

Women and Their Interests

The-Mother-in-Law and the Wife

Answer to a Woman Who Says She Is Unhappy in Her Son's Home-- It Is Suggested That She Pack Her Trunks and Move Away Immediately

By Dorothy Dix.

To my mind the most tragic thing on earth is the unnecessary trouble that we poor, foolish mortals give ourselves. It would seem that there are enough unavoidable afflictions, sickness, poverty, loss—to try like vultures at our hearts without our going out of the way to manufacture for ourselves a million torments that flay us alive.

But no, we court sorrow and out of conditions of life that should be filled with nothing but joy and gladness we make misery and tears for ourselves and those nearest to us.

The best illustration of this unaccountable human weakness is to be found in the relations-in-law problem, where people who should dwell together in peace and amity seem to take a fiendish delight in quarreling and bickering, although by so doing they bring their own happiness and make life a hell on earth for all about them. It is literally true that not drink, nor gambling, nor dancing, nor any vice whatsoever, brings a thousandth part of the misery to humanity as does the inability of treating each other with decency, politeness, for pitiful and petty as a family quarrel seems somewhere in it there is always a broken heart.

In the course of a year I get thousands of letters from women on this subject. I was once in a woman's home who was being victimized by a selfish and tyrannical and quarrelsome mother-in-law who feels that she has a right to run her son's home and who jealously resents her son's affection for his wife and the money he spends on her.

The Mother Who Has Spats With Her Son's Wife

More often the letter is the pitiful wail of a woman who is made to feel that her daughter-in-law begrudges her the very bread she eats, or a daughter-in-law who is determined to wear her husband from the mother who bore him. To-day I

have another such letter as this. It is written by a lovely, cultured, gentle lady, and it is a kindness, who asks for help in solving a problem to which no wisdom has yet found the key.

This woman has a son to whom she is devoted and a grandchild that she adores. She would gladly love her son, at least, from perpetual nagging from his wife, and the sorrow of seeing her mother suffer from humiliations and insults from which she is powerless to protect her. Sometimes when the friction of daily life together is removed it is possible to establish a truce with the daughter-in-law, so that it makes it possible for the son to dwell under the same roof, and without precipitating a family row. But always it is best for the two women not to dwell under the same roof, and wise are those who never make the foolhardy experiment.

There are two strange things in this antagonistic attitude that so many women take toward their husbands' mothers. The first is the incomprehensibility of any woman having so little sympathy toward a fellow woman as to want to separate her from the child that she has suffered for, sacrificed for, and who is the very bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Yet these mothers with sons of their own treating their husbands' mothers as they pray God no other woman may ever treat them.

Wives May Lose Love of Their Husbands by Nagging

The second thing that is strange is that any woman could be fool enough to take such a risk of alienating her husband from her as to be cruel to his old mother and drive her out of her own son's house. A man would have to be a morose, morose fellow not to resent that with every fibre of his being, and though he may, for the sake of peace, let his mother go in silence or sit in silence while she is mistreated, it is something that he never forgives his wife. She has laid the axe to the root of his respect and affection for her.

Remember that, you young wives, when you make your husband's mother unwelcome in your home, you are driving beautiful sirens could not wear your husband from you so quickly, and so effectively, as the unkindness that poor old gray-headed woman goes with wet eyes and an aching heart from her son's door.

well, there was always the river. She told the story simply, with no note of melodrama. It was merely a sordid, grim story of a woman's struggle in a big city.

Helen was appalled. She was frightened, terrified. She had never come in touch with this phase of life. She had, of course, seen the sensational newspaper headlines of women who had committed suicide because they could not find work. But they had been in the newspaper headlines, and she had thought them cold and exaggerated, if not wholly untrue.

But here was the grim reality. She knew too that this woman had had no intention of telling this story. There had been no appeal to her sympathies, and there was none now.

The office boy opened the door and looked in inquiringly. "There are others waiting to see you," he apologized, and again she started to go. "I'm afraid I've taken too much of your time."

Again Helen stopped her. "Wait," she slipped into her shabby handbag a two-dollar bill. "I am sure you can do Mr. Curtis' work. Go back to your room and rest. Get a good, nourishing dinner, a good breakfast, and be down here at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"No, I'll not tell Mr. Curtis," in answer to her unspoken question. "I know you'd rather. Your work will stand on its merits."

And then to protect her from the curious glances of the others Helen went with her to the outer door and nodded a cheerful, matter-of-fact "Good morning."

Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

"By Jove, I forgot those stenographers were coming this morning! I've got to be in court by eleven."

"And you wrote them to call before twelve?" remonstrated Helen.

"Can't help it. They'll have to come back again. I'll have word with the office boy."

"Dear, that isn't fair—to ask those girls to spend their time and carfare that way?"

"But what can I do? Look here," suddenly, "what's the matter with you going down there and seeing them?"

"I'm in dismay. Why, I shouldn't know how to engage a stenographer."

"You picked out the letters. Know as much about 'em as I do."

"But the work—your requirements? How could I tell about?"

"Just general office work. Give them a test letter if you want to; you can tell if they can get it down and copy it all right."

Helen protested that she was not competent to interview these girls but in his usual masterful way Warren swept aside all her objections, and insisted on her being there by eleven.

"Now pick a sensible looking one—not the frizzy-haired gum-chewing kind," as he started off. "Not to much face powder, either, and no scent."

Hurriedly Helen made out her order for the stenographers, and the butler, left some information with Nora and by a quarter after ten was dressed for the street.

When she reached Warren's office it was with a pleasant feeling of importance, and an intense interest for the interview before her.

Fortunately she had read a magazine story not long ago in which a woman detective, posing as a stenographer, secured a position with a lawyer suspected of drawing up a fraudulent will. And Helen remembered vividly just how the lawyer had interviewed the supposed stenographer.

She found two young women already waiting. Asking which one had come first, she showed her into Warren's private office.

"Mr. Curtis is very sorry that he had to be at court this morning," Helen explained, almost apologetically. "So he had asked me to see you."

"The girl, who seemed very nervous looked surprised.

"I believe you've been in a law office?" questioned Helen, trying to hide her own nervousness.

THE FIRST.

"Oh yes, I was three years with Talbert and Moore. They never give written references, but you can phone them about my work."

After a few more questions that Warren had suggested about filing indexing and familiarity with law work, Helen asked rather hesitatingly:

"Would you mind taking a short letter? I think you'll find a note book and pencil here," opening a drawer of the typewriter.

Helen knew that Warren dictated rather fast, but as she saw the girl's hand tremble she read the letter slowly. It was a short letter that Warren had left out on the desk for her to use as a test.

When the girl went to the machine to transcribe her notes, Helen looked over some papers, so that a daughter would not feel she was being watched.

She was a good typist, for the letter was well typed and spaced, the only mistakes being a couple of typographical ones, due to nervousness.

On the letter Helen made a note of the girl's name and address, her experience, and her own impression about her: "Neat, willing, appropriately dressed."

"There's a few others. I must see before engaging any one," murmured Helen, embarrassedly, "but I have your address, and will let you know."

The girl looked disappointed. She had plainly hoped for a decision.

As she went out the office boy, who was much interested in the proceedings, promptly ushered in the next applicant.

With the first glance Helen knew that she did not like this girl. Just the way she sat down and looked about showed her assertiveness. She plainly resented Helen, and did not trouble to conceal it.

But her experience and her references were excellent. She took the letter, which Helen purposely dictated rather fast, without a sign of nervousness, and transcribed it quickly and accurately. There was not even a typographical error, and then—

the back of the letter Helen wrote: "A good stenographer, but think she would be very assertive."

Helen had heard the outer door open and close several times and knew that there were other girls waiting.

The one who entered now was a most frivolous young person with a "hair" that was a masterpiece of black skirt, quantities of puffed hair and a pert, powdered nose.

Not Desirable

"But I—Mr. Curtis didn't answer any letters except from those who'd had experience in legal work," exclaimed Helen, puzzled, when the girl admitted that she had never been in a lawyer's office.

"Oh, I was sent by the Wilson Employment Agency."

"But how did they know Mr. Curtis wanted a stenographer?" for Warren had spoken of answering no letters from any agency.

"I guess they wrote under some girl's name. They do sometimes."

That this was exactly what had been done was proven by the next applicant, who admitted they were all from Wilson's Agency.

In marked contrast to these young and inexperienced girls, there now entered a woman of about thirty-five. She was small and painfully thin, her rather sharp features angular to the point of gauntness.

The clothes of some of the others had looked worn, yet Helen had not had this impression of desperate poverty about the clothes, and certainly nothing that she said, for her answers were most reserved.

She had had two years' experience in legal work, and many years in Helen's hardware store. She took the letter and transcribed it accurately. She said or did nothing different from the others, and yet, from the moment she entered, Helen had felt an air charged with a curious tenseness.

When she gave her name, Agnes Middleton, Helen remembered her letter. It had been one of the best. Now, as she repeated the set phrase about having to see one or two others," the woman dropped her eyes and Helen saw that her hands were clenched.

"With a strained smile of assent, but without a word, she rose to go."

"Wait," Helen opened her purse, "you won't be offended if I give you your carfare? It must take a great deal if one goes to many places."

Besides a couple of bills, there was only a fifty cent piece and three pennies in Helen's purse. She handed the woman the half dollar.

"No," drawing back with a deep flush. "I haven't any change."

"Well take this anyway, your time coming down here is worth that much."

Then suddenly, to Helen's astonishment and dismay, she turned away, buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

It was an embarrassing moment. Helen stood awkwardly by the desk not knowing what to do or say. But a Miss Middleton recognized herself, her sobs ceased as suddenly as they had come.

"I wouldn't have broken down before a man," she murmured, as she turned toward the door.

"No—no, wait!" tensely. "Are you—have things been very hard?"

The woman nodded. She could not trust herself to speak.

"Tell me," Helen insisted. "You can tell a woman, you know, you know."

She hesitated a moment and then said simply:

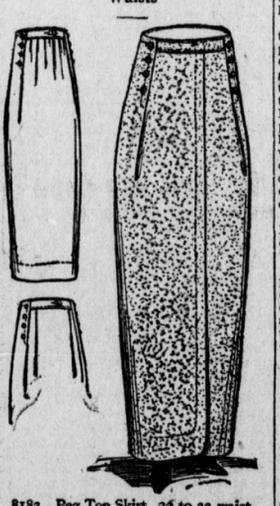
"I spent my last five cents to come here. I was going to walk back."

Little by little Helen got the story from her. She had been a stenographer since she was eighteen, and had references from everywhere she had worked. But now, well, every one wanted younger and more attractive girls. And this had been a hard winter. All the big firms were laying off help. The employment agencies and typewriter offices were crowded with applicants. There were a hundred girls for every position—and always the more attractive and prosperous looking ones were engaged.

For the last six months she had had only two weeks of substitute work. She had sold or pawned everything, and was now living in a six-dollar-a-month hall room, getting her meals on an alcohol stove. She had decided to try for one more day, and then—

ANOTHER VARIATION OF PEG TOP SKIRT

Good For the Tailored Suit or Wear With Separate Waists



Every variation of the skirt that gives the peg top effect is to be smart for the spring and summer. Here is one that can be laid in plaits at the back or gathered as may be found more desirable, and finished at the high or the natural waist line. It is made all in one piece but, since no material is wide enough to cut it without joinings, the straight edges must be seamed together and it is the part of the dressmaker to make these seamings where they will be least noticed. Usually the preference is given to the sides. The skirt is a good one for the tailored suit and for wear with odd waists, for any material that can be finished in tailored style. The front edges are overlapped, the closing is made invisibly beneath the plait at the left side of the front.

For the medium size, the skirt will require 3 1/2 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2 1/2 yds. 36 or 44, 1 1/2 yds. 54. The width at the lower edge is 1 yd. and 16 in.

The pattern of the skirt 8183 is cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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Former Prices, \$7.95 to \$10
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Assorted colors and sizes, but not every color of each size. Come early.

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25 Winter Coat Suits, Sizes 40 to 51
Former Prices \$15 to \$25, \$5.00

The colors are blue, brown and gray, (no blacks), not all sizes of each color.

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Women's Silk Petticoats
Just 48 Women's Messaline Silk Petticoats; odds and ends; value to \$3.00.
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One Lot of New Wool Crepe Dresses \$2.95

Only 30 dresses in the lot. Assorted colors and sizes but not every size in each color.

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Men's Suspenders
One lot of Men's Suspenders, 15c value.
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Just 37 Women's House Wrappers; odds and ends; value to \$1.50.
Choice for 25c

Boys' Pajamas
One lot of Boys' Flannelette Pajamas, 50c value.
Choice for 19c

Men's Neckwear
One lot of odds and ends Men's Silk Neckwear; value to 25c. Choice for 9c

Girls' Dresses
Just 85 Girls' Wash Dresses, odds and ends; sizes 6 to 14. value to \$2.00.
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Work Shirts
One lot of Men's and Boys' Stripe Seersucker Work Shirts; 25c value.
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One lot of Children's Flannelette Gowns. 50c value; sizes 2 to 4 years.
Choice for 15c

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Just 100 Women's High Neck Percalé Shirt Waists; 50c value.
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Just 50 Women's White Lawn and Voile Shirt Waists; odds and ends; value to \$1.50. Choice for 49c

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One lot of Women's Flannelette Skirts; pink and blue; 50c value.
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Odds and Ends of Men's Winter Under Shirts; 50c value. Choice for 25c

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One lot of odds and ends of Children's Wool Coat Sweaters; value to \$1.00.
Choice for 49c

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100 pairs of Children's Flannelette Drawers, 25c value; sizes 2 to 12 years.
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Men's Hose
100 pair of Men's black and colored hose, 10c value.
Choice for, a pair 4c

Women's Union Suits
One small lot of Women's Swiss Ribbed Union Suits; value to 75c.
Choice for 25c

Infants' Caps
One lot of Infants' Plush and Velvet Caps; values to \$1.50; small sizes only.
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Boys' Norfolk Suits \$1.95

Sizes 6 to 16 years; made with full box pleats; full peg Knickers.

Men's New Fall Suits, \$3.75
Norfolk and Sack Suits in fancy mixtures; \$10 values, for \$3.75

Men's Overcoats, \$5.00
One lot of Men's Blue Chinchilla Overcoats; reduced from \$10 and \$12 to \$5.00

Men's Pants, 98c
Several lots of Men's Pants; \$1.50 and \$2.00 values; sizes 32 to 42.

Boys' Norfolk Suits, \$3.49
The New Bulgarian Norfolk Suits, with 2 pairs of full peg trousers; 6 to 16 years.

Boys' Russian Suits, \$3.00
Made of all-wool Blue Serge; handsomely trimmed; sizes 2 1/2 to 7 years.

Boys' Overcoats, \$1.95
Sizes 4 to 16 years; values to \$4.50. Polo style and long Overcoats.



MOOREHEAD CO. HAS RECREATION HOUR

Model Plant Provides Entertainment For Its Scores of Girl Employees

Noon lunch hour at the new mill of the Moorehead Knitting Company in North Cameron street is a mid-day festival. A big room on the second floor with a large well polished dancing floor, tables for lunch and lockers for the girls' hats and coats is the scene either of a dance or entertainment of some sort during the noon hour every day.

A program varying each day during the week gives the employees at the plant plenty of recreation after lunch. On Monday and Thursday a dance is given. This week in addition to the two dance days, a concert is given on two other days. To-day Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hoover, piano and violin, gave a program; to-morrow, R. W. Moorehead, manager of the plant, gives his weekly talk on mill business and Friday the Superbas sextet and Peerless quartet, composed of boys and girls employed at the mill will give the concert.

A minstrel show is planned for March 19. It will be given in the evening and the members of the troupe will be mill employees.

Yesterday several of the girls complained because the new material was delayed by the storms, and odds and ends had to be worked over. They stopped at noon; at 3 o'clock the material arrived. This afternoon, several of the girls were back asking for jobs.

HONORED AT PRINCETON

John McIlhenny Smith, Linglestown, a nephew of Prison Inspector John H. McIlhenny, and a senior at Princeton University, has won a place on the university debating team. Mr. Smith was selected from twenty contestants for the honor. The team will meet similar teams from Yale and Harvard.

NEW DISCOVERY QUICKLY ENDS KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

Chronic Sufferers Find Relief After Few Doses Are Taken

If you are bothered with backache—or rheumatism, have disagreeable, annoying bladder or urinary disorders to contend with—or suffer with any other of the many miseries that come from weak kidneys, here is a guaranteed remedy you can depend upon, no matter what else may have failed to cure you.

It is a positive fact that the new discovery, Croxone, promptly overcomes such diseases. It is most wonderful remedy ever made for ridding the system of uric acid, removing the cause and curing the troubles. It soaks right in and cleans out the stopped up kidneys and makes them filter and sift out all the poisonous waste matter from the blood. It neutralizes and dissolves the uric acid that lodges in the joints and muscles, causing rheumatism; soothes and heals the delicate linings of the bladder; and puts the kidneys and urinary organs in a clean, strong healthy condition.

More than a few doses of Croxone are seldom required to relieve even the obstinate long standing cases, while it cures the most annoying forms of kidney, bladder trouble, and rheumatism in a surprisingly short time.

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