

Women and Their Interests

THE SOCIAL CLIMBER

By Dorothy Dix

"Other times, other manners," quoted an elderly woman the other day, as she gossiped over her tea with a few cronies, "in a way, I have always been a looker-on at life, and it is a source of never-ending diversion to me to observe how customs change with the times, and how differently each generation does things. Of course humanity is the same. We have always the same types of people, with the same aims and aspirations, but they go about getting what they want in different ways.

"Take, for instance, the social climbers, the men and women who are trying to break into society, and who are dying to know the people who don't want to know them.

"Now, when I was a young woman, the open door to smart society was through the church, and religion was in many strata as a layer cake, with the most fashionable brand of it, the icing, on top. There was just as much social distinction between different denominations as there is between a Fifth Avenue restaurant and a Sixth Avenue quick-lunch place.

"Therefore, when the social climber acquired money her first step up the ladder consisted in forsaking her old faith and espousing a fashionable creed. She'd join the smartest church in her vicinity, and become an enthusiastic missionary worker, or head of a guild, or the leader of the women's prayer meetings.

"And the first thing you knew the coupes and broughams of her fashionable sisters in the church would be stopping at her door, and she would have neatly turned the trick of get-

ting into the local four hundred.

"By and by the religious path to society played out, and I often wonder if the falling off in church attendance, of which ministers complain so much, isn't largely due to the church being no longer the open sesame to society. At any rate, that method of forcing a way 'under the right awnings,' as Richard Grant White used to say, became an unproductive vein to work, and the social climber passed it up for Philanthropy.

"About twenty years ago, if you will remember, all the new rich awoke to the woes of humanity, and they fell over themselves to respond to the call of the needy, when the call was voiced by the rich and fashionable women of their home towns.

"They espoused causes, and went on hospital boards, and worked themselves to death at bazars, and opened up their purses and gave ostentatiously every time the local leader of their '400' passed around the subscription list.

"And it worked like a charm. Mrs. Cross was bound to take notice of Mrs. Parvenu, who had just come across with a big check for her favorite charity, and in this manner did many a woman whose name now stands at the head of the society column buy her way into the charmed circle to which she aspired. Believe me, the heathen has done more for many a social climber than she has ever done for the heathen.

"Finally, however, too many shrewd women began working the philanthropic dodge to get into society, and it became overdone.

"Then heaven, in its mercy, sent the Woman's Club mania, which swept the country like a prairie fire.

"The socially ambitious woman saw the opportunity that it offered her, and she went for it. She immediately became highbrowed and intellectual, and she organized Browning clubs with trimmings on the side of terrapin

and champagne, or sandwiches and tea, according to her means, and she employed mystic interpreters who used strange and occult language, to come and expound the meaning of what the poet thought he thought to the assembled audience of ladies, in their best gowns.

"It gave the women a delightful sense of culture, and as most of them were too honest, and too simple, and too much afraid of making mistakes to force themselves forward, it gave the woman with nerve and ambition a clear field. She instantly ascended a pedestal, and became a ruler, and a power among her sex—and her sex makes society in America.

"Oh, the Woman's Club has been a most effective club in the right hands, and many a woman has broken her way into society with it. But as a social weapon the Woman's Club has now passed into innocuous desuetude, so to speak. The way to the get into society nowadays is through the Country Club. That, and not a sudden love of rural life, explains the back-to-nature movement among the new rich.

"As soon as a man makes money nowadays the first thing he does is to buy a country place. There's always a general letting down, more or less, of the social bars in summer, it's no trick at all for decent people, with decent manner, and unexceptionable motor cars, and money that they don't mind spending, to get elected to the country club.

"Then the highball, and tennis, and golf do the rest, and before you can say cat the social climbers are in society, and turning up their noses at those not in it.

"It's a funny progressive game the social climber has played, isn't it—the church, philanthropy, the woman's club, the soft links—I wonder what will be next?" sighed the old woman.

"My original objection to dying is that I don't be here to see."

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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Drugged by his desperate stubbornness, Westerling was believing in his star again when he returned to the library. All the greater his success for being won against skepticism and fears! He summoned his chiefs of divisions, who came with the news that the Browns had taken the very redoubt from which the head of the Gray charge had started; but there they had stopped.

"Of course! Of course they stopped!" exclaimed Westerling. "They are not mad. A few are not going to throw themselves against superior numbers

when the firing had died after the Brown pursuit had stopped, a wireless from a dirigible flying over the frontier came, telling of bodies of Gray troops and guns on the march. Soon planes and other dirigibles flying over other positions were sending in word of the same tenor. The chiefs drew around the table and looked into one another's eyes in the significance of a common thought.

"It cannot be a retreat!" said the vice-chief.

"Hardly. That is inconceivable of Westerling at this time," Lanstron replied. "The bull charges when wounded. It is clear that he means to make another attack. These troops on the march across country are isolated from any immediate service."



"A Whole Brigade Mine! I Live."

It was Lanstron's way to be suggestive; to let ideas develop in council and orders follow as out of council.

"The chance!" exclaimed some one.

"The chance!" others said in the same breath. "The God-given chance for a quick blow! The chance! We attack! We attack!"

It was the most natural conception to a military tactician, though any man who made it his own might have builded a reputation on it if he knew how to get the ear of the press. Their faces were close to Lanstron as they leaned toward him eagerly. He seemed not to see them but to be looking at Partow's chair. In imagination Partow was there in life—Partow with the dome forehead, the pendulous cheeks, the shrewd, kindly eyes. A daring risk, this! What would Partow say? Lanstron always asked himself this in a crisis: What would Partow say?

"Well, my boy, why are you hesitating?" Partow demanded. "I don't know that I'd have taken my long holiday and left you in charge if I'd thought you'd be losing your nerve as you are this minute. Wasn't it part of my plan—my dream—that plan I gave you to read in the vaults, to strike if a chance, this very chance, were to come? Hurry up! Seconds count!"

"Yes, a chance to end the killing for good and all!" said Lanstron, coming abruptly out of his silence. "We'll take it and strike hard."

The staff bent over the map, Lanstron's finger flying from point to point, while ready expert answers to his questions were at his elbow and the wires sang out directions that made a drenched and shivering soldier who had been yielding and holding and never advancing grow warm with the thought of springing from the mire of trenches to charge the enemy.

And one, Gustave Feller, in command of a brigade of field-guns—the mobile guns that could go forward rumbling to the horses' trot—saw his dearly beloved batteries swing into a road in the moonlight.

"La, la, la! The worm will turn!" he clucked. "It's a merry, gambling old world and I'm right fond of it—so full of the unexpected for the Grays! That lead horse is a little lame, but he'll last the night through. Lots of lame things will! Who knows? Maybe we'll be cleaning the mud off our boots on the white posts of the frontier to-morrow! A whole brigade mine! I live! You old brick, Lanny! This time we are going to spank the enemy on the part of his anatomy where spanks are conventionally given. La, la, la!"

CHAPTER XX.

Turning the Tables.

Through the door which the aide had left open the division chiefs, led by Turcas, filed in. To Westerling they seemed like a procession of ghosts. The features of one were the features of all, graven with the weariness of the machine's treadmill. Their harness held them up. A moving platform under their feet kept their legs moving. They grouped around the great man's desk silently, Turcas, his lips a half-opened seam, his voice that of crinkling parchment, acting as spokesman.

"The enemy seized his advantage," he said, "when he found that our reserves were on the march, out of touch with the wire to headquarters."

Westerling forced a smile which he wanted to be a knowing smile.

"However, we had not prepared our positions for the defensive," continued

that very literal parchment voice. "They began an assault on our left flank first and we've just had word that they have turned it. Nor is that the worst of it. They are pressing at other well-chosen points. They threaten to pierce our center."

"Our center!" gibed Westerling.

"You need rest. Our center, where we have the column of last night's attack still concentrated! If anything would convince me that I have fought this war alone—I—" Westerling choked in irritation.

"Yes, the ground is such that it is a tactically safe and advantageous move for Lanstron to make. He strikes at the vitals of our machine."

"But what about the remainder of the force that made the charge? What about all our guns concentrated in front of Engadir?"

"I was coming to that. The rout of the assaulting column was much worse than we had supposed. Those who are strong enough cannot be got to reform. Many were so exhausted that they dropped in their tracks. Our guns are at this moment in retreat—or being captured by the rush of the Browns' infantry. Your Excellency, the crisis is sudden, incredible."

"Our wire service has broken down. We cannot communicate with many of our division commanders," put in Bellini, the chief of intelligence.

To be Continued

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ONE OF THE NEW SHORT BASQUES

Short Basques in Fancy Styles are Exceedingly Smart for Dinner and Evening Wear

By MAY MANTON



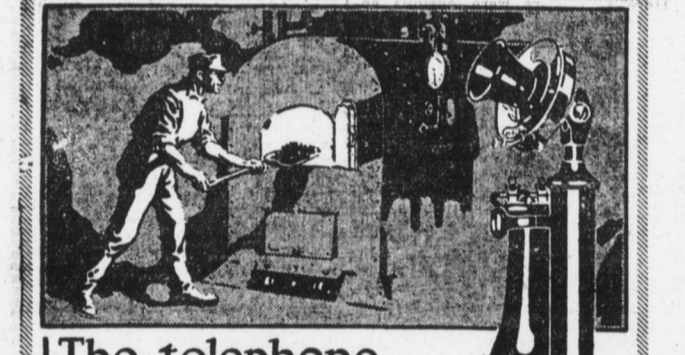
8406 Fancy Basque, 34 to 42 bust.

No development of the favorite basque idea yet seen is prettier than this one. It shows the characteristic finish over the skirt yet it is short enough to be dressy for dinner and evening wear and the half low chemisette with the high rolling collar not alone represents the newest fashion, it also is very generally becoming, the collar making a most effective frame for the face. The sleeves are plain but may be cut to any preferred length. Such a basque would be charming made of one of the fashionable soft satins to be worn over lace, chiffon or any similar soft material or it would be pretty made of a fancy silk to be worn over a plain one or of plain silk over flowered; or it could be made of the velvet that is to be so much worn this season, for velvet is so soft and pliable that it can be treated after the manner of silk. For autumn and winter, both materials and colors will be combined. Soft French gray with rose color makes a wonderful effect, and this basque of DuBarry rose taffeta or velvet over a skirt of French gray chiffon or crepe would be fascinating. As a matter of course, the chemisette and sleeve frills would be ivory white in tone.

For the medium size, the basque will require 3 yds. of material 27, 1 1/2 yds. 36 or 44 in. wide, with 1/4 yd. 36 in. wide for the chemisette and 1 1/2 yds. of lace 6 in. wide for the sleeve frills.

The pattern 8406 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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PRIZE FOR LARGEST FAMILY

Special to The Telegraph

Columbia, Pa., Oct. 22.—John Jackson and his family, nine members in all, received a handsome set of books as a souvenir prize for having the largest family in a group at the Nicholson-Hemminger meeting last night in the big tabernacle. It was family night, and all families sat in groups at the service. Twenty-five new converts hit the trail at the close of the service, which was largely attended.

Evangelists Cause Man to Pay For Stolen Cantaloupe

Special to The Telegraph

Columbia, Pa., Oct. 22.—A conscience-stricken Columbian, whose remorse has become accentuated by reason of the Nicholson-Hemminger evangelistic campaign, has made restitution for the theft of a cantaloupe, which he took from the fruit store of B. F. Reilly, more than ten years ago. In a letter enclosing fifteen cents to pay for the cantaloupe, the writer, who has withheld his name, says that amount will pay the debt with interest, and it will ease his conscience as he has started to lead a Christian life, and that he could not rest until he had made restitution for that sin.

TO BUILD CONCRETE WALL

Special to The Telegraph

Annapolis, Pa., Oct. 22.—Fink Brothers of Annapolis, were awarded the contract by the county commissioners to construct a concrete wall for the Mish iron bridge over the Swatara creek.

Magnificent Hair Easy to Obtain Quickly—Some Astonishing Beauty Secrets

Many Months of Precious Time Have Now Been Eliminated in the Acquisition of Beauty, Says Valaska Suratt, America's Famous Self-Made Beauty-Actress

By Miss Valaska Suratt

If you could actually see a difference of two or three inches in the growth of your hair in a few weeks' time and detect a superb improvement in its texture, which is the only thing you would perhaps wonder whether a miracle had not been suddenly performed, the proper means are employed that most women do not believe them possible, yet the fact remains that if the desired results you will soon find are more likely to occur than not. The proper means, of course, are the consoling factor. Mere hair tonics, which moving hair. Simple sulfo solution can be obtained at any drug store. It will prove its results. Make up a mixture of one tablespoonful of glycerine and one ounce of zintone in a pint of water. This makes a satin cream which is to be used very liberally every day. This makes over a hundred applications. It is more than you ordinarily pay for prepared creams which do not give the desired results. You will soon find that every red spot, freckle and blemish will disappear and leave the skin pure and clear as a lily.

MRS. S. T. O.—Only one cream is necessary to beautify the skin and bring it to a condition of incomparable loveliness in a short time. A few days' use will prove its results. Make up a mixture of one tablespoonful of glycerine and one ounce of zintone in a pint of water. This makes a satin cream which is to be used very liberally every day. This makes over a hundred applications. It is more than you ordinarily pay for prepared creams which do not give the desired results. You will soon find that every red spot, freckle and blemish will disappear and leave the skin pure and clear as a lily.

MISS T. D. N.—Here is a wrinkle-removing formula which has already become famous because of its quick and effective results. It is a simple and vigorous and thereby eliminating all traces and lines of wrinkles, crow's feet and looseness of the skin. It is made up of two parts of glycerine and two ounces of epsom in a half pint of water. The result is a beautiful complexion in many times more than you ordinarily pay for prepared creams which do not give the desired results. You will soon find that every red spot, freckle and blemish will disappear and leave the skin pure and clear as a lily.

EVELINA D.—Development of the bust is very often possible. There is no absolute assurance of this, however. There is danger in the use of vacuum cups, pumps and the like. The following mixture is safe and has been very successful. To half a pint of hot water, add half a cup of sugar and two ounces of ruceton, with which any druggist will supply you. Dissolve thoroughly and take two teaspoonfuls after meals and on retiring.

MISS FONDLY—Do not pinch out blackheads. You can remove them without wait a few minutes by sprinkling some norexin on a hot-wet sponge and rubbing this on the blackheads. This is the only way to remove them. There is danger in the use of any article I know that will really remove blackheads, and do it almost instantly.

JANET T. D.—You probably don't realize that dandruff may now be dissolved away completely. This is not done with soap, because the alkali does not permit of it. But if you will dissolve a teaspoonful of eggol in half a cup of hot water and use as a head wash, you will be surprised at the splendid results. You can secure from your druggist at small cost enough eggol to make over a dozen of these shampoos.

MISS WAITING—Hydrozylated talc is a remarkable thing for excessive perspiration of the arm-pits. Use it liberally and you will find that you will suffer no longer from the extreme wetness under the arms, your dress shields and arm-pits will be fresh and dry and you will have no more gowns ruined by perspiration. Hydrozylated talc can be obtained at any drug store. It also destroys perspiration of the body odors completely.—Advertisement.

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