

# Women AND THEIR Interests

## Beer Underdress Than Overdress

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"A young man of whom I am very fond asked me to spend Sunday with him at Coney Island. He said I should wear my prettiest clothes, and I had credit, as some people he knew would meet us for dinner.

"I have only a tallor made blue and a rose colored charmeuse. What shall I wear? I have two dolled up and I could buy something with them. Won't you suggest something I could get? I feel that if I think more of me, and I do long to make a good impression," writes my May.

There is no denying that this is an in which appearances count. And the young man for whom she has asked her to "do him right," it is not surprising that Helen wants to rise to meet his little of proud proprietorship.

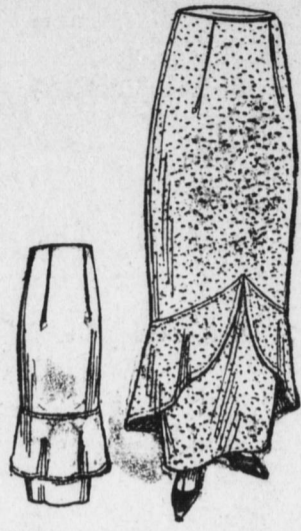
My dear girl, by all means wear your blue serge suit. A bright colored silk dress is not suitable for the occasion. It will make you far too conspicuous unless you wear a long coat over it. By noon you will look a bit frayed, and dusty. By evening you will have a tawdry, faded, cheap look that will make a very poor impression on discriminating people.

It is always far safer to be a bit underdressed than a bit overdressed. The girl who wears a bright colored

## A NEW SKIRT WITH CIRCULAR FLOUNCE

The Fashionable Flared Effect is Obtained in Various Ways

By MAY MANTON



8372 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.

It really seems as if there were no limit to be set to the variations of the two-piece skirt. This one shows fullness at the upper edge arranged to give the effect of box plaits while the shaped circular flounce renders it entirely new and individual. Besides being smart and in every way desirable, the skirt is so simple that any home dressmaker can make it without difficulty. There are only two seams and the flared flounce is arranged on indicated lines. In the picture, one material is used throughout but something more of a tonic effect could be obtained by facing the skirt with a contrasting material under and below the flounce and, if a combination is desirable, such a suggestion may prove helpful. Skirts of the kind will be worn with coats upon the street and also with blouses within doors.

For the medium size, the skirt will require 4 yds. of material 4 yds. of material 27, 3 1/2 yds. 36, 44 or 50 in. wide. The width at the lower edge is 1 1/2 yds. The pattern 8372 is cut in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

## Fleet Can Soon Use Canal, Says Barrett

New York, Aug. 27.—John Barrett, director-general of the Pan American Union, arrived here yesterday on the United Fruit steamer Tenadores from Panama, where he made the trip through the canal on the Ancon, the first vessel to pass from coast to coast.

Mr. Barrett said that additional dredging was necessary, but that the canal would permit the passage of the largest battleship of the United States within a month.

"The canal, on the occasion of its opening to commerce, has proved itself a complete success in every respect," said Mr. Barrett. "It is no exaggeration to state that the canal worked as if it had been in constant use for a generation. Not only the Ancon, a massive cargo carrier of 10,000 tons, drawing thirty feet of water, but seven other vessels ranging from a small private yacht up to great freighters, passed through the canal in the first three days without a single hitch, accident or unpropitious incident."

## Spanish War Vets Will Meet in Louisville

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 27.—Interest is being shown here regarding the national encampment of the Spanish War Veterans, to be held in this city August 31 to September 3. Preparations are going forward rapidly and it is expected that at least 20,000 veterans and friends will be here during the encampment. An extensive program of entertainment for the visitors has been arranged by the city of Louisville.

Considerable friendly rivalry has arisen in the race for the office of commander-in-chief, a number of candidates, each prominent in his own department, have announced their intentions. Among these is a past senior vice-commander-in-chief, Captain H. W. Busch, of Michigan, whose campaign is already well developed.

## Motorcyclist Hit by Auto Will Recover

After crashing into an auto last night on his motorcycle John Shaffer, 1235 S. Water, was recovered Sunday at the Harrisburg Hospital, where it is reported that he will recover. Shaffer was returning from the Middletown fair when he crashed into an auto driven by Dr. Small, of York, between Middletown and Highspire.

Hurled from his totally wrecked cycle, he was taken to the hospital on a stretcher. It was found that both arms and several ribs were fractured and that he had a laceration of the scalp and numerous severe bruises.

## Belgian Again Protests to Secretary of State

By Associated Press  
Washington, D. C., Aug. 27.—E. Havenith, the Belgian Minister, presented a protest at the State Department today against what he termed "war against women and children"—the Zeppelin airship attack on Antwerp. Ten persons were killed, the Minister stated, four of them women. Eight persons were injured, and both Secretary Bryan was very reticent in discussing the attitude of the United States toward such a protest and intimated that the State Department could take no action.

## Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear, there is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness results. Unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. The cause of deafness is caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the ear. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

# FRIDAY IS BARGAIN DAY

Only 4 Hours of Bargain Selling--Store Opens at 8 A. M. Closes at 12 O'clock Noon

These Items For Friday Only

- 4 Girls' WASH COATS; worth to \$1.50, for 15c
- 2 size 6--2 size 14.
- 1 Size 14 Full Length BLUE SERGE COAT; worth \$5.00, for 50c
- Slightly soiled.
- 1 Size 38 Tan French Linen Coat Suit; worth \$5.00, for 50c
- Long Kimonos and Dressing Sacques; values to 50c, for 12c
- Odds and ends.
- 1 Size 36 TAN LINEN COAT SUIT, for 25c
- One Lot of White LAWN SHIRT WAISTS; values to \$1.00, for 25c
- Slightly soiled.
- 3 Ramie Linen 3/4-Length Coats; worth up to \$4.00, for 75c
- 2 blue, size 36. 1 tan, size 36.
- 3 Full Length White Bedford Cord Coats; worth \$3.00, for 25c
- Only 3 coats, sizes 16 and 36.
- One Lot of Tan Linen Coats; worth to \$3.00, for 25c
- Only 10 coats, 3/4 and full lengths; sizes 16 to 38.
- Men's 50c Summer Underwear; Shirts or Drawers, for 29c
- Men's Gordon RUBBER COLLARS; 25c value, for 14c
- MEN'S WASH TIES; values to 20c, for 6c
- MEN'S 25c POLICE SUSPENDERS, for 11c
- MEN'S SILK HOSE; values to 25c, for 12 1/2c

FOR FRIDAY ONLY  
Boys' Knicker Pants  
Values to \$1.00, for 19c  
Small sizes only.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY  
Boys' Full Knickers  
49c  
All seams taped and double stitched. Sizes 5 to 17 years.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY  
Boys' Suits  
Values to \$3.00, for \$1.29  
Made Norfolk style. A great bargain.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY  
Boys' Long Pants Suits  
Values to \$7.50, for 75c  
12 to 15 years only.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY  
Women's House Dresses  
Worth to \$1.25, for 49c  
Made of Percale and Ginghams. Assorted colors and all sizes.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY  
Women's House Dresses  
Worth to \$1.00, for 21c  
Only 25 dresses and small sizes.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY  
Women's Wash Dress Skirts  
Values to \$1.25, for 39c  
Made of white Bedford Cord. All sizes.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY  
Women's Wash Petticoats  
Worth 39c, for 19c  
Made of chambray with embroidered ruffle.

# THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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In this story Mr. Palmer, the noted war correspondent, has painted as he has seen it on many battlefields, and between many nations. His intimate knowledge of armies and armaments has enabled him to produce a graphic picture of the greatest of all wars, and his knowledge of conditions has led him to prophesy an end of armed conflicts. No man is better qualified to write the story of the final world war than Mr. Palmer, and he has handled his subject with a master hand.

## CHAPTER I.

A Speck in the Sky.  
"Was Marta who first saw the speck in the sky. Her outcry and her bound for her seat at the testable brought her mother and Colonel Westerling after her onto the lawn, where they came motionless figures, screening their eyes with their hands. The new and most wonderful thing in the world at the time was this speck appearing above the irregular horizon of Brown range, in view of landscape that centuries of civilization had utilized and cultivated and formed.

At the base of the range ran a line of white stone posts, placed by international commissions of surveyors to a nicety of an inch's variation. In every direction of the speck's flight a spur of foot-hills extended into the plain that stretched away to the Gray range, distinct at the distance of thirty miles in the bright afternoon light. Faithful to their part in refusing to climb, the white posts circled around the spur, hugging the levels.

In the lap of the spur was La Tir, the old town, and on the other side of the boundary lay South La Tir, the new town. Through both ran the dusty ribbon of a road, drawn straight across the plain and over the glistening thread of a river. On its way to the pass of the Brown range it skirted the garden of the Gallands, which rose in terraces to a seventeenth-century house overlooking the old town from its outskirts. They were such a town, such a road, such a landscape as you may see on many European frontiers. The Christian people who lived in the region were like the Christian people you know if you look for the realities of human nature under the surface differences of language and habits.

Beyond the house rose the ruins of a castle, its tower still intact. Marta always referred to the castle as the baron; for in her girlhood she had a way of personifying all inanimate things. If the castle walls were covered with hoar frost, she said that the baron was shivering; if the wind tore around the tower, she said that the baron was growning over the democratic tendencies of the time. On such a summer afternoon as this, the baron was growing old gracefully, at peace with his enemies.

Centuries older than the speck in the sky was the baron; but the pass road was many more, countless more, centuries older than he. It had been a trail for tribes long before Roman legions won a victory in the pass, which was acclaimed an imperial triumph. To hold the pass was to hold the range. All the blood shed there would make a red river, inundating the plain.

"Beside the old baron, we are parvenus," Marta would say. "And what a parvenu the baron would have been to the Roman aristocrat!"

"Our family is old enough—none older in the province!" Mrs. Galland would reply. "Marta, how your mind does wander! I'd get a headache just contemplating the things you are able to think of in five minutes."

The first Galland had built a house on the land that his king had given him for one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the history of the pass.

Even the tower, raised to the glory of an older family whose descendants, if any survived, were unaware of their lineage, had become known as the Galland tower. The Gallands were rooted in the soil of the frontier; they were used to having war's hot breath blow past their doors; they were at home in the language and customs of two peoples; there was a peculiar tradition, which Marta had absorbed with her first breath. Town and plain and range were the first vista of landscape

that she had seen; doubtless they would be the last.

One or two afternoons a week Colonel Hedworth Westerling, commander of the regimental post of the Grays on the other side of the white posts, stretched his privilege of crossing the frontier and appeared for tea at the Gallands. It meant a pleasant half-hour breaking a long walk, a relief from garrison surroundings, and in view of the order, received that morning, this was to be a farewell call.

He had found Mrs. Galland an agreeable reflection of an aristocratic past. The daughter had what he defined vaguely as girlish pliancy. He found it amusing to try to answer her unusual questions; he liked the variety of her inventive mind, with its flashes of downright matter-of-factness.

Not until tea was served did he mention his new assignment; he was going to the general staff at the capital. Mrs. Galland murmured her congratulations in conventional fashion.

Marta's chair was drawn back from the table. She leaned forward in a favorite position of hers when she was intensely interested, with hands clasped over her knee, which her mother always found aggravatingly tomboyish. She had a mass of lustrous black hair and a mouth rather large in repose, but capable of changing curves of emotion. Her large, dark eyes, luminously deep under long lashes, if not the rest of her face, had beauty. Her head was bent, the lashes forming a line with her brow now, and her eyes had the still flame of wonder that they had when she was looking all around a thing and through it to find what it meant.

"Some day you will be chief of staff, the head of Gray army!" she suddenly exclaimed.

Westerling started as if he had been surprised in a secret. Then he flushed slightly.

"Why?" he asked with forced carelessness. "Your reasons? They're more interesting than your prophecy."

"Because you have the will to be," she said without emphasis, in the impersonal revelations of thought. "You want power. You have ambition."

He looked the picture of it, with his square jaw, his well-moulded head set close to the shoulders on a sturdy neck, his even teeth showing as his lips parted in an unconscious smile.

"Marta, Marta! She is—is so explosive!" Mrs. Galland remarked apologetically to the colonel.

"I asked for her reasons. I brought it on myself—and it is not a bad compliment," he replied. Indeed, he had never received one so thrilling.

His smile, a smile well pleased with itself, remained as Mrs. Galland began to talk of other things, and its lingering satisfaction disappeared only with Marta's cry at sight of the speck in the sky over the Brown range. She was out on the lawn before the others had risen from their seats.

"An aeroplane! Hurry!" she called. How fast the speck grew!

Naturally, the business of war, watching for every invention that might serve its ends, was the first patron of flight. Captain Arthur Lanstron, pupil of a pioneer aviator, had been warned by him and by the chief of staff of the Browns, who was looking on, to keep in a circle close to the ground. But he was doing so well that he thought he would try rising a little higher. The summits of the range shot under him, unfolding a variegated rug of landscape. He dipped the planes slightly, intending to follow the range's descent and again they answered to his desire. The tower loomed before him as suddenly as if it had been shot up out of the earth. He must turn, and quickly, to avoid disaster; he must turn, or he would be across the white posts in the enemy's country.

"Oh!" groaned Marta and Mrs. Galland together.

In an agony of suspense they saw the fragile creation of cloth and bamboo and metal, which had seemed as secure as an albatross riding on the lap of a steady wind, dip far over, career back in the other direction, and then the whirring noise that had grown with its flight ceased. It was no longer a thing of winged life, defying the law of gravity, but a thing dead, falling under the burden of a living weight.

(To be continued.)

HELD FOR SEDUCTION  
On a charge of seduction preferred by Nathan Bekerhoff, of Philadelphia, Morris Muff, 21, was held under \$500 bail for his appearance in court by Al-

## Is Your Stomach Wrong?

Sooner or later you will be wrong in every organ of your body. It is a well known fact that over 95% of all sicknesses are caused by ailments of the digestive organs. If you have the slightest suspicion that your stomach requires treatment, don't delay a moment. Little ills soon grow into serious ills.

### DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

soon rights the wrong. It helps the stomach digest the food and manufacture nourishing blood. It has a tonic effect and soon enables the stomach and heart to perform their functions in a natural, healthy manner, without any outside aid.

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