

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1917, International News Service

By McManus

### Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

Every once in a while I receive in my mail a communique written in a hand like copperplate, and which I always hasten to open and read, because I know the contents will prove interesting.

I have never met the writer, and he knows me only through my work. No one would ever dream from a glance at these missives that the writer was more than thirty. There is no hint of the cramped, tremulous chirography of old age. Yet with justifiable pride, he announces himself an octogenarian—a link between the turbulent present and the more leisurely, peaceful times of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

It is no part of my ambition to shine as one of those scrooges who for fifty cents will read from a specimen of your handwriting your past, present and future and furnish an inventory of your personal characteristics and ailments; yet this correspondent of mine is individual enough to excite speculation.

I have a very definite mental portrait of him. Surely that firm, virile penmanship betokens a firm, virile character—a straight, up-standing nature, bearing lightly the burden of his eighty-two years.

I picture him as a very erect old gentleman, with white hair, clear cut features, keen, observant eyes and a tolerant, kindly smile. He is scrupulous in regard to his personal appearance, careful in the selection of his needles and insistent upon the proper creasing of his trousers.

The flourishes and shading that he gives to his capital letters indicate an appreciation of the beautiful and a capacity for enjoyment. He likes to look at pretty faces, to hear fine music, and to see a fine play. He is fond of flowers, pictures, animals and children. He likes the good things of life, but is too fastidious not to be moderate in his enjoyment of them.

He follows in his writing a line straight as a ruler, with no wavering or downward slant at the end, and from this one deduces that he is straightforward and resolute, possibly a bit obstinate, but with a distinctly optimistic outlook. He is a little caustic of speech when aroused, but is equally quick to forgive. He has a strong sense of humor. Above all, he is up to date; his penmanship shows that, and so does the quality of his letters. He is interested in today and its questions, not in what they talked about "the year of the big wind."

Just consider this patriarch for a moment, if you please. He was alive when Queen Victoria ascended to the throne of England; a boy in his teens when General Scott entered the City of Mexico; a full-grown man when the shot was fired on Fort Sumter which started the Civil War; and well along into middle life when the Centennial was held in Philadelphia. Of the twenty-seven Presidents, he has lived through the administrations of twenty of them.

He can remember when New York City did not extend above Canal street and Madison Square was out of town, when Chicago didn't exist, when "Fifty-Four-Forty or Fight" was a rallying cry, when the national domain halted at the Mississippi, when the first gold rush was made to California.

### OLD AGE A CRIME!

Some people are young at 60—red checked, ruddy and vigorous. Others are old at 40—joints beginning to stiffen up a bit; step beginning to lag and lose its springiness; occasional touches of pain in the back; feel tired without cause, and possibly a twinge of rheumatic pain.

In most cases these are the danger signals to warn you that the kidneys are not promptly doing their work of throwing off the poisons that are always forming in the body. To neglect these natural warnings is a crime against yourself. If you have these symptoms you can find prompt relief in GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. For more than 200 years this trial and the recognized remedy for kidney and bladder ailments.

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories at Haarlem, Holland. Get them at your druggists. Do not take a substitute. In boxes, three sizes—Advertisement.

### Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX  
LOOK TO YOURSELF  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I have known two men who showed

me attentions. One of them took everything for granted, not even mentioning such a thing as taking me anywhere or doing anything where he had to spend money (although he had the means), and the question of marriage, I am sure, never even entered his mind.

The other was a bit more of a talker. He promised marriage and good times, and also introduced me to all his friends. But he never got any farther.

I always was an optimist, but I'm going to be the worst pessimist in regard to the man question if some one doesn't convince me quick.

VIRGINIA B.

Do you suppose for one instant that you can pass judgment on the entire masculine sex because you have known two who either were cad or tired of you after a little acquaintance? The fault lies with you. Either you let yourself be taken in by two men who weren't worthy of your regard, or you did not make yourself sufficiently agreeable to hold their liking. Read over your own description of the first man. Since he did not take you out or give you any real attention, what reason have you for supposing that he cared about you? Why was he particularly contemptible for coming to see a girl who welcomed him and who evidently put up with whatever treatment she got, in order to have a man about? What you need is dignity, self-respect, a little more ability to judge humanity and a good, thorough inventory of yourself.

### "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

Copyright by International News Service

Copyright, 1917, International News Service

"Warren thinks we ought to be more careful about saluting the flag than we are," said Helen.

"Well, that's true," assented Louise. "I agree with him. Did you notice this afternoon how many men there were who paid no attention at all to the flag?"

Helen nodded. "Warren's fanatic about it," she said proudly, "but I'm proud of him. I think all men ought to be just as particular."

Louise and Bob were at the apartment for dinner that evening, and the talk centered about the same subject. Helen and Louise repeated what they said in the afternoon and Warren was highly indignant.

"Every man ought to realize that it is his duty these days to be zealous in showing his patriotism."

"That's right," assented Bob and for the time the subject was dropped for something else. After dinner Warren suggested that they all go to the movies.

"That will be fine," Louise said enthusiastically. "Bob and I haven't been to the theater in ages. We think we ought to save somewhere and so we go to the movies instead. I am a great movie fan."

The rest of the evening was unusually pleasant. The pictures were good, they were all in good spirits, Warren made jokes, and altogether Helen had never remembered an evening when she had felt so carefree and happy. But it was not to last long. When they reached the lobby of the theater they discovered that it had been raining and was still pouring. Both Helen and Louise had on good clothes and a sudden gloom enveloped them.

"Warren, I asked you to bring an umbrella," Helen ventured.

Warren turned to Bob. "There, Bob, isn't that just like a woman? Whoever would have dreamed it would rain before we got back?"

"The paper said rain, and it felt damp all afternoon."

Again Bob and Warren grinned, and Helen relapsed into silence.

"Well," exclaimed Louise, "I know one thing, and that is that I am not going out in this rain, nor even to reach the subway in this velvet hat!"

"I'll rustle up a taxi," Bob said.

"Wait a second and I'll go with you," said Warren, and the next minute both men had stepped out from their narrow shelter and were hurrying off into the street. Helen and Louise carried on a desultory conversation for a few minutes apropos of getting their clothes ruined, but their sentences finally trailed off. Neither felt like talking; it was the reaction from the bright

on's eager eyes turning to Louise in delight. Helen always adored anything dramatic, and anything of the patriotic order almost moved her to tears in these troubled times. Neither woman noticed Warren, who stood a little apart, until the song was over, when one of the men in uniform turned to the little group and said, scathingly:

"Why don't you take off your hat, you lubber!"

Helen and Louise turned as though a pistol shot had struck them. Warren was looking at the indignant man with his own face a picture of amazement and embarrassment. The truth of the utter was, he had not even heard the National anthem, he had been keeping an eye out for an empty taxi and the music had simply not meant anything to him. He had not even noticed the men until the one spoke to him.

Helen realized all this in a moment; in fact the entire incident took only a moment, and then the men passed on. No one but a couple of outsiders had heard anything of it, but Warren was furious. Helen wisely kept still; she knew that to say anything would make matters worse, but she knew very well that on top of all that had been said Warren felt pitifully small.

Louise, the peacemaker, came to the rescue. She was not as intuitive as Helen, but she knew that Warren's expression was not one of guilt.

"I don't believe you even heard the music, did you, Warren?" she said.

"No, I didn't," burst out Warren, "but I feel ashamed of myself just the same. I should have heard it. Those fellows did exactly right. They probably thought I just didn't care. I feel small, but I certainly deserved what I got."

And Helen, in whose heart had been pity and understanding, suddenly felt a thrill of patriotic fervor rush through her. Anything that would make Warren admit himself in the wrong, he must of necessity feel very deeply about. She was so glad he cared that much. (Watch for the next installment in this interesting series.)

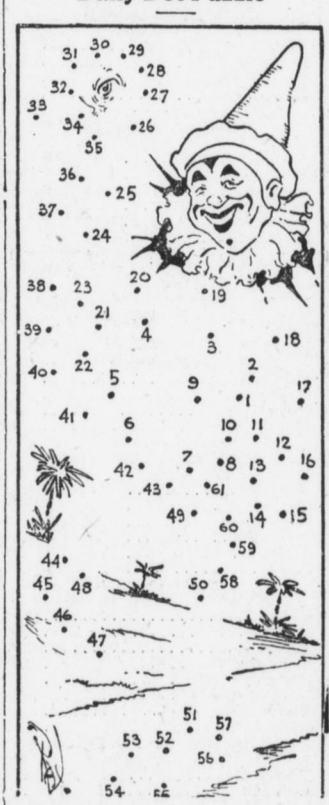
spirits of the evening. Louise yawned, and Helen felt suddenly tired out. The climax was reached when Warren and Bob returned with the verdict that there were no taxis to be found anywhere.

"Well, Bob, you men scare up a newspaper somewhere for us to cover our hats with and we'll make a rush for the subway."

"Yes," asserted Helen, "it has slacked up a little."

Bob went across the street, and as he did the hand above the Times square struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." Three men in uniform who were standing along the curb suddenly raised their hands to their hats and stood in salute. Louise and Helen eyed them eagerly. Hel-

### Daily Dot Puzzle



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



Every householder is interested in the question of conservation of food. Here is the costume accepted by the Hoover commission and which is to be worn by the women who have signed the pledge. For such use, it should be made of plain blue with white trimming. Here, it is worn by an active housewife and is made of plaid gingham with trimming of plain color. Since it will be in demand for general wear as well as by the signers in the pledge, that suggestion is a good one. It is a very smart, attractive looking costume. You can wear it as an apron, or you can wear it as a gown. The single button and buttonhole in the belt effect the closing, consequently, it is exceedingly easy to slip on and off. Women who find themselves compelled to do with less help than usual this season will find the apron valuable.

For the medium size will be needed, 7 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide with one yard of pique for the brim of the hat, collar and cuffs, 3/4 yard of lawn for the crown of the hat and lining for collar and cuffs.

The pattern 9531 is cut in three sizes, 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 bust. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of 10 cents.

**S-T-R-E-T-C-H YOUR DOLLARS**

**HOW?**

**"ASK US—WE KNOW"**

**OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT**

ECONOMY in wearing apparel is as necessary to practice as economy in food or anything else. Our tremendous buying power for our chain of stores permits us to save you many dollars on your clothing, as by dealing with us you get the benefit of the middleman's profit.

We want to help you to conserve your income and your clothing is one of the most important items on your list of expenses.

**GUARANTEED CLOTHING—that's the only kind we handle—because it's only with merchandise of this kind that we have been able to build up this business. When we further say that we GUARANTEE your purchases we mean just what it implies—that you must be pleased and satisfied with what you have bought or WE MAKE GOOD.**

**WE CLOTHE THE FAMILY**

MEN'S SUITS and OVERCOATS \$15 \$18 \$20 \$25

LADIES and MISSES SUITS \$16.98 to \$37.50

**ASKIN & MARINE CO.**

36 North Second St., Corner Walnut St.

**Use Sugar Sparingly—Do Not Waste It**

Everyone—manufacturers and householders—should use sugar sparingly for the present.

The supply is limited and will be until the new crop of cane can be harvested and shipped from Cuba and the Tropics. The supply will then be ample.

In the meantime, the people of the New England and Atlantic Coast States should use sugar sparingly.

Grocers should limit their sales to any one family. No one should hoard or waste sugar. Do not pay an increased retail price.

**The Franklin Sugar Refining Company**

"A Franklin Sugar for every use"

Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

**The Food Conservators—Domestic Science Experts—Food Officials—Leading Chemists—Thousands of Retailers—Millions of Housewives—advocate the use of Oleomargarine.**

They know it is a wholesome, healthful and nutritious product made from fine, selected materials under government inspection.

—that it is excellent on bread, splendid for cooking and baking.

—and that it saves about one-third of the usual expenditure for a staple table food at no sacrifice of taste, appearance or energy value.

**Swift's Premium Oleomargarine**

Pure—Sweet—Clean

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Buy it in This Package