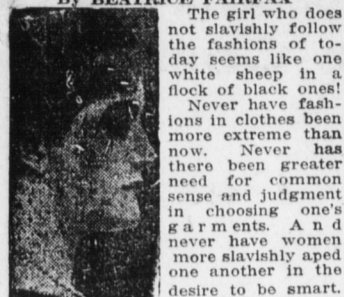


WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

Slaves to Freak Fashions

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX



The girl who does not slavishly follow the fashions of today seems like one of the white sheep in a flock of black ones. Never have fashions in clothes been more extreme than now. Never have there been greater need for common sense and judgment in choosing one's garments. A girl never has women more slavishly ape another in the desire to be smart.

women and plump have all joined the cult of the tunic. How can it be that every woman, regardless of length, breadth of thickness, will look equally well in an overskirt that flares out somewhere between knees and ankles above an underskirt that is tight enough about the feet to suggest the pantalettes of a bygone day?

Not every woman looks well with her hair over her ears in a series of scallops across her cheeks. Very few women are as all attractive with their locks puffed up away from their ears. But all the world once adopted the one extreme and all the world of femininity seems about to cultivate the equally extreme other fashion of arranging its hair.

Extremes of fashion do fairly well for the woman of such ample means that she can discard one freak for another before it loses its one charm—its bizarre newness. But for the girl who must go on wearing a pair of white-topped boots after the world has tired of boots and decided on French heeled pumps for walking (2) those boots are so injudicious an extravagance as to be almost a crime.

Don't, I beg of you, my dear girls, adopt the wildest freaks of fashion in the hope that you will thereby look smart and attractive. Instead, you will look like a little freak yourself, and every bit of your own youthfully charming personality will be buried under the weight of your inappropriate clothes.

Pick and cull and choose from the styles. Select what you can wear to advantage, what is not immodest nor startling. Don't have your clothes the one emphatic note in your personality. Don't let your garments be the means of attracting attention to you—and snickers and unfavorable comments therewith. Cultivate your personality and show it in your garments. Be the white sheep in the flock of devotees to freak fashions. Be individual, and so you will be chic and smart enough to attract attention to your clothes.

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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(Continued)

Once across a road and up three series of steps of the other garden terrace, behind a breastwork of sandbags, the company rested. Most of them had fallen asleep on the ground after finishing their rations, logs of men in animal exhaustion. Some of those awake were too weary to give to each other more than a nod and smile. They had witnessed too much horror that day to talk about it. But Stransky frowned.

Marta, coming out on the veranda, saw him. "You are tired! You are hungry!" she said with urgent gentleness. "Come in!"

He followed her into the house and dropped on a leather chair before a shining table in a room paneled with oak, wondering at her and at himself. No woman of Marta's world had ever spoken in that way to him. But it was good to sit down. Then a maid with a sad, winsome face and tender eyes brought him wine and bread and cold meat and jam. He gulped down a glassful of wine; he ate with great mouthfuls in the ravenous call of healthy, exhausted tissues, while the maid stood by to cut more bread.

"When it comes to eating after fighting—"

He looked up when the first pangs of hunger were assuaged. Enormous, broad-shouldered, physical, his cheeks flushed with wine, his eyes opened wide and brilliant with the fire that was in his nature—eyes that spoke the red business of anarchy and war.

"Say, but you're pretty!" Springing up, he caught her hand and made to kiss her in the brushness of impulse. Minna struck him a stinging blow in the face. He received it as a matiff would receive a bite from a pup, and she stood her ground, her eyes challenging his fearfully.

"So you are like that!" he said thoughtfully. "It was a good one, and you meant it, too."

"Decidedly!" she answered. "There's more where that came from!" Then little Clarissa Eileen entered and pressed against her mother's skirts, subjecting Stransky to childhood's scrutiny. He waved a finger at her and grinned and drew his eyes together in a squint at the bridge of his nose, making a funny face that brought a laugh.

"Your child?" Stransky asked Minna. "Yes."

"Where's her father? Away fighting?"

"I don't know where he is!" "Oh!" he mused. "Was that blow for him at the same time as for me?" he pursued thoughtfully.

"Yes, for all of your kind."

"M-m-m!" came from between his lips as he rose. "Would you mind holding out your hand?" he asked with a gentleness singularly out of keeping with his rough aspect.

"Why?" she demanded. "I've never studied any books of etiquette of polite society, and I am a poor sort at making speeches, anyhow. But I want to kiss a good woman's hand by way of apology. I never kissed one in my life, but I'm getting a lot of new experiences today. Will you?"

She held out her hand at arm's length and flushed slightly as he pressed his lips to it.

"You certainly do cut thick slices," he said smiling. "And you certainly are pretty," he added, passing out of the door as jauntily as if he were ready for another fight and just in time to see the colonel of the regiment come around the house. He stood at the salute, half proudly, half defiantly, but in nowise humbly.

"Well, Major Dellarme!" was the colonel's greeting of the company commander.

"Major?" exclaimed Dellarme. "Yes. Partow has the power. Four of the aviators have iron crosses already and promotion, too; and you are a major. Company G got into a mess and the whole regiment would have been in one unless you held on. So I let you stay. It all came out right, as Lanstron planned—right so far. But your losses have been heavy and here you are in the thick of it again. Your company may change places with Company E, which has had a relatively easy time."

"No, sir; we would prefer to stay," Dellarme answered quietly.

"Good! Then you will take this battalion and I'll transfer Grolier to Alvery's. Bad loss, Alvery—shrapnel. The artillery has been doing ugly work, but that is all in favor of the defensive. If we can hold them on this line till tomorrow noon, it's all we want for the present," he concluded.

"We'll hold them! Don't worry!" put in Stransky.

If a private had spoken to a colonel in this fashion at drill, without being spoken to, it would have been a glaring breach of military etiquette. Now that they were at war it was different. Real comradeship between officer and man begins with war.

"We shall, eh?" chuckled the colonel. "You look big enough to hold anything, young man! Here! Isn't this the fellow that Lanstron got off?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dellarme. "Well, was Lanstron right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wonderful man, Lanstron!" "He knows just a little too much!" Stransky growled.

An Francessa's men rose from their trench for the final charge and found that the enemy had gone, an officer of the brigade staff brought instructions to the colonel.

"The batteries are going to emplace here for your support in the morning. You will move as soon as your men have eaten and occupy positions B-31 to B-35. That gives you a narrow

front for one battalion, with two bat talions in reserve to drive home your attack. The chief of staff himself de sires that we take the Galland house before noon. The enemy must not have the encouragement of any suc cesses."

"So easy for Westerling to say," thought the colonel; while aloud he acknowledged the message with proper spirit.

Before the order to move was given the news of it passed from lip to lip among the men in tired whispers. Since dawn they had lived through the impressions of a whole war, and they had won. With victory they had not thought of the future, only of their hunger. After the nightmare of the charge, after hearing death whispering for hours intimately in their ears,

they were too weary and too far thrown out of the adjustments of any natural habits of thought and feeling to realize the horror of eating their dinners in the company of the dead. Now they were to go through another hell, but many of them in their exhaustion were chiefly concerned as to whether or not they should get any sleep that night.

The satire of war makes the valet's son a hero; the chance of war kills the manufacturer's son and lets the day-laborer's son live; the sport of war gives the latent force of a Stransky full play; the glory of war brings Dellarme quick promotion; the glamor and the spectacular folly of war turn the bolts of the lightning which man has mastered against man. Perhaps the savage who learned that he could start a flame by rubbing two dry sticks together may have set fire to the virgin forest and wild grass in order to destroy an enemy—and naturally with disastrous results to himself if he mistook the direction of the wind.

Marta Galland's thoughts at dusk when she returned up the steps to the house were of the wreckage the hot whirlwind of war left. She was seeing fathers staring and mothers weeping. Her experience with the wounded drawing deep on the wells of sympathy, heightened her loathing of war and of all who planned and ordered it and led its legions. She had been engaged since dark in completing the work of marking valuable articles from the front to the rear rooms of the house, which had been begun early in the day by Minna and the coachman.

She was at the door of her mother's room, which was like an antique shop. Old plates lay on top of old tables, with vases on the floor under the tables. Surrounded by her treasures, Mrs. Galland awaited the attack; not as a soldier awaits it, but as that venerable Roman senator of the story faced the barbarous Gauls—neither disputing the power of their spears nor yielding the self-respect of his own mind and soul. She had lain down in her wrapper for the night, and the light from a single candle—she still favored candles—revealed her features calm and philosophical among the pillows. Yet the magic of war, reaching deep into hidden emotions, had her also under its spell. Her voice was at once more tender and vital.

"Marta, I see that you are all on wires!"

"Yes; jangling wires, every one, jangling every second out of tune," Marta acquiesced.

"Marta, my father"—her father had been a premier of the Browns—"always said that you may enjoy the luxury of fusing over little things, for they don't count much one way or another; but about big things you must never fuss or you will not be worthy of big things. Marta, you cannot stop a railroad train with your hands. This is not the first war on earth and we are not the first women who ever thought that war was wrong. Each of us has his work to do and you will have yours. It does no good to tire yourself out and fly to pieces, even if you do know so much and have been around the world."

She smiled as a woman of sixty, who has a secret heart-break that she had never given her husband a son, may smile at a daughter who is both son and daughter to her, and her plump hand, all curves like her plump face and her plump body, spread open in appeal.

Marta, who, in the breeding of her generation, felt sentiment as more or less of a lure from logic, dropped beside the bed in a sudden burst of sentiment and gathered the plump hand in hers and kissed it.

"Mother, you are wonderful!" she said. "Mother, you are great!"

(To Be Continued)

Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

DON'T LET PRIDE KEEP YOU SILENT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: About two months ago I met a young man for whom I grew to care very much, and his affection likewise seemed centered on me. Somehow, through a complicated matter, he got a bad impression of me and ceased to call on me. It pains me bitterly to know that his opinion of me is none too high. I should not like to approach him in regard to the matter, and still I am very anxious to make up with him. Will you please advise me how I am to convince him of the truth and at the same time keep my dignity?

PERPLEXED.

Write him a note telling him that you value his friendship and your own pride too much to allow him to remain under a false impression of you. Explain the matter that has given him cause to think as he did. And rest content in the knowledge that you owed it to your dignity and set your right in the eyes of any friend who had come to think badly of you.

Never Questioned

Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure and wholesome. It is made from highly refined, pure, cream of tartar, an ingredient of grapes. Not an atom of unwholesomeness goes into it; not an unwholesome influence comes from it. It perfectly leavens the food, makes it finer in appearance, more delicious to the taste, more healthful.

Its superiority in all the qualities that make the perfect baking powder is never questioned.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure No Alum

WEDDING BELLS AT MIFFLINBURG HOME

Miss Helen Elizabeth Ryder Becomes Bride of William Saul Smith

Special to The Telegraph

Mifflinburg, Pa., Sept. 23.—Last evening at 8 o'clock a fashionable wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Edwin Ryder, in East Chestnut street, when their only daughter, Miss Helen Elizabeth, was married to William Saul Smith, of Rochester, N. Y. The home was tastefully and artistically decorated with choice flowers, ferns, and other decorations. The bride wore a gown of white charmeuse and Oriental lace, with a tulle veil adorned with bouquets of roses. The flower girl, little Margaret Sterling, gowned in

white, strewed roses in the bride's pathway. Master Harry Sterling acted as ring bearer. The groom was attended by H. Russell Smith, Bellefonte. The ushers were Carl Goedel and Randal Stover, of Mifflinburg. Lohengrin's wedding march was played by Miss Myrtle Hursh, of Mifflinburg, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. K. Otis Spessard, pastor of the Mifflinburg Reformed Church.

The bride is one of Mifflinburg's leading and talented young ladies. She is a graduate of the Mifflinburg high school, class of 1912, and a graduate of the Buffalo Normal College Kindergarten. She is also an accomplished musician. The groom, a former resident of Little Rock, Ark., is a graduate of Columbia College, Missouri, and at present manager of the Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, N. Y.

Guests were present from Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Milton, New York, Bellefonte, Rochester, N. Y.; Elkhardt, Wis., Chicago, Ill.; Little Rock, Ark.; Lewisburg, Sunbury, Hartleton, Laurelton and other points.

On Friday evening last a novelty shower was tendered the bride. The affair was arranged as a surprise by Mrs. Boyd M. Miller. About seventy-five of her young friends were present.

Worthless Dogs Run Buck to Death Near Quincy

Waynesboro, Pa., Sept. 23.—A splendid eight-pronged buck deer was chased out of the mountains above Quincy yesterday morning by a dog belonging to a resident of that place. The animal was in an exhausted condition before its pursuer was called off and died in the cornfield of George Walk, near Fox Hill. B. F. Heffner saw the deer running toward the open country near his home with the dog following. He called off the canine and prevented it from following further.

The buck was apparently fagged out, but was so frightened that it continued running, although it fell several times. The animal continued its flight for a mile or more until it reached the Walk place, where it dropped dead from exhaustion. Mr. Walk and his son-in-law, Roy Hess, found the carcass. The deer had bled from the nose and mouth and had many scratches about its body.

PASTOR ACCEPTS CALL—Marietta, Pa., Sept. 23.—The Rev. M. Hutzinger, of Camden, N. J., pastor of the Lutheran Church, that city, who was given a call to the pastorate of the Zion Lutheran Church here, has accepted and will assume his new charge about October 7. He succeeds the Rev. Ira W. Klock.

"Beauty No Longer Regarded as Merely Skin Deep," Says Madame Ise'bell

It is Important in Diagnosing General Health Falling Hair May Indicate Facial Neuralgia, Dandruff and Uric Acid Often Go Together

HEALTH AND BEAUTY—Part I

The close relation of health and beauty is every day being emphasized by some new thought, some new discovery in the science of medicine. Prof. Jaquet, a celebrated French neurologist and member of the Academie de Medicine, has recently read a paper before that distinguished body in which he cites the connection between falling hair and disturbances.

Prof. Jaquet goes on to state that he believes only a small proportion of cases of the common form of dandruff are due to a parasite. That dandruff or some other form of parasite was responsible for falling hair has long been an accepted theory. In support of his theory Prof. Jaquet gives many examples of falling hair following severe neuralgia pains in the head. One example was of a woman suffering from severe pain in one spot in the head from which the hair rapidly fell.

On investigation it was found that the trouble lay in a diseased tooth and when the tooth was treated and the pain removed, the hair commenced to grow again from the affected spot.

Nervous People Have Thin Hair. Nervous people, that is people who suffer from nerve exhaustion, as a rule, have thin, fine hair and are prone to premature baldness. Every careful dermatologist has noted this fact, but it has generally been ascribed to anemia or thin, feeble condition of the blood from which nervous people generally suffer. The hair, fed by the capillaries naturally loses strength when the blood is exhausted. That diseased nerves may directly cause atrophy of the hair roots is a new idea and may explain many cases of baldness in which the scalp seems free from bacteria and the general health good. In such a case falling hair has more than a superficial interest to the beauty doctor; it is a symptom of a grave nerve disturbance and as such has a marked value in making a diagnosis of the physical health.

The tendency of medical science today is to observe slight symptoms that to the layman would be regarded as unimportant. The hair, the skin, the eyes and even the condition of the feet all have their importance in determining a condition of ill health and the presence of some serious disease.

Presence of Uric Acid. Uric acid, the parent of rheumatism, shows its presence in several ways affecting the physical beauty. Dentists have found that uric acid is responsible for a great deal of enamel decay, inflamed eyelids are often traced to the same source and dermatologists have discovered that a certain kind of blotchiness of the skin of the face is a frequent complaint of a patient suffering from inflammatory rheumatism.

It is also believed, and I think the science rests on a logical foundation, that uric acid in its endeavor to escape from the system is responsible for a very unpleasant and harmful form of dandruff. A careful watch of patients has shown that many sufferers from uric acid rheumatism are troubled with the moist, greasy, flake form of dandruff which, if neglected, is fatal to the health and well being of the hair. In very bad cases this is yellow in hue, sticks to the hair like fish scales and leaves a red, angry surface when dislodged.

Frequent Cause of Dandruff. To reduce uric acid a regime is necessary, depending on the individual case and prescribed by the family physician. For local treatment get rid of the scales, but do this in such a way as not to injure the delicate hair roots.

Commence by rubbing the entire scalp gently with sweet oil or vaseline, leaving a little of this on the entire scalp, or over the patches, if the dandruff forms in that way, over night. In the morning give the head a vigorous shampoo with a pure soap and rinse very carefully, using the bath spray and first warm and then cold water. This will invigorate the scalp and bring a new supply of blood to the surface. After the hair is dry you will find that a considerable proportion if not all of the dandruff has disappeared.

Don't Let Dandruff Form. The idea now is not to let the dandruff return. Give the scalp a vigorous daily shampoo, using the tips of the fingers and taking care not to scratch the scalp with the nails. For this massage keep the fingers lubricated with sweet oil or vaseline and, if the head feels hot, wet the fingers with cold water. As often as the dandruff gathers repeat the oil treatment, followed by a shampoo.

Why Deep Breathing Exercises Are Necessary. A correspondent who from her letter is evidently a school teacher, writes asking if I believe there is any great benefit from deep breathing. According to her idea the lungs work automatically, taking in the amount of breath required naturally and without special effort, so that deep breathing is not the panacea it was supposed to be a decade ago when physical culture was a new thought and I believe, responsible for a decided change in women's clothing. With the old styled corset which came up to the chest, compressing the lungs, and the tight-fitting, boned bodice natural, automatic breathing for women was an impossibility. Today, from the waist up, a woman is practically as free in regard to breathing as if she wore no clothing at all. With no restrictions about the lungs or diaphragm breathing becomes automatic; we breathe as deeply and as often as we need to provide the blood with the necessary oxygen and get rid of the waste gases.

Regarded as an Exercise. As a physical exercise deep breathing is of value, and as a means of waist reduction and chest expansion to be recommended. Exercising the trunk and lower respiratory muscles consumes ex-

cess fat and will make the waist line lower and smaller.

Deep breathing exercises also act as a quick stimulant, overcoming fatigue, drowsiness, nervousness. By driving the blood for the moment out of the lungs into the capillaries it quickens circulation. It is also a wonderful steadiener to the nerves, partly by equalizing the circulation and largely by changing the direction of the mind.

Deep breathing also increases the oxygenation of the blood, ridding the body of the poisonous carbonic acid. Like any exercise of the body muscles it improves the circulation and aids digestion and elimination.

In the whole an excellent case, even under the most conservative estimate, can be made out for deep breathing. It is an easy exercise, always convenient to follow, but I believe the best effects are obtained by practicing on arising before an open window and with no restricting clothing at all.

New Ideas in Ventilation. To let fresh air into a room without creating what is termed a draft has been the aim of the inventor of a ventilation but recent investigations on this subject show that still air introduced into a room will not renew the air and that in spite of an open window we may be breathing the same air over and over again.

Automatic breathing is so gently done that it does not disturb the air, and inevitably no matter where you are, from one to one-tenth per cent. of the air you breathe you have breathed at least once before. While lying in bed, especially if the bed clothes are about the head, the proportion of re-breathed air is very great and this is true even while sleeping out of doors, if there is no breeze playing about the face.

This fact emphasizes two needs: improved ventilation and a certain amount of open air exercise.

Exercises in the Open. A room is not properly ventilated unless the air is in motion. The fear of a draft is largely an inherited one, coming down from ancestors who believed night air unhealthy and that colds came from breathing cold air. Night air, in as much as it may be damp air, is not as beneficial as the air under the sunlight, but it is much better than the shut-in air of a room, and modern medical science believes that colds are contracted by means of a microbe which flourishes in impure damp air and recycles its death blow in cold, pure air.

Any violent exercise in the open air means deep inhalation and a certain explosive exhalation which displaces the air immediately about the nostrils so that re-breathing is an impossibility. This same good effect is had from walking if deep breathing is practiced.

It is not necessary and possibly unwise for the average person to sleep or sit in a draft, but night or day two windows, one on each side of the room should be open, thus effecting a change of air. In school rooms or large halls a system of fans providing for continually moving air is the means of solving the problem of ventilation and providing the necessary amount of "live" air.

Madame Ise'bell

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EEL CLOGS WATER PIPE Waynesboro, Pa., Sept. 23.—A water spigot in one of the departments of the Frick Company shops was found to give out a very low supply of water. An investigation followed and the pipe was found to be clogged with an eel measuring three feet in length. The eel had been dead for several weeks. At the sight of this several of the employes of the shop who had been drinking the water that came through the pipe a few minutes before grew quite sick. Another eel eighteen inches long also came out of the pipe, but it was alive.

MARRIED AT HAGERSTOWN Special to The Telegraph Waynesboro, Pa., Sept. 23.—Harold Rumberger, a well-known young football player of Waynesboro, and Miss Helen Kauffman, Bell telephone operator at Chambersburg, went to Hagerstown yesterday and were married by the Rev. A. B. Statton, pastor of St. Paul's United Brethren Church. Mr. Rumberger is a son of A. E. Rumberger and at one time was on the reporter staff of the Evening Herald.

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