

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## Life's Problems Are Discussed

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

If anyone would have told us three years ago that patriotism would again become a national sentiment, an individual creed, instead of being the sole monopoly of George Cohan, we would probably have replied with an expressive "Fiddlesticks!" or whatever was its slang synonym of the moment.

Would anyone have believed three years ago that the old-sounding periods of the Fourth of July orator, to which we used to listen if not exactly with tongues in cheek still with a slightly amused tolerance, could once more stir us to mad enthusiasm; that the first strains of the Star Spangled Banner would bring us all to our feet and proud to be there; that every sight of the passing colors bring a lump to our throats and tears to our eyes?

Three years ago, in the pre-war period, we congratulated ourselves on being civilized. And being civilized meant to us to regard the primitive emotions with a supercilious detachment. The importance of being earnest weighed as nothing with the importance of appearing frivolous. Big enthusiasms, big passions, a big devotion to any ideal was distinctly bad form. It savored of melodrama; and melodrama appealed to the child mind, not to the sophisticated intellect.

Three years ago, if anyone had asked us, "Are you a good American?" the chances are that we would have answered a little hesitatingly,



"Well, I'm an American, but I hope that I'm a Citizen of the World." It seemed a bit crude and row and Elijah Program-ish to go around proclaiming one's self a good "Amurrican." In the pre-war days one would rather have died than be provincial. But ask us that question now! We fling our answer against the stars. We know in every beat of our hearts, in every drop of blood in our veins, that we are good Americans.

We have always been sensitive people. We took deeply to heart the criticism and ridicule of older nations. We had a lurking suspicion that we were regarded on the other side as a sort of "comedy relief."

But we aren't a joke to Europe nowadays. She asks no sweeter music than our "nasal twang" echoing over her warswept fields. No, we are anything but a joke to England; anything but a joke to bleeding weary France, that Star in the Night; hardly a joke to Belgium blessing us with pallid, painracked lips as her good Samaritan; no joke to stumbling, swaying Russia, to Italy, to Serbia, Rumania and Portugal.

Least of all, although she tries to make it appear so, are we a joke to Germany? The Teutonic mind is essentially trifling; and the imperial government would not waste such wealth of hate as it is striving to stir up against us an enemy that it despised.

The lank figure of Uncle Sam in his grotesque habiliments and with his waxing goatee is no longer a comic supplement character, but to the German a menacing spirit of vengeance, and to the allies an angel of rescue. It is like seeing Happy Hooligan transformed into the Archangel Michael.

To us the whole world is looking for relief -- to our manhood, to our dollars, to our material resources, to our energy and inventiveness, and above all, to our ideals. Do you realize what that last means? That we will win this war and dictate the policy of the future on the most intangible and transcendental basis that the mind of man can conceive -- an ideal of true human relations, of Hungry and harried Europe, the hordes of Asia, the Latin nations of our southern hemisphere, Cairo and the Cape, even Germany sulenly cursing us between her teeth, they all expect us to solve the problem, and to solve it for the betterment and advancement of mankind.

## All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN.

"Oh, don't mind what I say; I got to bed at three o'clock this morning, and I'm dead." The speaker smiled in a distractingly pretty way, a way that had never failed to charm the lucky person upon whom it was bestowed.

If the person in question had been any one of a number of girl friends, she might have smiled back and said something light. But this person was not one of Nelle's intimates, neither did she think it at all necessary to let an impertinent remark slip by without comment, so she said dryly:

"My dear, what makes you allow yourself to speak that way? Do you know that it absolutely changes you, and that nine-tenths of your peculiar charm lies in your expression?"

Nelle stared. She was not accustomed to being corrected by anyone. Possessed of a weak mother and an adoring father -- one deploring the fact that her children had always run over her, while the other was sure that no matter what either of the boys did, Nelle could do no harm -- the girl had never known what it was to receive adverse criticism.

"I mean that," went on the speaker.

"Yes, I see that you do," said the girl, recovering her quick manner of speaking. "Did you really think it would worry me?"

"It ought to. It's going to do you plenty of harm."

Decided to bluff

Nelle laughed and apologized. She was not to be taken in by anything of the kind, even while she hesitated about being rude to a woman older than herself.

"You may laugh, but if you stop to think, you'll see that I'm right. Didn't you go to a dance with a man you like pretty well two nights ago?"

Nelle flushed. "What difference does that make?"

"You'll admit that you do like him rather well, and that you'd like him to think well of you."

Nelle's manner changed to a dangerously sweet attitude of confidence. "I do like him," she said softly, and then burst into another peal of laughter at the sudden serious face of her caller. Her next remark was couched in the light manner of speaking that she affected.

But the woman was not stupid and she decided to try bluffing.

"Oh, I know you like him," she said, archly, teasingly, "but the question is, how many girls is he trying out? I know how you all preen your feathers when he is around, and I happen to know, too, Nelle Glyn, that although you are the prettiest and most charming girl in your set, that little Esther Croft is sweeter. Your disposition is so bad lately that you are getting peevish lines around your mouth."

Nelle seized a mirror and examined the soft mouth reflected in its glistening surface.

"I don't see anything," she said, putting the mirror down. "But what is this about Esther Croft? You don't mean to say that John Manning likes little Essie?"

ward. And then two nights ago, she had lost her temper suddenly and had not troubled to disguise the fact. John Manning had been present then.

It was true that Esther Croft had the evenest of temperaments, and the sweetest of ways. Was it possible that she had decided to attract John Manning -- the man Nelle liked better than any one she had ever met?

"I'm going to run along now," Mrs. Stuart said after a moment. "Think over what I have told you, dear. Of course, you can tell Esther out if you want to. Remember that a man, like a sweet tempered woman."

"If sweetness is what he wants, I can be sweet," Nelle said to herself, regarding her charming face in her mirror as the door closed. "And I know I've been letting myself go dreadfully of late."

"I think I did that pretty well," said Mrs. Stuart, as she hurried down the dark street. "Of course, John Manning would never look at Essie Croft, and besides the child is head over heels in love with that nice Barker boy. But it won't do Nelle any harm to curb that spoiled manner of hers. I wonder if I really did give her a scare?"

BIBLE CLASS TO MEET

Shirmanstown, Pa., Nov. 9. -- The Ladies Organized Bible Class No. 7, of the Bethel Church of God, will meet Wednesday evening, November 14, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brook Stare, in Green street.

At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream one can prepare a full quarter pint of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier, by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and re-

### Juice of Lemons Creates A Clear, Soft, Rosy Skin

Tells women how to make a lemon beauty cream cheaply for the face, neck, arms and hands

There were fifty women at the sewing yesterday. The membership reported to-day is 196 members. Mrs. Claire McIntyre was elected secretary to succeed Mrs. Nafetsinger and Mrs. E. D. Thomas was elected treasurer in place of Mrs. Walter R. Deitz.

Y. M. C. A. war fund work. All members are requested to appear in uniform.

fruckles and tan and is the ideal skin softener and beautifier. Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy or toilet counter and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is wonderful to smoothen rough, red hands. -- Adv.

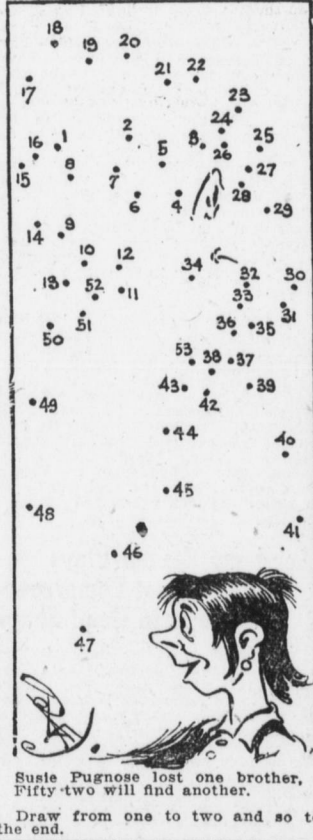
Saturday is the day we expect to outfit the lad -- boys' suits \$5 to \$15

"belters"

**Wm. Strouse**

310 Market Street

### Daily Dot Puzzle



### Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



There are two quite different ways in which you can make this blouse, as it is here with a complete under-bodice and a separate over-portion, or with the over-bodice attached to the under-arm pieces and the under-bodice omitted. In the illustration, the under-bodice is made of Georgette crepe and the over-bodice is made of satin. That combination is liked for the separate blouses as well as for the gown, and the charmeuse shows a little braiding design that is worked in worsted couched on, that treatment being a new and a smart one.

For the medium size will be needed, 1 1/4 yards of material 44 inches wide for the under-bodice, 1 yard 44 for the over-portion to make of two materials.

The pattern No. 9580 is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

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You can come into this reliable store and choose any guaranteed garment you desire for yourself or family and arrange to pay for it in small weekly or monthly amounts. YOU MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS HERE.

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YOU DON'T NEED THE CASH

## ASKIN & MARINE CO.

36 N. Second Street, Corner Walnut Street

\$3.50 \$4.50

### Announcing Newark Shoes for Women and Misses \$3.50 and \$4.50

SATURDAY, all over the United States, hundreds of Newark Shoe Stores will display for the first time SHOES FOR WOMEN, at prices that must make every woman who sees them fairly peam with joy, at the prospect of being able to buy Fashion's Latest Fancies at SENSIBLE prices -- \$3.50 and \$4.50.

We are going to show you shoes that duplicate the styles of the most expensive models shown in your city. We are going to prove to you that \$3.50 and \$4.50 is enough to pay for shoes for women. In other words we are going to enable you to dress in shoes of the very smartest style and save you the need of paying exorbitant prices.

The model shown above is evidence of the charming styles and beauty we have for Fall and Winter; we want you to accept this as a personal invitation to come Saturday.

A Dainty Vanity Case, containing Mirror and Powder Puff Free to each Purchaser Saturday.

## Newark Shoe Stores Co.

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