

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, w frocks, daffodils, asparagus and

spring: The season of strawerries, 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.

Without exception they gave new frocks the first place, love the second, and opinion was about equally divided between strawberries and daffodils as the third.

and opinion was about equally divided between strawberries and daffodils as the third.

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 skirte hang on those hipless, wax goddesses! How marvelously the coats fit their perfect thirty-six proportions! In imagination we see ourselves walking the streets their living replicas. And then we look at the crowds of women about us, and we immediately shoot the dizzying chute from Olympus to Avernus, from romance to realism. When men murmur in our ears the confidential revelations of a misspent life they always say, "I admit I drink too much, but it would be impossible for you to understand the uncontrollable craving that comes over me."

Tuecontrollable Craving Comes Four Times Every Year

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 overedveloped and overstimulated and overindulged that we are in the grip of a universal hysteria.

mind have not yet begun to be by them in 1915.

calculated.

It is incontestable that in order to buy a 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 much cutlay on dress will skimp on the family table, or fuel sunny, or recreations.

cutlay on dress will skimp 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 sentimental view usually taken of the causes which drive women to the streets for a livelihood is not borne out by the facts. Statistics shaw that a large percentage of these women become what they are because of a passion for finery. sion for finery.

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The clothes question offers a vast opportunity for the woman of wealth. She sets the example and the pace. With the great designers and tailors and dressmakers of the world at her service, she should have achieved beauty, simplicity and sanity in her apparel. She has not done so. She has merely precipitated Bedlam. Of course, certain fashions appear now and again which are beautiful, but they are never permanent. They are cast aside as rapidly as those which are ridiculous and bizarre.

permanent. They are cast aside as rapidly as those which are ridiculous and bizarre.

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. And we don't stop there. We are sacrificing pleasures, games, amusements, travel. lectures, music, books, etc., because we haven't the money to spend on these things and on clothes too. And in many cases we also sacrificing other people, those we love the best.

There is a little group of English writers who are insisting upon a uniform for women as unvarying in type as the clothes worn by men. Nor does that necessarily mean ugly clothes. Many uniforms are beautiful. A nurse's, for instance, is charming.

Standardized Suits Could Be Made Cheaply

One of these advocates of uniformity in dress who has apparently studied the question from all sides, suggests that a wardrobe should consist of an indoor suit with a hat, and an evening gown, all of fixed types. Mrs. Midas and her maid would be dressed exactly alike.

He asserts that these suits, if stand-

alike.

He asserts that these suits, if standardized and never varied, could be

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



PROTEST SUNDAY LABOR London, April 19.—A strong protest against Sunday labor has been made to the heads of the Anglican church by the Lord's Day Observance Society, dy with a considerable influence in

DAILY DOT PUZZLE



Nan of Music Mountain

FRANK H. SPEARMAN

(Continued)

SYNOPSIS.
CHAPTER I—On Frontier day at Sleepy
Cat, Henry de Spain, gumman and trafninaster at Medicine Bend, is beaten at
target shooting by Nan Morgan of Music
Mountain. Jeffries, division superintendent, asks De Spain to take charge of the
Thief River stage line, but he refuses.

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

CHAPTER III—De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabasas inn and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sassoon, gummen and retainers of the Morgan clan. Morgan demands the discharge of a stage driver and De Spain retuses. De Spain meets Nan but falls to

CHAPTER IV—Sassoon knifes Elpaso, 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 Sasson al'ne. CHAPTER V-He meets Nan, who de-ays him until nearly overtaken by the Morgans, but lands his captive in jail.

CHAPTER VI—Sassoon breaks jail. De Spain beards 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 Lo-gan, 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 Sassoon and es-capes, 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

McAlpin, the situation now in hand, dence without giving offense. "Miss speak of it; at least, she thought she Nan," said he simply, "Henry de Spain had. And she still did not know how was here, with me, sitting right there sufficiently to resent the thought of where you are sitting, in that chair, not fifteen minutes before that fight This was, to say the least, a further began. I told you he never went down there to fight. Do you want the proof? I'll tell you-I wouldn't want anybody them. else to know—will you keep it?"
Nan seemed indifferent, "Girls are

not supposed to keep secrets," she said

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 left her packet for him and rode the wall in front of them both."

Without going in to speak to Gale, the coming of another day, weaker, with failing courage, and alone.

But when he opened his eyes later, and with a clearer head, he found food there just before he went down to the home. Her Uncle Duke was in town | and drink near. Unable to believe his

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. "You want to know what he did go down to the hotel for that afternoon? I happen to know that, too," averred McAlpin, sitting down, but respectfully, on the edge of the chair. "First I want to say this: I worked for your Uncle Duke five

He paused to give Nan a chance to dispute the statement if she so desired. Then, taking her despairing silence as an indorsement of his position in giv-ing her a confidence, he went on: "Henry de Spain is dead," he said qui-etly. She eyed him without so much as winking. "I wouldn't tell it, if he wasn't. The boy's dead. And he was gone on you.

"You don't have to knock me down, man's being keen on a girl. I'm a mar-ried man," declared McAlpin with now so far in shadow as to lie in immodest pride. "He thought all the penetrable darkness. Hardly daring time he was fooling me, and keeping to breathe, she crept and felt her way covered. Now, that afternoon he came in here kind of moody. It was an anniversary for him, and a hard one—the De Spain's retreat at the farther side. bush—a good many years ago, but nary one of us had forgot it. Then he happened to see your pony—this confederates, then, and had tricked same pony you're riding today—a-standing back there in the box-stall. But a mome way he perked up when I told him you were coming in on the stage that afternoon! When he heard you'd been throwing himself from side to side, McAlpin, like any good story-teller, nearer.

was already on his feet again. "He

He was babbling in the chill darkwhat he got when he stepped into the his cardridge belt, hanging there yet. die if he remained longer unaided, and The boy is dead—why shouldn't I tell there were unpleasant possibilities, if

Nan rode home much more excited, such audacity on De Spain's part. awkward complication for her feelings She already had enough to confuse

CHAPTER XII.

Nan Drifts.

walked softly downstairs and out of doors. The night air was clear, with a three-quarter moon well up in the sky. She took her way rapidly along the trail to the mountain, keeping as much as possible within the great

shadows cast by the towering peaks. Breathing stealthily and keyed to a always talking about you. It's God's tense feeling of uncertainty and sustruth, 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 where she had first seen De Spain,

and there, lying flat, listened. Hearing only the music of the little Miss Nan, to put me wise about a cascade, she swept the ledge as well day his father was shot from am- Then her heart stopped in an agony

But a moment later this explanation He asked me whose it was; and he saked me about you, and, by jinx! the were too constant and too disconnectsick, he was for going down to the hotel to get a cup of coffee—for you!" two voices, were explained. She crept

did it," he exclaimed, "and you know ness about ammunition, urging men to make haste, warning them of some-He took hold of De Spain's one coming. Nan listened to his ravcoat and held it aside to enter his ings, overcome by the revelation of exhibit. "There," he concluded, "is his condition. She told herself he must he died where he lay. She did not want to pity or to help him, she convinced am—" more bewildered than when she had herself; but she did not want his death ridden over. Strangest shock of all laid to a Morgan plot—for none of his that this man of all other men should friends would ever believe De, Spain took his time to it. He leaned forward profess to care for her. She had had found his way alive and alone in a manner calculated to invite confishown anger when McAlpin dared to where he lay.

All of this Nan was casting up in her tone. her mind as she walked home. She had already decided, but without realizing it, what to do, and was willing to assume that her mind was still open.

The force of the said 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." Toward daylight of the morning, De

Spain dreamed he was not alone—that a figure moved silently in the faintness of the dawn—a figure he struggled to believe a reality, but one that tricked his wandering senses and left him, at the coming of another day, weaker,

watchfulness. A new supply of food proved she had been near, but that it have news for you, she bead to time her coming.

"I have news for you, she bead ed. "Something else to tell me that I have a talented wife," he said, teas-

When she did come, the third time, an innocent snare discovered her presence. It was just before day, and De ence. It was just before may, and 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 in the dark she could hardly escape in the dark she could hardly escape in the look over as soon as possible."

"Oh, he did; what the say?" "Asked me if I would like to do some stories for him." "Anything definite?" "He asked me to have something for him to look over as soon as possible."

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 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—"

"You won't see me again."

"No news could be worse. And if

"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 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

Nan took ample time to reply.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't

know where you are?" she asked, and

"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?"

(To Be Continued)

THE HONEYMOON HOUSE

By HAZEL DALE

By Hazel Dale

Janet, as she followed Mr. Lowry out of the offices, 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 reationship between herself and Mr. Lowry entirely impersonal. There is something about a luncheon engagement, although it is frequently disguised under the stern heading of business the idea. ousiness, that is very informal. Janet felt somehow that Mr. Lowry was hoping that their engagement was not to be formal, and yet there hadn't been a thing for her to do but accept gracefully.

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

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 that he ordered with a sinking feeling at her heart. She had hoped that they would just snatch a bite and rush back again to the office. Somehow Janet 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 re-

nave a talented wife," he said, teas-ingly.

"Nothing that you haven't heard," she returned. "Mr. Lowry sent for me this morning, that's all."

"Oh, he did; what did he have to say?"

RUSSIA WATCHES IMPORTS

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Petrograd, April 19.—The Minister
of Finance is preparing new regulations governing certificates to accompany foreign-made goods imported
into Russia, intended to prevent the
entry of goods from countries at war
with Russia under the guise of goods
from neutrals. Where goods are imported through agents the certifi-ates
of origin must show the real manufacturer.

PLAN METAL BUREAU

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London, April 19.—One of the topics
to be discussed at the forthcoming
conference of representatives of Great
Britain's colonies is a proposal to establish a government department of
minerals and metals for the purpose
of developing the mineral resources of
the Empire. A branch of the department will be a bureau of mineral information which will supply facts as
to all mineral deposits in the British
Dominions.

THEY NEED IT-WE DON'T

Stockholm, April 19.—America sent to Sweden more than 10,000,000 crowns more in postal money orders than it received from Sweden in 1916. The excess in Sweden's favor was more than 4,000,000 crowns more than 1,000,000 crowns more than in 1915, and approached the figures of 1913, the last normal year. Money orders sent from America to Sweden in 1916 aggregated almost 11,000,000 crowns.