

# 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.

Of course, your child has will-power. Every normal child has. Even a baby shows strong determination to have what he wants.

But not all children exercise their willpower in the right direction or in ways desired by their parents.

So the big problem of parents is to create in their children a desire to do those things which they wish them to do.

The man who boasts that he has willpower enough to indulge or let alone certain things just as he pleases is deserving of no special commendation. Any one has that much will-power. It's the man who, seeing what is right, desires to do right and does it, that deserves commendation.

Let us take a case. One father writes: "Our boy of six has never been given any definite training in will-power. Will you suggest some good way to begin?"

You might start with simple physical exercises. Have the child come to you and with his right side toward you, take his right fist in your right hand and hold his left arm just above the elbow with your left hand. Bend his arm at the elbow

joint three or four times and squeeze his arm with your left hand as his muscles contract. Say, "Would you like to make your muscles stronger?" A child, especially a boy between 5 and 10 years old, will not only say "Yes," but will show great delight at the thought of becoming bigger and stronger. As soon as the child says "Yes," say "All right, roll up your sleeves and I will show you how." After the child rolls up his sleeves, have him stand right in front of you, roll both of his sleeves as high as you can get them and say, "First, I want to pound the muscles a little to get them loosened up and then we will exercise on the porch with two brooms."

As you say these words, tap the child's arm lightly all around from the elbows to the shoulders; then get two brooms; give one to the child and start to sweep the dirt off the porch. Keep talking about how well that develops the muscles of the arm and quit after a few minutes, that is, before the child is ready to quit. Contract the child's arm two or three times again and remark that if he exercises like that very much he will soon have strong muscles. Mention a few things which are especially good for developing the muscles, such as using a hoe, using a hammer, lifting, carrying, throwing stones, etc.

By applying this same idea of appealing to the child's ambition, getting him to assert his interest in becoming like certain admired persons along moral and intellectual lines, you can enlist the child's earnest effort to develop along these lines. Then, just as in the case of physical development, you should suggest various easy ways in which the child may develop his mind and character.

By influencing the child in the proper way to become interested in

## Bringing Up Father



## "When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

Chapter XC  
(Copyright 1918, by King Features, Syndicate, Inc.)

"Evening, Fair Lady Tenant," cried Tom Mason advancing from the room where he had evidently been hiding, with a complacent, sickening, crooked smile deepening on his flushed face.

"Good evening," I managed to say steadily through lips that wanted to tremble. "Was there something wrong with the—plumbing?"

"That elaborate tenant-to-landlord tone marked two thoughts that were grinning at me like ugly gnomes from seared corners of my brain. The first was a memory of Jim's note—'Don't propose to sit home and wait for me any longer. Don't know when I'll be back.'"

"But even more terrifying than the consciousness that my husband wasn't there to help me and that I didn't know when he would return, was the other realization. The strange aroma that assailed me when I came into the apartment was explained now. It was the fumes of stale liquor. My visitor had been drinking."

"There's nothing wrong with the apartment," snickered Tom Mason, continuing to advance toward my couch where I sat feeling as if the floor of the room had turned to hot pitch and was rising ready to drag me into its swampy ooze. "There's nothing wrong with the apartment. And there's a whole lot—just right about its 'rental'."

"I contrived a smile. And at the same time I pulled myself up from the couch in spite of the hot, sagging weight that seemed to be dragging me down. Then I crossed to the door, saying in a tone I tried to make as calm and as indifferent as if this were ten in morning instead of ten at night."

"I'm glad you found the apartment in good shape. Thanks for looking it over. Good night."

My hand was on the door knob and I gave it a matter-of-course opening twist. Then Tom Mason's hand closed down over mine—wet, clammy fingers pressing against my wrist. Try as I might, I couldn't shake them free. My breath seemed to be pounding up from my heart and then catching with a rasp. I could hear it struggle to tear out past my dry lips. And then all in a moment I realized that it wasn't my breathing I heard—but Tom Mason's.

melodrama," I cried. "But you insist on a scene. All right—let's have it! What are you doing in my apartment? I demand to know. My husband—"

"Oh, yes—your husband!" he smiled wisely. "I was downstairs when the operator called the Canteen and reported that it didn't answer. I had supper with Pat tonight. Dined not wisely, but too well. Pat told me you were working at the Canteen. Where friend Carlotta works. When friend husband calls a number of his own and then hurries out a little while after he can't get the Canteen I put two and two together. And I came up to keep you from getting lonesome or being afraid. Now, aren't you ashamed of your ingratitude?"

"You've been drinking!" I cried. "So I don't suppose you realize how disgusting you are—or how insulting. Now will you go—or shall I call the operator?"

"Call the operator? That's good. She's gone home. Want to take that roughneck elevator boy into your confidence about—my calling on you? Don't be so silly."

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think just what you did at first—that I came to see to the plumbing."

"Take your hands off my—dress," I said tensely, through jaws that wanted to quiver.

He laughed and slid his hands down slowly from shoulder to elbows. The intimacy of that touch seared into my flesh. All in a minute I knew dangerously much about the impulse to kill. And while I quivered with rage and distaste at his touch, he tightened his vise-like clutch on my arms and drew me still closer. I struggled to be free. I lifted my hands and pounded on his chest. I fought and snarled in inglorious, impotent rage.

Then Tom Mason's voice burned triumphantly against my cheek. "And where do you think Jim is? Have you any idea whose number the boy called—when he found that you weren't coming home? Shall I tell you, or will it hurt too much to know?"

"Let me go!" I cried. "Let me go!"

"Let you go—you little iceberg? Aren't you glad you have me—now that Jim's getting tired?"

I felt myself go limp.

(To Be Continued)

3,500 Americans in Turkey Are to Be Brought Back

Washington, Jan. 9. — Steps are being taken by the State Department to bring home from Turkey some 3,500 native and naturalized Americans who have been there during the war. It was said to-day a warship probably would be sent for them. Recent advices indicated that there were 100 native Americans and 3,400 naturalized citizens who had been trying desperately to return to the United States.

## Ohio Giant Dies at 74; Had Been Circus Star

Medina, Ohio, Jan. 9.— Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, 74, world famous as a giant, died at his home at Seville, near here, yesterday. Bates, who toured the world with a circus, was seven feet, four inches tall and weighed 360 pounds. He was carried twice, his first wife being over eight feet tall.

## Stomachs Put in Order—Instantly!

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Lumps of pain—that's indigestion!  
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UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin

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## Why Meat Prices Vary in Different Stores

Prime steers.....	\$19.90@20.35
Good to choice steers.....	17.00@18.50
Common to medium steers.....	16.75@17.75
Yearlings, fair to fancy.....	16.00@19.50
Fat cows and heifers.....	8.35@11.55
Canning cows and heifers.....	7.25@ 8.25
Hulls, plain to best.....	6.50@12.50
Poor to fancy calves.....	6.75@11.25
Western range steers.....	10.00@15.00

These newspaper quotations represent live cattle prices in Chicago on December 30th, 1918.

The list shows price ranges on nine general classified groups with a spread of \$13.85 per cwt.—the lowest at \$6.50, and the highest at \$20.35.

Why this variation in price?

Because the meat from different animals varies greatly in quality and weight.

Although the quotations shown are in nine divisions, Swift & Company grades cattle into 34 general classes, and each class into a variety of weights and qualities.

As a result of these differences in cattle prices, (due to differences in weights and meat qualities), there is a range of 15 cents in Swift & Company's selling prices of beef carcasses.

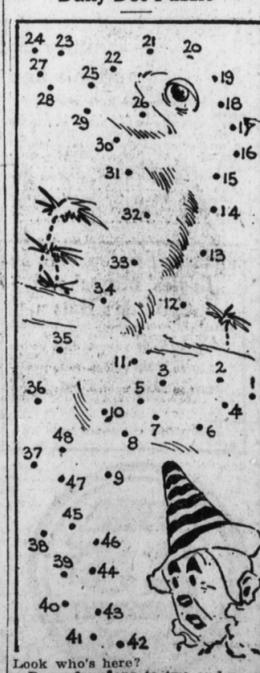
These facts explain:

- 1—Why retail prices vary in different stores.
- 2—Why it would be difficult to regulate prices of cattle or beef.
- 3—Why it requires experts to judge cattle and to sell meat, so as to yield the profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit too small to affect prices.

Swift & Company. U. S. A.  
Harrisburg Local Branch, Seventh & North Streets  
F. W. Covert, Manager



## Daily Dot Puzzle



Look who's here?  
Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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