

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.

The shame of it! That any father should knowingly stand as a stumbling block in the way of a mother's control over her child!

Yet, unfortunately, there are some of this kind.

Let us take a typical case. A mother writes to me.

"My four-year-old daughter is a sweet little girl and obeys me willingly when she and I are alone. But, she is getting so she does not mind when her father is around, for he says there is no use in doing it. This may happen at the table or at any other time. When daughter refuses me, then he reminds me that I do not have as good control as he has. He loves the child but is jealous of my control, please help me."

When the father comes home, both you and your daughter should carry out the idea of trying to make him happy and cheerful. Then, just after the daughter is tucked into bed, you should tell your husband how much fun daughter had in trying to prepare a pleasant surprise for him. If you can do so truthfully, tell him that the daughter kept repeating with you, "Won't father enjoy this?"

Shortly after telling your husband

Don't Catch Cold
and allow it to run into Pneumonia. At the first sniffle, sneeze, sore throat or headache take some Salfio-Quinine.

Salfio-Quinine
tablets to break up your cold in a few hours. No dangerous Calomel and no bad head effects as when quinine is taken alone. ALL DRUGGISTS Carry A. Corcoran's Stores, Harrisburg, Pa.

We Have More Places For Those Young Women Who Desire Good Employment At Good Pay

New machinery has arrived and this will enable us to get out a much larger production of

TRIANGLE MINTS

Making TRIANGLE MINTS is excellent employment, permanent, good paying, refined work, done under the most comfortable conditions.

WE NEED ABOUT 50 YOUNG WOMEN

Those who would like to have an interview for positions are requested to kindly call at the sales office—room 405, Telegraph Building.

THE WINTERMINTS CO.

Harrisburg, Pa.

WHY DO WE HEAR THE FOLLOWING SO OFTEN?

A MEMBER OF A PROMINENT AND WEALTHY PHILADELPHIA FAMILY TOLD US THAT SOME TIME AGO A CAKE OF SWEETHEART TOILET SOAP FOUND ITS WAY INTO THEIR HOME. HOW, HE DID NOT KNOW. BUT HE DID KNOW THAT THEY HAVE ALL STOPPED BUYING HIGH-PRICED, FANCY WRAPPED TOILET SOAP, FOR THE REASON THAT THEY LIKED SWEETHEART TOILET SOAP, AND FURTHERMORE IT DID NOT ROUGHEN OR CHAP THE HANDS.

NATURALLY, WE THINK WE KNOW WHY THEY, AND ALL OTHERS WHO USE SWEETHEART TOILET SOAP, LIKE IT. THE ANSWER IS ABSOLUTE PURITY, MADE BY EXPERTS WHO KNOW HOW, PLEASANTLY PERFUMED, AND SOLD AT A POPULAR PRICE.

IF YOU TRY IT ONCE, YOU WILL ALWAYS BUY IT.

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

CHAPTER CXXIV
(Copyright, 1919, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Before Jim could reply to my question the telephone rang and he sprang to answer its summons, leaving my words hanging suspended in the air between us like a great dirigible that floats across a summer sky and seems to blot out everything save its strange self from the scene.

"So it was Doris West who gave him his 'tip' to buy Salt-Water Oil!" I repeated to myself. "Why—why is she so interested in my husband?"

Hard on this came another thought. Jim's friendly knowledge of the friendly conspiracy that had given him his place in Anthony

Norrey's offices—he had come by that through Doris West also. Of course, the girls seemed to be electing herself presiding genius of my husband's fortunes. And the more I thought there, the more I would hate Doris West. In failure and poverty, there would be this consolation: I wouldn't have to owe everything to her.

Jim's voice broke in on my thoughts. Jim's voice in frantic calculations—not to me but to the unseen speaker at the other end of the telephone wire.

"Good enough!—Twenty-eight!—I should say not—Hold on—No, of course it won't flatter—Read the report, man—No, I couldn't stand it down there watching the ticker—call me every half hour—Twenty-eight and a half now!—Didn't I tell you?"

Jim hung up the receiver and turned to me with the still, tense look I had come to know so well. The excitement of the game and the fever to win.

"Did you hear that? It's up to twenty-eight and a half already—like twenty-nine by a killing! We'll make a killing, Anne—a killing! By Jove, girl; you're going to be rich!"

He jumped across the room with a sort of hop and skip, seized my hands in his, and balancing himself firmly on his strong left ankle, he twirled around in a little pirouette that seemed to bring out all his boyish sweetness. When he was in a mood like that, nothing Jim did could seem wrong to me. And when he held me off and began patting my shoulder with quick, staccato taps I began to feel as big a "kid" as my Jimmy-boy.

There were black thoughts ready to possess me, but I brushed them away. Of course, I couldn't push them off the rim of things, and they lurked on the edge of my consciousness—ready to pounce.

"What's the meaning of Doris West's interest in your husband?" demanded one.

"Was it her revelation that made Jim resign from Anthony Norrey's employ and quarrel with you about it?" whispered the second.

But more insistent and nagging than either of these thoughts—threatening my desire to be as carefree as Jim—was the third thought that assailed me:

"Where did Jim get his \$5,000?" it kept insisting. "Who loaned your husband all that money?"

Again the phone. Jim dropped his hands and fairly vaulted across the room.

"Careful, dear!" I cried. "Fortunately he didn't hear me. He wouldn't have liked my emotion. After a second he turned from the phone, white-faced and drawn."

"Has it gone—against you—down?" I managed to ask calmly.

"No—it's up to thirty-three. We might as well have a bit of lunch, Anne. Nothing'll happen down there for the next half-hour."

But I couldn't persuade Jim to take anything to lunch except three cups of scalding hot and bitterly strong tea. And he was back at the phone again in a jiffy.

"Thirty-seven," he reported a minute later. "Mind if I don't help you with the dishes? I'll run out for five or ten minutes—breath of air. From seven o'clock on I'll have a direct wire."

"A direct wire!" I cried. "How wonderful. Weren't you clever to manage that! Run along dear!"

For a moment, it seemed to me that Jim stared at me with a certain hostile intentness as if to say, "You think you're clever, don't you? But I'll tell you nothing I don't want you to know."

But I dismissed my foolish fancies when he kissed me on the forehead a second later and rushed pell-mell from the place.

The phone didn't ring again until Jim returned ten minutes later. He took it up and reported, "Forty-six and going strong."

Then he took my place in a chair he drew up within reach of the receiver, and every five minutes, he rose, took down that receiver and signaled some one who seemed in wait at the other end of the wire. For almost an hour, Jim didn't speak to me—but sat crouching in his chair near the black box of the telephone. His face was gray and drawn, with spots of color rising high on his cheeks under glittering eyes. I had seen him so before. This was what gambling could do to Jim. Wealth might be coming to us; it might be poverty and a heavy burden of debt we were facing. I was so frightened by Jim's aspect and manner that I dreaded either—both—anything we won in a gamble.

When next Jim spoke to me, I glanced involuntarily at my watch. It was eight minutes past three.

"I sold out my Salt-Water Oil—at sixty-seven," he said in a voice that was dead and flat. Then it rose to sudden exultation: "We've started. Anne—we're going to be rich, girl!"

And Jim and I stared at each other—wondering, wondering. What would money bring to us?

(To Be Continued)

LIFE'S PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED

There are those stern and rigid souls who object to compromise in any form. They consider that they are renouncing a principle when they give in on any point.

But this is a matter of compromise of give and take. The rigid characters with an iron sense of duty may be strong and often admirable, but they are not easy to live with. It is they who have made possible the phrase: "Be good and you will be lonely."

In our journey through the world we have to rub shoulders with all kinds and conditions of people, and it is the part of wisdom to see their good qualities instead of criticizing their bad ones.

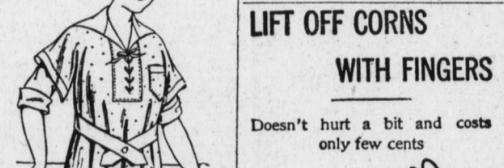
We have no right to ask them to conform to our standards. It is enough if we adhere to those standards ourselves. Youth is naturally intolerant; but as we grow older, if we are worth anything at all, we grow kinder in our estimates of people, more sympathetic and understanding.

I am in receipt of a letter which bears upon this question. The writer says:

"I have been married for nearly three years and love my husband dearly. My trouble is in getting along with his people. They are kind enough, but they think nothing of telling questionable stories and making suggestive jokes. Because I told my husband how I hated it, they make things disagreeable for me before company by saying, 'I heard a good story today, but I can't tell it because it might shock Emily.' It does shock me. My people are very refined and my mother never makes 'breaks' in conversation. She says, 'What the mind shows in the face. Be sure your mind is clean.'"

"I have talked this over with my husband, but in vain. He always says his people are just as good as mine are. I had not said mine were better, only that they were kinder; so naturally am I. Now what am I to do? I hate to break up my home, but it is coming to that. I cannot keep my husband from his people, as that would not be right; yet I size medium will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material."

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SPLENDID COVER-ALL APRON 2750—This style is easy to develop, easy to adjust, and easy to launder. It is comfortable and trim looking. Nice for gingham, secret-sucker, lawn, drill, cambric, percale, alpaca, and saten.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Telegraph Pattern Department For the 10 cents inclosed please send pattern to the following address:

Size.....Pattern No.....

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

A few cents buys a tiny bottle of the magic Freezone at any drug store. Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. Instantly that troublesome corn or callus stops hurting, then shortly you lift it out, root and all, without any pain, soreness or irritation. These little bottles of Freezone contain just enough to rid the feet of every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes and the calluses on bottom of feet. So easy! So simple. Why wait? No humbug!

disgust. Let your attitude as well as your words be: "I don't like that sort of talk, and I won't be drawn into it. But if it amuses you, go as far as you like. It doesn't shock me. Neither does it interest me. I have better things to think about."

Show your tolerance, your indifference, and the probabilities are that when they see you can't be annoyed they will soon be saying, "Emily's an awfully good sort. It's a shame for us to tease her so. Let's stop it."

Really this is worth trying. It would be an absurd blunder to break up your home over such a trifling matter, and you would always regret it.

CHILDREN
Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply the "outside" treatment—
YOUR BODYGUARD
VICK'S VAPORUB
NEW PRICES—30c, 60c, \$1.20

Store Opens At 8.30 A. M. and Closes At 5 P. M.

KAUFMANS
MARKET SQUARE
UNDERSELLING STORE

One Day Sale---Tomorrow
Just 55 Misses' and Small Women's

Winter Coats

Formerly Selling \$7.50
at \$20, \$22.50 & \$25
Choice of the Lot
One Day Only...

All Newest Models
All Newest Materials
Collars of Plush
Collars of Fur
Self Collars
Black, Navy,
Dark Brown,
Green, Burgundy
Small Sizes Only
14 to 36
Be Early
The Lot Is Small

Extra Size Coats That Sold \$19.95
Up to \$35--One Day Only
Extra Size Broadcloth Coats—Extra Size Cheviot Coats
In black, dark brown and green. All lined throughout with guaranteed lining. Big Plush collars. Sizes from 46 to 52.

Big Sale of Muslin Wear and Infants' Wear---Thursday
Full Details in Tomorrow's Paper

You want a diploma from this school and a credential from the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools of the U. S. — THE BEST in Business Education — Enroll Now.

School of Commerce
The old, Reliable, Standard, Accredited College.
Troup Building 15 S. Market Square, Bell 485. Dial 4893
Send for Catalog or Representative.