

Reading for women and all the family

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1917, International News Service

By McManus

The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Davies

Author of 'The Melting of Molly'

Copyright, 1916, by the Reilly & Britton Co.

The old boy is a forty-two centimeter gun that fires at the mention of the lovely sex and doesn't stop until the ammunition gives out...



Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

The question of personality came up in the course of a conversation I had a few days ago with a famous portrait painter.

'Do you realize,' he said, 'the extent to which people are enslaved by opinion? It's not merely in the conventional sense of public opinion—that is an old story, of course.

'Of course, such extravagances would not be possible if people did not allow themselves always to be overwhelmed by personality—the personality of other individuals. It confronts all of us whichever way we turn.

I found his remarks both interesting and puzzling, coming from a painter of portraits; for one of his professions is to study the character and psychology.

'Tell me about your father,' I asked. 'Well, he was remarkable, because he recognized the truth of the point I am trying to make, and did all he could to educate me to meet it.

'How?' I asked. 'Why, he instructed me never to believe anything anybody told me to do, unless I was taught in a tentative sort of way, never as a final statement.'

'And did he warn you against him?' I asked. 'Certainly he did,' was the untroubled reply. 'I know the bare statement of it sounds crude, but it's the truth.'

'When I paint a portrait,' he said, 'I've got to ignore the speech and the posing of the sitter, and get at the character that lies beneath. The reason so many people in the world are weak and ineffective is because they haven't the courage and the integrity to voice their own individual views.

'Don't you realize,' he went on earnestly, 'that there ought to be as many points of view in the world as there are people in it? If you need any proof of this, take a walk up Fifth avenue or any other crowded thoroughfare and watch and study the faces you see. Recall the faces of your multitude of acquaintances. Do you ever see any two that are identical? Are you ever at a loss to distinguish one from another? Twine sometimes, yes. But they prove nothing but the rule.

'Think of what this infinite variety in physiognomy means. Of all the hundreds of millions of people in the world, of all the billions that have been, each one of them has and has had facial distinctions that have made it possible to recognize and identify one from the other. All with the same structure, general and in detail, yet each supremely different.

All's Well That Ends Well

The Story of a Young Wife Who Learned That Tolerance Is the Road to Happiness

By JANE McLEAN

Winifred closed the door behind her and met Jerry's eyes as they stood together for a moment on the landing. Then she shook her head.

'I'm not like them,' she said emphatically, 'and I couldn't be like them in a million years. Don't ask me to be, if you must ask it, then let's not carry it through.'

Jerry met the cool blue eyes, was own filled with amazement. 'You're joking,' he ejaculated.

'No, I'm not, I mean it,' she returned. 'Just because you don't like them? The girl added.

'Well, I didn't think it of you, Winifred. I thought I meant more to you than that.'

'Forgive me, dear. I'm sorry. Of course we'll be married. But you won't ask me to like them or be like them, will you?'

And Jerry, loving the girl with the best that was in him, shook his head resolutely.

Yes, the poor dear had been miserable for months. Why, she hasn't a soul outside of her Sheraton mahogany. Imagine our Jerry getting tied up to a girl with such a right girl would have done wonders with him.

'Why, their place looks like a small copy of an installment plan furniture window,' said a lazy masculine voice.

'Somebody ought to teach her how to live,' said someone else, and Winifred choked back a sob at this appearance. 'Hadn't she had her happy hours with Jerry spelled living? Or was she too narrow and cramped in her ideas to be able to know life as these people knew it? Winifred lifted her chin high and resisted an impulse to push open the door and tell them what she thought of their remarks.

By evening Jerry's small studio apartment began to take on a few all the things that Jerry had collected and which she had never wanted him to have out, and she had to wonder to the room, with some pieces of tapestry and some queer Chinese lampshades, and at dusk a small ruffled figure in a blue frock and a mass of red-brown hair carelessly wound about a queenly little head, appeared at the door of the corner studio.

'I'm giving a party for Jerry tonight,' she said shyly, after she had knocked and been admitted. 'Won't you come, and you may mind asking the others? You know who they are better than I do.'

Then with a feeble little smile she beat a hasty retreat and at the threshold of her new life with her new world, the new Winifred sat down to wait for Jerry.

It appeared as though there is more faith in half the creeds, believe me, apart, I do think there is a great deal in what you say.

Summer Cottagers Spend Pleasant Days at Dauphin

Dauphin, Pa., July 28.—Dr. S. D. Sour, of Minneapolis, Minn., is spending several weeks with his sister, Mrs. William Minsker, at Red Bridge—Mrs. Bertha Henninger, of Johnsonburg, was a recent guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Kinter—Miss Maud Duffy, of Baltimore, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert Fulton Stirling—Miss Helen Louise Wallis left on Thursday for Olean, N. Y. where she will spend a week with Miss Nancy Bartlett—Mrs. T. Augustus Brooks, of Newark, N. J., was the week-end guest of Miss Margaret Brooks—Mrs. Alexander Roberts and Mr. Hill Roberts, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. William P. Clark—Mrs. L. K. Slinger, of Milton, is the guest of a visiting aunt—Miss Fayman, of South Erie street—William F. Reed, who has been ill at his home, in South Erie street, has the past few weeks, has improved slightly—Miss Clara Clark has returned home from a visit with Miss Mildred F. Lybarger, at Reading—Mrs. Oscar Wertz has returned home from a visit with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Dell—Mrs. Frances Pittenger, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Raub—Mrs. Charles Shaffer was a recent guest of relatives at Lykens and Fishersville—George Egner, of Nantux, is visiting his niece, the Misses Lebo, at Zionsville—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Winegardner, of Harrisburg, are the week-end guests of Mrs. Winegardner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Rhoads—Miss Pearl Bogner, of Harrisburg, spent some time with her cousin, Mrs. W.

'THEIR MARRIED LIFE'

Copyright by International News Service

(Copyright, 1917, International News Service)

They had settled down for what Helen had looked forward to as an ideal evening. Warren had complained of being tired when he had come home, and Helen had fussed around him ever since with all kinds of inducements to persuade him to spend the evening with her—it was so seldom that they did stay home together. Generally there were other people present or it was Warren's lodge night, or they were both going out to the theater.

'How do you feel now, dear?' Helen asked, as comfortably settled in the living room—Helen in the chaise longue and Warren in his easy chair—they had at last decided to stay in.

'Fine, fine,' said Warren, absent-mindedly. 'I'm not sick, you know. You treat me as though I had something wrong with me.'

Helen laughed. 'Don't you know that all women like to baby the men they love?' she queried.

'Warren said "Humph!" and there was silence for a little while.'

Then Warren cast the paper aside and sprang up suddenly.

'Gee, it's hot in here,' he exclaimed. 'I think I'll go out for a little walk.'

Helen looked up disappointedly.

'Oh, Warren, you said you were going to stay home with me to-night.'

'I won't be gone more than ten minutes. But I must get a breath of air before turning in.'

Helen waited expectantly, hoping that he would ask her to go with him, but he did not suggest such a thing.

'Want me to go along?' she said as he was leaving the room.

'Oh, you don't want to go,' he said, turning back. 'Besides, I don't want to wait for you to dress. Suddenly an idea occurred to her. If he did not come home as soon as he had promised she would hide and pretend to be gone, too. Why by she could even scribble him a little note and tell him about it. The idea appealed to her more and more, and hurrying over to the desk she wrote a short note and left it on the table. It simply said:

'Thought I would go for a walk, too. Don't wait up for me if you're tired.'

Helen knew that this would alarm Warren if anything would, for she never did things of the kind. She never remembered going out alone at night. Somehow she felt rather timid, and even when she had gone with another woman she felt strange. Helen

lacked the initiative of the independent woman, although she secretly longed to possess it.

After she had written the note, she went into her own room where she could hear Warren's key in the lock and prepared to read until he came. Then she could snap off the light and curl up in there to wait for him.

Warren was gone longer than he said he would be, but it was only thirty-five minutes at that. Helen heard him come in and exclaim audibly at the fact that there were no lights. Then he went into the living room and Helen chuckled to herself as there was a silence after he had snapped on the light. He must be reading the note now. There was a silence of a few more minutes and then he came out into the hall humming a tune. Helen wondered what he was about to do. Then she realized that he was about to telephone someone. A cold fear snatched at her heart. What was she about to discover? She wished that she had never done this thing now. Was it true that Warren was about to deceive her?

She heard him give the number and then wait. Then he spoke softly.

'Hello, Lily?' he questioned. 'This is unexpected luck. How are you? Where am I? Home. My wife has skipped out for a walk and has left me alone. I thought this chance was too good to miss, so I called you.'

Helen's cheeks were burning. How shameful and sordid! Could this be Warren Curtis, the man she had always respected above every other?

Unable to control herself a minute longer, she sprang up and went out into the hall. She was just in time to see Warren with his hand on the receiver, and he turned and faced her with a grin on his face. He hadn't been telephoning at all!

Helen could not help laughing, although the shock of what she had overheard almost brought tears with the smiles.

'Fooled you, eh?' Warren said, teasingly.

'How did you know I wasn't out?' Helen demanded.

'I heard you snap off the light. Besides, you're not the kind to go wandering about the streets alone at night. Come on in the livingroom. I had brought home some cherries. I had a fine little walk and I feel up to the mark now.'

Lumber Prices After the War

You may be certain that lumber prices will further increase during the remainder of the war.

After the war there will be world-wide demand for all construction material.

To-day is your opportunity to build at a reasonable cost.

United Ice & Coal Co. Forster & Cowden, Sts.

EDUCATIONAL

School of Commerce

Troup Building, 15 S. Market Square. Noted for thorough training in Business and Stenography. Wonderful demand for Bookkeepers and Stenographers.

CIVIL SERVICE COURSE

Be Patriotic—Save Time—Begin Now. School Open All Summer. OUR OFFER—Right Training by Specialists and High-Grade Positions. You take a Business Course but Want. THE BEST is What You Want. Cumberland 4393.

Office Training School

Kaufman Bldg., 4 S. Market Sq. Training That Secures

Salary Increasing Positions

in the Office. Call or send today for interesting booklet. 'The Art of Getting Along in the World.' Bell phone 649-R.

MECHANICS TRUST COMPANY HARRISBURG, PA.

A STEADY INTEREST RATE

When you deposit money in the Savings Department of this Company you know absolutely that you will get your 3% interest year after year with unflinching regularity.

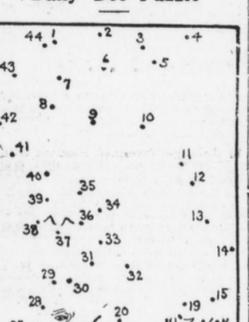
You also have assurance of unquestioned safety for your principal and your money is available at any time that you may need it.

Deposits of any amount from one dollar upwards are invited.

3% PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$600,000.00

History of Harrisburg's Leading Military Organization First City Zouaves and City Grays. Recently published—238 pages—numerous portraits and camp scenes—bound in cloth. To close out a few copies, \$1.00. THE TELEGRAPH PRINTING CO. Printing, Binding, Designing, Photo Engraving, Die Stamping, Plate Printing HARRISBURG, PA.

Daily Dot Puzzle



(To Be Continued)

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Pretty, dainty blouses simply made and simply trimmed are much worn with heavier skirts. The combination is always an attractive and a serviceable one, and this year you may make the blouse of color or of white as you like. In the picture, there is a skirt of cotton gabardine and the blouse is made of handkerchief lawn with trimming of flet lace. If you like the costume idea, you can make the blouse in color to match the skirt while at the same time it is of a thinner material. You can use handkerchief lawn or cotton voile or crepe de chine, as you like. A great many very handsome costumes of the sort are made with skirts of white washable or sports satin and blouse of white crepe embroidered with a little bit of color because this season a touch of color is apt to be found in every costume. For the medium size the blouse will require, 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 yards 44 and the skirt, 2 3/4 yards 44 or 54 inches wide. The blouse pattern No. 9465 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and the skirt pattern No. 9452 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents each.

9465 Blouse with Square Neck, 34 to 42 bust. Price 15 cents. 9452 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 32 waist. Price 15 cents.