

Women and Their Interests

The-Mother-in-Law and the Wife

Answer to a Woman Who Says She Is Unhappy in Her Son's Home-- It Is Suggested That She Pack Her Trunks and Move Away Immediately

By Dorothy Dix.

To my mind the most tragic thing on earth is the unnecessary trouble that we poor, foolish mortals give ourselves. It would seem that there are enough unavoidable afflictions, sickness, poverty, loss—to try like vultures at our hearts without our going out of the way to manufacture for ourselves a million torments that flay us alive.

But no, we court sorrow and out of conditions of life that should be filled with nothing but joy and gladness we make misery and tears for ourselves and those nearest to us.

The best illustration of this unaccountable human weakness is to be found in the relations-in-law problem, where people who should dwell together in peace and amity seem to take a fiendish delight in quarreling and bickering, although by so doing they bring their own happiness and make life a hell on earth for all about them. It is literally true that not drink, not gambling, not a broken heart, no vice whatsoever, brings a thousandth part of the misery to humanity as does the inability of treating each other with decency, politeness, for pitiful and petty as a family quarrel seems somewhere in it there is always a broken heart.

In the course of a year I get thousands of letters from women on this subject. Some are from those who are in-law who are victimized by a selfish and tyrannical and quarrelsome mother-in-law who feels that she has a right to run her son's home and who jealously resents her son's affection for his wife and the money he spends on her.

The Mother Who Has Spats With Her Son's Wife

More often the letter is the pitiful wail of a daughter-in-law who is made to feel that her daughter-in-law begrudges her the very bread she eats, or a daughter-in-law who is made to feel that she is not wanted in her husband's home and who is made to feel that she is not wanted in her husband's home and who is made to feel that she is not wanted in her husband's home.

have another such letter as this. It is written by a lovely, cultured, gentle lady, and it is a kindness, who asks for help in solving a problem to which no wisdom has yet found the key.

This woman has a son to whom she is devoted and a grandchild that she adores. She would gladly love her son, but the daughter-in-law, who is not even civilly polite to the mother-in-law, from criticism and anger, has an attitude that is a covered insult in itself.

The man loves his wife, but he loves his mother also, and he is made so miserable by his wife's conduct toward his mother that it has seriously affected his health. The mother fears that he will die in the atmosphere of such an unhappy home, and she asks what she can do to help.

My advice to her is to pack her trunks and leave her son's home immediately. Fortunately, this woman has plenty of money, but even if a woman had to go to the poorhouse from her son's house I should still urge her to go rather than stay in a place where she is a bone of strife and the source of discord.

This may seem a hard saying. But when does motherhood ever find time to care for her own health, by securing the good of those it has borne in travail of body and must so often cherish in death?

And it is the wonder of love that which we give we keep. The woman who stays in her son's home, making perpetual friction there for him, may lose some of his reverence and affection, but the mother who sublimely retires where she is free, by so doing, secures the good of those it has borne in travail of body and must so often cherish in death.

Mothers-in-Law Should Eliminate Herself from Home

Unhappily there are no panaceas for changing a selfish, narrow, jealous daughter-in-law into a broad and noble woman who is capable of appreciation and respect. The next to her own mother her husband's mother is the woman whom it is her duty most to

love and cherish. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, nor can you convert a stingy, venomous little woman into a big and generous one.

So the only thing the mother-in-law can do under such circumstances as to eliminate herself. That gives her son, at least, from perpetual nagging from his wife, and the sorrow of seeing her mother suffer from humiliations and insults from which he is powerless to protect her. Sometimes when the friction of daily life together is removed it is possible to establish a truce with the daughter-in-law, so that it makes it possible for the son to dwell under the same roof, and without precipitating a family row. But always it is best for the two women not to dwell under the same roof, and wise are those who never make the foolhardy experiment.

There are two strange things in this antagonistic attitude that so many women take toward their husbands' mothers. The first is the incomprehensibility of any woman having so little sympathy toward a fellow woman as to want to separate her from the child that she has suffered for, sacrificed for, and who is the very bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Yet these mothers with sons of their own treating their husbands' mothers as they treat God, no other woman may ever treat them.

Wives May Lose Love of Their Husbands by Nagging

The second thing that is strange is that any woman could be fool enough to take such a risk of alienating her husband from her as to be cruel to his old mother and drive her out of her own son's house. A man would have to be a very big, very strong, very silent, and very wise man to resent that with every fibre of his being, and though he may, for the sake of peace, let his mother go in silence or sit in silence while she is mistreated, it is something that he never forgives his wife. She has laid the axe to the root of his respect and affection for her.

Remember that, you young wives, when you make your husband's mother unwelcome in your home, you are driving beautiful sirens could not wear your husband from you so quickly, and so effectively, as the unkindness that poor old gray-headed woman goes with wet eyes and an aching heart from her son's door.

A Housing SALE OF Bargains For Wed. Only

Odds and Ends From Every Department in the House Will Enter This Sale, It Will Be a GREAT SAVING to You to Buy To-morrow

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

25 Women's and Misses' Winter Coats
Former Prices, \$7.95 to \$10
Choice For \$1.00

Assorted colors and sizes, but not every color of each size. Come early.

KAUFMAN'S, SECOND FLOOR.

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Here's a Bargain For Extra Large Women
25 Winter Coat Suits, Sizes 40 to 51
Former Prices \$15 to \$25, \$5.00

The colors are blue, brown and gray, (no blacks), not all sizes of each color.

KAUFMAN'S, SECOND FLOOR.

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Women's Silk Petticoats
Just 48 Women's Messaline Silk Petticoats; odds and ends; value to \$3.00.
Choice for 89c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

One Lot of New Wool Crepe Dresses \$2.95

Only 30 dresses in the lot. Assorted colors and sizes but not every size in each color.

KAUFMAN'S, SECOND FLOOR.

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Men's Suspenders
One lot of Men's Suspenders, 15c value.
Choice for, a pair 5c

Men's Neckwear
One lot of odds and ends Men's Silk Neckwear; value to 25c. Choice for 9c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Women's Wrappers
Just 37 Women's House Wrappers; odds and ends; value to \$1.50.
Choice for 25c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Boys' Pajamas
One lot of Boys' Flannelette Pajamas, 50c value.
Choice for 19c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Work Shirts
One lot of Men's and Boys' Stripe Seersucker Work Shirts; 25c value.
Choice for 17c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Children's Gowns
One lot of Children's Flannelette Gowns. 50c value; sizes 2 to 4 years.
Choice for 15c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Girls' Dresses
Just 85 Girls' Wash Dresses, odds and ends; sizes 6 to 14.
value to \$2.00.
Choice for 49c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Women's Shirt Waists
Just 50 Women's White Lawn and Voile Shirt Waists; odds and ends; value to \$1.50. Choice for 49c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Men's Mufflers
One lot of odds and ends Men's and Boys' Mercerized Neck Mufflers; value to 50c. Choice for 15c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Women's Skirts
One lot of Women's Flannelette Skirts; pink and blue; 50c value.
Choice for 29c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Women's Waists
Just 100 Women's High Neck Percalé Shirt Waists; 50c value.
Choice for 19c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Children's Sweaters
One lot of odds and ends of Children's Wool Coat Sweaters; value to \$1.00.
Choice for 49c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Women's Silk Hose
One lot of Women's Silk Hose, (colors only), value to 39c; slightly imperfect. Choice for 19c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Children's Drawers
100 pairs of Children's Flannelette Drawers, 25c value; sizes 2 to 12 years.
Choice for, a pair 5c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Men's Winter Shirts
Odds and Ends of Men's Winter Under Shirts; 50c value. Choice for 25c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Women's Union Suits
One small lot of Women's Swiss Ribbed Union Suits; value to 75c.
Choice for 25c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Work Shirts
100 Men's Blue Chambray Working Shirts, 50c value for 29c

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Infants' Caps
One lot of Infants' Plush and Velvet Caps; values to \$1.50; small sizes only.
Choice for 49c

Odds and Ends That a Thrifty Man Will Appreciate

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Men's Tuxedo and Full Dress Suits
One suit each. Sizes 34, 35, 36 chest measure; \$22.50 and \$25.00 values, for \$12.50

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Boys' Norfolk Suits \$1.95

Sizes 6 to 16 years; made with full box pleats; full peg Knickers.

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Men's New Fall Suits, \$3.75

Norfolk and Sack Suits in fancy mixtures; \$10 values, for \$3.75

Men's Overcoats, \$5.00

One lot of Men's Blue Chinchilla Overcoats; reduced from \$10 and \$12 to \$5.00

Men's Pants, 98c

Several lots of Men's Pants; \$1.50 and \$2.00 values; sizes 32 to 42.

KAUFMAN'S
UNDERSELLING STORE

FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY

Boys' Norfolk Suits, \$3.49

The New Bulgarian Norfolk Suits, with 2 pairs of full peg trousers; 6 to 16 years.

Boys' Russian Suits, \$3.00

Made of all-wool Blue Serge; handsomely trimmed; sizes 2 1/2 to 7 years.

Boys' Overcoats, \$1.95

Sizes 4 to 16 years; values to \$4.50. Polo style and long Overcoats.

Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

"By Jove, I forgot those stenographers were coming this morning! I've got to be in court by eleven."

"And you wrote them to call before twelve?" remonstrated Helen.

"Can't help it. They'll have to come back again. I'll have word with the office boy."

"Dear, that isn't fair—to ask those girls to spend their time and carfare that way?"

"But what can I do? Look here," suddenly, "what's the matter with you going down there and seeing them?"

"I'm in dismay. Why, I shouldn't know how to engage a stenographer."

"You picked out the letters. Know as much about 'em as I do."

"But the work—your requirements? How could I tell about?"

"Just general office work. Give them a test letter if you want to; you can tell if they can get it down and copy it all right."

Helen protested that she was not competent to instruct these girls but in his usual masterful way Warren swept aside all her objections, and insisted on her being there by eleven.

"Now pick a sensible looking one—not the frizzy-haired gum-chewing kind," as he started off. "Not to much face powder, either, and no scent."

Hurriedly Helen made out her order for the stenographers, and the butler, left some information with Nora and by a quarter after ten was dressed for the street.

When she reached Warren's office it was with a pleasant feeling of importance, and an intense interest for the interview before her.

Fortunately she had read a magazine story not long ago in which a woman detective, posing as a stenographer, secured a position with a lawyer suspected of drawing up a fraudulent will. And Helen remembered vividly just how the lawyer had interviewed the supposed stenographer.

She found two young women already waiting. Asking which one had come first, she showed her into Warren's private office.

"Mr. Curtis is very sorry that he had to be at court this morning," Helen explained, almost apologetically. "So he had asked me to see you."

"The girl, who seemed very nervous looked surprised.

"I believe you've been in a law office?" questioned Helen, trying to hide her own nervousness.

THE FIRST.

"Oh yes, I was three years with Talbert and Moore. They never give written references, but you can phone them about my work."

After a few more questions that Warren had suggested about filing indexing and familiarity with law work, Helen asked rather hesitatingly:

"Would you mind taking a short letter? I think you'll find a note book and pencil here," opening a drawer of the typewriter.

Helen knew that Warren dictated rather fast, but as she saw the girl's hand tremble she read the letter slowly. It was a short letter that Warren had left out on the desk for her to use as a test.

When the girl went to the machine to transcribe her notes, Helen looked over some papers, so that a daughter would not feel she was being watched.

She was a good typist, for the letter was well typed and spaced, the only mistakes being a couple of typographical ones, due to nervousness.

On the letter Helen made a note of the girl's name and address, her experience, and her own impression about her: "Neat, willing, appropriately dressed."

"There're a few others. I must see before engaging any one," murmured Helen, embarrassedly, "but I have your address, and will let you know."

The girl looked disappointed. She had plainly hoped for a decision.

As she went out the office boy, who was much interested in the proceedings, promptly ushered in the next applicant.

With the first glance Helen knew that she did not like this girl. Just the way she sat down and looked about showed her assertiveness. She plainly resented Helen, and did not trouble to conceal it.

But her experience and her references were excellent. She took the letter, which Helen purposely dictated rather fast, without a sign of nervousness, and transcribed it quickly and accurately. There was not even a typographical error, and then—

the back of the letter Helen wrote: "A good stenographer, but think she would be very assertive."

Helen had heard the outer door open and close several times and knew that there were other girls waiting.

The one who entered now was a most frivolous young person with a "hair" that was a masterpiece of black skirt, quantities of puffed hair and a pert, powdered nose.

Not Desirable

"But I—Mr. Curtis didn't answer any letters except from those who'd had experience in legal work," exclaimed Helen, puzzled, when the girl admitted that she had never been in a lawyer's office.

"Oh, I was sent by the Wilson Employment Agency."

"But how did they know Mr. Curtis wanted a stenographer?" for Warren had spoken of answering no letters from any agency.

"I guess they wrote under some girl's name. They do sometimes."

That this was exactly what had been done was proven by the next applicant, who admitted they were all from Wilson's Agency.

In marked contrast to these young and inexperienced girls, there now entered a woman of about thirty-five. She was small and painfully thin, her rather sharp features angular to the point of gauntness.

The clothes of some of the others had looked worn, yet Helen had not had this impression of desperate poverty about the clothes, and certainly nothing that she said, for her answers were most reserved.

She had had two years' experience in legal work, and many years in Helen's hardware store. She took the letter and transcribed it accurately. She said or did nothing different from the others, and yet, from the moment she entered, Helen had felt an air charged with a curious tenseness.

When she gave her name, Agnes Middleton, Helen remembered her letter. It had been one of the best. Now, as she repeated the set phrase about having to see one or two others," the woman dropped her eyes and Helen saw that her hands were clenched.

"With a strained smile of assent, but without a word, she rose to go."

"Wait," Helen opened her purse, "you won't be offended if I give you your carfare? It must take a great deal if one goes to many places."

Besides a couple of bills, there was only a fifty cent piece and three pennies in Helen's purse. She handed the woman the half dollar.

"No," drawing back with a deep flush, "I haven't any change."

"Well take this anyway, your time coming down here is worth that much."

Then suddenly, to Helen's astonishment and dismay, she turned away, buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

It was an embarrassing moment. Helen stood awkwardly by the desk not knowing what to do or say. But a Miss Middleton recognized herself, her sobs ceased as suddenly as they had come.

"I wouldn't have broken down before a man," she murmured, as she turned toward the door.

"No—no, wait!" tensely. "Are you—have things been very hard?"

The woman nodded. She could not trust herself to speak.

"Tell me," Helen insisted. "You can tell a woman, you know, you know."

She hesitated a moment and then said simply:

"I spent my last five cents to come here. I was going to walk back."

Little by little Helen got the story from her. She had been a stenographer since she was eighteen, and had references from everywhere she had worked. But now, well, every one wanted younger and more attractive girls. And this had been a hard winter. All the big firms were laying off help. The employment agencies and typewriter offices were crowded with applicants. There were a hundred girls for every position—and always the more attractive and prosperous looking ones were engaged.

For the last six months she had had only two weeks of substitute work. She had sold or pawned everything, and was now living in a six-dollar-a-month hall room, getting her meals on an alcohol stove. She had decided to try for one more day, and then—

well, there was always the river.

She told the story simply, with no note of melodrama. It was merely a sordid, grim story of a woman's struggle in a big city.

Helen was appalled. She was frightened, terrified. She had never come in touch with this phase of life. She had, of course, seen the sensational newspaper headings of women who had committed suicide because they could not find work. But they had been in newspaper headlines, and she had thought them cold and exaggerated, if not wholly untrue.

But here was the grim reality. She knew too that this woman had had no intention of telling this story. There had been no appeal to her sympathies, and there was none now.

The office boy opened the door and looked in inquiringly.

"There are others waiting to see you," apologetically, and again she started to go. "I'm afraid I've taken too much of your time."

Again Helen stopped her.

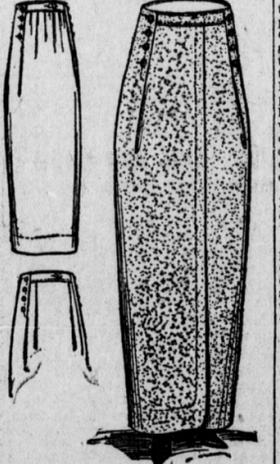
"Wait," slipping into her shabby handbag a two-dollar bill. "I am sure you can do Mr. Curtis' work. Go back to your room and rest. Get a good, nourishing dinner, a good breakfast, and be down here at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"No, I'll not tell Mr. Curtis," in answer to her unspoken question. "I know you'd rather. Your work will stand on its merits."

"And then to protect her from the curious glances of the others Helen went with her to the outer door and nodded a cheerful, matter-of-fact "Good morning."

ANOTHER VARIATION OF PEG TOP SKIRT

Good For the Tailored Suit or Wear With Separate Waists



Every variation of the skirt that gives the peg top effect is to be smart for the spring and summer. Here is one that can be laid in plaits at the back or gathered as may be found more desirable, and finished at the high or the natural waist line. It is made all in one piece but, since no material is wide enough to cut it without joinings, the straight edges must be seamed together and it is the part of the dressmaker to make these seamings where they will be least noticed. Usually the preference is given to the sides. The skirt is a good one for the tailored suit and for wear with odd waists, for any material that can be finished in tailored style. The front edges are overlapped and the closing is made invisibly beneath the plait at the left side of the front.

For the medium size, the skirt will require 3 1/2 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2 1/2 yds. 36 or 44, 1 1/2 yds. 54. The width at the lower edge is 1 yd. and 16 in.

The pattern of the skirt 8183 is cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Howman's sell May Mantion Patterns.

MOOREHEAD CO. HAS RECREATION HOUR

Model Plant Provides Entertainment For Its Scores of Girl Employees

Noon lunch hour at the new mill of the Moorehead Knitting Company in North Cameron street is a mid-day festival. A big room on the second floor with a large well polished dancing floor, tables for lunch and lockers for the girls' hats and coats is the scene either of a dance or entertainment of some sort during the noon hour every day.

A program varying each day during the week gives the employees at the plant plenty of recreation after lunch. On Monday and Thursday a dance is given. This week in addition to the two dance days, a concert is given on two other days. To-day Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hoover, piano and violin, gave a program; to-morrow, R. W. Moorehead, manager of the plant, gives his weekly talk on mill business and Friday the Superbas sextet and Peerless quartet, composed of boys and girls employed at the mill will give the concert.

A minstrel show is planned for March 19. It will be given in the evening and the members of the troupe will be mill employees.

Yesterday several of the girls complained because the new material was delayed by the storms, and odds and ends had to be worked over. They stopped at noon; at 3 o'clock the material arrived. This afternoon, several of the girls were back asking for jobs.

Superfluous Hair Disappears Like Magic

New Wonder Makes It Unnecessary to Use Dangerous, Disfiguring Electric Needle or Burning Pastes, Powders or Liquids.

Every woman in this vicinity who suffers the deep humiliation and embarrassment of superfluous hair and who has used any or all of the worthless advertised depilatories in a frantic search for lasting relief, will rejoice to learn that an entirely new method has been found which quickly and painlessly eradicates all signs of ugly, objectionable hair.

This remarkable discovery, the result of modern chemistry, can now be obtained by sufferers through the enterprise of a well-known woman who succeeded in permanently removing every trace of her own hairy growths after all else had failed. In her honor it is called Mrs. Osgood's Wonder. It is the only effective eradicator that does not remove all signs of superfluous hair smoothly and painlessly and without injury to the skin or complexion. In a surprisingly large number of cases it has succeeded in killing the hair roots source of all growth, so that it has never returned.

Kennedy's Medicine Store has been fortunate in securing a supply of Mrs. Osgood's Wonder, which you can secure on the guarantee of money-back if it fails; or any other up-to-date Drug or Department Store can supply you with it. Ask for it by name, Mrs. Osgood's Wonder. A signed guarantee comes with each tube, but do not forget that while there is no danger of applying this amazing discovery to every part of the body, it should not be used except where total destruction of the hair wherever applied is desired.—Advertisement

HONORED AT PRINCETON

John McIlhenny Smith, Lingsletown, a nephew of Prison Inspector John H. McIlhenny, and a senior at Princeton University, has won a place on the university debating team. Mr. Smith was selected from twenty contestants for the honor. The team will meet similar teams from Yale and Harvard.

MARRIAGE ANNOUNCED

Lititz, Pa., March 10.—Miss Viola V. Regennas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Regennas, was married February 25, to William M. Kopp, by the Rev. Charles Reitzel, of the Church of God, at Auburn. The announcement was made yesterday and was a great surprise.

THREE FOREIGNERS KILLED

Pottstown Pa., March 10.—Three alien employes of the Reading Railroad were instantly killed last evening when a light engine struck them. They resided in bunk cars near the cold storage plant and while returning from Royersford were struck. The engineer saw the three men walking on the tracks, but not until it was too late to stop his engine.

NEW DISCOVERY QUICKLY ENDS KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

Chronic Sufferers Find Relief After Few Doses Are Taken

If you are bothered with backache—or rheumatism, have disagreeable, annoying bladder or urinary disorders to contend with—or suffer with any other of the many miseries that come from weak kidneys, here is a guaranteed remedy you can depend upon, no matter what else may have failed to cure you.

It is a positive fact that the new discovery, Croxone, promptly overcomes such diseases. It is most wonderful remedy ever made for ridding the system of uric acid, removing the cause and curing the troubles. It soaks right in and cleans out the stopped up kidneys and makes them filter and sift out all the poisonous waste matter from the blood. It neutralizes and dissolves the uric acid that lodges in the joints and muscles, causing rheumatism; soothes and heals the delicate linings of the bladder; and puts the kidneys and urinary organs in a clean, strong healthy condition.

More than a few doses of Croxone are seldom required to relieve even the obstinate long standing cases, while it cures the most annoying forms of kidney, bladder trouble, and rheumatism in a surprisingly short time.

You will find Croxone entirely different from all other remedies. There is nothing else on earth like it. It is so prepared that it is practically impossible to take it into the human system without results. An original package costs but a trifle at any first-class drug store. All druggists are authorized to personally return the purchase price if Croxone fails to give the desired results the very first time you use it.—Advertisement

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Our special line of 5c and 10c papers cut about 40 per cent.

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