

Reading for Women and All the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

A few days ago I published a letter I had received, so vital in its appeal, so poignant in its pathos that rather than sacrifice any portion of it to the necessary limitations of space, I came to defer my own comments upon it to a later issue.

The man who has written this letter has asked this eternal question, that question sobbed throughout the ages: Does death end all?

He was a wanderer by inclination and instinct, he says. As a mere boy he ran away from home and school and became a hobo. For years he roamed the country, never content to have his shadow fall twice in the same town.

Then in his vagrant career he encountered a gently-bred girl who shamed him with the fullness of his existence and counseled him to worthier ways. He sought to shake off the impression made by her words; but in spite of himself her influence persisted. It turned his footsteps toward his old home and put him to work. He took up a trade and made good. Two years later, through a chance coincidence, he met the girl again.

Under the circumstances a romance was inevitable. Against the opposition of her people, he married her and, spurred by her love and belief in him, proved that she had made no mistake in choosing him. Out of their hearts they built a home. Two children came to them. They were divinely happy.

Together they laid their plans for the future. Separation had no part in that program; they would work and love and live out their lives together, do the best they could to give

Bringing Up Father



By McManus

Insists That Frail, Nervous Women Can Speedily Become Strong and Vigorous

A Vigorous Healthy Body, Sparkling Eyes and Health-Colored Cheeks Come in Two Weeks, Says Discoverer of Bio-feren.

World's Grandest Health Builder Costs Nothing Unless It Gives to Women the Buoyant Health They Long for.

It is safe to say that right here in this big city are tens of thousands of weak, nervous, run-down, depressed women who in two weeks' time could make themselves so healthy, so attractive and so keen-minded that they would compel the admiration of all their friends.

The vital health building elements that these dependent women lack are readily supplied in Bio-feren.

If you are ambitious, grave success in life, want to have a healthy, vigorous body, clear skin and eyes that show no dullness, make up your mind to get a package of Bio-feren right away.

It costs but little and you can get an original package at any druggery anywhere.

Take two tablets after each meal and one at bedtime—seven a day for seven days—then one after meals till all are gone. Then if you don't feel twice as good, look twice as attractive and feel twice as strong as before you started, your money is waiting for you. It belongs to you; for the discoverer of Bio-feren doesn't want on penny of it unless it fulfills all claims.

Note to Physicians: There is no secret about the formula of Bio-feren. It is printed on every package. Here it is: Lecithin; Calcium Glycero-phosphate; Iron Phosphate; Manganese Phosphate; Ext. Licorice; Potash; Gentian; Phenolphthalein; Oleoresin Capsicum; Kolo.

their children a start in the world, and then when they had grown old and one was called they felt that the other would soon follow. In fact, they promised that to each other. But the parting came far sooner than they expected. The young wife fell ill. Everything possible was done for her. The anxious husband devoted himself to her care. But in spite of five weeks she was gone. She turned her face up to him, whispered that she loved him, smiled and fell asleep.

That was two years ago, he writes, but the hurt has never grown less. She was the only girl he ever had, the only one he ever will have. He is restless and unsettled, like a ship without sails or rudder which has broken away from its moorings. The children are the only thing that has served to anchor him; he has done his best for them, but wealthy people are anxious to take them and give them every advantage, and he is not really sure but that he is standing in their light.

He wavers between a dozen impulses; sometimes the suggestion comes that he go back to the sea, again, or to sea, or into the thick of the fighting. Again he is a prey to morbid questionings. May it not be that his wife's faint smile at their parting meant that he should keep the promise they exchanged and seek to follow her?

Does his little "pal," as he used to call her, still live? That is what he asks. If so, where is she? How can he reach her? What is he to do with the lonely years that stretch before him? Was there a subtle meaning in that farewell smile she gave? Where and how can he find the answer?

Does it not lie in the world around him? This is a universe of law; things once started are not left unfinished, nor do they happen by chance. And this little "pal" came into his life? She was the steadiest and inspiring influence which he needed just at that moment, and for which he was perhaps unconsciously seeking. And he gave in return some element of strength or tenderness or understanding which she required just as much.

Their association was no hazardous coincidence, but a part of the great orderly scheme of things, a working out of the processes of nature. And those processes can no more be interfered with or set aside than can the progress of the constellations or any other of the eternal laws.

Somewhere, somewhere, somehow those two souls so inextricably joined must meet again. As he is seeking her, so no doubt she is seeking him. But it is idle to try to attempt to retard or accelerate the turning of the tides.

His old reckless wanderlust rises in him and impels him to go questing into the unknown in search of her. But if her gentle spirit could speak to him, I am sure she would tell him now to follow the same old prosaic path, to rear their children—no stranger, however well-intentioned, can fill a father's place—and to play the game as it lies, just as she urged him to do when he quit his vagabond life and got back to work.

"Play the game!" That is the way I interpret her farewell smile, if I read her character aright. And she is trusting him to do it. Perhaps she is trying to tell him so; and his unsettled yearnings and questionings are the result of her misapprehended message, as a telephone buzzer and clicks unintelligible when the connection is faulty. Also, if communication is ever established with those we call dead—which now seems very probable—may it not be that two such closely attuned souls as these will be the first to form the medium?

His little "pal's" mission upon this plane of existence is finished. He has still work to do else he would not be here. He cannot hope to evade or escape it. He will come back until the demands of destiny are satisfied. But upon some higher plane she is awaiting him, and their ultimate reunion is as certain as the law of seedtime and harvest—a reunion for which the happiness they knew here was only a foretaste and a prophecy.

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

(Continued)

My husband likes three pieces of sugar in his coffee very rare roast beef and long hikes before breakfast. Oh, that isn't what I want to write at all! I'm not even thinking about it except with the very outermost little gray cell of my brain. But every tiny piece of knowledge I get about my wonderful boy seems important because it brings me closer to him.

We have started out with nothing to help us on our voyage across unknown seas except love—wonderful, glowing love. And I must keep it glowing. Somehow I feel that when love's beacon light goes out it is because the woman has failed to keep it burning. I won't fail—God helping me—Jim! I shall still have our joy of each other even when we're old and all the pulsing sweetness of to-day heartbeats.

I wonder if all honeymoon times are so fragrant and as loving as mine is. I think I knew I belonged to Jim the very day I saw him first, but I never dreamed how completely I was his—his to make happy or sad, his to make thrill and tremble—until to-day—today, when the first tiny fear is creeping into my heart.

It is a very tiny fear and it isn't outside anywhere in the world—just in my foolish brain. I won't let it grow there. Happiness like ours can last—it need not, it shall not, spend itself and end as the cynics say.

Tender and Considerate

Everything is tender and considerate—my boy! I ever dreamed a man could be so gentle and strong at once—the sort of husband who says "May I?" to his wife, while she says to her "He will!"

Anne Harrison is only half an hour from New York, but she is half a world away from Barbara Lee and Haldane's Magazine! We decided against a honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls or Washington, so Jim hired a little car and we motored down to the quaint, old-fashioned inn on Long Island.

We take our little "fairly wagon" and hunt out grassy ways between the hedges of green and white, or narrow, little lanes along gentle lakes and bays where every ripple beckons us to come and find out the secret of its quiet happiness. And sometimes my chauffeur drives for awhile with one hand and holds me close and kisses me. I never say, "Home, James!" when he does this for home is where my James is!

Four days of dreams come true—I've had these and nothing can ever take them away from me. A quaint little chamber with white woodwork and narrow, dull mahogany four-poster beds; and little chintz covers sprinkled with blue birds and chaffinches in an old-fashioned garden; and candles to light us to sleep when the electricity goes off at twelve. It has been perfect—four days right out of the blue heaven! Jim's arm about me—Jim holding me close—the

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

A young girl, about to be married, has written a letter asking, "What type of woman holds her husband's affection longest?"

And while the question is enough to make a Balzac or a Havelock Ellis gasp at its magnitude, I am going to attempt a few generalities on the subject.

In the first place, there are no cut and dried rules about marriage, as there are in regard to arithmetic, spelling—and even those, if you remember, have a good many exceptions.

It will depend largely on the type of man you are marrying, and if he fell in love with you because your tastes are similar, or because they are utterly self-sufficient and feel the force of your letter, I imagine you and your fiancé share many excellent tastes in common, books and music you have mentioned.

We had a little corner table and my boy ordered such a just right dinner. Canteleupe and chicken en casserole with fresh garden vegetables and hearts of lettuce with Russian dressing, and strawberries shortcake. I was happy right straight through the chicken and peas and carrots and beans—happy right up to the lettuce hearts.

Suddenly two women came to a nearby table—one was a shadowy little creature I could hardly pick out from her background. The other was a tall, stately woman in a loose coat of jade green. She flung it back across her chair, and her dress was of silvery satin, but the little hat set on her shining black hair was jade green. She was the most stunning self-possessed woman I have ever seen.

In a restaurant where she was the only woman without a masculine escort she received more respectful attention from waiters and captains than some of the women whose escorts looked like the solid structures in Wall Street, of which they probably owned a part. It seemed to me that Jim studied her rather anxiously.

Just at the strawberry shortcake stage Jim exclaimed:

Who Can She Be?

"Well, who'd know her in that get-up? But I'll wager it's Betty Bryce." "Do you want to go over and speak to her, dear? I asked trying not to, but that the question was momentous."

"No, if she wanted me she'd send for me. And we're sure to meet again. I never like to intrude on Betty—unless I feel she wants me."

"Who is she, Jim?"

Her beauty her self-possession, Jim's awe set my heart to thudding strangely. It seemed to me vital that I should know who this beautiful woman was. I heard my voice rise on an eager note as I questioned my husband.

"Careful, dear—they're rather close. I wouldn't want to have her hear me discussing her."

I felt rebuffed—and more curious than ever. I couldn't finish the rest of my wonderful shortcake. I could-keep myself from turning to look at the beautiful woman whose little shadowy companion seemed to be dragging me malignantly. Out in the fragrant quiet paths between the hedges perhaps I can steal my heart against its terrified questionings—I shall be alone with my boy. I wonder if being alone with me would always satisfy Jim—or would he get restless? Will Jim ever want women like Betty Bryce in his life again?

Oh, I want to be happy and at peace—I want to stop thinking about that beautiful woman in the jade-green coat. Oh, I've been married only one day and yet am suspicious and jealous already? But I feel as if I could never rest until I have an answer to the question.

"Who is Betty Bryce?"

Oh, Anne Harrison, Anne Harrison, how ashamed Barbara Lee would be of you!

(To Be Continued)

Pastor Home From Vacation Will Preach Tomorrow

Lewisberry, Pa., Aug. 3.—The Rev. L. L. Owens will return this week from a three weeks' vacation with relatives at State College, and will deliver a sermon to-morrow morning at 10.30, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Senior Epworth League will have charge of the service in the evening.—Mark H. Schlichter and Miss Evelyn Harlocker, are spending several weeks at Ocean City, N. J. They are guests of the Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Cobb, of Camden, N. J.—Martha Wiest, of Newberrytown, was a guest of Miss Nora Bonner.—Walter M. Reiff, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Reiff, is now stationed at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.—Mr. and Mrs. Mervin Stone-sier and three daughters, of Steel-ton, who were guests of the former's parents, have returned to their home after a week-end visit.—Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Zorger returned Sunday, to their home at Harrisburg, after visiting Mrs. Ella M. Sutton.—Lorena Kilmore, of Mechanicsburg, was a guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Annie Laird.—Mrs. E. A. Pennington and brother, Frank E. Foster, spent a day at Harrisburg.—Mrs. Karns and daughters, of Philadelphia, will arrive this week and spend the month with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sutton.—James Spangler and sisters, the Misses Louise and Mildred Spangler, are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley at Jersey Shore.—Miss Anna Sutton is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Lefever, of Lis-burg.—Laurabel Armstrong, of Harrisburg, is spending two weeks with her grandmother, Mrs. Laura Kline.—Frank E. Straley, who is working at Marsh Run, was hit on the back of his head with a board, making a gash an inch and a half long.—Mrs. Chester C. Byler and daughter, Sara Ellen, returned to their home at Harrisburg, after spending several weeks with relatives at the Foster home.—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hammond, of Washington, came here by automobile on Saturday, spending several days with relatives. They were accompanied by Mr. Hammond's sister, Mrs. W. S. North-ham and daughter, Corinne, of Philadelphia, who are guests of W. Scott Hammond.—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Cassel and daughter, of near Newberrytown, were Sunday guests of their grandmother, Mrs. Margaret

Saturday Is "Strawberry" Day in Great Britain

London.—Saturday has been designated as "strawberry" day in Great Britain. Since the Government commandeered the fresh fruit crop for jam purposes for the soldiers Saturday is the only day in the week when the public may buy strawberries.

The berries retail at eighteen cents a pound and are in great demand. Because the strawberries were commandeered by the Government the price was about thirty-six cents a pound.

With the "strawberry" Saturday also came the "strawberry" quote. Many housekeepers bought five and six pounds, if the storekeepers would allow them that many, and endeavored to get more for jam making. Nearly all cream from the English dairies goes to the cheese factories, so strawberries and cream even on "strawberry" Saturday is but a memory in all parts of the country.

FEET WOULD SWELL "Kidneys and Stomach Were Out of Order,"

says Mrs. S. Green, 251 South Eleventh street, Harrisburg. "My stomach was bad, after meals would bloat and have pain, was nervous, had rheumatism, and pain in back and limbs.

"My feet would burn and swell, could not sleep at night, my head and throat were clogged up, in the morning I would feel stiff and sore. Sanpan changed all that and I am a well woman once more. Sanpan is being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market street, Harrisburg.—Adv.

Where Can I Find Relief From Itching, Terrifying Eczema?

This Question Is Ever on the Lips of the Afflicted.

Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, and other terrifying conditions of the skin, are deep-seated blood diseases, and applications of salves, lotions and washes can only afford temporary relief, without reaching the real seat of the trouble. But just because local treatment has done you no good, there is no reason to despair. You simply have not sought the proper treatment, that is within your reach.

You have the experience of others who have suffered as you have to guide you to a prompt riddance of blood and skin diseases. No matter how terrifying the irritation, no matter how unbearable the itching and burning of the skin, S. S. S. will promptly reach the seat of the trouble and forever root from the blood every trace of the disease. Just as it has for others who have suffered as you have. This grand blood remedy has been used for more than fifty years, and you have only to give it a fair trial to be restored to perfect health.

Our chief medical adviser is an authority on blood and skin disorders, and he will take pleasure in giving you such advice as your individual case may need, absolutely without cost. Write to-day, describing your case to medical department, Swift Specific Co., 434 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

Can't sleep! Can't eat! Can't even digest what little you do eat!

One or two doses

ARMY & NAVY DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

will make you feel ten years younger. Best known remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach and Dyspepsia.

25 cents a package at all Druggists, or sent to any address postpaid, by the

U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO. 260 West Broadway, N.Y.

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Doing The Family Wash

Let our modern methods of Laundering relieve you of the work and strain of wash day, especially this hot weather when you are liable to bring on exhaustion from heat and over exertion.

Let us take the family wash in hand and do it the sanitary way. It will be washed and ironed as carefully as your laundress would do it under our inspection.

EITHER PHONE WILL BRING OUR MACHINE TO YOUR DOOR

Sanitary Family Washing Co.

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