

Reading for Women and all the Family

NEW FROCKS FIRST IN WOMEN'S LIFE

To Wear the Clothes of the Moment, to Be in the Picture, to Present the Proper Silhouette. We Women Are Sacrificing Our Beauty, Our Comfort, Our Individuality and Good Taste.

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow Spring! The season of strawberries, new frocks, daffodils, asparagus and love. I go about the world asking questions. I have asked many women of all ages which item in the list given above is the supreme necessity.

What does a man know about temptation anyway? Less than dust to him are those advance-season frocks behind the shimmer of plate glass. And why are they always more alluring this year than last? How faultlessly the skirts hang on those hipless, wax goddesses? How marvelously the coats fit their perfect thin-slim proportions?

When men murmur in our ears the confidential revelations of a misspent life they always say: "I don't drink too much, but it would be impossible for you to understand the uncontrollable craving that comes over me."

That "uncontrollable craving" is just what we do understand. We experience it about four times a year, when the Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter frocks are put on view.

A woman's desire for pretty and seasonable clothes is a perfectly normal emotion. But that emotion has been so pampered and overdeveloped and overstimulated and overindulged that we are in the grip of a universal hysteria.

I will draw a picture for you and you will admit that it illustrates a common experience in the life of every woman. You have been doing a hard day's shopping. You emerge from your store dissatisfied, dog-tired, your nerves frazzled, realizing that there are probably many days of the same sort before you are you will be able to get your wardrobe properly assembled.

And then as you take your fatigued feet and discouraged soul homeward you meet a Sister of Charity. How you envy her. A serviceable, picturesque uniform for life, and no care for the morrow's fashions.

A business or professional woman is expected to do the same amount of work as a man in a similar occupation, and to do it as competently. But the truth is we do not have the same amount of time. Also we waste twice as much of energy.

Why? Because the average man can meet all of his engagements of whatever nature, whether business or social, in two suits, his day and evening clothes, and he is able to solve the problem. Her wardrobe was to consist of tailored suits and blouses for day wear, and an evening gown to be worn for a whole season.

Women's clothes! Every one is aware what a tremendous part they play socially and commercially on the stage of the world. But the moral effect of this dominant obsession of the feminine mind have not yet begun to be calculated.

It is inconceivable that in order to buy hat or suit of later fashion than the one they possess, quantities of girls go without sufficient and nourishing food; and women with husbands whose incomes do not permit of such an outlay on dress will skip on the family table, or fuel supply, or recreations in order to keep up with the general standard of dress and the constant and bewildering changes of fashion.

The Scribb Family---They Live Right Here in Harrisburg---By Sullivan



THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By HAZEL DALE

Janet, as she followed Mr. Lowry out of the office, felt a little unlike her usual self. For one thing she was sorry that she had been forced into a personal relationship with a stranger. That seemed too bad somehow, when she had hoped to keep the relationship between herself and Mr. Lowry entirely impersonal.

Mr. Lowry had, in fact, not asked her at all. He had simply announced that it was luncheon time and had taken it for granted that as long as Janet had no engagement it was the most natural thing in the world for her to take lunch with him.

Seated opposite him in the cozy little restaurant where he had led the way, Janet listened to the rather elaborate luncheon which was being served. She felt that Jarvis would not exactly approve. And yet Jarvis had taken Karen out to lunch last week, and she had thought nothing of it. But that was different. All through the several courses Janet worried about it, until finally Mr. Lowry remarked that she was not very talkative.

"I guess I'm too hungry," Janet returned. And then as though to put her more at ease he returned to the fascinating topic of her stories, which immediately restored Janet to her former confidence that after all his was keeping a business engagement.

If Janet had but known it, Mr. Lowry was entirely too clever to allow Janet to suspect that he had been very much taken with her. He was willing to go slowly, and in Janet's case he knew that he would have to be cautious, but he was the kind of a man who had always known just what he wanted and exactly how to get it.

The confusion after thoughts that the luncheon had left in Janet's mind contributed not at all to her peace of mind. She knew that she had had an excellent lunch, and that she had talked a great deal. But after she reflected on it she was conscious that she had not accomplished very much from a business standpoint.

She knew that Mr. Lowry had seemed much taken with her work. That he had asked her to try to have something to submit to him in a few days, she knew, too, that she would be back on the Choclole the first of the week, and that the visits to the offices of "The Children's Hour" must not be made around lunch time. Already Janet was unconsciously aware that she had talked a great deal. But after she reflected on it she was conscious that she had not accomplished very much from a business standpoint.

They need it---we don't. Stockholm, April 18.---America sent to Sweden more than 10,000,000 crowns more in postal money orders than it received from Sweden in 1916.

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

CHAPTER I---On Frontier day at Sleepy Cat, Henry De Spain, gunman and trapper, was at the Music Mountain.

CHAPTER II---De Spain sees Nan dancing with Gale Morgan, is later derisively pointed out to Nan on the street by Gale, and is moved to change his mind and accept the stage line job.

CHAPTER III---De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabash inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deak Sandusky and Sassoan, gunmen and retainers of the Morgan clan. Morgan demands the discharge of a stage driver and De Spain refuses. De Spain meets Nan but fails to overcome her aversion to him.

CHAPTER IV---Sassoan kills Elspaso, the stage driver, and escapes to Morgan's gap, the stronghold of the Morgans. De Spain, Lefever and Scott go in after him, and De Spain brings out Sassoan alive.

CHAPTER V---He meets Nan, who delays him until nearly overtaken by the Morgans, but lands his captive in jail.

CHAPTER VI---Sassoan breaks jail. De Spain hears the Morgans in a saloon and is shot at through the window. He meets Nan again.

CHAPTER VII---He prevents her going into a gambling hall to find her Uncle Duke and inside faces Sandusky and Logan, who prudently decline to fight at the time.

CHAPTER VIII---De Spain, anxious to make peace with Nan, arranges a little plan with McAlpin, the barn man, to drive her out to Morgan's gap, and while waiting for her goes down to the inn to get a cup of coffee.

CHAPTER IX---In the deserted barroom he is trapped. He kills Sandusky and Logan, wounds Gale and Sassoan and escapes, badly wounded.

CHAPTER X---Bewildered and weak, he wanders into Morgan's gap and is discovered on Music Mountain by Nan.

CHAPTER XI---Nan, to prevent further fighting, does not tell but finds out from McAlpin that De Spain had really been trapped and had left his cartridge belt behind when he went into the fight at the inn.

CHAPTER XII---McAlpin, the situation now in hand, took his time to it. He leaned forward in a manner calculated to invite confidence without giving offense.

inn. Under it, if you look, you'll find his belt of cartridges. Don't take my word---look for yourself."

Giving this information time to sink in, McAlpin continued. Nan's eyes had turned, despite her indifference, to the coat; but she was thinking more intently about the belt which McAlpin asserted hung under it.

He paused to give Nan a chance to dispute the statement if she so desired. Then, taking her despairing silence as an endorsement of his position in giving her a confidence, he went on:

"Henry De Spain is dead," he said quietly. She eyed him without so much as winking. "I wouldn't tell it, if he wasn't. The boy's dead. And he was always talking about you. It's God's truth, and since he's dead it harms no one to tell it to you, though I'd never breathe it to another. He was fairly good on you.

"You don't have to knock me down, Miss Nan, to put me wise about a man's being keen on a girl. I'm a married man," declared McAlpin with modest pride. "He thought all the time he was fooling me, and keeping covered. Now, that afternoon he came in here kind of moody. It was an anniversary for him, and a hard one---the day his father was shot from ambush---a good many years ago, but nary one of us had forgot it. Then he happened to see your pony---a standing back there in the box-stall. He asked me whose it was; and he asked me about you, and by jinx! the way he perked up when I told him you were coming in on the stage that afternoon! When he heard you'd been sick, he was for going down to the hotel to get a cup of coffee---for you!"

McAlpin, like any good story-teller, was already on his feet again. "He did it," he exclaimed, "and you know what he got when he stepped into the barroom." He took hold of De Spain's coat and held it aside to enter his exhibit. "There," he concluded, "is his cartridge belt, hanging there yet. The boy is dead---why shouldn't I tell you?"

Nan rode home much more excited, more bewildered than when she had ridden over. Strangest shock of all that this man of all other men should profess to care for her. She had shown anger when McAlpin dared speak of it; at least, she thought she had. And she still did not know how sufficiently to resent the thought of such audacity on De Spain's part. This was, to say the least, a further awkward complication for her feelings. She already had enough to confuse them.

Nan seemed indifferent. "Girls are not supposed to keep secrets," she said obstinately.

Her narrator was not to be balked. He pointed to the coat-rack on the wall in front of them both. "There is Henry De Spain's coat. He hung it there just before he went down to the

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DAILY DOT PUZZLE with a grid of numbers and a small illustration of a man's face at the bottom.

ghosting, he fancied his wavering senses deceiving him, until he put out his hand and felt actually the substance of what he saw. He took up a bottle of milk incredulously, and sipped at it with the caution of a man not unused to periods of starvation.

He was determined, if she should come again, to intercept his visitor. For forty-eight hours he tried cat-naps with an occasional sandwich to keep up his strength. Nan returned unseen, and disappeared despite his watchfulness. A new supply of food proved she had been near, but that it would be hard to time her coming.

When she did come, the third time, an innocent snare discovered her presence. It was just before day, and De Spain had so scattered small obstacles---handfuls of gravel and little chips of rock---that should she cross the ledge in the dark she could hardly escape rousing him.

The device betrayed her. "I'm awake," announced De Spain at once from his retreat. When she stopped at the words he could not see her; she had flattened herself, standing, against a wall of the ledge. He waited patiently. "You give me no chance to thank you," he went on after a pause. "I don't need any thanks," she replied with calculated coolness. "I am hoping when you are well enough you will go away quietly in the night. That will be the only way you can thank me."

"I shall be as glad to go as you can be to have me," rejoined De Spain. "But that won't be thanking you as I am going to. If you think you can save my life and refuse my thanks as I mean to express them---you are mistaken. I will be perfectly honest. Lying out here isn't just what I'd choose for comfort. But if by doing it I could see you once in two or three days---"

"No news could be worse. And if I can't, I don't know how I'm going to get out at all. I've no horse---you know that. I can't stand on my foot yet; if you had a light you might see for yourself. I think I showed you my gun. If you could tell me where I am---"

He halted on the implied question, Nan took ample time to reply. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know where you are?" she asked, and there was a touch of vexed incredulity in her tone.

De Spain seemed unmoved by her skepticism. "I can't tell you anything else," he said simply. "You couldn't have any idea I crawled up here for the fun of it."

"I've been trying to think," she returned, and he perceived in the hardness of her voice how at bay she felt in giving him the least bit of information, "whether I ought to tell you anything at all."

"I couldn't very decently take any unfair advantage after what you've done, could I?"

CHAPTER XII. Nan Drifts. Without going in to speak to Gale, whom Bull Page, his nurse, reported very cross but not hurt much, Nan left her packet for him and rode home. Her Uncle Duke was in town

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(To Be Continued)