



# Reading for Women and the Family



### MAKING THE MOST OF OUR CHILDREN

### Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

## A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

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

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It often happens that parents do not fully agree on all points in the management of their children. And most of us remember the experience in earlier years of going to the more lenient parent and pleading for some special privilege.

They are very keen. They soon learn. They not only know which parent to approach first, and the exact manner of approaching each, but they make good and frequent use of the methods found to be most effective.

Parents ought to know what is good for a child, and so any difference between their views, of which the child can take advantage, simply tends to spoil the child and really works in the long run against the interest of each.

Let us examine a concrete case. A mother writes:

"I have wanted our three-year-old daughter to sleep in her own bed, but whenever I attempt it she cries until I fear she will make herself ill. Can you suggest the best way to proceed? Her father always gives in to her will and gives her anything she wants, so she is becoming bossy and thinks she can run the household. It is a problem to know just how far a child should have her own way."

One thing absolutely essential to your success in dealing with your little daughter is for you and your husband to agree upon a given plan of management before you start to carry it out.

A child nearly always will be found to have the crying habit, if one or other of the parents—generally gives in. Even though she is already in the habit, it would gradually disappear if from this time on, you and your husband would maintain an attitude of calmness and firmness and both of you stand together every time.

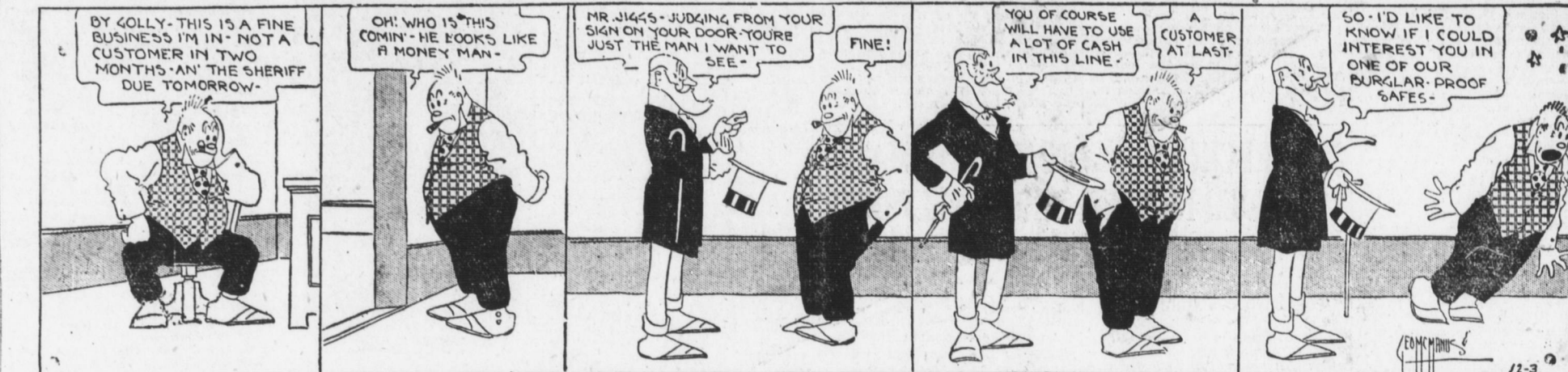
Place the daughter's small bed right beside your bed, and use the following method: in the morning of the day that you want her to begin sleeping in her own bed, have her in the room when you put the bed at the side of yours and say, "Tonight, you are going to sleep next to me in your own little bed. Won't that be fine?"

It would be all if she would agree at once. At any rate, take it for granted that she will be pleased. If she makes some remark to the effect that she doesn't want to, don't make the mistake of trying to argue with her or present reasons why she should. Just ignore her statement for a while. Be friendly. But perhaps a little later you can suggest incidentally that when she is in her little bed and you are in yours, she can reach over and kiss you good-night. In other words, simply take it for granted from the time you first announce a thing that it is coming to pass without question.

When night time comes, gently but firmly demand that she is to go to bed in her own bed. Your husband must demand the same thing—not in a threatening way—simply in a quiet but expectant manner.

After you are all in bed, talk to her reassuringly so that she will not be afraid. After the first few nights, you can push the little bed away a few inches each day until you have it where you want it without making her fearful.

Her tendency to be "bossy" and "run the household" is a result of laxness on the part of one or both of you. Give her plenty of opportunities to exercise her own judgment, but when you and your husband once decide what is best, stick together consistently—every time. If you don't, you surely will have a spoiled child on your hands.



BY GOLLY, THIS IS A FINE BUSINESS I'M IN—NOT A CUSTOMER IN TWO MONTHS—AND THE SHERIFF DUE TOMORROW.

OH, WHO IS THIS COMIN'—HE LOOKS LIKE A MONEY MAN.

MR. JACKS—JUDGING FROM YOUR SIGN ON YOUR DOOR—YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE.

FINE!

YOU OF COURSE WILL HAVE TO USE A LOT OF CASH IN THIS LINE.

A CUSTOMER AT LAST!

## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER LXI.

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There was no question of Jim's going to work next morning. He couldn't even get out of bed, for his ankle doubled under him when he tried to and deprived him of choice in the matter.

He had been protesting vigorously against my sending for a doctor, and though his face was gray and twisted with pain, he kept insisting that he was perfectly all right if only I'd stop acting like the first mourner at a funeral.

But when my poor, cross boy and his ankle collapsed together, he actually began shouting for a doctor. And I didn't know of one. I suddenly felt ashamed of my vulgar good health all through my four years in New York. But I ran to the telephone and consulted Virginia.

This seemed one of the times when I must act as if my sister-in-law and I were really sisters.

"I'll phone for Dr. Kellogg at once. He is a wonderful man and will know just what Jim needs," began Virginia with the coldness to which I had become quite accustomed. Then her voice warmed to tender anxiety. "Oh, Anne—you're sure none of Jim's wounds have opened? Why didn't you send for a doctor last night—or for me? I'll be over in five minutes—just as soon as I've called Dr. Kellogg."

Then I went in to inform Jim of the impending visit of Virginia and the doctor.

"Now, you've gone and frightened Jeanie to death!" cried Jim in irritation that was all for me—as I realized when he used his pet name for Virginia. "Why did you do that? I won't have her see me in bed—it'll break her all up. Help me out of here."

Of course it hurt to have Jim ignore the fact that it might break me all up to see him in bed, but I'd always heard that sick men were irritable and nervous, and being demonstrated for me. So I bit my lips and summoned any shreds of humor I might possess.

"Jimmie, I've got you where I want you. You're helpless and so you'll just do just as I order." I began in a tone of mock-herosics. Then I continued more seriously: "This is your program:—

"You'll wash out of a nice little bowl Nurse brings you, and eat your breakfast from a nice little tray similarly witched to your side. And then, if his porridge and cream is all gone, Little Jimmie will be taken out to the nice comfy couch in the living room by the lean-on-me-grandpa method. How's that?"

Jim only grunted and turned his face to the wall, but he let me carry out my program. And as we were staggering out to the living

room together, Virginia arrived, with Phoebe bringing up the rear laden with fruits and jellies and a regular market supply of dainties. The little sister was only allowed to stay for a kiss and she was ordered off to see to the day's work in Virginia's apartment. In the doorway she sadly whispered to me:

"Vee doesn't think any one can do as much for Jim as she can. And she doesn't think I matter to him at all. I didn't tell her about the neck-lace."

She squeezed my hand, blew a kiss to Jim and drifted away like a mass of spring blossoms on a breeze. For a moment a flicker of pity for Virginia passed across my mind—how much she missed when she froze Phoebe to immobility. And after this thought I found it more natural to pity myself, for Virginia was taking possession of Jim, rearranging his pipes and ordering all plans for his comfort and—yes, I confess it—doing everything twice as skillfully as I had.

And for her, Jim was conquering the ill temper from which I hadn't been able to win him. He seemed to feel at home with Virginia, and everything I had done for him had the effect of making him act surly and sheepish. I comforted myself with the thought that he wanted to serve me, and so having me wait on him humiliated him and brought on sulks which ere used to disguise feelings," he might have thought babyish." Satisfied with my own explanation of Jim's attitude toward his sister, I manage not to let one atom of jealousy creep into my manner toward her. And I tried not to let it upset me when she turned on me with an angry exclamation:

"Anne Harrison, you ought to be ashamed. You haven't even an ice-bag on this poor boy's ankle. Haven't you any idea what to do for a sick man?"

"Oh, my poor Jim! Were you suffering without the ice-bag? We haven't one, but I'll run right down to the corner and get the best they have and—anything else you say, Virginia," I replied meekly—for me.

By the time I returned from the errand on which even Jim's protests could prevent my going, Dr. Kellogg had arrived. He was a splendid big, gray-bearded man in the kindly zone of the late fifties. Strength and vigor and understanding seemed to fill the room, and his keen eyes and firm manner foretold knowledge and skill. Rest, a tonic and the ice-bag were a large part of his prescription, and to these he added a sedative for the pain in Jim's ribs, and an injunction that "the lad" mustn't be permitted to worry.

Immediately on his departure Virginia went firmly to the phone, called up the cap factory, asked for the manager and announced that Mr. Harrison would not return to work there and would like his check mailed to him. Then she advanced upon me almost scornfully.

"You might have saved Jim all this suffering, Anne, if you'd just taken the trouble to realize that if he had been fit for such work he might have had a Government Inspectorship instead of working in this—picaune cap factory."

"Virginia!" I cried defensively. "I tried to get him to resign last night."

"And I resigned for him this morning!" she replied, coldly.

"And I resigned for him this morning!" she replied, coldly.

### The Best Cough Syrup Is Home-made

Here's an easy way to save \$2, and get the best cough remedy.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

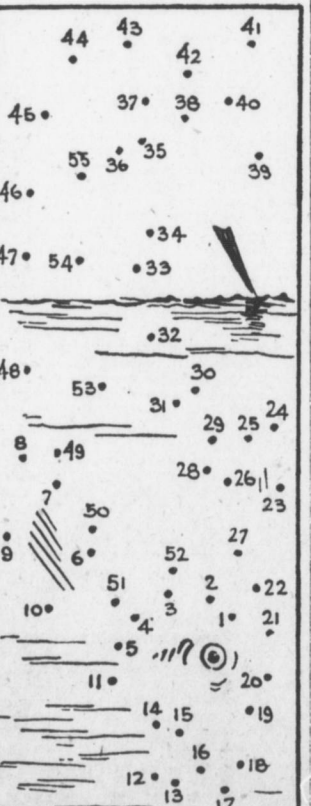
Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

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### Daily Dot Puzzle



Want to see a Gurnard? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

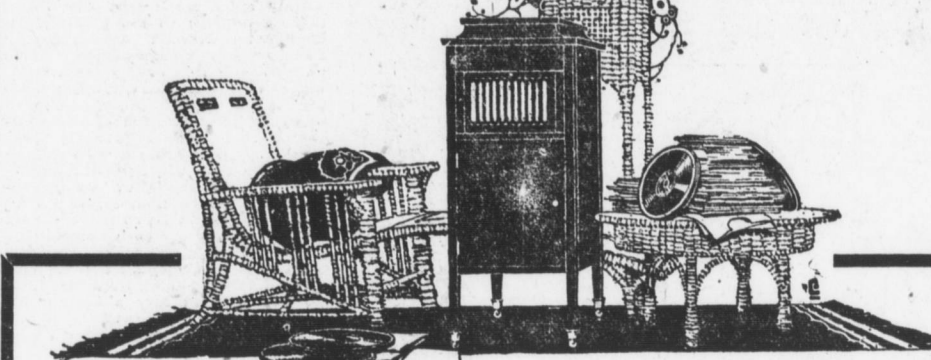
"Really, Anne, I don't see how a woman can justify herself for letting a wounded soldier slave to support her!"—she said.

"Virginia—she's silent!" It was Jim's voice that broke in so harshly. "Anne couldn't prevent my taking this position. How dare you accuse her of letting me slave for her! Why, that little girl would face poverty—and worse for me."

Virginia's eyes flashed as she turned on him: "Are you insinuating that I wouldn't face things? Are you attacking me—to gloss over her wanting to be a blunderer—the blunder that has brought you to this sickness?"

"Oh, indeed!" cried Virginia, and, sweeping her hat from the table she fled before I could move to stop her. I think there were tears in Virginia's eyes. As for Jim—they were closed when I reached his side. But, oh, my heart sang with happiness.

(To Be Continued)



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