

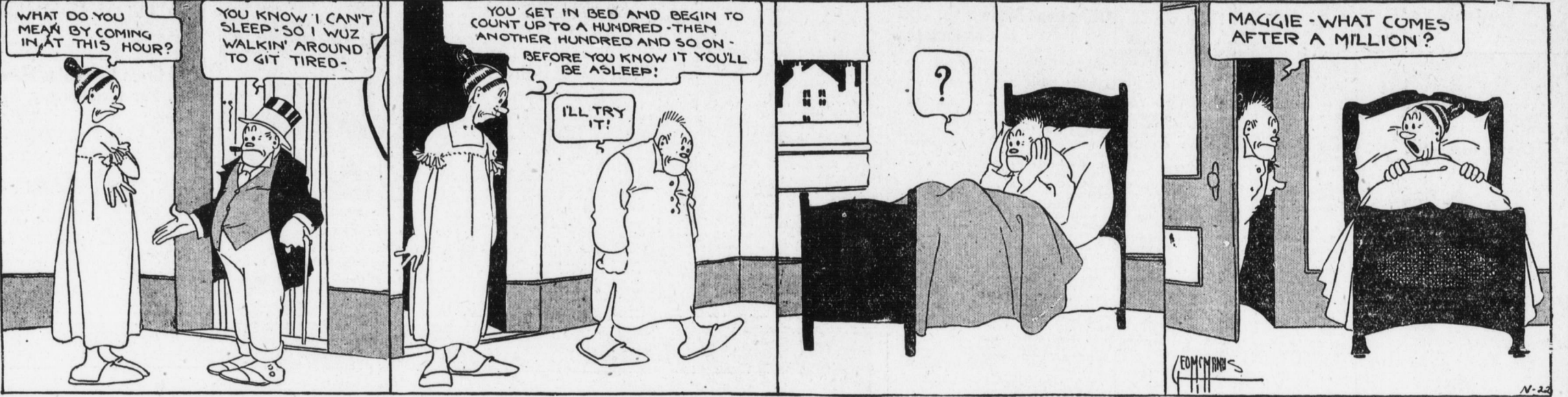
Reading for Women and all the Family

Life's Problems Are Discussed

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



Woman is certainly an aggravating creature. She is always breaking pasture. She simply will not stay within the nice, little fence of limitations that has been built up around her.

It must be awfully annoying to the serious-minded ladies and gentlemen who write ponderous generalities about her to have her always jumping up like a jack-in-the-box and disproving them.

But the reactionary ladies and gentlemen are patient and persevering. They never allow themselves to become discouraged. They see women placidly knitting in the sun, so they erect a neat cage for her and then they stand back and say, "There! That's where she belongs. Now let's hope she will stay 'out' for good!"

And presently woman looks around and yawns, and says, "I don't like this old cage. It's damp and unsanitary and the decorations are all out of date." So she promptly demolishes the structure and walks out.

Again the busy ladies and gentlemen are horrified. "The contrary beast!" they wail. "She's spoiled another chapter of our great work. We have just proved logically, positively and irrefutably that the last cage defined the utmost limits of woman's capability. And now she's toppled the whole thing over. All that's left to do is to hobble her and tie her to the tree of tradition." So they immediately perform that task.

Woman bears it meekly for a little while. Then she kicks herself loose, pulls the tree down and goes on her way dragging it after her.

Then there's another terrible flutter in the dove-cote, and the timid ladies and gentlemen begin to prophesy all the horrible things that will happen to the world if woman can roam around at her own sweet will. This sort of prophesying is one of the greatest mental adventures of the dustheaps of the world.

Such prophecies are and always

have been dire. When women first began to go to college, doctors and laymen wrote grave treatises to show that the female constitution could not stand the strain of the college curriculum. Either her brain of give way under the weight of knowledge she would imbibe, and the next generation, if there was any next generation, would have to bear the collegiate sins of the mothers. They would have neither brains nor nerves, and would be fortunate if they possessed legs and arms.

The laymen and doctors put up a handsome argument, but as usual woman was mean enough to demolish it. Before my mental vision rises one particular woman who before her marriage flitted from college to college gathering degrees and postgraduate courses as lightly as a boy collects postage stamps, and is now the mother of five sturdy children.

Just now the dove-cote minority are shaking their heads and worrying a great deal about the effects on the future generation of woman's present work in the munition factories.

Gertrude Atherton, in writing of her visit to one of these establishments in France, says that the manager told her that he made the experiment of employing women with the deepest misgiving. "Those seeking positions were just the sort of women he would have rejected if the sturdy women of the farms had applied."

"Those who did apply," she says, "were girls or young married women who had spent all the working years of their lives stooping over sewing machines; sunken-chested workers in artificial flowers, confectioners, waitresses, clerks. One and all looked on the verge of a decline, with not an ounce of reserve vitality for work that taxed the endurance of men; but he made up his mind to employ them and fill up their places as rapidly as they collapsed."

"He took me over his great establishment," she goes on, "and showed me the result. It was one

of the astonishing examples not only of the grim courage of women under pressure but of that nine-lived endurance of the female in which the male can never bring himself to believe save only when confronted by a practical demonstration.

"The women had high chests and brawny arms. They tossed thirty and forty pound shells from one to another as lightly as they may have once tossed a cluster of artichoke flowers. Their skins were clean and often ruddy. They showed no signs whatever of overwork and they were almost without one exception, the original applicants."

Ah, women are not nearly such fragile flowers as many of the drones among them and the sentimentalists of either sex like to think.

No fact of current acceptance is more rapidly becoming a myth than the claim that women are unfitted for any sort of work which they choose to undertake. The fiction of the "weaker sex" has been pretty well exploded by the Russian women's Battalion of Death. They stood such rigorous preparatory training as few men could endure and they did it in the manner in which they conducted themselves in actual warfare.

It is said that during the coming year women will be in great demand to take the place of men in orchards and running tractors or threshing machines. The men are either being drafted or lured away from the duties of the farm by the fancy prices they can get for a day's work digging ditches or doing carpenter work.

The women's committee of the Council of National Defense has published a letter from a prominent horticulturist, who says: "I want women to fill the places of men liable to draft or enlistment, and I know the greatest respect is shown to women who work in the orchards or on the farm."

And there you are! We have all heard the plaintive voice from the dove-cote crying that woman's place is in the home, though worlds fall. And a very agreeable arrangement was until economic conditions de-

my existence when you are twice blessed as you are?"

"But you're satisfied with your life?" Enid asked curiously.

"Of course I am, but Oh, the joy of meeting someone off the beaten track, someone genuine and with different interests. You'll let me come here often, won't you, Mrs. Dray, and see you and the babies? And when I want you to come to the studio and meet some of my friends, we both ought to do a great deal for the other."

And after Leslie had gone, Enid turned back to the simplicity of her quiet little home with a new feeling of pride and satisfaction. Something about the feel of Barb's soft little body as she leaned confidently against her mother, thrilled Enid, and Paul's quaint direct questions brought Rob vividly before her. Rob would be tired when he came home, she thought suddenly; she might go out and make some biscuits for dinner. "Twice blessed," Leslie Graham had said, as she looked enviously at Barb and Paul. Ah, well, Leslie hadn't met Rob.

Advice to the Lovelorn

DON'T LOOK FOR TROUBLE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Some time ago I met a young man four years my senior. We went out together once or twice. He voluntarily had a very intimate talk with me. It appears that his highest ambition in life is to succeed in business through hard work.

He says we are both very young and it will be about six or seven years before he will ever think of marriage. Now, what he wishes (in all good faith), is that we become very good friends. He has offered to take me out for a jolly good time often, but only in a comradeship spirit.

A. F. D.

I admire the young man's frankness. Real honesty is rare, and the man who is capable of taking the loss of a friendship rather than base it on untruth, is worth cultivating. You are young and can well afford to cultivate a comradely understanding with sentiment in the background. Since you recognize that this sensible friendship is going to be of real value to you, why hesitate?

Face Wrinkled? Complexion Sallow?

Then Why Not Treat Your Skin As Beautiful French Women Do?

Paris—Science has discovered that faded, mottled, aged-looking complexions can be virtually renewed and made surprisingly beautiful by means of the following recipe: Merely wash your face with buttermilk and rub in a teaspoonful of Creme Tokalon Rosated; wipe the face and apply Poudre Fatales—a very fine complexion powder prepared especially for shiny noses and bad complexions. If your face is badly wrinkled, get a box of Japanese Ice Facial to use in connection with the roseated cream, and you should get quick action on even the deepest wrinkles. This famous French actress preserve the rare beauty of their complexions, and you were to pay hundreds of dollars for special treatment you probably would not be anything like as well off as by using this simple and inexpensive recipe. The articles mentioned above are supplied in this city by Gorgas, Kennedy & Croil, Keller, Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart, Bowman & Co.—Advertisement.

Creed that she was a necessary factor in the world's work and that she must either step out of the home and hustle for a job or else starve in general privacy.

And now the great governments of the world have called upon their woman-power to come forward and fill the shoes of the men who are needed in other capacities, and fill them effectively.

The dove-cote people should worry. Woman need not.

Birthday Surprise Party in Honor of Miss Reed

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 22.—A birthday surprise party was held on Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reed, two miles north of town, in honor of their daughter Mary's nineteenth birthday. The evening was spent in music and games and refreshments were served to Harriet Putney, Mary Vanetta, Carrie Hoppeneffer, Margaret Ulrich, Mary and Martha Reed; Stanley Branyon, Edwin Lebo, Harry Dreibleib, Allen Borden, George Wilbert, Curtis Leiser, Ira Hoffman, Guy and Harry Rutter, Albert Reed, Clair Motter, Arthur Reed and Marlin Reed; Mrs. William Motter, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Reed, Mrs. Roy Rutter, Mrs. George Motter and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reed.

A TRIUMPHANT RETURN

An absent-minded man came home one evening and gayly waved an umbrella before his wife. "Well, my dear," he said "you see I didn't leave it anywhere today. I see," said his wife. "The only trouble is that you didn't take one from home this morning."

Daily Dot Puzzle

Find Peter Rabbit.
Draw from 1 to 2 and so on to the end.

All's Well That Ends Well

BY JANE McLEAN

Enid Dray had met Leslie Graham at a tea given by mutual friends and each woman had instantly liked the other. The liking probably sprang from opposite likes and dislikes, but neither knew it just then. Enid thought grudgingly of her tiny flat and her two small children, of her hard worked but loving husband and her exceedingly infrequent new clothes. She thought of all these things grudgingly because she wondered what she had in her gray and shadowed life that might interest Leslie Graham.

Leslie Graham had written a book, she knew interesting people, she probably hadn't another woman like Enid on her list of friends, and Enid resented this fact. And Leslie herself was thinking of what a sweet, utterly unselfish, little woman Enid was with her birdlike manner and her soft caressing femininity. Leslie said afterward in discussing Enid with their hostess that she had rarely met any woman she had liked so quickly.

"Enid is a dear," said the other woman generously, "and she deserves all the credit in the world. She has two babies and not a very great deal to do with."

And Enid, at home in the tiny flat with Emma, the little maid hurrying to get dinner on the table, was again envying the free untrammelled existence of Leslie Graham. When Rob came in Enid was full of the subject.

"You've heard of her, haven't you dear?" She has written such clever things."

"Sure, I've heard of her," said Rob, anxious to please his wife, she has a brilliant career.

"It must be wonderful to be looked up to by men and women and to do things in the world."

"Don't you think you are doing things in the world?" Rob asked a little wistfully.

Now Enid was not selfish and she loved Rob and adored her babies and was happy and contented in her limited circumstances, and consequently she immediately rose to the occasion, put herself and her troubled thoughts into the background, kissed her husband and told him that she was the happiest woman in the world. And he believed her and was contented, for Enid spoke the truth, or thought she did, until the vague thoughts came again and troubled her.

Then Leslie Graham came to call. At least it could hardly be called that, for she dropped in one rainy afternoon to find Enid on the floor playing with the children. Brown little Barb peeped out shyly at the visitor behind thick black lashes, but sturdy Paul shook hands and asked Leslie if she liked marbles.

Leslie was delighted.

"I knew you must live in a home of this kind," she said to laughing Enid.

Enid raised her face questioningly.

"I've been anxious to come and see you ever since I met you that day," Leslie went on.

"Oh, but why?" protested Enid.

"I live such a quiet, uneventful existence in comparison with your wonderful life and I must seem very stupid in comparison with the people you meet every day."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, I could hardly think anything else."

"Well, you're mistaken then. Yes."

I do know some interesting people, people who do things that I do, only do them far better. But I don't know many women like you, and how can you say that you are stupid when you are spending precious time making two wonderful children happy?"

"Oh, of course I love my babies," Enid burst out quickly, catching Barb by up to her and suddenly feeling very proud.

"Of course you do; then who are you to be envying me my career and my existence when you are twice blessed as you are?"

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"Here is the soft drink for me!"

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THE SOFT DRINK THAT SATISFIES

An invigorating non-intoxicating beverage with sparkle, tang and indiduality.

There's a welcome awaiting you in every glass of MOER-LO.

Nothing so thoroughly satisfies, nothing so refreshes, nothing is so wholesome among non-intoxicating drinks as MOER-LO.

You can buy MOER-LO wherever soft drinks are sold. For convenience and economy at home buy MOER-LO by the case.

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SECOND AND CHERRY STREETS
Both Phones Harrisburg, Pa.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

This is a season of bags for they serve all sorts of uses and the three that are illustrated are admirable. They are all capacious, they are all roomy, and they are all pretty. You can make them of cretonne or you can make them of figured silk or you can make them of plain material. For strength, it is well to line all the bags and sateen and silkoline are liked for cretonne. Usually plain color is used for the lining.

For the making of any bag will be needed, 1 yard of material 36 inches wide.

The pattern No. 9583 is cut in one size. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

9583 Utility Bags, one size. Price 10 cents.

Young Women

Are Told How to Find Relief from Pain.

Nashua, N. H.—"I am nineteen years old and every month for two years I had such pains that I would often faint and have to leave school. I had such pain I did not know what to do with myself and tried so many remedies that were of no use. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and decided to try it, and that is how I found relief from pain and feel so much better than I used to.

When I hear of any girl suffering as I did I tell them how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me."—DELINA MARTIN, 29 Bowers Street, Nashua, N. H.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and is, therefore,

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

W.B. Elastine-Reduso CORSETS

Effect an Astonishing Transformation in Stout Figures.

Wearing a properly fitted W. B. Reduso Corset you appear a younger woman—hips, bust and abdomen reduced 1 to 5 inches, you look 10 to 20 pounds lighter.

You can wear more fashionable styles; you are no longer STOUT and you get Satisfaction and Value at most moderate price.

You never wore more comfortable or "easy feeling" corsets.

Lace Back Reduso Styles.

No. 721. Low Bust, Brocade, price \$5.00
No. 703. Medium Bust, coutil, price 3.50
No. 711. Short Stout Figures, Low Bust, Coutil, price 3.50

Lace Front Reduso Styles.

No. 0741. Low Bust, Coutil, price \$3.50
No. 0731. Med. Bust Coutil, price 3.50
No. 0740. Low Bust, Coutil, price 5.00

The Corset illustrated, No. 720, price \$3.50, shows how it reduces a stout figure to youthful lines.

W.B. NUFORM CORSETS Back and Front-Lace for Slender and Average Figures give the "new-form"; the figure vogue of the moment. Inexpensive, faultlessly fitting. W. B. NUFORM CORSETS are unequalled for Comfort, Wear and shape-moulding.

Models for all figures. Price \$1. to \$3.

All Dealers WEINGARTEN BROS., Inc., New York Chicago

OXIDAZE

FOR ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS

Brings quick relief. Makes breathing easy. Pleasant to take. Harmless. Recommended and guaranteed by Geo. A. Gorgas and other good druggists everywhere.

MY JOINTS WERE CREAKY LIKE A RUSTY HINGE

Shooting Pains Up and Down My Back

says E. Ringold, 1196 Christian street, Harrisburg.

"I was suffering from severe headaches, and a general run down condition. I was weak and nervous and did my work with difficulty.

"Did not sleep well and was all tired out in the morning. Was bothered with shooting pains up and down my back and limbs, my joints seemed to creak like a rusty hinge.

"To sum it all up, I was generally shot to pieces, and was down in the mouth as a result of this condition.

"I saw Sanpan advertised, but paid little attention to it, but as I kept on seeing it day after day, I gave it a trial, and in quick time it restored me to health.

"I sleep well and feel rested in the morning, am not nervous, have no aches nor pains, my joints seem to be well oiled, and I feel the best ever."

Sanpan is being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market street Harrisburg, where the Sanpan man is meeting the people.—adv.