

FIGHTING AT THE FRONT; WOMEN'S GALLANTRY IN WAR

Patriotic Girls, Who, Arrayed in Uniform, Disguise Themselves as Men, Fight in the Trenches Until Discovered and Sent Home

By ELLEN ADAIR

SAY not that the days of Joan of Arc and Boudicca are over! For the present time holds many women warriors who are actually fighting in battle with as great bravery as the men.

In the Russian army alone there are said to be at least 400 women fighters, including a colonel in command of the 4th Ural Cossack Regiment.

Even after their identity is known, these women are allowed to go on fighting; so we may naturally conclude that the Russian authorities are very lenient—much more so than the French and Italian, who have ignominiously sent home all the would-be soldiers who have been discovered to be of the fair sex.

It does seem a shame that they should be sent home, doesn't it? Particularly after having gone through the strenuous training preliminary to entrance into the army, not to speak of having sacrificed woman's crowning glory, otherwise her hair, in the effort of appearing man-like. The long marches are, of course, very trying for a woman, and all the rough-and-ready ways of life in the trenches, besides the purely secondary fact that death may be met at any moment.

When all this has been faced, it certainly is a disappointment to the French and Italian women to have their sex discovered and their only reward for valor a severe lecture and a disappointed return home.

Hearing about these women of present times reminds me of a true story concerning the American Civil War. A little 14-year-old girl fought all through that long struggle at the side of her brother, and, although he was eventually killed, she emerged from every action virtually unscathed. The Confederate forces offered her promotion if she would join them and thus become a traitor to her comrades. Needless to say, she indignantly refused.

During the present war, the most striking fact about women fighters is their very tender years. Most of them are between 14 and 18 years of age, and quite a number have run away from school or from home in order to enlist. In the Russian army, especially, they have shown magnificent courage under fire, and many of them have been decorated with the famous Cross of St. George, only given for great bravery and heroism.

One charming little Russian girl called Vassili was discovered in rather a humorous way. She had been given the coveted cross for conspicuous valor, and after service fighting had gone to sleep in a barn with some of her companions.

During the night there was a loud scream of "Mamma, there's a rat!" from the brave Vassili, and much to the astonishment of the soldiers, the supposed young man burst into very feminine tears, and at last had to be treated for hysteria. It then transpired that she had run away from home with her sweetheart's papers, under a desperate longing to fight for her beloved country—a wish which was amply fulfilled.

However, she was eventually persuaded to become a sister of mercy in a Red Cross hospital, where she has been doing what she is still doing splendid work.

Another heroine of the present war is a pretty little French girl, Marie Louise Dubois. Her sweetheart had been brought back to her home mortally wounded and she had gone into the firing line in his place, her identity, of course, not being discovered.

There was a magnificent charge, but the standard-bearer fell, and the French line began to waver uncertainly. An instant's hesitation would have been fatal, but, with a shout of encouragement, little Marie rushed forward and picked up the flag, leading her fiancé's regiment to victory.

RUSSIAN INFLUENCE SEEN ON FASHIONS FOR AUTUMN



AUTUMN is the time for fashion shows, and a critical devotee of the modes would be forced to admit that never before were styles so varied and so distinctively individual in their tendencies. Each house seems to have its own particular mode. Paris sends over an alarming number of novelties, all different. The result is a complicated series of models from which the fashionably gowned woman makes her choice. It is almost impossible to set down one particular style as the standard. In tailors, for instance, there are long, fur-trimmed Russian coats, like those of last season, and the short, chic jacket, also fur-trimmed, is equally favored.

One thing may be said, however, with emphasis, regarding the fall and winter fashions, and that is their extreme and welcome simplicity. There are no more freakish fashions. The plain, practical coat suit, in dull Russian green, navy, mouse gray or tete de negre, is the conventional thing for street wear. Velvets, of course, are all the rage, but the colorings (with the exception of cardinal red, garnet and such shades as originated by the Paris designers) remain conservative.

Stunk fur and eggplant colored broadcloth are featured in the smart walking costume shown in today's fashion cut. The coat is long with a single button closing the front, which is made in the new crossover style. The front of the coat has a slightly fitted belt, joining the tailored yoke at the back of the coat, made in military style. The pockets at either side of the coat are finished off with crewel feet, done in black, and the bottom is made decidedly bouffant by a wide band of fur.

THE DAILY STORY

Plotting With Paula

Paula had been engaged to John Woodman for nine months. Only during the last few weeks had she begun to feel that she did not possess the entire strength of Woodman's love.

The evening before John had hung over Charles Joyce and had seemed so proud of the girl who had entertained a room full of guests by her wonderful singing. "John admires clever women," Paula's mother had once told her daughter. "He is the kind of man who would be proud of a wife who was not a mere nobody."

"Like me," Paula said with tears in her voice. "You are the loveliest and sweetest and dearest girl in the whole of the town." Paula's mother murmured softly over the bowed head of you he deserves to lose you. Charles Joyce is a notorious scoundrel and Gladys Craven is so conceited that she would tire any man in a month talking about herself. She drew the now weeping Paula close to her. "You can play with any conventional man that is fang down," she added, "and that is more than most women can do. It is an art in itself, dearie."

"It doesn't make me famous or get my picture in magazines or anything," Paula said and a half smile dawned in her tear-filled eyes. "Who wants to be more famous than one who is loved by young and old, rich and poor. Besides," Paula's mother added with a laugh, "magazine pictures are so unflattering. That's my own girl, smile away the tears."

"But mother dearie, I have always felt that I could do something but I don't seem to know just what it is." "You are capable of anything, daughter mine," the mother said with her ever encouraging smile. "Just you take a few hours to yourself and analyze your own possibilities. Perhaps the silence will show you the way to hold John Woodman's love."

It will be a splendid source of interest to you," she told Paula. "Perhaps there is some plotless author tearing his poetic locks out for lack of good material."

"And you will keep my secret, mother mine?" Paula drew her mother into a close embrace. She felt relieved that she shared her rather weird mental state. The visions had at times quite exhausted her with their reality. The result of the talk with her mother was that Paula found her co-author in the person of Robert Rylance, a young writer who was sadly in need of both mental and physical stimulus. So voracious was the appetite of the magazine upon which he was a member of the staff that his brain had been drained of every plot and his body of practically all its strength. The stories he had evolved and the continued stories he had begun and must finish he was to retain his position, had sapped his energy to the full. Rylance was a sorry wreck when he knocked at the door of Paula's mentality.

Mrs. Thorne, who was present at the first meeting of the co-authors, felt her motherly heart open its great doors to the fragments of a man that Robert Rylance represented. He seemed starved mentally and physically. Her first thought was for nourishing food for his body. The cup of tea and sandwiches were brought in before the conversational ball was set in motion.

When Paula and Robert Rylance met there was the instantaneous flash that illumines the way to real and deep friendship. Tired and fagged as he undoubtedly was, Rylance knew that upon Paula the light had been put to a fuse somewhere in his being. He became alive; more alive than he had been in his lifetime.

It was a foregone conclusion that great creations of art would follow so electrical a meeting of intellects. Mrs. Thorne, with insight for the development of genius, had suggested that Rylance make his home with them while work was progressing. Secretly she pined to develop the physical man while her daughter inspired the mental. The writing went on in the seclusion of an attic turned into a den, and the world did not guess the secret that Paula kept.

The co-authors had decided to startle the city all at once with their stories, which were to come out soon after the production of a play they had created. They realized that the advertisement provided by a successful play would make stories doubly valuable to editors.

The night the play was produced on Broadway and the house had received it as a great success, Paula and Rylance knew for the first time what it meant to be famous. They had gone before the curtain repeatedly hand in hand.

John Woodman, who, of course, was in the auditorium, felt his heart swimming. Surely Paula, his betrothed, was not the girl bowing before that applauding crowd. He drew himself up proudly, as if he had written the play himself. In the limousine going homeward it was Rylance who took the seat beside Paula. As co-authors they felt their place was beside each other.

Paula's mother tucked the rugs carefully about the girl. "Now just sit quietly and rest. You two have had a trying evening and a wonderful one." She stepped into the seat beside her husband. John Woodman had turned rather pettishly away when he saw Rylance beside Paula. "I am so glad he did not come," Paula said wearily. "I couldn't talk to any one tonight." Quite unconsciously she moved nearer to Rylance and his body stiffened, then relaxed, and very tenderly he drew Paula's head down on his shoulder while his arm held her close beneath him. "It's no use, darling," he said, quietly, "we are born to be mates; so why fight against it? I love you—body and soul." His lips pressed down against the softness of her hair. "Yes, Bobbie," Paula's voice reached him like a gentle sigh. It was a sigh of contentment—of complete happiness. (Copyright, 1915)

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MILADY'S HAIR WILL BE FIXED IN LOW KNOT

Fashion Decrees That Her Ears Be Covered All But the Lobes



The decree has just been issued by the Philadelphia and New York Hairdressers' Association dictating the style for correct coiffures for the fall and winter season.

The accompanying cuts, showing modes of arranging milady's tresses, are concrete evidence that the pendulum has swung in an entirely opposite direction from the prevailing effects of last season, which were distinctive for a complete exposure of ear and hair slicked back into a tiny twist resembling a dinner bun and officially called "French twist."

The marcel wave, according to Miss Denney, of Denney & Denney, is unusually good. The ears are to be covered by the hair drawn gracefully over them, exposing only the lobe, and arranged in the back in a loose-waved knot.

For afternoon wear the arrangement of the back of the hair may consist of a cluster of Psyche curls, which Miss Denney explains as curls somewhat resembling the puffs of a few years ago. These may number seven or eight. The whole coiffure is given a finishing touch by a brilliant pin or comb, as shown in the cut.

The evening coiffure shows the hair arranged higher on the head, the effect obtained by the loose waved knot.

There is an absence of the grotesque "acrolled" designs framing the face. This effect has been supplanted by a soft, graceful arrangement of hair over the forehead and about the ears.

WOMEN VOTE First Time in Norway

CHRISTIANIA, Oct. 11.—Women voted today for the first time in a Norwegian general election.

SUFFRAGISTS TO BOOST "CAUSE" IN MOVIES

Slides Will Be Used in Novel Method of Campaigning in Photoplay Theatres

Suffragists will invade more than 30 Philadelphia moving picture theatres today. Realizing that this is the "movie" age, suffragists are resorting to this method of appealing to the public in the propaganda for the suffrage amendment to be voted on by the voters of this State on November 2.

Members of the Equal Franchise Society are in charge of the campaign. They plan to show suffrage slides in the "movie" shows, twice in the afternoon and twice in the evening. This they will continue until election day.

The slides undoubtedly will prove interesting. Beginning with the suffrage map, showing that 11 States have full suffrage and 20 States partial suffrage, slides will follow in rapid succession giving political information about the campaign. Some of the slides will read as follows:

"Vote Yes on the Woman Suffrage Amendment November 2." "Our President, Woodrow Wilson, will vote for 'Woman Suffrage.' The slide will show a photograph of the President. Other slides will show photographs of Governor Brumbaugh, Mayor Blankenburg and the majority candidates who have declared for suffrage.

DANCING MASTERS MEET

Teachers of Terpsichorean Art Will Standardize Steps

You must dance like every one else in Philadelphia or else incur the displeasure and anger of the dancing masters. They held a meeting in Coll's Academy, 22 South 40th street, and decided to standardize the dances throughout the city.

The dancing masters are displeased because the various steps vary in many sections of the city. Dancing, they say, seems to be a matter of neighborhood.

One of the forms of terpsichorean entertainment, the waltz, will receive special attention from the standardizers. It is going to be made up of a combination of the old glide waltz and some of the new steps that were originally introduced when, for a time, the old steps were forgotten altogether.

The resolution to standardize the dances was introduced by Carl Tschopp. It provoked a lively discussion.

Charles J. Coll gave the participants in the meeting of the association, which is formally known as the Philadelphia Association of Dancing Teachers, something to think about when he said that in deciding on the new steps for the waltz it was necessary to agree on something that mothers and fathers could dance as well as their sons and daughters.

The association elected the following officers: Henry Rosello, president; George Scheldknacht, vice president; George Nickerson, treasurer, and Rudolph Hoefke, secretary.

RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTIES

Thinking men and women, enroll now. Course on 20th Century Religious Problems. Leader, Robert Barnhill, Ph.D., Columbia. 10 Monday evenings, beginning Oct. 11. Fee, \$1. Central Branch T. M. S. A., 1421 Arch St. Send for booklet of other courses.

Mr. Jack Frost Wakes Up

UP IN the cold north country hoary life we are going to have this winter. Mr. Jack Frost turned over in his sleep and stretched his two biggest toes. Then he snorted three times and stretched his legs till the icicles round his knees crackled and snapped. Then he leisurely rubbed the snow and frost from his eyelashes and blinked open his sleep-frosted eyes.

"Well," he grunted coldly, "that's enough sleep to last me all winter. Guess it's high time I was up and doing. Wonder what time of the year it is, anyway?"

He squinted at the sun, counted the clouds and added to himself, "October! Well, I am surprised! What could have made me oversleep? I ought to have been up at work many days ago. I wonder if any of my helpers are awake—hope they have not all overslept as I did!" And with that remark Jack Frost frowned out of his snow-bed, high up in the ice mountains, and looked over his north country.

Evidently all his helpers had not overslept, for there were flocks of snow in all the ravines and ridges; snowflakes were piling up in the clouds overhead and tiny icicles hung on every passing breeze.

"This is living!" cried Jack Frost broadly as he danced the remnants of summer sleep out of his house. "Ice and snow and cold! Ah, this is a gay life."

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OPERATIC STARS TO SHINE IN PHILADELPHIA SEASON

Old Favorites and New, With Famous Russian Dancers

Philadelphians will see and hear many operatic stars that have warbled their way into their hearts in other years when the operatic season opens November 3 at the Metropolitan Opera House. They will also see again the art of the wonderful Pavlova and her Imperial Ballet Russe, which will be almost as important a feature of the coming season as the opera itself.

It is the Boston Opera Company which will endeavor to satisfy the love for music of the people of this city. A season of novelty of high artistic accomplishment is promised.

The personnel of joint operatic-terpsichorean company is announced as follows: Sopranos—Ester Ferrarini, Clara Loring, Felice Lyle, Tamaki Miura, Bianca Saraya, May Schuler, Marie Teyre Louise Villant. Mezzo-sopranos and contraltos—Elizabeth Campbell, Fely Clement, Marie Gay, Elvira Lovron.

Tenors—Lazar Andros, Ernesto Giaccone, Ippolito Lazzaro, Riccardo Martin, George Michalich, Zaccaro de Primo, Giovanni Zensalillo. Baritone—George Baklanoff, Ernesto Caronca, Thomas Chalmers, Richard Davis, Giorgio Puliti.

Bassos—Paolo Ananias, Gaudio Manueto, Josu Marinetti, Gaston Bergesant. Conductors—Agde Zechla, Emil Kuper, Roberto Moranzoni, Adolph Schmidt.

Advertisement for Box Pleating, Sunray, Hemstitching, Buttons, and Parian Plating. Includes contact information for 108 So. 13th Street.

Advertisement for Paris Fashions This Fall. Features Kater gowns, wraps, and tailors. Located at 1316 Walnut St.

Advertisement for Rich Richards' Almanac. Includes an illustration of a ship and text about the almanac's value.

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



IF YOU'RE THINKING OF BUYING A YACHT, WERE VAN OODLES, I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU LOOK AT MINE.

WE'D BE DELIGHTED CHAWMED, IM SURE.

THERE SHE IS AT HER MOORING. SHE LOOKS TO BE WELL-BALANCED. I HATE BOATS THAT LEAN OVER.

OH! WHAT A LOVELY FLOOR. (SHE CALLS MY DECK A FLOOR)

SHE OUGHT TO BE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

SHE ANSWERS HER HELM BEAUTIFULLY AND IS VERY FAST.

MAY WE LOOK AT THE SPEEDOMETER?

AND YOU CAN SEE WHAT A LOT OF CANVAS SHE CARRIES.

WELL, OF COURSE, IF WE BUY HER WE WON'T HAVE ANYTHING. —AS COMMON AS CANVAS. SILK IS SO MUCH HANDSOMER.