

# Women and Their Interests

## By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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The girl who cannot be out one night without being "brought home" by her mother—what is the matter with her? Think it over, my friend, and see if the subject does not deserve an article from your hand, which may possibly come under the observation of some of these girls. Mothers who do not realize what their daughters are in what danger they are placing their daughters, for a mother would not deliberately send her girl to the bad—possibly she just does not think—that it, and possibly you can help her to think. There are doubtless many girls in the world who are being led astray by a word from an outside disinterested person might help out matters a whole lot.

**A Friend in Distress**

The young woman who wrote the above letter was not conscious that she had written the very article she desired should be published in this column.

It is quite complete as it is, and really needs no comments. But much more can be said on the subject of our wise mothers.

The really wise, the really unselfish, the really tender and big brained and good, devoted mothers, but just as these mothers are an unusual being to encounter.

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There is the mother who loves her children so devotedly that she is jealous of all their friends, and later is jealous of their wives and husbands, and destroys their happiness by being the proverbial mother-in-law.

There is the disorderly mother, who neglects to teach her children the foundation of all the other virtues, and who is the cause of confusion and confusion and disorder reign in the home.

**Home Lacking Order**

Confusion and disorder reign in the home.

of such a mother and in the minds of most the bring up. The time spent in hunting for lost objects in such a home would make one conversant with all languages, if spent in study.

There is the other type of mother, so orderly that no comfort is found in her presence.

When she is not picking up after her family or correcting the members of her household for their disorder, she is lying in a darkened room with a nervous headache, which she says is caused by her inconsiderate family.

Then there is the nagging mother, so well described by the letter given above.

A type, not a mere individual case. A numerous type.

Mothers of small children are frequently kind, devoted, unselfish and ideal, but the mother of children who grow up and devote a distinct individuality and know how to deal with these distinct individualities, are rare indeed.

The mother who sees her own features repeated in a small daughter is often amazed when she sees that daughter growing into a type of woman who is just the reverse of herself, a woman with different tastes, ideas and temperament. She does not know what to do with her; how to adapt herself to the situation.

**Deal with Daughters According to Their Own Natures**

It is true that a brood of children is raised that her child must be dealt with according to her own nature and tendencies and not according to the mother's.

Just as a fern in a garden requires, different treatment and a different location from a carnation or rose.

Mothers should study their children as the horticulturist studies plants, and find out in what soil and light they grow according to their own tendencies.

It may be repeated as a final clause that the mother who is successful before in this column is a school for good, wise parentage.

## Their Married Life

By KABEL HERBERT URNER

**THEY HAVE A CHEERLESS TRIP TO SUBURBAN TOWN ON A DISMAL RAINY NIGHT.**

"Look, dear, isn't that a restaurant over here?"

Warren shifted the dripping umbrella and peered across the dimly-lit, rain-soaked street.

"That's a restaurant," said Helen, in a tone of disgust, as he caught a glimpse of the cast-iron register and marble-topped tables through the glass door. "We were driving idiots not to eat before we started. Stand a mighty slim chance of getting anything around here."

But whatever the discomforts of the dinner and evening, Helen felt free from all blame, for Warren had planned this trip.

Several weeks before he had said to make any engagement for the 5th, as they were going up to Milford to see Jack Maxwell in an amateur play. It was so unlike Warren to attend an affair of this kind that Helen had not taken it seriously. But that morning at breakfast he told her to meet him at 5:30; that they would take an early train and get dinner at Milford.

"We'll not go if it rains!" protested Helen, looking at the gray, threatening sky.

"Think I'd let a little rain keep me from seeing 'Max' make a fool of himself? Not much."

But now, as they splashed through the dark, rain-swirled streets, with the prospect of a dairy lunch room

absorbed in "looking around."

The wall paper was a cheerful flowered red and white, the floor was covered with linoleum and a dingy red carpet. Over the mantel hung some colored coaching and hunting scenes.

"Haven't any too much time—that show's supposed to begin at 8:15. Hope they'll hurry along that steak," as Warren drained his cocktail.

Helen had been making futile efforts to "fix" her hair, which was almost down from the constant joggling of Warren's umbrella against the dining room door.

As they were alone in the dining room, she now went over to the mantel mirror, but found that her pocket comb was not in her handbag.

"Oh, I've lost my comb—what shall I do? I can't go to that place with my hair like this!"

"Now never mind the primping—here comes the steak!"

Helen went back to the table with the uncomfortable feeling a woman has when her hair is loose and no re-thrusting of hairpins will help.

"How's that?" demanded Warren, who had carved into the steak and now held up a piece with critical approval. "Pretty good sirloin, eh? Done enough for you?"

"Oh, yes; plenty."

**Potatoes Good**

The potatoes were not the ordinary soggy "French fried," but were browned to a golden turn, smoking hot and deliciously mealy inside.

"Knew we'd get good plain food here," declared Warren with satisfaction. "Never order any fancy stuff at a place like this."

They had ordered a steak and French fries, and Helen had ordered a glass of now through the rain-bowed glass, she saw the colored lights of a drug store across the street.

"Dear, I know they have combs over there. When we're through, you can't you can get me one?"

"It won't take me time?"

"Now we've got no time to fool. Shove your hair up under your hat. Who's going to notice you anyway?"

"But I'll have to take my hat off."

"How do I know?" with a shrug.

"I've never been to one of these church shows. But I'd go anywhere to see Max make a fool of himself. I'm rehearsing this show for over six months. He's been shouting about it ever since—the 'to be or not to was' style."

"To be or not to was!" laughed Helen, and she heard that before. But I didn't know it was a Shakespearean play."

"It's not. But he's got an idea he can act, and he's studying on the side. He can act. Hal! Hal!" Warren threw back his head with his deep laugh. "Maxwell's a mighty fine fellow—but ACT! Oh, say, it's going to be rich!"

The waitress came up now with solicitous inquiry.

"No, I guess that's about all we'll have time for. You can bring the check. How about tipping her?" as she disappeared. "Shall I risk it? She looks to me like the proprietor's wife."

But Helen was much too worried about her hair to be concerned about the status of the waitress.

**Helen Seeks Relief**

"Dear, I'm going to run over to that drug store for a comb. I'll be back before you get the change."

Unheeding the protest Warren roared after her. Helen darted out through the office and across the street. She had not waited to take the umbrella, but the rain had slackened some.

The drug clerk, who was weighing out cough drops, looked up in mild surprise as she entered with a breathless gasp.

"A comb! Any kind of a pocket comb?"

The next moment she had the comb, a cheap ten-cent one in a leatherette case, and was dashing back.

"Have you a dressing comb here?" she asked of the waitress who was now making change from the cash drawer in the office.

"Yes, ma'am, right up the stairs to your left."

The first door was ajar and Helen pushed it open. But it was a bedroom, a country hotel bedroom with the musty odor that comes from such a room, shut up on a rainy night. Across the hall was a sort of parlor with cheap upholstered furniture and further on was the dressing room, which hung over an unvarnished table, she quickly took down her hair, braided and coiled it securely. Then with a feeling of immense relief that she could now enjoy the evening, she hurried down.

Warren, already in his overcoat, was waiting with a savage scowl.

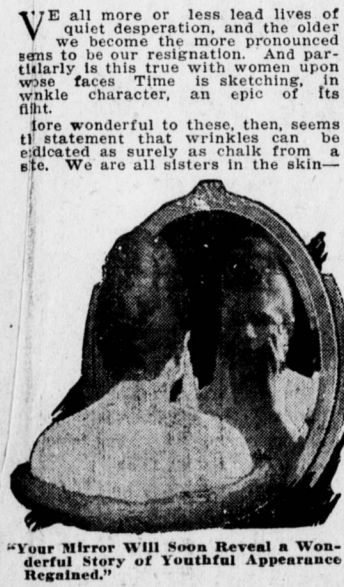
"Know what time it is? Ten after eight! You never go anywhere that you're not everlasting powdering and fixing up! It's your blamed conceit. Think everybody'll be looking at you instead of the stage, do you?"

"Why, dear, ventured Helen unhappily, my hair was almost down."

The proprietor, who had directed Warren how to reach the church where the play was being given, now

## A Sure Wrinkle Remover and Other Beauty Secrets

Secrets That Will Save You Years of Time and Money. Told by Valeska Sarratt, Famed as the Greatest Self-Made Beauty Actress.



**WE** all more or less lead lives of quiet desperation, and the older we become the more pronounced seem to be our wrinkles. And particularly is this true with women upon whose faces Time is sketching, in wrinkle character, an epic of its fight.

More wonderful to these, then, seems it statement that wrinkles can be eradicated as surely as chalk from a slate. We are all sisters in the skin—

**MISS O. N. R.**—The best soap in the world can never cleanse the scalp of all scurf, dead skin particles and dandruff. The best hair wash is a wonderfully rich, creamy lather and is unexcelled as a scalp cleanser. Dissolve a teaspoonful of perfume in a cup of hot water for your shampoo. Enough egg yolks can be secured from your druggist for twenty-five cents to give over twelve exquisite shampoos.

**DISSATISFIED**—I do not wonder that you are dissatisfied with the many superfluous hair removers you have used. The secret lies in the material used, not in the manner of use. Massage alone is of no value. Ordinary creams are of little merit. The following formula, to my mind, is positively revolutionary in its results, yet it is simplicity itself. Mix this formula yourself at home in a few moments and you will have a quantity of surpassing wrinkle remover which would ordinarily cost many dollars already prepared.

To half a pint of hot water, add two ounces of epotol and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine. This forms a cream. When cool, apply regularly, every day, generously. The epotol will cost not more than fifty cents at a drug store. This cream removes light and deep wrinkles, lines of worry, habit and age, and makes a difference of years in your appearance.

**MISS HOW?**—Poor girl! You will be able to comb and brush your hair vigorously without having a single strand come out and your hair will begin to grow out most beautifully again if you will apply every other day or so, and in liberal quantities, a mixture made of half a pint of alcohol, half a pint of water, and one

ounce of beta-quinol. Shake thoroughly, and then it will be ready to use. If you prefer, you can use imported bay rum instead of the water and beta-quinol you can get at almost any drug store for not more than fifty cents.

**MRS. O. F. L.**—Most of the beautiful complexion you have admired have been developed after years of painstaking effort. But such labor and patience are no longer necessary by the use of a formula which I believe is the most wonderful beauty-remover I have ever known. With a half-pint of hot water mix two tablespoonfuls of glycerine, and while stirring pour in one ounce of zintone. This will for not more than fifty cents at any drug store. When cool it makes an exquisite, satiny cream, and is ready to use. This is exceedingly economical, and you can and must use it generously on face, arms, hands, neck and shoulders, every day.

**MRS. NO-FORM**—It is a difficult matter, at best, to develop the bust, but there is only one way that does not detract a trace from it. It is to make a mixture of two ounces of acetone (sold at drug stores for not more than one dollar), half a cup of sugar, and a pint of cold water, and taking of this two teaspoonfuls after meals and at bedtime. This should do it if anything can.

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## Water Company Fails TO DIG UP STREETS

[Continued from First Page.]

tion not to issue a permit to dig up the streets. He said: "If they come after me today, I will tell them what I told them yesterday. I said that if they wanted a permit to open the streets for the purpose of turning on water or for making repairs I would issue the necessary paper but they were now wishing to take a permit with those provisions attached. No, I will not allow them to dig up the streets to turn off the water."

In front of many of the homes in Camp Hill are water boxes, or plugs, which permit the water being turned off at that point without the necessity of digging up the streets. However, these boxes in almost all cases are on the ground just inside the pavement line and on the lots on which the houses are built. Residents of the borough say that the company will not use the boxes because in so doing they face arrest under the trespass laws, the boxes being on private property.

**Boxes Not Used**

It is said that in front of the four residences where water employees were halted in their work of opening the street Monday and yesterday morning at least two of these boxes which can easily be found just inside the line of the pavement. The men did not attempt to turn off the supply but instead began to dig in the street. Superintendent Saunders said this morning that he believed it would be as cheap to dig up the street and turn the water off from the main as it would be to shovel away some snow along the pavement and use the box.

Residents say that trespass suits will follow if any attempt is made to use the boxes. The property owners, it is said, are made to pay for the boxes, the tap in the main and the pipe from the main to the house and some persons are inclined to believe that if the company does succeed in getting permission to dig up the streets, suits can be filed for tampering with the tap, which they say belongs to the property owner.

**Saunders to Proceed**

On advice of counsel, says Superintendent Saunders, he will proceed to open the streets even though permits may not be issued. He understands that he will be arrested, but he says his company is ready to have the arrest made so that the case can be carried to court for a decision. It is said, too, that the company will ask the Cumberland county court for writ which will give it the right to dig up the streets notwithstanding the borough highway commissioner's refusal of a permit.

Patricio Russ, president of the water company, said this morning that he is sorry so much trouble has arisen but that the rates now being charged in Camp Hill are only in accordance with those charged in other West Shore towns. He said the company at times is losing money by carrying water to Camp Hill.

"Councilmen of the borough will meet to-morrow night and at that time it is expected the water question will be threshed out thoroughly. Indications are that the councilmen are in favor of fighting the water company at every step, for this morning they told Chief of Police Fox that they would back him in every thing he would do."

**May Seek Injunction**

It is said that late to-day the citizens will ask the court to grant an injunction which will prohibit the water company from opening any streets in the future unless authorized to do so.

Superintendent Saunders, during a conversation, said that he did not want to turn off the supply of the residents of the 10-cent rate, but he would not keep the company from turning off the water if the balance remained unpaid. He said that during the past few days a number of payments were made at the 10-cent rate and that in the event of the Cumberland County Court finding that rate is too high the difference between that rate and the 10-cent rate will be refunded to the property owners. Property owners wanted the entire matter "rest until a definite conclusion was reached, but the water company wants more than one per cent. and the 10-cent rate with the refunding provision in the receipt. The increase in the rates is what has caused the strike, which has continued for more than a year.

## Ladies' Easter Garments Captivating Styles Reflecting Famous Paris Ateliers



There seems no end to the entrancing novelties and accessories noted in their trimming. The gloriously beautiful Suits are here. The styles are decided. Select them now while selection is best. Easter is not so far away. Time to THINK about your suit now.

This Store Can Serve You Best. We Were Never Better Prepared to Serve You Than Now.

- Compare Our Styles and Values**
- Ladies' Suits, \$12.98 to \$60
  - Misses' Suits, \$9.98 to \$35
  - Skirts, . . . \$1.98 to \$25
  - Blouses & Waists, 98c to \$15
  - Dresses, . . . \$1.98 to \$75
  - Hats, . . . \$1.98 to \$30
  - Coats, . . . \$3.75 to \$40

NO CHARGE FOR TRIMMING HATS

Have Your Bill Charged If You Wish

Home Furnishers | **Gately & Fitzgerald Supply Co.** | Family Clothiers

29-31-33 & 35 S. Second Street

OUR LOCATION MEANS A GREAT SAVING TO YOU

and increases his selling capacity, said the speaker.

"But," said Mr. Mahin, "nobody has any right to expect profitable returns from advertising unless what he is advertising is meeting a distinct want or will perform some useful service." In addition, he said, advertising must be prepared so as to appeal to the reader and no advertiser is advertising in meeting a distinct want or will perform some useful service. In addition, he said, advertising must be prepared so as to appeal to the reader and no advertiser is advertising in meeting a distinct want or will perform some useful service.

Co-operation Needed. Mr. Mahin said that co-operation between advertising and the salesman are absolutely necessary if the joint

returns are to be commensurate with expenditures. He called attention to the fact that while the average retailer pays for clerk hire more than fifty per cent. of his entire expenditures, advertising seldom averages more than one per cent. and he asked his hearers if they thought this was co-operation properly balanced.

"Co-operation," said he, "in advertising and selling is just as necessary as it is in the business of the street. Dr. Hills found it in Chicago, when the great preacher was serving there. Dr. Webster was as big a man in medicine as Dr. Hills was in religion. When Dr. Hills went to Dr. Webster to thank him for saving his wife's life and to pay the doctor bill, Dr. Webster said:

**STEELWORKER HURT**

Henry Miner, 52 years old, of 225 Bailey street, Steelton, was injured at the Central Iron and Steel Company this afternoon when a heavy piece of iron fell on his right foot.

## Advertising Does NOT INCREASE COST

[Continued from First Page.]

a very large extent the future prosperity of the United States.

Advertising, he said, paves the way and reaches great groups of people. It does the pioneer work for the salesman at a minimum of cost and makes his work of consummating the sale comparatively easy. Every good advertiser realizes this and recognizes that advertising at once lightens his burden

followed them out on the dripping porch with a final:

"Three blocks straight ahead and then to the left."

At the first crossing, with a splash Helen stepped into a puddle.

"Look where you put your feet," growled Warren.

Then as she glanced down at her spattered skirt she stopped short with a dismayed:

"Oh!"

"Now what's the matter?"

Another Mishap

"Oh, nothing, only—I must have left my overshoe under the table. But it doesn't matter," hastily, "they're old ones and these shoes are heavy."

Without a word Warren switched her around, and in grim silence marched back to the hotel. At the gate she broke away from him and ran ahead, through the office and into the dining room, where her overshoes were still under the table.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, as she joined him breathlessly. But we won't be late if we hurry, will we? These things never begin on time."

Without deigning an answer, Warren strode on so fast that Helen had almost to run to keep under the umbrella. One of her overshoes was loose, and when she stopped to stamp it on, he jerked his arm away and stalked on ahead.

"No, by George, we WON'T! You've done about enough to queer this evening. Now come on."

## OF IMPORTANCE ONLY TO WOMEN

**Think What it Will Mean to YOU**

to be free henceforth from

**HOT FLASHES DIZZINESS**

**SEVERE NERVOUSNESS**

**HEADACHES AND BACKACHES**

with which you have been afflicted at times. These symptoms are danger signals. Nature sends them as a warning of the coming of that period in a woman's life when her delicate organism is to change in an important manner. This is the time when a woman should be strong and healthy unless serious consequences are to follow.

**DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription**

(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

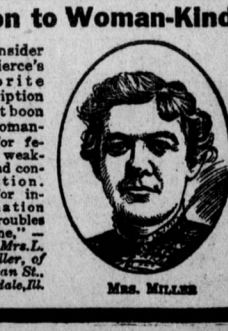
Helps All Women Over Times of Danger and Dread

This famous Prescription, consisting of the natural remedies our forests provide—without alcohol or narcotics—is prepared by a physician of vast experience and highly skilled in the treatment of the troubles to which women are so subject.

Dr. Pierce's Famous Prescription has been sold in liquid form for forty years, always helping its thousands of users. It can now be had in tablet or liquid form from all medicine dealers. Or send 50 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce, and a trial box of the tablets will be mailed to you.

Every woman is invited to write for strictly confidential advice concerning her physical troubles. The advice will be given, entirely without cost, by a physician who makes the ill of women his specialty. Address: Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach liver and bowels. Tiny, sugar-coated, pleasant as candy.



**Boon to Woman-Kind**

"I consider Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a great boon to woman-kind for female weakness and troubles feminine." — writes Mrs. L. W. Miller, of 205 Peoria St., Carbondale, Ill.

Mrs. Miller