

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

The Art of Dressing

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
A few days ago I rode out in the street car with a woman whose clothes spelled a giddy twenty, and whose poor wrinkled face betrayed her as sixty...

clothes so far out of their own generation that they give an impression of being just ready for a masquerade. The moral effect of such clothes is bad. Old age claims no respect when so attired. It has no dignity.

BIG EXHIBIT TO BE REPEATED HERE

Industrial Welfare Conference Has Been Arranged to Be Held at the Capitol

Preliminary announcement has just been made of the second welfare and efficiency conference and exhibition to be held in this city this Fall, November 16 to 20, having been selected as the dates for the meeting of safety and efficiency experts, manufacturers, representatives of labor organizations and officials.

tions and moving pictures on fire prevention, fire drills and kindred topics. John Price Jackson, Commissioner of Labor and Industry; George S. Comstock, State Industrial Board; F. Herbert Snow, chief engineer Public Service Commission; J. V. W. Reynolds, Pennsylvania Steel Company, and Henderson Gilbert form the general committee.

Harrisburg Homeopaths Attend Society Sessions

Many Harrisburg physicians will attend the sessions of the fifty-first meeting of the Homeopathic Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, at Wernersville, to-day. Dr. Leon T. Ashcraft, of Philadelphia, is president of the society.

THE LAST SHOT
By FREDERICK PALMER
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[Continued]
'I knew that this must come!' something within her said. If she had not been prepared for it by the events of the last twelve hours she would have jumped to her feet with an exclamation of natural shock and horror.

position, his back to a tree. He seemed to be nodding. Except for a few on watch over the sand-bags, his men were stretched on the earth, moving restlessly at intervals, either in an effort to sleep or waking suddenly after a spell of harassed unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XII.
Hand to Hand.
With the first sign of dawn there was a movement of shadowy forms taking position in answer to low-spoken commands.

'We've got that range, all right!' thought the Gray battery commander, who had judged the distance by the staff map. This was all he wanted to know for the present. He would let loose at the proper time to support the infantry attack, when there were enough dribbles across the road to make a charge.

Marta was diverted from this process of killing by piecemeal by a more theatrical spectacle. A brigade commander of the Grays had ticked an order over the wires and it had gone from battery to battery. Not only many field-guns, which are the terrors of the artillery, but some guns of siege caliber, the mastiffs, in a sudden outburst started a havoc of tumbling walls and cornices in the upper part of the town.

Then an explosion greater than any from the shells shot a hemisphere of light heavenward, revealing a shadowy body flying overhead, and an instant later the heavens were illuminated by a vast circle of flame as the dirigible that had dropped the dynamite received its death-blow.

Marta, at her window, her eyes following the movements of the display, now here, now there, found herself thinking of many things, as in the intermissions between the acts of a drama. She wondered if the groaning, wounded man were crying for water or if he were wishing that some one at home were near him.

'Fire!' said Dellarme's whistle. 'Thur-r-r!' went the automatic in soulless, mechanical repetition, its tape spinning through the cylinder, while the rifles spoke with the human irregularity of steel-tipped fingers pounding at random on a drumhead.

The Gray batteries having tried out their range by the flashes of the automatic the previous evening, were making the most of the occasion. 'Uk-ung-ung!' the breaking jackets whipped out their grists. The reserves, the hospital-corps men and the engineers hugged the breastwork for cover. The leaves clipped from the trees by bullets were blown aside with the hurricane breaths of shrapnel bursts; bullets whistled so near Marta that she heard their shrillness above every other sound.

She hoped that her mother was still sleeping; and she had seconds when she was startled by her own calmness. Again, the faces of the children in her school were as clear as in life. She breathed her gratitude that the procession in which they moved to the rear was hours ago out of the feelings! Always his controlled feelings!

She saw Westering, so conscious of his strength, directing his chessmen in a death struggle against Partow. And he was coming to this house as his headquarters when the final test of the strength of the Titans was made.

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theater of danger. In the simplicity of big things, her duty was to teach them, a future generation, no less than Feller's duty was the pursuing shadow of his conscience. She should see war, alive, naked, bloody, and she would tell her children what she had seen as a warning.

the hurricane breaths of shrapnel bursts; bullets whistled so near Marta that she heard their shrillness above every other sound. She was amazed that the houses still remained standing—that anyone was alive. But she had a glimpse of Dellarme maintaining his set smile and another of Feller, who had crept up behind the automatic, making impatient 'come-one-come-one! what-is-the-matter-with-you?' gestures in the direction of the batteries in front of the castle.

'Thur-ee-sh—thur-ee-sh!' As the welcome note swept overhead he waved his hands up and down in mad rapture and then peeped over the breastwork to ascertain if the practice were good. The Brown batteries had been a little slow in coming into action, but they soon broke the precision of the opposing fire.

Now shells coming frequently fell short or went wide. The air cleared. Then a chance shell, striking at the one point which the man who fired it six thousand yards away would have chosen as his bull's-eye, obscured Feller and the automatic and its gunners in the havoc of explosion. Feller must have been killed. The dust settled; she saw Dellarme making frantic gestures as he looked at his men. They were keeping up their fusillade with unflinching rapidity. Through the breach left in the breastwork she had glimpses, as the dust was finally dissipated, of gray figures, bayonets fixed, pressing together as they came on fiercely toward the opening. The Browns let go the full blast of their magazines. Had that chance shell turned the scales? Would the Grays get into the breastwork?

All Marta's faculties and emotions were frozen in her stare of suspense at the breach. Then her heart leaped, a cry in a gust of short breaths broke from her lips as the Browns let go a rasping, explosive, demoniacal cheer. The first attack had been checked!

After triumph, terror, faintness, and a closing of her eyes, she opened them to see Feller, with his old straw hat—brim torn and crownless now—still on his head, rise from the debris and shake himself like a dog coming ashore from a swim. While the engineers hastened to repair the breach he assisted Stransky, who had also been knocked down by the concussion, to lift the overturned automatic off the gunner. The doctor, putting a hand on the gunner's heart, shook his head, and two hospital-corps men removed the body to make room for the engineers.

[To Be Continued.]
FARMERS' INSTITUTE DATES
Selinsgrove, Pa., Set. 25.—Dates for Farmers' Institutes in Snyder county have been arranged for this year. Snyder county is allotted two institutes yearly by the State Board of Agriculture of which one will be held at Middleburg on February 8 and 9 and the other at Mt. Pleasant Mills on February 10 and 11.

ANOTHER VARIATION OF THE CAPE COAT
For This Design Scotch Tweed Is Comfortable and Quite in Style
8354 Cape Coat, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 to 44 bust. WITH OR WITHOUT SLEEVES, CAPE PERFORATED FOR CUTAWAY FRONTS.

Make this Simple Test
Then decide, once for all, which match to use hereafter. Take five—or ten—Safe Home matches, and an equal number of matches of any other brand. Compare them as to length and strength of stick, appearance, workmanship, anything you please. Light one of the Safe Home matches. See how evenly it burns. See? Shake it! It still burns. 'Flick' it with your finger. It does not spatter. It does not sputter. The head does not fly off. Let it burn awhile until the stick catches. Blow it out! See? It is OUT and it stays out. There is no dangerous charcoal after-glow. The stick is impregnated. Now light one of the other matches. Shake it! 'Flick' it with your finger. Blow it out! Well? All grocers. Five cents a box. The Diamond Match Company