

# WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

## Do Not Lose Your Poise

BY DOROTHY DIX



Not long ago a man who did the housework for his family killed himself because the monotony of his labor was more than he could bear.

Women have a greater endurance than men, and they seldom take the suicide route out of the kitchen, but comes a time in every woman's life when, after having swept the same floor a million times, and broiled a billion of steaks and onions, and darned a trillion pairs of socks, she goes crazy with the sameness of the treadmill in which she goes round and round, day after day, week after week, year after year.

The monotony of domesticity gets on her nerves and she begins to hate her home, hate her husband, hate her children, hate all the principles that she has held fast to all of her irreplicable life. For the moment she has lost her poise and her perspective. For the time being she is insane, and liable to commit any folly.

I have before me a letter from such a woman. She says that she has a good, kind, well-to-do husband, who loves her and is generous to her. She has a home and four grown-up children, but she wants to leave it all, and she writes:

A Pathetic Letter  
"I am tired of it all. I am tired of housework. I am tired of sweeping,

and dusting, and washing dishes. I am tired of being a wife. Tired of being a mother. I have given twenty-six years of unremitting service to my family. Now I want to give something to myself, and I am going to study bookkeeping and go into an office to work. My husband and children think it outrageous and disgraceful for me to go out into the world to earn money when my husband is willing and able to support me, but haven't I some rights in the matter? Haven't I a right to do as I like?"

This is simply a typical case of the woman driven temporarily insane by the dull monotony of her life and ready to run amuck among all of her cherished household gods and smash them into smithereens. And there are many others suffering from the same form of hysteria. When a middle-aged married woman suddenly decides that her mission is elevating the stage instead of raising babies, or she takes to writing mash notes to a matinee hero, or she elopes with her chauffeur, it is because she has gone stark, staring mad from dullness.

And the remedy is change. What these women need is not to break up their homes, but to get away from them for a little while. They need to go away among strangers, where they will not see a single face they know for six months, and where they will not even have a letter from home. By the end of that time they would be signing for their own cook stoves and dusting caps, and they would be holding up every other woman they met and telling her that they were married to the handsomest, cleverest,

most distinguished appearing men in the world, and while they didn't wish to brag about their own children, there certainly was something most extraordinary and different from other young people about their sons and daughters.

Tradition and custom have led us to the belief that a wife and mother can never get enough of her husband and children, and that all the fun and excitement that she wants in life is just working for them and seeing them enjoy themselves. This is an admirable theory. The only trouble with it is that it isn't true. Nobody, not even mother, is that selfless. We all want something for ourselves, and mother is no exception to the rule.

The Inevitable  
No matter how much a woman loves her husband, she gets bored stiff with his society if she has it in unbroken doses. There comes a day when she loves sight of his virtues and can see nothing but his faults and peculiarities, and when she feels that she would scream if she had to hear him tell over his pet story another time. It is her hour of satiety, when she wonders what made her marry him, and the price of railroad fare to Reno.

No matter how much a woman worships her children, if she has to be with them continually they fret her nerves raw, and then comes an hour when she has to smother an impulse to keep from choking the baby in its cradle, and the only person on earth she envies is an old maid in a bachelor apartment house where nothing but cats are allowed.

### MRS. THOMSON TELLS WOMEN

#### How She Was Helped During Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am just 52 years of age and during Change of Life I suffered for six years terribly. I tried several doctors but none seemed to give me any relief. Every month the painwore intensify both sides, and made me so weak that I had to go to bed. At last a friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I tried it at once and found much relief. After that I had no pains at all and could do my housework and shopping the same as always. For years I have praised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me, and shall always recommend it as a woman's friend. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way."—Mrs. THOMSON, 649 W. Russell St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to carry women so successfully through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

#### TO PUT AN END TO ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Specialist's Advice to Ladies Who Have Been Deceived and Disappointed

Thousands of ladies and even young girls have learned to their sorrow that it does not pay to trifle with hairy growths on the face and arms by trying to remove them with worthless pastes, powders and liquid depilatories that melt away and burn like mad. There is, however, a simple, inexpensive treatment which never fails to remove all trace of superfluous hair absolutely without pain or injury to the skin or complexion. It was put on public sale by a well known society woman who found that it entirely destroyed all trace of her own growth, after all else failed. In a surprising number of cases it has killed the hair roots so that the hair has never returned. If you have tried all the advertised depilatories in vain and want sure, quick results, get it from Kennedy's Drug Store or any up-to-date drug or department store. Signed Money-Back guarantee comes with every package. Ask for it by name, "Mrs. Osgood's Wonder." Let me caution you, however, never, not to apply Mrs. Osgood's Wonder to any hair you do not wish totally destroyed.—Advertisement.

#### Spend Your Holiday on a Western Ranch

Out in the ranch country of the West, around Sheridan Wyoming, or in the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming, where Buffalo Bill founded the town of Cody, the practice has grown for the good ranch people there to provide for summer boarders and I don't know any more interesting and pleasurable way of spending one's vacation with the wife and children, than to go out on one of those ranches, and ride and fish for trout, (great fishing out there) and eat good, plain, substantial food, and sleep—my! how one does sleep after days spent exercising in that wonderful mountain air. This "Ranch Vacation" is a novel idea, but very easy to accomplish, for I can tell you all about what you can do and how to do it and what it will cost and what you can get and all about it. Just write and let me suggest a plan for you to follow. Wm. Austin, General Agent Passenger Depts., C. B. & Q. R. Co., 335 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.—Advertisement.

**Charles B. Cluck**  
Carpenter and Builder  
Jobbing promptly attended to; screen doors and windows a specialty; also fine cabinet work.  
Call Bell Phone 1317-J.  
2200 Logan Street

### The QUARRY

By JOHN A. MOROSO

Molly Bryan lifted her right hand high in the air in the unconscious salute of ancient times.

Stripping himself of great coat and goggles and tossing them into his machine, John Nelson hurried to her.

"I saw you when you started down Glassy mountain," she said. Her face was pale. "I did not know whether you would make it safely." Her left hand went to her heart.

His beard was splashed with clay. In his eyes was the effulgence of the stars. He had come, perilously courting up and down the mountains, to ask her aid in burying Christmas gifts, in the shops of the little city nestling below them, for the little children of the poor in the Dark Corner. He was the unconscious instrument of one of the beatitudes, "Blessed are the poor."

The look in her eyes, the trembling of the hand she extended to him, the quaver in her soft voice, the quick flush that replaced the pallor of her cheeks as she read the love message in his look, gave him the hint that she expected his tongue to utter the thoughts that filled his mind.

But he held back the words. He was still master of his tongue, but no man with love in his heart, in every fiber of his being, can master his soul. He held up a hand to her. She took it and started to step from her car.

Her heel slipped on the wet running board and she fell against his breast. Her head lay on his shoulder and, with the world far below them and the clouds lowering about them, their lips met in the kiss of betrothal.

With Molly Bryan's kiss on his lips and sweetening his life, Nelson found himself on the other side of the chasm he had shrunk from with dread in his heart.

The thought that his staunch friend, the old convict, was off on the hunt for the man he dared not himself seek brought him a measure of assurance for his still troubling conscience.

Then, too, Molly took total possession of him and banished from his mind all concern except the moment's concern. He felt the warmth of her sweet woman's body and its soft pressure against his, the burn and tingle of her flushed cheeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan were anxiously awaiting them when their machines swung into the broad road leading through the estate to the mansion which crowned it.

"Here's Santa Claus," Molly shouted to her parents. "And I am Mrs. Santa Claus." She clasped his arm and clung to it as they made their way up the piazza steps.

"Mother—father," she said. "John and I love each other. He has asked me to be his wife."

"May I have her for better or for worse?" he asked the parents.

Mr. Bryan's face had paled. "You must talk with her mother," he said.

"Will you join me in the library after you have been to your room, Nelson?"

The wind puffed down the great chimney and filled Mr. Bryan's library with the fragrance of burning oak and pine. The logs crackled above their deepening ashen bed. The night had come, and the well shelved room was snug with the glow from the hearth.

"Nelson," began Mr. Bryan, leaning forward in his armchair, "you are asking us for the best we have—our only daughter. Are you worthy?"

"I have tried to be."

"You must know that you have been the subject of gossip because you have lived as a hermit."

"Yes."

"And you have admitted that there is something in your own life which you do not feel that I, Molly's father, should share."

"I know it."  
"Have you anything to hide from me now?"  
The eyes of the younger man stared into the fire. The dancing flames cast grotesque shadows on his bearded face. "I cannot give you my confidence," he replied. "I cannot, now."

"Nelson, my measure of a man is by his integrity and his intelligence," Mr. Bryan urged. "You have brains and industry. Whether you were a founding father or a child of the streets in the north will not weigh heavily in my decision." His voice was kindly and assuring.

"My boy," he said, "you must open your heart to me. I cannot let my daughter undertake to share your life with her eyes blindfolded. Tell her. Tell her everything. She is of the stamp of her dear mother. She is a young woman, but a brave and serious one. She would countenance nothing that would bring a touch of dishonor to her or to her parents."

"Tell—her?" gasped Nelson.

"Yes."

Molly entered the library, coming from her mother, radiant with smiles. She paused as she saw the pallor of her lover's face and the serious look upon her father's.

"What is the matter?" she demanded. Mr. Bryan rose from his chair. "I shall leave you together for awhile," he said as he left the room.

"John!"

With his name on her lips she went to him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Let us go outside on the piazza," he said. "I feel as though I should choke in here. There is something I must tell you."

She turned from him and flung wide a deep window. The night scowled at them as they left the warm and lighted room for the rain and the dark.

"I have something to tell you," he repeated.

"That you love me?" she asked.

"Love you?" he repeated. "My heart is torn with love for you."

"Nothing else matters."

She crept to his side and clasped his hands in hers.

"Your father wants to know who I am," he told her.

"I know who you are. You are John Nelson, my lover."

"He wants to know whence I came."

"From heaven—to me," she answered, with a little laugh of content as she kissed him.

"From prison," he said. "I am an escaped convict. I was sent to prison in the north for life. I was convicted of—"

"I know what you were convicted of," she whispered, smothering his lips with her own. "You were convicted of being too kind and too good to your fellow man. Christ was so convicted."

The words fell solemnly from her lips, and they startled Nelson.

"I was convicted of murder," he said, "of murder in the second degree. I was innocent. I was sentenced, an innocent man, to life in prison. My name is James Montgomery, and the police seek me."

She fell back from him for a moment, the shadows enshrouding her. But she did not leave him for long. Her arms were again about his neck, and her lips turned to his.

"I knew that you had been hurt by some one or something," she whispered, pressing her cheek against his. "You do not need to tell me of your innocence. I shall share your sorrows and your joys until death do us part."

"I have no moral right to marry you," he said.

"But you shall take me for your wife," she cried. "I shall live in the mountains with you and never leave your side, and if they come for you they shall never take you as long as I have a breath of life. They can't have you, my sweetheart. You are mine until death."

CHAPTER XIV.  
On the Trail of the Quarry.  
THE eyes of Mike Kearney's mother were becoming very dim with age. Her old "Key of Heaven" was now replaced by a volume of prayer in much heavier type, and she wore glasses during her almost constant devotions.  
[To be continued.]  
Try Telegraph Want Ads.

**Store Hours**  
On Saturdays store open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.  
On Fridays (half day only) from 8 A. M. to 12 o'clock, noon.  
Other week-days, store opens 8 A. M., closes 5:30 P. M.

**KAUFMAN'S**  
UNDERSELLING STORE

**New Millinery**  
Satin Sailors and Satin Outing Hats; also the new velvet and Satin Hats for immediate and Fall wear are here.

## To-morrow a One Day Odd and End Sale of Women's and Misses' Ready-to-wear Garments

**ODD and END SALE OF JUNIOR DRESSES**  
Pretty Summer Washable Dresses, in this season's styles and made of fine cool washable materials, in assorted stripes, checks and plain colors.  
Formerly sold up to \$2.00. Sale price,  
**25c**

**ODD and END SALE OF JUNIOR DRESSES**  
Of the better kind, splendid high-grade wash materials, in very desirable styles and colors. Less than the price you would pay for the material.  
Formerly sold up to \$2.50. Sale price,  
**47c**

**ODD and END SALE OF GIRLS' COATS**  
Materials of neat shepherd plaids, Tan Ponce and White Bedford Cord. This season's styles, and prettily trimmed. Sizes in this group from 2 to 14 years.  
Formerly sold up to \$3.00. Sale price,  
**50c**

**ODD and END SALE of Women's and Misses' Wash Dress Skirts**  
Numerous pretty styles, including the tier, tunic and plain tailored models. In this season's wanted Wash Materials, Pure Linen, Ratine, Bedford Cord and Cordelene; 22 to 36 waist bands.  
Formerly sold up to \$2.00. Sale price,  
**75c**

## How to Keep Cool? How to Look Well? How to Save Money? THESE DRESSES

**Answer Every Question Above**  
Women's and Misses' Summer Washable Dresses, in pretty voiles, tissues, fine percales and many other cool wash fabrics, in this season's accepted styles and colors. Formerly sold up to \$2.50. Sale price .....  
**79c**

**ODD and END SALE OF Women's & Misses' Cloth Coats**  
Made of all-wool serge, crepe and mannish mixtures, in neat styles for street and dress.  
Formerly sold up to \$5.00. Sale price,  
**\$2.00**

**ODD and END SALE OF Women's & Misses' Cloth Coats**  
Pretty Dress Coats, of white (Cachin), handsome wool crepes, lined throughout with soft penne de cygne. Very desirable for early Fall wear. Colors—navy, tan, green and Copenhagen.  
Formerly sold up to \$12.50. Sale price,  
**\$5.00**

**ODD and END SALE OF Women's & Misses' Cloth Skirts**  
All-wool materials, in dark and light patterns, pretty styles, many neatly trimmed. Not many to sell, so be on hand early.  
Formerly sold up to \$4.50. Sale price,  
**\$1.00**

**ODD and END SALE OF Women's & Misses' Silk Dresses**  
Fine soft messaline and silk Tulle dresses, stunning styles, including the tier and long Russian tunic models, colors—black, navy, Copenhagen, etc. Many lace trimmed.  
Formerly sold up to \$7.50. Sale price,  
**\$3.50**

**ODD and END SALE OF Women's House Dresses**  
For 45c  
Made of lawns, percales and gingham. All colors, all sizes, fast colors.  
Value to \$1.25.  
Sale on Second Floor.

**ODD and END SALE OF Women's Waists**  
For 39c  
Odds and ends, made of voiles and lawn, high and low necks.  
Value to \$1.00. All sizes, but not all sizes of each pattern.  
Sale on First Floor, Rear.

**ODD and END SALE OF Women's Waists**  
For 59c  
Odds and ends made of organdies and voile. All new summer styles; all sizes, but not all sizes of each pattern.  
Value to \$1.50.  
Sale on First Floor, Rear.

### STYLISH FLOUNCES ON PANIER SKIRT Nothing Seems to Be Too Full and Frilly For Summer Wear



8318 Panier Skirt, 24 to 30 waist.

WITH OR WITHOUT RUFFLE ON BACK, WITH HIGH OR NATURAL WAIST LINE.

Circular flounces that give a ripple effect are to be found in the newest and smartest skirts. This one also gives a panier effect and appropriately can be used either for two materials or for one throughout. Since the skirt can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line, it is adapted to all figures and the panier can be left plain or completed by the ruffle at the back.

For the medium size will be required 3 1/2 yds. of material 27, 3 3/4 yds. 36, 2 1/2 yds. 44 in. wide for the flounce, panel and band with 2 1/2 yds. 27 or 36, 1 3/4 yds. 44 in. wide for the panier; or 5 1/4 yds. 27, 4 1/4 yds. 36, 3 3/4 yds. 44 in. wide if one material is used throughout, the width at the lower edge is 2 3/4 yards.

The pattern 8318 is cut in sizes from 24 to 30 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.

ON SALE TODAY  
New Victor records for August. Come in and hear them played. J. H. Trout Music House, 15 So. Market St.—Advertisement.

### Trapper Claims Bounty on Two-Headed Weasel

Special to The Telegraph  
Sunbury, Pa., July 28.—With twelve big weasels, one of which had two heads, Jeremiah Jefferson, a Lewis township trapper and hunter, arrived at the Northumberland county commissioners' office here yesterday, and demanded \$26 as pay for thirteen scalp bounties. The clerk explained that he could not allow two bounties for one animal. The second set of ears and teeth were plainly manifest and the old fellow had a hard time convincing himself that he could not be allowed the extra two. The commissioners have sent the two headed animal to the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, D. C.

**RUNS AUTO INTO POST**  
Sunbury, Pa., July 28.—Rather than run into a freight train when his brakes refused to work here yesterday, J. D. Bogar, a Sunbury milk dealer, guided his automobile into a steel caution flagpost. The post held and nothing was seriously damaged. Bogar was unhurt, but said afterwards that the post undoubtedly saved his life.

**VETA STOVE POLISH** is the handiest thing ever put on the market. Comes in a tube.  
10c  
VETA STOVE POLISH is the handiest thing ever put on the market. Comes in a tube. For household use, best for cleaning stoves, pans, brass, etc. Try it on the stove. Tube or tin, 10c. Write for literature. Veta Stove Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

**CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES**  
Richelleu & Ontario Division  
**Vacation Trips on Lake and River**  
Steamers "Rochester" and "Syracuse," leave Toronto and Charlotte (Rochester Port) and Clayton daily, for Thousand Islands, and through the Rapids to Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, Gulf of St. Lawrence and Labrador.  
For particulars write: 15 East Swan Street, (Elliot St. Sq.), Buffalo.  
W. F. CLONEY, District Pass. Agent

### WELL-GROOMED WOMEN REMOVE HAIR GROWTHS WITH EL RADO

Thousands of women regard El Rado, the liquid hair remover, as necessary a toilet article as cold cream. They would not more think of appearing in public with unsightly growths of hair on lip, chin, cheek, neck or arms, than they would think of going to a party with a dirty face. Many people think that because "fuzz" only shows in strong light that other people won't notice it. But they do.

El Rado acts instantly. A few drops, a simple application, and any growth of hair will vanish in a moment or two, leaving the skin smooth and velvety, even whiter than before, because of the soothing, antiseptic properties. The fact that many physicians use the ingredients in El Rado for exactly the same purpose—hair removing—shows conclusively how perfectly harmless its action is.

In this city El Rado is sold and recommended by: Golden Seal Drug Store, E. Z. Gross, Kennedy's Drug Store, Keller's Drug Store, George A. Gorgas.

**Absolutely No Pain**

My latest improved appliances, including an oxygenated air apparatus, makes extracting and all dental work positively painless and is perfectly harmless. (Age no objection.)

**EXAMINATION FREE**

Registered Graduate Assistants

**Dr. Phillips, Dentist**

Full Set of teeth... \$5.00  
Gold fillings \$1.00  
Fillings in silver alloy cement 50c.  
Gold Crowns and Bridge Work, \$5, \$4, \$3.  
22-K Gold Crown... \$5.00  
Office open daily 8.30 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Mon., Wed. and Sat. 9 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.  
Bell Phone 3322R

**EASY TERMS OF PAYMENTS**

**320 Market Street**  
(Over the Hub)  
Harrisburg, Pa. It Didn't Hurt a Bit

**Bell Painless Dentists**

10 NORTH MARKET SQUARE, HARRISBURG  
Hours: 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays: 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

We do the best dental work that can possibly be done, and we do it at charges that are most moderate. Painless extraction free when plates are ordered. Large cool, sanitary offices. Lady attendant.