

Women AND THEIR Interests

The Talkative Woman

Why She Chatters and What Her Chatter is Worth
By Ida M. Tarbell in the Women's Home Companion.

Talkativeness is a hallmark of femininity. A silent woman may be admirable, but she stirs uneasiness. She is like a moon in eclipse, mysterious and fascinating, but not for daily life. The new woman bent on making over the sex is contemptuous of talkativeness. To allow the simple interests of daily life to run unconsciously and energetically off the tongue does not harmonize with the strenuous career she has planned for womanhood. Not that she would shut her mouth. Far from it. She would make her a conversationalist, not a talker. There is the same distinction between the two that there is between the agriculturist and the farmer. There is the same term of life, for while the agriculturist is an experimenter for a day, the farmer goes on forever.

For a habit which persists through the ages, in the face of censure and ridicule, as woman's talkativeness has, there is a reason. Generally it lies in the depths of life, where critics do not always explore. May it not be that woman's persisting habit of chattering has its reason?

Why Women Chatter
One of their chief obligations has always been teaching the child to talk. It could only be done by incessant repetition, going over and over the names of things until his ear caught the sound, his tongue framed it. It is not difficult to sustain the thesis that if it were not for the chattering of women, the child would never learn to talk. It has been done with French contemporary writers, Remy de Gourmont. He even goes so far as to declare that this chattering of women is a more important literary service than the writing of poems or philosophies.

But feminine talkativeness plays another role almost as important as this of teacher and preserver of human speech. It is that of entertainer and comforter. There is none other so universal, and on the whole so sure of its mark—story-telling, song-singing, sports and dancing combined have not done more in the world to break the dismal strain of fatigue, of pain, of discouragement than the gay talk of women.

But it is so idle, so silly, this chatter! Nothing is idle or silly which is born of an unselfish impulse to amuse, to arouse, or console another. Talk becomes silly only when it is selfish, vain, pretentious. No matter what the subject, it is tedious and uninteresting when it springs from one of these roots. There never yet was a satirist so cruel that he found material in the talk of a woman directed to teaching her child to speak, to the amusing of a worn-out husband, the consoling of a suffering friend. Their efforts become beautiful and sacred because of their intent. One sees only that, and thinks not at all of the things said.

The Woman's Gift
It is as natural for the normal woman to talk as for the bird to sing. It is the spontaneous expression and giving of herself. It is this naturalness which gives to her talkativeness its perennial charm as well as its incalculable value in the scheme of things. The woman in the human group is much like the monarch in Pierre Milleville's delightful tale of that name. "Why do people call me the monarch? Why am I loved? Why always happy? Because," he explains, "I always have time to talk. Without me the people around here would be bored to death. I go and come, laugh and sing, I cost nothing but a glass of wine, and a bit of supper. What do I give? I give myself." The woman gives herself.

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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Something in her expression told him he had said enough. With a cheerful word he went away.

But the next day Sir Donald renewed his wooing in such a fashion that Ruth was sorely put to it to keep him from demanding such caresses as her engagement made him rightfully ask for.

The hardest part was that she perceived that John Dorr now knew that she was to marry Sir Donald.

He did not know, nor ever would, what that marriage was the price of.

Everett, of course, had quietly introduced Sir Donald's assertion of his new relation to Ruth into his narrative of what had occurred in the office.

John had taken the blow steadily, but he was not one to walk in the dark. He sought out Ruth and in a few words drew from her the truth.

"Now we all know where we stand," John said bravely, smiling at her.

"But I—I thought you loved me too," she murmured.

"That doesn't alter the matter," he said comfortingly. "Now I must get to work. I've lots to do. Wilkerson has already started work around the spur, and I must begin driving into the place where your father found that rich vein. We may drift into it any day."

Naturally enough the two camps kept pretty much to themselves, but Tom Kane carried the gossip to John Dorr, evidently in an effort to distract his mind.

The old cook knew that John's heart was breaking, and between his love for each of them he was himself hard pressed to maintain a cheerful countenance.

"Wilkerson's impatient as ever," he told John one afternoon. "He can't wait on tunneling and such, but he's going to blow the whole face of his hill right off. Told his men that dynamite was better than pick and shovel."

"Well," said John, "that may prove all right. At least he'll get a notion of

what formation he has to deal with." Later that same day Kane announced that Wilkerson was going to set off the biggest battery of shots ever tried in the valley.

As a consequence Faversham, Ruth, John, Everett and many others went across the gulch toward evening to watch the show.

Old Tom Kane wagged his gray head doubtfully as he related how



They Saw Man After Man Come Down the Hill Till Only Wilkerson Was Left.

much dynamite had been planted and how Wilkerson's men were actually too nervous to work any longer.

"He has to fix the fuses and fire the shots himself," he said.

True enough, they saw man after man come down the hill till only Wilkerson was left.

Ruth noticed that he worked rapidly and with an occasional glance down toward Mrs. Darnell, who stood near a big rock shading her eyes against the evening sun.

At last the work was apparently done, and Wilkerson waved his arms. At that signal there was a general rush for cover.

Then the man straightened himself up as if master of the demons hidden at his feet, and waved his hand to the woman watching him from below; then he stooped.

An instant later there was a terrific explosion, and a smoky gap appeared halfway up the hillside.

At the foot of the slope lay the body of Wilkerson, tossed there as one might toss an old hat. The smoke on the hill eddied and swirled.

No one stirred. There were a dozen other unexploded shots in that hillside, any one of which would likely bring the toppling crest downward.

With white faces they held their breath. Wilkerson's body twitched slightly, the only moving thing in that amphitheater.

Then there was a wild scream, filled with terror, with passion, with flaming and awful desire, and Jean Darnell ran over the rubble toward the smoking hill, crying:

"Harry! Harry!"

A dozen men started to run to drag her back, and a hundred voices muttered warnings that held them in their tracks.

Jean reached the body and flung herself on it; then she rose and stared up at the great rocky crest.

Did she hear the roar of voices calling to her to flee while there was time? Did she see the death that hung above her. If she did she despised it.

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

Special to The Telegraph.
Gettysburg, Pa., Feb. 24.—Announcement has been made here of the marriage of Lee O. Carbaugh, of Biglerville, and Miss Anna Ruth Knouse, of Arendtsville, last August at Alexandria, Va. Mr. Carbaugh is a member of the middle class at the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster and his bride has lately been employed as stenographer in that city.

Resinol makes sick skins well

No matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, raw or scaly skin humors, just put a little of that soothing, anti-septic Resinol Ointment on the sores and the suffering stops right there!

Healing begins that very minute, and in almost every case your skin gets well so quickly you feel ashamed of the money you throw away on useless treatments. Avoid imitations.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap clear away pimples, blackheads, and "sandruif." Sold by all druggists; prescribed by doctors.

IF BACKACHE OR KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat also take glass of Salts before eating breakfast

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush out the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Advertisement.

Bowman's
Call 1991—Any Phone
Founded 1871

And Now Comes a
Final Clearing Out Sale
of all
Men's Winter Suits and Overcoats

Three days—Thursday, Friday and Saturday—have been given these suits and overcoats to find new owners, and the entire lot (from regular stock) has been marked at just three prices, \$5.50, \$7.50 and \$9.50 to insure quick selling. Note the former prices.

\$10.00 and \$12.50 Suits and Overcoats at \$5.50
Wool, cassimere and cheviot suits of gray, tan, brown and blue stripes and mixtures.
Balmacaans. Gray, tan, blue and brown overcoats

\$12.50, \$13.50 and \$15.00 Suits and Overcoats at \$7.50
Suits of worsteds, unfinished worsteds, cassimeres and velours in tartan checks, stripes and mixtures.
Balmacaans, short Overcoats and long Overcoats of chinchilla, cassimere, homespun and shaggy cheviots; English and conservative models.

\$16.50, \$18.00 and \$20.00 Suits and Overcoats, at \$9.50
Fine tailored garments of worsteds, serges, unfinished worsteds, velours, cassimeres, cheviots, homespun; English, semi-English, conservatives; stouts, slims and shorts.

Third Floor—BOWMAN'S.

Your Choice of Wanted Domestic: 5c yd.

512 yards 36-inch Outing Flannel, values 9c and 10c; remnants.

427 yards 28-inch Flannel, values 10c and 12½c.

1,000 yards 36-inch unbleached muslin, value 8c.

720 yards 36-inch white muslin, value 7½c.

All on sale to-morrow at 5c yard.
Main Floor—BOWMAN'S.

Let Baby Enjoy These Mild Days---Out Doors

Nothing could be more enjoyable than a ride through "Squirrel land" or along the river, in a handsome, new baby buggy. A recent shipment includes—

Reed Pullmans, with and without reversible gears \$15.00 to \$23.98
Collapsible Go-carts, \$4.98 to \$12.50
Wood Baby Coaches, \$10.98 to \$18.50
Sulkies \$2.50 to \$6.50

Third Floor—BOWMAN'S.

There's Much to Learn About Cooking

And quite a bit of knowledge can be gained by allowing Miss Seagriff to explain the merits of cooking with "Wear-Ever" Aluminum. This will benefit young and old alike. (Basement)

Rheumatism Lumbago Sciatica Stopped

"Just a line in praise of Sloan's Liniment. I have been ill nearly fourteen weeks with rheumatism, have been treated by doctors who did their best. I had not slept for the terrible pain for several nights, when my wife got me a small bottle of the Liniment and three applications gave me relief so that I could sleep."
—Joseph Tamblin, 615 Conover Street, McKeesport, Pa.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
KILLS PAIN (GUARANTEED)
DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc. Philadelphia, Pa. St. Louis, Mo.
Price, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00

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It contains 400 interesting and instructive pictures. It is a big book, size 7½ x 11 inches, weighs about 3 pounds—superior paper, bound in cloth.

Cut out this Coupon Now

98c 98c

All Members of Knights of Golden Eagle Lodge Pledge to Fight Booze

Special to The Telegraph
Gettysburg, Pa., Feb. 24.—Responding to his call for volunteers in lighting the booze traffic, booze drinkers and everything else connected with the business, the entire membership of the Knights of the Golden Eagle lodge of Biglerville, went to the altar of the Lutheran Church at a revival service and grasped the hand of the pastor, the Rev. C. F. Floto, pledging their work to spend their entire lives assisting in the war on booze. The lodge members were the guests of the evening and were quick to answer the call of the pastor after he had delivered a ruthless denunciation of the business.

6 Cases of Foot and Mouth Disease Discovered in Herd in Upper End of County

Special to The Telegraph
Millersburg, Pa., Feb. 24.—Yesterday the first cases of foot and mouth disease in this section were discovered, when a State inspector was called to the farm of David Keiter, in Upper Paxton township, and found six animals, out of a herd of twelve, suffering from the disease. The animals will be killed to-day with the balance of the herd and the premises disinfected and quarantined.

UNDERGOES OPERATION

Mrs. P. J. Deardon, 307 Muench street, was operated on yesterday morning for appendicitis at the Polyclinic Hospital. Her condition is improved to-day.

DIED IN HOSPITAL

Special to The Telegraph
Sunbury, Pa., Feb. 24.—Aaron S. Stahl, 65 years old, died at the Mary M. Packer Hospital here to-day. A wife and four children survive.

HAIR COMING OUT?

Dandruff causes a feverish irritation of the scalp, the hair roots shrink, loosen and then the hair comes out fast. To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a 25-cent bottle of Danderuff, get a 25-cent bottle of Danderuff at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it into the scalp. After a few applications the hair stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff.—Advertisement.

AFRICAN OSTRICH FARM STOCKHOLDERS TO MEET

A special annual stockholders' meeting of the African Ostrich Farm and Feather Company will be held at the farm near Paxtang Saturday, March 13, at 1:30 o'clock for the election of directors and transaction of regular business. Stockholders not able to attend are requested to send a proxy properly stamped with the ten-cent war tax stamp.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR MAMMA, DAD, BABY, "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

Better than calomel, oil or salts for liver, bowels and stomach

ziness is gone; your stomach is sweet, liver and bowels clean, and you feel grand.

"California Syrup of Figs" is a family laxative. Everyone from grandpa to baby can safely take it and no one is ever disappointed in its pleasant action. Millions of mothers know that it is the ideal laxative to give cross, sick, feverish children. But get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups on each bottle. Refuse with counterfeit. See that it bears the name—"California Fig Syrup Company."—Advertisement.