

### WHAT ARE YOU THINKING NOW?

#### Physical Condition Shows in Man's Nervous Dis-orders

By Beatrice Fairfax

"As a man thinketh in his heart so he is." Physical conditions write themselves on the face and body, and a doctor who is a clever diagnostician can almost read their meaning at sight. So, too, for mental states. The physician who has studied mental and nervous disorders recognizes certain facial characteristics that are symptoms of disease.

Who would willingly print on his face unpleasant signs of unpleasant mental condition? That is exactly what you do when you permit your mind to dwell on morbid things.

All thoughts of cruelty, or unkindness, of fear, of anger or of indecency leave their traces on the human face. This is not theory, it is fact. Tiny little marks and lines come onto the face as a result of mental habit.

Who of us has not seen a drooping, twisted mouth that told of bitter cynicism? Which of us has not observed shifty, unfocused eyes that betrayed a habit of mental evasion? These are marked conditions, but the lesser ones are there, too.

The face betrays mental states. But it is the mental states themselves that are of greater importance. Think along certain lines long enough and you come almost to exist along those lines. Mental habits are dangerous to form.

One Example  
Take the case of suspicion. Suppose you let yourself get into the way of wondering what hidden meaning there is behind what people say, what sly intention there is behind what they do; suppose you begin to question the sincerity of motive of your friends and acquaintances—the habit grows on you, more and more your tendency to question grows into one of distrust and finally suspicion becomes part of your nature.

And once suspicion takes possession of you, you become unable to accept anybody simply and honestly, and faith and trust become almost impossible for you to know.

If you think in terms of sunshine and good cheer, you come gradually to feel in those terms. Contemplating kindness and beauty brings them home to you. Mental habits are fairly easy to form and frightfully difficult to break. All of us who are normal have a choice of controlling our own minds or letting them run away from us.

There is an old German saying that suggests this idea. "Just as you shout into the forest so the echo shall come back to you." And so you get from life fairly much what you have deposited in its bank!

Think of the world as a place which appreciates honest endeavor and which rewards merit with success and you will have a cheery willingness to succeed and a hopeful feeling that success is yours for the taking. This attitude may never bring you ten thousand a year, but it will give you optimism that cannot fail.

Morbid melancholy is the result of nothing that sweeps on you from the outside; it is due directly to the way you feel within yourself.

What you think about conditions indicates not what you are, but what you inevitably must be. Look on life as a place where things depend on chance and where fate has been cruel to you and where everything is rather hopeless any way and where to try were vain, and naturally, since your back is to the sun and you have encased yourself in a black canopy of woe, you will never see sunlight.

It is dangerous to get into the habit of thinking morbid, unhappy thoughts. And it is perfectly possible to get into the habit of thinking cheerful, optimistic, hopeful and constructive ones.

What you think about is a matter of choice—and a choice that ought to be carefully and sanely made.

A fevered imagination can fancy itself ill. A frightened diagnosis can consider all hope lost. But a sane and cheerful optimism gives courage to fight and conquer, since it never could imagine obstacles too high to surmount or woe too desperate to be overcome.

The man who thinks in terms of success cannot imagine failure. The man who does not know when he is beaten never is finally conquered, since he holds in his heart an indomitable cheer like that of Browning's hero: "One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward."

Never doubted clouds would break, Never dreamed, though right were wrong, Wrong would triumph, Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake."

APPOINT VIEWERS  
Paul G. Smith, James D. Sultman and Harry Fahnstock were appointed a board of viewers to-day to assess benefits and damages incident to the opening and grading of Lexington street from Mahantongo to Division streets. The board will report to the court September 25.

SELL NORTH THIRD ST. HOUSE  
1521 North Third street, property of T. M. Mack, undertaker, was sold at trustee's sale this afternoon in front of the Courthouse for \$5,700.

### RAPS EMPLOYERS PREYING ON GIRLS

#### Dorothy Dix Says Wives Who Blame Stenographers Should Ponder

By DOROTHY DIX

A woman sends me a letter in which she asks me to write a scorching article to working girls, scolding them for making themselves so attractive to their employers. She says it is the stenographer, and the salesgirl, and the factory girl who conspire the real home-wrecking crew, and that they fuss up their hair, and paint their faces, and wear up-to-the-minute clothes, and flirt with their bosses, and go out to dinner with them, and that this breaks the hearts of the poor neglected wives at home.

And this jealous wife thinks that something awful, with boiling oil in it, ought to be done to these giddy girls, and that a law should be passed against permitting them to look so pretty, and be so young and gay, while wives get old and worn and can't always be dressed up.

Perhaps Heaven knows the business girl who has a sentimental affair with her employer, and who goes about with him to places of amusement when he is a married man, does a foolish enough and a wrong enough thing, and one for which she pays dearly enough in the end.

But why blame everything on the girls? What about the recreant husbands who take the girls about? No girl can go out to dinner or to the theater with her employer unless he asks her to go. She can't compel him to treat her to such diversions or to make her presents or to spend money on her that should be spent on the wife, as an elderly and plain and homely working woman can testify.

Moreover, it is the privilege of the employer to select those only those about him of whose conduct he approves, and if he didn't want little Miss Stenographer to make 500-1000 eyes at him he would send her packing at the very first roll of an orb in his direction. A girl can flirt with a stone saint on a monument in a cemetery as easily as she can with a man who isn't flirtatious himself, and you may be very sure that any husband who gets stolen away from his own fire-side has been guilty of, at least, contributory negligence.

Cynically Amusing to Hear Wife Accuse Girl of 18 Without Experience  
When you come to think of it, it is cynically amusing to hear a wife accuse a little eighteen or nineteen-year-old girl with no experience of life, no knowledge of the world, of kidnapping a man old enough to be her father, if not her grandfather, and bearing him struggling and protesting, away from his once happy home.

According to the wives the husbands, no matter what bear-eyed rounders they appear to be, are mere innocent, unsuspecting infants, entirely unable to cope with the arts and wiles of any little girl behind a counter or before a typewriter.

Undoubtedly the reason that wives cling to this theory of their husbands' inability to resist the hypnotic power of their female employees is because it saves their own faces. In their hearts they are bound to know that in every affair between a man and the girl he employs the original instigator is the man. He is the aggressor, and he is the one to blame, because he strikes the note of the relationship between himself and those he employs.

He can make it purely business-like, as is the case in the great majority of offices. He can nip any sentimentality in the bud. He can dismiss any girl who shows flirtatious tendencies. He can do more. He can form the manners and the morals of the girls he employs, and teach them to be dignified, self-respecting, gentlewomen, who will know how to avoid even the appearance of evil.

The man who is honorable and straight himself is in no more danger from the arts and wiles of his girl employee than a lion is from a sick mouse.

Not Girls, but Wicked Old Employers  
Who Do the Preying  
As a matter of fact, it is not the wicked little girls who prey upon their employers, but it is the wicked old employers who prey upon helpless little girls. And this is the more startlingly because the girl who works is not free to resent familiarities and insults, as is the young lady in society. The working girl's bread and butter, and often that of those nearest and dearest to her, depend upon her holding her job, and her job only too often depends upon her complacency to her employer.

Many a stenographer listens, with disgust in her soul, while her fat and amorous old employer tells her how un happily married he is, and how happy he would be if he only had a sweet young thing like her to console him. Many a salesgirl and factory girl loathes the attentions that a bald-headed old married floor walker or superintendent forces upon her, but she has to summon up a smile and look pleased and flattered and jolly along the man whose favor means her keeping her situation.

It's as cruel a dilemma as life offers for a girl is willing to work it shows that she, at least, wants to live honestly, and the pity of it is that she so often finds it so hard to do so.

Mother Should Think of Her Own Daughter Before Making Accusations  
Perhaps it is too much to expect

### BUT THIS IS HOW HE DID IT

YES, THE FARM ON WHICH I SPENT MY VACATION WAS PRETTY DULL UNTIL I ARRIVED, THEN I STARTED THINGS HUMMING!



### BUT THIS IS HOW HE DID IT



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### Meaning of Reasonable Medical Attention Up

More than a score of physicians, insurance men, representatives of industries in the State and members of the Workmen's Compensation Board met this afternoon in the Masonic Temple to discuss the recommendations made by the Bureau of Medical Education and License in regard to what is considered the proper medical attention an employer should give an employee injured while at work.

Chairman Harry A. Mackey opened the discussion and explained that the Compensation Board would take no action until all parties concerned had been heard from. He stated that the meeting was called for this purpose and called on Dr. J. M. Baldy, president of the Bureau of Medical Education, to explain several points in the bureau recommendations.

Dr. Baldy said that an employer removes his responsibility by sending the injured employee to an incorporate hospital; turns him over to a licensed physician, or gives proper first-aid at the plant.

He laid stress on proper first aid work and declared that the Bureau of Medical Education would prosecute anyone who was not licensed and attempted to give more than first aid. Dr. Baldy explained that first aid meant that such attention should be given the injured person as was necessary until professional attention could be given by a person properly qualified for the work.

Among the men who asked for explanations of various clauses were J. B. Douglas, of the United Gas Im-

provement Company of Philadelphia; Dr. G. H. Halberstadt, of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, Pottsville, and Harry J. Shoemaker, of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association Casualty Insurance Company, of Philadelphia.

TENNIS AS OUR AMERICAN GAME  
Tennis is as old as the hills, basically, though it has undergone many changes for the better. It was played

by the Greeks and Romans under the names of "Sphairisai" and "Pila." As "Paume" it is mentioned in the Arthurian romances and in the earlier records of the Dark Ages. In the 15th century it enjoyed great favor in France, and in England from the 16th century to the present time. As it seems to be more or less mixed up with about every sort of race, it may be called truly American, especially as we have poured it into our melting-

pot to boil and simmer, and have seasoned it to our liking! But, as an adopted pastime, we can hardly call it our national game, as national seems to imply home-grown or native. Yet we have developed tennis, speeded it up, perfected it, Americanized it so successfully that the game as we play it to-day typifies the restlessness, energy and competition of our national spirit.—Norman Harsell in The Country-side Magazine for July.

### How Would You Like to Have This Lady Sing For You Tonight?

This is Marie Rappold, soprano of the Metropolitan. Suppose she were to sing in your home to-night. You would listen with pleasure, wouldn't you? You will listen with equal pleasure to Edison's Recreation of her voice, for one is indistinguishable from the other.



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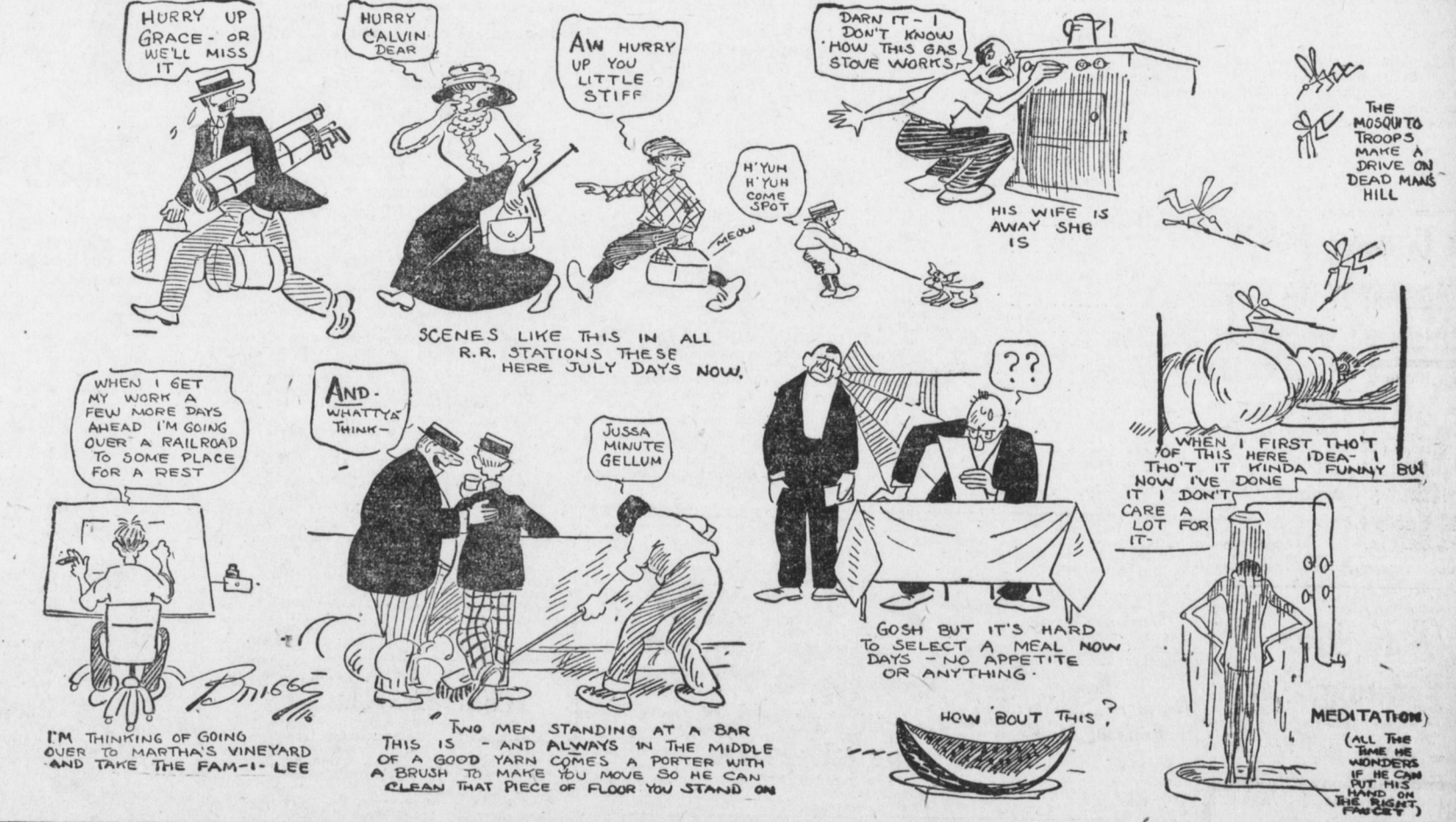
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By BRIGGS

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