

Reading for women and all the family

MAKING THE MOST OF OUR CHILDREN

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

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

SOME children are taught to say merely the words, "I am sorry" as a matter of form, in circumstances which usually call forth such an expression.

Of course, it is true that even to say the words, "I am sorry," naturally tends to arouse a proper feeling. But children should be taught that mere words are insufficient when they have caused some one to suffer; that definite action—replacing of articles lost or broken—should follow.

It is unfortunate that so many of our children are allowed to grow up without even being taught to use courteous expressions.

Let us see a typical case. A mother writes to me: "I have noticed that my children do not say courteous things and sometimes act ugly when with their little playmates. My daughter is six

Cause of Stomach Sickness

How to Relieve Stomach Distress in a Few Minutes. Money Back if Treatment Does Not Overcome Any Form of Indigestion.

If you feel as though there was a lump of lead at the pit of the stomach, take a couple of Mi-o-na stomach tablets and in five minutes you should see that all stomach distress has vanished.

If you have stomach trouble, no matter from what cause, use Mi-o-na stomach tablets that are recommended to cleanse and renovate the stomach and put it in such shape that you can eat a hearty meal without any distress.

If you belch gas, have heartburn or sour stomach, you need Mi-o-na. If your stomach feels upset the morning after the night before, take two Mi-o-na tablets and see how quickly you get relief.

If you have shortness of breath, pain in the stomach, waterbrash or foul breath, you need Mi-o-na and the sooner you get it, the sooner your stomach should perform its duties properly.

If you use a box of Mi-o-na tablets and feel that it has not overcome your indigestion or stomach trouble, take the empty box to your dealer and he will refund your money. That shows our faith in the value of Mi-o-na. For sale by H. C. Kennedy and all leading druggists.



ASTRICH'S SOMETHING NEW

Make Your Own Feather Turban
Anybody Can Do It!

You can make a feather turban which is different from the ordinary hat you see on the street — You can pick your own color combinations and make a Feather Hat made with an imported beautiful PHEASANT BREAST — A hat which if bought ready trimmed would cost you from \$8.00 to \$10.00.

You can make a hat just as handsome for a comparative paltry sum on our "MAKE YOUR OWN HAT PLAN."

These handsome breasts we put on sale now at

\$1.44	\$1.88	\$2.44
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Actual Values Are From \$3.00 to \$7.00

We will also sell you a Buckram Crown for FIFTY CENTS.
We have a number of pieces of Silk Velvets — in all colors, which we will sell you for TEN CENTS, large enough to cover the crown tip.
We will sell you a nice cap lining with our name for FIFTEEN CENTS.
Now figure up—

1 breast98
1 crown49
1 piece velvet10
1 lap lining15

The Price Complete Is **\$1.72**

All the higher-priced breasts will only cost you as much over \$1.72 as the difference in the price of the breast.
We have a display of these breasts in our window now — are also showing a few Turbans made up complete, ready to put on—so you can see how they look.
If you prefer to make the crown tip of straw or satin, we will sell you Braid or Satin in any color just enough for one crown tip.
SALE STARTS FRIDAY MORNING

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

What was there for me to say to Virginia? How could I tell her that I had gone to the Clinsarge to meet Pat Dalton, because I imagined that he still cared for her—and hoped she still loved him? How could I put into quick, smiling phrases my conviction that marriage is for all time—not until persons get tired and want to change partners? Virginia had never mentioned her affairs to me—how could I plunge into an intimate discussion of them?

All this flashed across my mind as I stood facing the battery of her accusing eyes. Slowly I began to formulate words—sentences: "Virginia—Phoebe isn't entirely wrong. I went to the Clinsarge because Mr. Dalton begged me." And then the men came into the room. Their after dinner chat was over, and Virginia's dinner party was again a completed whole, instead of separate units. And Virginia and I were again widely separated units.

Jim limped over to his favorite sister's side—Sheldon followed him, and Jerry crossed to little, pouting Phoebe. That left me unprovided for so of course, Anthony Norreys came to me. And I had a sudden sense of comfort and satisfaction and well-being.

"How he goes the Canteen," Mrs. Harrison asked Mr. Norreys, who seems to have a way of going straight to his subject without dallying on by paths or introduction. "Are the women working with the same enthusiasm for peace heroes that they brought to the war-game?" "I think so—we've pledged for two years more—and only enthusiasm will help us to carry on," I replied, thankful for the topic that gave me a chance to get out of myself.

"You know," I asked permission to help a bit—then the judge gave me a look. "Suppose I gave you a little fund—say \$100 a week—could you use it to feed the soldiers and sailors who haven't anything but their own hands for food?"

"I had a friend at last. A fine, loyal friend who would not let me be treated as a beggar, even—that I be the best Barbara Anne Harrison I was capable of being." Across the room came Jim—and he stood close to me with an air of possession—with the first show of jealousy or anger from him.

"Well—boss, don't you think you've monopolized my little girl for a pretty long time?" His words were bantering, but there wasn't a flicker of laughter in his voice.

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

Dear Mrs. Woodrow: I am sixteen years old and a stenographer. Every Wednesday evening several girls whom I have known ever since I was a child meet at one another's houses and we all knit and chat. Last Wednesday, while at my home, we were all criticizing each other's faults, and when it came my turn one of the girls said: "Dorothy has one great big fault, and that is that she sympathizes too much with herself."

Now, Mrs. Woodrow, this astonished me as well as the other girls. For a few days I could not help but think about it, and I am still thinking about it most of the time, and I am sorry to say that I found out it was the truth. But I am very dependent now, for I do not know how I can ever overcome such things.

Please write an article on the cure for self-sympathizers and greatly oblige a girl who is much worried over a very serious fault. Very gratefully yours, DOROTHY M.

Dear Dorothy, I do not think you had a very nice party. I know that when one is sixteen, one can enjoy almost anything, but I can easily imagine a more entertaining and amusing, not to mention profitable way of spending an evening than attending a sort of mental clinic and ruthlessly dissecting the poor, shrinking, quivering faults of one's self and one's friends.

I am sure all of you girls thought you were being helpful to each other, as well as showing great personal heroism when each of you took the criticism leveled at you stoically and good naturedly and determined to profit by it, and then nervously set up to the point of administering the same treatment that you had received.

But we can only judge of the efficacy of anything by its results, so let us consider the effects of this nothing-but-the-truth cause. Every girl present on that Wednesday evening was probably affected by this searchlight of criticism very much as you were, and by your own account you were at first astonished at this new and unflattering picture of yourself, and then it filled your mind to the exclusion of everything else. You thought it over and over. You considered it from every angle. Then came the painful realization that it was the truth.

Now I ask you did this clear up the whole thing for you? Not at all. It merely produced a feeling of despondency, which was followed by discouragement. And that isn't the worst of it. You are still, working over it, and making yourself unhappy. You are paying yourself so much for pitying yourself, that you are quite miserable.

suspected traces of evil. The result was that they got a horrible conviction of having committed something they called the Unpardonable Sin, and they frequently saw the devil in visible form, which appalling apparition sometimes frightened them into fits.

If you want to look into your own heart, look into it to discover how full it is of laughter and good will, how great is its joy of life, and if instead of these pleasant and agreeable things, you see nothing but faults, slurs the door of that heart quickly and run away out into the sunshine and fresh air.

If you go about with the idea that you have one great, glaring fault which every one is likely to notice and condemn, and that you must be constantly on the lookout to keep it from showing its ugly head, you will be self-conscious, shy and ultimately one of those depressed, suppressed beings who add nothing to the gayety of nations.

You would not have written to me if you had believed that my knowledge of human nature, life and the world is greater than yours. You being only sixteen, I have no hesitation in saying that it is. Therefore, I reiterate what I said before: Forget that you have a tendency to moaning about the way some one has treated you, laugh and regard it as nonsense. And the next time you and your friends meet, for goodness sake take up the interesting topic of each other's charms and virtues.

What if you are inclined to regard yourself as imposed upon and ill-treated now and then? Such imaginings are not penal offenses. And why should you expect to be exempt from faults, when they flourish in such rank and untrimmed luxuriance in most of us?

The early Puritans had a dreary pastime over which they wasted much time. They called it examining their hearts for hidden and unsuspected traces of evil.

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\$16,430 FOR AUTO INJURY
Philadelphia, Jan. 16.—Miss Emma Wissman, formerly secretary to Colonel Samuel D. Lit, was awarded \$16,430.92 in the common pleas court yesterday in a suit brought against Carroll S. Fraser and his wife, Mrs. Fraser, to recover damages for injuries received in an automobile accident. The verdict is one of the largest ever recorded in the local courts in this class of cases.

A Home Made Gray Hair Remedy
You Can Make at Home a Better Gray Hair Remedy Than You Can Buy
Gray, streaked or faded hair is not only unbecoming, but unnecessary. You can darken it without using a dye.
"Any one can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and 1/4 ounce of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is not a dye. It does not color the most delicate scalp; is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

HOLSUM BREAD

Even with the big demand for Holsum Bread there is a constantly increasing patronage for this delicious and thoroughly well baked bread. It goes to show that when the people get good bread they appreciate it. No matter how young or how old a person is Holsum bread is the best for digestion. Don't simply ask for bread. Demand

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