

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

A Virtue of Praise

A Talk to Knockers

BY DOROTHY DIX



The most over-estimated weapon in the world is the hammer. It isn't one millionth part as effective as the salve pot, though the great majority of people go through life without finding it out.

The average individual's ideal of the way to reform things is a perpetual knocking, which perhaps explains why so few abuses are ever changed for the better. Theoretically you can smash anything by lamming it hard enough, but in actual practice this does not work, especially when it is applied to the faults and follies of human nature.

Still, when a man doesn't like his wife's housekeeping, or thinks she spends too much money—bing—he begins lambasting her cooking and her extravagance. And she goes on burning the roast, and making dish water coffee, and buying imported lingerie and French hats.

If a woman objects to her husband's belonging to a club, or smoking, she keeps busy, day in and day out, pecking away with her little hammer—knock-knock-knock, and still he puts on his hat and makes a break for freedom the minute dinner is over, and he smokes like a furnace.

If Johnnie is awkward and spills things at the table, and hates school the whole family organizes itself into an avvil chorus, and it's bang, bang, bang, from morning till night until Johnnie grows surly, and hates home and books, and spends all the time he can with acquaintances he picks up in the street.

If an employer wants to speed up his employees and get more work and better service out of them, he goes for them with a trip hammer, and abuses them for loafers and incompetents, and shirks, and the employees say to each other that the old man is a grouch who never appreciates good work, anyway, so what's the use in giving it to him? And they don't.

Never Any Good

Fault finding and blame never yet reformed anything, but praise is the can move the world of humanity. And

lever of Archimedes with which you the reason of this is plain enough. Praise touches us in our weakest spot, our vanity, whereas blame wounds us in our most vulnerable point, our self-esteem, and there is a natural inclination to revenge our hurt pride by persisting in doing the thing we were censured for doing.

Of course if we were the grand, noble creatures we should be, bent on our highest self-development, when our attention was called to our faults, we would devote our energies to building up and strengthening the weak spots in our character. That would be the logical thing to do, but alas, which of us is logical, when it comes down to brass tacks with us?

A Sure Tip

Surely this alone should furnish a tip to the knockers that it would be better to throw away their hammers and get busy spreading the salve if they want results. As a matter of fact, everybody knows that all you've got to do to make a woman break her neck is to dangle a little flattery before her. She will go for it every time, and so I advise the husband who bemoans his wife's bills to try praising her economy a little. Let him discourse before company upon the thrift and wisdom which she is, and, my word for it, she will put a Yale lock on her pocketbook that will take a professional safe cracker to undo.

Likewise any woman can be turned into a good housekeeper by a husband who judiciously praises a good dish and sorrowfully remarks over a bad one that it isn't quite up to her usual excellent culinary standard.

Positively the only thing that will nail a man to his own hearthstone and make him a generous, attentive and interested lover as well as a husband, is to find in his own home a brand of flattery so much more potent, so much higher spiced and so much more inebriating than any to be had abroad that it puts all other women into the amateur hot air class beside his wife.

As for employees, it's invariably the man who knows he is most trusted and interested in by his boss, the one who knows the boss depends on him who is most dependable, the crackerjack salesman who works ten times as hard to sell as the man who knows that not much is expected of him?

Oh, it's praise, and not blame, that moves the world around. We give the best of us to those who expect the best of us, and who appreciate that best. Throw away the hammer, and try spreading the salve!

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Broadway Jones

From the Play of George M. Cohan

By EDWARD MARSHALL

With Photographs from Scenes in the Play

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Joe smiled. "Yes; I noticed that." Jackson was strangely intent upon her answer. He was confused, although he did not know the reason why. And then, suddenly, he knew. Finding that he knew, he found himself still more confused.

"Did you notice it?" he asked, with intense earnestness, knowing, somehow, that he was an ass. "I didn't think you noticed it."

Joe thrilled, but found it hard to smother laughter—not wholly that of ridicule, mostly that of joyousness. She made no other answer.

He looked around them at the broad veranda, with its pillared, old colonial doorway and wide windows; his eyes paused along the visible front of the enormous house itself, surveyed the spreading lawn, now dusky with the evening shadows of magnificent old trees, and the curving graveled drive, examined all, indeed, that he could see of the superb and spacious old Jones place.

"Nice little house, isn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, I just love it!" It was, indeed, the show place of the town, and few were the local maidens, who had not dreamed dreams of some time living in a mansion like it—dreamed wondering dreams, speculative of unguessed sensations of vast wealth.

"Do you?"

"Why, yes. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Broadway, now looking hot at the great house or any portion of the splendid grounds, but straight at her, although she was not sure of this because the light had very nearly failed. "I'm just crazy about it, that's all!"

She laughed and so did he. He had not much idea what he really was saying.

"You know, I think I shall become a model country gentleman in time," he added.

"It must seem strange to you, after the life you've been living."

She meant it very innocently, yet it shocked him fiercely. He sat up in the swing and gazed at her with out-thrust neck—that gesture which she thought was awkward, funny, when she saw it first, in school days, but which she had rather begun to like.

"What do you know about the life I've been living?" he demanded.

"I was not in the least suspicious. I mean in New York—that great, big, wonderful place! It is a wonderful place, isn't it?"

He had had a thrill of panic. Now he quieted, although his heart still throbbed a little. He was glad she did not know about the life he had been leading.

"Have you never been to New York?" he asked.

"Never."

"That's funny. Would you like to go to New York?"

"I don't think I'd like to live there; but I'd like to see New York."

"Well, I can show it to you. May I some time? It only takes four hours to get there. It took me five years to get back!"

"You had a long trip."

"Trip? I stumbled," he said dreamily.

"What is Broadway?"

"Broadway?"

"It's a street, of course, but—"

"It's probably the greatest street in the world."

"Some people say it's terrible."

"It is."

"And some people say it's wonderful."

"It is—truly wonderful."

"I don't understand."

"Nobody understands Broadway," he answered. "People hate it, yet they don't know why. People love it, yet they don't know why. I don't. It's just because it's Broadway."

"Is it a mystery?"

"That's what it is—a mystery." He shook his head in thought.

The subject had lost interest to her—because she did not know its fascinations. "I suppose you go to church every Sunday morning. Tomorrow's Sunday."

He was astonished. He had been thinking of Broadway. There are churches on that thoroughfare, but they are not so brightly lighted as some other of its structures. "What's that again?"

"I say I suppose you go to church every Sunday morning."

"Well—I've been going to Church-ill's every Sunday night." He laughed a little, then exclaimed, not loudly: "Broadway!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"Oh, I was just thinking what a great thing it would be if I made a success of this business."

"Why, you're going to," she said confidently.

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it if you will make up your mind to work—to keep busy."

"Yes; that's it. I've got to work." He laughed. For a few moments they had been rather serious. "Work! Now, tomorrow, I'm going to plant a lot of vegetables and then I'm going to cut the grass; I'm going to milk the cow, and I am going to—paint the house. Work! Oh, I'm going to be the busiest little fellow you ever saw. You know what I hope? I hope that butler of mine never comes back. I want to do all the work myself!"

"Your butler?"

"Yes; I sent him to New York yesterday on an errand."

"You sent him back for something?"

He wished to laugh, but did not. "No; I sent him back with something."

"Something valuable?"

He hesitated. Was Mrs. Gerard valuable? She had lost enormously in value in his eyes of late. "Well, it's worth a lot of money," he assured her, feeling certain that this speech was accurate.

"Perhaps he's lost it and is afraid to return," she suggested.

He smiled, remembering the instructions he had given Rankin. "If he's lost it he'll return all right—to claim the reward."

"For losing it? How funny?"

"Yes; isn't it?" He laughed. "But it wouldn't be so funny if he hadn't, would it?"

Heavens! Suppose Rankin should find it really impossible to get rid of Mrs. Gerard!

But of course Joe could not understand. The conversation puzzled her. It did not hold her as had the talk which had preceded it.

She rose, as Clara came back, almost running. This charming country maiden very evidently had satisfied her curiosity as to the looks of Robert's father; she now was plainly somewhat displeased because the son remained away so long.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Those two men are holding the longest conversation I ever heard of! They're standing on Kennedy's corner, their tongues going a mile a minute."

"What are they talking about?" asked Jackson anxiously. He very much hoped his friend was not in really serious trouble as the reward for having been his friend.

"I didn't get close enough to hear what they said, but they're both waving their hands in the air and talking—to beat the band!"

[To be Continued.]

FRIDAY IS BARGAIN DAY AT KAUFMAN'S

\$1.00 Women's Dotted Twilled Corsets, all sizes, new shapes, 63c for

Women's Winter Suits Worth From \$12.00 to \$20.00 For

\$5.00

Women's Winter Coats Worth From \$10.00 to \$15.00 For

50c Women's Fast Black Cotton Petticoats, all lengths, for 19c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY

One Lot of WOMEN'S AND MISSES' BLACK AND WHITE CHECK NEW SPRING DRESS SKIRTS; \$2.50 Value, Friday only, for \$1.50

FOR FRIDAY ONLY

Another Lot of WOMEN'S AND MISSES' COAT SUITS; Values \$10 to \$12, Friday only for \$2.50

Made of all-wool mixtures—assorted colors and sizes.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY

Another Lot of WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WINTER COATS; Values up to \$4.50, for \$1.50

Choice of black or blue.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY

Men's Suits, Overcoats and Pants in This Rummage Sale Lots at Half and Less Note These Low Prices

Men's Pants, \$1.00 values, **59c**

Men's Winter Overcoats, values to \$7.50, at **\$3.75**

Men's Lined Corduroy Pants, \$3.00 values, at **\$1.75**

Men's Overcoats, values to \$15.00, at **\$6.75**

Men's Pants, values to \$3.00, at **\$1.39**

Men's Winter Reefer Coats, values to \$6.00, at **\$2.25**

FOR FRIDAY ONLY

1.00 Women's Flannelette Long Kimonos, 39c

1.00 Women's Wrappers and House Dresses, 29c

1.50 Girls' Wash Dresses for 69c

1.00 Ladies' White Lawn Waists for 29c

Up to 1.00 Ladies' Neckwear for 15c

50c Women's Shirt Waists for 19c

1.00 Men's Percalé Dress Shirts for 49c

25c Children's Flannelette Skirts, 2 to 6 years old, for 15c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY

75c Women's White Muslin Skirts for 39c

25c Children's Ribbed Underwear, small sizes, 10c

1.00 Ladies' Muslin Gowns, slightly soiled, 59c

10c Women's Fast Black Hose, for 5c

10c Men's Black and Colors Hose for 5c

\$3 Men's and Women's Coat Sweaters, \$1.98

1.00 Women's Kid Gloves for 55c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY

75c Women's Flannelette Skirts for 36c

20c Men's Suspenders for 9c

50c and 75c Men's Winter Underwear for 33c

25c Children's Cashmere and Golf Gloves, 10c

Up to 50c Infants' Winter Caps for 5c

25c Men's Silk 4-in-hand Neckwear for 9c

25c Children's Sleeping Garments, 2-year size only, for 10c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY

Special for Friday Only Note These Very Low Prices

Boys' Norfolk Suits, values to \$3.50, **\$1.95**

Boys' Overcoats, values to \$6, **\$2.95**

Boys' Suits, values to \$7.50, at **\$2.95**

Boys' Corduroy Knickers, \$1.50 values, at **79c**

Boys' Wash Suits, 75c value, **49c**

Boys' Overcoats, 8 to 16 years, \$7.50 values, **\$3.90**

Come a Running For These Special Bargains AS THEY WON'T LAST ALL DAY

FOR FRIDAY ONLY

1.00 Women's Flannelette Long Kimonos, 39c

1.00 Women's Wrappers and House Dresses, 29c

1.50 Girls' Wash Dresses for 69c

1.00 Ladies' White Lawn Waists for 29c

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25c Children's Sleeping Garments, 2-year size only, for 10c

FRENCH BLOUSE SUIT FOR A SMALL GIRL

Circular Flounces Are the Cutest Things on the Tiny Tots

8144 Child's French Blouse Dress, 4 to 8 years.

WITH BODY LINING, SHORT OR LONG SLEEVES.

The two important features found in this little frock are the low or French waist line and the kimono sleeves. They mean extreme smartness and, incidentally, the sleeves also mean simplicity of making. The circular flounces lapped over the other are important too, for they make a departure. Altogether the frock is a new one, demonstrating the latest fancies. In the picture, it is made of dotted challis with bands of silk but it quite easily could be reproduced in any childlike material. For the model is one of the available sort, desirable for the simple silks that little girls are wearing and for washable materials, as well as for challis and the like. There is a body lining over to which the flounces are attached and which also serves to keep the long waisted body portion in position. The flounces are circular and just prettily and gracefully full.

For the 6 year size, the dress will require 3 yds. of material 27 3/4 yds. 36 or 44 in. wide, with 3/4 yd. 27 in. wide for the chemisette and 3/4 yd. for the trimming.

The pattern of the dress 8144 is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years. 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.

Try Telegraph Want Ads.

Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON XI—PART III. PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Since the days of the Greek civilization the world has grown backward in the ideal and attainment of physical beauty. Two thousand years ago Plato taught that he who was educated in mind and moral sense alone, and not in body, was a cripple. The Greeks had so little liking for an ill-favored creature that a child not perfectly proportioned at birth was exposed to death. The education of today teaches us to look first for mental and moral qualities; this is right, if we do not forget the importance of the physical, and its influence on us.

The Moral and the Physical.

There are some beautiful souls so lifted above all physical aches and discomforts that their mission on earth seems one of clear inspiration; brilliant intellects, like Elizabeth Browning, whose whole verse-making life was spent on an invalid's sofa, or Henri Heine, whom from his "mattress grave" wrote some of his most brilliant essays and uttered his most biting and caustic epigrams, seem absolutely independent of material conditions. But such examples we must regard as saintly natures in which the spiritual life clearly controls or great geniuses in whom the creative power is all dominating. With the average man or woman physical well-being is a necessary part of character and mind development, and who neglects it will not do his best work.

Not Vanity.

It is not personal vanity alone, but the desire for personal efficiency that should lie behind the cult for physical culture. Personally, I have little patience with people who proclaim it a matter of indifference whether they grow stout or not, or whether their figures keep young and firm. Indifference to one's physical appearance is either laziness or a certain form of egotism, not at all commendable.

Signs of Middle Age.

Inertness, disinclination to exercise, a little aching in the muscles are apt to be characteristic of middle age. The man or woman who does not take systematic exercise is the first to grow stiff and heavy and to put on an undue amount of flesh. The muscles are not kept in good condition, whose muscles are firm and elastic has little to fear from middle age, which the period a woman may have to work a little longer at her exercises, if the disposition to put on flesh is present, but her task is nothing compared to the woman who has let "herself go" all her life.

Lesson XI to be continued.

Geo. H. Sourbier
Funeral Director
1310 North Third Street

Huerta Gets 10,000 Guns For Federal Soldiers

Mobile, Ala., Feb. 12. — President Huerta, of Mexico, has bought 10,000 rifles and 500,000 rounds of ammunition from a gun company at Montgomery for shipment to Vera Cruz through this port, according to an announcement to-day by Robert Gayon, Mexican consul here. A dispatch from Montgomery confirmed the sale.

MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS

Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.:—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sensitive Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Two Coal Yards Mean Quick Delivery

A coal yard at the hill and one in town puts us just that much nearer your residence.

Then we have over 100 horses and many wagons so that we have equipment enough to take care of rush orders.

Coal from our yards is always hauled quickly. We carry no orders over until tomorrow.

If we receive your order at 5 P. M. we delivered it the same day.

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

TRUNKS

We have purchased the clearing of the stock of a trunk manufacturer and are in a position to sell trunks at greatly reduced prices.

This sale will include Dress, Steamer, Hat and Wardrobe Trunks.

REGAL UMBRELLA CO.
2nd. and Walnut Sts.

BACON'S COUGH DROPS

—NOW!

D. B. on every drop

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect November 20, 1913.

TRAINS leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6:05, 7:55 a. m., 2:40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 6:05, 7:55, 11:55 a. m., 2:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:15 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 7:15 a. m., 11:15, 3:37, 5:30, 9:30 a. m.
For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:32 and 11:55 a. m., 2:15, 5:40, 8:22 and 11:35 p. m.
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
J. H. TONGE, Supt. H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.