TUESDAY EVENING,

Bringing Up Father

YOU'LL NOT GET OUT

TONIGHT - I'VE GOT DETECTIVES OUTSIDE TO WATCH FOR YOU -

I'M TIRED OF

PLAY ON THAT GONDOLA!

-:-

FOR THE LOVE

15 THAT?

OF MAN - WHAT

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

-:-

Reading for Women and all the Family

I'VE GOT MY FIDDLE IN

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full.

40!

THERE - IT'S A TRUNK-PARDON ME WHILE I

GET MY HAT . I MUST

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Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW I was shopping the other day with ay sister. "I'll only be gone ten min-tes," she said, leaving me seated in he taxi; and she did not return for alf an hour. There was nothing for in to do but watch the passing show. 'ut my attention soon wandered 'om the general to the particular. 'om the mass to the individual. Near me stood a shabby, timid tile woman apologetically offering 'tray of wares. She looked pinched nd starved—starved of affection. Appiness, even of food. People hur-ed by her without giving her a lance. She was the kind one likes to orget—if one can. Threads, safety-ins, needles, tape and pins. She of-ored them with a sort of disparing pathy which 'brought pily some-mes and impatience always. I thought of another street vendor had seen only a day or two before, leather-lunged, masculine tramp ho was selling children's books, 'ght-colored, gay and tempting. "Take 'em home to the kiddles! ake the little ones happy!' he twyled, thrusting them impudently, sistently into the faces of the pass-by. And several people laughingly cepted the challenge and stopped purchase. Her Story Like That of Hundreds

Her Story Like That of Hundreds do it.

Something, a sense or curiosity I ppose, made me step out of the xi, go over to the woman, and buy paper of pins.

paper of pins. She thanked me as if I had done er a favor, and then as I asked er a question or two, she told me er story, similar to hundreds of

ers. She was a widow; there was noth-else to which she could turn her nd, and she-wasn't making any-ng at this. I said something of why don't you lift up your voice? p customers. Make them buy

his sort: "Why don't you lift up your voice? top customers. Make them buy, eople need pins and needles and tread. If you'd stand here and yell, iere's your thread and needles: atch your pants, mend your mend-is, sew up your rents in mind, body nd estate! A stitch in time saves ine. If you can't sew, pin! Take a ifety to do it! Here are your pins. sedles, tape and thread! Take them ome to your wife. Teach your chil-ren how to sew!" "Don't shrink back," I went on. itant out where people can see you. at then when you have their at-ntiop, look them in the eyes, and y sweelly and imperatively, 'I am re you need some pins. Pins are so resan.'" She smiled in a reluctant, wintry

gain."" he smiled in a reluctant, wintry , and said, "Oh, I couldn't do thing like that. I wasn't brought to this. My father and my hus-1 were both well-to-do. Why, if knew what I'd come to"—Then began to cay

They knew what it does to she began to cry. The Old Cry.—'I Wasn't Brought Up to Work'' Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What an awful Ed it has on the feminine mind— this idiotic old cry. "I wasn't how to work'' and the air of idiotic old cry, "I wasn't ught up to work;" and the air of iry, of resentment, that cruel cir-istances have made it a neces-

planet. Instead of being a is our divinest blessing. And "not being brought when It's doesn't go to-day, who have been accepting the most eatest luxury are gladly e heaviest, the hardest, er side, and doing it often under

no matter what form it the expression of our in-



stinctive longing for service. If we're only sweeping a floor, we're telling a All's Well That ourselves by the way we I received to-day a letter z Ends Well z

young girl. She says: "I am em-ployed in a business office, but my work does not take up all my time and attention. There are times when I am struggling and half-choking I am struggling and because I am full of ergy, and don't know have friends, dship nor play that I work that I can put my soul into." Don't Stifle Your Dreams or Energy

Don't Stiffe Your Dreams or Energy My dear girl, don't attempt to bottle up all that energy. Decide what you want to do most in the world. Your desire may seen ut-terly fantastic, impossible. Never mind that. It's the impossible that's always happening. But if you want to "dream true," make your vision a big one. Don't say, "Oh, that would be too good to happen to you. Why shouldn't you have the best there is in life's shop? And nold on to your idea. Never let if go. Live in it, expand it. Work toward expand it it with the strength of an undivided

pose. man was telling me the other of a deal he had put over. "I i't think I could get more than thousand dollars for my share," aid, "but suddenly I said to my-

backwoods in a small western and have never had any d young and I'm alone im income. I substantial

I was married young a And now I'm alone without an income. find some substan which to light, for I sure I could make good in some line of business. But what? I am ener-getic, capable and quick. What are

Your the very to say." 37 and ances, my dear lady, are est. But cut out that "sad there's about it. Also, a woman who the sort of a letter that write

written me

A very famous and brilliant oman of the eighteenth century ice remarked: "I don't know any-ning about books. I never read iem. But I know men and women and brilliant them. But I know men and and the world." A woman who is 37 and feels 16 has health of mind and body. The liability of "being alone in the world and without an income" is trifling as

a while, othe nouse dresses." a st "It's clean and presentable." bett "That isn't the question." both She relapsed into silence. The clock on the mantel clicked loudly ner. ants me as

BY JANE McLEAN He looked about the cheerful but somehow inadequate little room and glowered in spite of himself. And yet when it came to an actual com-plaint put into so many words, he hesitated and looked snamefacedly at the soft brown hair under the light of the swinging electric bulb. The thoughts that had overwhelmed him at first were something like this: What right had she to hold him back? Why was it that a man progressed faster than a woman? What would his friends think of his õ What would his friends think of his 'And you're ashamed to ask them old-fashioned wife if here 0

0

You

love that he had sworn would last forever? Then she looked up suddenly. "Well, Joseph, what are you pon-dering about" Again the impatience and intoler-ance swept over him. Why does she persist in calling him Joseph, when all others called him Jose? "Oh, he burst out suddenly, "I wwell, what should they think of it?" she returned calmly. "It's our bume, not theirs." "I shouid call that commendable." "1 shouid call that commendable." "Well, what do you mean?" "Well, what do you mean?" "Well, what do you mean?"

ntial people's home

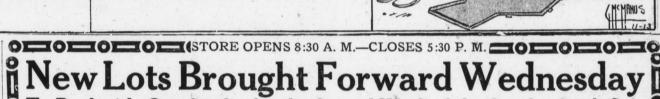
Her very calmass irritated him been a fee on that she did not resent the in-unusually

"I mean that it's queer." "Queer." she reiterated in amaze-ment. "What do you mean?" "It's old-fashioned. Nobody sits in the dining-room and keeps the front room all closed up for a par-"But Jo "Be don't have parlors any "What' "Oh, no "Til have brought si Joe groo "But Jo

ont room and closed up for a par-proce, they have living rooms." "Is that what's worrying you?" "That's one of the things. "And what else, Joseph?" "There's another one, he flashed

criticize like the boy he she repeated

But we wont go back altogether ies, and the way you dress. Why



I MUST BE

GETTING OLD

CAN HARDLY

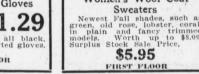
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SORRY - OLD TOP.

FOR YOURFIDDLE.

IT'S THE ONLY

WAY I COULD 4IT OUT:

BACK TO MY HOUSE

BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO

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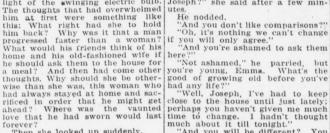
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nd cross waiting for her in the liv 0 What's for dinner?" he

"Oh, nothing much," she rejoined "I'll have things ready in a jiffy, brought some things in from the del

icatessen." Joe groaned. "But Joe," she laughed, "you don't like cold dinners. All the other men put up with them." "Emma," burst out Joe suddenly, "let's go back to the old regime. Everything just as it was. I'll prom-





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