



# Reading for Women and All the Family



Little Talks by Beatrice Fairfax

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Is there anything in the world that looks to you like unforgivable sin? Or do you insist on posing as one of those people who see "good in everything?" I married a woman with a bad record. I forgave her. I tried to help her and I talked to her as a mother might. But when she consented to stay in our little home and try to learn goodness from me? Not she! Pleasure and worldliness meant so much to her that she had to go chasing back to the bright lights. I had been tolerant and forgiving, but now I see that a man is a fool to trust a woman who has once gone wrong or to think he can show her what is right and good. Now I challenge you to find one word to say for this woman who failed in gratitude toward the man who tried to uplift her.

A COLLEGE MAN.

I accept the challenge! There are plenty of reasons, oh College Man, why your marriage was a foregone-conclusion failure. And not many of them are connected with the "past" of your wife! Most of them grow right out of your own sad failure to "make allowance"—out of your uncharitable criticism of weakness—out of your trying to force "goodness" upon a girl who was staggering up out of the swamps of evil and who needed the comfort of a gentle helping hand rather than the lash of a stern and preaching tongue.

I don't believe in "uplift." A man who has gone up and down the world for twenty years, a man who has talked to kings and serfs, to generals and to privates, to high dignitaries and to great criminals and who, because of his knowledge of human nature and of the underlying causes, is known as our greatest war correspondent, spoke a very pregnant sentence to me recently.

Said he: "I don't believe in the smug 'holier than thou' attitude that most people take when they are trying to help others. No one ever faces another man's temptations. Every one tries to belittle the things that lure others to ruin. This business of stooping down to help others is all wrong. What counts is getting under the skin of the trouble—being on the level with them, not uplifting them."

Don't you see how true it is, Mr. College Man? You "forgave" your wife, did you? Was there nothing in your record that she might have needed to "forgive" you? You preached at her—you let her see that you "tolerated" her; that you considered her a brand snatched from the burning. And then you expected her to look up at you with adoration.

Did you ever think what your at-

## Bringing Up Father



titude toward her might do in the way of creating an "attitude" toward you?

Did you ever imagine what might be going on in her brain? Suppose she had been saying to herself: "Henry thinks I am wicked, evil. But he married me anyway. He doesn't see any good in me—but he wanted me in his life. He tells me to resist temptation—but he could not resist me; and I must have seemed to him like the worst sort of temptation!"

That is a natural reaction, and it does one of two things or both: It makes the poor sinner wonder if sin is not attractive to most people, and it shows her that the man who is setting himself up as a model feels the lure of evil—and then why shall she strive so hard to conquer what is irresistible?

I grant that the woman who was given her "chance" did fail in gratitude, but it is terribly difficult for human nature to perform to order, and when a man spends his days telling a woman how grateful she ought to be to him for his kindly condescension in marrying her, the very appreciation that might well up from her heart like a sweet spring, were it not forced, flows along as artificially and surlily as a canal, just because it is made to order like the canal.

Here is a quotation from a great

Englishman who expresses this view very beautifully:

"Perhaps we should have got on faster still if we had reserved our indignation for the right things—self-satisfaction, complacency, injustice, cruelty."

The poor little wife who yielded weakly to her ugly temptations may never have been guilty of one of these things—which are the supreme sins of life.

Even though you forgave her for her past guilt, she had still to endure in her own weakened soul many of the consequences of evil-doing. And not by sitting in judgment on her, nor by lecturing her, nor by condescending to her, were you really able to help her. Love, sympathy, understanding and a belief in the good in her would have helped her to develop that good.

You have failed her as pathetically as she failed the good that was in her poor, twisted, weak nature. Recognize that—come to see that not in preaching condescension, but in warm, sympathetic understanding, lies real toleration.

For the Greatest Teacher has said: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go thou and sin no more."

The tolerance that helps is this: tolerance that can love a sinner while hating the sin, and that gives the "sinner" beliefs in the path to righteousness instead of reminders of the road to evil.

## THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

### CHAPTER XLIV

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The waiter, standing at a discreet distance, yawned and gazed resentfully at the corner table at which sat the elderly gentleman and young girl. Such people as these, he mused, were a dead loss. They came gostenably to eat and drink, but remained talking for an hour, never considering the poor man who must wait upon their convenience. When people ate a good many dollars' worth, they tipped in proportion. That was a different matter.

"The girl certainly was pretty, but she was much paler than when she had entered the restaurant. What could her father be telling her that interested, yet seemed to startle her so?"

"Stephen Livingstone," Darius Blake was saying at that moment, "had no thought of defrauding your mother. He did not call it that, even to himself. Doubtless he justified himself in what he did. The fact remains that if your mother had held fast to her share of the land inherited from her parents—as she wanted to do at first—instead of selling it to her brother, as he urged her to do, she would have died as rich as that brother, Stephen Livingstone, became."

"Your father told me the whole story soon after your mother's death."

Livingstone had been shrewd enough to look ahead and see how valuable that property would some time become. Your mother was only a girl then.

"She was devoted to her brother, and yielded to his entreaties that she sell him the land for the price that he named—a fair enough price for such property as that seemed to be then. Livingstone has made a fortune from it, as he hoped to do when he bought his sister's share from her. He was sure she would marry the man she loved—your father—and expected that her husband would be able to supply her abundantly with all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life."

"Then"—Cynthia had to moisten her lips before she could speak—"he took advantage of his sister's faith in him, and of her ignorance, to make money for himself that he might have made for her?"

"Well, yes," Darius Blake admitted reluctantly, "but, dear girl, he did not put it that way, even to himself. You see, he owned half of the property already, for his father had divided it evenly between his son and daughter. If the son saw the possibilities in it, and the daughter did not, Livingstone reasoned, might not the son profit by these possibilities? He told your father once that if the investment had proved a failure he would have lost by it—and his sister would not. He stood to lose or gain, and, as he put it, he "happened to gain."

"And he never offered to make up for it to my mother."

Blake smiled cynically. "Well, he never called it exactly that. He used to send your mother very handsome gifts at Christmas and on her birthday. She never blamed him for his action, and she begged her husband not to. That is why your father never told you the facts."

"And that is why he never suggested that if anything happened to him I should live at Uncle Stephen's," the girl said musingly. "I wish I had known the truth."

"No, dear, you do not," her companion corrected. "It is better that you should live at home. Only your evident reluctance to allow your uncle to do the fair thing by you moved me to tell you now. Now you comprehend the reason for my hesitating about letting him pay you back in an infinitesimal degree some of what he might have paid your mother."

"I see," the girl said, "but," shaking her head impatiently, "I hate it!"

"Even so—it will soon be a thing of the past. Darius Blake reminded her. "At what hour are you to meet Mr. Stewart?"

His change of tone was so marked that Cynthia was aware that he wished no further discussion of the subject just dismissed.

"At a quarter of six," she said. "It is that now," Mr. Blake informed her. "But I would like to meet him, if I may—unless you have not told him of our appointment here this afternoon."

"I have told him," she rejoined. "I said nothing at the house about it—but Gerald is—well—he's different."

A Strange Expression

The lawyer laughed affectionately. "Of course he is my dear. That is because you love him. I could wish nothing better for you than that you should have the ideally happy marriage that your father and mother had as long as she lived. And it was happy because it was founded on love. Without love, marriage is hell. With love, it is heaven. Your parents' daughter would marry only for love."

A flood of crimson swept across Cynthia's face, then receded, leaving it very pale. Her father's friend gazed at her, startled.

The blush might denote the self-consciousness of a woman when speaking of her lover. But what did the pallor mean?

"Gerald will be wondering where I am," she said hastily, pushing her chair back from the table and rising. "Shall we go? I am to meet him in the lobby."

The waiter had brought the change from the bill handed him by Darius Blake. His face spread into a grin as a dollar tip was laid on his silver tray.

"I have kept your table for an unconscionable time," the gentleman murmured. "Good day!"

Three minutes later he was shaking hands with Gerald Stewart, looking him squarely in the eyes. Gerald was a handsome fellow, and Mr. Blake decided that he liked him.

Yet the thought thrust itself upon his mind as he got into the cab that was to take him to the railroad station—it was difficult to imagine those two delightful young people—Stewart and Cynthia—deeply in love with each other, and Cynthia—What was the matter? What was wrong?

To Be Continued.

## The Way Out

When we were asked to "save the sugar," we nodded our heads and agreed that sugar must be saved. Somebody must save it; it was the job of the cook, the baker or the mother of the house. It wasn't in our line.

Then came this word: "Less sweet drinks and candy containing sugar should be used in wartime. As a nation we have twice as much sugar as we need."

This made it more or less a personal matter to each of us, and it put upon us a responsibility under which we squirmed a bit. How can we satisfy our perfectly normal craving for sweets and still "save the sugar?"

We can satisfy it with candy, but not with all kinds of candy; just those which contain a minimum amount of sugar.

But it is a real sacrifice to confine your use of confectionery to the sugar saving varieties described below.

Among them are the chocolate covered nuts and fruits, the uncoated candies, such as nougats, the delicious Turkish pastes and candies of that variety, as well as all the chocolate you want.

The second group includes "hard boiled candies" such as lemon drops, stick candy, fruit tablets, peanut bars, peanut brittle, glace nuts and the like. In this group may also be placed molasses candies such as taffies and kisses.

Marshmallows and similar candies comprise the third group. They may be eaten plain, toasted, dipped in chocolate, rolled in coconut and in

many other palatable forms, also popcorn confections.

In the fourth group are included gum drops, jellies, jelly beans and the like, giving a wide variety of candy made from pure and wholesome ingredients and containing a minimum amount of sugar.

This isn't much of a hardship, is it? But if we keep within the limits of these candies, we have sent sugar to be put into the empty sugar barrel of Europe.

## Commerce Chamber Again Appeals For War Gardens

The Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce, through its supervisor of garden plots, to-day made another strong appeal to enlist schoolchildren in war garden work. A communication showing how very important this matter is considered by the head of the nation was sent to each principal of a school—Stevens, Vernon, Forney, Lincoln, Woodward, Downey, Allison, Poose, Webster, Shimmell, Harris, Paxtang, Melrose, Boas, Willard, Calder, Cameron, Steele, Hamilton, Day, Penn, Camp, Curtin, MacLay, Rely, Verbeke and Wickersham.

President Wilson makes it plain in this letter sent to every principal that volunteers for war garden industry between the ages of 9 and 16 will be just as patriotic as those building ships or firing cannon. The Chamber of Commerce representative adds in the communication:

"I hope that this spring every school will have a regiment of volunteer war gardeners. Will you kindly announce this to your school and ask all who want war gardens to give you their names and you in turn hand them to the supervisor in

your district? The supervisor for your district will be Mr. J. F. Ferguson. The land will be located at Bellevue and Fifteenth and Vernon. He will then furnish you with blanks for the volunteers to sign."

## ACTIVE CAMPAIGN PLANNED

Liverpool, Pa., April 18.—On Tuesday evening the women's Liberty Loan committee, which includes Mrs. J. Warren Stalley, Mrs. H. A. S. Shuler, Mrs. W. W. Holman, Miss Maud Knisely, Mrs. J. D. Snyder and Mrs. S. A. Derr, met Tuesday at the home of Miss Pucra B. Robison, Liberty Loan director for Liverpool district, and made plans for a house-to-house canvass.

## NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

### ASTHMA

There is no "cure" but relief is often brought by—

### VICK'S VAPORUB

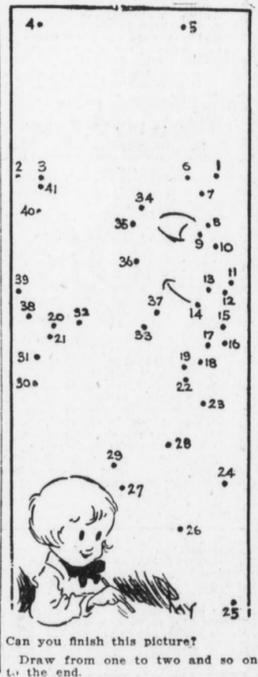
25c—50c—\$1.00

### Gray Hair

### May's Health

A very meritorious preparation for restoring natural color to gray or faded hair for removing dandruff and as a hair dressing, is not a dye. Generous sized bottles at all dealers ready to use when you get it. PHILIP MAY CO., Newark, N. J.

## Daily Dot Puzzle



Can you finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## Daily Fashion Hint

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



## A STUNNING ORGANDY.

The figured organdy frocks designed for summer are most delightful. This model in dark blue with figures of pink and white gains distinction through the simplicity of its development. Fresh pink Georgette forms the cuffs and collar and the skirt is draped at the sides. Medium size requires 5 1/2 yards 36-inch organdy and 3/4 yard Georgette.

Pictorial Review Costume No. 7671. Sizes 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 25 cents.

## Taste These 2 Coffees

See if they haven't a richer, more satisfying taste than any other coffees you ever tried.

It is because they are blended by experts and roasted fresh every day.

Try a pound of both. See which you like best. See which the family likes best.

**Golden Roast Coffee, . . . 30c lb.**

is well blended, rich flavored coffee. Four times a day it is delivered fresh-roasted to your grocer. A better coffee than most 35-cent coffees.

**Old Favorite Coffee, . . . 25c lb.**

is a mellow, tasty coffee popular for its fine flavor and economical price. Fresh-roasted daily and packaged in stout bags lined with glassine. Four cents is saved by not using tin containers. As good as most 30-cent coffees.



R. H. LYON

IMPORTER

Harrisburg, Pa.

## J. & K. Low Shoes for Milady Always Bear the Mark of Style

They are always distinguished in the conception and refined in their production.

Unusual touches of daintiness are incorporated in every pair. They fairly ring with style such as appeals to the woman of discrimination.

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Come in and examine the New Spring styles in pumps, oxfords and other novelties.

\$3.00 to \$7.00

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