

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.

Simple, modest truth is beautiful. On the other hand, exaggeration may sometimes cause a little sensation. We are accustomed to practice it delightfully. The raised eyebrows and the expectant look which result from catching the truth enough to make it sting. But, after all, it is not so surprising to most people as the simple truth.

Children learn to exaggerate because they discover that they can gain as much attention by relating what they imagine as by reporting what actually occurs.

It is all right to allow children to say what they imagine, but a clear line of distinction should be drawn between what is real and what is imagined.

To take a simple case, the other day another asked advice about a little eight-year-old who had an air of being and who had the habit of coming and telling her exciting stories about a number of birds he had killed. Part of the letter written to her follows: "The best way to treat this boy when he comes in with his 'bird stories' is to smile and say something like this: 'Is that all you got? What about the bears of the elephants?' Did you shoot any 'poo-poo'?"

Of course, if he should speak to you about your taking his reports in a joking way, you can explain to him that you can't always tell for sure whether he is joking or not. Tell him you supposed that if he really had shot some arrows, he would have brought a few for you to see, but since he hadn't you simply supposed he was joking.

Then, you might explain to him further that, when he wants you to know he is not joking, he should speak in a sincere way, telling you the truth exactly as it is and you will be glad to hear of it.

When you go away anywhere with a boy, make it a point to relate your experience to some other members of a family upon your return. Do this in the boy's presence for the sake of the fact which your example will have on him. Be unusually exact as to your report. Go back and correct a statement now and then. If you make it a practice, you will not need to worry about your child's truthfulness.

If your son should ever do anything wrong and he confesses it to you, show him that you are pleased because he told you. Do not scold him for doing a thing which he has confessed. Simply

play in a confidential way. "That's all right. I know you will not do it again."

Do not try to extract promises from this boy. Often a faulty memory will cause a promise to be broken, but the suggestion remains that his word is broken and therefore a falsehood told, which is a bad thing. Always let every suggestion be (without saying so directly) of course, that your boy intends to speak the truth and that you trust him absolutely. He must be made to think of himself as being honest and truthful.

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Rhine Provinces, Occupied by Americans and Allies, Are Opened to Commerce

Washington, Feb. 22.—The Rhine provinces of Germany occupied by the American and Allies have been opened to commerce by the Allied Economic Council at Paris subject to such limitations as the council may prescribe.

This announcement was made by the War Trade Board, which said the action was taken in America with the military authorities of the army of occupation and was expected to alleviate distress in the occupied territory due to unemployment and to simplify many problems now confronting the military officials.

Miners Present Charges Against State Mine Head

Hazleton, Pa., Feb. 22.—District President Thomas Kennedy, of District No. 7, U. M. W. A., in a statement issued here, announced that formal charges had been presented to Governor Sprout at Harrisburg dealing with the remarks of Seward Burton, head of the State Department of Mines and Mining.

The remarks attributed to the official last spring, by which he ascribed shortage of coal to intoxication in the ranks of the miners, is the basis for the action. The charges were filed in line with the suggestion of Governor Sprout made at a conference with miners' officers in Harrisburg Thursday.

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

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

CHAPTER CXXVIII. (Copyright, 1919, King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

When I hurried that blue robe of Tim Mason's into the secret compartment of the carved chest and shut the magically opened lid over it, I had no plans about what I was going to wear to Jim's celebration dinner. But at sight of his deeply concerned face an inspiration came to me.

"I'll tell you, dear. It's just half-past four. Lots of the smart shops don't close till six. I'll hop into a taxi and drive around to Lansidine's and buy a dress. You know I'm a perfect thirty-six, and I won't have a bit of trouble—especially as the dinner's at seven-thirty and I don't have to help Mrs. Rochambeau get it."

"More of your choice will!" sneered Jim. "And where do you think you'll get money to pay for the dress?"

"Can't we afford it—now?" I coaxed, excited at my own project.

"That's it—just like a woman—wanting to fling around my money right away. But you'll have to wait till I get a check from the brokers to-morrow. I haven't ten dollars ready cash."

"Not ten dollars! Who'll pay for the dinner, Jim? Not Tom Mason—oh, I couldn't bear that!" I cried.

"You attend to—what concerns

you, please," said Jim gruffly. "I thought of all that, and so I chose the Rochambeau. They know me there, as Virginia stayed there for weeks—so, of course, I can sign the check and let Tom do the paying. I wish you'd stop acting as if I were a cross between a child and an idiot. But what the dickens are you going to do for a dress?"

"Oh, I'll manage something," I promised, wondering what I would contrive.

"Go to it—and, mind, you look decent. I'll call Doris again and tell her it's to be a big party—full dress."

"Jim," I ventured, "Virginia's not very democratic, you know. How will she take dining with—your stenographer?"

Jim turned on me with something very like a snarl.

"Anne, don't get a swelled head so fast. You worked at Halden's, you know."

I fairly reeled under the malice of it.

"Jim!" I protested. "Jim, that's not fair! I respect you, but not a snob. But Virginia had enough trouble adjusting herself to me. She probably won't be very cordial to Miss West. She won't understand your views on the matter. Leaving Anthony Norreys, Miss West's employer, out. And I don't understand your asking your wife to appear to appear in public with—"

"Stop right there!" Jim thundered. "Don't let your evil-mindedness drive you one step further. Doris West is coming to the dinner."

"That's fair, from your point of view. You owe her that much for making your fortune. I agreed slowly and sadly.

Jim laughed roughly:

"I don't owe her a darn thing. I paid my indebtedness off in advance when I got out of my job and let Fred in again."

"Fred?" I interrupted. "Fred?"

"Isn't that her brother."

"You might listen once in a while," retorted Jim. "Fred is Fred Harper, the boy who went to war when came into Norreys' office to take his place. He's discharged now—and footloose. Loris wants him back—so she can win him all over again—she's crazy about him."

"Well, I fixed it for her—his coming back. So that squares us! And her brother, Dick, will think I'm doing the pretty thing by him if I introduce him to a few nice girls and keep him socially here in the big city. Now, are you ready to go on your knees to Doris—and to your husband?"

"Oh, Jim!" I cried, "I'm sorry. So that how respect you, but not a snob. But Virginia had enough trouble adjusting herself to me. She probably won't be very cordial to Miss West. She won't understand your views on the matter. Leaving Anthony Norreys, Miss West's employer, out. And I don't understand your asking your wife to appear to appear in public with—"

"Oh, Jim—I'm so sorry!" I echoed again.

"All right—all right! Run along," said Jim irritably, and returned to his telephoning.

I trailed listlessly back into the bedroom again, my mind absorbed in a new problem. Didn't I owe it to Doris West to persuade Mr. Norreys to let her go? I had to get the right man for her. I had to get the man she loved was returning to the Norreys' office? But could I persuade Anthony Norreys to change his plans even if I tried? And had I the right man?

It seemed to me suddenly that the more imminent one of constructing an evening dress. My wardrobe was limited—but I got out all my best frocks and arranged them side by side on the bed. Besides the mulberry satin I was wearing, there was my lavender organdy, my gray chiton and an old rose colored taffeta with net yoke and sleeves.

The array looked hopeless. I began shifting them around and holding them against each other. Then I saw the light. The gold and sleeves could come out of the rose-colored silk. The gray chiton could be ripped from its gray foundation and slipped over the rose. The unlined, gray angel-sleeves and the sheer low throat would look charming. I thought, I began ripping my dresses apart, pinning and sewing with frantic nervousness.

It seemed to me suddenly that almost everything in life depended on my looking well at this dinner my husband was giving to celebrate the coming of fortune to us. But however desperately I sewed, could I get my dress ready in time—and would it be pretty when it was finished? Or would it look homemade—an absurd botch?

(To be Continued.)

LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Whose fault is it when courtships drag on their weary lengths for ten, fifteen, even twenty years?

There's always something wrong in such a case, the rest of the world maintains. Somebody is to be blamed. And instinctively we blame the man. We blame his selfishness, his timidity, his prudence.

But is that the only way to look at it?

You know how romantic an attachment of a month's duration seems to families, friends, neighbors. You're familiar with the enthusiasm, almost the ecstasy, with which the circle of privileged onlookers regard a youthful pair who never saw each other until a few weeks ago and who expect to be married in three months. Their interest is so heading that they seem almost to be a part of the love affair.

The swiftly approaching climax, is enthralling to the spectators, as it is to the lovers themselves.

But haven't you noticed how this interest wanes if, miraculously, perhaps even any mention of marriage, is deferred for several years?

It's romantic and thrilling to "love at first sight"—to "marry in haste."

But somehow the romance oozes out of a situation that seems to have come to a standstill. Onlookers get tired and bored, and the lovers themselves, having lost the sympathy of their community, begin to seem "queer" if not actually a little ridiculous.

If you've ever lived in a village, you're sure to have seen at least one conspicuous case of this kind. A faded, middle-aged Martha, who has spent half a lifetime in wondering whether or not she was really engaged to a taciturn Henry, bald-headed now, and more than a little stout, who plainly prefers her to any other woman—and who stops at Wednesday and Sunday are "Henry's nights," as they have been for years. Henry comes promptly on those evenings, and he brings her a bouquet of flowers. She knows he can count on Martha's sympathy. So night after night Martha listens to tales of Mother's rheumatism and the way the kitchen smokes, as though she had an actual dangerously share in these homely troubles.

But she hasn't. And probably she never will have. And they'll both die, lives unfulfilled.

But it isn't only in villages that you'll encounter dreary narrow manes of this order. Man and woman of this type can be found anywhere. It's only a few days ago that a letter came to me from the highly indignant friend of a young woman who for years had spent her love on promise-dodging, marriage-fearing, basely self-protective type of man. She writes:

A Twelve-Year Courtship

"A young lady friend of mine has been keeping company with a gentleman for twelve or thirteen years, and while he's never made any promises of marriage, I claim if there was a grain of manliness in him he'd marry the girl, instead of casting her aside with no other excuse to offer save that he wants to be free."

"She's a very fine girl, towering far above that devil in every respect, but foolish enough to let this disappointing man, who is beautiful in her. I keep telling her it is a Godsend to be at the end with the cad, instead of worrying and crying over the loss of him. But all the advice her family and friends offer seems to give her very little comfort."

It's a typical situation, this conflict between a sweet-natured, tenderhearted woman, with a big capacity for loving, and a man who prefers the little thing he calls his "freedom" to the deep realities of life. And the man wins and the woman suffers, and the world scolds.

It's pretty nearly a tragedy when a woman whose urge is to take the great plunge into life itself finds and can't abide by the cool and easy decision of a man who wants liberty to pursue his neutral bachelor habits a good deal more than he wants the supreme adventure of life.

It's tragic, that is, if a woman takes it in the tragic way. As women usually have taken it, as the girl described in this letter

cruel enough to say that she deserves it.

A normal woman wants more than the bi-weekly visits of a cautious bachelor. She wants life, love, motherhood. And if she decides to forfeit the big experiences because of love for the bachelor-by-convention, she ought to know pretty well what she is about—that is, to be her decision, not his.

I don't see why a man who regards marriage as a steel trap should be urged to marry. In fact, he's the kind who should not marry. Only, a girl who's unfortunate enough to be preferred by him should take good care not to fall in love with him. Let her receive him without sentiment or special interest, merely as an occasional visitor. Let her take an attitude except that of waiting long meaningless years for him to "come to the point."

Girls of the coming generation will see that in cases of this sort a man isn't wholly to blame. That the woman is at fault, too.

Twenty year waits for a man to make up his mind will be pretty much out of fashion then.

Advice to the Lovelorn

CAN LOVE BE FORCED

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a girl of eighteen and a great pleasure lover, and have been going with a man of twenty-four, a foreigner, and no pleasure lover. I have seen him three times a week. He gave me lots of gifts and I know he loves me dearly and my folks like him. He has asked me to marry him, and I said "Yes" then later refused, feeling I could not reciprocate his love. Do you think I should force myself to love him, as I cannot like a man that does not sympathize with my feelings for pleasure? He was very good and treated me royally.

H. E.

Since you have such a love of salety, I should think it very doubtful whether a marriage between you and a man of quiet taste would be a happy one. And then I don't believe in forcing one's self to return an urgent love. You are still very young, and I advise you not to think of marriage yet, and never in any case to marry a man you are not genuinely in love with.

Did He Mean It?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man who is working for the same concern. I have been out with him once, and it is some time ago. He said he could never love anyone else. There is one girl who is always hanging around him. I am anxious to know if he meant it, for I love him dearly.

ANXIOUS LOVER.

Since the young man knows you so little, and makes no effort to see you, I am sorry to say that his

assurance of love hardly has been sincere. I hope you may recover shortly from your feeling for him and find other people and things to interest you.

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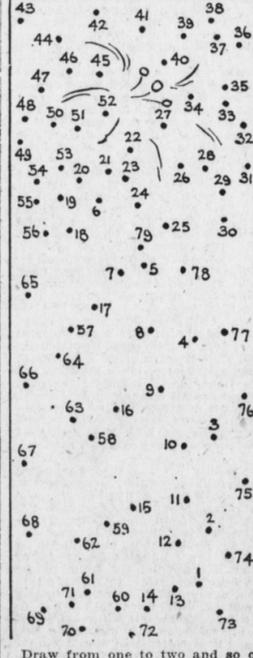
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