned by wind or sun. All dealers sell Resinol Ointment.

Men who use Resinol Shaving Stick find soothing lotions unnecessary.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

ALL WRONG  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Has been very good to his wife, but four months ago he started to go about with another married man, and they were with two other women. One of them is married. I don't know if the other is, but he has caused his wife a lot of worry, but he says he can do as he pleases. She loves him dearly, and she had to be for the two little kiddies, but he hurts her feelings all the time. He has even stayed out all night. They have children.

M. H.  
No man has any "right"—moral or legal—to treat his wife as this man is doing. He is a selfish, ungrateful, and lying man. He is laying himself open to ugly gossip and suspicion. Perhaps, instead of protesting, his wife made every effort to keep his home charming and attractive and to amuse him when he would stay in it. She might even suggest going out with him. He seems to be the brutal, selfish, and ungrateful man who has no self-respect, thinks of no one else. Of course, a man like that ought to be forced to behave himself, but a little gentle persuasion may solve the situation for his wife and children.

## A DRINKING MAN

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: A girl friend is going about with a young man of 26. He has a few bad habits of which she is trying to break him. One is drink and the other is smoking too much. Now, they care a great deal for each other and intend to be engaged soon, but she told me that she would not be engaged to him if he didn't stop drinking and asked if I could help her. Perhaps you could aid me in convincing him.

ANNA.  
Of course your friends must not marry a man who drinks too much. Such a marriage cannot bring a woman happiness. It may mean abuse, suffering, and tragedy. There is any way of breaking a man of drinking; he must have enough strength, courage, self-respect, and determination to break himself of the habit. Perhaps if he feels that a continuation of his drinking will cost him his sweetheart he will reform. But until he has proved his honest determination not to be a drinking man it would be tragically unsafe for your friend to marry him.

## "Oh My But I Was Miserable" She Cries

Was So Weak and Pain Wracked She Could Not Walk Upstairs  
"I can't think of enough good things to say in praise of Tanlac," says Mrs. Leah Stout, of 315 Cherry street, Reading, Pa., "for it has certainly proved a blessing to me. 'Oh, my, but I was miserable! I was all run down and in constant agony with rheumatism. A friend of mine, Sallie Riegel, urged me to try Tanlac and I am so very glad I took her advice, for I began to get better right away. I could feel my strength coming back and the pain all stopped after I began rubbing the sore joints with Kimosan Oil. 'Now I feel so good I can hardly realize that I am the same person that used to have to go upstairs on her hands and knees. The wonderful Tanlac medicines have done it all and I am glad to recommend them to all who are afflicted with rheumatism, for I know relief will follow their use.' Tanlac is now being introduced here at Gorgas' Drug Store."

UNITED ICE & COAL CO.  
Steelton Office  
Conestoga & Frederick Sts.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



This great — is called a Conger— Nine feet long and sometimes longer.  
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## Rabbi S. S. Wise Gives Week's Pay to Poor

Stamford, Conn., July 29.—Dr. Stephen S. Wise, founder and rabbi of the Free Synagogue of New York City, completed his first week's work as a shipyard laborer Saturday afternoon. When the employees of the Luders Marine Construction Company were being paid off, he asked the paymaster which was the lowest-paid man of the lot. The man was pointed out to him and

## "IT MEANS A LOT TO ME"

Mark R. Moore, a well-known moulder, living at 339 Partridge Ave., Lebanon, Pa., said Monday: "It means a lot to me to be a well man after suffering like I did. Rheumatism and stomach complaints. I ached and pained and everything irritated me; could not rest at night. 'Not until I used Tonall, which I bought at Boggs' Drug Store in Lebanon, did I get relief. Now I have fine appetite, sleep peacefully and go about my work easily, and am more vigorous daily. Tonall drove away my stomach trouble and my nerves don't bother me.' This testimonial was given July 8, 1918.

Tonall is sold at Gorgas' Drug Store, Harrisburg, and also at Hershey's Drug Store, Hershey, Pa.

## Two Inspection Days Tuesday and Wednesday Then Our Well Known August Furniture Sale

To-morrow and Wednesday will be two opportunity days for the people of this section to view the fine, large assortments of life-time Furniture, which will be marked at August Sale Prices for the

Most Conspicuous and Noteworthy Sale of Furniture Held Hereabouts

The Substantial Savings We Offer Will Make Your Money Go Farther

Those who have withheld buying furniture for the Living Room, Dining Room, Parlor, Library, Bed Room, Guest Room, Hall or Kitchen will have plenty of opportunity now for investing their money to best advantage.

Furniture selected on these two Inspection Days will be held until August 1st (Thursday) and sold at August Sale prices. Early choosing works to your best interests.

