

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.

When the school bell rings, is your child always there, right on the dot, ready to hold up his hand in response to the teacher's first question?

Or, is he just on his way, half running and half walking? You desire him always to be on time and very naturally, too. It is a good sign when a boy takes pride in being punctual. It shows that he is mentally alert.

Punctuality is an important trait of good character and it can easily be developed in children if right methods are employed.

Here is a simple case. A mother writes to me:

"How can I make my two boys, seven and five years, dress themselves promptly before school—independently of me? I have to be in the kitchen myself."

Announce to your boys seven and five years of age that you are thinking of taking them on a very delightful little hike some evening and that you may take along a little lunch to eat on the way. Get them to become very enthusiastic about it and then say something like this:

"Now there's only one condition about going on this little excursion and that is that you both dress yourselves ready for school quickly every morning, starting to-morrow morning. I am sure you can do this because I know you'll both want to go—and say but won't we have a fine time?"

Don't suggest that they race, because this often causes other troubles, but suggest that both of them are going to dress quickly. Suggest this just before you bid them good night and the first thing in the morning, referring optimistically to the fine trip you are to take in a few evenings.

Arrange for this trip to come in three or four days. After you have taken the trip, simply approve them both on how quickly they can dress, not comparing the speed of one with the other, but always say, something like this: "Both of you boys certainly are getting to be prompt. I believe you could almost beat me dressing."

If they should ever grow lax, you could set up some other privilege ahead, dependent upon their quick preparation for school, but their

chances are that you can start them into the habit without any other than the first reward.

One mother purchased a little wrist watch for her daughter, taught her how to tell the time by it and told her she could wear it so long as she started for school on time and went to bed on time. Whenever she failed, she had to be deprived of the little watch for a day or two. The plan worked.

Make it a point to play with the boys enthusiastically for a few minutes every school night every evening. This will keep them on the most friendly terms with you and they will be much more easily managed.

Boys like to do things to please adults whom they really love and will do almost anything to win their approval. Show them that you are a friend indeed and that you notice their slightest improvement in punctuality and, in all probability, they will actually show an improvement worth while.

Follow Flag to Germany; Red Cross Units Leave

Directors of the Red Cross are hoping that the "windows of every house in this country will, in addition to the red and green on Christmas Day, carry the Red Cross "service flag" denoting 1919 membership in the Red Cross. The membership campaign begins on December 15. The flag is similar in design to the flag given to members who joined in the Christmas campaign last year. It differs in that it has a narrower inner border of blue, which is separated from the outer border by a narrow white stripe. The second, or inner border, is to indicate the second year of service on the part of the member since America's entry into the war.

The six mobile hospital units organized by the American Red Cross left Paris yesterday for the eastern border of France and Germany to care for the sick and wounded of the Allies in the territory occupied by the American Army and to take over the hospitals in the territory abandoned by the retreating Germans, according to a cable message received yesterday at Red Cross headquarters. The units will also aid returning prisoners.

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

No one appeared to notice that Virginia and I parted without a word. I congratulated myself on the fact that every one probably thought we had said an affectionate farewell when we were alone in the bedroom.

Ruefully I reflected on the real situation. Virginia's last words to me had been:

"Your husband happens to be my brother—kindly remember that. I did what I thought best for him. But that didn't include lying to him."

After calling on Betty and Terry to find work for my Jim, Virginia had turned on me with actual fury for the way I helped carry out their plans. And she had snubbed Neal and called him an outsider!

Hadn't she always treated me as if I were one? As I turned these things over in my mind there was something very like hate for Virginia in my heart. And her actions had not indicated much love for me.

I was so preoccupied with this ugly situation that I began making preparations for dinner in complete silence. But Jim didn't appear to notice this. He had brought out his books on accounting and was working away with complete single-heartedness of purpose—to master that difficult study at one sitting.

Now and then as I came into the living room with something for the dinner table, I heard him fling a question at Neal, who was standing

lively at one of the windows playing with the apricot silk curtains. Now this hurt my house-wifely feelings, but I realized that Neal was still save from the rebuff Virginia had given him and that he would be frightfully hurt by even the slightest correction.

Presently Neal followed me into the kitchen.

"Anything I can do, Babbs?" he asked, with an entire lack of animation that was no older than his question. Generally he plunged in and helped without any direction from me.

"Don't bother if you're tired, dear. I've nothing much to get—just a few sandwiches for you, and the rest of the dinner's just chops and carrots and baked potatoes."

"I'd like something to do," I— I don't want to think, Babbs," persisted Neal—then suddenly, "Say, Babbs, have you heard from father lately?"

"That's funny, Neal—I was going to ask you about that. I've written twice a week as usual ever since you came, but I haven't a copy of postals from Father Andrew. I thought it was because he was writing to you."

"I've had exactly one letter from father since I came," Neal replied, in a voice that was almost husky.

"One letter? And you've been here over three weeks—almost a month. What does it mean, Neal?" I cried in amazement, slamming the door of the broiling oven on my chops and turning to face him.

"There was a high of defiance in his eyes as he responded:

"I told you when I came, didn't I that I hadn't consulted father about me? I said I just got it and lit out."

"Yes, you did, and I sat right down and wrote Father Andrew you were with us and that everything would be all right. It hurt me a little that he didn't answer my letter with more than a postcard—but I thought he was busy, and I didn't ask to see your letters, because you'd naturally show them to me if you wanted me to see them. After all, no matter how I love him, Father Andrew is your father, truly dad—not mine," I said slowly—feeling my way through the tangle I began to sense.

"I guess he's been wishing he was your father—instead of mine," Neal said bitterly.

"I went over and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Neal—is there something you want to tell Babbsie?"

"I'll keep my affairs to myself," replied Neal, but I saw his eyes and muttering with a boyish gruffness I might have known masked actual emotion. "I—only get hurt when I talk about my—ankle matters. No one believes in me. And maybe they're right not to. But I might be different if they did. You think I'm as thick as the deuce and that Dalton woman thinks I'm not to be trusted at all, and Jim—"

He stopped abruptly. His voice had risen high and tense—it broke on a high note.

"Yes, Neal?" asked Jim's voice. He had hobbled across the living room and stood in the doorway of the kitchenette. His face was stern and set. His voice had a ring of authority.

"You were saying that no one trusted you. No Neal, you needn't look so indignant—I wasn't eavesdropping. When I heard you shout that no one believed in you, I hurried out here as fast as my—ankle would permit. So you think I don't trust you?"

"How can you trust me—knowing what you do? Neal, you needn't look so steady, but in spite of him, a broken note crept into it. "You've stood by—and tried to help me. But what must you think of me—you with that smashed foot you got in the fight I—"

Then he turned to me and flung his young head high as he choked out the confession it must have tortured him to make. And, strangely enough—instead of wavering away—Neal's eyes held mine as he muttered, huskily:

"I'm a slacker, Babbsie. A draft-dodger. I ran away from home to get out of being a soldier—to get away from you."

(To Be Continued.)

Positions For the Soldier-Teachers

Boston.—The division of education of the United States Employment Service will undertake to place the returning soldier-teachers in positions as fast as possible. In a statement it says:

"It is to be remembered that the members of a school faculty are usually engaged for a full year, and it would manifestly work serious hardships, in many cases, to replace every returning soldier-teacher in his former position at once, except where this has been provided for in contracts with the present teaching force."

"But there will be no lack of vacancies. In some states, schools have been almost forced to close for lack of teachers, and now with their return from overseas, it will be either a case of lack of teachers or lack of schools, but a direct matter of proper distribution."

Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

The world is growing kinder to orphans.

Nowadays it doesn't follow inevitably that if your parents are dead somebody will clip your hair very close and put you in a blue gingham apron and make you an inmate of a co-called "home" that has many of the features of a jail.

On the contrary, there's a very good chance that somebody will adopt you and give you a chance to grow up in really human surroundings.

In fact, there never was a time when it was so easy for the homeless child to break into the childless home and to stay there as it is now.

It used to be the case that married couples either had children of their own or else remained sternly and forlornly childless. "It's such a risk to take in a strange child," people had a way of saying. "You can never tell how he will turn out."

They forgot that the same thing is true when a child is of one's own flesh and blood. Who knows whether a baby will grow up to be tall or short—a useful servant of his country or an idle wastrel? Guarantees as to a child's future can't possibly be issued, even if his parents are the most sound and praiseworthy in the world. There's chance in it always—whether it's one's own blamelessly ancestor progeny or the nameless baby from the orphan asylum.

This is what people with empty homes have been learning to realize. They are coming to see that a homeless, parentless baby isn't an object to inspire fear in anybody. So one by one they are letting down the bars, both the bars you can see and those that you can't, and they are deciding to give the orphans of the world a chance.

Home and Love Needed

Warm-hearted, sensible men and women have always known that rigid institutional life was bad for children. A few years ago scientific people even found a scientific statement that living by machinery, having no freedom and never being happy, had actually a bad physical effect.

And they came to the conclusion that even from a scientific standpoint children need, not only shelter and food and clothing, but freedom and happiness and love.

I suppose there aren't many infants in the world who because they supply love in anything like the measure that it's needed. But any normal, happy home should be able to supply plenty of it. "And when every child home reaches out to demand an extra baby to love and care for, the orphans' millennium will be on its way."

And it will be a much prompter and pleasanter millennium because women are seeing that child-adopting isn't just a matter of being charitable and kind.

If two lonely people, disappointed in their own parenthood, take a baby that happens to be friendless, but that hasn't a bit less infant charm on that account, the baby surely isn't more to be congratulated than they are.

Perhaps they are even going to profit a good deal more by having a beautiful little human creature to love than the baby himself will profit, at the very least, it's an even thing. There's no charity about adopting children, unless you make a pretty big sacrifice to do it. And even then you're sure of big returns—in the way of love and adventure and added life. There's reciprocity in it always.

A normal woman has mother emotions, and hunger for a child toward which to direct them. What is she to do with this extra, unsatisfied love

unless, lacking a child of her own, she finds another baby to take its place?

Give Your Child Companions And one baby, by the way, isn't ever enough. It isn't good for a baby to be an "only" child or for a mother to focus all her love and interest on one object.

"But one baby is all we can afford," some mother who has taken the plunge of adopting a single orphan will object.

Children do cost something, it is true. There are sickness and shoes and schooling to be taken into account always.

But if one cares enough for the experience of doing the best one can to develop little human beings—if the love of them and the care of them is sweet enough, one is willing to practise whatever economies may be necessary.

Perhaps one can cut down on household or clothes, or amusement. It will be worth while, whatever it is. Scarcely any price is too high to pay for the privilege of being a parent. Ask any wise mother or father whom you may happen to know, whether this isn't true.

I know a woman who is the mother of a beautiful boy. No other babies followed him, but this woman didn't therefore resign herself to being the mother of a single child. She knew she had more motherhood than one

child had use for and she wasn't afraid to take a strange child into her home and put it on the same footing with her own.

So she did this. Her own boy and the stranger child became brothers. But their mother felt that she must enlarge her motherhood still further. And life was always revealing to her some half-cared-for boy or girl who seemed to need a home and love and all-round happy development. Whenever she found such a child she adopted it, until she had ten.

An Understanding Mother These were the fortunate children. Not alone because they were taken into a home, but because their mother loved and understood the job of motherhood and did it well. And she wasn't afraid of being a mother on as large a scale as the conditions of her life allowed.

It's a beautiful thing to see, this eager, generous, intelligent kind of motherhood, that is bent on being of service to the next generation, and refuses to be limited by any withholding on the part of the stork. And a mother who declines to make any distinction between her own child and the motherless one whom she has just happened to pick up is a mother worth having.

Besides, mothers who have adopted children don't know a secret that all women don't know. It is that love of a child doesn't depend on being

its parent. That one loves any child that is dependent on one. That it's the easiest thing in the world to develop a strong, real mother love for a small being whom one never saw until a month ago.

The type of mother who felt a jealous dislike of every child outside her own family is pretty thoroughly extinct.

The universal mother type is taking her place.

Dyspeptics Can Eat What They Like

If they take two or three Bi-nesia tablets immediately after eating. No matter how badly you may suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, flatulence or acidity—no matter how many medicines you may have tried without success—don't give up hope. Thousands who once suffered as you now suffer—who have tried everything without obtaining relief—now enjoy perfect health and can eat most anything without the slightest pain or discomfort. You can do the same if you will go to-day to Geo. A. Gorges or any other good druggist and get a six package of Bi-nesia Tablets. Take two or three after each meal or whenever pain is felt and if you aren't delighted with the results you can have you 50c back for the asking. Don't wait! don't delay. Get Bi-nesia to-day and forget you ever had a stomach.

DON'T STARVE THE KIDDIES

The growing bodies of children need food that builds muscle, bone and brain and is easily digested. Don't allow your food-saving zeal to deprive the kiddies of needed nourishment. When you give them wheat food be sure it is the whole wheat

Shredded Wheat

is the whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. It is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve and requires no sugar. Serve it with hot milk and a dash of salt.



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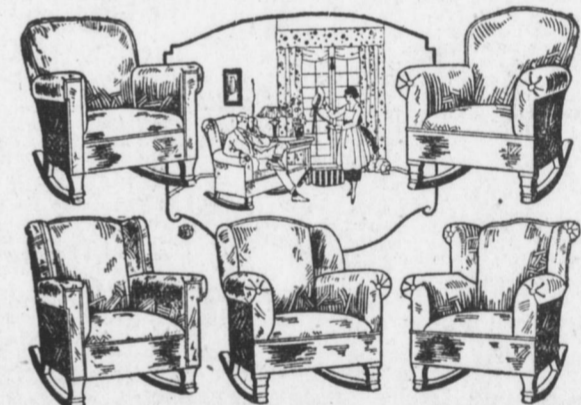
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