

Reading for Women and all the Family



Life's Problems Are Discussed

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

I wrote one article on the subject of a lighter recently published by a writer who signed herself "A Superfluous Old Lady," and I couldn't begin to say all I wanted to in the space, so I am continuing.

I don't believe there are any superfluous people in the world. We are all here for some reason and purpose and we all have some little niche to fill which would be either too large or too small for anyone else.

This writer stated among other things that there are hundreds of thousands of old ladies who are "treated as if they were scarcely possessed of human intelligence, bossed and patronized by their up-to-date daughters and sons until they cannot call their souls their own."

I am not attempting to advise older women than myself as to the manner in which they should rule their lives. That would be an impertinence on my part. I am only combating the attitude which this writer takes.

The women who allow themselves to be "bossed and patronized by their up-to-date daughters and sons" do not seem to realize that all experience is a matter of cause and effect; that our lives are mainly spent in reaping what we have sown.

The way a child treats his parent is a matter of habit. A mother cannot order her children to admire and respect her and show her proper consideration and expect to have her orders fulfilled unless she is worthy of respect and admiration and consideration.

A year or two ago I made the acquaintance of a mother and daughter who were spending a month or two away from home. The daughter was enjoying all the gayeties and amusements of the place, but the mother spent most of her time in her room, where she sewed and mended and pressed with an electric iron the daughter's noticeably pretty frocks. "I want my little girl to have a good time while she is young," she would say as an excuse for her own seclusion. It never seemed to enter her head that she was limiting enjoyment to just one period of life.

It was always on the tip of my tongue to ask, "And why can your daughter not have a good time

Bringing Up Father



when she is old? It is charming to see her so prettily dressed, but if that is her pleasure and she can afford it, why should she not pay the price herself instead of leaving you to do it?"

They had left home for a season or rest and change, but the mother had no opportunity to take the rest she sadly needed; instead, she spent her vacation working harder than any maid would have done. She renounced the long hours in the fresh air that would have stimulated her soul and body; the books that would have entertained; the new acquaintances which might have proved interesting; and the conversation she might have enjoyed.

And all for what?

Merely to strengthen in her daughter's mind the belief that she could not only get something for nothing but that she had a divine right to do so; to deepen and encourage the selfishness which would certainly mar the girl's life and leave her a discontented and embittered old woman in the end.

That mother had not been fair either to her daughter or herself. Because she believed that youth was the only season of happiness, she appeared much older than her years indicated. She was a mournful drab colored sort of a person whose whole life seemed to be centered in the rather shabby and small ambition of seeing her daughter more elaborately clothed than anyone else.

her own clothes in a state of immaculate order; it would be a most salutary experience for both of them.

The present time is certainly the psychological moment for all of the old ladies who may have formerly considered themselves superfluous. This is their "crowded hour"; there is food to be conserved and fruit to be preserved, there are vegetable gardens to be looked after; there is use for all the sewing and knitting that can be turned out; the smallest, humblest tasks that any one can do for the soldiers is an honor and a privilege. One is only superfluous when one is no longer of use.

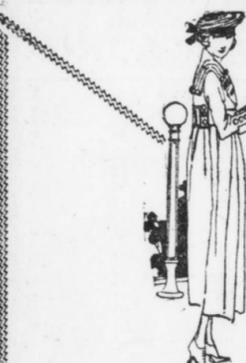
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Women's Coat Dept.—Second Floor.

THE GLOBE

THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE
By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XLVI

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"Sit down, boys," Stephen Livingstone said, genially, as he resumed his chair after the ladies had passed from the dining room. "Have a cigar."

He pushed forward the cigar box and drew a long breath of pleasure. "This is comfortable," he commented. "I am glad both you chaps are satisfied with the plans we have made. I consider myself fortunate in having such a son-in-law and nephew-in-law in prospect."

"By the way, Stewart," turning to Gerald, "I hope you succeeded in making Cynthia see things my way this afternoon?"

Gerald Stewart hesitated. Milton moved uncomfortably.

"Do I intrude?" he asked. "If so I'll go on and talk with the ladies."

"Not at all, my boy," Livingstone surred him. "You are like one of the family now, and I do not mind you knowing the truth. I called at Stewart's office to-day and asked him to try to persuade Cynthia to let me pay for her wedding. I have made a concession in allowing her to get her own trousseau—but she insisted upon doing that. She also wished to pay all other expenses. That I forbade. She cannot afford it."

"Poor girl!" The exclamation was Milton's and was fraught with so much feeling that Stewart turned his head to look at him. But his only comment was—"Right you are, Van!"

"Yes, indeed, it was hard," Stephen Livingstone admitted, "yet not as hard as it would have been had she not had me to look out for her, and if she had not been so happy as to fall in love with a man who is abundantly able to provide for her."

But when she accepted Stewart she did not know this," he hastened to add.

Neither man spoke. Mr. Livingstone cleared his throat before proceeding.

"You can readily understand that as she is my dear sister's only child, I want to do all I can for her. Therefore, I insisted on paying for her wedding. She objected so strenuously to this that I asked Stewart to use his influence with her, without telling her that I had suggested his doing so."

"There was no need of my exerting my influence—if I have any," Stewart remarked dryly. "Cynthia had already made up her mind to do as you ask."

"Good!" Livingstone ejaculated. "I am glad she is so sensible. I want it to be understood that I mean to do as well for her as for my own daughter."

Again an awkward silence. Mr. Livingstone gave a short laugh. He must do something to relieve the stiffness of the situation. He felt unaccountably ill at ease, as if in the presence of young and critical judges. Yet why should they judge him? They must see that he was behaving handsomely towards his

niece? Well, he would take another line of conversation—would jest off this incomprehensible constraint.

"You fellows can't imagine what an anxious time my wife had the other day," he said with his most agreeable smile. "She made a funny mistake, though at the time it did not seem funny. I must tell you about it. It is too good a joke to keep from you two who are most nearly concerned."

The tension lessened. The men appeared more at ease and looked expectantly at their host as he left the realm of personal and private matters.

"It was the afternoon on which you and Cynthia became engaged," Stewart, Mr. Livingstone continued, "that the funny mistake occurred. It seems that my wife had left Cynthia at Milton's father's house, then, where, came on home herself. As she climbed our front steps, she glanced at the library window. It was almost dusk, and the only light in the room came from an open fire. Against the background of flames, she saw two figures.

"My poor wife stopped in horror. She recognized Gerald in an instant; moreover, she knew that Milton was still downtown, for he had said he would not be here until after dinner. And Gerald was—well—he had his arms about the girl, and her head was on his shoulder! Cynthia was, supposedly, out. Dora was at home! Imagine the mother's agony!"

He stopped to laugh. Milton was staring at him stupidly. He was lighting a cigar and seemed to be having trouble in making it draw. Yet he managed to smile in spite of his violent puffs at the refractory weed.

"Well, my distressed wife came rushing up to my den—full of consternation. Dora and Gerald! Think of it!—and all that kind of stuff. She was almost hysterical. I acknowledged that I, myself, was pretty well upset.

"What shall I do?" she wailed, after we had discussed the matter for a full quarter of an hour. "Go down to the library and face them. I advised.

"She did as I directed, but when she reached the library door and inhaled Dora, who should emerge but Cynthia! I had been upstairs all the afternoon! You can fancy our relief. I wasn't going to tell you fellows, but it seemed too good a joke to resist. And that was the way that my wife knew that Cynthia was engaged to you, Stewart. It's funny to hear about the mistake now, but for awhile it seemed almost like a tragedy."

To Be Continued.

Dinner at Elks Club For Schleisner Employees

A very enjoyable dinner was held at the Elks Club on Wednesday evening last, given by Mrs. William B. Schleisner to all the employees of the store. The special guests from New York were Leo Fruhof, of Fruhof Bros. and Frank Feiman, sales-manager for the concern.

After an elaborate dinner of chicken and waffles, which was served in the grill, the guests were ushered to a large room upstairs where Mr. Feiman, who has given many talks to Ad Clubs and Chambers of Commerce, throughout the country, addressed the employees on the psychology of salesmanship. The fundamental points of salesmanship were brought out so that every person would clearly understand the value of good salesmanship in store service.

The address was very unusual and was deeply appreciated by all the members of the store. Mrs. Schleisner expresses the opinion that such gatherings and addresses will greatly benefit the employees and bring them to the full realization of the opportunities that are before them if they improve themselves to meet them.

Put Old Enemy To Utter Rout

Tells how to lift off that touchy corn without hurting one particle

Hospital records show that every time you cut a corn you invite lockjaw or blood poison, which is needless, says a Cincinnati authority, who tells you that a quarter ounce of a drug called freezeone can be obtained at little cost from the drug store but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callus.

You simply apply a few drops of this freezeone on a tender, itching corn and the soreness is instantly relieved. Shortly the entire corn can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

This drug is sticky but dries at once and is claimed to just shrivel up any corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

If your wife wears high heels she will be glad to know of this.

Freckle-Face

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from any druggist and try a few applications; should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than an ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
SHE SHOULD MEET HIM

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 22. I met a young man last fall, and have gone out with him several times since. I met all his family and have grown very fond of his sisters, whom I see very often. I enjoy his company very much, since he is well educated and talented.

Every time I go out with him there is a terrific "storm" at my house, as my mother greatly objects to him simply because his father was born in Italy and we are all Americans. She has never met him and refuses to do so.

Now, I love my mother dearly and hate to make her unhappy, but as I have had a college education I am too broad-minded to see the logic of her point. We are friends only. That is clearly understood.

H. C.

Your mother is wrong, if, as you say, her only objection to your friend is that his father was born in Italy. This is the melting pot of all nations. Most of us have either Italian fathers, French grandfathers or English great-grandfathers! From this heritage real Americans are evolved. Italy is a magnificent country who has sent us splendid human material. And even if this lad himself had been born in Italy he might be a true American citizen with a fine background of old world culture and interesting Italian traditions. Italy has contributed great citizens to our world. Some of the truest aristocrats I know are Italians. What is your mother's idea of an Italian?

In fairness to you and to a friendship which is enjoyable and worth having, your mother ought to meet this young man. First of all, she ought to conquer her prejudice against "foreigners" and secondly, she ought to cure herself of the

Are You Doing Any Good?

By JOHN P.

Through desire to help a wayward girl, who wandered from her home, then lost her position, the writer on her departure to New York offered her his card, telling her if she ever needed advice or aid even financially, to call on him. The above happened last summer. Since then we have been corresponding, the girl wandering from city to city, never once going home, where I understand she would not be welcome. My object in writing you is to ask if, now that I am engaged to another girl, should we still keep up our writing, my letters to her being only words of cheer.

JOHN P.

Perhaps your letters really are helping this girl. It may be that the feeling that somebody trusts her and believes that there is good in her nature is giving her strength, and so if you were to stop writing to her it might harm her. I do not want to risk advising you to do this, in spite of the fact that I rather doubt your having any influence in this way. But you must at once tell your fiance about it and not risk the ugly complications that will come up were she to find out and misunderstand. Perhaps when you are married, you and your wife will be in a position to befriend the girl actively and to really help her along the path toward useful living. But you may be mistaken about the whole situation and there are two things I beg of you to do at once. Explain it fully to the girl you in-

Nurses to Get Home

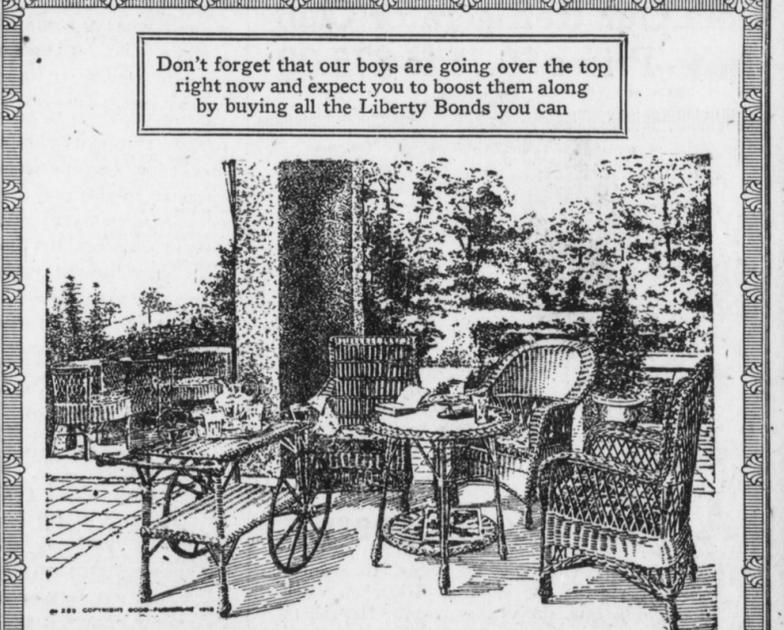
The old Hickok residence, 115 South Front street, has been leased for use as a nurses' home, the boards of managers at the Harrisburg Hospital has announced. The property adjoins the Park residence, now being used for the same purpose. The nurses living in the Mulberry street building will move to the new building and the Mulberry street building will be put to another use.

Hard Work Put Him Down and Out

Stomach Rebelled Against Neglect and Indigestion Made His Life Miserable

IS FEELING FINE NOW

"I fooled with my health trying to work day and night and I couldn't get away with it," says J. C. Drew, a prominent horse dealer, of North Seventh street, Harrisburg, Pa. "Then along came Tablac and Presto! I was my old self again ready for anything. My appetite came back a-humming, my indigestion vanished like smoke and now I want to eat all the time and it takes all my will power to drive past a restaurant. Tablac is now being introduced here at Gorgas' drugstore."



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Willow Chairs	\$4.50 to \$16.50	Willow Settees	\$18.50 to \$27.50
Reed Chairs and Rockers	\$9.50 to \$14.00	Fibre Settees	\$20.00 to \$28.50
Fibre Chairs and Rockers	\$9.00 to \$15.00	Reed Desks	\$16.50 and up
Willow Tables	\$4.50 to \$8.50	Willow Chaise Lounges	\$15.00 to \$30.00
Reed Tables	\$6.00 to \$8.50	Fern Stands	\$7.00 to \$10.00

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