

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## Life's Problems Are Discussed

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

There are some very desirable and beautiful things in this world which can neither be defined nor classified as property. They are the real things we know, and yet the moment anyone tries to take possession of them they vanish. Among them are love and friendship.

It may be accepted as an aphorism that no friendship and no love is sufficiently indestructible to be proof against the sense of possession. You may claim, you may protest that you own it, and—Pouf!—it has gone forever.

A girl recently wrote me this story of a little human comedy. It was both pathetic and humorous, more pathetic, however, than humorous.

She was, according to her own claim, capable, young woman who had for some time filled a responsible position in a large store in one of the smaller cities. Presently a young man, a stranger, appeared on the scene and seemed anxious to affiliate himself with the same house.

The girl thought well of him and immediately busied herself in his behalf, with the result that she secured a place for him in the line of promotion. He gave satisfaction to the firm and showed that he was quite capable of fulfilling his new duties.

So far, so good. She then introduced him to her friends, and again he acquitted himself admirably and won the good opinion of every one who met him. But the situation was no longer satisfactory to her. She claims that once firmly entrenched in his new position, and with a growing acquaintance, his manner to her changed.

At first he was duly grateful and appreciative of her good offices, and then slowly but surely he began to avoid her. This became obvious to her friends, who resented it and took occasion to remind him of her past kindness to him and of the way she has bestirred herself to further his interests.

But this only confirmed him in his aloof attitude, and now the girl complains that he is no more than ordinarily civil to her, and she confesses herself not only puzzled and

## Bringing Up Father



## THEIR MARRIED LIFE

Copyright by International News Service

"Winifred dear, how could you be so naughty?" Helen, trying to be as calm as possible, had stopped at the entrance of the apartment house, and was looking down at Winifred's flushed face.

"I saw her do it, ma'am," said a nursemaid who was wheeling a baby carriage up and down before the door.

"What was it she did and how did it happen?" asked Helen, trying in vain to stop the tears of a small child who was standing near by.

"I didn't see how it began," said the girl, "but they were playing together, and the first I knew about it, I saw your little girl lift up her hand and strike the other as hard as she could."

Helen could see that Winifred had slapped the little girl rather hard, for the red marks of her fingers were across the child's cheek, but before she could ask anything more the child suddenly disappeared around the corner and Helen was left with Winifred and the leopards nursemaid.

Helen took Winifred's hand and led the way inside and into the elevator. On the way she was trying to decide what to do, and just how to punish her. She wanted to be fair and she intended to question Winifred carefully before a punishment was inflicted. When the apartment was finally reached, Helen led the way in, took Winifred to the bathroom, where she washed her hands and face, and then proceeded to the living room where she asked how it all happened.

"You slapped the little girl, didn't you, Winifred?"

Winifred nodded.

"What did you do for?"

"I told her I would," said Winifred, deliberately, "if she did it again."

"Did what again?"

"Punished her," said Winifred.

"Oh, she pinched you, did she?"

Again Winifred nodded.

"Don't do that, dear," said Helen, "mother."

"Yes, mother," said Winifred obediently.

"And so you slapped her because she pinched you? Why didn't you walk away from her? You needn't have stayed with her, you know."

"We were playing, and it was fun."

"But suppose mother slapped you?"

Winifred looked at Helen and said: "I would like to see you try to do anything like that again. No matter what happens you dare never do anything like that to me, do you hear me?"

Winifred looked up slowly and met her mother's eyes.

"Say you're sorry, dear, and mother will forgive you."

Winifred slowly shook her head. "I'm not sorry," she muttered, "I told her I'd do it."

"You aren't going to punish your little girl this time," Helen went on patiently, "but you must say you're sorry."

"No," said Winifred flatly. "Then you must be punished. Go into your room and take off your clothes and go to bed, and there will be no supper."

If Helen had expected Winifred to quail at this she was mistaken, for the child left the room in silence, and five minutes later when Helen went to the door, was just climbing into bed.

Helen was determined to break the child's stubbornness, which had not noticed for some time past. She wondered where Winifred had developed such an unexpected trait; she had been sweet and tractable as a smaller child. Were they to have trouble with her now?

Helen tried to sit down quietly and knit, but she discovered that the ancient with Winifred had made her restless. The knowledge that Winifred was in disgrace worried her, and the best method of dealing with the problem vexed her still more.

Warren met her when he came home, just coming out of Winifred's room, where the child lay quiet and wide awake. Helen's worried countenance evoked an immediate, "What's wrong?"

"Oh, she's naughty," Helen said, and explained the matter to him. "She simply will not give in, dear, and I must punish her until she is more or less of a feeling that Warren must certainly agree with the way she had acted, and she waited for him to speak up.

"She certainly has a lot of spirit; I admire her grit," and he grinned broadly.

"She must be made to obey."

"Oh, sure; punish her if you like; but just the same it isn't as if she had done something really wrong, is it? Suppose she isn't sorry for doing it. Are you really settled in in your mind about the chair with the evening paper, leaving Helen uncertain as to whether or not she had been too strict, but determined nevertheless to see the thing through now that she had gone so far.

To Be Continued.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

NARROW-MINDED

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am engaged to a soldier who is now in France. Our engagement has not been announced, owing to the war. I have several other friends who are in the service on this side and who take me out quite a little and who know of my engagement. My fiancé's family disapproves of my accepting any attentions from anybody and have made it uncomfortable for me. They have also written to him, exaggerating greatly. As I love my soldier dearly I hate to have them make him think otherwise. Should I give up receiving all the little attentions of my friends, some of them also friends of his? I would appreciate very much some advice about the matter.

has not a paying position. We feel that the girl is too old for him and that he is too young to even consider an engagement.

We want to do what is right to all concerned, so would appreciate your advice.

A CONSTANT READER.

Indeed a boy of eighteen should not be contemplating matrimony. He needs to work and make himself, to get experience and the education of life, to grow in knowledge of himself and what he really wants. When I advised a boy to marry a girl two years older than himself he was sufficiently mature to choose a wife. If your brother were planning to marry a girl of seventeen, that would be just as bad as the present situation; but if he were twenty-five, and planning to marry a girl of twenty-seven, there would be no obstacle in the difference in ages. You see that, don't you?



"A GOLDEN SEAL CUSTOMER. A PLEASANT CUSTOMER"

**OUR MENU**

is extensive and varied - including delicious soups, chowders, substantial sandwiches, fresh home baked pies and puddings, ice cream, sundaes, tea, coffee, etc.

**OUR SERVICE**

is prompt and courteous.

**OUR PRICES**

are reasonable, including many novel and delicious combination lunches from

20c to 35c

At the Golden Seal Luncheonette

A la Carte Service also

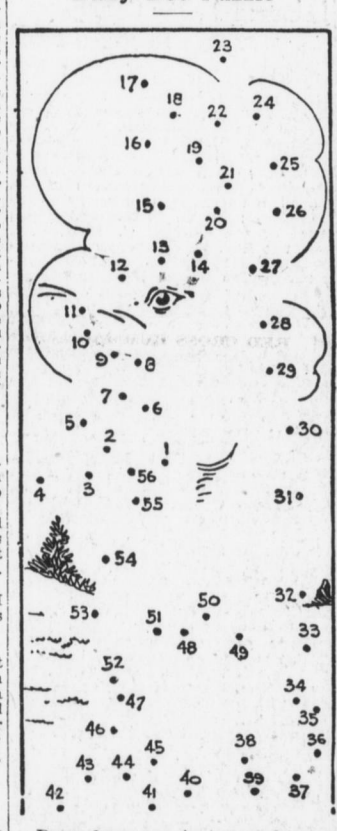
Open from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M.

City Health Tests prove our Ice Cream the best in the city. Try some at the fountain—take some home.

Golden Seal Drug Store

11 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE

## Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Quality Highest Always

## Fashion's Smartest Apparel

at the

# LADIES BAZAAR

—in—

## Suits--Coats--Dresses Blouses and Skirts

A wonderful display of Fashion's finest creations—in beautiful materials—smartly tailored—at prices you just cannot duplicate elsewhere.



SUITS AT \$24.75, \$29.75, \$34.75 to \$57.75  
 COATS AT \$22.75, \$24.75 to \$34.75.  
 DRESSES AT \$14.75, \$19.75 to \$37.75.  
 BLOUSES AT \$1.85, \$3.85, \$4.75, \$12.75  
 SKIRTS AT \$3.49, \$4.98 to \$14.75.

INCOMPARABLE VALUES ALL—

# Ladies Bazaar

8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST.

Harrisburg's Garment Institution

## Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



STUNNING TYPES OF SMART FROCKS.

Straight and long and trim looking, yet ample for comfort is the frock of check silk gingham. The skirt is gathered to a waist that is tucked at either shoulder and trimmed with polka dotted foulard. The hem, stitched collar is of organdy. Flare cuffs finish the long, narrow sleeves. In medium size the dress requires 6 yards 36-inch gingham, with 2 1/2 yards 40-inch foulard and 3/4 yard organdy.

Second Model: The frock is fashioned in the second model. The gathered skirt, plain at the front and back, is draped a little at the sides, though very narrow at the bottom. The upper part of the bodice is of lace. Medium size requires 5 1/2 yards 40-inch satin and 2 1/2 yards 2 1/2-inch lace.

First Model: Pictorial Review Costume No. 7532. Sizes, 14 to 20. Price, 20c.

Second Model: Costume No. 7495. Sizes, 16 to 20. Price, 20c.

## Some Barley Receipts

Here are some excellent barley receipts recommended by Miss Ida M. Durling, government food expert for Kansas City:

**Steam Barley Pudding**—One cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one cup, one-teaspoon soda, three-fourths cup corn meal, one cup barley flour, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one cup chopped raisins. Beat egg, add molasses, milk and soda dissolved in a little cold water. Sift corn meal and barley flour together and combine with first mixture. Add chopped raisins and pour into well greased baking powder tin or popover cups. If the latter are used, cover each cup with a well greased paper. Steam two hours.

**Barley Baking Powder Biscuits**—Two cups barley flour, three tablespoons fat, one-half teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, two-thirds cup milk. Sift the dry ingredients together, rub in the fat, and add the liquid until a soft dough is formed. Roll three-quarter inch thick and cut with a cookie cutter. Bake in a hot oven.

**Barley Muffins**—One cup sour milk, one tablespoon sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons melted fat, two and one-quarter cups barley flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Beat egg, add sugar, salt and soda dissolved in a little cold water. Sift flour and baking powder together and combine with first mixture. Add the melted fat and beat well. Bake in well greased muffin pans until thoroughly done, about one-half hour, depending on the size of the muffins.

## Can't Find Dandruff

Every bit of dandruff disappears after one or two applications of Danderine. Rubbed well into the scalp with the finger tips. Get a small bottle of Danderine at any drug store for a few cents and save your hair. After several applications you can't find a particle of dandruff or any falling hair, and the scalp will never itch.

## FINE FOR RHEUMATISM

**Musterole Loosens Up Those Stiff Joints—Drives Out Pain**

You'll know why thousands use Musterole once you experience the glad relief it gives.

Get a jar at once from the nearest drug store. It is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not blister. Brings ease and comfort while it is being rubbed on!

Musterole is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Millions of jars are used annually for bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.



## Quickest Pain Killer on Earth

Mustarine Stops All Pain in Half the Time it Takes Other Remedies — Oftentimes in Five Minutes. Subdues Inflammation and Reduces Swellings With Amazing Speed

**TAKES ONLY ONE 25 CENT BOX TO PROVE IT**

Don't be downhearted! Never mind if you have tried plasters and liniments and other things that don't start to banish the pain and agony till day after tomorrow.

If you want to kill pain, get rid of aches—draw out inflammation and make all swellings disappear with amazing speed get a 25c box of MUSTARINE right away.

Chemist Begy discovered Mustarine. He made it of good, honest, true yellow mustard—added other pain-deadening ingredients—took out the blister and astonished the medical profession by giving to the world a preparation ten times better than Grandmother's good old-fashioned but dirty and blistering mustard plaster.

Mustarine relieves backache, headache, toothache, earache and neuralgia in five minutes—in an hour all misery will disappear.

Sore throat goes over night—jumping agony in an hour. Chest colds, promptly and are speedily ended with Mustarine, the original mustard plaster substitute in the yellow box—only 25 cents.—Advertisement.