

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

WOMEN OVERTAKING MEN SOUTACHE BRAID IS MOST POPULAR

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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A woman in business is very much distressed by having the statement made to her that the word of our sex was not held in high esteem in the legal world and that from almost every standpoint woman was regarded by man as a rather irresponsible being. Until the last quarter of a century woman was what man made her, with his laws and restrictions and traditions. Yet even with all these handicaps she has left a remarkable record upon the books of history.

In every walk of life, in every art and sphere, woman has made her shining mark. During the last twenty-five years her progress has been less impeded by the debris of old traditions, and she has sped forward upon a broadening road of progress with astonishing rapidity.

Comments and criticisms such as my correspondent repeats are scarcely worth remembering or refuting. Man compelled woman to prevail upon herself for so many centuries that if she has still the tendency to withhold the truth or to distort it at times we need not wonder.

Man hid her away from all knowledge of the great issues of life so long kept her in ignorance of her own powers and his own weakness. He would know her and him too well that we should not be surprised if she is still unable to grasp the conditions of life as readily as he is.

Realization of Personal Responsibility Has Only Begun to Dawn on Woman
A realization of personal responsibility has only begun to dawn upon woman. She still thinks of herself to a great extent as the privileged being — where self-dependence is considered — that many centuries ago. She believes was God's intent when she was formed.

Without question, woman does not keep appointments of a business nature as promptly or regard obligations as seriously as the men of her sex do. Few businesswomen are as thoroughly as men in their work, and their methods are less direct, less efficient. Women are usually more nervous than men, and consequently less agreeable to deal with.

It is only the exceptional woman who possesses the power of concentration, which is one of the firmest qualities a man develops in business. Women scatter their forces in a thousand avenues where men conserve them. Women have not yet learned to know the value of time in business matters as men perceive its value.

Efficient and agreeable in social life, in business woman rarely shows these blundering man exhibiting her in his dealings with his fellows.

She is often brusque with her own sex and indifferent with her male, taking both sides for poise in the

interstate or foreign commerce; reorganization of the Interstate Commerce Commission and creation of the new Federal Railroad Commission with subordinate divisions. The plan also would give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to prescribe minimum rates, and the only hope to suspend rates to sixty days from the time the tariff is filed, instead of ten months, as at present; and giving the government the issuance of securities by interstate carriers.

TO INSTALL OFFICERS
Officers for the coming year will be installed this evening at the regular meeting of Painters and Decorators' Union, No. 411, in the lodgerooms at 221 Market street.

Everyone Needs a Tonic to Withstand the Rigors of Winter

The rigors of winter are unusually severe on the average system, and it is just now that assistance is needed. A few bottles of S. S. S. will do you a wonderful amount of good by thoroughly cleansing and purifying the blood and putting the entire system in tip-top condition. It will improve your appetite, and by increasing your supply of rich, red blood, throughout the circulation, new life and vigor will take the place of that weak and good for nothing feeling.

S. S. S. is sold by druggists everywhere, who will tell you that it has been on the market for more than 50 years and is thoroughly reliable. Valuable books and free medical advice can be had by writing to Swift Specific Co., 30 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

"Ain't It the Truth!"

(From an article by the advocates of manual telephone service in The Star-Independent of January 4.)

"... The wrong number and the busy signal are often pardonable faults in the work of the operator. It is easy — and very human — for a girl to give a wrong number. Finding the desired party almost by instinct, the slightest mistake in reach or calculation means that the connection has been made with the wrong party."

We told you the manual telephone system is inefficient and unreliable. We told you it is easy for the operator to give you a "wrong number" or a false "busy" report. Now they admit it!

Use The Dial

You always get the number you dial. No false busy reports. The Automatic operator makes no wrong connections.

It Costs Less

There are less men than ever working in the mines. And stocks in yards are below normal.

Can you live without coal in cold weather? If you can't get it, what then? Buy it now—NOW.

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THE ENEMY

—BY—
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER
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Continued.

For a moment — an eternity in seeming, seconds in reality — his eyes lingered on the scene, and it seared into his brain. The late afternoon sun, golden with the warm glow of Spring, had slanted into the little office, had touched with a mellow luster the soft brown graining of Billy's desk, had cast a rufous-like gleam upon the sprig of apple blossoms in the glass, and had blessed, with an aureole-like radiance, Billy and Tavy. As the sun shone through the window Tavy still sheltered in Billy's arm, and broad-shouldered Billy turned sternly towards the intruder. Tavy! In her eyes was growing that same smouldering passion of defiance, which he remembered so well in Jean. Tavy had taken Billy to be her own!

Abruptly the old man turned and was gone from the room! Billy ran after him into the hall, but heard only the click of a descending elevator.

"What was it, Billy? What did he mean?" Tavy's voice was trembling.

"I can't understand it. Hal and I are good friends. There is no reason for what he said!" Billy was more hurt than angry.

"The answer was prompt, and full of resentment. 'But why should he presume to interfere? What right has he to even speak to me concerning you? Who is he that he can take such liberties with me?'"

"He must be unbalanced to-day," Billy suggested this explanation in answer to his own perplexity as much as to hers. "Who was John Doe? Tavy's father after all! What had Billy done for him that he could be criticized. The only thing was that little matter of drinking. Hal had spoken to him several times about that, but surely he could not hold it of such importance as to wish his daughter dead rather than married to Billy."

"What's that!" Tavy's troubled eyes both cleared and softened. "Do you remember how strangely he acted that first day he saw me? He must have loved his daughter very much."

"Yes, Tavy, Billy's voice was very gentle as he drew her to him; and he was very thoughtful of her, and of Hal, and of many things, as they walked across to the desk. He looked at his watch and took up the phone. 'Suppose we tell Mummy Stuart about that impromptu dinner party.'"

"Oh, yes; do! All brightness now, and happiness, nothing but her voice, but the joy of living. So soon are the tragedies of life forgotten, when one is young."

Billy asked for the new number, which was already so familiar. Tavy stood near him, and as he held the phone, he reached out and stole his arm around her slender waist. Her cheeks flushed as she nestled against him, but she slid her arm across his shoulder, and fluffed his hair. She had always wanted to rumple his hair. It was so wayward in its waviness, so sticky.

"Hello, Mummy Stuart," he called into the phone. "We want you to drive out to Woodbriar for dinner. Tavy will be ready when we come? Tavy and I will be there. We've found her gold piece. Say; we've something we want to tell you! The biggest bit of news in the world! We —"

A small palm was clapped over his mouth. He looked up laughing, and the cheeks of Tavy were flaming red. He drew her hand away, and the playful struggle which ensued ended with Tavy once more on Billy's arm and being kissed again and again and over and over how Billy loved her and loved her and loved her!

A distant, a woman's voice, faint and far distinct and strangely metallic, finally penetrated into their consciousness. It was the voice of Mrs. Stuart, calling, saying, "Hello" through the telephone at regular intervals.

"Cut off," glibly apologized Billy, with a wink at Tavy and a pat of the head which had none the cutting. "We'll be home in a few minutes. Billy fully meant that, but it took five minutes to put on Tavy's coat and to fasten it beneath her piquant chin; and five minutes more to explain just how it felt when Tavy was at him that first day at the door; and it took an uncountable length of time for them to say good-by," as they left the office. Although no one could possibly explain why they should need to say good-by when they were both leaving at once, and together, and bound for the same destination, yet the words "good-by" were of their thought of John Doe again.

What a wonderful life that was to the new Stuart apartments! The work was such a delightful place, so cheerful and bright and airy! Everybody in the streets seemed gay and in the very air there was a sort of limpid ecstasy, such as if the burst open the earth and let all humanity kind. How balmy was the breeze of Spring! How beautiful was the evening sky, reddening now to a golden glow! On the river, as they whirled up the drive, they saw the white hulls of a hundred craft, trailing their wreath-like streamers of pearl gray smoke against the soft blue of the west, and reflecting their graceful outlines in the rippling river, itself aglow with dancing coral tints. It was a fairyland, and even those tall, prosaic smoke stacks on the Jersey shore were a part of the enchanted scene. That is why it is to be in love, when one is young! Why, in all the world there is nothing but beauty! just beauty!

There was an enchanted apartment house, with an enchanted doorman in an enchanted marble lobby; and here in the enchanted elevator, run by an enchanted elevator boy, with twenty-four brass buttons on his coat, and a blue bruise, probably put there by enchantment, under one eye. Here in the enchanted suite, and here, too, in the enchanted Mummy Stuart, already dressed for her drive, was the gray silk, which is so becoming to that high-piled gray coiffeur. A rather stately woman, is Mrs. Stuart, and one whom any fastidious young man might wish to drive to have as his guest at Woodbriar. Money is not such a bad thing after all. It cannot be altogether bad when it will coax one's wife into health to pallid cheeks when it will smoothe away the worry from careworn brow, when it will bring the sparkle of renewed anticipation to eyes which have been all too patient.

"You're late," accused Mummy Stuart, smiling on the two truants as they came bubbling into the pretty little parlor. "What have you been doing all this time?"

That was so direct a question, so apropos, so reminding of so many many things, that Billy and Tavy, much against their wills, looked at each other, and in a trice, and both blushed. Then Tavy suddenly hid her face on her mother's shoulder.

Mrs. Stuart paled, and glanced swiftly at Billy, and clasped her daughter in her arms, and smoothed her tight black curls. Billy Lane found himself left out of that tableau, which was not as it should be; so Mrs. Stuart, with her cheek bent against that curly head, suddenly felt a strong arm steal around her, and glanced swiftly up to find the clear, many-gazed of Billy beaming fondly down upon them both.

"Kiss your future son, Mummy," invited the brazen Billy, with his most friendly grin, but only his words were flippant; tone and look were tender. Into Mrs. Stuart's eyes had again come that patience, and there was moisture on her lashes, but she smiled to Billy. She patted his hand as she unwound his arm from her waist. She liked Billy. She had liked him from the first, very much. He was the sort of young man who could be trusted. She walked away with Tavy into the adjoining room, and closed the door. Tavy did not look back. She was very, very quiet, and held closely to her mother. They had been much more than mother and daughter, these two, in the past fifteen years; they had been companions and partners, and friends, very close and very dear friends.

"They were gone a long, long time, and before they returned, Billy, all alone in the dainty gray and pink parlor, began to feel that he was big, and brutal, and generally contemptible. It was all very gay and exhilarating to win a sweet and beautiful girl like Tavy, but after all, there was a serious side to it. He couldn't expect Mrs. Stuart to look on him with a happy eye. She'd be all alone, even if she came to live with them. He'd be all alone. Dog-gone it, he was lonely and yet. Suddenly he laughed. Why? Mrs. Stuart would shortly be the happiest woman in the world! When he saw her, he was quite sure of himself, Billy would have the extreme pleasure of leading that finely rehabilitated gentleman to the door, and presenting him, as Billy's own gift, to Tavy's mother. He guessed that would square accounts! He could have Tavy with a clear conscience."

(To Be Continued.)

REVIVAL AT GRACE M. E.
Dr. John Fox, pastor of the Grace Methodist Church, who is conducting revival services, will speak on "What the Remedy For Indifference" at the services this evening. His subjects for Thursday and Friday are: Thursday, "Have the People a Mind to Work?" Friday, "How Can We Best Use Our Influence?"

Use Coconut Oil For Washing Hair
If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just mulsed coconut oil, which is pure and entirely greaseless, is much better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair. Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage. You can get mulsed coconut oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.

SAYS WE BECOME CRAVKS ON HOT WATER DRINKING
Hopes every man and woman adopts this splendid morning habit.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worded; some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness?

If we all would practice inside-lathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddly complexions, we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, and this cleansing, sweetening, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons, which are absorbed into the blood.

Just as necessary as it is to clean their shoes from the furnace each day before the fire will burn bright and hot, so we must each morning clear the inside organs of the previous day's accumulation of indigestible waste and body toxins. Men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of warm water with one teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible material, waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarter-pound of limestone phosphate will not cost much at the drug store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.

Lumber Buyers Should Know
something about the value of the different grades.

All lumber looks good when fresh. The real test comes with time.

Will it "check" and "split" when exposed to the weather?

Lots of money could be saved by the average lumber buyer if more attention was paid to such details as kind, quality and grades.

We will take pleasure in advising you the kind that will give the best results for the job you have in mind.

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Very Itchy Red Spots On Face

Turned Into Pimples. Were In Blotches. Scaled Over and Came To a Head. Lost Sleep. Cuticura Sealed In Nine Weeks.

"My trouble began with red spots on my face which were very itchy, and later turned into pimples. The pimples were very large and very red, and were in blotches. They scaled over and came to a head and itched so that I lost many a night's sleep. I used creams but they did not help me, and after suffering for nine weeks I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Now I am healed." (Signed) Ben Cohen, 2549 S. Fairhill St., Philadelphia, Pa., October 20, 1916.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment are not only most valuable for the treatment of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, dandruff and irritated scalps, but their great mission is to prevent such conditions by daily use.

For Free Sample Each by Return Mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. H, Boston." Sold everywhere.

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