

Women AND THEIR Interests

Woman's Thirst For Admiration

By Beatrice Fairfax
Nothing in all the world can convince a woman that a man is not absolutely justified for being in love with her. Nothing can convince her that she is not being cheated out of her birthright and given an unfair deal in being abused and neglected and generally maltreated by malicious fate unless her progress through life is marked at intervals by admiring males.

Everyone of us has enough sense judgment to know when a man is making a fool of himself by falling in love with somebody else. But when it comes to the first person singular, judgment fails. We don't have to deserve love or to win it—we just want it! And by the force of wanting we expect to attract it, while because of the force of that same desire we think the tide of life ought to go out of its way and digress about all obstacles in order to wash up on the shores at our feet a shipwrecked mariner who will exclaim at once and in glowing terms at our own first person singular supreme charm!

We want admiration—ergo: We must have it.

And the ways in which we set out to get it, oh, my sisters, are strange and wonderful—and wonderfully ineffectual. We make ourselves fine with gay raiment. We learn all the futile little tricks of modern society. We maneuver to outshine other women. We cater to the very characteristics in men which in our hearts we least admire—and which, when deliberately appealed to, fall to yield to our deep response. We make ourselves cheap and conspicuous and easily attainable and lower our best standards. And all of this for admiration and the glitter of compliments.

And even while we are chasing in a circle as amusingly futile as the one Pusykins describes when she whirled after her own fluffly tail, there are the big emotions waiting outside the pathetic little circle we choose for our daily round.

Well Worth Having
Masculine admiration is well worth having. But it is not to be confused with mere compliments, or with amused tolerance or with patronizing tribute to the "weaker sex." No grown woman can really want a man to like her in the way he would an adorable pretty child. No being of flesh and blood can live on the sort of glowing criticism a beautiful picture might call forth. And no woman of character can be satisfied to appeal to man save in an intellectual way.

But most of us go unerringly after what analysis surely shows us we do not want. We don't discriminate between praise and flattery and honest admiration. For the sake of the icing we swallow the cake that is made of moldy flour and cold storage eggs and rancid butter.

We envy the woman who is showy and popular. We despair because of some girl who trails through promenades with a string of courtiers. We want to have other women see that we are admired. We want to have the men we honestly like see that a

lot of men whom we probably honestly dislike admire us.

And for whose good is it all? Admirers are not always desirers. The girl of one love affair is likely to marry and marry far better than the girl who, with a string of admirers to choose from, selects the one who most caters to her and who most gracefully flatters her and passes by the sincere affection that dares to look at her with honest eyes and speak to her with a true tongue.

How much difference does it make in your life if people exclaim at your marvelous dancing or complimentary your smartness of style, or envy your long eyelashes? Does any amount of such adulation give you one real, lasting, worthwhile experience? The glow of approbation is as useless to advance you in the world or to help you grow in strength and ability as the soap bubble that stays forever on the end of a pipe mirroring a rainbow in its heart.

But the true admiration that honest ability exerted wins—ah, that is another matter.

Where the Difference Lies
If you have dancing ability and you turn it to account—either making a livelihood through it or teaching little slum children grace and rhythmic expression—if you achieve something signal through this talent—you will receive true admiration—and you will be too busy to notice it.

For there lies the gist of the whole matter, some women play to the gallery—and they are far more interested in the applause given to them than in the consideration of what they have done to win it. And some women are doing world—home work, personal work, world's work—it matters not which, for their interest is in doing well their task. They are not considering the flattery that might confound them as to real issues in their efforts. They are considering the end of a job well done.

Ulysses had to stop his sailors' ears with wax and have himself tied to the mast so he could safely pass the Siren's Isle. There are a great many of us who are the wreckage in the sea about the Siren Island—there are numerous craft driving off the reefs overboard for no other reason than because they listen to the siren song of praise. And so sweet sounds the chant that they don't look out into life's sea and remember where they are pointing.

A great many women are modest enough not to think themselves irresistible until a few flatterers have told them so. But they long to be made to believe.

Don't listen. The Siren Song of Flattery leads right to the rocks. The faithful attachment of one loyal man is a fine thing to have. The admiration of a real friend is manna to the spirit. But that you have to win and deserve—if you want to keep it long. And the only way to deserve real admiration is to be so busy about your task in life that you forget the applause that honestly and always comes in the end to a labor well performed.

A NEW FROCK IN GUMPE STYLE

A Smart and Practical Design.
By MAY MANTON



8645 Jumper Dress, 16 and 18 years.

Girls will surely welcome this costume and small women too, for it is essentially attractive and smart and is especially well suited to their needs. The plaited skirt gives width after the newest and most approved manner and the very novel over-belt forms pierce straps at the front while the deep belt includes pockets. There are combined in the one frock all the latest and newest features. Here, it is worn over a gumpe with slightly full sleeves but any preferred one can be worn. The frock itself consists only of skirt, wide girle and the over-belt.

In the picture, it is made from silk gabardine, a material light of weight, durable and exceedingly handsome, but the model can be copied in many fabrics; indeed, would make up attractively this way, the cotton crêpes are beautiful and they are shown in a wonderful variety of colors and in fact every time one makes a journey through the shops something new and interesting appears. Incidentally, the costume is a very simple one and easy to make and that fact in itself is a commendation.

For the 16 year size will be required 5 1/2 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 4 3/4 yds. 36 or 44, 3 1/2 yds. 54, for the skirt, girle and over blouse, 3/8 yd. 27 in. for collar.

The pattern 8645 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 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.

SERIES OF ACCIDENTS
Lewistown, Pa., June 15.—Arthur Brannon is suffering with two badly injured hands. While riding a bicycle he fell lacerating the right hand and spraining the left one. He is in the Lewistown hospital with a broken hip. He is employed by Leonard Sixton, sand dealer, and while engaged in unloading a car he fell, fracturing the hip. While leading a horse to pasture, Mrs. Sarah Detweiler, of Belleville, this county, stumbled over an obstruction in her path and fractured her right hip. She is 65 years old. Frank Zimmerman injured one of his hands sometime ago, and blood-poisoning has set in.

SOLDIERS OPPOSED GAS
London, June 14, 3:15 A. M.—A Warsaw dispatch to the Times describing the use by the Germans of asphyxiating gas says: "Evidence exists indicating that the German soldiers protested against the use of gas, but their officers told them that gas was quite harmless and would only render the Russians unconscious, without unduly harming them, and that the Germans could then walk over and occupy their trenches without the loss of a single man."

PARALYSIS CAUSES DEATH
Marietta, June 15.—Maud Allison, 16 years old, died yesterday from paralysis, after a short illness, at the Columbia hospital. She was a member of the Zion Lutheran Sunday school, and was only confirmed last Palm Sunday. She is survived by her parents.

Girls With Beautiful Faces or Graceful Figures.
American girls have a world-wide reputation for beauty, but, at the same time, there are girls in Pennsylvania who possess neither beauty of face nor form because in these instances they suffer from nervousness, the result of disorders of the womanly organism. At regular intervals they suffer so much that their strength leaves them; they are so prostrated that it takes days for them to recover their strength. Of course, such periodic distress has its bad effect on the nervous system. The withered and drawn faces, the dark circles and crow's feet about the eyes, the straight figure without those curves which lend so much to feminine beauty are the unmistakable signs of womanly disorders.

Johnstown, Pa.—"I was always ailing and had severe headaches up to the time I used 'Favorite Prescription.' I used remedies from several doctors but none helped me much. I learned of 'Favorite Prescription' through a little book thrown in the door. I had also heard of Dr. Pierce's remedies through some friends, so I began using the 'Prescription.' I was glad to see that it helped me, so I kept on using it until 6 or 7 bottles had been used. I got all over my headaches and my health was improved—I was put on my feet. The awful headaches never came back and my general health has been better than in years. If I should again feel the need of a woman's medicine I would use 'Favorite Prescription' on account of what it did for me on the above mentioned occasion."
—MRS. LILA BUTLER, 307 Market St., Johnstown, Pa.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original Little Liver Pills, first put up nearly 50 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Much imitated but never equalled. Sugar-coated and easy to take as candy.

WHO PAYS?

The Love Liar
By EDWIN BLISS

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CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.

Mrs. Pressley took the note from the outstretched hand. It was brief, cruelly brief and arrogant, the note of the suicide broker who seemed to think his atonement made by the mere snuffing out of his own existence. Everything the girl possessed wiped out by the smash of the Titan Ship Company.

The door bell pealed and she started violently. Her eyes fastened

appealingly, half afraid, upon the girl. But Selma Ashton did not see her, immersed in her own thoughts. At the sound of the bell, her shoulders had straightened. A curious, little smile played about the corners of her lips—though the lightness of those lips did not relax; nor did that smile soften the agate of her eyes, gleaming now with the light of one making a resolve.

She turned slowly toward the door half rising as the butler announced David Dwight. Her eyes met those of her companion, and there was a defiant expression in them, defiant yet triumphant. The end of the head, sharp, decisive, dismissed the woman who started to protest against the sacrifice she could see the girl had determined to make. The girl slowly left the room, left it even as the halting steps of the falling millionaire took him forward.

David Dwight had not gained his millions through procrastination. He had come decisively to the point. And yet there was something splendid about him that made the older woman's heart go out to him. She repressed a little cry of pain as she caught the tremolo that all unconsciously crept into his voice.

"I do not want you to marry me, Selma, unless you love me. I want you more than anything in the world—but not that much. Not without you, Selma, for I—I know what love means now."

Came a scuffle at the door, following the bell. She could hear the butler's voice raised in protest against some intruder. She saw the awkward scraping of feet immediately preceding an intruder's rush toward the room where the pair were. Mrs. Dwight peered through the doorway curiously. The newcomer was very young and very breathless and very dishevelled from his encounter with the butler, who was evidently cursing his hands as he stretched out to grasp the intruder by the arm. Dwight rose angrily.

"Mirror reporter, Miss Ashton! Charles Lead to decide after misappropriating your fortune to prop up the Titan Ship Company. Anything to say?"

"With superb art, the girl half rose from the divan. She reached out her hands as though to support herself, then sank gently back, staring incredulously at the reporter. The butler had his hand upon the fellow's shoulder and David Wright seized the other, hustling him toward the door. He heard the slam of it, the protest of the indignant reporter, thus summarily evicted.

Mrs. Pressley could not forego a final glance. Selma Ashton was smiling, but the smile died away as, patting his waistcoat which had become disarranged in the struggle, Dwight re-entered the room and stood looking down at her. The companion could not see the girl's face. The butler, who had been standing behind her, stepped forward, his face matched the tenderness upon his face.

"You did not know, Selma?" He pressed a question softly, as though fearful of asking but eager for an answer. "You did not know before?"

The girl started erect from the apathetic mood into which she had seemingly fallen. Slowly, very slowly, she rose, facing the man, who drew back before the hurt but angry light in her eyes.

"I understood—what you mean—" she said quietly, but with a cutting incisiveness that showed the depth of her hurt. "You mean—that—Her voice trembled, broke completely, she found herself unable to voice the remainder of her sentence.

The companion turned away. Then, as by an afterthought she approached the table and spread out the suicide's note upon the table, folding it carefully after she had smoothed out the wrinkles that had come from the crushing it had received.

There is no poison more subtle nor effective than self-indulgence. Like a narcotic it grips the moral senses and engenders completely every feeling of obligation. But, as with all drugs, there are moments when the effect is bound to wear off and then all the spectral horrors that gape and stare at the victim have their hour. Times there were when this hour visited Selma, driving her into deceptions for which she hated herself but which caused an intense, unreasonable longing to rise within her against the price she had paid whereby to drug herself. Not long would she endure the horrors of these awakenings. The subtle poison had already made her more frail too weak for that. She could count upon her fingers the hours of actual agonized remorse she had endured.

There was that terrible time when David Dwight asked her to marry him to their future happiness. Clear as a deep-toned bell, two words only of the marriage ritual dimmed at her ears, throbbed at her temples, dazed her brain. Until death—Until death—Until death—She had closed her eyes tightly, trying in that manner to drown out the horrid sound. Fainter and fainter they grew, leaving the little whisper of an echo with her. Still she strained, despite herself, to catch what that whisper was, though she, better than anyone else, already knew. Until death—until death—until DEATH—

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

DEATH OF SAMUEL ENGLE
Dillsburg, Pa., June 15.—Samuel Engle, a retired farmer of Washington township, died at the home of his son, Frank Engle, near Hall, on Sunday night, aged 65. Mr. Engle is survived by a son and a brother. The funeral will be held on Thursday with burial in the Flint Ridge Church yard, near Urish post office, Adams county.

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AMUSEMENTS

LAST DAY OF "DAVID HARUM" AT THE REGENT
To-day is the last day of "David Harum" by Edward Noyes Westcott in five parts at the Regent. "David Harum" has been received by millions of delighted readers, and seen on the stage by thousands. William H. Crane, the great character actor, star of the recent successes, "Father and the Boys," and "The Senator," keeps "Harum" playing the title role. The subject may be considered one of the most worthy works of the modern stage for its spry-time romance, with many unique effects. "The Love Route," the famous romance of the ranch and railroad, will be shown at the Regent Wednesday and Thursday. Harold Lockwood, Winifred Kingston, Donald Crisp and a company of popular photo players lend charm and sincerity to the various characterizations.

Wednesday and Friday we show "Pathe News" showing all the current events of this war, and all other events that might have occurred all over the world.

The atmosphere in our theater is delightful and refreshing at a time, owing to our scientific system of ventilation.

Aur wonderful pipe organ is played from 2 till 4:30 and from 7 till 10:30 daily.—Advertisement.

MUSIC AND FUN AT COLONIAL
The bill that opened at the Colonial Theater yesterday for a three-day run contains three acts in each of which there are some good singing numbers. Jack and De Frankie are a clever pair of little people who put over a neat song and dance act. Morris and Brown are a comedy act built around the erratic nature of the village man. Brown and Taylor do a grand variety with a comedy tinge to it. In each of these acts there is some pleasing vocal act and a pretty girl playing in each of them. The closing act is a comedy acrobatic act of the kind that keeps the audience in laughing and cheering. The splendid ventilation system at the Colonial is being used to advantage these warm days. Audiences find they are more comfortable in the Colonial than in the street.—Advertisement.

PATANG PARK AMUSEMENTS
Good mind reading acts are always welcome by vaudeville audiences, although there are frequently a sameness about them. The Rajahs, who top the bill at the Patang Park playhouse this week, however, are presenting some genuine novelties in their performance. The Rajahs, Prince and Madam, are twice they have been in this country less than two years, and in their offering is combined the mysticism of the East with a sure grasp of American vaudeville requirements, from which results a demonstration on a grand scale. Write a question and the dainty little sorceress will reply to it; whisper your favorite motto to Prince Rajah, and though blindfolded, the little lady will play it most delightfully for you, and you may have this same Rajah the most unlikely object you can think of; the pretty East Indian witch on the stage will describe it accurately and completely. Madam Rajah has made a proposition to Manager Davis, which will tell the whereabouts of absent people, whereby she will give his park audience a most startling demonstration of her ability on Friday evening. She proposes to answer any question put to her by anyone in the audience. She will tell the whereabouts of absent people, locate lost articles, state the truth or falsity of any statement that anyone may have made to the auditor. In fact Madam promises all sorts of information to her questioners. This promise to be a most interesting performance and one that will give every skeptic a chance to thoroughly test the mystical powers of the Rajahs. The balance of the park bill is well up to the high standard maintained in the

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