

# WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

## Marriage on Three Dollars a Day Can a Man and Woman Be Happy on a \$21 Weekly Salary?

By Beatrice Fairfax

"Can a man afford to marry on a salary of \$21 a week? I am twenty-one years of age, have a good position, with a splendid outlook for the future. The girl I admire does not appear to be extravagant—she does not wish to take the step unless I secure the advice of some one who is in a position to figure out if I dare marry on my present salary?"

HENRY.

Henry, I appreciate your faith in asking me if you can live on \$21 a week and include in your schedule the maintenance of a wife and home. But you have come to the wrong person for advice this time. The only one who can give you a really satisfactory answer is the girl you want to marry!

Whether you can marry and be happy on twenty-one dollars a week depends largely upon her.

On general principals, I will assure you that a man who is earning your present salary, and who has the promise of a bright future, has every right to ask a girl to share his life with him. His position justifies him in taking unto himself a wife—but it also requires that he inform the girl he loves of his financial condition. Unless she is so blinded by the glamour of love that she will promise anything, she will in all probability stop and gauge two things—her managerial ability and her ability to "go without."

When a woman loves a man in the full sense of the word, she is generally happy to make sacrifices for him. Washing and baking and cooking and scrubbing are not drudgery when they are done for some one a true

woman loves. Climbing the ladder of success together brings a closeness of interest through its very "togetherness." Going without, so that your beloved may have most of the things he wants, has in it an element of happy martyrdom and is likely to appeal to the great "maternal instinct" that all women have.

So even an extravagant and worldly woman may be willing to marry a man in moderate circumstances and happily take her place at his side as partner and helper and sweetheart and wife—an ideal companionship, truly!

And then there are the prospects of a "brilliant future." What woman would not glory in a chance to have some part in making her husband's dream of success come true and in feeling as it did come true that he had done better with her at his side than he could otherwise have managed to do?

You must not selfishly go in search of pleasures while your wife is at home stretching both ends to the meeting point. You must cheerfully keep up your end of the burden and not feel that when you "provide" to the best of your ability you have done your share.

By all means marry on \$21 a week—and prospects and ambition and determination—if you bring to reinforce love and patience and unselfishness and common sense and understanding and mutual forbearance. But if you have this sextette of aids, your marriage will not go astray no matter what the contents of your pay envelope!

# 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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"Yes, Wilkerson; but there is another secret. I lost the location of the mother lode in a wreck at sea. The chest slipped overboard; but find the wreck and somewhere near it is that old carved chest, and when you open the chest—" The old man suddenly staggered forward into Dorr's arms.

"I killed him once," he muttered feebly, and then the silence which presages the wordlessness of eternity overcame him. John gently laid him down on the bed and called Ruth.

"Father!" she called softly as she knelt by the bedside.

Thomas Gallon stood on the great divide, but he turned back a moment to gather his strength. Then he motioned with his gnarled hand for John. The young man stepped quietly forward and stooped over.

"My will, John! I leave Ruth 'The Master Key' in my desk—bring it!" When the desired paper was brought he whispered:

"Read it!" John Dorr opened the document and read it aloud:

"I leave all my property to my daughter, Ruth, to come into her full possession on her eighteenth birthday. I direct her never to let go of 'The Master Key,' which will make my little girl happy."

So ran the last words. The old man lifted himself still further up and called for a pen and ink. Then, mustering his falling powers, he wrote in a firm hand the further words:

I direct that my daughter keep Harry Wilkerson as superintendent until she is eighteen. I appoint as executor of this, my last will and testament, John Dorr.

The pen fell from his fingers, and he lifted his trembling hand to his throat and tore at the string that held the golden key. It broke, and he put the key in Ruth's lap.

"That is the secret," he muttered. "John knows—and Wilkerson, Trust John." Again he opened his eyes and motioned toward the desk. "The letter!" he croaked.

Ruth's quick intuition led her to the desk again, and she found in the same drawer that had held the will a sealed envelope addressed:

John Dorr: To be opened on Ruth's eighteenth birthday. Sooner if her welfare is threatened.

Gallon turned his dimming eyes to Ruth, who took both his chilling hands in hers.

"Child! 'The Master Key' keep always near you. Some day"—he choked—"it will bring you riches, happiness and love."

When he first heard that Gallon was dead Wilkerson was appalled. He thought of the woman in New York and regained his courage. This was a case where he must win by brute force. He must immediately show his authority.

He who struck first would win, he thought; yet in the back of his consciousness was the realization that he did not know what disposition Gallon had made of the property. And where was that rich vein of gold that would buy him Jean Darnell, with her velvet ways and her dark eyes of topaz?

Perhaps because for several years he had not handled other men, but been himself a mere cog in a great machine, Wilkerson mistook the spirit of the miners. He did not understand that they had a profound respect for Thomas Gallon.

ness she turned to John and old Tom Kane with impulsive trust and affection. She tried hard to be brave, but the days were long and the nights longer. The cook house bloomed with fresh roses every day, an excuse for her going down to talk with old Tom, and in the evening, when the shadows fell across the gulch, John and she would water the flowers together, and he would tell her of his life in college and in New York.

"I'd love to see New York!" she said a dozen times, and on each occasion John would smile at her and say, "You shall."

Neither of them realized that circumstances would shortly take them both, though separately, to New York, for there was piling up in a secret drawer in Wilkerson's desk letters written in a woman's script. Some of them in sealed envelopes on embossed paper.

Each one of them was signed "Jean Darnell." When the seventh letter came the superintendent reread it many times:

Astor House, New York, May 15, 19—

Dear Harry—From what you say and from what I learn from George, I think that I would be willing to put up the money to buy control of your "Master Key" mine, but you must be sure about this. I know that old Gallon made money out of it, but I'm also sure that he was concealing something, as you think. Make the mine worth while and—well, I remember my days in that camp—I'd like my revenge. George Everett will handle the stock end of it very quietly when you say the word. Don't let your ugly temper get away from you and look out for Dorr.

JEAN DARNELL.

"Now," thought Wilkerson exultantly, "I can put the screws on Dorr. I'll fire him."

At this moment the man he was thinking so bitterly of appeared, and Wilkerson, while his courage was still fresh, said insolently: "I see you are spending a good deal of time out of your office. The mine can't afford such extravagance. I guess we'll have to have a new mining engineer. I've sent for one, so you better pack."

For the moment John did not speak. They confronted each other for a moment; then Dorr turned on his heel and walked off. As he did so he brushed into old Tom Kane.

"The miners won't stand any more of Wilkerson, and they are going to strike tonight, when the day shift comes off," Tom croaked. "Lots of them are packing their duds now to get out. D—n him; he has ruined little Ruthie's property!"

John looked out of the window and realized that the various groups of miners, tired, sullen, as if waiting for something, made an ugly picture.

"I'm afraid it's up to them, Tom," he said, a little huskily. "I have been discharged, and I am leaving myself tonight."

He was perfectly amazed at the effect of his words. Dropping the coffee-pot with a crash on the top of the range, Tom Kane dashed out of the door and into the nearest group of miners, gesticulating and laughing hysterically. He said two words and then rushed back, his bright eyes gleaming fiercely.

"That saves the mine for Ruthie, John," he gasped. "The miners were just going to quit quietlike. Now they will make Wilkerson take you back, and you can make him straighten matters out with them."

He peered anxiously up into the young man's face. "You won't desert her, will you, John?"

With an inarticulate growl John swung out into the sunshine and elbowed his way through the streaming throng of miners just coming off shift. Ahead of him he saw Wilkerson talking to an old miner, who seemed to be arguing earnestly. He saw the superintendent and the miner re-enter the office, and a moment later Ruth appeared.

As John came to the office door he heard the sound of a scuffle within. He kicked open the frail barrier and stood inside just in time to see Wilkerson draw a gun on the old miner.

"Drop that gun, you dog!" he bellowed, and with one leap was at Wilkerson's throat.

Wilkerson was no pigmy in strength and as agile as a panther. He managed to land two stinging blows on John's eye before Dorr drove him up against the wall, laid his powerful hands on him and thrust him to the floor in absolute helplessness. His fist was lifted to give the final finishing blow when he caught sight of Ruth's white face. He jerked Wilkerson to his feet, flung him into the corner and strode silently out.

"John, John! What is the matter?" demanded Ruth.

"That bound in there discharged me! I am going to leave tonight."

"Her eyes slowly filled with tears. 'You are not going to leave 'The Master Key' mine, are you, John? And—' and—' Before he could answer her appeal his words there was a wild roar down the street and the tramp of booted feet.

"Get the dynamite and blow the fellow up!" bawled a couple of hoarse voices.

"Get a rope and hang him to the hoist!" yelled another. Then a full chorus of angry cries rose into the evening air and filled the valley with raucous sound.

[To Be Continued Monday.]

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## Came Home in Worse Condition Than When He Left

### Mr. Theodore Ackerman Tells a Few Things About Hot Springs

Mr. Theodore Ackerman, a prosperous farmer, who lives near Gettysburg called on the Health Teacher at the drug store and said:

"I venture to state that I had suffered from rheumatism for over twenty years. The pain scattered to all different parts of the body. My general robust health and constitution enabled me to bear these pains for many years, but finally my knees and ankles became so stiff. This frightened me and as all medicine I had taken refused to help me, I then concluded that I would take a trip to Hot Springs, Ark., and try the famous baths there. When I arrived there I found that I had to consult a doctor. He furnished medicines and advice at an outrageous price. Then I had to pay for baths and hotel, all of which cost a small

fortune, yet I did not get much relief. I came back home in worse condition than when I left and more discouraged than ever. I was persuaded to try a treatment of Quaker remedies. I did not call on the Health Teacher, but ordered three bottles of Quaker Extract and two bottles of Oil of Balm by mail. I am glad to relate that these remedies commenced to help me at once. I improved from day to day and now I am free from all pain. I therefore consider it a pleasure and duty to report my cure to the Health Teacher so that others may follow my example." If you suffer from rheumatism, catarrh, kidney, liver, stomach and other troubles, call at W. H. Kennedy's, 30 South Third street—Advertisement.

### FOR DAINTY WOMEN

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### Miss Fairfax

#### Answers Queries

GIVE HER A CHANCE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and deeply in love with a girl of my own age whom I have known since a small boy. Recently I found that she flirts and makes acquaintances too easily.

While out with friends I overheard a young man I do not know speak very disrespectfully of this girl. I struck this fellow, which caused considerable trouble. I am much in doubt as to whether I should continue my friendship with her, as I love her very much.

J. M. T.

Don't be uncharitable to the girl for whom you fought—don't see you would be about as bad as the man you so harshly struck? You can do the girl far more good by remaining her friend and trying to have a good influence over her (in case she has not conquered her silly tendency to flirt) than by subjecting her to criticism and unhappiness if you suddenly gave up your friendship for her.

### LAUGH HIM OUT OF IT.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a widow, fifty-two, and have a daughter, twenty-two, who has a young man calling on her, about twenty-five. But he seems to favor me, instead of my daughter. When he brings candy to the house he always gives me the best. He has proposed to me, but I have tried to discourage him, but he says he will do something rash if I do not accept him.

A HEART-BROKEN WIDOW.

Be sure you are not coy and affectionate in or in any way so luringly feminine that this young man—who is young enough to be your son—will persist in his foolish infatuation for you. Just laugh him out of it. Be as motherly and maternally as possible; make him feel the difference in your years. Don't avoid him, but disillusion him. He won't do anything rash, and he will thank you some day for not taking advantage of his youthful infatuation.

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