



Reading for Women and all the Family



Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW
She was a stunning creature. Her husband had recently made a lot of money, and she was evidently investing a large amount of it in good clothes.

The successful novelist to whom I was talking looked at her reflectively.

"There's an old vaudeville song that jingles in my memory," he said, "Things Are Coming Pretty Soft for You, Louise." There goes the typical heroine of the feminine-bought novel. She's the kind we have to write about, or go broke. Of course, she's a female triumph. As I look at her I realize more than ever that this is a woman's world.

"It's usually put the other way," I demurred. "Most women call it a man's world."

"Absurd," he scoffed. "It's for women the great department stores are run, and also the thousands of lesser shops which deal in a single specialty. About the only emporium left where man reigns supreme is the saloon, and even that usually has its 'family entrance' and 'back room' for the accommodation of feminine thirst.

"The clothing and haberdashery shops can hardly be called man's exclusive province, since there, as every salesman knows, the taste of wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts is far more to be consulted than that of the purchaser himself.

"And as for the tobacconists nowadays—well, not only the public restaurants, but the ash trays and the atmosphere of so many bouidors tell their own story. For the exclusive custom of men alone, New York City would be well supplied with a row of modest shops extending over a few blocks.

"Nor is it only in commerce that woman is considered," he went on. "For her the great hotels and restaurants strive to outdo each other in gorgeousness and luxury. Man, if left to himself, would still be living in a brushwood shack and cooking his meat on a forked stick over a fire. The proof of it is that, away from woman, he invariably reverts to whiskers and the blanket.

"You admit, then," I put in, "that

Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN

She lived in our street, and every one spoke of her as the perfect wife.

When she was first married she used to have plenty of time to run around everywhere, and yet she was always home in time to cook dinner for Bill. Her four little rooms were scrupulously clean—she was a perfect fiend for cleaning.

Everything was perfect, and she herself, in neat, pretty little suits, looked exactly like her little flat. We did not think of calling her commonplace, but her pretty little face even then was wont to settle into peevish, selfish lines.

All the older women spoke of her with praise. "Have on," I murmured. "I like to hear you."

"Well, compare 'Louise' with her great-grandmother," he pounded his fist on the table. "She was a woman and a wife and a mother and a grandmother, and she was a perfect fiend for cleaning."

"Then Nancy came into the neighborhood. Nancy was anything but a model housewife. She would chatter across the back fence while her cake burned in the oven. But every one loved her, including her husband."

We began to wonder if Bill loved Winifred as much as he had when he first married her. Once some one went to dinner there and the story leaked out of a spot of gravy on the clean tablecloth. Bill had been serving, and in laughing heartily at a joke he had carelessly dropped the spot of grease from his serving fork.

Winifred had spoken to him rudely, and had embarrassed good-natured Bill, as well as the guest.

Winifred had taken a great dislike to Nancy. In fact, she rather looked down on Nancy and spoke of her once as slovenly. That was the beginning of the waning of her popularity, the beginning of the end of Winifred as the perfect example.

Just about this time Bill began to look seedy and to lose his spruce look of well-groomed young manhood. We all wondered and no one pretended to understand.

Nancy's Jim was a happy-go-lucky chap and he never minded the fact

that Nancy was not methodical. They made their tiny home the rendezvous of the place. The big, careless room where Jim read in the evenings, with Nancy curled up next to him, was the best loved place in town.

Even in the beginning we had never liked to go to see Winifred. That is, we had never even thought of dropping in for a cozy chat, for fear of spoiling the regularity of her rooms. We used to make little formal calls, and sit stiffly on the edges of our chairs. But at Nancy's we all lounged and ate good things that we had all helped to make, and watched the soft, pink color come to her cheeks. But at Nancy's we all lounged and ate good things that we had all helped to make, and watched the soft, pink color come to her cheeks.

It was just the queer way it happened, but every one—even the older women—transferred allegiance from Winifred to Nancy. Excuses were made for her carelessness in housekeeping. People used to make remarks like this:

"What a wonderful friend Nancy makes! Did you notice how much in love they are? Nancy just couldn't do wrong in Jim's eyes." And many more of the same kind.

Two years passed and we older people still viewed the same situation. Nothing changed, not a bit, in the neighborhood, and Nancy was still the center of attraction. Nancy it was who cuddled all the babies of the neighborhood, who listened to the confidences of the older girls and who made real friendships with every one.

Winifred was still just as good a housekeeper, but Bill had lost his gayer, and had taken to speaking morosely. Frequent altercations took place between them as to the bringing up of Junior, and Winifred's voice had developed an unpleasant "edge."

We older women, who had seen matters from the very beginning, looked down on Nancy and spoke of her as a successful wife. Too much dusting means too little kissing—too much of the housewife and not enough of the friend.

Nancy, the careless, the irresponsible, had delved deeper into life than Winifred ever could, and with her little home secure on the foundations of love and understanding, what did the rest matter?

Advice to the Lovelorn

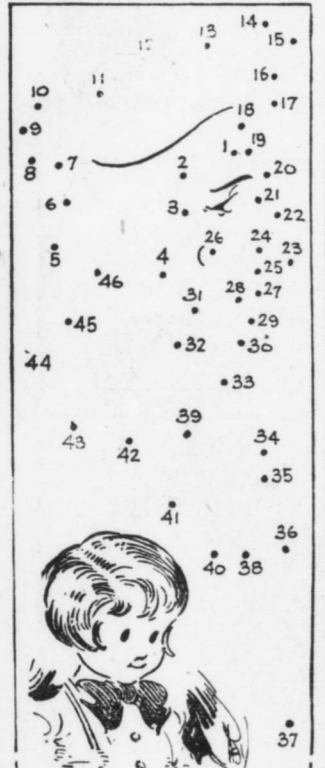
GO TO HER PARENTS
Dear Miss Fairfax:
I am engaged to a girl nineteen years of age and have known her for four years. We have been going out together until recently, when

for some reason or other her parents have forbidden her to go out with me alone. There hasn't been any explanation on her parents' part except what I hear from her, as she is the only daughter. I think the disappearance of so many young girls has taken a deep effect upon them. I am dearly in love with the

girl and I know my love is reciprocated. It would simply be useless for us to separate. I am in a good position and am well able to support a wife, therefore I would like your advice.
S. C. W.

If you have a perfectly clear conscience, as your letter leads me to suppose you have, the explanation may be what you suggest. In any event, the thing for you to do is to go to the girl's parents and ask them if they really mean to separate you from the daughter you love and want to marry. By the way, have you ever gone to her parents and told them of your intentions and hopes in regard to their daughter?

Daily Dot Puzzle



"Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!" Can you find the baker?
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

LADIES

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



This is a dress that you can make from crepe de chine if you want something very dressy or from challis if you want something simpler or from a cotton voile or from a silk voile or from almost any material that is soft enough to be shirred successfully. The shirring forms the girde and the sleeve finish and is exceedingly attractive. The frock is one of the simplest in the world to make yet one of the newest and smartest. You may use the pockets or omit them as you like, and for very dressy materials the plain skirt may be preferred. For the finish, you can use banding or you can use a little embroidery worked with a heavy thread or a little design of soutache braid. For the girl of eight or ten, blue and white checked taffeta with bands of narrow blue velvet ribbon would be pretty.

9548 Child's Empire Dress, 4 to 10 years. Price 10 cents.

Out to-day New Victor Records for November

McCormack sings "Send Me Away With a Smile"
A popular "soldier" song. McCormack sings it with that touch of reality which he knows so well how to impart.

A tender Riley poem sung by Alma Gluck
The lovely voice of Alma Gluck matches admirably the tender sentiment so beautifully expressed by James Whitcomb Riley in his "Praver Perfect."

Frances White in two "kid" impersonations
"Six Times Six" and "M-i-s-s-i-s-s-i-p-p-i"—two hits she sings in "Hitchy-Koo." Presented here in the same delightful manner.

Conway's Band plays two new Sousa marches
Two delightful Hawaiian duets by Louise and Ferera
Lively numbers by Six Brown Brothers and Van Eps Trio
Sterling Trio and Campbell and Burr in popular songs

- 71 others including
- 8 Interesting Orchestral Numbers
 - 3 Superb Operatic Arias
 - 10 Tunesful Dance Selections
 - 3 Masterly Violin Solos
 - 8 Delightful Concert Songs
 - 20 Popular Song Successes

Hear these new Victor Records today at any Victor dealer's. He will gladly give you a complete descriptive list and play any music you wish to hear. Ask to hear the Saenger Voice Culture Records. There are Victrolas and Victor records in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$400.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.
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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month

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