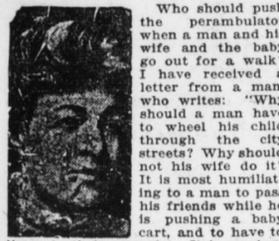


Women AND THEIR INTERESTS

Who Should Push the Baby Coach?

By DOROTHY DIX



Who should push the perambulator when a man and his wife go out for a walk? I have received a letter from a man, who writes: "Why should a man have to wheel his child through the city streets? Why should not his wife do it? It is most humiliating to a man to pass his friends while he is pushing a baby cart, and to have to listen to their remarks. It is surely a woman's duty, but I do not like to quarrel with my wife, so I am asking your opinion on the subject, for which I will be very grateful."

What's the matter with pushing the baby carriage as a respectable job for a family man? What is there about it to make a man blush and hang his head in shame? I fail to see in it anything derogatory to masculine dignity. It seems to me that a man with the perambulator is far more admirable than the man with the automobile, and that it is better to take the baby joyriding than it is to take a chorus girl.

The man who thinks that he looks ridiculous when he is seen taking the baby out riding in his little go-cart would be filled with pride and vainglory at the spectacle he presented tearing up the streets in a high-powered racing car.

It's Much Better Than Smashing Speed Records
Yet he is a million times more usefully and worthily employed in trundling the baby wagon than he would be in smashing records and dodging the traffic police in a gasoline wagon.

And let me remind my correspondent right here that trundling the baby cart may be the short cut to fame for him. For in these perambulators that unwilling fathers are pushing are the infants who are going to be the men and women who will do the big things of the future. The only job by which many a man will be remembered is that he used to wheel some little Tommy Edison, or Teddy Roosevelt, or Pippy Morgan about in his go-cart.

In all good truth, the men who are doing the most for the world are those who are raising up nice, fat, healthy babies—babies who are going to carry on to new heights the banner of human achievement, and why any man should be ashamed of publicly announcing his part in this great work passes comprehension.

Certainly the times are out of joint, and we have gotten to a place where we take a very decent view of things when a man is humiliated by being seen in the street giving his own child an outing, and when such a spectacle is the subject for the gibes and mocking of fools.

Happily, though, sensible people are still of the opinion that a baby is a thing to boast of, and not be ashamed of, and that a young man pushing his own baby carriage is a more admirable spectacle than a haw-haw youth tugging at the leash of a bulldog.

But let no one ever again lay the crime of race suicide at woman's door, since the fathers take so little interest in their offspring that they are not willing to be seen in public with them. Apparently children are no longer considered by their fathers as a crown of glory, but a sort of disgrace that they try to keep hidden and out of sight as far as possible.

Just as Much His Duty as It Is the Mother's
As for my correspondent's contention that it is a woman's duty to push

well-known Church of God pastor urges that each man must work during the campaign for man made up of persons each acting as one, and will succeed only as each unit is effective. Then the whole will be effective, says Dr. Yates. The bulletins that simultaneous meetings are planned after next Sunday's great meeting and also contains a list of ward chairmen of the neighborhood committee meetings, in five towns.

First—Miss Carrie Snaveley, 577 South Front street.
Second—Mrs. J. K. Robinson, 1538 Derry street.
Third—Mrs. Margaret Segelbaum, 127 South Second street.
Fourth—Mrs. Mary Knisely, 281 Pine street.
Fifth—Mrs. John Irwin, 225 Herr street.
Sixth—Mrs. George Hammelbaugh, 1423 North Second street.
Seventh—Miss Ida Stewart, 618 North Eighteenth street.
Eighth—Mrs. Shirey, 1532 North street.

StOUGH CAMPAIGN BULLETIN IS OUT
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ADDRESS TO WOMEN
In the Expectant Period
Before the coming of the little one—women need to be possessed of all their natural strength. Instead of being harassed by forebodings and weakened by nausea, sleeplessness, or nervousness—if you will bring to your aid
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
you will find that most of the suffering will not make its appearance.
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the result of a life study of ailments, disorders and irregularities peculiar to women. Its continued supremacy in its particular field for more than forty years is your assurance of the benefit to be derived from its use.
Neither narcotics nor alcohol will be found in this vegetable prescription, in liquid or tablet form. Sold by druggists or a trial box will be sent you by mail on receipt of 50-cent stamps.
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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels

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Call and let's talk the matter over, or write to us when we shall call at your home.
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
15 South Market Square Harrisburg, Pa.

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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(Continued)

Hawk-eyed, beak nose and iron-gray hair, intensely and solemnly serious, lacking a sense of humor, he would have looked at home with his big, bony hands gripping a broadsword hilt and his lank body clothed in chain armor. He had a master's devotion to its master for his chief.

"Since Lanstron became chief of intelligence of the Browns information seems to have stopped," said Westerling, but not complainingly. He appreciated Bouchard's loyalty.

"Yes, they say he even burns his laundry bills, he is so careful," Bouchard replied.

"But that we ought to know," Westerling proceeded, referring very insistently to a secret of the Browns which had baffled Bouchard. "Try a woman," he went on with that terse, hard directness which reflected one of his sides. "There is nobody like a woman for that sort of thing. Spend enough to get the right woman."

Turcas and Bouchard exchanged a glance, which roared suggestively from the top of the head of the seated vice-chief of staff. Turcas smiled slightly, while Bouchard was graven as usual.

"You could hardly reach Lanstron though you spent a queen's ransom," said Bouchard in his literal fashion.

"I should say not!" Westerling exclaimed. "No doubt about Lanstron's being all there! I saw him ten years ago after his first aeroplane flight under conditions that proved it. However, he must have susceptible subordinates."

"We'll set all the machinery we have to work to find one, sir," Bouchard replied.

"Another thing, we must dismiss any idea that they are concealing either artillery or dirigibles or planes that we do not know of," continued Westerling. "That is a sign of our apprehensions. The fact that we find no truth in the rumors proves that there is none. Such things are too important to be concealed by one army from another."

"Lanstron certainly cannot carry them in his pockets," remarked Turcas. "Still, we must be sure," he added thoughtfully, more to himself than to Westerling, who had already turned his attention to a document which Turcas laid on the desk.

"The 128th Regiment has been ordered to South La Tir, but no order yet given for the 132d, whose place it takes," he explained.

"Let it remain for the present!" Westerling replied.

After they had withdrawn, the look that passed between Turcas and Bouchard was a pointed question. The 132d to remain at South La Tir! Was there something more than "newspaper talk" in this latest diplomatic crisis between the Browns and the Whites? Westerling alone was in the confidence of the premier of late. Any exchange of ideas between the two subordinates would be fruitless surmise and against the very instinct of staff secrecy, where every man knew only his work and asked about no one else's.

Westerling ran through the papers that Turcas had prepared for him. If Turcas had written them, Westerling knew that they were properly done. Having cleared his desk into the hands of his executive clerk, he looked at the

clock. It had barely turned four. He picked up the final staff report of observations on the late Balkan campaign, just printed in book form, glanced at it and laid it aside. Already he knew the few lessons afforded by this war "done on the cheap," with limited equipment and over bad roads. No dirigibles had been used and few planes. It was no criterion, except in the effect of the fire of the new pattern guns, for the conflict of vast masses of highly trained men against vast masses of highly trained men, with rapid transportation over good roads, complete equipment, thorough organization, backed by generous resources, in the cataclysm of two great European powers.

Rather idly, now, he drew a pad toward him and, taking up a pencil, made the figures seventeen and twenty-seven. Then he made the figures thirty-two and forty-two. He blacked out them with repeated tracings as

he mused. This done, he put seven-teen under twenty-seven and thirty-two under forty-two. He made the subtraction and studied the two tens.

A swing door opened softly and his executive clerk reappeared with a soft tread.

"Some papers for your signature, sir," he said as he slipped them on the blotter in front of Westerling. "And the 132d—no order about that, sir?" he asked.

"None. It remains!" Westerling replied.

The clerk went out impressed. His chief taking to sums of subtraction and totally preoccupied! The 132d to remain! He, too, had a question-mark in his secret mind.

Westerling proceeded with his mathematics. Having heavily shaded the tens, he essayed a sum in division. He found that ten went into seventy just seven times.

"One-seventh the allotted span of life!" he mused. "Take off fifteen years for youth and fifteen after fifty-five—nobody counts after that, though I mean to—and you have ten into forty, which is one-fourth. That is a good deal. But it's more to a woman than to a man—yes, a lot more to a woman than to a man!"

The clerk was right in thinking Westerling preoccupied; but it was not with the international crisis. Over his coffee the name of Miss Maria Galland, in the list of arrivals at a hotel, had caught his eye in the morning paper. A note to her had brought an answer, saying that her time was limited, but she would be glad to have him call at five that afternoon.

Westerling realized that the question of marriage as a social requirement might arise when he should become officially chief of staff with the retirement of His Excellency the field-marshal. For the present he enjoyed his position as a bachelor who was the most favored man in the army too much to think of marriage.

It was a little surprising that the bell that the girl of seventeen had rung in his secret mind when he was on one of the first rounds of the ladder, now lost in the mists of a lower stratum of existence, should ever tinkle again. Yet he had heard its note in the tone of her prophecy with each step in his promotion; and while the other people whom he had known at La Tir were the vaguest shadows of personalities, his picture was as definite in detail as when she said: "You have the will! You have the ambition!" She had recognized in him the power that he felt; foreseen his ascent to the very apex of the pyramid. She was still unmarried, which was strange; for she had not been bad-looking and she was of a fine old family. What was she like now? Commonplace and provincial, most likely. Many of the people he had known in his early days appeared so when he met them again. But, at the worst, he looked for an interesting half-hour.

The throbbing activity of the streets of the capital, as his car proceeded on the way to her hotel, formed an energetic accompaniment to his gratifying backward survey of how all his plans had worked out from the very day of the prophecy. Had he heard the remark of a great manufacturer to the banker at his side in a passing limousine, "There goes the greatest captain of industry of us all!" Westerling would only have thought: "Certainly. I am chief of staff. I am at the head of all your workmen at one time or another." Had he heard the banker's answer, "But pretty poor pay, pretty small dividends!" he would have thought, "Splendid dividends—the dividends of power!"

He had a caste contempt for the men of commerce, with their mercenary talk about credit and market prices; and also for the scientists, doctors, engineers, and men of other professions, who spoke of things in books which he did not understand. Reading books was one of the faults of Turcas, his assistant. No bookish soldier, he knew, had ever been a great general. He resented the growing power of these leaders of the civil world, taking distinction away from the military, even when, as a man of parts, he had to court their influence. His was the profession that was and ever should be the elect. A penniless subaltern was a gentleman, while he could never think of a man in business as one.

All the faces in the street belonged to a strange, busy world outside his interest and thoughts. They formed what was known as the public, often making a clatter about things which they did not understand, when they should obey the orders of their superiors. Of late, their clatter had been about the extra taxes for the recent increase of the standing forces by another corps. The public was bovine with a parrot's head. Yet it did not admire the tolling ox, but the eagle and the lion.

As his car came to the park his eyes lighted at sight of one of the dividends—one feature of urban life that ever gave him a thrill. A battalion of the 128th, which he had ordered that afternoon to the very garrison at South La Tir that he had once commanded, was marching through the main avenue. Youths all, of twenty-one or two, they were in a muddy-grayish uniform which was the color of the plain as seen from the veranda of the Galland house. Where these came from were other boys growing up to take their places. The mothers of the nation were doing their duty. All the land was a breeding-ground for the dividends of Hedworth Westerling.

["To Be Continued"]
Our deeds determine us as much as we our deeds.—George Eliot.

Try Telegraph Want Ads.

POULTRY NEWS

WHY WE SHOULD LIKE COWS AND CHICKENS

HOW OLD ARE YOUR CHICKENS? FIND OUT

Poultry and Cattle Make Excellent Combination to Handle on the Farm

Essential For Poultrymen to Know to Determine When Service Ceases

Poultry and cows are coming to be regarded as a profitable combination on the farm. Formerly many persons, back-to-the-landers especially, thought poultry and fruit could be handled together with greater gain than any other combination, but since the discovery that milk is the best of all foods for chickens this change of opinion has come about.

Twenty-five acres of land, five to seven thousand laying hens, ten cows and two horses is now considered about the proper layout. Fruit and poultry do not go well together for the reason that neither provides anything helpful to the other, except that an orchard does provide shade, which cannot be dispensed with in profitable poultry keeping. But fruit does not provide feed for poultry and chicken manure, valuable for many crops, applied in any quantity to orchards is positively harmful; it forces wood growth and causes the fruit to drop before matured. On the other hand, this fertilizer is unexcelled for growing corn, wheat and grass and corn, wheat and grass and unexcelled for growing chickens. These crops respond wonderfully to the high content of nitrogen in chicken manure. Thus the land will feed the chickens and the chickens in turn will feed the land. The butter fat from the cows will be turned into buttermilk and sold and the skim milk will be turned into eggs and sold.

Just how many more eggs will be laid by a hen that is fed skim milk than by one of like quality that is not cannot be determined with anything like certainty, but it is certain that the increase will be far above the figure the average poultry keeper might name.

The business of poultry keeping for egg production is in its infancy; it is bound to grow wonderfully in the next few years, and economic egg production is far from being an exact science at the present time. It behooves the egg farmer, therefore, who would be well paid for his efforts, to give intelligent thought to the problem of combining such lines of agriculture as will work to the advantage of each other.

Gussed Egg-laying Ability of Hens by Hefting the Pullets
Tom Barron, the English breeder, was the magnetic draw thousands to the annual meeting of the Connecticut Agricultural Poultry Association held at the Connecticut agricultural college this month. Mr. Barron captured first place in the Connecticut laying contest last year and so far is again in the lead this year.

The climax was probably reached when he was induced to make an idea of one of the poultry houses where the vast crowd could see him, have hens from the contest pens passed up to him and give his estimate of their egg records. He met this test with the individuals of three pens, R. I. Reds, White Wyandotts and white Leghorns.

Mr. Barron seemed to look at the toes and legs first, apparently to get an idea of the quality of the feet. He noted whether the legs were placed wide apart. Then he studied the head, comb and eye. Then he ran his hands all over the hen, from front to back, at the side, testing the lines of the back, the shape of the breast bone, the length and breadth of the back. Then he held her up for one last wise inspection, after which he pronounced, with accuracy, how the bird stood in her pen record.

More Than Hundred Thousand Eggs Laid in the Famous Contest
More than a hundred thousand eggs is the record to date of the famous laying contest at Storrs. This is an average of nearly 123 eggs each for every individual in the contest, including good, bad, and indifferent and is only about one-third of the average being behind the record for corresponding period in the previous contests. This is thought to be an excellent showing in view of the fact that more than 800 birds are engaged in the present contest as compared with only 500 in the earlier competitions.

All birds sent to the college for next year's contest will be tested by the charge for white diarrhoea, provided the owners signify on the entry blank their desire to have this test made. During the past two months the station has tested fifteen flocks in the state with the total of considerable more than four thousand hens. Of this number 482 or a little more than 11 per cent were found to be infected. This blood test is undoubtedly a long step forward in the eradication of this disease that destroys so many young chicks.

Sting of Bee Causes Small Boy's Death From Tetanus
Special to The Telegraph
Greencastle.—Paul Bingham, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Bingham, died at his home near Greencastle on Thursday from tetanus, caused by a bee sting. One week ago the child was stung on the temple by a bee. Home remedies were applied and no ill effects were felt until Sunday, when the boy became very ill and lock-jaw developed. The lad was three years old. The funeral will be held to-morrow, with services in the church at Broad-fording, and burial in the grave yard adjoining.

Piles Cured at Home by New Absorption Method
If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment. I will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality, if requested. Write report immediately if you require relief. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to Dr. M. M. Sumner, Box 7, Notre Dame, Ind.

An essential to success in poultry raising is knowing at all times the ages of the fowls. This can readily be done by toe punching the chickens as soon as hatched, which will obviate the killing of the young hens and pullets before their days of usefulness are over. The operation is most simple. For example: On most farms there is a harness punch. Use the smallest punch, if there are different sizes, and punch the outside web of the right foot between the toes. The following year the chicks could all be punched on the inside web of the right foot in the same way, one can readily tell the ages of the flocks by years. There are sixteen combinations that can be used in this way. This method is very good to weed out the drones and Nonlayers, for when a hen has passed the second year as a layer, it rarely pays to keep her longer. In this instance, as soon as the hen starts to molt after the second laying season, it is advisable to market her, as in molting she will produce very few, if any, eggs and by keeping her through this period which lasts about twenty days, there is little to gain, but the trouble of caring for her is often many fowls die while going through the molt.

Town's Wealth Largely Gauged by the Value of Its Hens and Eggs
Nowhere else in the United States does the value of poultry products represent such a large proportion of the total value of town's or city's products as it does in beautiful Vineland, N. J. About 75 per cent of the value of all things produced in Vineland is credited to some industry allied to poultry keeping. Within five square miles of level, well drained land there are over 250,000 hens that produce 2,250,000 dozen eggs yearly that has a value of \$640,000. The poultry feed bill of Vineland amounts to \$175,000 a year and there is an investment of \$2,000,000 in stock, land and buildings. Over 1,300 persons have no other occupation or pursuit than poultry keeping.

Market Your Broilers Very Early in Life Especially the Cockerels
One should market the young cockerels, except those desired for breeding purposes, as soon as they have attained the age to reach peace seasons, it was decided at a meeting at the home of Mrs. J. H. Kline, 15 North Seventeenth street. A topic committee, consisting of Mrs. Violet Holler Bolan, Mrs. Frank Freeman Fisher and Mrs. C. W. Beyer, and an auditing committee, including Mrs. C. Albert Snucker, Miss Mabel Hoffmaster and Mrs. John Darsoy, at Market Square Presbyterian Church to-morrow the Rev. William C. Spicer will preach both morning and evening.

Will Ask Ministers to Pray For European Peace
Meade Woman's Christian Temperance Union will request ministers of Allison Hill to set apart September 6 for prayers for the speedy termination of the war and to preach peace sermons. It was decided at a meeting at the home of Mrs. J. H. Kline, 15 North Seventeenth street. A topic committee, consisting of Mrs. Violet Holler Bolan, Mrs. Frank Freeman Fisher and Mrs. C. W. Beyer, and an auditing committee, including Mrs. C. Albert Snucker, Miss Mabel Hoffmaster and Mrs. John Darsoy, at Market Square Presbyterian Church to-morrow the Rev. William C. Spicer will preach both morning and evening.

It's Easy to Peel Off Your Tan or Freckles
This is what you should do to shed a spotted complexion: Spread evenly over the face, covering every inch of skin, a thin layer of ordinary mercurized vasoline. Let this stay on overnight; wash it off next morning. Repeat daily until your complexion is as clear, soft and beautiful as a young girl's. This result is inevitable, no matter how soiled or discolored the complexion. The wax literally peels off the filmy surface of the skin, exposing the lovely young skin beneath. The process is entirely harmless, so little of the old skin coming off at a time. Mercurized vasoline is obtainable at any drug store; one ounce usually suffices. It's a veritable wonderworker for rough, tanned, reddened, blotchy, pimply or freckled skin. Pure powdered vasoline is excellent for a wrinkled skin. An ounce of it dissolved in a half pint witch hazel makes a refreshing wash-lotion. This renders the skin quite firm and smooth; indeed, the very first application erases the finer lines; the deeper ones soon follow.

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