

# Reading, Gossip and the Family



## "When a Girl Marries"

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

CHAPTER LXIX  
By the time Sheldon and I returned from our drive twilight had deepened to dusk. And both of us were in a subdued, before-dinner mood as we left the gray car at the curb and hurried up to my apartment.

Candle-lit dusk greeted us when we entered—dim lights and a hush that was almost startling. It seemed to be that absolute quiet that follows some electric movement.

"Hello, the house! Do Rip Van Winkle and the Sleeping Beauty abide here?" called Sheldon banteringly. I felt grateful to him for breaking the spell. But it could be banished only by dispelling the shadows and mystery of the room. So I pressed the switch and flooded the place with light. Then Evvy laughed nervously and cried:

"Say, you two barbarians from the outer world, don't you know a glare like that is bad for Rip's eyes?"

Then something in my brain went "click." Evvy, it seemed, was loath to have the lights go up until she and Jim had a little time in which to collect themselves—to adjust themselves to our presence. Again she made me feel the intruder, the outsider in my own home. For a second I was actually heart-sick—and then I remembered Sheldon's hand on my hair. If he would play up to me now, perhaps I might have a little more of the "what's sauce for the gander may be very saucy for the goose."

I turned to Sheldon:

"This isn't as inspiring a lighting scheme as that wonderful sunset—or the dusky little path in the park, is it?" I said in a voice I hoped was provocative.

Sheldon got his cue.

"Hush! That's our own special path—Lady Anne—and we don't want to share it with the world," he murmured.

"Our path—all ours? You haven't showed it to another soul?"

"As I asked it, I whipped off my hat and fluffed up my hair with my fingers, smiling with a little of that world wisdom that probably was born in Mother Eve.

"It's all ours, and if you'll only stand with the candlelight on that wonderful hair for a minute more, I'll be tempted to offer you the world—not a mere picture, but the world."

"And if I pose in the candlelight for an hour—" I asked, daintily, "will you promise to stay and keep me from getting tired and—lonely?"

"You try me!"

Jim he replied, Sheldon came to my side and slipped a supporting hand under each elbow. His eyes sparkled. Evidently this was a game he liked playing. Truth to tell, it made me most uncomfortable—but to counter-balance that there was the hope that Jim would notice how the man in the case was "playing up." Instead, he called in great amusement:

"You look pretty enough to kiss, kiddie—all flushed and wind-tossed! It's a pity I can't run over and do it, but I refuse to appoint Sheldon a committee—one to attend to it for me. Instead, like a dutiful wife, you come to Friend Husband."

"How disappointing you are, Jimmie!" cried Evvy with a quick flash of her eyes at Sheldon. "Any regular husband would be jealous of our handsome Shelly. Can't you see how dangerous he is?"

Jim laughed, and Sheldon joined him. But in that laugh of Sheldon's I read full consciousness of the thing Evvy had tried to convey—namely, that I wasn't thinking of him at all, but was using him to make my husband aware of the charm I might have for other men.

"When I reached the couch, Jim drew me down to his side, gave me a careless kiss, and said:

"Anne, I want you to persuade Evvy to take the money she won. Twice she has refused to amuse an invalid, and I'm the winner. Otherwise, what's the use of playing? How about it, Shelly?"

Sheldon looked uneasily at Evvy. "She won't do it, Jimmie-boy," broke in the girl before Sheldon could reply. "You don't have to call in Anne and Shelly as referees. This is valid, not to fleece him. You weren't playing your usual game, and all bets are off. If I hear another word about this filthy lure, I'll never play any games at all with you any more!"

Was this the cause, the only cause, of that strange silence when I came in? Still questioning, I began mechanically to insist that Evvy take her winnings, but she waved me aside almost angrily.

"Stop bickering over a trifle!" she said with utter indifference to the money.

Then she slipped into her motor coat and dragged Sheldon off with an impudent little parting shot.

"If you'd behave, Jimmie-boy, I might have suggested sending our two fresh-air fends out to dine, while we had a cosy little party in the candlelight."

Before anyone could reply the door slammed.

"Would you have liked that—party in the candlelight?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes, with you," murmured Jim.

"You darling!"

I flung myself at his side, and there, staring at me in insolently, was the pile of bills and coin Evvy had refused to take.

## Bringing Up Father



take. For the second time in my brief married life a board of winners grinned at me from that refractory table as if it were my evil genius. I touched the money with an experimental forefinger as if I expected it to snap at me.

"Jim, you can't let her fling back the money she won like this. Why don't you buy her something?"

Jim pushed the money to a corner of the table.

"Since most of us are right-handed, it looks slightly awkward to see a person eat or write with his left hand."

Parents realize this and therefore prefer that their children should become accustomed to use the right hand instead of the left.

But when a child has practiced using its left hand for a while, it is not easily changed, and the question often arises as to whether it really is wise to attempt to change after that habit is firmly established.

For example, one mother writes: "My little 3-year-old daughter is left-handed. From the start I have tried to correct it by suggesting that she use her right hand, and she shows her right hand to use her spoon, pencil or whatever she happens to pick up. Some one said I was doing wrong to try to change her. Would you surely appreciate your advice on this subject?"

Since your daughter is only three years old, you can easily teach her to be right-handed. For the most part, it is a matter of habit and, while for some reason, your daughter may have started out to use her left hand more than her right, you can encourage the use of the right hand in a way that will not handicap her development in the least.

When you have something in your hand to give the daughter and she puts out her left hand, withhold the object, firmly shaking your head one or twice, making a gesture indicating that you want the other arm to be extended. The moment she shifts her right hand, smile immediately and give the object to the child. You first use the principle of expectancy and then that of approval.

Another mother writes: "I have a boy six years of age who is left-handed. He writes awkwardly with either hand. Do you think I should discourage him in writing with his left hand altogether?"

There are varying degrees of left-handedness. If a child is left-handed in everything he does, it is not well to compel him to write with his right hand. If, however, he is left-handed in some activities only and right-handed in other activities, he may well be taught to write with his right hand.

In order to teach the use of the right hand in writing to a left-handed child, begin by drawing the outlines of various birds and animals, making them several inches across and ask the child to blacken these animals with a lead pencil or color them with a crayon. Let the child pay attention only to how the pencil or crayon is held while he is filling in these figures. Have him continue this daily exercise of filling in forms always holding the pencil properly until the habit of holding it correctly is established.

Begin the penmanship with the easiest oval and loop exercises, but always holding the pen correctly; gradually all the letters may be written without losing the habit of the proper manipulation of the pen or pencil.

When attempting to change a habit of this kind, it is wise to keep to the good side of the child and show him that you expect him to make rapid progress. Then, when you see the first signs of improvement, all him so far and thus encourage him to put forth continued efforts until the new habit is entirely formed.

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## Making the Most of Our Children



By Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A., President of Parents' Association

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## LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX



Are you afraid of life? This is an age of love, marriage and motherhood? Or, if not precisely that are you afraid of the responsibilities and the often tiresome duties that these other great privileges are pretty sure to entail?

Are you very proud of your independence and security and thrill, and do you value that weekly pay envelope of yours almost more than anything else in the world? And somewhere in the back of your mind, as black and heavy as an iron ball and chain, is there a dread of becoming a captive of the kitchen and the motive power for a baby carriage with no evenings out or Sundays off and no pay envelope whatever?

I wish that I might personally persuade every girl who supports herself and is justly proud of doing so that there is a larger way of looking at life than the way to which she may have accustomed herself. What would become of her if she were to lose the ability that brings a market price in an asset that counts in marriage and not a merely maid-only asset that counts in the wedding ring.

Work by all means, if you can and will, and somebody will enjoy you. You will be a wiser and more practical woman for the experience. But don't let this deprive you of your woman's heritage. What would become of the office and the children of the future if the strong, self-supporting girls avoided marriage and it became the refuge of the weak incapables.

Every girl's problem needs a special solution. Nobody could be wise enough to give advice which would apply to all cases. But there are some general considerations that all girls will do well to remember when they find that their lives have reached a turning point, that there is a decision to be made.

Danger of Cynicism.

First, don't let any job come to seem to you more important than it really is. You may have a remarkable talent for bookkeeping as well as for order and system and neatness generally. It is quite likely that all your superiors in the office have assured you of this and that you have come to feel pretty certain that the work of the office couldn't get on without you. This is a very pleasant feeling and there is something almost intoxicating about it, too. You know yourself how it often leads you to work overtime and sometimes even to give up your Saturday afternoons. Then it may be that during your childhood you shared a sordid family struggle with poverty and that you got bitterly tired of disorder and overworked nerves and of there never being quite enough of anything to go around. And the order and independence that you have achieved are so precious that I know you are often a little cynical about more sentiment.

All this is quite natural. And one admires the girl who respects herself and likes her job and excels in it. Only, don't let it lead you to despise love and lovers. Don't be afraid to let yourself love the man who has chosen you and needs you. All the great realities of life are within your reach. Perhaps you could never love this particular man, in which case you will have to let him go. But listen to your own heart and let the decision stand. And have the courage and womanliness to accept its decision.

Now you have all along taken it for granted that you would be able to work after marriage. But don't let any old-fashioned counselor, even your fiancée himself,

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## Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Etter Give Dinner to Family

Union Deposit, Pa., Dec. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Etter entertained as guests on Sunday their children, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Patrick and children of Campbelltown; Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Etter, Mr. and Mrs. John Etter and children of near Sand Beach; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Miller and Mrs. Andrew Kreiser and children of Union Deposit.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Peiffer and son Harold of Steelton spent part of the week with the former's father, John Z. Peiffer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stoner and children of Penbrook were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gensler and daughter, Miss Edith Gensler, of Hummelstown, visited the former's sister, Mrs. John Wagner, on Sunday.

Teaching services will be held in the United Brethren church tomorrow morning at 10:30 o'clock by the pastor, the Rev. J. R. McDonald.

Henry P. Peiffer spent Tuesday at Steelton.

John Bolton and son, Ray Bolton, of Harrisburg, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Hanshue, on Sunday.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

AN EMPLOYER'S ATTENTION.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a girl of 20 and considered good looking. I have a few positions as a stenographer. My employer is unmarried and about 35. Lately he has begun to make me little presents. I shouldn't think anything about this if I hadn't heard so much about girls having to be careful in regard to employers. We don't have much conversation except on business, but I know he likes me. What shall I do? Don't want him to think me old-maidish.

E. F. G.

It is quite true that you must be on your guard in a case like this. I suppose you understand that you must not accept presents of any value either from your employer or from any other man to whom you are engaged. But if these gifts are of merely trifling value it is probably not worth while to take any special regard to them. Discourage him indirectly, instead, in such a way that neither of you will become self-conscious. A girl is of course at liberty to accept presents of flowers and candy.

SHE LOVES A SOLDIER.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: A gentleman I know very well has asked me to marry him, telling me how much he loves me. I told him to wait for an answer. He is very kind to me, but I do not love him, for my love is in far-off France. This soldier I love very much, but he never told me he would make me a soldier. He loved me. Still, when I said good-bye to him he said, "Remember, I wish to see you the same as I leave you when I come back." I did not get this meaning. Do you think I'd better wait for his return and see how things turn out, and tell the other one I have no love for him?

MAY.

You will make a serious mistake if you become engaged to your present lover while you are so deeply interested in the soldier. Even if the soldier is not in love with you, you must recover from that attachment before you can promise to love anyone else. Why not tell the man who is now asking you for your answer that your heart is not free?

A DANGEROUS PROXIMITY.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am 18 and deeply in love with a married man, and, furthermore, he pays very much attention to my company, so I ask you to please let me know in what way I could forget him, for we work together.

HEARTBROKEN.

I understand how difficult this is for you. But it is surely most advisable for you to continue seeing this man every day, whatever your good resolution as to forgetting him. So my advice is that you find work somewhere else as soon as possible. Don't you see that this is the only effective way of getting him out of your mind and heart?

BELGIAN REFUGEES.

TO BE REPATRIATED.

London.—The commission appointed for the repatriation of Belgian refugees has now been able to arrange with the Belgian government for the repatriation of refugees from Antwerp and neighborhood, and the first vessels will sail from Southampton and Grimsby shortly.

It is hoped that Belgium's internal condition, including road and rail transportation, will render the repatriation of other Belgians possible very soon.

## Men to be Taken Back

East Walpole—Bird and Son, Inc., paper manufacturers with a number of plants, have sent to their former employees who are now in the war service, this notice: "It will be our policy to take back each and every man who left us to go into war service. It may not be possible to give each one his old position, but we certainly expect to give every one either his old place or one equally as good."

DEMAND BY ST. LOUIS LABOR.

St. Louis.—At a meeting of the Central Trades and Labor Union, a resolution was referred to the legislative committee to the effect that future improvement work by the city of St. Louis should be done by the city, that union labor must be employed, and the contract system abandoned. Mayor Kiel has announced that it will be necessary to have the work done by contract.

Special notice to officers and members of Irish organizations. Next Sunday's New American will contain special cable news about the fight for self-determination for Ireland. Also full text of Cardinal O'Connell's Mason Square address on Irish freedom. Please notify newsmen at once to be sure to order enough copies of next Sunday's American to take care of largely increased demands. All persons interested in Irish freedom will wish additional copies of Sunday's American on account of the great interest in the fight for self-determination for Ireland.—Adv.

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WELCOME HOME

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