



Reading for Women and all the Family



MAKING THE MOST OF OUR CHILDREN

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. President of the Parents Association.

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No. 34. How Can I Cure My Boy of Staying Out at Night?

MORE mothers perhaps turn away over this out-at-night problem than any other. And there is some reason for their anxiety.

One mother writes to me: "My nine-year-old boy is beginning to want to stay out at night. He knows that I do not want him to but lately he has been promising to be in the house by 8 o'clock and not actually getting in till 10 or after. I always sit up till he comes. Please tell me how to manage him."

One thing absolutely essential for you to do is to make unmistakably clear to this boy that you simply will not tolerate his being out till 10 o'clock.

The next time he is out late, go to bed whenever you get ready. If it is your custom, say "Good Night" to him when he comes to bed. It will be natural for you to use a tone that suggests you are worried or "put upon" but this likely would have an undesirable effect upon the boy. Say "Good Night" in a natural, friendly way which suggests that you are calm and have absolute control of yourself.

Most parents in a similar case make the mistake of "lining up" the child immediately after he reaches the house. They invariably scold the child and show that they are disgusted. On account of this fact, the child argues with the parent or if the parent shows a great deal of temper and is not inclined to allow the child to argue, the child is antagonized and in most cases, he will disobey again, partly to convince the parent that he used the wrong method. Children are easily disgusted with wrong methods.

But do something the next morning. To let the incident pass altogether simply would be foolish. The

WHY HAIR FALLS OUT

Dandruff causes a feverish irritation of the scalp, the hair roots shrink, loosen and then the hair comes out fast. To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of Danderine at any drug store for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub well into the scalp. After several applications all dandruff disappears and the hair stops coming out.

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By doing this and changing the lenses of your glasses, if examining an eye, you will experience sight satisfaction to a ripe old age.

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Dignified Credit Plan

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BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

A History of Politics—A very interesting and useful little book for all who wish to know something about the genesis of modern forms of government bears the title, "A History of Politics," (E. P. Dutton & Company), and is the work of Edward Jenks, an English barrister, member of legal, historical and political faculties in British and Australian universities, member of parliament and author of many volumes of historical, political and legal studies. This present book, which has had a very large sale in England, is a compact and concise little volume that presents briefly but with notable clearness and justice a resume of the development of political forms and governmental efforts from those of primitive savage groups to the latest political evolution of the union of federated states. The work tells not what men have thought, argued and theorized about government but what they have actually done for the regulating and controlling of the societies of their several times.

"The Scarecrow," which E. P. Dutton & Company, will publish about the end of this month, is a collection of short stories by a new writer, G. Ransier Wormser, who uses a graphic and convincing method in his treatment of occult and ghostly themes. The book takes its title from the initial story which pictures the effect upon a young farm lad of a scarecrow dressed in his grandfather's soldier uniform and set in the cornfield to drive away the crows. Several of the tales touch more or less closely upon war themes and all are of the sort that make the reader come more quickly and keeps the eye glued to the page.

LUNG Sufferers, write to-day for my words FREE about Weak Lungs and how to treat Lung Troubles. Address M. Beatty, M. D., 102 Cincinnati, O.

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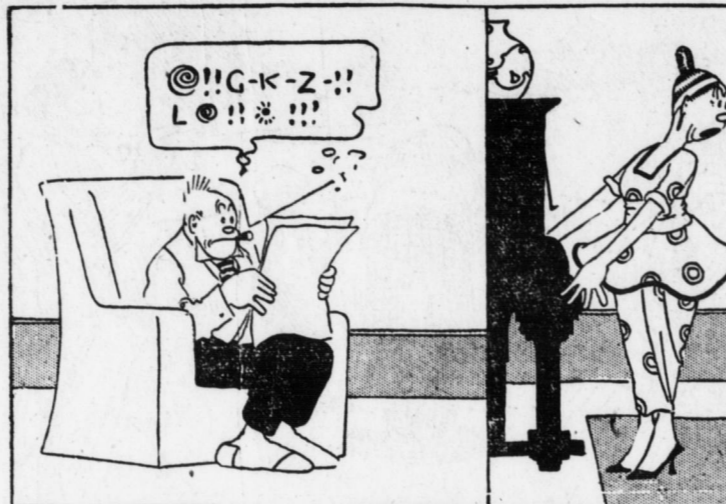
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Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Getting lunch with Betty started out to be a jolly, intimate affair. We knew that Jim would want his first dinner to Captain Winston to be a great success, and when we got the current jelly out of its glass unbroken in its rich red translucence, Betty did a little jig. We fairly beamed with housewife's zest when Betty found the melons I had been saving for next morning's breakfast and started zigzagging them into an "appetizer."

"Shall I peel the potatoes, Anne, when I've done with the melons?" Jim never did like them with their jackets on, you know," suggested Betty. I didn't know. And when she continued in chuckling reminiscence, I began to lose my warm glow of liking for her in a cool spray of feeling "out-of-things."

"Serving 'pertatoes' in their jackets were the pet vice of the squad-room cook. Once when we ate at an infantry mess in the Vosges, Jim almost wept with emotion over the little naked 'pertatoes'... There, the melons are gorgeous. Anne, how are Jim's affairs coming on?"

"She threw it in casually. But I stiffened at her intrusion into our personal concerns. As well as if she had said it crudely, I knew Betty meant "Has Jim a job?"

"All right," I replied almost curtly. "All right," you said that as if everything were all wrong. Betty came over to my side. She took the bread from my hand and swung me around to face her. Then she caught me in her arms and gave me a little warm, friendly shake. "Anne—Anne, dear, tell me, I do so want to help you."

"perhaps it was that word 'help,' perhaps it was the memory of her knowing how Jim liked his potatoes. —But I couldn't respond to Betty. "My coffee!" I cried. It really was boiling.

I showed Betty's clinging hands, set the coffee back to keep hot and then turned with a cold reply. "Jim is really quite all right. He does an article a month for Hal-dane's—and he has just accepted a position as inspector in a factory."

"Alrplanes" asked Betty eagerly. "The word came out with a little explosion. Betty repeated it in utter astonishment. "Caps!"

"Caps—a very good cap factory," I cried, with an air of finality. Betty, stood staring at me in perplexity. She was holding her right hand to her forehead. She had a look of the man who has just been told that his wife has had a nervous breakdown.

"But, Anne, an inspector has to walk miles. He has to walk all day. Jim's ankle! It will torture him." I had thought of that. Betty, pressing her own scar to her lips; had realized how my boy's lameness handicapped him. I hated myself for forgetting—I hated her more for remembering!

Tears were very close to my eyes. I wonder what would have happened if I had let them come. If I had cried out my thoughts: "Oh, it won't do for him to go walking about all day. So he hasn't a job, after all. And he is so happy because he thinks he has! Oh Betty what shall we do?"

Instead, I said coldly: "He has probably thought of that, Mrs. Bryce, and arranged accordingly."

And then I marched in to put the melon on the table. When I came back again Betty had served up the vegetables and had set them on top of the oven to keep hot.

"Thank you for all you've done, Mrs. Bryce. You've helped wonderfully. Now we'll go in. Please let me have your apron. I want you to be company from now on." I got the sentences out jerkily, and Betty, looking at me gravely, obeyed.

It was Jim who helped me carry on the roast and the vegetables—he insisted on snatching a kiss from the cook, which restored her composure, but only for a brief moment, for when we returned to our guests I could see that Betty had been talking confidentially to Captain Winston. Her head was close to his. I felt sure that she had been asking him what to do about Jim.

An angry wave of resentment swept over me. We were asking no favors. Then why couldn't they leave us alone to manage our own affairs?

But I managed to conceal my feelings, as I managed to conceal my feelings as a gastronomic success. Captain Winston called it the "delicious-est name meal he had met on this side of the pond." — Jim Jim beamed. "Every one helped, clean—so that was over in a jiffy. Then Captain Winston asked who was for run-

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

By Beatrice Fairfax

I have a letter from a woman who says "Why didn't I never get decent service in a lunch room where there are women waitresses? I make it a rule to tip, even if my lunch costs no more than forty cents, yet there I sit, like Patience on a monument, while any man can get prompt and excellent service."

"Sometimes while I am waiting, three male creatures next me are successively fed and go their way rejoicing, while I wait for a sulky. "What's yours?" "These men do not tip, as a rule, beyond saying something like this: 'What's your first name, anyhow, Pease or Pippin?' and the waitress goes on her way rejoicing. "And there I sit till I lose my patience and leave the place, or apply to the headwaiter for a little attention. Perhaps you can explain this, which is beyond my comprehension. I am a business woman myself, and I try to have patience with my sex."

The explanation for this, goes back a good many years—to the Garden of Eden, to be exact. Where Adam ate the apple, not because he cared for apples particularly, but because a lady tempted him and it is only human to succumb to temptation at the hands of a lady.

And they have been keeping it up ever since. These children of Adam and Eve—doing something outside the line of regular duty, for a smile, a compliment, or just because someone of the opposite sex expresses it.

My sympathy goes out to the poor lady, sitting in the lunch room wrapped in savage stoicism, with her eyes on the clock, waiting, and conspicuously displaying the reward to the waitress who pays no attention, and who in the meantime, less to the kitchen for the sake of a compliment.

It is the question: "What's your first name, Pease or Pippin?" that does the trick and the waitress whose name may be Mary Jane and look it too, for a second, flashes properly warranted other names. And through a rose colored haze she floats to the kitchen and battles with the cook for the best thing on the curing table.

What's in a Tip? The delicately steady feeling a compliment can give out to the poor true, even Mary Jane, alias Pippin, battling with the cook over the question of white meat may realize a pinchbeck quality. She may not get even a nibble for it. Waitresses come and waitresses go, but the woman patron sits on forever, to once more take liberties with Tennyson's "Brook."

A Pippin is not especially interested in a detached dime, she doesn't care enough for them to change the map of her. As few represent something she has heard vaguely described as unearned increment, Betty Green has never appeared to her as a patron saint. She is more interested in Mary Pickford, Elsie Ferguson and the like. Betty Green has an air of resignation, the waitress inquires: "What's yours?"

And the business woman, with the air of patience that benefits an expert stenographer shamefully treated, repeats the order she has been changing like a bit, for the past twenty minutes. Betty Green has the dime on Pippin, as one who is angelic enough to reward a crime, and departs.

Indirection on a Higher Plane Very probably the business woman fails to grasp that things are conducted in his office where she is employed on much the same principle as they are with Pippin in the lunch room, only on a higher plane. And not only in that office, but pretty much all over the world we find the fatal quality of attraction as a motive force.

Ever since Eve pointed out the apple to Adam, the same principle has been at work. Adam picked it—against his better judgment—that mysterious force called attraction has been doing things, not according to Hoyle, but with a complacent and devious way past understanding.

No one in that office would, of course, inquire if the expert impresses him as the right sort for her job and she is quite amusing too. So despite the fifty years difference in their ages, they have some very pleasant little chats that help to brighten the daily grind.

Now the expert would not be humiliated if she were not flattered by young Brown's interest, of course

she knows he is engaged to the Smith girl, but she likes to talk to him nevertheless. And she has two or three times called the president's attention to his work and how conscientious he is about things.

And so it goes, the expert railing at Mary Jane, alias Pippin, for neglecting her duty, and waiting on another woman and at the same time failing to recognize the same thing on her own plane.

The cook who once said to me in explanation, "It's so hard to obey a fellow woman, there's nothing primitive about it—and I'm so advanced. I've got this point where I enjoy being primitive again."

Advice to the Lovelorn BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX THE MOTHER IS RIGHT Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of sixteen, and have been going around with a crowd of boys and girls who company I like very much. My mother is against this, because she thinks I am too young for boys. They are only taking the mother's advice, you would be willing to deter going about with boys a little longer. No one of sixteen realizes how young she is. I've got all of life before me, you can afford to wait a little while.

X. Y. Z.

Present Day Desserts

These receipts from the United States Food Administration are sugar saving and very good.

Junket
3 cups milk.
1/2 cup light syrup or honey.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
1 junket tablet.
1 tablespoon cold water.

Heat milk and syrup in a double boiler until lukewarm. Crush the junket tablet and dissolve it in cold water and add to milk. Add vanilla and stir thoroughly and quickly. Pour at once into glass serving dishes firm, then chill. Serve with fresh berries or grated nutmeg over surface and serve with cream.

Baked Indian Pudding
1 quart milk.
1 cup cornmeal.
1 teaspoon salt.
1/2 cup light syrup.
1/2 cup shredded cocoanut.
1/2 teaspoon mace or nutmeg.
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon.

Heat the milk to the boiling point. Add cornmeal, stirring constantly. Cook 10 to 15 minutes. Add other ingredients. Bake in an oiled pan in a moderately warm oven for one hour.

Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding
1 quart milk.
2 eggs (may be omitted).
1 cup light syrup.
1-3 cup cornstarch.
1/2 lb. of chocolate (melted).
1 teaspoon vanilla.

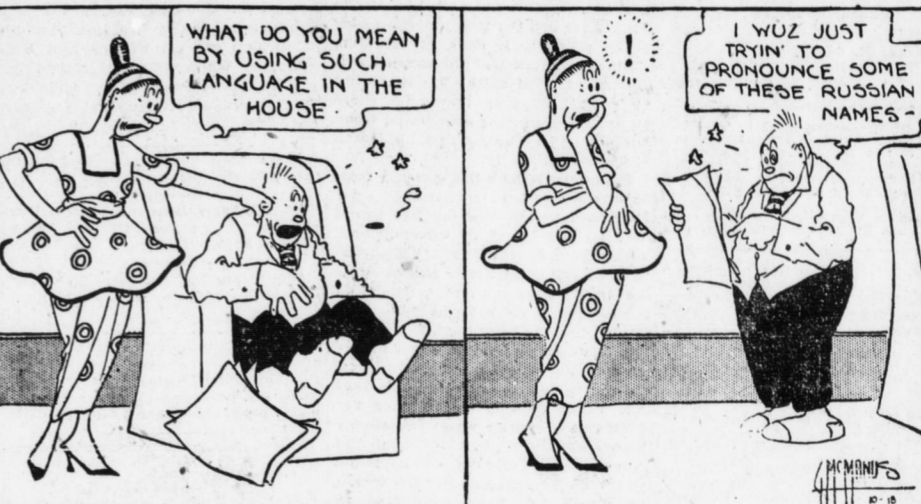
Heat milk in double boiler. Add melted chocolate and syrup. Moisten cornstarch with a little cold milk and add to hot mixture. Stir constantly until thick. Add slightly beaten eggs and vanilla; stir thoroughly, remove from heat. Turn into molds and chill. If eggs are omitted cook a little longer to thicken. Omit chocolate if desired.

Daily Dot Puzzle

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Mother Gooses rhymes it with pie. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.



Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX THE MOTHER IS RIGHT

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of sixteen, and have been going around with a crowd of boys and girls who company I like very much. My mother is against this, because she thinks I am too young for boys. They are only taking the mother's advice, you would be willing to deter going about with boys a little longer. No one of sixteen realizes how young she is. I've got all of life before me, you can afford to wait a little while.

X. Y. Z.

What you want my honest opinion, I think it right for a girl of sixteen, home, ought to be guided by her mother's judgment. I believe, if you opened my mail some morning, and read some of the regrets girls have for not taking the mother's advice, you would be willing to deter going about with boys a little longer. No one of sixteen realizes how young she is. I've got all of life before me, you can afford to wait a little while.

GREAT DIFFERENCE IN AGES Dear Miss Fairfax: I would like to ask you if you think it right for a girl of sixteen, home, ought to be guided by her mother's judgment. I believe, if you opened my mail some morning, and read some of the regrets girls have for not taking the mother's advice, you would be willing to deter going about with boys a little longer. No one of sixteen realizes how young she is. I've got all of life before me, you can afford to wait a little while.

Unless there is some exceptional attraction between these two people, or some great community of interest, it would seem such an unusual difference in ages might be something of a risk. It depends so much on the individuals themselves rather than on circumstances whether or not the marriage is a success. History records several that have been exceptionally happy.

SHE INTRODUCES A GIRL FRIEND Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a young man "steady" for the last three months and lately I introduced him to a girl friend of mine and it has changed him a great deal. I had a little quarrel with him and since then he does not ask me to go out with him any more. He comes to the house,

Stomach Troubles Due to Indigestion, Caused by Sleepless Night—No More Since She Began Taking Tonall.

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This testimonial was given July 2, 1918.

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100 Rooms 100 Baths