



Reading for Women and the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

What is your idea of cruelty? If you are a reasonable person, you might as well give up this conundrum immediately, you'd never guess it in a thousand years. The answer is: "One who makes a botch of powdering his wife's back."

You will find no such definition of "cruelty" in the dictionary or set forth in even the worst of the "best sellers" or on the stage or the "movies."

Nowhere outside of a comic supplement, or in a courtroom with a trial in progress, a trial augmented by all the pomp and panoply of the law, would you find such a definition of cruelty.

The scene of this interpretation of the word was St. Louis, where it was brought out in the evidence given in a divorce suit. "He powdered my back clumsily," said the lady, and the twelve good men and true gravely reflected on the atrocity.

Husband Sure He Did Well. The husband stoutly defended his skill with the swansdown. Where heavy camouflage was concerned he was an artist of experience, goodness knows. But his wife greeted his most conscientious efforts with cries of "Clumsy!" and "Bore!"

She would have none of his back-powdering. The wife further complained she was obliged to eat cheap meals, at a popular-priced restaurant, while visiting Atlantic City.

Again the long-suffering husband explained. She had eaten a five-dollar meal and then decided on syrup and wheat cakes!

I don't know the outcome of the case; but the initial proceedings seemed to indicate everything was going in the lady's favor. No pretty woman need have the slightest fear of convincing a male jury that cruelty lies in following a five dollar meal with "wheat cakes and—" or anything else she may be clever enough to insinuate.

If you have any doubts on the subject just go see Barry's "The Legend of Leonora," the next time it is in town.

Another lady from Columbus, or Indianapolis—I've forgotten which—testified to cruel treatment. Her husband no longer laced up her boots! It seemed that in the early days of their marriage he would become cross if she denied him this privilege. But now that she has

Bringing Up Father



Every night is John's night off—and who can blame him? Perhaps he meets, casually, some woman who is companionable, someone who has an idea above boots, and backs and dress hooks; she wouldn't have to be very wonderful to appear fascinating by comparison. At least she represents "mystery," he doesn't know every sordid detail of her ensemble.

A boot lacing or a gown hooking may be asked occasionally, but to demand such service day in and day out as a right—lo, the bearded lady's maid is off. He is experiencing the unrest prevailing among our domesticities at present—he may be seeking a new situation.

The intricacies of a woman's toilet are uninteresting—even disillusionizing—to the onlooker, despite the marvelous results that downright homeliness often achieves by reason of them. But there are some things that should remain skeletons in the feminine locker.

For instance, there is no one in all the world a woman knows well enough to coldcream her face before.

She may regard it as an obligatory rite; she may knock off ten years as a result of her efforts with the grease pot, but a glimpse of the process is the death of romance, mystery; I was going to say—respect.

Crimping Pins and Boudoir Caps. But some women—good women, too—smear their faces with cold cream, put up their hair in crimping pins, draw flopping "boudoir-caps" over the combination of horrors and go to bed to sleep the sleep of the just—and the unthinking.

Why is it that the man who marries a selfish woman of this sort is usually a thoroughly good fellow who accepts his slavery—for some years at least—without murmur? Of course, the woman who has domesticated a lady's maid will wander, unless she misses her talents as boot-lacer, back-powderer and gown-hooker. But if she should happen to value the man beneath these rather execrable gifts let her take heed.

In time the whitest of backs may become monotonous, the daintiest foot a bore, the most gowned a weariness to the flesh. Remember that ladies' maids are proverbially flirtatious and fond of seeking new situations.

What difference does it make? Sooner or later this reiterated question discourages our domestic efforts as loyal members of the food administration.

What difference does it make? The words taunt us as we rise half an hour earlier to make corn bread for breakfast instead of having the toast we used to have. They hum through our brains as we mechanically cut the fat off the morning's order of meat and save it to render for cooking and use in place of butter.

They whisper insidiously in our ears as we take the time to look up the receipt of the meat substitute dish we saw in the paper and make it for dinner in place of meat. They mock us as we refuse the sugar for our coffee. Such a little—only a teaspoonful. What difference does it make?

Women of the north, women of the south, women of the east and of the west, women of Alaska and of Porto Rico! Was there ever a more glorious army of womanhood brought together in a common cause, than this army fighting to save food and so to have human lives?

And what difference does it make whether you do your share? Whether you save the cupful of wheat, the spoonful of fat, the pound of meat, the few ounces of sugar?

"My part is so little," you say. "What difference does it make?" But how can food be saved in the aggregate without individual saving? And how can you expect your neighbor to save, if you, yourself, are careless in doing your share?

Fall in step then, women of America. No one is alone in this work of conserving food. You are marching shoulder to shoulder with the woman in Alaska, the woman in Porto Rico, the woman on the cattle ranges of the west, the woman in the big metropolis of the east.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

There is a loss from business failures in the United States every year of a sum of which ranges between two and three hundred million dollars.

And, according to financial authorities, the cause in almost every instance can be set down to inefficiency. Bradstreet's figure that 80.3 per cent of all failures are due to the personal shortcomings of those who failed, and place at the head of the list—far ahead of such faults as outside speculation, doubtful habits, personal extravagance or dishonesty—simply incompetence.

In other words, a large number of men and women who are honest, sober, industrious and economical go to the wall every year because they either don't or won't learn how. They are not on their jobs.

Those two or three hundred millions on the wrong side of the ledger form a pretty heavy indictment against our boasted national characteristics of shrewdness and adaptability. In England and on the continent they have far fewer failures than we do in this country. And the reason, as one careful observer has pointed out, is because in those older countries business enterprises are seldom started without a fair degree of ability or preparation; of those who failed, they are handed down from father to son, staying in the same family for generations. Over here, we make it more a sporting proposition.

At present time, too, when we are being advised from every billboard that "Dollars will win the war!" those staggering figures of loss mean more than a mere exposition of recklessness and slipshod methods. They represent the waste of an appalling amount of energy and effort, which should be hooverized and conserved by proper direction and application, and so made a national asset instead of a national menace.

Before seeking a remedy for any condition you have got to diagnose the trouble. Does the brand of incompetence laid upon these men and women who fail mean that they are lacking in brains or ability? Not at all. Does it mean that they are lazy or shiftless? Not necessarily; they may and often do work harder and for longer hours than their competitors.

Does it mean that they are negligent, extravagant, visionary or crooked? Again, no. There was never in the world such a career starting in business for himself as there is to-day; but equally there was never before such a heavy demand as business makes to-day upon the person who elects to follow it.

When Charles M. Schwab was recently called upon to take charge of the government's shipbuilding program, he was asked upon what he would chiefly rely for the success of his campaign, and he said upon the infusion of a spirit of enthusiasm and rivalry into the work.

That's it! Mr. Schwab knows what he's talking about; he stands in the public mind as the representative type of modern American businessman. And the spirit of rivalry and enthusiasm is what every business needs.

Let it be made a "sporting proposition," not in the sense of a gamble, a blind taking of chances, but in the sense of a contest for which one trains and fits himself, constantly studying every point of the game, and into which one throws his whole heart and soul. No man who does that will long remain incompetent or inefficient.

It matters not what a man's handicaps may be, nor how faulty his work or his methods according to set rules and traditions; if he has that white flame of enthusiasm burning in his bosom, he is bound to succeed.

It is never the book itself, or the play itself, or the song itself that makes a hit. They may be, and frequently are, lacking in every technical requirement. But if the writer or composer has enthusiasm, a sincere belief in his subject and a personality, it will glow between the printed lines of his story, it will sweep compellingly across the footlights, it will lend a charm and power to his melody that will overcome every defect. And the same thing is true in the business world—it is true in every line of endeavor.

What made John L. Sullivan the greatest champion in the history of the ring? Other men excelled him in scientific ability, in judgment, possibly even in strength; but no pugilist ever equaled him in enthusiasm and zest for the game. And it was exactly the same quality that made Marshall Field the greatest merchant of his day, and that accounts for a Morgan, a Carnegie, a Hill and a Harriman in their respective lines. If you ask, why a George M. Cohan, or a Ty Cobb, or a Charles M. Schwab, the answer in every instance is the same.

You've got to love your job. You've got to root for it in season and out of season. You've got to make a hobby of it, and give it your undivided interest. If you can't do that, then the best thing you can do is to get out and shift to a line where you can.

LADIES' BAZAAR

Announcing the Arrival of Over 250 Charming Summer Dresses of Unusual Beauty

5.95 6.95 14.95

In Fancy Woven Checked, Plaid, Dotted and Striped Voiles, many in the darker tones of Gray, Navy and Black and White, and in fine Gingham; also quite a showing of White Voiles and Nets trimmed with Lace and Silk Ribbons. Finely made and priced. Exceptionally low for such fine quality dresses.

Fine Wash Skirts

At 2.49 2.95 3.95 to 6.95

Over 2,000 Splendid Skirts to Select From

You surely can find your particular style, size and material—at just about the price you want to pay. Of fine gabardine, tricotine and pure linen.

Special Friday 25 Gabardine Wash Skirts. Only one to a customer. 98c

Distiguishing Style Points

of Our

New Summer Blouses

Georgette Hand Embroidered and Beaded Blouses

3.95 Values to \$5.50

\$2.95 to \$12.95

Ladies Bazaar

8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST.

Harrisburg's Garment Institution

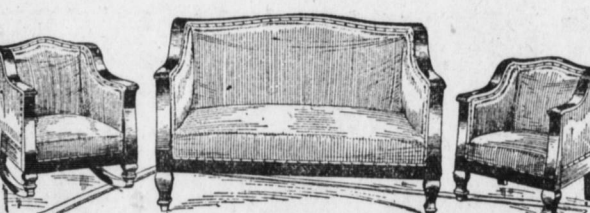
A Cheap Refrigerator Is Dear at Any Price!

You may figure economy from many angles but when it comes to a refrigerator the best is none too good for the thrifty

We have had the largest refrigerator business in our history. There are various reasons for that. But there is one very important reason as far as you are concerned: We are selling thoroughly well-built refrigerators that are scientifically correct as ICE SAVERS. And a refrigerator that will save ice is the surest economy.

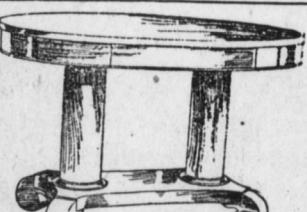
- Lift Top Refrigerator** - A good size for family use. Metal lined and equipped with wire shelves. **\$10.50**
- Lift Top Refrigerator** - White enameled lined provision chambers, nicked shelves, patent locks. **\$17**
- Side Icing Refrigerator** - Three-door style. Genuine porcelain lined, won't peel. High grade hardware. **\$26**

This Very Attractive 3-Piece Library Suit



Complete For **\$89**

The frame is quartered oak and wide and massive. The arms are wide and massive. The design is Colonial, making it appropriate for any style home furnishings. The upholstery is of heavy imitation brown Spanish leather.



Library Table **\$19.50**

Oval top Library Table in quartered oak or dull mahogany finish.



Porch Swings, **\$2.25**

This price while the lot lasts. We do not expect to get any more to sell at this price. Finished in weathered oak. Four feet long. Includes chains for hanging. This is the lowest price swing in town.

Porch Swing **\$5.50** - Extra heavy and well made, four feet long, arms filled in at side of swing. Special.

Porch Swing **\$3.75** - with shaped seat. Finished fumed oak, 42 inches long. A very special value at



What Difference Does It Make

What difference does it make? Sooner or later this reiterated question discourages our domestic efforts as loyal members of the food administration.

What difference does it make? The words taunt us as we rise half an hour earlier to make corn bread for breakfast instead of having the toast we used to have. They hum through our brains as we mechanically cut the fat off the morning's order of meat and save it to render for cooking and use in place of butter.

They whisper insidiously in our ears as we take the time to look up the receipt of the meat substitute dish we saw in the paper and make it for dinner in place of meat. They mock us as we refuse the sugar for our coffee. Such a little—only a teaspoonful. What difference does it make?

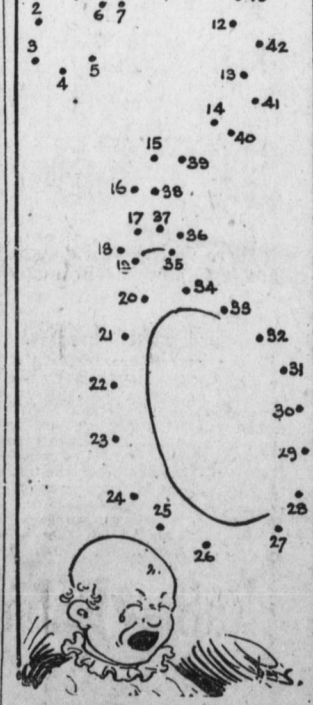
Women of the north, women of the south, women of the east and of the west, women of Alaska and of Porto Rico! Was there ever a more glorious army of womanhood brought together in a common cause, than this army fighting to save food and so to have human lives?

And what difference does it make whether you do your share? Whether you save the cupful of wheat, the spoonful of fat, the pound of meat, the few ounces of sugar?

"My part is so little," you say. "What difference does it make?" But how can food be saved in the aggregate without individual saving? And how can you expect your neighbor to save, if you, yourself, are careless in doing your share?

Fall in step then, women of America. No one is alone in this work of conserving food. You are marching shoulder to shoulder with the woman in Alaska, the woman in Porto Rico, the woman on the cattle ranges of the west, the woman in the big metropolis of the east.

Daily Dot Puzzle



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

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as heart-ache or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of inhalers, douches, eplum, reparations, fumes, "patent smokers," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write to-day and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it to-day.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 462T, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y. Send free trial of your method to: