

# WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

## By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

When you talk about the opium habit of the Chinese people do you know who started them on this long lane which has so few turnings (and those turnings always downward)? Those "pagan people" were the ones who first introduced the opium traffic by the most orthodox of Christian nations. The British official in China brings England \$20,000,000 a year.

At one time a parliamentary commission was appointed to investigate the effect of the opium on the Chinese race, and the British official in charge of the matter swore roundly that it was no more harmful than "twiddling one's thumbs."

This in face of the awful evils which result from the drug. To such depths will a desire for financial profit drag Christians. It has been said that "eleven men out of every ten" smoke opium in China. And this habit can be traced directly to Great Britain.

America is honeycombed with opium dens. And American society, from the underworld to the uneducated, has its hundreds of thousands of drug devotees.

Ask the messenger boys of any of our large cities what they know about it. These boys are the go-between who bring the drugs to the unfortunate victims of the habit in dens of vice and in palatial homes, oftentimes where the regular employees of the house would not permit the poison to enter in any regular manner. But the messenger boy can always enter. Just as the physician can always enter.

In the days of our Pilgrim Fathers and their successors there was no such thing as a drug menace. It seemed to enter America during the Civil War. And since then it has grown, until it is a colossal evil, abetted by a large percentage of physicians and helped by druggists and virtually ignored by the Church and society.

A woman has written from facts a most remarkable novel in which this national menace is terribly and truthfully depicted. The book of Job gives the title to this novel in the following quotation on the fly leaf:

"Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook? Upon the earth there is not one like him. He is king over all the children of pride. When he raiseth himself up, the mighty are

afraid. In his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into joy before him."

It is because of this last sentence, perhaps, that the dread drug can be most likened to Leviathan, since so many sad souls and troubled hearts and suffering bodies find temporary joy in the merciless grasp of the drug.

But God and all his hosts of Ministering Angels must come to the rescue of one who seeks such joy, or the end is misery and despair.

The author has painted in vivid colors the terrible fight made by a brave soul to overcome the drug habit after he had contracted it and after repeated efforts and failure to abandon it, and she ends her great book with her hero cured and in perfect health and the father of robust children.

The author makes this charge: "Opium, laudanum, morphia, etc., is not the tragedy of the underworld, nor of the lap-dog world. It is the tragedy of the working world—of doctors, writers, lecturers, scientists, teachers, students—both men and women."

Then she adds: "It's a national problem that cannot be settled by sending one man or even many to jail. It's a monster that has crawled up out of the darkness on the American people. What are we going to do about it? What are the doctors going to do about it, the Federal authorities, public-spirited men and women, public opinion, the press?"

"It is a national problem, and watching boundaries, guarding ports, making occasional raids, can accomplish but little to keep back the evil; medical men united, an aroused public opinion, the work of women, the press, I suppose, could do everything. Here are some suggestions for the control of the evil:

"First, the passing of strict laws which will allow habit-forming drugs to be sold only on a physician's prescription.

"Second, a law that will make it impossible for a prescription to be refilled except through a doctor's order.

"Third, education of the public through the schools, colleges and churches of the country.

"Fourth, Federal and State sanatoria for drug addicts and alcoholics.

"Fifth, the creation of a sense of personal responsibility on the part of physicians and pharmacists for this condition of affairs.

"Sixth, a law making illegal sale of drugs a State's prison offense."

"Seventh, the present laws regarding labeling enforced and extended.

"Eighth, the present trade in all patent and proprietary medicines containing habit-forming drugs to be discontinued and absolutely prohibited by Federal laws.

"Ninth, the annulling of the licenses of those doctors and druggists who are known to be addicted to the periodical examination of all medical men and pharmacists by Federal officers, to ascertain their continued freedom from such addictions.

"Tenth, passing upon all advertisements relating to drug and drink 'cures' by a Federal bureau.

"And, eleventh, the suppression of alcoholism.

"I believe enough people could be got together in every city, town and village of this country through the school, the church, the grange, the labor unions, to fight this thing and to drag it out into the light, where ventilation and publicity would do their work in arousing a nation-wide hostility to an evil which places us ethically and physically below such countries as Germany, Holland, Italy and Spain, where there are laws; and, he it said, the laws are being done, are doing, we can do, too."

Read this book and talk about it; and think and talk and work to help overcome this evil in our midst.

If you are in the grasp of this monstrous acquaintance with the habit, kneel down and thank God, whose strength has surrounded you; and if you have formed this habit in ever so slight a degree, kneel and ask God's help and guidance to overcome it.

No matter how you may be troubled with sleeplessness, or headaches, or the seemingly innocent quieting powder. Put no faith in any physician who prescribes such things for you.

If you are in the grasp of this monster do not despair. Resolve to be cured.

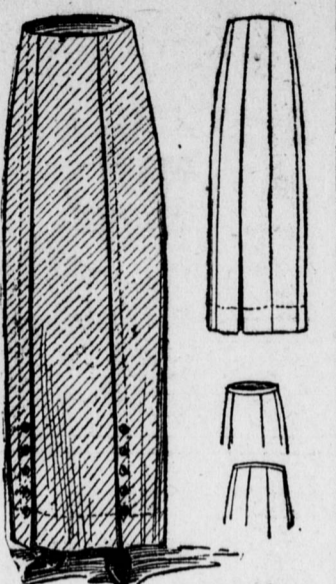
Reduce the quantity every day a little, and when you have reached the limit of your strength in this reform, seek the aid of some trustworthy specialist and place yourself under treatment.

Call to the invisible helpers to come to your aid. Ask for guidance and never doubt that it will be given. And you win, as John Dean won, in this remarkable book.

Read the book; it will help you to see the way.

# SEVEN GORED SKIRT HAS ITS OWN PLACE

For Street or Home Wear It Is Equally Desirable For Its Simplicity



B174 Seven Gored Skirt, 26 to 36 waist. WITH HIGH OR NATURAL WAIST LINE, LAPPED EDGES OR SEAM AT FRONT, INVERTED PLAITS OR HABIT BACK.

No matter how many fancy skirts may be worn, the plain gored one has a certain definite place that nothing else fills. This season the tendency is toward straight lines. Here is a model that can be made with front edges finished and lapped or stitched up to form plain seams, with an inverted plait at the back or in habit style; consequently it will suit many needs and many materials.

For the medium size, the skirt will require 5 yds. of material 27 or 36 in. wide, 2 1/2 yds. 44; or 3 1/2 yds. 36 in. wide when the material has neither figure nor nap. The width at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The pattern of the skirt B174 is cut in sizes from 26 to 36 inches waist 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.

# Madame Ise'bell Says That Rouge Is Not Necessarily Vulgar, But May Be So



A pupil has sent me the following letter and, as many others are interested in the subject, I am printing it with my answer.

"Dear Madame Ise'bell—Will you tell me frankly how you regard the use of artificial red on the cheeks? Can it be used without detection? I am growing very pale and it is not becoming to me, yet I dislike having anything that would make me look fast or vulgar."

Rouge that can be detected is better avoided. Either it has been put on hastily, or in a poor light, or a bad quality has been chosen. Every woman does not need rouge, but when colorless cheeks make a woman look old, ill, or unhappy, it is time to change them.

I was watching a well known actress who even under strong daylight looks a dozen years younger than she is make up her face for the day. She used a liquid rouge which she says she puts on never more than twice a week. She uses no soap on her skin, cleansing it always with a good cleansing cream, which may explain the fact that the artificial color stays on so well.

She shook the bottle, applying a little of the rouge to a towel, and commenced applying this first to one cheek, then to the other, rubbing from the cheek bones backwards. She included in this rubbing the skin over the eyes, the chin and the lobes of the ears, thus giving a glow to the entire face. To do this she held her hand glass in strong daylight and she finished by carefully examining her profile. A little powder added gave her a fresh, rosy and perfectly natural complexion.

Remember, if you use rouge, use the best. Have your face clean, skin smooth and in good condition when you apply it, put it on in a strong light and take the necessary time to do it. Under-rouge rather than over-rouge and, if you have any doubts as to this wear a face veil while on the street.

Madame Ise'bell

# DATE FOR COMMENCEMENT

Special to The Telegraph  
New Bloomfield, Pa., March 27.—April 30 has been fixed as the date for the High School commencement. There are nine members of the graduating class. James Wall will be valedictorian and Robert Kell, salutatorian. Harriett Motter and Irene Rice will have orations; Ruth Toomey and Hannah McKee, essays, and Alice Shull, Mary Rhinesmith and Earm-the Rhinesmith, recitations.

# SOCIAL FOR CHURCH

Special to The Telegraph  
New Bloomfield, Pa., March 27.—A pleasant social was held in the Presbyterian church Tuesday evening. The room was beautifully decorated. The Academy orchestra furnished the music. Children of the Sunday School gave recitations after which refreshments were served.

# Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

In the first moment of awakening, Helen gazed about in vague bewilderment. The strange room with its dingy wallpaper, the dimly lit gas jet and the cheap, turned furniture.

Then she saw Warren asleep beside her, and with a rush came the returned consciousness of it all—Sunday with the Baldwins, the missed train, and the night at this wretched hotel.

From beneath the drawn blind came the gray morning light. She felt under Warren's pillow for his watch. Five minutes to seven. He need not be awakened yet, for their train did not leave until 8.10.

Softly she crept out of bed. Anticipating his ill-humor at the lack of a bath and clean linen, she sidled to the dressing room and unlocked the door. The room was freezing cold. She put down the windows and turned up the gas, for the daylight was still pale. To keep the bedclothes from touching her she had slept in most of her clothes. And now it took only a few moments to button her shoes with a hairpin and slip on her waist.

A scrutiny of the wash bowl and a sniff at the two grayish white towels folded over the pitcher decided her to go unwashed. With a tiny comb from her chainele bag she did up her hair, fluffed her face with her pocket powder puff, and her toilet was as complete as she could make it.

Then she went over to the bed. "Dear," tenderly brushing back his hair, "if we want to catch that 8.10 you'd better get up."

He stirred, turned, then opened his eyes with a dazed, "Huh?"

"We've only about fifty minutes to get that train," repeated Helen.

He stared around the unfamiliar room, then realized where they were. "The devil!" as he sat up in sleepy irritation.

Heavily he got out of the spring-creaking bed. The lack of a bath and

dressing conveniences he did not take as philosophically as had Helen. Grumblingly he poured some water into the wash bowl.

"Wait till we get home—don't wash in that bowl!"

"What's the matter with it? Looks all right."

"Oh, that water isn't fresh—it may have been standing there for days!"

train and had, gone to the "Palace" Hotel, rather than return to his house at midnight.

On account of the snow the train was late, and Warren stalked impatiently up and down, fuming about the idleness of anybody wanting to live outside New York.

"Imagine having to take the 8.10 in every morning, and the 5.20 out every night! A man's a fool to spend over two hours a day on a locomotive train. They can keep on blabbing about their 'country homes,' but one dose of this is enough for me."

The train thundered in now, drowning the rest of Warren's complaints. They were hardly seated when Helen shrank back with a panic-stricken whimper.

"Baldwin appears."

"Oh, dear, don't let him see us!" Mr. Baldwin was swinging down the aisle, apparently on his way to the smoker.

"He'll see us all right," answered Warren grimly.

Helen turned to the window and fixed her eyes on the snow-draped fields, hoping desperately that Mr. Baldwin would pass by without noticing them. But the next moment came his voice in astonished greeting.

She wanted Warren to do all the explaining, but Mr. Baldwin directed his anxious, excited questions at them both.

"To think of you going to that miserable hotel! Why didn't you come back and let us make you comfortable?" he kept insisting.

"Oh, we got along alright. Helen's not much good at roughing it, but we managed."

"Minnie'll be distressed beyond words when she hears this. We were here you'd plenty of time to make that train."

"Oh, don't tell Mrs. Baldwin," pleaded Helen. "It's all over now."

As there was no vacant seat, Mr. Baldwin had been standing in the aisle, and now, with repeated assurances of his regret at the incident, he passed on to the smoker.

"Told you we should have gone back," grumbled Warren, "but you were so infernally afraid we'd put them on, that you got so nervous that you're ripping headache from us, saying that that confounded hotel and starting out without breakfast."

Helen's head ached, too, but she murmured, "I'm sorry, but Nora'll make you some good strong coffee as soon as we get home."

"Home? Don't think I'm going home, do you? I'll get breakfast at the station restaurant and hustle straight down to the office."

"Oh, I thought you were coming home to bathe and shave?" disappointedly.

"I'll have time. I'll buy a collar and stop at a barber shop, put down that shade, will you? Hurts my eyes."

Helen liked to look out the window, but she obediently put down the shade, to shut out the strong morning sun. In spite of her leaning back with his hat drawn over his eyes, her headache grew worse, and without the distraction of the window it was a long, depressing trip.

At length they drew into the Grand Central. With the rushing, hurrying commuters they were fairly down the platform, and up through the marble corridors of the station.

It had not occurred to Helen that Warren would have to have breakfast with him, but she had the restaurant he turned abruptly.

"You'd better trot along home now and get breakfast there. I can bolt a cup of coffee and a boiled egg in half the time if I don't have you fussing around. Take a surface car; the subway's pretty crowded at this hour. Hold on—got any money?"

Helen nodded and, for fear he would send her tremulous disappointment she said good-by quickly and made her way out to the street.

It was absurd for her to feel hurt, she told herself passionately, as she walked on blindly for several blocks before she thought of taking a car.

Warren was in a hurry, and no doubt they could serve one breakfast quicker than two. But the way he sent her off, and the air of unmitigated relief with which he had turned into the restaurant alone!

She rode five blocks past her street, and then had to walk back. Her head ached, her throat ached, and she could hardly blink back the tears. Yet she knew she was foolish, and was furious with herself for being so hurt over so trivial a thing.

# YOUR FRECKLES

Need Attention in February and March or Face Will Stay Covered

Now is the time to take special care of the complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. The February and March winds have a strong tendency to bring out freckles that may stay all Summer unless removed. Now is the time to use othine—double strength.

This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful that it is sold by druggists under guarantee to refund the money if it fails. Get an ounce of othine—double strength, and even a few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the smaller freckles even vanishing entirely.—Advertisement.

# Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect November 30, 1913.  
TRAINS leave Harrisburg at 5:05, 7:52 a. m., 3:40 p. m.  
For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:05, 7:52 a. m., 3:40 p. m.  
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and Intermediate stations at 5:05, 7:52, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 6:32, 9:40, 11:15 p. m.  
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 2:27, 5:32, 9:59 a. m.  
For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:52 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 6:32 and 6:30 p. m.  
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.  
J. H. TONGE, Supt.  
G. F. A.

# Vocals

Quick Relief for Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness. Clear the Voice—Fine for Speakers and Singers. 25c. GORGAS' DRUG STORES 16 N. Third St. Penna. Station

# POSLAM HEALS ALL UNSIGHTLY SKIN DISEASES

Unsightly skin made clear and fair—every skin trouble quickly eradicated, from the slightest blemish and adolescent pimples to Eczema, Acne, Itch, Scalp-Scalp and aggravated dandruff.

That is the work which Poslam accomplishes with a speed that is amazing. Try it at bed. How the skin's surface is soothed and cooled. Itching stops; healing is so rapid that improvement can be seen every day.

Poslam is quick, harmless, powerful, effective and within everybody's reach. All druggists sell Poslam. For free sample write to: Emergency Laboratories, 22 West 25th St., New York. Poslam—Sole Agent for the skin's health. New Toilet Size, 15 Cents.—Advertisement.

# Klein Co

9 NORTH MARKET SQUARE  
Have Especially Prepared Unusual Values in Women's and Misses' Suits  
Dressy and tailored models, copies of latest French fashions, of Serge, Gabardine, Crepe Eponge, Shepherd Checks, Ripple Weaves, Wool Poplin and Bedford Cords.  
\$19.75 \$25.00 \$35.00

Women's Blouses  
Crepe de Chine Blouse with Gladstone collar effect, also some with self cord trimming. In Flesh, White, Maize, Nile, Green Chartreuse and Tango—A variety of styles—  
\$4.98 \$3.50  
Regular \$7.50 values. Regular \$5.00 values.

Women's and Misses' Coats  
Pronounced style features in flare, ruffle and puffed models, suitable for all occasions, of Serge, Bedford Cords, Gofline, Eponge or Tweeds; also Silk Coats of Moire, Poplin and Taffeta  
\$16.75 \$19.75 \$25.00 \$35.00 and upward

Women's and Misses' Dresses  
A large selection of newest models in Crepe de Chine, Poplin and Taffeta in all shades and sizes. Very special at  
\$15.00  
Regular \$25.00 values.

Women's Separate Walking Skirts  
A choice selection of high class tunic, flounce, tier and ruffle effects of Gabardine, Serge, Crepe Cloth, Checks, also Taffeta, Moire, Russian Cord, Crepe de Chine and Poplin Silks.  
\$7.50 \$9.75 \$12.50 \$15.00

Millinery  
New arrivals in Spring Millinery of striking individuality  
NEW STORE FOR WOMEN  
9 North Market Square

# Mechanicsburg Minister Called to Waynesboro

Special to The Telegraph  
Mechanicsburg, Pa., March 27.—Considerable interest is manifested here over a rumor that the Rev. Joseph E. Guy, pastor of St. Paul's Reformed church, may leave for a new field of labor in Waynesboro, in the St. Paul's Reformed church in that place and Harbaugh. At a meeting of the consistories of the two churches a unanimous call was voted, and on Easter the congregation will cast their vote for the local pastor.

# PHYSICIAN HAS APPENDICITIS

Special to The Telegraph  
New Bloomfield, Pa., March 27.—Dr. and Mrs. Russel W. Johnston and son, Russel, of Pottstown, are visiting the doctor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Johnston. The doctor has lately been operated on for appendicitis in the Pottstown hospital.

# EATING RELIEVES STOMACH TROUBLE

A Prominent Physician's Advice.  
"Eat good foods and plenty of them. Dieting, in many cases, is almost criminal. Get back to normal. To do so you must have the proper quantity of nourishment. You need it for brain or physical work. Probably there is nothing the matter with your stomach except acidity. That is merely an abnormal secretion of acid in the stomach. Neutralize that acid and your stomach trouble will end at once. Neglect may mean ulcers if not cancer of the stomach. Do not take patented medicines or peppin tablets for dyspepsia. Simply take a neutralizer of acid. Decidedly the best neutralizer is ordinary druggist's bicarated magnesia. You can get it at any drug store for a few cents. Take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water after each meal. The relief will be immediate."—Advertisement.

# PENNSYLVANIAN GETS QUICK RELIEF FROM DISORDERS OF HIS STOMACH

I. E. Beckwith Says Mayr's Wonderful Remedy Gave Him Great Help.

Just such letters come from users of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy in all parts of the country. It is known everywhere. The first dose convinces—no long treatment.

Mr. Beckwith, of Harrisburg, Penn., a victim of disorders of the stomach and intestinal tract. He tried treatment after treatment. Nothing gave him relief.

One day he discovered Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy—and soon was happy.

Mr. Beckwith wrote to Geo. H. Mayr, the maker of the remedy and for twenty years the leading druggist of Chicago.

# OPENS UP CLOGGED NOSTRILS AND HEAD IN ONE MINUTE—ENDS CATARRH MISERY

Stops Nasty Discharge, Clears, Stuffed Head, Heals Inflamed Air Passages and You Breathe Freely.  
balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils; penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane 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, or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous droppings 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.—Adv.

# Try Telegraph Want Ads.