

Women and Their Interests

THE BLIGHT OF WEALTH

By DOROTHY DIX

We are all familiar with the old adage that says, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." It is true. When the stomach is pinched with hunger, people do not bother about the state of their hearts. Shabbiness chokes sentiment to death, and the bill collector slays romance.

To be successful a marriage must be adequately financed. A husband and wife might love well enough to die for each other, but when it comes to the strain of living together in a poverty that keeps every nerve strained taut with anxiety, they soon fall out of love and begin to reproach each other for having brought this disastrous fate upon them.

We are all familiar enough with the sad spectacle of poverty wrecking a home, but we fail to take into account that wealth is often just as much a menace to domestic life as poverty.

Yet such is the case, especially among those who acquire money suddenly, and whose prosperity seems to carry a blight upon family life with it. At any rate, it is one of the sardonic jests of our times that a new-made millionaire always requires a new wife to match the new fortune in his new place.

A poignant illustration of the fact that wealth can be as dangerous as poverty to love was afforded by a divorce case that recently came up for trial. In her plea for divorce, the wife told a pathetic little story of how she and her husband married when they were young and had only a little money, and of how they lived above the store, and she did her own housework, and kept the books at night, and helped with the shop when

she had a moment to spare, and of how they worked, and hoped, and planned together.

The husband had business sagacity, and year by year he went farther and farther and got a bigger store each time, and then a chain of stores, and became wealthy.

"We were so happy when we were poor," said the wife. "He was so tender and kind to me, and loved me, but when he got rich he began to neglect me, and run about with gay companions, and to take pretty young girls to the theater and in his automobile. He has been ruined by his wealth. It is money that has broken up our home."

Such stories are not uncommon. When wealth comes in at the door, love flies out of the window more often than we know, for the siren who alienates the affections of nine American men out of ten from their wives is no other woman, but the love of money.

Many a woman who lives in a seventy-five-thousand-dollar house, and who has a charge account at all the leading stores, and her own limousine, has nothing else but schemes. Every particle of interest her husband has given to his business. Every thought he has is centered on his business. Every atom of affection he possesses is twisted around his net schemes. His idea of enjoyment is putting through a difficult deal, and when he spends a happy evening it is with his business associates.

His wife has ceased to count for anything in his life and she knows it. He no longer needs her, as the poor man needs his wife, and the curse of money has blighted that household just as surely as the direct poverty could have done.

Another way in which wealth is a menace to the home is that it

makes every rich person a shining mark for unscrupulous men and women, and perhaps we should pity rather than blame the poor brothers who fall for their wiles, if we realized the temptations to which they are subjected.

The average man who is self-made is middle-aged before he reaches his golden goal. He has never had any playtime of life, because the race for fortune is a breathless race and one that goes to the swift and strenuous. He has known nothing of the arts of femininity, only the one plain woman he has married, and who has been more helpful than sweetheart.

Suddenly he finds himself with plenty of money, with plenty of leisure to divert himself, and with a wife who does not know how to either laugh, or spend money, or any more about how to amuse a man than she knows about the differential calculus. Then comes along someone who has youth and beauty, and a honeyed tongue that talks flatteries and cajoleries, and who can wonder that the man proves an easy mark?

Once upon a time I reproved a woman whose husband was making a big salary for her extravagance. "The only way to keep your husband in New York is to keep him so poor that no other woman wants him," was her reply. One cannot recommend that method of self-preservation to other wives; still it is undoubtedly true that the rich man is in continual danger, and that nothing makes for the preservation of the domestic virtues so much as a thin pocket book.

The moral of all of which is that the wife who loves her husband, and who wants to enjoy his companionship may well echo the prayer of the Psalmist who desired neither riches nor poverty.

In Tune With the Wild

Novelized from the Sellig Moving Picture Play of the Same Name
Featuring Kathlyn Williams.
By KATHLYN WILLIAMS
Illustrated With Photos From the Picture Films.

[Continued.]

In a mass of warriors emerged from the jungle and advanced cautiously across to the clearing. Amazu fired a shot from his rifle. A shower of assegais struck the wagon. Uncle Steve and Hart began pouring a dead-



Took Their Places With Guns Ready.

ly fusillade from their repeating rifles into the ranks of the blacks, of whom many dropped in their tracks.

The Kafirs rallied and again advanced with extreme caution, hurling their spears. Amazu again fired his gun.

Bantu was watching the fight from the tall piece of the wagon. Suddenly he gave a shrill cry—and fell backward into the arms of little Edith. He looked into the blue eyes of his white playmate, for whose sake he had run miles through the forest. Then the body of this little black boy stiffened and he lay very still.

"Oh, the pity of it!" cried Mrs. Wayne. "Poor Bantu!"

A bullet from the gun of Amazu had found the heart of the valiant little black boy.

CHAPTER VII.

"Mother, where is father?"

Mrs. Wayne and Edith in the wagon heard the Kafirs yelling madly and knew the battle in the clearing was raging fiercely. Suddenly flame shot into the wagon and mother and daughter coughed as smoke swirled all round them. Amazu had set fire to the wagon.

But hark! To her ears came new shouts and more shots.

"It's Wambo!" cried the voice of Uncle Steve. And next moment Uncle Steve himself sprang into the burning wagon and fairly dragged Mrs. Wayne out of the flames. Hart at the same time seized Edith. Blood was flowing down Uncle Steve's face from the cut of a spear on his temple, and Hart was wounded slightly in the forearm.

"Wambo has saved us," Uncle Steve said, as he and Hart carried the mother and daughter away from the burning wagon, across the clearing and into the jungle.

"Wambo and his warriors were out hunting for the missing Bantu," Uncle Steve explained, when they were well within the jungle. "They heard the sound of battle and rushed to the rescue. They are now engaged in a pitched battle with Amazu and his men. Amazu retreated at the first sign of the coming of Wambo, but Wambo and his men are chasing them through the forest."

While the whites in the jungle awaited the return of Wambo and his men, the wagon in the clearing burned fiercely till only the charred ruins remained.

"Bantu!" cried Edith. "Oh, Uncle Steve! Bantu was in that wagon!"

In a sudden frenzy, Mrs. Wayne cried: "But my husband—the doctor!—what of him?"

"Yes, what of the doctor?" repeated Hart. "Mrs. Wayne," he added, "you must be brave. Your husband has perhaps gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds—or wherever brave men go when they have received mortal wounds from a dozen assegais."

The word picture drawn by Hart proved too much for Mrs. Wayne's already overstrained nerves. The missionary's wife swooned.

Just then a number of Wambo's men arrived.

"What of Amazu?" asked Uncle Steve.

"What few of his men are still alive are returning to their kraal," one of the warriors answered.

"And Amazu is dead!" said another.

"Amazu was killed by Chief Wambo himself," a third warrior said. "They fought like two wild animals till Amazu fell. Here comes Wambo. You shall now see why he fought like an animal."

The giant figure of Wambo came into view. As he approached it became obvious that he was suffering from some deep grief. Presently all could see that he held in his hand a little brass wheel attached to a thong. It was the cog-wheel of the alarm clock which Wambo had hung on the neck of his little Bantu the morning before.

"My son, my little boy!" Wambo said, in an anguished voice. "He was slain by Amazu. And this charm from the white man's country, which Bantu wore on his neck, this is all I have to show to his mother. I found this in the ruins of the wagon. My poor

Bantu!"

Water from Uncle Steve's canteen had revived Mrs. Wayne. She now questioned Wambo eagerly.

"Wambo, tell me of my husband."

A silence fell upon them.

"His body!" Mrs. Wayne cried. "Where does he lie, Wambo? Take me to him."

"He lies, Missy Wayne, on the trail toward our kraal. Come! I will lead you to him!"

It was a sad procession that wound its way down the trail to a certain point, where Wambo stopped in surprise. He examined the ground.

"He lay here, Missy Wayne," Wambo said, looking round, dumfounded at not seeing the body of Doctor Wayne. "I saw him lying here, wounded to death by the assegais of Amazu's men. And all my warriors saw him lying here as we passed on the way to the fight. But now he is gone. Amazu's warriors have taken the body and they will—"

He stopped in pity for Mrs. Wayne. He dared not impart to her his thoughts of just how Amazu's warriors would mutilate the body of the white man. He knew they would tear the body limb from limb in revenge for their own losses in the battle.

But Mrs. Wayne understood Wambo's sudden silence. She broke into pitiful tears.

"Come!" said Uncle Steve. "Come, Mollie, you must be brave! Come, Edith! We will return to Wambo's village. And soon we will start again for our home in California."

"And when you start again," said Wambo, "you will accept the escort of my warriors!"

"Yes," replied Uncle Steve, firmly. "A hundred warriors shall escort us. And we will thank you a hundred times, Wambo, for the protection of your men."

All this time, however, Doctor Wayne was alive. He was at that very moment examining the ruins of the burned wagon, and finding the cowry-shell necklace which he himself had placed around the neck of his little daughter.

LIVE-WIRE POULTRYMEN

Elizabethton Show Has Risen to the Dignity of Two-Judge Affair

Every member of the big poultry association at Elizabethton seems to be live-wire in two senses. One of this association has risen to the dignity of a two-judge affair.

In the face of conditions that make cash scarce, the fanciers of this main branch have raised a fund of cash special premiums that is bound to attract exhibits from breeders who believe they can annex some portion of this fund.

The second annual show, "The Madison Square show of Lancaster county," will be held in Elizabethtown January 6 to 9, inclusive. The judging will be done by George O. Brown, of Baltimore, and Charles Nixon, of Washington, N. J. D. S. Sheetz, Elizabethtown, Pa., is secretary of the association.

PEDIGREE AND LINE BIRDS

Many Poultrymen Unable to Define Clearly Difference Between Two

Many persons rather advanced in poultry knowledge are unable to define clearly the difference between line and pedigree breeding. Briefly, line breeding is breeding from one certain line for the accomplishment of a certain definite purpose. For instance, if fowls are mated for a large home, fine-boned fowls are discarded from the breeding pen. In this way great size is attained. The same plan is used in developing strong laying qualities, or the capacity for large size and desired color in eggs—of points in the fancy.

Pedigree breeding is that of breeding recorded stock, each fowl having a pedigree, the same plan as is used by breeders of livestock generally. Neither line or pedigree breeding necessarily means inbreeding.

The word "strain" applied to a breed of fowls means a race that has been carefully bred by one breeder, or his successor, for a number of years, and which has acquired individual characteristics of its own.

DANDRUFFY HEADS BECOME HAIRLESS

Scalp Dries—Chokes Out the Hair and Prevents Its Growth

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it. It is dandruff. It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

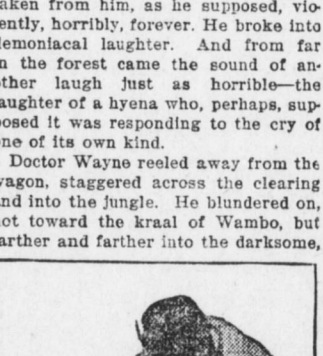
By morning most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will be silky, fluffy, lustrous, soft and look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.—Advertisement.

FOREST FIREFIGHTER BURNED

Shamokin, Pa., Nov. 7. — James Burns, while fighting forest fires near here yesterday, fractured an ankle and fell into the flames. He was badly if not fatally burned.

Played With the Leopard as With a Kitten.



pathless habit of wild beasts—past lair of lion and leopard and cheetah—on and on ever in a direction that led him farther and farther away from Wambo's kraal—onward deeper and deeper into the depths of the African jungle.

[To Be Continued.]

Brumbaugh's Aged Father Is Happy Over Returns; Reception Being Planned

Huntingdon, Pa., Nov. 7. — George B. Brumbaugh, aged father of Governor-elect Brumbaugh, is much pleased with his son's election to the highest office in the State, and the result will probably go far toward restoring him to the state of health enjoyed by him prior to his son's visit to Huntingdon a few weeks ago.

Excitement of the reception at Altoona resulted in his collapse and removal to the Blair Memorial Hospital. It is not thought likely that he will be able to accompany his son to Florida, where the Governor-elect contemplates going shortly for a few weeks' rest.

Last night the students of Juniata held a jubilation meeting on College Hill, which was attended by 2,000 students and citizens. They had a bonfire and addresses. His Huntingdon friends expect "M. G." to make good to such an extent that he will stand a splendid chance of being the next Republican candidate for President, and men of all parties here declare that they will be for him. Citizens of Huntingdon county will give him a splendid reception when he arrives in Huntingdon next week to see the folks at home.

WOMEN FIGHTING FOREST FIRE

Fire Wardens Offer Thirty Cents an Hour for Beating Flames

Blairstown, N. J., Nov. 7. — A forest fire, which yesterday swept an area of two miles wide and five miles long, up the side of the mountain here from the Water Gap was reported to be under control to-day. Hundreds of farmers and volunteers, after beating the flames all night, were stationed to-day at the edge of the burning area to prevent the fire from spreading.

The situation was so serious last night that many women joined the men in fighting the flames. Fire wardens offered men thirty cents an hour for their services and warned them they would be fined \$10 if they refused to assist.

PROHIBITION DEFEATED

San Francisco, Nov. 7. — Not only did the voters of California defeat State-wide prohibition on Tuesday by a majority that will probably reach 150,000, but they approved a measure designed to prevent a recurrence of the prohibition movement within a period of eight years.

BIG ORDER PLACED FOR SHOES

Pittsburgh Firm to Make 200,000 Pairs For French Government

Pittsburgh, Nov. 7. — At the office of the Mullin Shoe Company here it was announced to-day that an order had been received from the French government for 200,000 pairs of shoes to

A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF SILK AND WOOL

A New and Smart Model that is Complete with Suggestion

By MAY MANTON



8424 Gown with Circular Tunic, 34 to 42 bust.

Here is one of the newest and smartest designs that, besides serving as one of the best possible models for the new costume, will immediately suggest possibilities for remodeling. Beneath the prettily shaped tunic there is a plain two-piece skirt and the bodice is especially designed for the use of two materials. The wood gabardine and the striped silk illustrated are among the most fashionable materials and produce an exceedingly smart effect, but readers will be quick to recognize the many possibilities. Plain and figured materials can be combined. Velvet is extremely fashionable and is handsome both with silk and with wool. The new silks are shown in a great many fancy effects as well as plain ones. This costume is developed in shades of brown, and Leven is an unquestioned favorite of the season, while in the stripes are to be found all the varying shades from cream to a rich chestnut color. The chemise is of cream-colored net, and the lace trim is of the same soft tone.

For the medium size will be needed 5 yards of striped material 27 inches wide, 4 1/2 yards 36 or 44 for skirt and sleeves, and 4 yds. 27, 3 1/2 yds. 36, 2 1/2 yds. 44 for tunic and side portions of blouse with 3/4 yards of net 27 inches wide, 1 yard of lace for trim.

The May Manton pattern No. 8424 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

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Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

When we ask God to direct our footsteps, we are to move our feet. —Anon.

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Try Telegraph Want Ads.

POULTRY NEWS

DON'T START CHEAP STORRS COMPETITION COMES TO AN END

POULTRY BUSINESS

Best Stock, Houses and Feed Must Be Purchased to Get Results

Average of 144 Eggs For Every Individual in the Contest

Too many persons who begin poultry keeping make the mistake of starting out on a cheap scale. They buy mongrel stock, nail together some second-hand lumber and call it a house, and buy a poor quality of feed because of a difference of a few cents in price, etc. Their purpose is to try out the business for a short time and if it proves profitable and pleasant, to improve all around at the end of the probationary period. The result is, of course, that the experiment don't pay and not only there is no pleasure, but soon disgust plenty, and the enterprise is abandoned as unworthy of further effort.

Beginning with the houses, it is important that they be built of good, strong material, well roofed and roomy. Poorly constructed houses are a rule do not provide proper ventilation; they are apt to be damp. Sickness in the flock and disgust on the part of its owner, follows.

Occasionally some excellent layers are found among common hens, but they are exceptions rather than the rule. On the other hand, pure breeds are the result of careful mating for a particular object. In other words, one wishing to establish a strain of extra good layers, will each year carefully make selections with that object in view.

Another opportunity for the practice of expensive cheapness comes when the feed is bought. To make eggs not only call for food suitable for that purpose, but must be in a pure state, rich in the requirements.

The third egg-laying competition at Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station closed last Saturday. For the last month or six weeks the competition has furnished thrills to those who watch the score from week to week, and there was uncertainty as to which of three pens would win until the very last day.

The three leading pens, namely, Lincoln's White Leghorns, Barron's White Wyandottes, and Storrs's pen of sour-milk-fed White Leghorns, all finished within five eggs of each other. The combined production of the three leading pens amounted to considerably more than 6,000 eggs for the twelve months.

The total production for the year of all pens, 820 hens, amounted to 117,901, an average of nearly 144 eggs for every individual entered in the contest. The ten leaders of the pens competing are as follows:

Francis F. Lincoln, Mt. Carmel, Conn., White Leghorns	2088
Tom Barron, Catforth, England, White Wyandottes	2085
Tom Barron, Catforth, England, White Leghorns	2019
Neale Bros., Apopka, R. I., White Wyandottes	1918
Merrythought Farm, Columbia, Conn., White Wyandottes	1901
A. B. Brundage, Danbury, Conn., S. C. Rhode Island Reds	1885
Marwood Poultry Farm, Butler, Pa., White Leghorns	1723
Bonnie Brook Poultry Farm, Saratoga, N. Y., White Leghorns	1704
Cecl Guernsey, East Cobleskill, N. Y., White Leghorns	1703
Branford Farm, Groton, Conn., White Leghorns	1701

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