



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## Life's Problems Are Discussed

I get many letters dealing with the much-discussed, never-settled mother-in-law, daughter-in-law question; therefore, a conversation I heard the other day seems especially apt, so I give it.

A wise and clever mother was talking to her daughter, who had been married a year or two before, and who was now spending some weeks at her old home.

The mother happened to be discussing on the wisdom of ignorance as much as possible the minor annoyances in life, the flies in the amber, the notes in the sunshine, when the daughter interrupted her with a short laugh.

"I don't believe you'd be quite so philosophical if you had such a fly in the amber as my mother-in-law."

"Well," replied her mother, "you can't at least be thankful that you don't have to live in the same house with her."

"It's almost as bad," the girl (for she was no more than a girl) spoke gloomily. "She is constant in ignoring Jack's time and attention, and she makes it plain that she barely tolerates me. She looks upon me as an intruder, and she is always telling me what congenial companions she and Jack were, how well they understood each other and what a confidant he made of her."

"A stupid way to play the mother-in-law game," commented the older woman, "but, even so, make some allowances for her. All that she says is probably true, isn't it?"

"Of course it's true," the daughter spoke with bitterness, "that's the worst of it. There is only one fault

## Bringing Up Father



I have to find with Jack; he is absurdly weak where his mother is concerned. She has more influence over him than I have. Why, he is under her thumb to a degree you would not imagine.

"Just what is your attitude toward her and toward him?" the unfurled mother put down her knitting.

"The girl frowned and thought for a moment. 'I have no respect for a man who allows himself to be so completely at his mother's beck and call after he is married. I have told him that he showed a lack of proper consideration for me and that I would not endure it; I would not be pushed aside as an interloper. And I further said to him that I would make my visits to you very prolonged affairs unless he gave his

mother to understand that his first interest was his wife."

Her mother thought for a few minutes, her lips a little compressed. "My sympathies are with you, of course," she said. "But look at the matter in an abstract way, quite as if you were not concerned in it. Jack married you because he was deeply in love with you. You mean more in his life than any one else. All of his real interests are with you. You are both young and you are beginning a new life together. The new home you two are making is a more real and vital matter to him than any memories of his old one."

"All of his and your hopes and plans and ambitions for the future are identical. His fidelity to his mother is merely a proof of his unchanging devotion to you; it shows his quality and the constancy of his nature. He realizes that she is old, and that she has lived through much suffering and disappointment. He remembers with gratitude her care and kindness, and he knows that to refuse her some of his society now would sadden and embitter her last years."

Her exhortations may be very trying as far as both he and you are concerned, but can't you be big enough and generous enough to see them for what they are? She is trying desperately to clutch more than her share of affection, and no one can do that successfully. Your husband is too loyal to her to admit her selfishness, but you may be sure he is not blind. And as for you, if you are going to notice every trifle and be hurt and offended by it, the different shades of her manner toward you, you will be building up a fine house of misery for yourself.

"The love your husband has for you is yours; the love he has for his mother is hers. Neither of you can possibly get what belongs to the other, and you must learn to close your share in the struggle. But she is trying to encroach on what is yours, and you are determined to get what is hers, and the result is a lovely scramble."

"As for the way she treats you, what does it matter? Just be blithely happy and ignore it. Be unfemininely pleasant and polite, when you are thrown with her and let it go at that. You are giving her great power over you when you allow either her manner or her words to get under your skin. You do not have to live your life with her and it's never the way other people treat us that spoils our happiness or our tempers, it is the mental attitude that we take toward them."

"Just because your mother-in-law is a blind and foolish woman trying to do what can't be done—rule the lives of the younger generation—why should you match her in blindness and folly?"

## THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XXXVIII  
Copyright, 1918, Star Company  
"Cynthia!" Mrs. Livingstone's voice sounded peremptorily through the silent house. "Your uncle is waiting for you! Why don't you come?"

"Oh, pshaw!" Dora muttered. "Well, go on Cyn, and tell me the rest when you come back. Mother is so persistent!"

"I am coming!" Cynthia called, hastening from the room.

Her uncle's den was at the other end of the hall and she stopped in the open door. Her aunt was standing here, her wrap still on. She must have been much absorbed to forget to remove the heavy velvet and fur mantle. Stephen Livingstone stood also, fingering nervously the cigar and cigar-cutter which he held.

"Come in, child," he commanded, laying down both cigar and cuttler and stepping forward. Then, as if to gain time, he added—"You look like your mother to-night, my dear. Cynthia tried to smile, but the muscles of her mouth seemed to have stiffened.

"Your mother was a very lovely woman," the man observed. "She would be pleased with your action with regard to Gerald Stewart. I have had a long talk with him this evening, as you know. Sit down, child."

The girl's silence seemed to embarrass him. He moved aside that she might seat herself on the couch. "I want to congratulate you, Cynthia," he went on. "You have chosen wisely. I hope you will be very happy."

"Thank you!" she managed to speak at last.

Her aunt bent down and kissed her on the cheek. "Many congratulations dear!" she cooed. "You and I are both much gratified."

"Thank you!" Cynthia said again. "I will leave you to talk business with your uncle," Mrs. Livingstone announced sweetly. "We both wish you much happiness, dear child. You must see that you are like our own daughter during the next few months, until you go to your husband's home."

Before Cynthia could summon her wits to reply, the matron swept from the room, closing the door behind her. The girl shivered slightly.

"Your are cold?" her uncle questioned.

Her Uncle's Present  
Cynthia remembered that her aunt had asked her this same question this evening at the concert, and she explained now, as she had then—

"I had a little nervous chill. I am very comfortable—not cold at all."

Stephen Livingstone seated himself in his desk chair opposite her. "You may as well get down to business," he said. "As you know, I am a thorough businessman. So to-night, when young Stewart told

me that he had asked you to marry him, and that you had accepted, I asked him for a partial accounting of his affairs. I was aware from what I had heard that he was doing very well in business, but I did not know that he was as prosperous as he is. He can support a wife handsomely. He is also an honorable gentleman, and well up on the ladder to success and prosperity."

Cynthia wondered what she ought to say. Perhaps if she loved Gerald she might know how to reply.

"I am glad you are pleased," she said humbly.

"The girl drew his brows together. 'I am not thinking of whether I am pleased or not, Cynthia. I am thinking only of your future.'"

"Yes, sir." Her pale lips formed the words with difficulty.

"And now I want to tell you that you have enough money of your own left to get yourself a handsome trousseau. I want you to use it for that purpose. Your future is now secure. It will be my pleasure to give you as handsome a wedding as I expect to give to my own daughter. It shall cost you nothing."

"Oh!" Cynthia pressed her hands together in protest. "I cannot have that, Uncle! I must pay for all such things myself."

"Be quiet," Stephen Livingstone's tone was not rough, but stern. "As the brother of your mother—who was, please remember, my only and my dear sister—I have some rights. Also other circumstances have given me the privilege to dictate as to what you shall do. You make it very hard for me, Cynthia, to do what I please with a little of my own money."

A Fatherly Kiss  
"But you have already done so much," she began, "and I cannot be dependent any longer."

"You have been sensible enough to do that which will soon render you independent of everybody except your husband," he reminded her.

her. "As to what I have done—I have already informed you that the best way for you to show your gratitude is to comply with my requests."

What else could she do? With Stephen Livingstone, the pleasure of feeling that he was playing Lord Bountiful to his dead sister's child was soothing and helped him forget certain matters that had occurred in the past—matters in which he felt he had acted as justice and common sense dictated. Yet it made him comfortable to

give to the niece who, but for him and his planning, might have to earn her own living.

"You are very kind," Cynthia murmured.

"I will write to-morrow to Darius Blake, your father's lawyer, telling him of the excellent marriage you are making," Stephen Livingstone added. "And now, by dear, good-night."

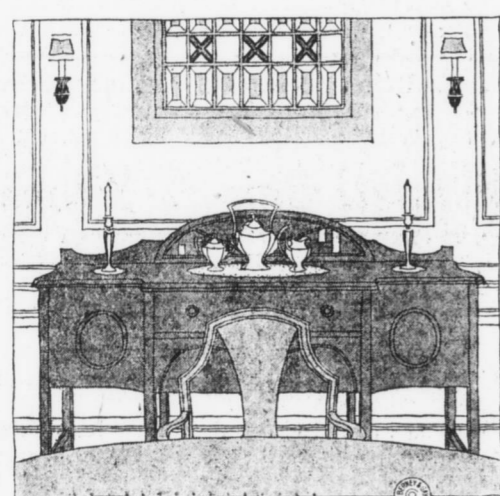
He took her hand as she sat on the couch and bent over her in a fatherly way, dropping a kiss upon her forehead. She recalled in a

flash the first night she had sat in this room, and how Milton had taken her hand in his.

"She sprang to her feet. 'Good-night,' she murmured.

"I told your aunt not to tell the good news to Dora," her uncle remarked with a smile. "I know girls like to tell each other these surprises."

Opening the door, he stood to one side to let her pass, and with a mite bow, she went out of the room. (To Be Continued)



## New furniture for Post-Lenten entertaining

After Easter, Lenten sobriety will be replaced by a whirl of entertaining.

Your guests will find fresh delight in your hospitality this season, if you increase the beauty of your home by attractive new furniture. You will find that our new Berkey & Gay pieces have the character and charm you desire. Here you can discover a spacious well-designed sideboard to add to the loveliness of your dining room, a cozy chair or a dainty table that will improve your guest room. Come in and select what you need.

### GOLDSMITH'S

North Market Square

**CHANCE FOR STENOGRAPHER**  
Here is the opportunity for any patriotic person who is a stenographer to help Uncle Sam immediately. The Chamber of Commerce, in making plans for the Third Liberty Loan drive, finds itself greatly in need of some stenographers who will volunteer to put in a couple of hours each day, by phone or in person at the offices in the Dauphin building if you would do a good turn for liberty.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



**TWO INTERESTING NEW MODELS**  
The first model shown here is lovely in detail and picturesque. It is fashioned of pale blue cotton voile, trimmed with soutache braid in darker tone. The waist has an applied lower section extending in points up the front and a braided collar surrounding a vest of white crepe Georgette. The hanging pockets are braided. Medium size requires 6 yards 36-inch voile and 3/4 yard crepe Georgette, with 1 bunch soutache braid.

The touch of color about the dark blue satin to the right is supplied in embroidery motifs of bold design. They trim the collar and pockets. The skirt is tucked up at the back in bustle effect and attached to a semi-fitted waist fastening straight down the front. Medium size requires 6 yards 40-inch satin.

First Model: Waist No. 7599. Sizes, 34 to 50 inches bust. Price, 20c.

Skirt No. 7584. Sizes, 24 to 34 inches waist. Price, 20c.

Second Model: Waist No. 7613. Sizes, 34 to 42 inches bust. Price, 20c.

Skirt No. 7614. Sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist. Price, 20c.

## Quality Garments Always



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Showing the newest, smartest styles of the season at sharp price reductions.

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Values to \$22.75	Values to \$27.75	Values to \$29.75	Values to \$32.75
29 <sup>95</sup>	32 <sup>95</sup>	and	49 <sup>75</sup>
Values to \$37.75	Values to \$39.75		Values to \$59.75

## Suits

In such splendid cloths as Tyrol Wool, Mannish Serge, Tricotine, Suede Velour, Vigoureaux, Shepherd Check, Jersey Cloth, Gabardine, Poplin and in Satin and Taffeta.

Early selections are urged.

## Beautiful New Dresses

At 14<sup>75</sup> 16<sup>75</sup> 19<sup>75</sup> to 39<sup>75</sup>

Charming Dainty Frocks for All Occasions  
At Ladies Bazaar Prices

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For seashore or mountain travel—street or dressy occasions—in a splendid variety of cloths—and in every desirable color

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They are Ladies Bazaar values

## New Blouses

They suggest the balmy days of June—so dainty their colors of tea rose, orchard, pink and sunset—So fine their quality of georgette and crepes—the prices are

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## Ladies Bazaar

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Women's Havana Brown Military Lace Boots (like cut). Dark brown cloth tops. A regular \$4 style. Cut Price, \$2.95

**STERN'S CUT RATE SHOES**  
709 WALNUT ST.

**Sunshine or Rain I Am on the Job In Season or Out**  
Always on the hunt for the extra big shoe values that make your friends come here.

I never dreamed of such big shoe business as we had at Easter time. I am going to keep the ball rolling all season with these much-talked-of values.

WALTER L. STERN  
Cut-rate Shoelist



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Women's Brown Mahogany Oxford.	Women's Dull Kid Spat Pumps.	Women's White Canvas Lace Dressy Long Covered Military Heels.	Women's Dull Black Calf Military Oxford. Wing tips. Low heels.
\$2.95	\$2.95	\$2.95	\$2.95

Women's KOKO Brown Military Pumps. Perfectly plain vamps. New low heels. Cut-Price, \$2.95

Same style in dull black calf, at \$2.95

