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.

"Now, now, why Dorothy, I'm ashamed of you, is that the way I old you to act in company?" Well, vell!"

The child looks up sheepishly, uts a knuckle into her mouth and urns her back. The mother has iven her a lesson—an impressive esson and one from which the bad esults will be hard to erase.

It so often happens that the very arents who do not seem to know ow to give lessons that induce posi- ve, desired results are the ones ho succeed in making the most im- ressive lessons of the wrong kind. Than child training there is no ubject of greater importance and, ot unlike other important subjects, needs to be studied carefully by hose who have charge of children.

One mother writes to me:

"What can I do to get my five- ear-old daughter to answer ques- ons that people ask her? I some- mes feel so ashamed of her and et all the methods I have tried have one her no good. In fact, she seems hore backward now than ever."

You and others no doubt have aught your daughter to be back- ard but all unconsciously.

Here is the way it usually happens: some stranger wants to be friendly with the child and asks some questions. A perfectly natural reserve in a child, who has not specifically been taught to answer questions asked by strangers, will cause him to remain silent until the parent whom he trusts gives him some intimation that it is proper to answer.

But a parent, not understanding this, often will do just the wrong thing and ask the child why he doesn't talk. This not only seems to center attention more denitely upon the child (a thing bad in itself in this particular situation) but the question as to why the child doesn't talk suggests that he was expected to talk at first and didn't; therefore, he takes it as fault-finding.

Let us now strike the course of the trouble. It is the fear in an adult that his actions or words or appearance will not meet with the approval of those whom he meets that causes him to feel ill-at-ease in the presence of other adults. And so it is with the child. Any fault-finding when in front of others is decidedly wrong.

When a child has one experience in a given situation that is painful or unpleasant, he wants to avoid a similar situation in the future. The more often he has unpleasant experiences, the more inclined will he be to sidestep the situations that cause them.

Now that we thoroughly understand the situation, we can easily see that the desired attitude of openness and self-confidence can be secured by managing to make the meeting of people a pleasant experience. Instead of finding fault, approve your child about something. All children like approval and they like the situations in which they are approved.

If your child seems slow to answer, take the attention more away from him instead of putting more on as is so often done. Answer the question for the child in a naive way using "we" and then quickly change the subject.

If you want to get a response from a child, ask about some concrete action or thing which in itself is interesting to him. For example, ask a boy something about his new air-gun, or ask a girl if she puts dolly to sleep in her little bed. Then show just a natural interest in the response and change the subject.

Manage your daughter as suggested and she gradually will show an improvement.

How To Make a Gray Hair Remedy

Mrs. Mackie, the well known New ork actress, now a grandmother, nd whose hair is still dark, re- ently made the following statement: Gray streaked or faded hair can e immediately turned black, brown r light brown, whichever shade you esire, by the use of the following mple remedy that you can make at ome;

"Merely get a small box of Orlex owder at any drug store. It costs ery little and no extras to buy. Dis- olve it in water and comb it through he hair. Full directions for mixing nd use come in each box. One box ill last you for months.

"It is safe, it does not rub off, is ot sticky or greasy, and leaves the air fluffy. It will make a gray aired person look many years ounger."

Bringing Up Father -:- -:- Copyright, 1918, International News Service -:- -:- By McManus

"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

"Pat lunches here almost every day—shall you mind if he walks in on us?" asked Carlotta Sturges, waving the waiter aside to serve our chicken Clinsarge and artichoke.

"Is that why you brought me here—to see how I'd take a meeting with my—brother-in-law?" I asked, wondering if Carlotta meant to confide in me after all.

But Carlotta only leaned across the table and put her hand over mine.

"Anne Harrison," she said, "I liked you from the first. And you stood by me at the canteen the other day. You're a thoroughbred. And if I can ever do anything for you—why, name it. But in the meantime I want you to answer one question. Will you?"

"I'll try," I replied earnestly to her earnestness.

"Well, now, it's this: Do you see, any harm in my being friends with Pat Dalton? He's married, I know, but he isn't living with his wife. Now, I don't see why he should be cut off from friends and companions while he's trying to find out what Mrs. D. proposes to make of the smashed-up bits of their lives. Do you?"

"Not when you put it that way," I agreed unwillingly.

"How else can I put it?" cried Carlotta, her eyes bright with triumph or some other even more stimulating feeling.

"Pat Dalton and Virginia are married. They're separated—that's true. But perhaps they'll find each other again. I think marriage is a—permanent thing—not just what the minister has said, but how people have felt. That ought to be—sacred."

Carlotta narrowed her eyes and tapped the fingers of one hand nervously against the back of the other.

"Evidently you don't believe in divorce. Evidently you think—hope even—that if no one," she hastily corrected herself, 'that if nothing comes between Pat—and Virginia, they'll find each other again instead of something just as good.' That's it—isn't it?"

"That's it," I agreed gravely, wondering how she would take it.

She sat quite still and motionless for a moment, staring ahead of her with sphinx eyes. Then a glitter of mischief came into them, and she turned to me almost saucily.

"I warned you—but you didn't hurry. Here comes Pat now. And guess who's with him?"

But before I could guess, a voice of greeting sounded over my shoulder:

"Hel-lo, Lady Tenant! So you've found the best restaurant in town. Patrick Kerence O'Maragh Dalton and I drop in for a bite now and again—and to-day I think we've found fine company—unless you object to Dalton."

His voice was so ur.ruffled—so assured—that only by affronting Pat could I hope to rid myself of Tom Mason's unwelcome company.

So all in the next minute our table was stretched to accommodate four—and the men ordered cocktails, in which Carlotta almost defiantly joined them.

"This is a cosy little foursome," Tom Mason declared jovially after his second drink. "Suppose you girls fool round over your sweets a bit, and then we'll take you to a matinee or for a spin up the road in Pat's little new car."

Carlotta beamed and clapped her hands.

"Oh, that'll be jolly—we'll go up the road and have a dance and some tea, and I promise to make the boys drink tea too, Anne."

I vinced—as much at her intimate use of my name as at the situation.

"I couldn't," I said—and then repeated in uninspired fashion—"I couldn't."

"Why not?" asked Pat, a little belligerent. "You were happy enough till I came—is it me you're after objecting to, Mrs. Jimmie?"

"Oh, no—you know it isn't that, that, didn't I have tea with you?" I cried unguardedly, stupidly—and regretted on the very period to my word that I hadn't bitten my tongue out when I began the sentence.

"Tom and you—Pat and I. I chaperone you, you chaperone me," laughed Carlotta.

Tom Mason leaned forward, inclining his body toward me in the little intimate way he has of seeming to shut off the world and make it a place with room in it for only the two of us.

"A chaperone," he chuckled. "A chaperone! But you can take tea alone with this scamp of a Pat he chaperone! That's more than your husband had when I saw him and a pretty little, snaky little Oriental brunette sneaking into the Old Handley, when I stopped there for a cocktail before I met Pat."

Carlotta snickered.

"There's something sacred about marriage, Mrs. Jimmie. You said it. Come on, be a good fellow. You chaperone me—I chaperone you—and we beat the boys at their own game."

I rose, with sudden resolution that brought the men to their feet.

"Didn't I tell you when we met that I'd an engagement?" I asked, lying by implication even while I stayed just within the truth. "Well, I'm on my way to see Virginia. This was a delicious luncheon. I hope my Jimmie and his little secretary fared half as well—they're so busy they have to work even at mealtime."

"You're on your way to see Jeanie?" murmured Pat Dalton, holding my hand in his as if he meant never to let it go.

Then he flung it from him—and turned to the others:

"Well, that needn't keep us from spinning up the road—need it?"

But he didn't offer to take me to my destination in the new car.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Much superstition in regard to beauty is abroad in the world, I mean the beauty of human beings. And, above all, of course, the beauty of women.

Beauty in women has been so greatly praised that we have come to overvalue it. Women themselves believe it to be of great and serious importance. Their eyes are continually in search of it, in each other, in the multitude about them. The talk of beauty is on their lips. And when there's no trace of beauty whatever, superstition and panic take the field.

The beauty-cult has so obsessed us that many women believe they can only obtain success, happiness, love, in proportion as they are beautiful.

A frivolous young creature who knows that she is classified as a "pretty girl" believes she has her equipment for life. The poor child is encouraged to think that by merely exploiting her piquant profile or her pink complexion she can secure her share of the world's gifts without taking very much trouble to develop any qualities she may have of mind or character.

While the girl who is frankly without a trace of beauty understands even from a child that she is almost unconquerably handicapped. She finds the whole world patiently, stupidly believing that a woman must be beautiful to be loved, and that without love life is a pretty poor thing, scarcely worth living

If a girl who has had this sort of training becomes melancholy, desperate, without courage, who can blame her? There's deep suffering involved in believing that because one was born with a certain kind of face one is forever an outcast from all the joy and shining reality of life. And it's a kind of suffering that is pitifully frequent even now, as I suppose it has been always.

Heartbreaking letters come to me from the victims of it. Girls who have not beauty and who know they haven't, and who weep through long wakeful nights because they lack the one precious thing that they believe all women are bound to display upon the highway of the world. Girls who cry but for some shred of comfort for their blank comfortlessness.

It's all a silly superstition, and a wicked one. Wicked, because of the suffering that it causes.

That beauty is powerful cannot be denied. But there are other forces in the world than beauty.

A beautiful woman sometimes seems a supremely conquering creature. Yet sometimes she has less influence on the current of life about her than a drawing that hangs on the wall.

As to Beauty's Rival

And most interesting of all, the woman who is frankly devoid of beauty, but who has something else that counts, often far outdistances the woman who depends wholly on her exterior.

Don't let anyone persuade you that the unbeautiful woman never triumphs in life and love. She triumphs often. And her triumphs are secure ones, because they don't depend on light and shadow—that is, on the substance of illusion.

Look carefully and understandingly about the world, you girls who believe yourselves cursed by straight, thin hair or by dull complexions or irregular features. Stop listening to those too often repeated tales of the supremacy of beauty and the tragedy of ugliness and see what the facts are.

"You'll get a great deal of encouragement from your investigation and a truer idea of the really important things.

Perhaps you'll even come to the conclusion that beauty alone—beauty in the sense of perfection of line and color—doesn't attract very forcibly after all unless it's joined with something else. Cold, passive loveliness is sometimes let rather severely alone.

Perhaps you'll find that the beautiful women who are powerful, either in promoting happiness or creating havoc have something else after all besides radiant smiles and shining eyes.

Perhaps it's piquancy, a kind of bewitchment or diablerie, the kind of thing that infatuates men, makes them exquisitely miserable. Perhaps it's just a curve of the mouth or a note in the voice or some provoking little trick or subtlety of manner.

Large Natures Attract

Or perhaps it's something very much better than this. Perhaps it's the influence that's exhaled by a really big nature and a thoroughly warm heart. You'll find that the woman who is not self-centered, who has a heart big enough for a host of friendships, and for the troubles likewise of people who are not her friends, attracts love and lovers even if she is totally unbeautiful. She has reality, you see, and that is so much better than the thin, monotonous skin-deep charm of the merely pretty woman whose eyes are always furtively seeking the flattery of a mirror.

Of perhaps it's some one definite gift, like wit, or tact, or sweetness of nature.

If you were just being born, and your fairy godmother offered you your choice of gifts, would you choose beauty?

If you did you would make a great mistake.

So if you have been living for twenty years or so with the idea that because you are not beautiful or even pretty, your life is wasted. I urge you to drop this totally false idea and begin all over again.

Make the best you can of any "good points" you have, and after you have done that, try not to give any more thought to that over-discussed subject of beauty.

If you have real interests and real friends, and health and energy, you have the essentials for a happy life. Don't give up all the fun you'll have in living it just because you're self-consciously and superstitiously aware that your nose isn't straight.

Advice to the Lovelorn

How Long Shall She Wait?

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a girl of twenty and care for a young man. He has asked me to wait two and a half years for our marriage, which I think is too long. Please advise me what to do.

L. S.

This would be a long engagement, but perhaps it is not too long if the wait is necessary and if you really love each other. But I fear that nobody who does not know all the circumstances can profitably advise you in this matter. The best way is to talk it out thoroughly and frankly with the young man himself and arrive together at an agreement.

Is He Fascinated?

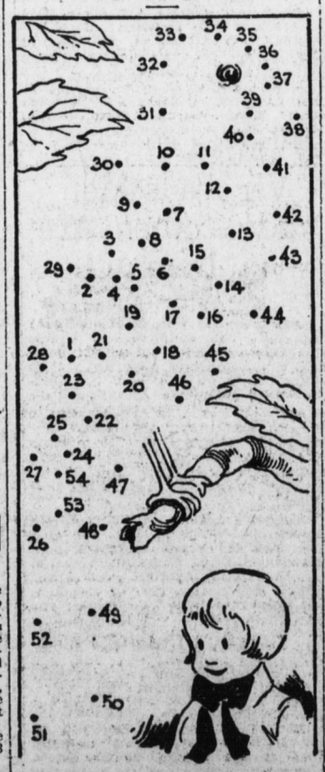
Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am very much in love with a young lady who says that I am merely fascinated. Kindly explain the difference between love and fascination. I think of her all day long.

G. C.

Isn't this young lady something of a coquette? Still she is right in maintaining that love and fascination are not the same. One of the differences between them is that fascination is transient. So if you wait six months, you can surely tell whether your feeling is really love or not.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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There can be nothing simpler than taking a convenient little tablet four times each day until your weight is reduced to normal. That's all—just purchase a case of Marmola Prescription Tablets from your druggist (or if you prefer, send 75c to Marmola Co., 864 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.) and follow directions. No dieting, no exercise. Eat what you want — be as lazy as you like and keep on getting slimmer. And the best part of Marmola Prescription Tablets is their harmlessness. That is your absolute safeguard.

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It is Poslam"s mission to relieve itching eczema's cruel distress and to restore the disordered skin to sightliness and health. Comfort comes as soon as it is applied to the sore places. Its concentrated healing power quickly shows. Each day should mark distinct improvemeit. So effective is Poslam for eczema, rashes, pimples, scalp-scale that just a little of it will do much. It's quality that counts.

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Urge your skin to become fresher, clearer, better by the daiaily use of Poslam Soap, medicated with Poslam.

EVEN CROSS, SICK CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

Look at tongue! If feverish, bilious, constipated, take no chances.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul waste, the sour bile and fermenting food passes out of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" clean and sweet.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so surely look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.

CAN'T FIND DANDRUFF

Every bit of dandruff disappears after one or two applications of Danderine rubbed well into the scalp with the finger tips. Get a small bottle of Danderine at any drug store for a few cents and save your hair. After several applications you can't find a particle of dandruff or any falling hair, and the scalp will never itch.

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which consists of the following lines:

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Pure silk and fine madras shirts---

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Vests for formal and informal wear---

Mufflers--pajamas, lounging robes, laundry bags---

Summer and winter underwear---

Flannel negligee shirts---

Dress gloves, auto gloves, white dress gloves---

Collars, umbrellas and walking sticks---

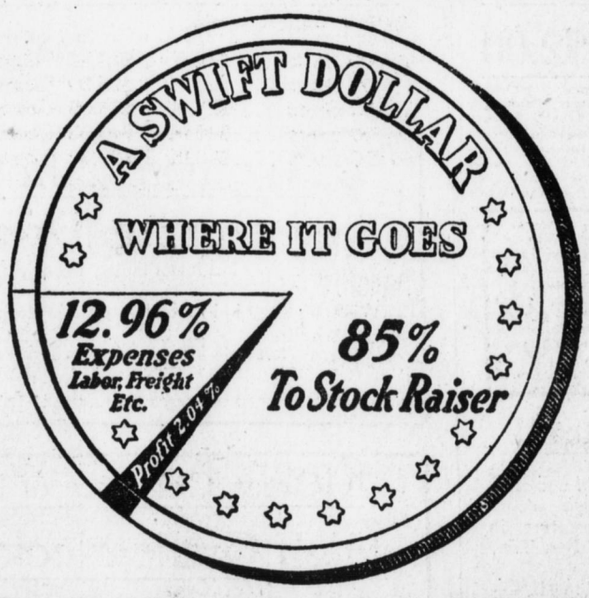
The entire stock is being removed to Kaufman's store and will be ready shortly for the big sale—which will afford the men of this town an opportunity to stock up at prices for high class furnishings which will meet their fondest dreams.

Watch for the date---

Wait for the Sale

KAUFMANS MARKET SQUARE UNDERSELLING STORE

The Swift Dollar for 1918



The above diagram shows the distribution of the average Swift dollar received from sales of beef, pork and mutton, and their by-products, during 1918.

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