

Women and Their Interests

Girls and Their Mothers

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
'I have a girl friend who is nineteen. She is the only girl in a family of four brothers. She says that her mother is always nagging and thinks she ought not to go out for any kind of pleasure, but as soon as she gets home from work should busy herself about the house. It is different with her brothers. She gets so dependent about it that sometimes she threatens to leave home. What shall I advise her to do?' writes J. S. R.

A girl and her mother ought to draw close in their unity of experience—for are not they both women? A girl should make her mother her confidant—and she should give sympathy to the other woman with as full and free measure of affection as that with which it is given her. She should lighten her mother's tasks as only a daughter can. Tell your friend to try this program for just one week: Get up early enough to help with breakfast. Greet mother each morning with real affection. Ask her how she slept and if she is feeling well. Suggest doing little errands downtown at her noon hour. Come home as soon as work is done, and bring into the house a spirit of gladness at being in the sanctuary of home, and a little bit of interesting chat from the outside world. Make mother feel that the day's work and play have an added interest from the fact that they were observed with the idea of telling about them on the return home. Offer cheerfully and readily to 'get the supper to-night,' so mother may have a chance to rest from the routine of supper-getting through the long hours. Wash the dishes after dinner and ask mother if she won't stay up and meet the friend who is coming to-night and who has been told so much about 'My Mother.'

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of 'The Master Key' may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing company it is not only possible to read 'The Master Key' in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

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Under the stars he tramped on. As men see their real world in miniature and their ideal world magnified, as we all do, the moon, flooding its light down upon his path, did not appear within his range of vision. It was only the little pin points of stars in the purple black sky that he discerned and in the midst of this firmament, as if horizons had been obliterated, he saw a solitary twinkling light, which meant a human habitation. 'I'll get him yet,' he muttered thickly. The mere act of articulate speech died in his throat. He realized that he had no water, and the overpowering thirst burned in his very marrow. 'I can't make it,' he thought to himself. 'Gallon has got the best of me. He found that place and made the plan and fooled me.' He painfully lifted his clinched hands toward heaven and cursed vehemently until his curses faded into a perfect delirium of mad dreams. Far away on the hill the coyotes barked dismally. No longer stealthily like a man obsessed, but with one desire, he struggled down the hill and out upon the mesa. Yet there was still in his eyes all the innumerable stars, and he could not fix his direction in his mind, for to his accented sight they all appeared brilliant and peculiar. Thus he got lost.

At times, in moments when the deadly thirst which parched his throat allowed him to drink, he saw the one glimmering light, which marked the place where he knew Gallon had gone. Miles and yards became to him as nothing, yet finally through his sharp senses he smelled water, and as the sun was rising over San Jacinto mountains he fell face downward into a stream. Some instinct told him that towns were built on hills; that consequently to find the town he should go upstream. So he struggled, stemming the current, dragging his feet, his left hand clinched into the folds of his shirt over the wound. In his heart was still smoldering the flame which in the fulness of his physical strength had been hatred of his partner. 'I'll get him yet,' he muttered.

CHAPTER II. 'You are under arrest.'

Far away on the same dimly lit desert another man was seeking the same light. Thomas Gallon had realized that he was a murderer. What would happen to Ruth if he were convicted of killing his partner? This was the thought which drove him on—onward toward the little speck across the mesa. Careless of the cactus, of the sagebrush, absolutely unmindful of the little gullies made by last year's rains, he tramped steadily onward, and as he did so there was formulated in his mind a plan not only to save the gold for his daughter, but to save her father's honor. It is true of lights and ideals that the farther you follow them the fainter they grow, and it was with astonishment that Thomas Gallon suddenly found himself in the street of Valle Vista.

There is a lot of silent influence in the mere sight of closed doors. Gallon looked down the street, and every door was closed except one. No hospitality. One single sign showed that law and order, always vigilant, held their sway. He staggered on toward the green light which marked the sheriff's office. In there he found an alert deputy.

'Who are you?' 'I am Gallon,' he said firmly. 'The outlaws have got my partner and nearly got me.'

The deputy looked at him shrewdly a moment and seemed satisfied. An instant later he was on his feet, buckling on his belt and revolver, and in a second instant he had brushed his way past the old miner and was bawling out into what apparently was a vacant street. Gallon dimly heard his call. His one thought was to play his part to the end. Would these men find by accident his gold? A moment later a curtain on the saloon across the street was lowered and the door opened. 'What's the matter?' yelled a half drunken fellow, reeling out. 'Matias is out again!' cried the deputy. 'Get the sheriff. They have got this fellow's partner.' Then he turned to Gallon authoritatively and said, 'How much did you have?' 'Nothing,' said Gallon. 'We did not strike anything, but they thought we had.'

But with a quick gesture the deputy grasped Gallon's wrist and opened his hand, disclosing a nugget. 'Where did you get this?' he asked. The old man stared down stupidly at that warm bit of gold. He had carried it clear across the mesa, emblem of his thirst, symbol of his undying desire. For the moment he did not know what to answer. Then he recovered himself and said quietly, 'I was going to—' He paused a moment and looked straight into the eyes of the man opposite him. 'I was going to save all I had.'

'If that's all you had Matias did not get much, and he is considered a pretty smart fellow,' was the curt response. 'Here comes the sheriff.'

In the west their ordinary speech is deeds, not words. Appeared other men and then the bulky figure of the sheriff. This man wasted no time in preliminaries, but quickly roared, 'Which way?'

'At the foot of San Jacinto mountain, on the upper level,' Gallon stam-

BIG BASS CAUGHT

Special to The Telegraph. Annville, Pa., Nov. 18.—Reuben Tobias caught the largest bass ever seen in this town on Monday at Strack's dam. The bass was caught with an artificial minnow and weighed five pounds twelve and one-half ounces. This makes Tobias the champion in the fishing contest held by E. Herr, of Annville.

GUESTS OF LODGE

Special to The Telegraph. Annville, Pa., Nov. 18.—Past Grands Association of Lebanon county were the guests of Quittaphilla lodge, No. 335, I. O. O. F. The association numbered eight lodges and included more than sixty members.

SERIES OF MEETINGS

Special to The Telegraph. Annville, Pa., Nov. 18.—A series of evangelistic meetings are being held this week in the Church of the Brethren in Maple avenue. Prof. Henry Ober, of the faculty of the Elizabethtown schools, is conducting the services.



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SOMETHING TO GIVE THANKS FOR on November 26 the business man will have for prosperity and the bright prospects that are in store for the coming year. This is Uncle Sam's favorite depository in Harrisburg for money that is in circulation through proper and convenient channels, and the business man should take advantage of its aid by opening an account in the FIRST NATIONAL BANK 224 MARKET STREET.

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FEW FOLKS HAVE GRAY HAIR NOW

Druggist Says Ladies are Using Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Hair that loses its color and luster, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe. Nowadays we get this famous mixture by asking at any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of 'Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound,' which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. Besides, it takes off dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and luster and gives it an appearance of abundance.—Advertisement.

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