

# WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

## Real Fathers, America's Greatest Need



By DOROTHY DIX

We hear a great deal about the influence of mothers, and the duty of mothers, and so on, and very little is ever said about father's place in the family, apart from supporting it. The great majority of American men seem to think that a man needs to give to his children is money, and this gives us the curious anomaly of the most pampered and the most neglected youngsters in the world, and of fathers who are working themselves to death for children with whom they are not even casually acquainted.

For it is only too sadly true that the average American father does not even know his own children. He has turned their rearing entirely over to his wife. He has her decided every important question connected with them. She has picked out the schools they go to, the clothes they wear, the amusements they enjoy, the friends with whom they associate. Her influence has been the dominating one in their lives. Father has counted for nothing except as a bill payer, and it is a literal fact that the conventional and financial reasons most American children had as well as have no father at all as the kind they have got.

The lack of fatherhood is the greatest danger that menaces our society

to-day, because no woman, no matter how conscientiously she tries to do her duty, can successfully bring up children alone. They need a father as well as a mother. They need a man's strong restraining hand just as much as they need a woman's tender touch.

The very qualities that are the essence of motherhood—blind devotion to her young, limitless patience, and forgiveness, an absolute inability to see her own as they really are, unfit a woman to deal with the half-grown boy or girl who needs justice as well as mercy, and to be controlled as well as to be indulged.

The average mother lacks the courage to deny her children anything that she can possibly give them. She lacks the force to make them do anything they do not want to do, and she can no more hold them to doing a hard duty than she could nail them to the cross.

Yet, knowing all of these things, men calmly step aside and let their wives settle the fate of their children, and it would be an interesting and an appalling thing to know how much fatherlessness is responsible for the wrecked lives we see about us.

How many a delinquent might say: "I lay my failure at my father's door. I had a silly mother who named me Alzernon Montmorency, instead of Tom or Bill, who dressed me up and made me a sissy of me, who taught me to despise honest work and be a dabbler in what she considered an elegant profession. She sapped the manhood that might have been in me, and I became a loafer and a spender instead of a worker. If my father had done his duty by me and shaped my

life, instead of leaving it to my foolish mother, I would have been a successful man to-day."

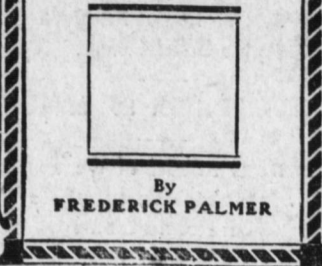
How many a girl who makes a wreck of her life could say: "I am what I am because I had no father except the figure of one who was nothing but a cash register in our house. I had a vain, weak mother who taught me to think of nothing but dress and fashion and to get what I wanted, no matter how I got it. She made me selfish and vain and heartless, so that I have been a blight on every life that I have touched. Yet if my father had ever tried, he could have awakened the good that is in me, and saved me from the curse that is on me."

Perhaps every father has moments when he realizes his responsibility to his children, and he intends, when the critical moment comes, to guide them safely by the dangerous place in their roads, but the difficulty is that fatherhood is not a crown that you can take off and put on at pleasure.

Besides, how are you to influence a person of whose mental processes you are ignorant, whose hopes, and thoughts, and desires are a sealed volume to you? And you can't get acquainted with your children after they are grown. You have to do that when they are babies.

The greatest need in America to-day is for fathers, real fathers who will be companions and chums, and guide, counselor and friend to their children, and it is cheering to hear that this long felt want is being supplied, and that all over the country Fathers' Clubs are being formed as well as Mothers' Clubs.

## The Last Shot



By FREDERICK PALMER

The bullets from the automatics missing one mark were certain to find another, perhaps four or five in a row, such was their velocity and power of penetration. Where shells made gaps and tore holes in the human mass, the automatics cut with the regularity of the driven teeth of a comb. The men who escaped all the forms of slaughter and staggered on to the ruins of the redoubt, pressed their weight on top of those in the craters or hugged behind the pyramids of debris, and even made breastworks from the bodies of the dead. The more that banked up, the more fruitless the efforts of the officers to restore order in the frantic medley of shrieks and explosions at a time when a minute seemed an age.

Meanwhile, between them—their banked-up force at the charge's end—the Brown redoubt with its automatics, the Gray gunners were making a zone of shell bursts in order to give the soldiers time to make their hold of the ground they had gained secure. Through this zone Stranky and his men were to lead the Browns in a counter-attack.

At the very height of the Gray charge, when all the reserves were in, dark objects fell out of the heavens, and where they dropped earth and flesh were mingled in the maceration. Like some giant reptile with its vertebrae breaking, gouged and torn and plinked, the charge stopped, in writhing, throbbing confusion. Those on the outer circle of explosions were thrown against their fellows, who surged back in another direction from an explosion in the opposite quarter. From the rear the pressure weakened; the human hammer was no longer driving the ram. Blinded by the lightnings and dust, dizzy from concussions and noise, too blank of mind to be sane or insane, the atoms of the bulk of the charge in natural instinct turned from their goal and toward the place whence they had come, with death from all sides still buffeting them. Staggeringly, at first, they went, for want of initiative in their paralysis; then rapidly, as the law of self-preservation asserted itself in wild impulse.

As sheep driven over a precipice they had advanced; as men they fled. There was no longer any command, no longer any cohesion, except of legs struggling in and out over the uneven footing of dead and wounded, while they felt another pressure, that of the mass of the Browns in pursuit. Of all these of Fracasse's company whom we know, only the judge's son and Jacob Pilzer were alive. Stained with blood and dust, his teeth shining in a grimace of mocking hate of all humankind, Pilzer's savagery ran free of the restraint of discipline and civilized convention. Striking right and left, he forced his way out of the region of shell fire and still kept on. Clubbing his rifle, he struck down one officer who tried to detain him; but another officer, quicker than he, put a revolver bullet through his head.

Westering, who had buried his face in his hands in Marta's presence at the thought of failure, must keep the pose of his position before the staff. With chin drawn in and shoulders squared in a sort of petrified military habit, he received the feverish news that grew worse with each brief bullet. He, the chief of staff; he, Hedworth Westering, the superman, must be a rock in the flood of alarm. When he heard that his human ram was in recoil he declared that the repulse had been exaggerated—repulses always were. With word that a heavy counter-attack was turning the retreat into an ungovernable rout, he broke into a storm. He was not beaten; he could not be beaten.

"Let our guns cut a few swaths in the mob!" he cried. "That will stop them from running and bring them back to a sense of duty to their country."

The irritating titter of the bell in the closet of the library only increased his defiance of facts beyond control. He went to the long distance with a reply to the premier's inquiry ready to his lips.

"We got into the enemy's works but had to fall back temporarily," he said. "Temporarily! What do you mean?" demanded the premier.

"I mean that we have only begun to attack!" declared Westering. He liked that sentence. It sounded like the shibboleth of a great leader in a crisis. "I shall assault again to-morrow night."

"Then your losses were not heavy?" "No, not relatively. To-morrow night we press home the advantage we gained to-night."

"But you have been so confident each time. You still think that—"

"That I mean to win! There is no stopping half-way."

"Well, I'll still try to hold the situation here," replied the premier. "But keep me informed."

To be Continued

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## LETTER LIST

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE, AT HARRISBURG, PA., FOR THE WEEK END OCTOBER 17, 1914.

Ladies' List — Emma Armstrong, Miss Alice Schwan, Mrs. Ida Shilling, Miss Ida Smith, Miss Mary Snipe, Miss Bertha Stanley, Mrs. Taylor (D. L.), Miss Nell Tucker, Mrs. George Tapp, Mrs. E. E. Waldman, Mrs. Solomon Wengle, Mrs. Frances Whitely, Mrs. Mary Wheeler, Mrs. Hazel Wolfe, Mrs. Frank Gould (D. L.), Mrs. Stella Hardy, Miss Flo Harris, Miss Melvina Hoffman, Miss Pearl Jacobs, Mrs. Hinch Jenko, Miss Anna Keene, Mrs. F. W. Keyser, Mrs. Mary Kuhn, Miss Kate Kunkel, Miss Elizabeth Lapher, Mrs. L. Leavy and Mrs. H. W. Pelan, Miss L. S. Livingston, Mrs. Catherine Long, Miss Doris Martz, Miss Annie McGonna, Miss Elizabeth Mummers, Mrs. Jas. W. Nelson (D. L.), Miss Val Newman, Miss Mary L. Noble, Mrs. Myra Odlesky, Mrs. Agnes O'Donnell, Dot Palmer, Mrs. J. H. Peffer, Mrs. Glenn Perry, Mrs. A. Y. Reed, Miss Katie Reed, Miss Marjorie M. Rose, Miss Carrie Rowe, Mrs. W. J. Schloss, Miss Jeanne Schmittlein (2), Mrs. Alice Schwab, Mrs. Ida Shilling, Miss Ida Smith, Miss Mary Snipe, Miss Bertha Stanley, Mrs. Taylor (D. L.), Miss Nell Tucker, Mrs. George Tapp, Mrs. E. E. Waldman, Mrs. Solomon Wengle, Mrs. Frances Whitely, Mrs. Mary Wheeler, Mrs. Hazel Wolfe, Mrs. Frank Gould (D. L.), Mrs. Stella Hardy, Miss Flo Harris, Miss Melvina Hoffman, Miss Pearl Jacobs, Mrs. Hinch Jenko, Miss Anna Keene, Mrs. F. W. Keyser, Mrs. Mary Kuhn, Miss Kate Kunkel, Miss Elizabeth Lapher, Mrs. L. Leavy and Mrs. H. W. Pelan, Miss L. S. Livingston, Mrs. Catherine Long, Miss Doris Martz, Miss Annie McGonna, Miss Elizabeth Mummers, Mrs. Jas. W. Nelson (D. L.), Miss Val Newman, Miss Mary L. Noble, Mrs. Myra Odlesky, Mrs. Agnes O'Donnell, Dot Palmer, Mrs. J. H. Peffer, Mrs. Glenn Perry, Mrs. A.

## Madame Ise'bell

Opens Her Letter Box and Talks of Untidy Hair and the Unfortunate Habit of Growing Old

Madame Ise'bell writes me that she is in despair about her hair. It will only grow a few inches long about the neck, and there is no way she can pin it up so it will not be untidy in a short time. I suggest to her that she cannot curl it except over an iron, and a curling iron writes that she is tempted to shave her head and wear a wig. She is right, but she is a great cross and sometimes one that has to be made the best of. There are some cases where the hair roots become so weak that massage, the best hair tonic, improved habits of living are all powerless to produce healthy growth of hair. In such a case it is best to adopt some artificial means of keeping the hair tidy.

Try a Transformation.

If the hair is thin and distended to curl a hair net is rarely a success, for it weights the hair and makes it appear even thinner than it is. A transformation of naturally curly or "baked" hair is a great comfort as well as a great improvement to the appearance. This is done about the head close to the hair line and thrown back with the natural hair over it. Having some support, it is easy to attach to this the short locks which should be curled by rolling on soft rollers the night before. A plentiful supply of tiny invisible hairpins may be necessary.

Am I Too Old?

A common query that comes from my mail box is "Am I too old for such a thing?" I wish women could get away from this barrier of age which is far from being an arbitrary one. A manner of dress that is becoming to a woman is suitable at the same time. However, to look young is not always to look one's best. A friend came into my study one morning with one of these new turban hats. It made her a matron of some forty years, look curious, amusingly youthful, but at the same time she was doubtful about it and wanted my opinion. After a little study my opinion was that the hat, while giving a youthful look to her face, counteracted it. It failed to bring out the best in her. She agreed with me and the hat was discarded, as I discovered later, much to her husband's regret. A man's intuition on the subject of his wife's dress, he felt that there was something wrong, while at the same time he was too ignorant on the subject to define it.

Women Should Stimulate Youthful Emotions.

We continually see on the stage examples of men and women who possess stimulating youthful emotions, playing and portraying youthful parts. This is not entirely due to the illusion of the footlights, for it is a well known fact that men and women eminent in the theatrical profession seem to have a peculiar resistance against what might be called the natural encroachment of time, and that in private life also they generally appear much younger than they are.

At first glance acting would not be supposed to be a healthful profession. It involves late hours, many of them spent in an over-dressed, crowded building, a great deal of traveling and consequent irregularity of meals. If, in spite of these drawbacks, men and women of the stage retain their health and youthful appearance, the cause must lie in the kind of work they do.

I think the secret is in the fact that for a certain number of hours each day they are particularly proud of a youthful appearance, the voice, the movement and above all, the thought lying back of all these must be youthful.

Acting is a kind of work that allows no concessions to one's private cares, pains or troubles. The actor is there to please his audience and he is on his mettle to visualize before them the role he is playing. It may be one with which he is not familiar, but he gets him out of himself, and the elasticity of mind and body called on by this operation is an excellent corrective to old age.

With women the effect of playing youthful roles is even more stimulating. A certain lethargy of mind and body seems a common accompaniment of middle age. Intelligent women, if they recognize this feeling, make an effort against it, but what effort could be made if they are the absolute sinking of one's own feelings and personality in the role of a youthful, live, attractive woman.

Seek the Companionship of Youth.

Admitting the rejuvenating effect of youthful emotions every woman can profit from this fact. You will notice that women who make real companions of their children keep much younger than do those who live only with their contemporaries. Boys are particularly proud of a youthful appearing mother, and I have known women who would expend as much money to please a school boy as she would have given to the capture of an admirer of her youth.

Let us get away from the age claim; keep thought young, alert, ever-growing and the body can only respond.

Unfortunate Turning Lines.

Mrs. R. V. S. sends me an unretouched proof of herself and asks me what can be done for the lines that are forming in her face.

I see no bad lines in this face save those caused by the habit of frowning. Mrs. R. V. S. has also very untidy eyebrows which add to the rather disturbed appearance of her upper face. A phid, unlined brow with well marked, smooth eyebrows is one of the most attractive features of a woman's face.

To begin with the eyebrows, an eyebrow brush is an important adjunct to any dressing table. The eyebrows need brushing just as much as the hair does and for the purpose of a brush much like a baby's tooth brush. In fact, a small toothbrush will do very well for this purpose. Use this daily, brushing the hairs first up and then across, so they lie flat and not merely broken away. If necessary use a little vaseline, especially if you wish to darken them and increase their growth.

Occasionally a stiff, unruly hair will appear in the eyebrows and this can be removed with a pair of tweezers, taking care to hold the tweezers in the same slant in which the hair grows, so it may be pulled entirely from the hair root and not merely broken away. Pulled out in this way the hair is less apt to grow again.

I have known frowning lines to be removed by the ordinary methods of massage. In such a case there is no absolute cure save a surgical operation which consists of making a little slit at the hair line and taking up a little fold of the skin. This operation, if properly done, will smooth out the lines, but if the old habits of frowning return, the skin will again form into these unsightly lines.

We will assume that this case of the lines have not become permanent and

can be removed, or at least largely obliterated, by massage and the use of a good blackhead cream. Two movements for frowning lines and they should both be practiced morning and night, thoroughly cleansing the skin first and using a generous amount of skin food or massage cream on the fingers.

Ex. 1—Place the four fingers of both hands lightly on the forehead, parallel and with the backs of the fingers towards each other half an inch apart. Now move the two hands up and down alternately, covering the whole forehead and separating the hands little by little until the hair line has been reached. Finish with a little upward movement. Do this perhaps a dozen times, moving over the skin very lightly and then change to:

Ex. 2—Moisten the four fingers again in the massage cream and with one hand above the other gently iron out the frowning lines, beginning at the top of the forehead and working down to the eyebrows and then back, going across the frowning lines.

Before going to bed put massage cream gently into the skin of the forehead and leave it on over night. In the morning bath the skin with very cold water.

The most important points in treating frowning lines is to stop frowning. If possible have a mirror so arranged so you can watch your face from time to time, while reading or working.

Remedy for Blackheads.

From a county in far away Ireland comes a plea from a distracted mother as how to remove blackheads from the face of a thirteen-year-old girl. How a child of that age, living in the country in the moist climate of Ireland—the land of good complexion—should get blackheads is a mystery. Climate, we are not so fortunate here, and so many young girls are troubled in this way, that I will print my answer to this letter.

Blackheads in so young a person come from improper washing of the face and should be easily cured. If allowed to continue, the skin pores may become permanently enlarged and lose their power of contraction.

Wash the face at night with green soap, fairly hot water and a flesh brush. What is commercially known as green soap is simply a soft, unripe soap and its color is a yellowish brown. The sure that the flesh brush is thoroughly clean; it should be rinsed in boiling water daily and dried in the sun. After the face is thoroughly washed, rinse with fairly warm water and cover the affected parts with a good blackhead cream and leave this on over night to thoroughly soften the skin. In the morning remove any blackheads close to the surface, but only operate on those that can be removed easily without tearing or irritating the skin. This may be done by pressing the skin between the fingers (take care that the fingers are perfectly clean) or a blackhead extractor that can be bought at most drug stores for a few cents may be used. Do not try to remove too many at a time and be gentle during this operation. If the skin is torn it may lose its elasticity and the pores will remain open.

Now rinse the face with very cold water and follow this by bathing with witch hazel, the object of this being to close the pores and promote the elasticity of the skin. Repeat this operation every other night, unless the skin becomes irritated, in which case omit the green soap treatment, although the cream may be continued. Under this treatment the blackheads should slowly disappear and if properly carried out, there should be no danger of their reappearing.

In the case of older women I recommend as well facial massage to quicken the life and circulation of the skin.

Madame Ise'bell

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