

# Women and Their Interests

## THE IMMODESTY BOGY For Parents to Keep Their Children Too "Innocent" Is Little Short of Criminal.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX  
BABYLAND

Have you ever heard of the Valley of Babyland?  
The realm where the dear little darlings stay  
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,  
And, oh, so tenderly, bring them away?  
The paths are winding, and past all finding  
By all save the storks, who understand  
The gates and the highways and the intricate byways  
That lead to Babyland.

All over the Valley of Babyland  
Sweet flowers bloom in the soft green moss,  
And under the ferns fair and under the plants there  
Lie little heads like spoils of floss.  
With a soothing number the River of Slumber

Flows o'er a bedway of silver sand;  
And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping  
Babes of Babyland.  
The path to the Valley of Babyland  
Only the kingly, kind storks know;  
If they fly over mountains or wade through fountains  
No man sees them come or go.  
But an angel, maybe, who guards some baby,  
Or a fairy, perhaps, with her magic wand,  
Brings them straightway to the wonderful gateway  
That leads to Babyland.

And there in the Valley of Babyland,  
Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,  
Like an unfledged starling, they find the darling

For whom the heart of a mother yearns;  
And they lift him lightly and snug him tightly  
In feathers soft as a lady's hand;  
And off with a rockaway step they walk away  
Out of Babyland.

As they go from the Valley of Babyland  
Forth into the world of great unrest,  
Sometimes in weeping he wakes from sleeping  
Before he reaches the mother's breast.  
Ah, how she blesses him, how she caresses him,  
Bondsman bird in the bright home band  
That o'er land and water the kind stork brought her.  
From far-off Babyland.

"The old boggy of immodesty must not frighten us any longer. Not one child in a thousand to whom such laws are explained will be unprepared for them. No boy or girl is allowed to pass through our high schools without knowing that H<sub>2</sub>O stands for water. I have no complaint to make with that. But I do maintain that it is of infinitely more importance that they should know that insanity, epilepsy, feeble-mindedness and scrofula are absolutely transmissible from father to son, and that if one yokes himself to a companion afflicted with any of these diseases he is mathematically certain to produce offspring of the same sort, if the union produces progeny at all."—Rev. Henry Stiles Bradley, D. D., Worcester, Mass.

Did you ever know how the story came to be told children that the stork brings the little brothers and sisters to the household?

It seems that the stork is very much devoted to its young, and also most affectionate to its older progeny.

In Southern Europe and Egypt the

storks are much loved and protected. They build their nests in chimneys or in old ruins or church spires. The father stork is devoted to his family and supplies food for the young in the nests, and he and Mother Stork are very careful to keep the birds in their nests till they are quite strong enough to learn to fly. When they can safely fly they start with their parents to warmer lands. In Holland some people build nests on the house-tops to induce the storks to come. People would rather build a new chimney than disturb a stork's nest; and they are considered great good luck to have near, and as almost all people in those lands think large families are a blessing, the belief grew up that having the devoted Stork parents building nests on the roof brought them the happiness of a large family.

Modest parents declare they want to keep their children "innocent" and ignorant of all things pertaining to those subjects just as long as possible;

and many a proud mother is heard declaring her daughter of seventeen was as innocent as a babe unborn when she went to the altar a bride.

But such innocence is criminal on the part of the parent.

Besides, it is seldom true. The mother is deceived.

Few children go through one primary term in public school and remain ignorant of these subjects. But their knowledge is gained from low sources usually, and their minds are tarnished by having to receive the instruction in a vulgar or unwholesome manner.

It is the mother's place to talk to her children and to tell them just as many of life's great truths as their young minds can assimilate, and then to impress upon them the dignity and good form of silence on these subjects.

When a mother makes her child a confidant in this way she wraps it about with a mantle of purity and protection which no rude hand can tear away.

## SURPRISE CLOSING FOR FANCY BLOUSE

Loose Chemisette May Be Worn If a Higher Neck Is Desired



8778 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 50 bust.

There scarcely could be a prettier, smarter blouse than this one, for it includes all the newest features. It is cut in one piece in Japanese style. The collar stands away from the neck and the collar stands away from the figure after a manner entirely new and most becoming. Beneath the blouse there is a plain lining on which the lace that gives a chemisette effect is arranged. The making means almost no labor, for there is nothing to fit and there are few seams, yet the result is most charming. Incidentally, the model is one of the few adapted both to slender and to large figures. It can be made adapted to formal occasions by being made from handsome material and it can be utilized for the simplest possible morning gown by being made from the simpler washable fabrics.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 2 1/4 yds. of material 27, 1 3/4 yds. 36, 1 1/2 yds. 44 in. wide, with 1 1/2 yds. 21 in. wide for the bands, 1 1/2 yds. of lace 4 in. wide.

The pattern 8778 is cut in sizes from 34 to 50 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

## Madame Ise'bell

Give Directions for a Proper Shampoo



### THE HAIR AND SCALP—PART V.

It is a constant inquiry from pupils "How often shall I shampoo my head?" There is only one answer to this, "As often as it is necessary to keep it clean." This depends on where you live, whether your hair is exposed to much soot or dust and whether your scalp is subject to dandruff or over-oiliness. Neglected hair needs a shampoo more often than hair that is carefully aired and brushed every day. In short, the hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean by daily brushing, airing, scalp friction and by a shampoo whenever it is necessary.

### When a Shampoo is Harmful.

A shampoo can only be harmful when it is improperly done. Don't use a shampoo mixture with you know nothing; it may contain some strong alkali which, while it will "cut the dirt" may break and dry the hair and have even a more disastrous effect on the scalp. No matter what shampoo you use rinse it well out of the hair. Soap left in the hair or on the scalp will work harm. Remember also not to rub the cake of soap directly on the hair, for this hair is grooved and soap applied in this way may get into these grooves and remain. A good shampoo mixture can be made by shaving enough good soap into two cups of boiling water to make a semi-liquid, stir in a teaspoon of powdered borax.

Madame Ise'bell  
To be continued.

## Get MUSTEROLE To-day For Lun bago!

It's an amazingly quick relief. And it's so easy to use you know nothing; it's just rub MUSTEROLE in briskly, and presto, the pain is gone—a delicious, soothing comfort comes to take its place.

MUSTEROLE is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Use it instead of mustard plaster. Will not blister.

Doctors and nurses use MUSTEROLE and recommend it to their patients.

They will gladly tell you what relief it gives from Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Croup, Stiff Neck, Asthma, Neuralgia, Congestion, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and aches of the Back or Joints, Sprains, Sore Feet, Bruises, Chilblains, Frost-bites, Colds of the Chest (it prevents Pneumonia).

At your druggist's, in 25c and 50c jars, and a special large hospital size for \$2.50.

Accept no substitute. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c or 50c to the MUSTEROLE Company, Cleveland, Ohio, and we will mail you a jar, postage prepaid. (57)

Dr. J. J. GORDON, a well-known Detroit Physician says "Musterole is invaluable in my practice and my home."

**THRESHERMEN ORGANIZE**  
Special to The Telegraph  
Sunbury, Pa., March 26.—Threshermen from Union and Northumberland counties met in Sunbury yesterday and formed an organization for the protection of themselves and their business. It was largely attended. Men from Williamsport, Harrisburg and Waynesboro, Pa., were guests. Addresses were made by James Wilson of Marshallton, Ia.; I. D. Eschbach and Henry Billmeyer, Milton; G. H. Toadwine and O. C. Schaeffer, Williamsport; L. W. Dunkel, Harrisburg; C. W. Klessecker, Waynesboro, and C. S. Pepin, Dalmatia.

**WOMAN DROPS DEAD**  
Special to The Telegraph  
Bainbridge, Pa., March 25.—Mrs. William Keenan, while in the act of preparing breakfast on Tuesday morning, fell to the floor and died before a physician arrived. Death was caused by a stroke. She was about 68 years old and is survived by her husband and two children, Frank, of Oaklyn, N. J., and Anna, at home. Funeral services will be held on Friday at 1 o'clock in the Methodist Church.

**MUSTEROLE**  
WILL NOT BLISTER

AMUSEMENTS  
**MAJESTIC THEATER**  
ALL WEEK—MATINEE DAILY

**HELEN GRAYCE**  
Butterfly on the Wheel, Thurs. Eve. Girl in the Taxi, Fri. Mat. (Tango Tea After This Matinee) Dawn of a Tomorrow, Fri. Eve. Gains of the Dust, Sat. Mat. (Dancing After This Matinee) Traffic in Souls, Sat. Eve.  
Prices MAT. 10c and 20c; EVE. 10c, 20c, 30c and 50c.

**CONFIDENCE**  
—IN—

## Romance

By Edward Sheldon.  
That you will see a performance of merit and one that enthused New Yorkers for six months, at the Majestic Theater; it is a distinctly brilliant entertainment, far better than Mr. Sheldon's former plays of "SALVATION NELL" and "THE HIGH ROAD."

**J. B. MONTGOMERY**  
BRANCH OFFICE: 917 CAPITAL STREET Both Phones. MAIN OFFICE: 3RD & CHESTNUT STS.

MR. CHARLES DILLINGHAM (who also directs the tour of Montgomery & Stone) SELECTED THE COMPANY and it includes many actors who have never played outside of London and New York, and is as follows: Gertrude Morristal, late with David Belasco; Edgar Kent, leading man for Mrs. Pat Campbell, Pomander Walk, etc.; Rupert Lumley, leading man at Comedy Theater, London, specially engaged by Winthrop Ames for the Great Adventure; Rillie Deaves, leading woman Richard Mansfield, A. M. Palmer and Madison Square Theater Company. Also Harry Hanlon, Sara Biela, Corbett Morris and twenty others.

THE PRODUCTION is given with the same care and attention to detail as characterized the New York presentation.

THE DATE will be Monday. Matinee bargain prices, 25 and 50 cents; evening prices, 25 to \$1.50. MAJESTIC THEATER.

## Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Warren's remarks as he gazed after the receding train were most emphatic. They had missed it by less than two minutes, and there was no other until morning.

"Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?" Helen was almost sobbing as she watched the rear lights of the 10:45 disappear in the distance.

To be stranded on Sunday night in a small town forty miles from New York, with no trains until morning, was not a pleasant predicament. Still, muttering strong and expressive expletives, Warren strode down the platform to where a solitary cabman was watching them expectantly.

"Take us to Mr. Baldwin's—George W. Baldwin, in Maple street. Know the place?"

The cabman said he did, and Warren, of her excited protests, that they could not go back to Baldwin's.

"Where will they put us? Ethel has the spare room—I'll upset the whole house! Oh, Warren, can't we go to some hotel?"

"Can't go to a hotel without baggage, grimly. It's up to Baldwin, anyway. If he hadn't kept us there showing us his blasted old-coin, we'd not have missed our train."

Helen knew that the Baldwin had invited them for the day only, because they were not fixed to entertain any one overnight, and she would rather have sat up in the station than to face the embarrassment of returning at this hour.

When the cab drew up before the Baldwin house the windows were dark. Not even in the upper windows was there any light.

"They've gone to bed! Oh, Warren, we can't get them up now!"

"Got a decent hotel here?" Warren demanded of the cabman.

The Palace, sir; that's where the traveling men stop. Baldwin's is a well, drive us there."

"Again they rattled on through the dimly lit streets.

"The Palace," snorted Warren. "You can tell it's written by the name. Every damn town has the Palace Hotel and a Trade Emporium."

This time the cab stopped before a three-story frame house, the windows a dingy yellow. Here, too, most of the windows were dark.

Warren explained briefly that they had missed the last train, and Helen shoved forward the register. Taking a key from the key board, he led them up the brass-banded stairs.

The room he showed them into was large, but low-ceilinged and stuffy. He lit the single, unshaded gas jet and

started out.

"See here," Warren thrust his hand into his pocket, "can't you get us a couple of extra sheets? We've no night things with us, and we can't sleep in our clothes."

"I'll see, sir, if the linen room's not locked."

Helen was gazing critically about the room. There was a bureau with a skimpy towel over its scarred top, a washstand with a blue-banded bowl and pitcher, a white iron bed swaying deeply in the center, a much-stained carpet, and a square of oilcloth under the washstand.

There was also a brass spittoon, which Helen promptly poked out of sight with Warren's cane.

"Dear, I couldn't sleep anyway. I'll just loosen my waist and lie here on the couch."

"You'll do no such a thing! You'll go to bed and get some rest so you'll not be white as a sheet in the morning."

Turning down the covers, Helen scrutinized the bed linen. It was wretchedly laundered and of such thin, cheap muslin that the soiled dark ticking of the mattress and pillows showed through. The blanket and red-flowered comforter were far from clean, and over all was a dingy white honey-combed sheet.

"Dear, I WON'T sleep in that bed. I'd rather sit up all night."

A knock at the door, and the clerk handed in the two extra sheets. Warren, who by this time was partly undressed, wrapped one around him toga fashion.

"What's that for?" he demanded, as Helen placed his handkerchief over the pillow when he started to get into bed.

"Oh, dear, I don't want you to lie on those pillows."

He grunted something about her could not stop, but Helen noticed that he kept the handkerchief under his head.

"None of that foolishness," as wrapped in his heavy overcoat, she started to lie down on the couch.

"You'll miss the train, and sniffing around all week. Come, get in bed and turn that light out."

"You'll miss the train, and sniffing around all week. Come, get in bed and turn that light out."

Warren's vest, lining up, over her pillow. Having taken off only her waist, she crept gingerly into bed. The mattress was hard and lumpy, and the springs creaked dimly.

"She had turned down the gas as low as she could without turning it out, and the room in shadowy darkness, with a faint circle of light on the ceiling above the gas jet.

Helen had been the first ever since they left the Baldwin but the ceiling vents had kept it a subconscious thirst. Now her throat felt

parched. The demand for water was imperative.

Knowing that Warren was in no mood to be aroused, she waited until his breathing told her he was asleep. Then she sat up and felt for her shoes, at the edge of the bed. Not even in her stockings would she step out on the carpet.

She turned up the light, but there was no drinking water in the room. She took off the two clammy grayish-white towels that were folded over the wash pitcher and she could not drink that water.

Throwing off the sheet, she slipped on her coat and crept out into the hall. From the top of the stairs she peered down. The clerk was asleep in his chair. There was a water cooler over by the door.

Her consuming thirst gave her courage, and she stole down the stairs. Reassured by the clerk's heavy breathing, she reached the cooler only to find there was no water in the pitcher.

The dining room adjoined the office. It was dark, but she could see the shadowy white of the table and the reflection of some glassware on a mirrored sideboard.

**An Accident**  
She was starting back to the cooler when she ran against a chair, tripped and fell. She was not hurt, but for a moment she was too terrified to move. Then as she struggled to her feet she heard the clerk say "Who's there?" angrily. "What're you up to?"

He caught Helen by the shoulder and dragged her, speechless with fright, to the light.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed, as he released her and stared at her stupefied.

Instead of a sneak thief, he had captured a notably shy, stout, flowing-haired and eyes dark with terror.

"I came down to get a drink," stammered Helen.

"Oh! a gleam of intelligence came into his face. 'You're the young lady who was here one I got the sheets for?' Why sure, miss, I'll bring you a pitcher."

Helen, painfully unconscious of her unbuttoned shoes and her bound for the night, was clad to escape up the stairs and into their room. She waited by the door for fear the clerk would awaken Warren.

"Anything else I can do for you, miss?" he asked, as he stepped toward her.

"No, thank you," whispered Helen, with an anxious glance at Warren, who stared unseeingly.

Feverishly she glanced down two large glasses of ice water.

"Hello, what's the matter?" Warren was now sitting up.

"Oh, he woke you! It was the clerk, he brought me some water. I was almost famished. Do you want to see the sheets?"

"No, I don't," savagely, "but I DO want some sleep! You're not satisfied with making us miss the train, are you, you've got to keep me awake half the night, eh?"

"Why, Warren, I was ready long before!"

Ready! You're NEVER ready! You were upstairs there half an hour powdering your nose. That's why we're in this blooming place!"

There were some excuses for Warren's irritability, and Helen tried not to mind the injustice of it being vented upon her.

Again she turned down the gas and crept shivering into bed. Carefully she pulled up the sheet, so the blanket would not touch her. The faint fragrance of clear from Warren's vest, which she had spread over the pillow, helped dispel the musty odor of the bed clothes.

For a long time she lay watching the circle of light on the ceiling above the gas jet.

She was dreading the morning, dreading Warren's increased irritability when he awoke and found himself in this wretched hotel. She dreaded, too, the hour's trip before breakfast on that early morning train, for she would neither bathe nor breakfast at this place.

It would be a trying trip, she knew, and for all its discomforts SHE would be to blame!

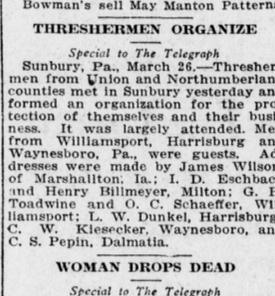
**FORM NO-LICENSE LEAGUE**  
Manheim, Pa., March 26.—A no-license league was formed here last evening and has been connected with the Lancaster county organization. The meeting was held in the Lutheran Church and largely attended. The following were elected officers: President, John H. Shank; vice-president, Ezra Reist; secretary, Robert Hershey; treasurer, the Rev. J. H. Behney.

**UNHARMED BY PARCEL POST**  
New York, March 26.—Popular belief that the parcel post has let the big express companies in hard straits was contradicted to-day by news that the American Express Company would erect a \$2,000,000 office building in Lower Broadway. The building is to be thirty-two stories high. Of the thirty-two floors the express company will reserve ten for its own use.

**STRONG FOR BRUMBAUGH**  
Marietta, Pa., March 26.—The Republican voters of this district are being interviewed and are strong for Brumbaugh for Governor. An organization will be affected in a few days.

There's No Corn That "GETS-IT" Won't Get

No More Fussing, Plasters, Salves and Corn Pains. Try the New Way



Madam, For Those Corns That Make You Jump Out of Your Shoes, Try Wonderful "GETS-IT"

"Just look at the way that corn comes off!" That's what you'll say when you try wonderful "GETS-IT" on that corn you've tried so long to pry off of your toe. It's easy to apply "GETS-IT"—one, two, three, and it's done! The corn begins to shrivel, away she goes, surely, absolutely. A few drops will do it. "GETS-IT" never makes toes red and raw. Corn pains go! It means the end of cutting and gouging of corns, the end of sticky plasters that don't work anyhow, the end of salves that eat up your toes, no more "harness" or fusing. Try "GETS-IT," the new, sure way, for corns and callouses.

"GETS-IT" is sold by all druggists, 25c a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.—Advertisement.

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Non-Explosive  
**INSECTINE**  
Kills Moths, Ants, Roaches, Bedbugs, etc.

Look for this Display—"The Old Reliable"—in Any Reliable Dealer's Store.



**A mother's greatest treasure—her baby**  
Who knows, like a mother, the wonder and awe and delight of a baby closely held next her heart? Who, like a mother who has passed through shadows to bring into the world this fair little flower, can know so well the joy, the mystery and the blessedness of this experience?

But, alas, that so few of our babies stay with us! The empty arms and the aching hearts they leave behind as they slip away! They could be saved—these cherished babies—if mothers would learn how to feed them.

Nature intended your baby to have his mother's milk. If you can't nurse your baby, do not try every food that friends recommend. Cow's milk won't do. It's too heavy for your delicate baby. It's full of germs. It brings death and disease to babies all over the country.

**Nestlé's Food**

is the nearest thing there is to mother's milk. Pure, rich milk is the basis—milk from healthy, carefully guarded cows in clean dairies. This milk is so purified and modified, so changed, that even the frailest baby can digest it. Nestlé's is a complete Food in itself. All you do to prepare it is to add cold water and boil.

Send for Sample Box of Nestlé's Food Free  
For your baby's sake, we want you to know the wonderful body-building qualities of Nestlé's Food. Your baby will thrive and grow strong on it, just as thousands of other delicate babies have done. In this box there

is enough for 12 feedings. Try it. We will also send you our "Better Babies" Chart. Measure your baby according to health Standards, and see just how near he comes to being perfect. Fill out the Coupon now, and you will receive the sample box, the Chart and our Book for Mothers.

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Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

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You can "raise" a loaf of white flour bread with yeast—but you can't "raise" robust American youngsters in that way. The best food for growing boys and girls is

## SHREDDED WHEAT

It contains no yeast, no fats, no chemicals of any kind—just pure whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. The crisp, brown Biscuits encourage thorough chewing, which makes them better than porridges for youngsters.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) eaten with hot milk or cream, will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work. Deliciously wholesome with baked apples, stewed prunes, sliced bananas or other fruits.

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

## Was Your Winter's Coal Satisfactory?

This is the time of year to test out a different grade of coal.

The kind you have been accustomed to use may not be giving good results.

There is a kind of coal for every purpose and it may be possible that you are burning something that is not suitable.

We find many people use Pea Coal where Egg size will give more heat and be cheaper in the end. Others use No. 1 Nut for the range and No. 2 Nut will answer the same purpose and cost less money.

Let us send our expert to see you before you fill your cellar again.

**United Ice & Coal Co.**  
Forster & Cowden Third & Boas  
15th & Chestnut Hummel & Mulberry  
ALSO STEELTON, PA.

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The dainty Comedienne, Joe La Fleur and Chiquita Housley and Nicolls.  
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Pennant Winners of Ragtime  
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