

# Women and Their Interests

## Old Maid Obsolete, Archaic Term, Says Dorothy Dix

By DOROTHY DIX

A woman writes this: "Will you tell me why people speak of 'old maids' with such withering contempt? Is a woman not an individual? Does her own personality count for nothing? Must she be valueless because she is not mated? Why must an unmarried woman be regarded as old at thirty-five, while a man, whether married or single, is young at that age? Is this fair? Do you not think that the horror of being called an 'old maid' drives many a girl into a loveless marriage?"

Where do you live, sister, that such a point of view still prevails concerning the "old maid"? It is archaic. It belongs to the good old Adamite days, when a woman was nothing but a small and insignificant attachment to a man, not to this Twentieth Century Age of the Woman, when she is the whole show, or thinks she is.

There are no more "old maids." A woman is simply a woman, no matter what her age, nor whether she is married or single, bond or free. It is only in provincial circles of society that you ever hear nowadays the term "old maid," or "old bachelor." If it is necessary to designate the matrimonial estate of people who are single they are said to be unmarried, but no one brands them with any special epithet.

Until your attention is called to it you do not realize how completely the terms "old maid" and "old bachelor" have become obsolete. All of us know numbers of unmarried women who are well in the forties, and unattached men past the fifty mark, but no one thinks of calling them "old maids" and "old bachelors." In these days, when divorce is so common and so many people for one reason or another do not marry, the matrimonial status of our friends is not so important as it used to be.

Undoubtedly, in the past the unmarried woman was looked upon with a certain degree of pity and contempt. That was because a woman had no independent position of her own, and if she didn't have a family of her own she had to be the fringe on somebody else's family. She couldn't be anything on her own account, and her

only chance was to live in the reflected glory of some man.

Therefore it was up to her to get married. Matrimony was the only career open to her, and if she didn't succeed in her husband-hunting she was looked upon as a failure. Hence the old maid went into the dearest and became a charter member of the Down and Out Club.

When a woman's bread and butter and shopping ticket, when for social importance and her only chance to sit at the head of a table of her own, instead of below the salt at some grudging relative's, depended on her getting married, it was a safe bet that she would marry if she got the chance. So the woman who remained single was stigmatized by the popular regard as one who did not have sufficient attraction to capture even a job-lot sort of man. For, in the days when it was a disgrace for a woman to be unmarried, women were not given to picking and choosing much among men. The old maid's prayer was, "Anybody, good Lord, anybody."

We have changed all of that. The modern woman does not have to marry for a home. She can make as good a living for herself as a husband is likely to give her. She doesn't have to live an unbecomingly dependent life in anybody else's house. She is just as free to have her own latchkey, and to set up her own house and her own dining table as any man is. Nor, after she reaches the years of discretion, is she supposed to need any other chaperon than her own good sense and good principles.

Neither does her social position depend upon the possession of a husband. She makes that for herself. No man could reflect any honor on Miss Jane Adams, or Miss Anna Shaw, or Miss Thomas, or Miss Giddens, or Miss Mary Johnson, or Miss Ida Tarbell, or a thousand other unmarried women that you could name, and who have made fame and fortune for themselves. Nor is anybody more esteemed than the Misses Smith, and Brown, and Jones of every local community, who are unmarried women of uncertain age, but charming, genial and first in every good work. Yet all of

these women would at one time have been called "old maids" and held up to popular ridicule.

As for any one supposing nowadays that the reason a woman doesn't marry is because she can't, and has never had the opportunity to, that theory is laughed when women quit feeling matrimony a necessity and began to look on it as a luxury. A woman is no longer under the hideous necessity of selling herself for a support, and she stays single for a thousand reasons other than because she has to.

Some women are born celibates, just as some men are; others are ambitious and prefer a career to a husband, still others do not marry because just the right man never comes their way, and they prefer spinsterhood to declining upon a lower love.

Undoubtedly one of the reasons why the old maid of the past was looked upon as a necessity and began to work for her own to fill her hands, and employ her mind, she was forever sticking her finger in other people's pies. Through sheer lack of occupation she became a busybody, a gossip, and a firebrand in the community.

The woman movement is blessed for having utilized all of this waste energy, and now, instead of the unmarried woman making money for herself at some congenial work, or she is heading some great movement for the good of humanity, or giving her talents and talents to the support of some beneficent charity. Nobody looks down on the "old maid" now. Everybody looks up to her.

Perhaps the women in the past may have married to escape being called "old maids," but no woman does so now, for the unmarried woman is no longer the butt or the ridicule of fools. She is a figure of dignity. She is a woman who, for her own good reasons, has seen fit not to marry, but who does her part well and worthily in the world, and who has the respect and admiration of all who know her. And even among married women she is envied oftener than she envies.

# WHISPERS?

When Justice Sleeps  
By EDWIN BLISS

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CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.

**BELAMOUR WINS AT 60 TO 1.**

The great, black type seemed to leap from the box across the front page and strike him between the eyes. Clutching the sheet he stared about him, bewildered. He did not read the details. Nothing mattered to him save the unbelievable fact that he had won, that he had rehabilitated himself, that he could look the world in the face once more. He found himself inside the cigar store without any remembrance of how he came there. He found himself listening to Fred Williams' tense, earnest voice, as he thrust a great wad of bills in his hands offering his congratulations.

Feverishly he lunged through the crowded traffic toward his apartment house, shoving people out of the way, forcing an entrance into the thickest jam. And then he halted, his eyes attracted by the exquisite display of a jeweler. What sudden chain of thought had brought him here? He laughed boyishly as it came back to him, Flo's description of the gorgeous pearl necklace—so ludicrously



Drum Gives His Wife the Necklace, Purchased With His Winnings.

cheap and still so utterly beyond her purse she had never at Lattimer's. Yes, the necklace was still there—a proper bauble to occupy the entire blue, velvet-lined show-window. He quickly entered the shop, chuckling to himself as he more tranquilly made his way home, the jewel box in his pocket.

Bundles were scattered about the floor when he entered, the bundles that always greeted him. But he did not care now though before each bundle had racked the very soul of him, as he saw in it another stone heavily upon his shoulders, another debt. He slipped up behind her, fastening the necklace of pearls about her no less lustreous neck, revelling in the beautiful creature's delight.

"Her hand tightly grasping his they sat before the mirror, revelling in the necklace. Alas, his brain overflowed with ideas of how best to show it to the shade of color, the hat, the slippers."

"And plain, deep blue velvet for a gown—very plain and very severe and very low cut," he volunteered, thinking of Lattimer's window.

He flushed under her admiring look. All men like to be told they have good taste. To have a woman follow that taste is supreme flattery.

"Joe, dear," she clasped those thrilling fingers about his own, drawing his face very close to hers, a deep, serious light in her eyes, a sobering note of intensity in her voice, "we've always got to have money—we've got to have it. I don't think I could stand—"

"You'll never have to stand anything else, my butterfly," he laughed.

But in the laugh was a tiny falsetto note. For just a second he had glimpsed the yawning precipice ahead. And he had not swerved.

There was something the air of a tomb about the office of John Field, Content Broker; there was something the sensation of being about a corpse when one transacted business with John Field.

An automaton he was for all the display of human emotion he had ever been known to show. To him who wrote checks and receipts, who looked at securities and never the individual with those icy, filmy pale eyes; who spoke into telephones; who said "yes" or "no" and that was all. A being without emotion, without feeling, a crypt of secrets was John Field to those who knew him best.

Which only goes to show that those who knew John Field best knew nothing whatsoever about the man. To him everything was a problem, figures as well as men. And Field had taken unusual pleasure in waiting the denouement he figured was bound to come when the affairs of the Fourth National were thoroughly investigated. John Field, having worked out a puzzle, had a natural desire to see whether his analysis was correct.

And still nothing of this showed on his emotionless face as his cold, pale eyes rested on the bundle of bank notes young Joseph Drum had just tossed upon his desk. The glance he cast the young man was quite as casual as it had been throughout their many transactions, dating from some months back from the petty stock dabbling period, now a boy's criminal in this plunge order. Though the paying tiler's manner was cool, his hand steady, there was a thickness to his voice, a hesitancy of speech that was promptly noted by the broker as he started to tabulate the order.

"Seventy five thousand dollars cash. Buy one hundred thousand C."

His silent chuckle was checked by the abrupt entrance of President Dana Brown—another part of the big-saw puzzle from the working out of which the dealer in problems had gained such keen delight. The banker was trembling violently, shaking like an aspen as he leaned heavily upon the broker's desk.

"John," he finally managed his lips sufficiently to blurt forth, "I've got to borrow those securities for tomorrow—the securities as collateral I left with you."

John Field lifted his pale eyes emotionlessly for one inquiring second. No other symptom of surprise at this astoundingly unbusinesslike demand did he betray. Only his lips closed the tighter.

"I know it isn't customary. But you know what the market has done lately to me. I only want them for tomorrow when the examiner comes. You understand?"

**GIRL'S WRIST BROKEN**

Special to The Telegraph

Sunbury, Pa., June 8.—Falling down stairs at her home here, Miss Rena Buck suffered a broken right wrist and lacerations.

**RASH DISFIGURED FACE, NECK, ARMS**

And Hands. Would Get Red and Sting and Burn So Could Not Sleep. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Healed in 4 Months.

1121 Parrish St., Philadelphia, Pa.—"My skin broke out in a rash. The parts affected were my face, neck, arms and hands. They would get red and would sting and burn so I could not sleep. Afterwards they would itch so I could hardly stand it. The breaking out disfigured me.

"I used Soap and Ointment, Cream of Tartar, also Soap and found these unsatisfactory. I had the trouble four years before I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I found relief in three weeks. First I would wash with the Soap, then dry lightly and apply the Ointment, leave it on five or six minutes and wash it off with the Soap again. I would leave the Ointment on my hands and arms all night with a pair of loose gloves. I was entirely healed in four months." (Signed) William B. Brooke, October 27, 1914.

**Sample Each Free by Mail**

With 32-p. Skin Book on the treatment of the skin and scalp. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**—"After my little one was born I was sick with pains in my sides which were caused by inflammation. I suffered a great deal every month and grew very thin. I was under the doctor's care for two long years without any benefit. Finally after repeated suggestions to try it we got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the third bottle of the Compound I was able to do my housework and today I am strong and healthy again. I will answer letters if anyone wishes to know about my case."—Mrs. JOSEPH ASELIN, 606 Fourth Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Largest establishment. Best facilities. Near to you as your phone. Will do anywhere at your call. Motor service. No funeral too small. None too expensive. Chapels, rooms, vault, etc. used with but charge.

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ECZEMA, BARBERS' ITCH, RING WORM, WOUND AND ITCH

Warm weather will increase these tortures. Dondi Ointment, the speedy and positive relief. Price, 35c.

**VoCals**

Quick Relief for Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness. Clear the Voice—Fines for Speakers and Singers. 25c.

# THE NEW SECTIONAL SKIRT

A Graceful Model with Flare.

By MAY MANTON



864s Sectional Skirt, 24 to 30 waist.

The sectional skirt is an exceedingly smart one just now and it is exceedingly practical as well, consisting as it does of strips that are sewed together. The strips may be straight or bias and can be made either from lace or embroidery as used as of from fabric cut into strips. The skirt can be flared as generously as one may like at the lower edge and at the same time it is only moderately wide at the hips. In the back view, lace is used and a wonderfully dainty, charming skirt results. Embroidery would be pretty used in just this way and the silk that is shown in the larger view is exceedingly handsome. The upper edge of each section is gathered and joined to the plain succeeding one. In the front view, the sections are gathered over cords. In the back view, the lower edge of each upper section is lapped over the lower one. There is very little trouble required for the making of such a skirt and it is exceedingly satisfactory. Taffeta is the material shown in the larger picture, but in its stead can be used other silks or any reasonable material.

For the medium size will be needed 8 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 5 1/2 yds. 36, 5 yds. 44 or 21 yds. of lace or embroidery 10 inches wide.

The May Manton pattern 864s is cut in sizes from 24 to 32 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.

**LONG AUTOMOBILE TRIP**

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Mechanicsburg, Will Attend Reunion

Special to The Telegraph

Mechanicsburg, Pa., June 9.—Dr. E. E. Campbell, president of Irving College, with Mrs. Campbell and children, Miss Clara, Miss Josephine, John, little Miss Jane and Paul driving, will leave on Friday on an automobile trip. Stopping at Lionier, they will proceed to Pittsburgh, where they will visit at the home of Mrs. Watson Kenny, a former Irving girl. Dr. and Mrs. Campbell will be guests of honor at a reunion at the country home, Valley Camp, of Mrs. Mary Gardner Schomberg, of the Irving Club, consisting of a membership of forty-five graduates of that institution, who live in the vicinity. From there the party will motor to Erie, Niagara Falls, Albany, N. Y., down the Hudson river to West Point, Tarrytown, where they will visit the home of Washington Irving, Philadelphia, Trenton and home.

**WHEAT SENT TO EUROPE**

Special to The Telegraph

Sunbury, Pa., June 8.—Seventy-five carloads of wheat consigned to the allied armies in Europe, was transferred from the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Company to the Philadelphia and Reading, at Rupert. It was then sent to Philadelphia.

**ENTERAINING TOURING PARTY**

Shiremanstown, Pa., June 9.—An automobile party came from Dillsburg, Wellsboro and Franklinton to the home of Mrs. Samuel Comfort on Sunday. In the party were the following: J. H. Deardorff, Mr. and Mrs. David Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Goudy, of Dillsburg; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Elicker, Mrs. Susan Wiley, of Franklinton; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Benz, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Baker, Miss Catherine Baker, Paul Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Altland and daughter of Wellsboro.

**Use Every Precaution**

Eye strain sometimes comes on so gradually that the individual does not realize his trouble until it has reached a serious stage.

In fact there are many effects of the eye strain that only a physician would trace to their true source.

The man who does a great deal of work with his eyes, should be on the watch for the first indication of strain, and do everything possible to prevent it from occurring.

**Leibgolf OPTOMETRIST**

With H. C. Claster, 302 Market St.

**AFTER SUFFERING TWO LONG YEARS**

Mrs. Aselin Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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# Fried Eggs are Delicious when cooked in

## CRISCO

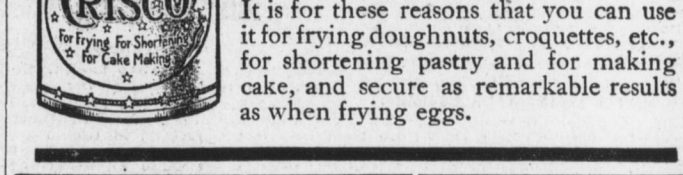
Then they have only the sweet, natural, delicate, fresh egg taste, the same as when boiled or poached; they are as good to look at as to eat—no burnt edges or black specks; and they are easier than ever to digest.

Use Crisco the next time you fry eggs, and you will be so agreeably surprised that you will be eager to try it for other foods.

No matter where else you use it, you will secure remarkable results, for Crisco embodies all the qualities which a cooking product should have to be equally satisfactory for frying, for shortening, and for cake and bread making.

Crisco is purely vegetable, absolutely clean in origin and manufacture. It stands a very high temperature without burning. It is sweet, delicate, delicious and wholesome.

It is for these reasons that you can use it for frying doughnuts, croquettes, etc., for shortening pastry and for making cake, and secure as remarkable results as when frying eggs.



**Up the Hudson TO West Point \$3.50**

VIA PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILWAY AND STEAMER "SIRIUS."

Saturday, June 19

SPECIAL TRAIN

From	Leaves
Harrisburg	3:10
Hummelstown	3:20
Swatara	3:25
Hershey	3:35
Palmira	3:42
Annullville	3:51
Cleona	3:54
Lebanon	4:02
AVON	4:07

**Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE**

In Effect May 24, 1914.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG—

For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:05, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and Intermediate Stations at 5:05, 7:50, 11:55 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 5:27, 6:30, 9:30 a. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:50 and 11:55 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32 and 9:30 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

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# AMUSEMENTS

**"MINSTREL MEN" MAKE COLONIAL AUDIENCES LAUGH**

The Minstrel Men, a comedy skit being presented the early part of this week at the Colonial Theater, is proving one of the best laughmaking acts that the Colonial has ever presented. For two or three minutes these men hold the stage, and their jokes bring forth a dozen laughs every minute. All of us know other acts on the bill are all designed to draw laughs from the audience. The new show they come to the Colonial to-morrow to begin an engagement that will fill out the balance of the week bringing Barnum's Minstrel Men.

Another musical comedy act with plenty of girls, good singing, dancing and comedy.—Advertisement.

**MARSHALL NEHAN IN "THE COUNTRY BOY" AT THE REGENT TO-MORROW AND TOMORROW**

Another Paramount feature, "The Country Boy," presented by Jesse L.

**Do You Give Your Baby Proper Food?**

Your baby will keep well and happy if you give him proper food. A well-nourished baby is seldom sick. Every baby should have his mother's milk if possible. But if you can't nurse your baby, don't experiment with every food recommended to you. And don't give your baby cow's milk, which nature intended only for calves, and not for tender little baby stomachs. Even were it possible to get absolutely pure cow's milk, your baby couldn't digest it. When mother's milk fails, add one feeding a day of

**Nestlé's Food**

Send the Coupon today for 12 free feedings of Nestlé's Food. Do not delay. Your baby's future health may depend upon it. With this large sample can we will send you our helpful Book for Mothers. Send the Coupon today.

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