

Women AND Interests

Love Must Be Practical After Marriage

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
(Copyright, 1915, The Star Co.)
After marriage a man likes to be loved practically. The man who is not averse to the affection and demonstrations of love possible cannot render him happy if his dinner is not well cooked and if his home is disorderly. Grant him the background of comfort and he will be contented to accept the love as a matter of course.
Grant a woman all the comfort life may offer, yet she is not happy without the background of expressed love. When men and women both learn to realize this inherent difference of each other's natures and to respect the importance of these matters in relation to the husband's comfort.
But how few men cultivate sentiment, although knowing it so dear to the wife.
Men are forever talking eloquently of woman's sensitive, refined nature, which unites her for a public career. Yet this very sensitiveness he crucifies in private life by ignoring her need of a different heart diet than the one which he requires.
Wives through the cooking schools hoping to make their husbands happier thereby. Why not start a school of sentiment wherein husbands should be coached in paying graceful compliments and showing delicate attentions, so dear to their wives?
A man likes to be loved cheerfully, no matter how loyal it may be. He likes tact rather than the open expression of affection. He likes to be treated with dignity in public. Nearly all women are flattered and pleased if the man they adore exhibits his love before the whole world.
If he denies a convention for their sake, they feel it a tribute to their

worth and charm.
This is true of the most dignified and correct woman. But I have yet to see the man who is not averse to having the woman he loves provoke the least comment in public. He seems to feel that something is lost to him if the public observes his happiness, however legitimate and commendable it may be.
The woman who is demonstrative when he wants to read, and who contradicts him before people an hour later, does not know how to make a man happy. He is better satisfied to have her show deference to his opinions and suppress her demonstrations if she must choose.
A man likes a woman to show her love in occult ways, to consult his tastes, and agree with him in his most cherished opinions, to follow his counsel and to ask his advice. He will not question her love if she does this. But a woman needs to be told in words how dear she is, no matter what other proofs a man may give.
Yet few men live who do not appreciate a little well-timed expression of love, and every man is made happier and stronger by the praise and appreciation of the woman nearest to his heart.
The strongest man needs sympathy and is made better by it, though he may not confess it. The tendency of the age is to give all the sympathy to woman; the tendency of woman is to demand all the sympathy. But not until woman sympathizes with man in his battle with the world and himself, and not until man sympathizes with woman in her soul hunger, will the world attain to its best.
It is a queer fact that while women are without doubt the most lovable objects in the world, yet on man is lavished the greatest and most enduring passions.
A great many women go through life without ever having been loved by any man.
I doubt if any man ever reached old age without being adored by some woman.

A SMART AND DAINY BLOUSE

An Exceptional Model That is Equally Well Adapted to Evening and Day-time Wear.

By MAY MANTON



8638 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.

Could anything be prettier than the effect of the round neck and short puffed sleeves shown in this evening bodice? Incidentally the model is one of the newest and most fashionable and it makes an unquestionable appeal from every point of view. It gives an essentially youthful effect and it is absolutely simple. In one view, there is a bertha of the material scalloped, in another, the bertha and the sleeves are made of lace and these two effects are equally correct, yet so different that they do not in any way suggest the same foundation. For day-time occasions, the yoke can be added and the long sleeves used. A great variety of materials might be suggested and they would all be appropriate, but in the illustration, chiffon tulle is shown on the figure, crepe de chine with lace is shown in the small view and one of the pretty silk and cotton voiles is shown with the high neck blouse and preferably the yoke would be of all-over lace or net. There is a plain lining which holds the fullness of the blouse perfectly in place and any preferred girdle can be adjusted over the lower edge. Upon the height of the girdle depends the apparent length of the waist.
For the medium size will be required 3 1/2 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 2 3/4 yds. 36 or 44, or 1 1/2 yds. of material 27 in. wide for the bertha and sleeves shown in the back view. 3/4 yd. 18 in. wide for the yoke and collar.
The pattern 8638 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address mentioned in the advertisement of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

Many Picnics Will Be Held at Boiling Springs

Picnics at Boiling Springs Park, as arranged to date, are as follows:
June 18, First Lutheran Church, Carlisle; 19, Church of God, Carlisle; 21, Market Square Presbyterian Church; 22, Westminster Presbyterian Church; 23, Calvary Presbyterian Church; 24, United Baptist Sunday school; 25, union picnic, Mechanicsburg; 26, United Evangelical, Carlisle; 29, Second Reformed Sunday school, Harrisburg; 30, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Harrisburg; July 1, Camp Hill Methodist Church; 8, Church of God, Camp Hill; 10, union picnic, Wormleysburg; 13, Lutheran Sunday school, New Kingston; 14, Elks, Carlisle; 15, St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal; 16, Bethany Chapel; 17, Men's Bible Class, United Brethren Church, Steelton; 20, Trinity Spring Church; 21, United Brethren Church, Shiremanstown; 22, St. Michael's German Lutheran Sunday school; 23, Zion Lutheran Sunday school; 24, Evangelical Sunday school, Mechanicsburg; 27, Oakville Sunday school; 28, St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Mechanicsburg; 29, Camp Hill Lutheran Church; 30, United Brethren Church, Mechanicsburg; 31, Men's Bible Class, Lutheran Church of Redeemer; August 3, Middlesex Sunday school; 4, St. Paul's Reformed Sunday school, Mechanicsburg; 5, Shiremanstown picnic, Martic; 6, Carlisle; 7, Perry County picnic; 10, Hershey Chocolate Company Hershey; 11 and 12, fourth annual Farmers' Industrial picnic; 13, Fraternal Order Eagles, Canby; 14, Fokson Council, No. 18, Mummertown; 19, Pleasant View Church of God; 21, Harrisburg Republican Club; 26, Eberly's Mills Sunday school; September 6, Barbers' Union.

WHO PAYS?

Story No. 4—Installment No. 3
The Love Liar
By EDWIN BLISS
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CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.

At her new home she bore herself regally as she met the servants, and was introduced to Dr. Holland, the young man who was in constant attendance on her husband. As his hand touched hers she felt an instant, unexplained sympathy for him.

Week trod upon the heels of week until Selma became conscious that she was keeping track of time, was counting days; that Time instead of being a space wherein to enjoy oneself was something dreary and monotonous, something that stretched always just ahead of her. She knew in her heart yet would not admit to herself that Time could never begin for her until she was freed from David Dwight.

Came the fear that something of this thought might be apparent to the man. And so, by look, word and act she strove the more zealously to deceive him. The very unremitting vigilance, the constant deception occupying her entire time became to her a loathing which naturally in time extended itself to him.

It was the third month that she came upon him in the library, came upon him and paused swiftly to retrace her entrance had to be observed. She caught the rustle of skirts and, looking up, saw Mrs. Pressley and Dr. Holland in a corner of the room. The expression upon



Dr. Holland Working in His Laboratory to Improve His Patients Health.

the companion's face was peculiarly accusing and yet triumphant when that upon the countenance of Dr. Holland, as their eyes met, was half-pity, half—the tremble, violently as she tried to analyze exactly what the remainder of that expression told. Though she had fought bitterly against it, there was something so virile, so young, so impetuous about the man's fight that she had admired him, even though she knew the thing he fought for made him the bitterest enemy she could have owned. This admiration she knew was more than reciprocated. Not that, by the slightest look or gesture, was it ever indicated. Quite the contrary. With her woman's intuition she read aright the fact that his very avoidance of her spelt fear of the attraction he felt.

Dwight turned in his chair and she moved toward him. There was the light of great happiness in his eyes, an expression which seemed to glorify the man. There was something so tremendously splendid about her husband and something so delicately fine and sensitive that she seemed to be asserting itself in his face, causing such hot self-recrimination to arise within herself that she hated him for the torture he innocently caused.

There was something electrical in the very air of the room, something that caused her to be afraid. Dwight took her hand, resting it upon his knee, and she trembled. The physician and Mrs. Pressley moved softly from the room. She looked at the millionaire's face more intently, her heart fluttering as she could not analyze it, could not say exactly what it was that it consumed something that had been in process for a long time but which had been so gradual as to almost entirely escape her notice. And now, with a great wave of self-hatred at the criminality of the thought, she read it for what it was. David Dwight, her husband, this man to whom she owed her life, was a well man. David Dwight had regained his health. That life which for so long a time had been aflutter was now fixed and rigidly in place.

Even as he drew her softly close to his own, kissing her softly, tenderly, she felt herself go cold. She knew he was about to speak, about to tell her of the miracle and she felt that she could no longer hold her breath. She was stifling. She must get away before she betrayed herself.

Muttering an excuse she lunged blindly up the stairs to her own room. She felt no relief. The very house and everything in it was depressing. The very echoes of its habitation thundered the sentence in her ears. Until death—until death—now it meant a lifelong agony—that sentence. Snatching a scarf she groped her way to the garden, fighting down the bitterness within her heart, bringing in great lungfuls of the still night air, as though hoping from it to get some anti-toxin that would kill the poison within her. She seated herself on a bench in the little summer house, staring sightlessly before her, fighting desperately.

She looked up quickly at slow footsteps, her eyes lighting as Dr. Holland strolled down the walk, a book in his hand. For just a second she thought him about to pass on, after bowing to her, then, with a little shrug he seated himself beside her. She did not wish him there and still she was glad of his presence. She could not understand the conflict of absolutely antithetical emotions the man stirred up within her. She was unpleasantly conscious that something of her own feelings had been transmitted to him, else why had he so patently changed his mind when he seated himself?

She flushed at the thought, yet could not down it any more than she had been able to combat the innumerable thoughts of him that occupied her mind. She opened her lips as though to speak closing them quickly, embarrassed at the inanity of the words she was about to say. Looking furtively at his face she saw that he indeed was in no mood for chatter on trivialities.

In the flurry of the moment she reached out to take the book from his hands. It rested beside her but her nerves seemed stunned, anesthetized. Something had seemed to break within the very soul of her at the contact of his fingers. She could not move from that magnetic touch.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

SERVICE OF SONG

Special to The Telegraph
Blain, Pa., June 16.—A beautiful service of song, exercises and class drills was given by the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school on Sunday evening in observance of Children's Day. Title of the program was "Life's Morning."

ANNOUNCE BIRTH OF SON

Special to The Telegraph
Dillsburg, Pa., June 16.—Prof. and Mrs. Raymond Myers, of Monaghan township, announce the birth of a son, Jacob Richard Myers, on June 11. Mrs. Myers was formerly Miss Rosa Brounger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Brounger.

VISITORS' DAY AT TRESSLER'S

Special to The Telegraph
Blain, Pa., June 16.—A large attendance is expected to-morrow at the annual visitors day at Tressler's Orphan's Home at Loyalville. Music will be furnished by the Home band and a fine program of drills, music and exercises will be rendered.



and the two Expositions is Santa Fe, because you are a mile or more in the sky most of the way, through Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona—and you can visit such interesting places as Grand Canyon of Arizona, the Colorado Rockies, Petrified Forest, ancient Indian pueblos, Yosemite and the big trees.

Daily Excursions with liberal return limit and stop-overs. Four daily Transcontinental trains, including the California Limited, exclusively first class.

Fred Harvey meals "all the way." May we send you our picture folders of the trip?

Two fairs for one fare

THE SUMMER FASHION BOOK of the Celebrated PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS is now ready for you at the Pattern Counter.

All well gowned American women use PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

THE FASHION BOOK for Summer is the final note in Summer Fashions.

Only ten cents when purchased with one 15 cent pattern.

JUNE PATTERNS now on sale.

Dives Pomeroy & Stewart

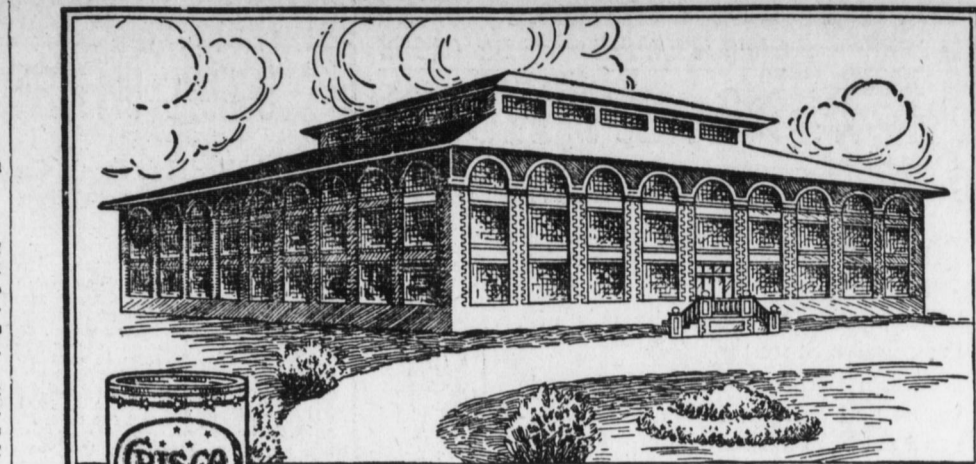
RASH ON CHILD ITCHED AND BURNED

Could Hardly See Out of Eyes. Face Swelled. Perfect Sight, Hair Fell Out. Very Cross and Fretful. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In Four Weeks Well.

920 Embury Ave., Asbury Park, West Grove, N. J.—"My child had a rash so badly he could hardly see out of his eyes. His face and head were a mass. It started with a scaly look and his face seemed to swell. Water started running out. When I would wash his face and head he would cry. It was a perfect sight. He could not sleep and I could not sleep. The rash itched and burned and he scratched and irritated it. His hair fell out; he lost every strand. He was very cross and fretful. "Nothing seemed to do him any good until I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. From the first week I could see his face change and in four weeks he was well." (Signed) Mrs. Edna Conway, June 22, 1914.

Besides soothing and healing severe skin troubles these fragrant super-creamy emollients preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands and meet every want of the toilet and nursery.

Sample Each Free by Mail With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.



YOU scarcely can imagine conditions more inviting than those under which Crisco is manufactured. It is packed by cleanly, uniformed employees in a building devoted exclusively to this one product. The floors and walls are of tile and marble; partitions are glass. Metal surfaces are nickel-plated or enameled pure white. The piping is aluminum. The air entering the building is washed and purified by machines for that purpose.



No hand touches Crisco until in your own kitchen the can is opened. Crisco is all vegetable. It is a solid cream of pure vegetable oil made by the Crisco Process without the addition of any hard fat.

Crisco wherever a shortening or frying fat is required will help to give your family delicious, digestible and economical food.

Many Marvels in Under Water Films at Colonial

The Colonial Theater announces a special feature film booking for the first three days of next week. The celebrated submarine motion pictures, taken by the Williamson expedition to the Bahama Islands, will be shown Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. These are seven reels of film showing life as it is beneath the surface of the ocean, and are declared to be the greatest educational pictures ever produced.

These Williamson submarine pictures are the most expensive film bookings ever arranged for any theater in Harrisburg. There are seven reels, all taken by means of a specially constructed and patented device for letting the camera man 200 feet or more down into the water. They show the marvelous growths at the ocean's bottom, the first actual photographs of wonderful things that students have studied for generations. They show the fishes in their native haunts, the sharks at play, and a battle between man and shark far beneath the surface.

In arranging to play this wonderful picture for three days, the Colonial drops one act from its regular program, and increases its prices to 10 and 15 cents in the afternoon and 15 and 25 cents in the evening. The picture is accompanied by a lecturer, who explains all of the interesting details.

The Williamson pictures take one on a journey, nearly one hundred miles in length, which filled with adventure and discoveries along the floor of the ocean, the most marvelous trip in the world—viewing enchanted sea gardens of the West Indies; exploring fifty-year-old wrecks by deep sea divers, crossing ocean meadows inhabited by cannibal sharks, watching strange denizens of the deep in their native haunts—and finally the most surprising scene ever photographed—a life-risking combat between one of the Williamson brothers and a man-eating shark in front of the camera under the ocean.

The photographer is located inside a small chamber with powerful lenses exposed to the walls of water and by the assistance of a powerful light that illumines the sea about him takes this picture through a porthole, made of thick glass. The observation chamber is attached to a collapsible submarine

Funeral Procession Dies While Leading

While leading a funeral procession through the East End Cemetery at Penbrook yesterday afternoon, Edward M. Knupp, superintendent and custodian of the burial ground for more than forty years, was suddenly stricken by the heat and died two hours later at his home, Twenty-seventh and Main streets.

Mr. Knupp had been conversing about their heat with some friends and left the group to pilot the funeral procession of Mrs. Mary E. Eberole to the grave when he was seized with the stroke. His own funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock and the Rev. Luther E. Henry, pastor of the Penbrook Lutheran Church, will officiate. Mr. Knupp will be buried in the East End Cemetery.

In the forty years of his superintendency Mr. Knupp had helped to bury hundreds of people. He was widely known throughout the town and always took an active part in civic affairs. For many years he was prominent in Jr. O. U. A. M. circles. He is survived by these brothers, George, Oyster's Point; B. Frank, city and Henry, J. Progress; and two sisters, Mrs. Mary Reimer, Lingiestown, and Mrs. Emerl McNeal, Pleasant View.

FUNERAL OF MRS. J. A. SMITH

Special to The Telegraph
Dillsburg, Pa., June 16.—Funeral services of Mrs. J. A. Smith who died at her home in South Baltimore street on Sunday was held yesterday and were conducted at the home by the Rev. J. Harold Wolf, pastor of the Monaghan Presbyterian Church. Burial was made in the Dillsburg Cemetery.



Sonny Likes His Bath Now

He does not mind it because the water is sure to be just right when heated with an Eagle Gas Circulating Water Heater.

SPECIAL JUNE PRICE \$12.00

\$2.00 Down \$1.25 a Month

This price is exceptionally low. Every heater is fully guaranteed. They are selling rapidly. The stock may be exhausted before the end of the month.

Why don't you get one in the interest of sonny's health or for your own convenience? See a demonstration at our show-room or phone for a representative.

Harrisburg Gas Company
14 South Second Street
Telephones: Bell—2028; Cumb. Val. 752.