

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

### Life's Problems Are Discussed

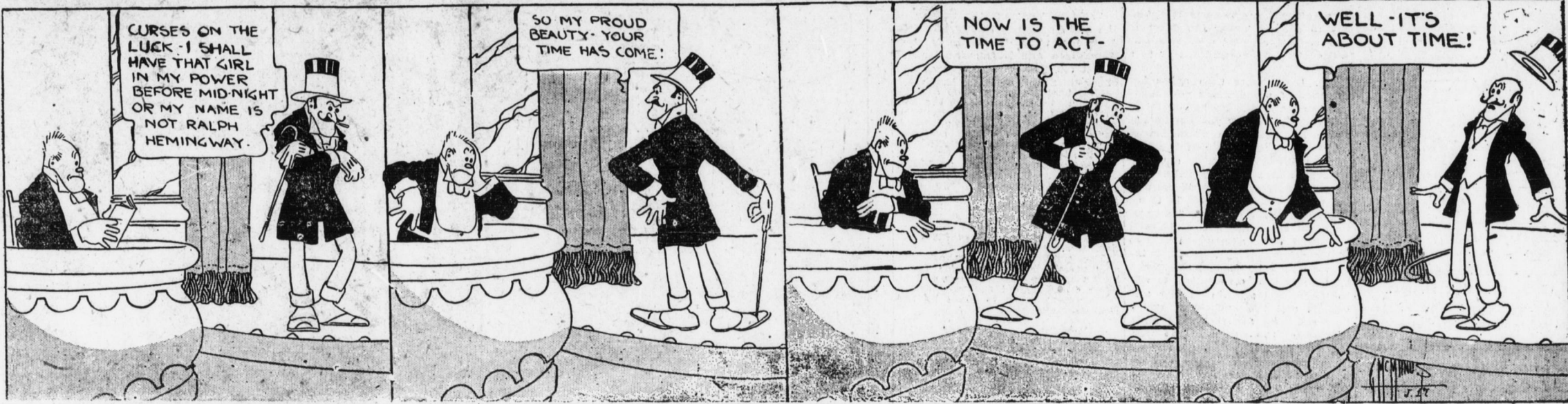
BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

What are the requisites of the ideal woman? What are those of the ideal man? What is the age of romance? When does it begin? What are its limits or boundaries? These questions arise from having read of the remarkable conclusions reached by the English committee which decided that the ideal woman was forty and had five children.

Nothing can make me believe that that committee was not composed exclusively of women, and that that was not a crafty design on their part to displace the eternal Aphrodite, who haunts the wayward imagination of man, for a more solid goddess.

Vain effort. "Ephraim is joined to his idols. Let him alone." Man, if he has truly found expression through the poets and novelists, is now too set in his ideals to be changed; and to judge him by his own words, his ideal woman is certainly different from the admirable lady of forty with the five children. Take for instance, one of the great portraits of literature, Thackeray's description of Beatrice Esmond:

"She was a brown beauty. That is, her eyes, hair, eyebrows and lashes were dark, her hair curling with rich undulations and waving over her shoulders. But her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine, except her cheeks which were a bright red and her lips which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full; and so they were for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry,



health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion whether rapid or slow was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic, there was no single movement of hers but what was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels which are sheer music:

"Ah, what avails the sceptered race!  
Ah, what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine!"  
But I am sure she must have been "fair and kind and young."

Certainly Swinburne's "daughters of song and of stories, that life is not weary of yet," were not ladies of forty with comfortable little broods.

I am inclined to think that this matronly ideal we are offered is about as true to reality as the portraits of the ideal man which occasionally appear in the public prints when a number of women are asked to give their views on the subject.

I went to a luncheon recently where the conversation passed naturally from the verdict of this committee on the Ideal Woman to a discussion of the Ideal Man.

At first he took on very much the semblance of the hero of the woman's page and the Sunday supplement symposiums, a stouthearted, noble character, with a deep, unswerving love in his heart for but one woman, an ornament to church and State, the delight of his own heartstone, and above all what is known in New England as a good provider.

All of the women present vied with one another in extolling this imaginary Sir Galahad.

And yet to the discerning eye there loomed behind him the shadow of Launcelot.

Presently everyone grew tired of saying what she thought she ought to say, and we began more fully to reveal ourselves. One of us said:

"When I was considered old enough to read novels, my grandfather used to dole out to me a few tepid works of fiction; but I bided my time and when she hopped in her chair, I would slide off of the table beside her Ouida's 'Under Two Flags,' and be lost in it until recalled to the world by a sharp rap on the ear from her knuckles."

"Ah! Bertie Cecil!" A reminiscence sigh went about the board at the mention of that unmatched hero of romance—the idol, the darling, the dream and the star of every school girl.

Our hostess was a very old and frail and tiny lady, a stately formal person with a delicate, haughty face.

"I'm old," she remarked, "and I'm frankly cynical. I believe in very few things. Least of all, do I believe in encouraging youthful nonsense. But when I first saw the Marchioness of France, the hero of the Marne, the man who had won the greatest battle in all history, why, something happened to me. When I came to, I found that I was not only yelling like a wild Indian, but had torn my bonnet from my venerable head and was waving it in the air. Later when I met him, I had recovered my composure; but at that moment, if a policeman had not his hand on my shoulder, I would have been waving it in the air, and I would have been waving it in a pocket handkerchief, to fly with him."

He reminded me of the "Three Guardsmen," murmured a lady whose hair was beginning to turn.

"Ah, I should have remembered what D'Artagnan meant to me!"

"Nor is the worship I gave to Richard Coeur d' Lion," chimed in another.

"I wonder if I have any of those gallant deeds. I saw a boy on the train yesterday reading Ivanhoe evidently for the first time, and I envied him so that I could resist asking him how he liked it."

"Well, maybe it'll get better later on," he said unhelpfully; "but it certainly begins rotten."

There was no stopping any of us now. One after another we trotted out our favorite heroes of romance, modern and ancient, real and fictional. Immediately after "Bonny Dundee," some one mentioned the Duke of the Abruzzi, and some one admitted an unalterable devotion to Terence Mulvaney.

Oh, these fighting men! They are irresistible. I am quite sure that the soldiers and quills nothing of blighted affections.

The Ideal Man, I should say, is the fighter—not the mere exponent of brute strength, not the butcher of men reveling in the shambles, but the one who fights for "the cause that needs assistance" against the wrong that needs resistance."

And the long chance with a smile in his eyes and a song on his lips.

And the age of romance? Oh, that is anywhere from nine to

## All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE MLEAN

She did want a new dress for the party. She wanted it more than she had ever wanted anything in this world, and the very dress that she had always dreamed about hung in the window of the little shop on the corner. It wasn't such a very expensive little frock; in fact, Connie had figured carefully and had finally decided that she was going to buy it on her own. She wanted it so much that she used to lie in bed and think about how it would look, and then fall asleep and dream of it.

The dress was of rose-colored tulle, layer upon layer. That was all there was to it. It was just the kind of a dress calculated to make any girl's mouth water and Connie had gone without pretty things for so long. Not that she begrudged the necessities of life for herself and her pale little mother, but Connie was young and it is hard for youth to always deny itself.

Connie had told her mother all about the dress in the window and Mrs. Wilson was just as excited about buying it as Connie. She had even skimped on the housekeeping money ever since the dress had become a reality in Connie's mind, and had purchased secretly a pair of rose-colored slippers with stockings to match.

Of course Connie did not know anything about this or that, but she sternly reproved her frivolous mother. But Mrs. Wilson had no memory of Bertie Cecil's words. "When I caught my first glimpse of him," confessed a stout, middle-aged lady whose husband is a clergyman, "with his Tam on the side of his head and that adorkable reckless smile on his face, I knew that perfectly good wife and mother as I am, it needed but one word, and I would have turned the key in the door of my apartment, and have stolen out with my jewels tied up in a pocket handkerchief, to fly with him."

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feminine desire to make herself beautiful for him and has planned a surprise that will make him exclaim with wonder could have pretended to understand Connie's feeling of wild rebellion.

For a moment she had an insane desire to turn and run out of the office. She wanted to rush to the little shop, buy the dress and take it home before she could change her mind, but she did none of these things. She simply stood perfectly still and it was with surprise that she heard herself speak naturally and calmly.

"I'm going to let you have the money," she said to the grief-stricken girl. "You can pay me back when you get it." And before the girl could do anything but stare in bewildered amazement Connie had pressed the little roll of bills into her hand and had flown out of the office.

It needed but a few words to explain to the mother who had been anxiously waiting to help under the wrappings from the wonderful dress. But she asked no questions. She made her daughter sit down to a hot lunch and then she went into the other room and returned in a few moments with something white over her arm. It was a soft, ruffled, organdy frock, of the kind that had recently come back into style. Connie caught at its eagerly.

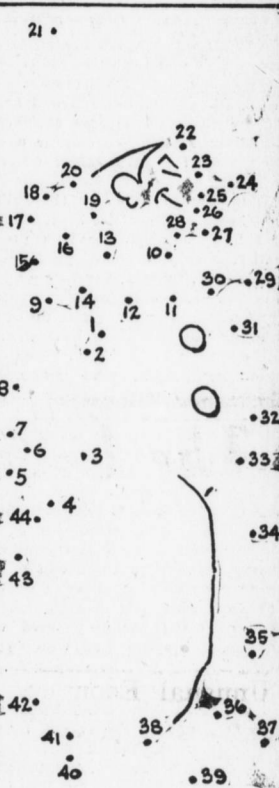
"Mother," she gasped, "how sweet!" And then the rose-colored slippers were brought out, and in the excitement of trying them on and getting into the dress, which with the addition of some fluttering rose-colored bows looked entrancing on its small wearer, the disappointment was almost forgotten.

That night, arrayed for the party, she waited for the young architect in the tiny living room. She never quite forgot the look he gave her and then his rush of words.

"You look like a girl out of a book," he breathed softly. "I might have known you wouldn't have worn the traditional evening dress; they all look the same."

And Connie put the last twinge of disappointment out of her mind and even scorned to glance at as they passed the little shop on the corner.

### Daily Dot Puzzle



Can you finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

### Cap Your Jellies and Jams

with a coating of **PAROWAX**—the extra-refined paraffine. It's the sure way and the modern way to shut out mold and fermentation. No more bothersome cutting and tying paper caps.

**THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY**

Cap Your Jellies and Jams with a coating of PAROWAX—the extra-refined paraffine. It's the sure way and the modern way to shut out mold and fermentation. No more bothersome cutting and tying paper caps.

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## MUSIC HUNGER

The concert season is over. Except here and there the theatres are dark.

You need not wait for the new season; you can have real music in your own home this summer. You can have the re-created voices of the world's great artists literally re-created by Edison's new art in a way that makes your own veranda or living-room the world's greatest stage.

## The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph With a Soul"

is the instrument of which the *St. Louis Republic* says: "The problem of music in the home is solved when the singing of the greatest artists is made possible by an instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artists."

**VISIT OUR STORE**

We want to give you a pleasant hour of music. No obligation. You will not be asked to buy.

### TROUP MUSIC HOUSE

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NOTE:—Please do not ask us to sell you Edison Re-Creations if you intend to attempt to play them on any other instrument than the New Edison. No other instrument can bring out the true musical quality of Edison Re-Creations. Furthermore, injury to the records is likely to result if you attempt to play them on an ordinary phonograph or talking machine.

## Greenes

The Old Location of Astrich's Entrance Now on Fourth Street

### CLEAN-UP SALE

Fine Suits, Skirts, Coats and Waists

Now's Your Chance For BARGAINS

ANOTHER SALE—Tub Skirts, White Gabardine, Pique or Linene; also black and white checks. 69c

Extra special, to-morrow 79c

Broken Line of Waists—were 98c and \$1.25. 79c

TUB SKIRTS—Another of our wonderful sales, fine Pique, Linene or Gabardine, large patch pockets, large pearl buttons, gathered backs; newest styles; former prices \$1.39 and \$1.50. To-morrow, each 98c

Blue or Black Serge Skirts; were \$2.98 and \$1.98 \$3.39, to-morrow

Women's Fine Navy Blue Men's Wear (all wool) Serge Tailored Suits Former Price \$10.00. TO-MORROW \$4.98

SPORT COATS For Women, Finest (all wool) Bergundy, Mustard, Tan, Navy Blue. Former Prices \$10.00 and \$12.98. TO-MORROW \$4.98

Crepe de Chine Waists—white, flesh, maize—\$2.19 former price \$2.98. To-morrow

"The Bargain Spot in Harrisburg"

## Greenes

THE OLD LOCATION OF ASTRICH'S ENTRANCE NOW ON FOURTH STREET

### Market Day Specials Tomorrow

CLARK'S O. N. T. CROCHET COTTON; best; large Dozen 8c

BURSON STOCKINGS—Split sole; not a seam; pair 19c

WOMEN'S STOCKINGS—Fast Black List; Pair 12 1/2c

35c RIBBON—Plain or fancy, 5 and 6 inch; Wednesday, yard 19c

NEWEST BUTTONS—All 25c to 35c Buttons; dozen 19c

All 50c to 60c Buttons; dozen 39c

25c BATHING CAPS—Plain or Fancy; Wednesday, day 19c

BOOT SILK STOCKINGS—50c KINDS; pair 29c

16-button Heavy Silk Gloves—black or white. To-morrow 69c

HEAVY SILK GLOVES—Double finger tips, self or black embroidered backs; 65c values; pair 49c

BATHING SHOES—All 59c and 69c Bathing Shoes; black, white, Kelly, navy. Wednesday, pair 50c

25c to 69c Jewelry Tomorrow 10c

Pins—Rings—Hat Pins—Brooches—Earrings—Belt Pins, Etc. 10c

50c to \$1.00 Silk Girdles or Belts Black, white and colors, 50c to 98c; fancy leather belts; many styles. Choice. 10c

The Bargain Spot in Harrisburg

## PEA COAL

J. B. Montgomery

Third and Chestnut Both Phones

CHURCH PICNIC POSTPONED

The picnic of the Sunday schools of Bethel A. M. E. Church and Capital Street Presbyterian Church will be held at Paxtang Park, Friday, July 20, instead of Thursday, as previously announced.