



Reading for Women and all the Family



MAKING THE MOST OF OUR CHILDREN

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

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It would seem at first thought that any home affording protection and supplying good things to eat and wear ought to satisfy a boy.

And yet, when we come to ponder the question, we realize that these conditions alone are not the only factors determining happiness by any means. A boy must have sympathy, he must have encouragement, he must have some one to appreciate him. Otherwise, he will not be satisfied.

Thousands of children to-day who are given adequate shelter and physical nourishment are far from satisfied with the home environment. Children not satisfied at home, naturally will go elsewhere, and so we have problems of keeping children interested in their homes.

To take a simple case, one mother writes: "Will you please tell me what to do with a boy ten years old who won't stay home? All he thinks of is going home. He finishes his breakfast, if I don't keep close watch on him, he is gone. We get him everything he needs, but he likes to roam all over town."

Your boy thinks he gets more pleasure in going away from home than he does at home. That is the principal cause of his wanting to go all the time. Therefore, it would be a good thing for you to learn what he does away from home that is so fascinating. Does he play? Make it a point to go with him and his playmates in a friendly way. When you discover what interests him most, perhaps you could introduce something of a like nature at home, which in connection with your own encouragement and friendly co-operation would keep him at home in a most natural way.

He should devote at least a part of each day to certain regular duties—not merely for the sake of things accomplished, but for his own good. The performance of duty is wholesome. Get him to make you some flower boxes or something of that kind which requires the use of tools and thus you will have an excellent opportunity to approve him on his ability and industriousness. Show some enthusiasm. Don't merely say, "That's right." Open up a bit. Laugh with him, show some real life. Admire his work. Make lots of suggestions, all tending to make him like the work. At first it is advisable not to mention points that could have been improved but put all your attention on the good points.

Instead of keeping such close watch on this boy after breakfast to keep him from running off, change your plan a little. For example, arrange to have him speak to you before leaving the premises. Have him tell you also where he is going. Then, when you know this, you can grant him the privilege or not just as you see fit, and under this arrangement you will have more control than under your present plan.

Some time, just after you have been having a good time with him or have shown him some appreciated consideration and he is in the best spirits, talk to him somewhat in this fashion: "Harold, I have a new plan that I want you to help me carry out. If anyone should come here to see you and couldn't stay long, and you did not happen to be home, I would want to know exactly where to find you so you could get to him. I shall ask you to do something for me or I might want you to go some place with me and I would want to know just where you were. So starting with to-morrow morning, I shall ask you to come to me to-morrow before leaving the yard still, and tell me where you are going. You can remember this, can't you?"

When trying to gain control of a boy who is out of control, don't try to go too fast. Bring him back into control gradually. Gain one little point at a time and be absolutely firm. Don't argue with him. Simply tell him in a calm way what you

Bringing Up Father

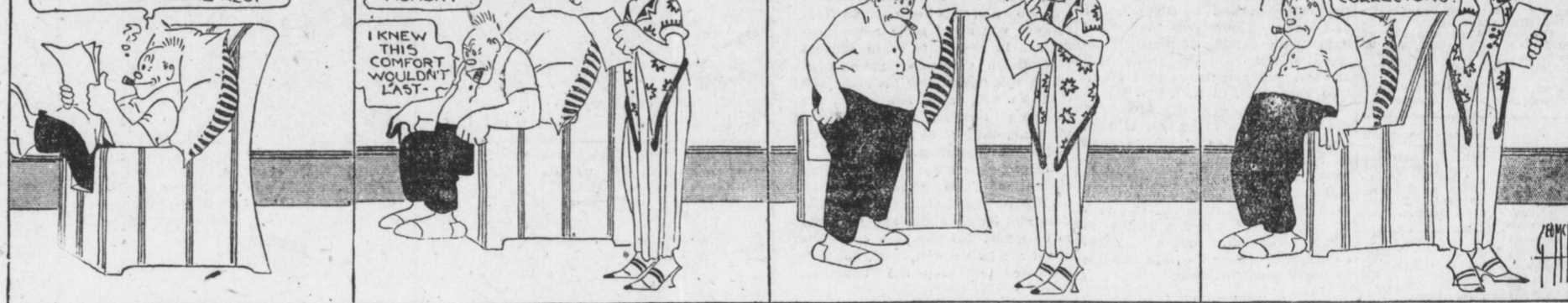
EVER SINCE MRS. ARTIE CHOKE GAVE THAT DINNER ALL THE SOCIETY HAVE BEEN SICK - AT LAST I GOT SOME REST.

LISTEN - DEAR - MR. AND MRS. BEN ZINE SENT US A CARD STATING THEY WILL BE 'AT HOME' ON NEXT MONDAY.

I KNEW THIS COMFORT WOULDN'T LAST.

I WONDER WHAT THIS 'R.S.V.P.' IN THE CORNER MEANS?

FROM WHAT I KNOW OF THAT FAMILY IT MUST BE FRENCH FOR 'DON'T SHOW TO ANY BILL COLLECTORS'.



LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Were you disappointed when the baby came?

Had you longed intensely for a son, and did it seem as though the whole performance had fallen rather flat when they told you that the baby was only a girl?

Did the baby's father very much want a boy to "carry on the family name"—though perhaps you never cared so much for the name yourself—and were all the grandparents and lesser relatives for once in solid agreement that the situation absolutely demanded a boy-baby?

The disappointment didn't last long, of course. Babies can usually be depended on to conquer their own domestic territory within a week, and I suppose yours wasn't an exception. And now that you are so thoroughly reconciled to her sex, and are convinced that you wouldn't have her different in the minutest point, and the relatives are outdoing each other in fatuous ecstasy, don't you sometimes wonder why you are so very sure you wanted a boy, and yet everybody else, concerned and unconcerned, held precisely the same view?

Aren't you even the least little bit ashamed of that inhospitality of yours, so far as daughters were concerned? And aren't you, as a matter of fact, trying hard to forget that you ever had any such feeling?

Prejudice Against Girls. The truth is, of course, that you weren't responsible for that prejudice that flickered in you before your baby's birth. It was a purely traditional flicker, a race flicker, and hadn't anything to do with you at all. People have felt that way about babies for such untold ages that it isn't surprising that you shared the feeling for a little while. The desire for sons? Why, it's as old as the world. Whereas the desire for a daughter is something nobody ever dreamed of during the war period.

There's nothing mysterious about it. As long as people valued and respected men a great deal more than women, a boy baby was naturally a great deal more important and desirable than a girl baby. And I suppose you realize that I am putting the case very mildly. Historians tell us that many ancient peoples thought it no crime to expose girl babies to a cruel death. For that matter, they're doing it still. Girl babies are still allowed to die both in China and in India. The native religions sanction it, and I suppose there's nothing for the agonized mothers to do but submit.

In fact, we are told that in no eastern country, even to-day does a girl baby meet any but a grudging welcome. Snubbed at the entrance to life, she is rigidly kept "in her place" ever afterward. The Jewish religion doesn't allow a single candle to be lighted at the birth of a girl, though there is a welcoming blaze when a boy is born.

It has been a man's world, hasn't it? But it's so much less so nowadays, in our western countries at least, that no mother need any longer lament that she has brought a girl baby into existence. Every day that passes in this swiftly moving age brings a higher valuation of women—gives women a better chance and a bigger one.

The world has rhapsodized about

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER LXXVIII. "Anne's father! Oh, I am so glad to meet you!" cried Phoebe, coloring softly as she spoke.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss," Father Andrew replied a little awkwardly. I understood just how troubled his honest soul must be. Evvy had given him every reason to believe that she was Neal's sweetheart. So what was the other girl doing with the ring he had given Neal's mother?

Shy little Phoebe froze under his keen eyes. She had seen them rest on her ring. Undoubtedly Neal had told her that this was his father's betrothal ring and in his father's coldness there was nothing for Phoebe to read but grave disapproval. As we went across the lobby to meet Virginia Phoebe clung to me—wordless, frightened. And Evvy stayed close at Father Andrew's side, fairly flouting her friendliness with him.

Virginia treated his father graciously enough, but to Evvy, Virginia was ice. What she thought of me for permitting this encounter I could guess. Still, for the time, Father Andrew's gentleness promised to thaw ice and freezing temperatures.

"Now let's get a fine table where we can see all the folks and show ourselves off to 'em, too," he said, heartily, with the truly American humor that pokes fun ably at itself. "Then we'll order the bangup supper I was telling you about. Miss Mason—oyster stew and cold boiled ham and greens and all the trimmings." "Don't forget the apple sauce," laughed Evvy.

But when it came to the actual ordering of the dinner, Father turned to Jim with the innate sweetness that is sometimes better than mere "manners."

"Son—you know what your sisters like. So you order the roast; and if you give us plenty of oysters and soup and chicken and vegetables, Miss Mason and I won't complain at all. But this is a hungry man's dinner and

Father's first party so be real lavish." "Then, while Jim was busy with the dinner cards, Father turned and spoke gently—almost pleadingly—whether to Phoebe or Evvy I couldn't tell.

"I'd like to drink my boy's health. I take it you folks are all his friends and wish him well. If there's any Neal has hurt—I hope they'll forgive him now—and join me in hoping my boy makes a fine soldier."

It was Virginia who replied—and graciously, too: "Mr. Hyland, there's none of us who doesn't wish Neal the best of luck. There's some sweet cider here that would be splendid, if you'll let me suggest it."

"You do me proud, madame," replied Father Andrew with the fine, old-fashioned courtesy that makes me proud of him even when he's saying "ain't," and using the wrong knife or fork. "And cider's the tippie I'm most at home with."

We drank the toast standing. As Phoebe lifted her glass the hand that bore the circlet shook, and the amber liquid spilled down the front of her pretty blue Georgette dress. She lifted miserable eyes to Virginia—and Virginia leaning forward, her eyes narrowing tensely, looked hard at Phoebe's hand. But she said nothing.

Evvy's eyes followed Virginia's. I would have given a great deal to read the expression hidden behind her lowered lids. After that the dinner progressed smoothly enough, until suddenly Father Andrew, leaning across the table, addressed Virginia, for whom he seemed to have a grave regard and respect. In each hand he had an implement of eating—a knife crutched in one, in the other a fork. Virginia returned his regard pleasantly enough—but I wondered if she was too much of a snob to see how won-

derfully fine and true my dear adopted father was. Mrs. Dalton, you've been living here quite a while, I take it—I think I'd like it for a few days. Father Andrew asked, "Think an old cousinman would be in place here?" "Nonsense, father, Jim forestalled Virginia's reply. You're coming to us. There's Neal's empty bed—just crying to you to occupy it. No, I ain't, Jim. Birds in their nests don't want any foreign fowl roosting with them. You're married, too, Mrs. Dalton—now you want to make this brother of yours realize that young beginners don't do well to take in too many guests—even the in-laws. If you and your husband had started that way you'd have come a cropper sure—wouldn't you?" Virginia's face paled.

"I sometimes think Jim and Anne have too many in-laws, as you call them," she said smoothly. "I'm sure you can get room here. And to save us both the embarrassment of hearing him mentioned again, please let me inform you that my husband and I—did—er—come a cropper. Now—"

Reds Arrest U. S. Consul. Odessa, Dec. 26.—The Bolsheviks have arrested American Consul Treadwell at Tashkent, Russia. According to a wireless message received here.

For Acid Stomach, Indigestion, Gas. Instant Relief when your meals sour and upset the stomach—Indigestion Pain stops at once!



No waiting! The moment you eat a tablet or two, all stomach distress ends. Magic! Pleasant, quick relief.

Costs little—All drug stores. Buy a box!

UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET!

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.

Ex-Kaiser Better; Spends Time Reading Letters

Amerongen, Holland, Dec. 26.—William Hohenzollern's health shows a marked improvement but he is still compelled to exercise the greatest precautions owing to the penetrating and damp cold weather. Since Saturday the former emperor has not left his suite of apartments in Amerongen castle, but has been able to join the members of his retinue at all meals.

He occupies other periods of the day in reading hundreds of letters reaching him from all parts of the world. Several days during his illness the former emperor saw only his wife and his immediate attendants.

Professor Dies on Train Platform in New Jersey

Princeton, N. J., Dec. 26.—William Anderson Hervey, professor of German at Columbia University died on the platform at Princeton Junction while waiting for a train to-night. He had been spending the day visiting in Princeton and left the town apparently in good health. He was about sixty years old.

The PRESIDENT'S Historic Armistice Address---

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