WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

Let Wives Earn Money as Well as Husbands

Only a Silly Idiotic Custom Forbids a Woman to Help Her Husband in That Way, if She Wishes---The Next Generation Will Abolish Such Antiquated Ideas

By DOROTHY DIX

A nice young man of my acquaintance is engaged to be married to a nice young woman. The only rift in the lute is caused by the lack of money. The young man is earning at the present time only a thousand dollars a year. Obviously they can't marry onthat without taking undue chances at having the wolf at the door for a watchdog.

The young woman, however, is a business girl, and she also gets a thousand dollars a year for salary, and she and the young man, being practical, modern young people, see no reason on earth why they shouldn't get married, and she keep on with her job, thus doubling the family income, and enabling them to live in comfort until such time as the man is able to make enough for the two of them.

The obstacle in carrying out this plan is the girl's father, who is horrified at the thought of his daughter following a gainful occupation after she is married, and who says that a man should have sufficient love for his young wife and sufficient pride to keep her in her own home.

So the little heart tragedy goes on. The young people, who dearly love each other, can't get married because the young man can't command a big enough salary to feed and clothe two people.

The girl goes on working, but she is not permitted to buy her happiness with her money, and all because of a silly old convention that binds us and fetters our freedom, and from which we ought to have enough courage to break away.

The Father in This Case Is Wrong; These Are Not Tests of Love

The father, in this case says that the young man should have enough affection for his wife and pride in her to keep her in his own little home, but what a man can do for his wife isn't always a matter of affection and pride. Doubtless this young man, and every other man in love, would like to be able to give his bride a palace to live in, and jewels to adorn herself, and automobiles to ride about in.

These things are no test of love. The poor man can love, and generally does love a thousand times more unselfishly than the millionaire.

Are you going to say to him that he mustn't love a woman, or think about marrying her until he can give his wife the things that rich people have?

Among people in moderate circumstances a condition of affairs has arisen that we have got to face, and that is that the average young man does not make enough money to support a wife. If he waits to marry until he is able to comfortably provide for a family he has gotten to be an old bachelor who is too selfish to marry at all, or who is so full of whims, and crotchets, and cranks that no woman wants him.

This is hard on the girls, and it is hard for posterity and society in general, for the time that people ought to marry is in the Springtime of life, when they are full of hope, and enthusiasm, and romance and adaptability.

To say to any young couple that they must wait through dreary years while the bloom of their affection is rubbed ooff, and the glory and the circling wings fade away from their romance, because convention decrees that a woman shall be shut up in her house when she works after marriage, is not only idiotic, it is a crime.

For the only way in this day and under present economic conditions that the poor young man and his sweetheart can venture into matrimony is by pooling their pay envelopes and both continuing to earn money.

And why shouldn't they, pray?

The father, who is so shocked at the idea of his daughter earning money to help her husband outside of the home, would think that she was doing no more than her duty by working to help him within the home. If she married a poor man he would expect her to do her part by doing the cooking and washing and ironing and scrubbing and sewing. He would think it all right for her husband to accept this strenous labor from the girl.

It happens that this girl has been trained to a profession that she delights in, whereas she loathes domestic labor.

Her Profession Occupies Her For Only 8 Hours, With an Hour Off

Her profession only occupies her from 9 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the afternoon, with an hour off for lunch, whereas if she did the cooking and washing for a family she would be hard at it from 5 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evening.

Moreover, her work calls for no great physical exertion, and is carried on in a handsomely furnished office amid congenial surroundings and brings her in contact with pleasant and intelligent people that keep her mind agreeably stimulated.

If she did her own housework she would be at hard labor, bending over a washboard or a gas range. Her hands would be sodden and rough and she would spend her time doing over and over a dreary round of monotonous duties, with no companionship, nobody with whom to exchange thoughts and ideas, and keep her keyed up to her highest intelligence.

Which way of helping her husband is the easier, the more agreeable, the one that the girl would choose herself. Yet custom has demanded that the woman take the harder end, and held that it reflected on her and the man if she went on with the work that she had fitted herself to do and turned the money she made into the family exchequer instead of turning in the labor of her hands.

There's No Reason Why a Woman Should Give Up a Good Job

It's an antiquated idea that doesn't fit into our scheme of modern life, and the sooner we realize it the better.

There's no reason why a woman who has got a good job should give it up when she marries any more than there is why a man should.

Nor is there any sensible argument against a wife, who wants to help her husband, helping him in the way that is most agreeable to him.

There's been a great falling off in matrimony in this generation because so many people still hold to the idea that a wife should be a parasite and that a man should not marry until he is able to support such an ornamental luxury. But there will be plenty of marrying in the next generation, because every girl will be self-supporting, and when a man marries, instead of acquiring a burden to support, he will get a business partner who will be a real helpmate.

RAGLAN SLEEVES ARE SEEN ON BLOUSES

Soft Crepe De Chine, Satin or Cottons Develop Well in This Pattern

8132 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 44 bust.

This blouse with the raglan sleeves is new and interesting. It is pretty for a variety of materials, too, for it makes up charmingly in crêpe de chine, tub silk and the like and it is perfectly adapted to cotton voile, marquisette, lawn, batiste and similar fabrics. As it is shown here, it is plain with only stitched edges but a very dainty effect can be obtained by embroidering the collar and cuffs and the plain spaces at each side of the front. This treatment is a good one whether the blouse is used with the odd skirt or tailored suit or made with skirt to match. The stitched tucks serve the double purpose of giving weight to the material and giving a trimming effect.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3⅝ yds. of material 27, 2¾ yds. 36, 1⅞ yds. 44 in. wide.

The pattern 8132 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

A Message of Vital Importance to Women

Heed the Warnings of Nature!

before serious harm befall you and you become a chronic invalid. Backache, headache, low spirits, lassitude, bearing down pains are hard enough to bear, and they give you notice that the delicate feminine organs are not performing their functions in the way intended by Nature. Act. Don't wait. Secure at once the help you need.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

has been used with entire satisfaction for over forty years and to the lasting benefit of thousands upon thousands of suffering women. You will find similar benefit. You will find Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription efficient in regulating all womanly functions, correcting displacements, removing pain at certain times, in toning the nerves and improving the general health and making life worth while.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been sold in liquid form; but now it may be obtained in either tablet or liquid form from all dealers in medicines—or send 50 one-cent stamps and obtain by mail a trial box of the tablets from Dr. Pierce.

If you wish to know how best to care for yourself or for your children, send for a free copy of Dr. Pierce's great book, The Peoples' Common Sense Medical Adviser. This will show you what to do in emergency and at any time help you to preserve or maintain the health of your whole family. Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of wrapping and mailing and get your free copy of this 1008 page, cloth-bound book. Address DR. PIERCE, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets give tone and strength to stomach, liver and bowels. One to three tiny granules a dose. Pleasant to take as candy.

Now a New Woman

Mrs. HOGG

Mrs. Carrie L. Hogg of Del Rey, Calif., writes: "I am thankful for the opportunity to send a testimonial. I had been bothered for six years with nervousness, a catarrhal condition which only women are subject to and irregularity. Tried several medicines but all failed. I was advised by my friends to give Dr. Pierce's medicines a trial. Have taken four bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and I cannot say enough in regard to the benefit received.

"Will take pleasure in recommending your medicines to all weak and suffering women everywhere I go."

Secretary Bryan Invited to Lecture in Big Tabernacle

Special to The Telegraph

Waynesboro, Pa., Feb. 11.—Now that the Biederwolf meetings, which have been in progress here for five weeks, are over, the Waynesboro people are interested in the future movements of the Biederwolf party and in the disposition of the tabernacle. It is not know how long the tabernacle will remain in place.

Dr. Biederwolf, who went to Washington, D. C., yesterday, and will have a conference with Secretary of State Bryan to-day, and endeavor to induce him to come here to deliver a lecture in the big building in the interest of the proposed Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Bryan's lecture, if given, will be under the auspices of the citizens' entertainment committee, but the funds will be turned over to the Y. M. C. A.

ROYALS TO HOLD FAIR

The Royal Fire Company is making arrangements to hold a fair during the first two weeks in March to raise money for the firemen's State convention next October. The fair will be held in the auditorium of the Flatiron building, Nineteenth and Derry streets.

MOVE VETERAN TO ALMSHOUSE

Bartley Weitzel, the aged war veteran found in the basement of a house at 211 Mulberry street during the housing inspection, was taken to the almshouse to-day. Arrangements were made by Chief of Police Hutchison.

PENNSYLVANIA CEMETERY ASSOCIATION FORMED

The Pennsylvania Cemetery Association was organized yesterday afternoon by cemetery managers from all parts of the State, who met in the parlors of the Hotel Bolton. Officers elected follows: President, George M. Painter, Philadelphia; vice-president, Edward Gunster, Wilkes-Barre; secretary, William B. Jones, Pittsburgh; members of the executive committee, H. M. Barnes, Harrisburg; W. H. Druckmiller, Sunbury; George W. German, Williamsport; Robert J. Miller, Honesdale.

OLD MAN BROKE LEG

After James McKenna, 62 years old, had lain all night in a haymow with a broken leg, the owner of the barn heard his groans and discovered the injured man. He brought him to the Harrisburg Hospital, where he is being treated. McKenna says he broke his leg by falling from the haymow.

ON TRIP TO CUBA

Waynesboro, Pa., Feb. 11.—S. Dreyfuss, a well-known merchant here, and member of the Board of Trade, and Mrs. Dreyfuss will leave Sunday for a trip to occupy a month in Florida and Cuba.

Write at once for a Copy of

STERN BROTHERS' Spring and Summer Catalogue

which is replete with fascinating illustrations of high grade and authoritative Paris, London and New York Wearing Apparel for Women, Men and Children, together with Imported and Domestic Dry Goods, Upholstery, Shoes, and many exclusive novelties in Jewelry, Leather Goods, Toilet Articles, Etc., at very advantageous prices.

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West 42d and 43d Streets, New York

Broadway Jones

From the Play of George M. Cohan

By EDWARD MARSHALL

With Photographs from Scenes in the Play

Copyright, 1913, by C. W. Dillingham Company

"I'm going to." Then, as Broadway gazed after them, half worried and half smiling, he heard Bob explaining Jonesville to his skeptical and displeased parent.

"You see," he heard, "this is the residential part of the town. Over there is the business section—"

His voice trailed off into silence as they vanished through the gates.

Broadway smiled. Somehow he was beginning to feel faith in life. For the first time he was busy with real things. The joy of definite effort in man's work had seized him. He was surprised to find himself absorbed in wonder if, perhaps, he might not have a happier life in Jonesville than he had had in New York city. But he could not take existence very solemnly! He felt too good.

"Say, Bob, show him the drug store, too," he shouted after the departing pair.

The judge, who had watched the episode with interest from the house windows, came out to Broadway, somewhat worried. "Has he gone for good?"

"No; he's coming back."

"He was mad as a hatter about something. Did you notice it?"

"Yes; and I think I know what it is."

"Something the young fellow did?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Nothing wrong!"

"I hope not."

The judge spoke with emphasis, and he thought himself a really good judge of human nature. "Oh, I'm sure it can't be. If I can estimate character, that young man is incapable of anything but good." He looked at Broadway almost with a fatherly affection. "He's a great friend of yours, my boy."

"I should say he is!"

Broadway gazed after them, wondering what all of this would end in. But he was not greatly worried. Indeed, he felt singularly light-hearted, and found it hard to choke back laughter when he heard the judge expostulating with his wife, referring to the early evening hour as if it had been midnight. Come on, ma," the old man was arguing, almost pettishly, "we've got to get toward home. It's after seven o'clock already!"

She sighed. She did not wish to go. She had never before had an opportunity to poke around in the great Jones house, filled with treasures from far countries, books in foreign languages, family portraits by extraordinary painters who could make a human face look like a granite mask, Rogers statuettes and other objects of high art, to say nothing of ornate and mastodonic articles of mahogany furniture—solid, not veneered, and upholstered in the very slipperiest haircloth.

"It's after seven o'clock," the judge repeated.

"Yes, I suppose we must be going," said his wife reluctantly.

"Mom's generally abed by eight," the judge said proudly.

"Except Saturday nights," she granted. "I sometimes sit up till ten on Saturdays." This was evidently dissipation so extraordinary that she told of it only in the strictest confidence. "But then," she added, "we sleep till all hours Sunday. Sometimes I don't get up till after six!"

She smiled at Broadway; he smiled gaily back at her and choked a word of comment which had risen to his lips. That gave him, in his heart, a queer feeling of elation—almost as great as that which he had felt after he had lectured Pembroke. Broadway felt, and glorified in the feeling, that he was growing up with great rapidity.

"Come on, Clara," Mrs Spotswood called. The two girls were in a porch swing, giggling.

"You're not all going to leave me, are you?" Broadway said protestingly.

Clara, who had risen obediently, looked about the group. "Where's Mr. Wallace?" she demanded. Her interest in him was constant. She had heard nothing of the elder Wallace's arrival.

"He's gone to take a stroll with his father."

"Oh, is his father here?" This astonished and excited her. "Oh, I'm just crazy to see him! Aren't you, Josie?"

"I should like to, yes."

Jackson pleaded with the Judge and Mrs. Spotswood. "You don't mind if Clara stays a little while do you?" Then he turned to Josie. "You're not in a hurry, are you, Miss Richards?"

"Why, no; but—"

"Please don't go," he urged. "I can't bear to be left alone."

"Well," said Mrs. Spotswood, with the best of humor, "you girls remain here and keep Broadway company till Mr. Wallace gets back." She turned to her husband. "It's all right, isn't it, judge?"

"Yes, I guess so, "he agreed, without too much enthusiasm. "But don't be late, Clara."

"I won't, pa."

With much straightening of her best silk skirts, with many smiles from and for Broadway, with a fluttering in her heart when she thought about young Wallace and her daughter, Mrs. Spotswood took the judge's arm majestically. "Good night, Broadway; had a lovely time."

"Did you, really?" He very definitely hoped she had.

She nodded. "Sorry Sammy acted so mean."

"Now, Sammy's all right," said Jackson reassuringly.

"That's what I keep telling her," the judge complained.

She shook her head in deprecation of such praises for a member of her family. "Pa, you've spoiled that boy."

The judge protested in his usual way. "Mom, please!" he pleaded. He did not want a long discussion about this just then. He grinned at Broadway reassuringly. "Good night, my boy. See you in the morning."

And then the good-nights echoed back and forth till the old couple had passed on, cheered enormously by the trend of things in Jonesville, genuinely pleased by Broadway, timorously worrying about Wallace and their daughter—the apple of their joint domestic eye.

The girls and Jackson found cool and comfortable seats in the porch swing; the porch was screened against mosquitoes, but open to the fresh, cool summer breeze.

Clara was a little worried. "Pa said Mr. Wallace's father was angry about something. Was he?"

"Well," Broadway admitted, "he wasn't in the best of humor. I guess it was nothing serious."

"Oh, I hope not. I wish I could get a good look at him. I'm interested in him."

"Josie's mind was on business. With all her soul she hoped that Broadway, having so gallantly (she thought superbly) defied the trust, would win a handsome victory. And she had a clever business head and competent business training. "Do you think it was the advertising contract that brought him here?"

"I don't think there's any doubt about it."

She nodded. "I thought it was a pretty liberal contract."

"Liberal!" he agreed. "It was criminal! I told him so when he fixed it up. I don't blame the old gentleman at all." He gave the swing a very urgent push, which made both girls scream a little with the fun of it. "Did you enjoy the dinner?"

"Very much, indeed," said Josie.

"Did you, really? We must have such dinners often. If we don't—"

"Are you afraid that you'll find Jonesville lonely, after New York city?"

"Well, I can manage to endure the mad excitement of it, I imagine, if you all come often. Maybe I shall bring on a Japanese cook I had in New York."

"A Japanese cook!" Both girls were fascinated.

"We'll come often when you get him here," Josie promised.

Clara giggled. "Don't you let her fool with you. We'll come often whether you have him here or not."

Swinging by an opening in the vines which screened the porch, Clara suddenly cried out joyfully: "Oh, I see him! I see him! I see him!"

"Who? My Jap boy?"

"Bob." And then she blushed furiously, rivaling the sunset's radiant pinks.

CHAPTER XIV.

Clara had run down the steps, leaving the swing vibrating somewhat jerkily from the speed of her abandonment of it, declaring that she wished to get a sight of the elder Mr. Wallace, even if he did not choose to stop and talk when he came up. She had noted that the chauffeur, seeing the father and son approach, had already started his engine. Her desertion left Broadway and Josie in the swing alone together.

He laughed. "Did you notice that? She calls him 'Bob.' I heard him call her 'Clara' 16 times today."

(To be Continued.)

Madame Isebell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON XI—PART II.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

If work on the farm makes the man laborer muscle-bound, one sided in development and takes life and spring from his movements, the results are even more disastrous on the physical development of the woman.

The Woman on the Farm.

As a rule women work indoors and are debarred the advantage that the man has in working always in the pure air. There is also a deadly monotony about the woman's share of farm work, and work done without lightness and gladness is apt to make the worker listless of movement and stooping of shoulders. For women farm work means bending over a hot cooking stove, washing innumerable dishes, laundering heavy clothes and endless chores often beyond her physical strength.

As a rule farmers' wives are healthy women; their lot is far preferable to that of factory workers and under certain conditions better than office or store employment. It cannot be denied, however, that farm-bred women age young; that in many cases they succumb to the sameness of their tasks, and the body becomes bent and stiff while still in the youth of life. Physical culture is as necessary to the woman on the farm as to the shut-in denizens of a big city.

It is indeed difficult to point out any one occupation that develops every muscle of the body. The child's games and the "sports" of the adolescent answer the youthful demands for physical exercise, but few older people feel this demand. They are comfortable as they are, and as years go on there is less and less desire for physical exercise. At the same time most people admit that they are neither perfectly healthy nor well proportioned. What does not occur to the average man or woman is that weight and proportion can be controlled and that muscular development is not a gift of nature, but the result of systematic training.

Lesson XI to be continued.

Mme Isebell

SAMPLE FREE

Try it for nasal and dry catarrh, sneezing, cold in the head, hay fever or any complication resulting from chronic catarrh. Keeps the breathing passages open, thus giving sound, restful sleep and *no snoring*. Soothes and heals the inflamed membranes. Fine for nose bleed. Get Kondon's, the original and genuine Catarrhal Jelly, at druggists or direct, in sanitary tubes, 25c or 50c. Sample free. Write

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Doctor's Best Cold Formula

Breaks Severest Cold in a Day and Cures Any Curable Cough

This has been published here for several winters and has proven the quickest and most reliable formula obtainable for coughs and colds. "From your druggist get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce Globe Pine Compound (Concertrated Pine). Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake it well and take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age. Be sure to get only the genuine Globe Pine Compound (Concentrated Pine.) Each half ounce bottle comes in a sealed tin crew-top case. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Don't experiment with preparations because of cheapness. It don't pay to fool with a bad cold. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical laboratories of Chicago.

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Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edward's Olive Tablets

That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels.

Dr. Edward's Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way, when the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions, away goes indigestion and stomach troubles.

If you have a bad taste in your mouth, tongue coated, appetite poor, lazy, don't-care feeling, no ambition or energy, troubled with undigested food, you should take Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edward's Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color. They do the work without griping, cramps or pain.

Take one or two at bedtime for quick relief, so you can eat what you like. At 10c and 25c per box. The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, Ohio. At all druggists.—Advertisement.

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

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For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:03, *7:52 a. m., *3:40 p. m.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m. 2:18, 3:27, 5:30, 9:30 a. m.

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Prescription That Soon Knocks Rheumatism

The only logical treatment for rheumatism is through the blood. The poisons that settle in muscles, joints and back causing severe pain, must be dissolved and expelled from the system or there can be no relief. This prescription from a noted doctor is said to be working wonders all over the country. Hundreds of the worst cases were cured by it here last winter. "From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed-time." Results come the first day. If your druggist does not have Toris compound in stock he will get it in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take some patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original, one-ounce sealed, yellow package. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical laboratories of Chicago.

CLOGGED NOSTRILS AND STUFFY HEAD OPEN AT ONCE----CURES COLDS AND CATARRH

Instantly Clears Air Passages; You Breathe Freely; Dull Headache Goes; Nasty Catarrhal Discharge Stops.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."

Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped-up air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning! the catarrh, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

End such misery now! Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils; penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membranes which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake to-night struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat, and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.—Advertisement.