## MOMEN ADD INTERESTS

### The Art of Dressing



woman whose bad. Old age claims no respect when so attired. It has no dignity.

It seems almost unbelievable that a clothes spelled a giddy twenty, and whose poor wrin-kled face betrayed

grinning in ridicule of the sad old creature. But I thought her poor taste was almost tragic.

The yery first rule of good dressing is to wear clothes suitable to your age. After that you must consider your roloring, figure, particular style and type. But it will lend you no charm to wear the smartest of clothes if they are babyish and ingenue in type, while you are evidently forty, or to lengthen your skirts and imitate the sophisticated clothes of a woman of thirty if you are sweet sixteen.

You may select clothes that keep you young looking or emphasize your youthful sweetness and freshness. But you must keep in your own generation in choosing your garments.

"Sweet sixteen" looks well in girlish and simple little frocks that make her appear like the flower she is. She may wear hats faced in shell pink and with a bridle line of black velvet.

ear like the hower she is. She wear hats faced in shell pink and a bridle line of black velvet so her smooth white throat. She sattractive in frilly skirts and waists. But let the wrinkled ann of fifty or the buxom dame hirty-five beware of these same of They will make either woman.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A few days ago I rode out in the street car with a 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

woman of sixty will don a white shepher as sixty, although she had attempted to cover
the traces of time
with a coat of
parti-colored paint,
Most of the passengers were smiling slyly or openly
grimning in ridicule
of the sad old creaight her poor taste
le of good dressing
suitable to your age.

woman of sixty will don a white shepherdess hat, a dress of lavender and
white organdic cut very low as to its
lacy neck and very high as to its scant
slive, the stockings and gill slippers, and so attired set off on a
shopping expedition. But that is exactly what the poor old creature who
inspired this article was foolish
enough to do. And then in order to
live down to her silly girlish clothes
she covered her wrinkled face with
paint and attempted to whitewash
her wrinkled throat.

But youth dressed in mature and woman of sixty will don a white shep-

her wrinkled throat.

But youth dressed in mature and elaborate clothes instead of in its own prettily simple garments is pathetic, too. The effect it produces is the absurd one of a little child dressed up in its mother's clothes. All the charm and sweetness and modesty of youth cannot be kept alive in over-elaborate or sophisticated-looking clothes. Youth must not dress in the clothes of a must not dress in the clothes of woman of the world.

Between the extremes of youth and age there are mistakes in dressing, but they are most glaring when the extremes illustrate the folly of garb-

may wear hats faced in shell pink and with a bridle line of black velvet across her smooth white throat. She looks attractive in frilly skirts and baby waists. But let the wrinkled woman of fifty or the buxom dame of thirty-five beware of these same clothes. They will make either woman a caricature.

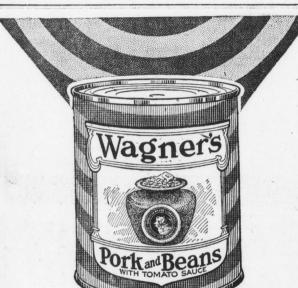
Tailor-made suits of smart cut and dignified street clothes become the woman of mature charm, even as soft clinging sliks and fichus are a very lovely setting for the grandmother.

But nowadays many women wear

# BIG EXHIBIT TO

ference is to be held under auspices of the State Department of Labor and Industry and the Engineers' Society of Pennsylvania and the prospectus shows an extended program dealing Swith industrial safety, fire pervention, economy and efficiency. The conference will be divided into fire prevention, industrial hygiene and welfare sections, with evenings devoted to industrial betterment, safety organiza-

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. Her-Snow, chief engineer Public



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# THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

"I knew that this must come!" something withm 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. As it was, she felt a convulsive, nervous thrill without rising from her seat. A pause. The next shell burst in line with the first out by the linden-trees; a third above the veranda.

"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 driblets across the road to make a charge. The driblets kept on coming, and, one by one, the number of dead on the road was augmented.

Marta was diverted from this process of killing by piecemeal by a more theatric spectacle. A brigade commander of the Grays had ticked an order over the wires and it had gone from battery to battery. Not only field-guns, which are the terriers of the artillery, but some guns of siege caliber, the mastiffs, in 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 lisht 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. But already the Brown infantry was withdrawing from the town, destroying buildings that would give cover for the attack in the morning as they went. Two or three hours after midnight fell a silence which was to last until dawn. The combatants rested on their arms, Browns saying to Grays, "We shall be ready for the morrow!" and Grays replying: "So shall we!"

Marta, at her window, her eves 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 groan-ing, wounded man were crying for water or if he were wishing that some one at home were near him. She thought of her talk with Lanstron and how feminine and feeble it must have sounded to a mind working in the inexorable processes of the clash of millions of men. She saw his left hand twitching in his right hand gripping it to hold it still, on that afternoon when, for the first time, she had understood his injury in the aeroplane accident as the tal isman of his feelings-his controlled

feelings! Always his controlled feel-

She saw Westerling, so conscious of his strength, directing his chess men 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

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 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



The Searchlight Caught Them in Mer

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.
Silence, except an occasional rifle shot—silence and the darkness before dawn which would, she knew, concentrate the lightnings around the house. She glanced into her mother's room and marveled as at a miracle to find and marveled as at a miracle to find her sleeping. Then she stole downstairs and opened the outer door of the dining-room. A step or two brought her to the edge of the veranda. There she paused and leaned against one of the stone pillars. Delarme himself was in a half-reclining her sleeping. Then she stole downstairs and opened the outer door of the dining-room. A step or two brought her to the edge of the veranda. There she paused and leaned against one of the stone pillars. Delarme himself was in a half-reclining

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 after a spell of harassed unconscious

CHAPTER XII.

Hand to Hand,

With the first sign of daws there was a movement of shadowy forms taking position in answer to low-spoken commands. The search-light yielded its vigil to the wide-spread beam out of the east, and the detail of the setting where Marta was to watch the play of one of man's pas-sions, which he dares not permit the tender flesh of woman to share, grew distinct. Bayonets were fixed on the rifles that lay along the parapet of sand-bags in front of the row of brown shoulders. Back of them in the yard was a section of infantry in reserve. also with bayonets fixed, ready to fill the place of any who fell out of line, a doctor and stretchers to care for the wounded, and a detachment of engineers to mend any breaches made

The gunner of the automatic sighted his barrel, slightly adjusted its elevation, and swung it back and forth to make sure that it worked smoothly, while his assistant saw that the fresh belts of cs 'ridges which

were to feed it were within easy reach.
In straw hat and blue blouse, shuffling with his old man's walk, Feller came along the path from the gate. He was in retreat from the enticing picture of the regiment of field-guns in front of the castle that was ready for action. As the infantry had never interested him, he would be safe from temptation in the yard.

"This is no place for you!" said one of the engineers. "No, and don't waste any time, ei-

ther, old man!" said another. "Back to your bulbs!" Feller did not even hear them. For

Feller did not even hear them. For the moment he was actually deaf. "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. All along the line facing La Tir the volume of fire spread until it was like the concert of a mighty loom.

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-n-ng!" 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 was amazed that the houses still remained standing-that anyone was alive. But she had a glimpse of Dellarme maintain ing his set smile and another of Feller, who had crept up behind the automatic, making impatient "come-on! come-on! what-is-the-matter-with-you?"
gestures in the direction of the batteries in front of the castle.

"Thur-eesh-thur-eesh!" 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 pre cision 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 mus have been killed. The dust settled: she saw Dellarme making frantic gestures as he looked at his men. They were keeping up their fusiliade 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 re-moved the body to make room for the

engineers.
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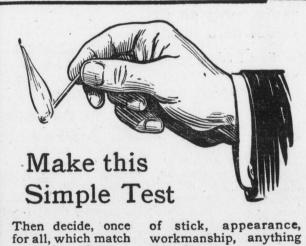
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