

Women and Their Interests

What Virtues Are Really Yours?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
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Are you very certain you possess some shining virtue—some distinctive trait—which makes you a little better than your associates?

Be careful that you illustrate it in your daily life before you talk about it.

I call to mind three women. One tells her friends that if she falls in all other respects she knows she has pride—the sort of pride which maintains self-respect and keeps dignity unassailable.

Yet this woman is always seeking to benefit herself, and will submit to an humiliating rather than forgo a temporary pleasure or a possible advancement of worldly interests.

She places herself in embarrassing situations and ignores snubs that she may gain a point or reach a goal; and always she talks of pride as her dominating quality.

Another claims to be "sincere and simple and to other diplomacy or policy." She says she is so honest that she fears she lacks tact.

Yet no general preparing for the battlefield laid out his campaign with more skill and diplomacy than this woman employs to regulate her conduct.

Her conversation, her actions, her tactics are all those of a skilled tactician. She makes friends of those whom she believes capable of being of some benefit to her life, and avoids

wasting her time on those who would in no way serve her best interests. She is a good woman, charitable and kind at heart, but all her friends realize that she is essentially diplomatic, while she talks loudly of her simple, honest, unpolitic qualities.

The third says her life has been one long sacrifice for others, no unselfish renunciation of personal interests.

But she has done everything she ever wanted to do, bought everything she ever wished for, and been calmly oblivious of the best interests of her husband and children, who wait upon and serve her like the retainers and maids-of-honor of a queen. She lives in hotels, or travels abroad, or takes a house as the mood seizes her—not as the family may desire.

She considers her two sons-in-law monuments of unfeeling selfishness, because they wish her daughters to bestow time and attention upon them occasionally, and not use all their strength and vitality in the service of a mother who has every possible luxury in life.

Still another woman boasts of her willingness to live on a crust and wear old clothes rather than go into debt.

Yet she wears imported bonnets and eats strawberries in winter and owes everybody who has not learned better than to trust her.

Surely, "Know Thyself" is a good motto for all of us who are prone to boast of our shining virtue.

True Secret of Keeping Youthful Looking

(The Beauty Seeker.)

"The real secret of keeping young-looking and beautiful," says a well-known specialist, "is to keep the liver and bowels normally active. Without these requisites, poisonous waste products remain in the system, polluting the blood and lodging in various organs, tissues, joints. One becomes flabby, obese, nervous, mentally sluggish, dull-eyed, wrinkled and sallow of face."

"But to get liver and bowels working as they ought to keep one's health and avoid effects, has been the problem. Fortunately, there is a prescription of uncombined mineral salts, which is found in convenient tablet form. Its value is due largely to an ingredient derived from the sun. This ingredient, which has been called 'vegetable calcium' because of its effectiveness—though of course it is not a mineral—being the real calcium of mercurial origin. There is no habit-forming constituent in 'sentinel' tablets—that is the name—and their use is not followed by weakness or exhaustion. On the contrary, these harmless vegetable tablets tend to impart tone and elasticity to the relaxed intestinal wall. Sentinel tablets, which may be procured from any drug store, will, without fail, prove a revelation to any constipated, liver-troubled person."

Chief Cause of Pimples, Blotches, Sallow Skin

(Messenger of Health.)

Unightly eruptions, pimples, boils, blotches, sallow or muddy skin, usually due to a sluggish and inflamed bowel—and a polluted blood stream as a consequence. How foolish in such cases to resort to outward remedies, which can never have natural, permanent results, if more people only knew it, there is a very simple remedy to be found in any drug store, which is as effective as it is harmless and quick acting. It is an old formula, long known and used by the medical profession, which has been put in tablet form, and at such small cost no one need now be deprived of its wonderful benefits.

"Sentinel tablets"—that's the name—are entirely harmless. They do not habit-forming ingredients. You need only get about a dime's worth, and swallow one at bedtime to realize there's nothing else quite so good for the purpose. The action in the morning is so easy, so soothing, and instead of any drastic purgative effect, you feel truly refreshed and invigorated.

"Sentinel" tablets are not only the simplest remedy known for constipation and tired liver, but offer the sanest, most sensible treatment for complexion difficulties of the character mentioned.

Great Demand for New Constipation Remedy

They say that the advent of the "sentinel tablet" as a vegetable substitute for calomel has resulted in an extraordinary demand for this remarkable product. It seems to have made a hit particularly with those afflicted with chronic constipation, who were quick to recognize its advantages over calomel and the usual laxatives.

Sentinel tablets, aside from their efficacy, doubtless owe their success largely to a tendency to aid in bringing about natural functioning of the intestine—acting the "cathartic habit." Also, instead of injuring the membranous lining of the organs involved in constipation, they add tone to the intestinal wall. And they work so easily and quickly that, of course preferred on this account to the violently acting purgatives. Their inestimable value is another reason for the popularity of sentinel tablets. One need procure only a dime's worth, and take one tablet upon retiring, or at bedtime, that the ideal remedy for constipation, torpid liver, and their many evil consequences, has finally been found.—Druggists Review.

12 Doses For Headaches 30 Doses 50c



Lehnon, Pa., 1-9-15.

You are at liberty to use my name and testimony for advertising Casalin tablets, and you may refer any person to me and I will gladly tell them the good they have done for me.

Wishing you success,
I am yours truly,
MRS. LIZZIE FRITZ,
721 Spring Ave.

Building Master Men

Potash, sodium, lime and iron are some of the vital mineral salts necessary to proper nourishment of muscle, brain and nerves, but are not found in proper abundance in white bread and many other foods.

Grape-Nuts

—made from whole wheat and malted barley — richly supplies these needed mineral elements and is a delicious dish served with cream or rich milk.

Grape-Nut food is splendid for brain workers, and ideal for school children. Being partially pre-digested, it is quickly absorbed by the system — going directly to the up-building of sinew, brain and nerves without overloading the stomach.

"There's a Reason"
Sold by Grocers

Cumberland Valley Railroad
TIME TABLE

In Effect June 27, 1915

TRAINS leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6:03, 7:52 a. m., 3:46 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and other stations at 6:03, 7:52, 11:53 a. m., 3:46, 5:37, 7:45, 11:50 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:16, 3:26, 6:20, 9:25 a. m.
For Dillsburg at 6:03, 7:52, 11:53 a. m., 2:16, 3:40, 5:37 and 6:39 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
J. H. TONGE, H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.
Resorts
DOUBLING GAP, PA.
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Try Telegraph Want Ads

NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne,
AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE DUCKLE," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
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Ilington turned suddenly—at his side stood Hernandez. Ilington shook his head.

"There's not a chance," he said.

"Senior Ilington," said Hernandez, "you are indeed fortunate to have tied yourself to me. Always I have something up my sleeve." He jerked his head. "Follow me," he added.

Ilington, wondering, followed, dragging Manuela with him.

Swiftly the group moved along the water front—they fought their way inch by inch. Suddenly Hernandez darted out upon another wharf.

"Stand in a circle," he commanded, "and when I say the word—quick action, senior."

Then Hernandez stooped quickly and jerked back a trap door that had been fitted into the planking.

"Quick," he whispered, "drop."

He seized Manuela and dropped her through the opening. She screamed—this scream rose to a shriek when she struck the water. But her alarm was unwarranted. There was no danger—she stood waist-deep in water. Ponto followed with a leap—he knew his ground. Ilington lowered himself warily, to save Annette from injury; he clung for an instant to the edge of the trap door behind him. The closing of this door left them almost in total darkness.

"Senior," whispered Hernandez, "I have a boat. One moment, please."

He groped about and caught a rope tied to a pile. He drew it in, hand over hand.

"In," said Hernandez—"everybody in."

The group obeyed. The boat was small.

"Senior," said Hernandez, "you are large—you are tall. See yonder ray of light—it is an opening, just wide enough to admit of this small craft. Leap out, senior—draw us thither—it is the sole way to the sea."

Ilington dragged the boat through the narrow opening and swung back into his place.

"I'll row," he said.

Suddenly Hernandez pointed toward the north. "Look, senior," he exclaimed, "succor—yonder is salvation."

Ilington followed his glance. His face lighted.

"Salvation is right," he returned in tones of relief, "a steamer—and, what's more, she flies the American flag. Good luck!"

Under the command of her captain, Hardin, the Princess had steamed back into the rain of living fire to rescue whom she might.

On the forward deck of the steamer stood Captain Hardin—and beside him his small son—to welcome refugees. And there were many refugees to welcome. Captain Hardin soon saw he must discriminate.

Finally he shook his head. "Ben," he told his mate, "we're filling up. Pick your crowd from now on—only the helpless—children, women, old men. Reject all others."

Welcher, with two of the crew behind him—both scared into a frenzy—all armed with capstan bars—raised aloft his bludgeon.

"No more—no more!" he cried. "I'll brain the first man who tries to get aboard."

Suddenly above the din, a powerful voice was heard.

"Aho, there, Princess," cried this voice.

Welcher followed the sound. It came from the lungs of a powerfully built man rowing a leaky boat.

"Make way there," bellowed the oarsman, Ilington; "one moment, Princess. Where's the captain?"

Ilington seized his little daughter Annette and uncovered her head.

"Never mind me," he said. "I want refuge for this woman and the child."

Welcher was adamant. "Not an ounce of human flesh aboard this boat," he said.

"There was a tug upon his arm. He turned. Little Neal Hardin, the captain's son, stood at attention and touched his cap. He pointed with one hand toward little Annette Ilington.

"Please, Mr. Welcher," he pleaded, "let her come aboard. She don't weigh an ounce."

The mate turned savagely upon the boy. "You mind your own business, brat," he cried. The boy stared at him a moment, then saluted and started off.

"Yes, sir," he returned, "that's what I'm going to do."

He darted off on the run, and sought his father, Captain Hardin.

"There's just one once—a little bit of an ounce—wants to come aboard, captain—pop," he pleaded; "a twenty-twoenty little ounce. Won't you let it come?"

He dragged the captain forward. The captain, laughing good-naturedly, followed him.

Meanwhile Ilington, with sure discrimination, placed the child in Manuela's arms once more, and forced the native woman out upon the ladder.

"Courage, Manuela," he kept whispering; "courage, Annette. They've got to help you out."

Captain Hardin leaned over the side. "Let the woman and child come aboard," he shouted; "back there, men back. Welcher, let them come aboard."

"Ah-h," cried Ilington in a tone of relief. With a final almost superhuman effort he lifted Manuela to the rail of the Princess, safely aboard. He was about to pass the child to her, but young Neal Hardin was holding out

his arms.

"I'm a good catch," said young Neal; "put it there."

Ilington glanced for one instant into the frank face of Neal Hardin and the captain of the ship. He drew a sigh of relief. He nodded swiftly.

"Whatever happens, thank God she is in good hands," he said.

Captain Hardin put his lips to his megaphone.

"Put her about there," he shouted out; "full steam ahead."

Even as he said it there was a fresh shower of huge red cinders; some ash—some in molten state. There was an added cry of agony from shore and sea. Even the refugees aboard the ship cowered under the hail of fire in terror. Suddenly at the captain's side Manuela, the native woman, uttered a gasp. A red-hot cinder of unusual size had smitten her upon the temple as she crouched low over little Annette Ilington. Clutching the captain by the arm she fell prone upon the deck. Young Neal Hardin sprang forward and caught the child before she fell.

Manuela's breath came fast—the thinnest portion of her skull had been pierced by the jagged edges of the cinder. Wild-eyed and frantic, but well realizing that she was upon the point of death, she caught young Neal by the blouse.

"I die—you take baby—some day papa come—very rich—"

She said no more. The captain bent over her, rose and glanced at Welcher significantly. Then he turned to his young son Neal.

"Take the little girl into our cabin, Neal," he said. "Give her to your mother."

Neal clutched the warm bundle in his arms and staggered with it aft.

As Mrs. Hardin unwound the shawl something dropped clinking to the cabin floor. Neal seized it and handed it to his mother.

"It's a bag of gold," he said.

No sooner had he said it than another object fluttered to the floor—an oilskin packet sealed with sealing wax. Mrs. Hardin placed the two upon a small stand set into the side wall of the cabin. She continued to unwind the shawl. Again they started. Pinned to the child's dress was a crumpled piece of paper, and upon the piece of paper was a hastily pencilled scrawl. Mrs. Hardin read it. This is what it said:

"I am Annette Ilington, heiress of the lost Isle of Cinnabar. I will be very rich some day. Save my clothes and the oilskin packet until I am eighteen. I must look out for a man with a saker cut upon his face. For God's sake keep me safe."

CHAPTER IV.
—
After a Night of Fear.

The three men—Ilington and his two companions—sat dejected in their badly leaking boat and watched Captain Hardin's vessel fade away into the distance. Hernandez watched her keenly as she disappeared. Into the innermost recesses of his mind he tucked away the fact that she was the steamer Princess of New York. Some day that knowledge would be of use to him. Hot ashes brushed against Ilington's cheek; some rested on his shoulders. He shook himself like some huge mastiff. He seized the oars.

"Come," he said, "we've got to get out of this—and right away. This boat is filling fast."

"Go to it, senior," said Hernandez. "Row."

It was not a request; it was a command. It was a strange thing that as long as Ilington had borne the child in his arms, Ilington had been the leader of the three. Now his independence seemed to leave him.

For hours he rowed—he forgot he was a human being. His oars rose and fell with the regularity of machine-like movement. Suddenly Hernandez spoke.

"Careful, senior," he commanded. "Behold the surf."

He was quite right. They were crossing some bar well off the shore. Before they knew it they were in the midst of a tumult of wind-driven angry waves. Ponto shrieked. A wave towered high above them and fell with thunderous thud upon the bottom of their boat. She went under.

"Come on," cried Ilington; "a hand on each of my shoulders—I'll take you safe ashore."

Half an hour later the three men staggered out of the battered surf and sank down exhausted upon a strip of beach.

Dawn broke with Ilington still sleeping heavily. Ponto was the first to wake. He shook Hernandez, placing his finger on his lips. Hernandez sprang up with the agility of a panther. He collected his faculties in an instant. He placed his hand upon the shoulder of the sleeping man and shook him.

"Wake, senior," he commanded; "it is day."

"Senior," went on Hernandez, "let us resume our conversation—our talk of yesterday. Where is this lost island?" He thrust his face into the face of Ilington. "And where," he demanded, "is the oil-silk packet?"

"Where, also," added Ponto, "is the bag of gold?"

(To Be Continued.)

KAUFMAN'S

MARKET SQUARE

"UNDERSSELLING" STORE

"The Customer First"

"The Customer First" in all things at all times is our idea of storekeeping. Should any customer feel dissatisfied with a purchase made here we make it right.

Should any purchase not give the expected and represented service we make it right.

Should there be any cause for any complaint whatever, we locate the cause and we make it right.

We are thorough believers that a satisfied customer is a store's best asset and our whole organization from the humblest to the highest is drilled with the idea of considering "The Customer First."

Come and Select Your SUIT, COAT, DRESS or SKIRT
from the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Ready-to-Wear Garments in the City. And Remember We Are Only Showing This Season's Newest Styles.

New Fall Poplin and Whipcord SUITS

\$16.50 and \$18 Values

At \$12.75

Pure wool poplins and whipcords. Belted, semi-belted and box coat models. Fur trimmed, braided trimmings. Coats lined with yarn-dyed linings. All sizes in black, navy, African brown, Russian green and Copenhagen.

Silk Poplin Dresses Worth \$5.95

At \$3.95

Two new models in an unusually good quality of silk poplin. One with vest effect — the other with shirring. White collar and cuffs. Black, navy, wistaria, dark brown, dark green, Belgium and olive.

Charming All Wool New Fall SUITS

\$18 and \$20 Values

At \$14.75

Pure wool poplin, gabardines, broadcloth and whipcords. Fur trimmed or braided or velvet trimmed. Box effects or semi-fitted. Coats lined with yarn-dyed satins or heavy Peau de Cigne. Sizes to 46 — and all the smaller sizes. All the style workmanship and quality that many stores ask more than \$20.00 for.

Wonderful All Wool New Fall SUITS

\$22.50 to \$25 Values

At \$18.00

A value that we spend time and effort in obtaining from one of our best manufacturers. Nothing to equal this. Finest grades of poplin, imported gabardine and whipcord. Chiffon, broadcloth and novelty fabrics. Fur trimming or braided or velvet. A wonderful assortment of beautiful suits in all the wanted colors and all sizes for women and misses.

Kaufman's New Idea in Selling Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats Has Proven Successful From the Start.

Hats that cost twice as much are no better nor can you find hats so pretty as the new models we are specializing in at such wonderful prices.

\$2.90

\$3.90

\$4.90

Every new conceit in millinery is practically expressed to us the moment it is created. Not a new fashion hint from New York or Paris escapes our notice—so that you get the most fashionable models — and no two alike — and made in our own workrooms.

The best dressed women in town are buying millinery at Kaufman's. Not only because of the economy, but because the styles are CORRECT — AUTHENTIC and always ahead of others.

Over one thousand new Fall shapes at **\$1.00, \$1.45 and \$1.90.**

Every color that is in demand — every popular shape — every wanted material. All becoming hats that will make up beautifully. See them on Saturday.

We Trim All Hats FREE

—When the hat and trimmings are purchased here. When extra or special making is required our charge is very moderate.

Kaufman's Underselling Store, Second Floor.

All Alterations FREE and Perfect Fit Guaranteed

Sport COATS: \$4.95
Worth up to \$7.50

Corduroy Coats: \$6.95
Worth \$10, at . . .

Extra Wednesday Specials Throughout the Store

<p>Women's Silk Hosiery Worth \$1.25; for . . . 79c</p> <p>Only 125 pairs, pure thread silk, full fashion made, double heel and sole and toe, mercerized garter tops, in black and white only. All sizes.</p> <p>KAUFMAN'S — First Floor.</p>	<p>Women's Union Suits Worth 75c, for . . . 59c</p> <p>Medium weight, fleece lined, long sleeves. All sizes from 34 to 46.</p> <p>KAUFMAN'S — First Floor.</p>	<p>Women's Kimonos Worth \$2.50, for . . . \$1.39</p> <p>Women's full length Seco Silk Kimonos, beautiful assortment of patterns. All sizes.</p> <p>KAUFMAN'S — Second Floor.</p>
<p>Women's Aprons Worth 25c, for . . . 15c</p> <p>Made of fast color gingham, large sizes, with pockets.</p> <p>KAUFMAN'S — First Floor.</p>	<p>Coat Sweaters Worth \$1.25, for . . . 89c</p> <p>For men and women heavy ribbed sweaters, roll collars with pockets. All colors and sizes.</p> <p>KAUFMAN'S — First Floor.</p>	<p>Women's House Dresses Worth \$1.00, for . . . 49c</p> <p>New Fall models, made of fast color gingham. All sizes and colors.</p> <p>KAUFMAN'S — Second Floor.</p>

Extra Specials For Wednesday In the Bargain Basement

<p>Baby Blankets 75c Baby Blankets, sizes 36x50, pink and blue, animal designs, Teddy bear, cat, rabbit and bow knot. Special, each . . . 42c</p>	<p>Turkish Bath Towels \$1.00 fine Turkish Bath Towels large size, colored borders and all-over designs. Special, each . . . 47c</p>	<p>Satin Bed Spreads \$2.25 extra quality Satin Bed Spreads, full size and beautiful designs. Special, each . . . \$1.57</p>	<p>Robe Blankets \$2.50 Robe Blankets in beautiful Oriental and Indian designs for slumber robes, bath robes and bed coverings. Special, each . . . \$1.68</p>
<p>Wool Nap Blankets \$2.25 Wool Nap Blankets, in gray, tan and white; size 64x76. Special, pair . . . \$1.68</p>	<p>Room Size Rugs \$5.00 Ingrain Art Square Rugs; size 9x12; good decoration and all-over designs. Special, each . . . \$3.37</p>	<p>Scrim Curtains \$1.50 flat edge Scrim Curtains, 2 1/2 yards long, in white, Arab and cream, with filet insertion. Special pair . . . 93c</p>	<p>Plaid Silk and Cotton 39c silk and cotton Scotch plaids for Waists; five good designs. Special, yard . . . 25c</p>

Fine Fall SUITS
For Men and Young Men, at . . . **\$8.75**
The very biggest values any store has ever offered are in this lot of suits. Newest models and every suit guaranteed for long satisfactory wear. These suits come in the new Browns, Grays, Blues and Dark Green. Sizes 33 to 44.

Wednesday Special in BOYS' SUITS
The Popular Balkan, Norfolk and Patch Pocket Styles, at . . . **\$3.00**
Splendid suits, excellent quality. Handsome corduroy suits, one pair pants. Strong cassimere suits, with two pair of full peg Knickers. Sizes 6 to 17 years.

SOCIAL AT MT. ROCK
Special to The Telegraph
Shippensburg, Pa., Sept. 28. — The Men's Bible class of the Messiah United Brethren Church, taught by the Rev. Dr. G. W. Shergick, held a social at the home of Oliver Mathna, at Mt. Rock, about three miles west of town.

INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP
Special to The Telegraph
Shippensburg, Pa., Sept. 28. — The Shippensburg United Brethren Church is the leading church of the town. About 150 new members have been taken in, making the membership almost 500. The Sunday school has an enrollment of about 650.

DEATH OF INFANT
Special to The Telegraph
Penbrook, Pa., Sept. 28. — Dorothy Irene Brinser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Brinser, died yesterday at the home of her parents, 2635 Curtin street, Penbrook. Funeral services will be held to-morrow afternoon.