

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

"Their Married Life"

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Helen took the suit, with its hanger, out of closet and hung it on the chandelier to examine it critically. After all, she might have bought something more to her liking if she hadn't been forced to shop in such a hurry. She thought resentfully of the hurried trip to Carrie's that Warren had insisted upon her taking and the consequent hurried shopping for whatever she and Winifred had needed for the cooler weather. If she had waited for the later models she might have bought something with fur collar and cuffs. This suit was a pretty one in the popular shade of brown that was displayed so much in the store windows. The coat had a velvet collar and wide velvet cuffs in the same shade, but Helen, who had secretly longed all last winter for a coat with fur collar and cuffs, looked at it now with a dissatisfied air. She should have waited for the later models, unless—

Warren had given to Helen a handsome set of lynx—two winters ago. The neck piece was large and could be used for the cuffs as well as the collar. Helen jumped up with the excitement of the thought. She slipped the collar piece over the brown, it looked lovely but perhaps after all the black might be a little too dark for it. She had spoken to the saleswoman about fur on it when she had bought the suit. Perhaps if she called up the fur department, or better still, went down they would tell her whether or not it would be advisable to use her lynx on so dark a shade of brown.

In the elevator of Craft & Ordway's Helen noticed a woman with a suit on much the shade of hers. There was a cuff and collar set of golden brown fur which made the suit look several shades lighter, and was almost becoming. The woman wore a brown hat with a touch of burnt orange, and the effect was smart. Already Helen was becoming to think better of her idea to cut her lynx fur. How glad she was now that she hadn't cut it into it herself. The elevator stopped at the third floor, and Helen stepped out and walked leisurely to the fur department. Again she was undecided as to what to do. If she did not use her lynx there was no probability of her having the much desired collar and cuffs, for the simple reason that she couldn't afford to buy more fur. She began to wish that she had stayed at home. The woman in the brown

suit had made her discontented. "Something in furs?" said a brisk little woman, coming up to Helen and noting her perplexed expression. "Perhaps I can help you decide, madam."

"I should like to know if you think lynx would look well on a dark brown suit of this kind?" "Yes, if you want a stand-up collar, I should think so."

"We have something here that could be used for the purpose; the widest fur we have which could be used without cutting. You wanted something by the yard, didn't you? That would be the most practical thing, I should think."

The saleswoman was detaching a long strip of brown fur from the bundle. "This is the very best skunk, madam, twelve-fifty a yard. Beautiful on a brown suit, I should think."

"The fur was just the right width and a beautiful color. Helen wondered if it would be too extravagant to buy a yard. She could put the fur on herself, to save expense, and the suit would look beautiful with the brown fur."

"Would a yard be enough for collar and cuffs?" she said finally. "I should think so; let me measure. Do you want a stand-up collar or the other kind? If you want a stand-up collar I should think that you might get it out of a yard. However, to make sure, you'd better take a yard and a half."

Helen was thinking rapidly. She could take off the velvet collar of her coat and line the fur with it. If she did that there would be no lining to buy.

"I don't need another half yard," she said finally. "A yard and a quarter would be plenty."

Back in the apartment at last, Helen tossed her things carelessly on the bed and hastily pulled the fur out of the wrappings. There was a breathless moment while she measured the fur around the collar. Yes, if she filled the cuffs in just a little there would be enough and the velvet could be used as an interlining with the satin outside. She would be able to do the job herself without any trouble.

Helen hummed a gay little tune as she hurried into her room for her work basket. What fun it would be, almost like having a new suit, and she was sure to like the suit twice as well, too. That in itself was enough to soothe her conscience if she had felt at all extravagant. After all, she could always make the extra expense up to Warren in some other way.

(Another incident in this interesting series will appear on this page soon.)

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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(Continued)

The Last Shot.

"Miss Galloway!" Blinking as she came out of the darkness into the bright light, with a look of her dew-sprinkled dark hair free and brushing her flushed cheeks, Marta saw the division chiefs of the Browns, after their start when Lanstron spoke her name, all stand at the salute, looking at her rather than at him. The reality in the flesh of the woman who had been a comrade in service, sacrificing her sensibility for their cause, appealed to them as a true likeness of their conceptions of her. In their eyes she might read the finest thing that can pass from man's to woman's or from man's to man's. These were the strong men of her people who had driven the burglar from her house with the sword of justice. Their tribute had the steadfast loyalty of soldiers who were craving to do anything in the world that she might ask, whether to go on their knees to her or to kill dragons for her.

"Who if not you is entitled to the privilege of the staff council?" exclaimed the vice-chief. "We are here, thanks to you!"

"And, here to you, our flag will float over the Gray range!"

She must be tired, was their next thought. Four or five of them hurried to place a chair for her, the vice-chief winning over his rivals, more through the exercise of the rights of rank than by any superior alacrity.

"You are appointed actual chief of staff and a field marshal!" said the vice-chief to Lanstron. "The premier says that every honor the nation can bestow is yours. The capital is mad. The crowds are crying: 'On to the Gray capital!' Tomorrow is to be a public holiday and they are calling it Lanstron Day. The thing was so sudden that the speculators who depressed our securities in the world's markets have got their due—ruin! And we ought to get an indemnity that will pay the cost of the war."

Seated at one side, Marta could watch all that passed, herself unobserved. She noted a touch of color come to Lanstron's cheeks as he made a little shrug of protest. Then she saw their faces grow businesslike and keen, as they gathered around the table, with Lanstron at the head. They were oblivious of her presence, immured in a man's world of war.

"Your orders were obeyed. We have not passed a single white post yet!" said the vice-chief impatiently. "As the Grays never expected to take the defensive, their fortresses are inferior. Every hour we wait means more time for them to fortify, more time to recover from their demoralization. Our dirigibles having command of the air—we had a wireless from one reporting all clear half-way to the Gray capital—why, we shall know their concentrations while they are ignorant of ours. It's the nation's great opportunity to gain enough provinces to even the balance of population with the Grays. With the unremitting offensive, blow on blow, using the spirit of our men to drive in mass attacks at the right points, the Gray range is ours!"

Marta scanned the faces of the staff for some sign of dissent only to find nothing but the ardor of victory calling for more victory, which reflected the feeling of the couraging crowds in the capital. Though Lanny wished to stop the war, he was only a chip on the crest of a wave. Public opinion, which had made him an idol, would discard him as soon as he ceased to be a hero in the likeness of its desires. She saw him aloof as the others, in preoccupation, bent over the map outlining the plan of attack that they had worked out while awaiting their chief's return from the charge. He was taking a paper from his pocket and looking from one to another of his colleagues studiously; and she was conscious of that determination in his smile which she had first seen when he rose from the wreck of his plane.

"This is from Partow: a message for you and the nation!" he announced, as he spread a few thin, type-written pages out on the table. "I was under promise never to reveal its contents unless our army drove the Grays back across the frontier. The original is in the staff vaults. I have carried this copy with me."

At the mention in an arresting tone of that name of the dead chief, to which the day's events had given the prestige of one of the heroes of old there was grave attention.

"I think we have practically agreed that the two individuals who were invaluable to our cause were Partow and Miss Galloway," Lanstron remarked tentatively. He waited for a reply. It was apparent that he was laying a foundation before he went any further.

"Certainly!" said the vice-chief. "And you!" put in another officer, which brought a chorus of assent.

"No, not I—only these two!" Lanstron replied. "Or, I, too, if you prefer. It little matters. The thing is that I am under a promise to both, which I shall respect. He organized and labored for the same purpose that she played the spy. When we sent the troops forward in a counter-attack and pursuit to clear our soil of the Grays; when I stopped them at the frontier—both were according to Partow's plan. He had a plan and a dream, this wonderful old man who made us all seem primary pupils in the art of war."

Could it be that terrible Partow, a stroke of whose pencil had made the Galloway house an inferno? Marta wondered as Lanstron read his message—the message out of the real heart of the man, throbbing with the power of his great brain. His plan was to hold the Grays to stalemate; to force them to desist after they had battered their battalions to pieces against the Brown fortifications. His dream was the thing that had happened—that an opportunity would come to pursue a broken machine in a bold stroke of the offensive.

"I would want to be a hero of our people for only one aim, to be able to stop our army at the frontier," he had written. "Then they might drive me forth heaped with obloquy, if they chose. I should like to see the Grays demoralized, beaten, ready to sue for peace, the better to prove my point that we should ask only for what is ours and that our strength was only for the purpose of holding what is ours. Then we should lay up no legacy of revenge in their hearts. They could never have cause to attack again. Civilization would have advanced another step."

Lanstron continued to read to the amazed staff, for Partow's message had looked far into the future. Then there was a P. S., written after the war had begun, on the evening of the day that Marta had gone from tea on the veranda with Westering to the telephone, in the impulse of her new purpose.

"I begin to believe in that dream," he wrote. "I begin to believe that the chance for the offensive will come, now that my colleague, Miss Galloway, in the name of peace has turned practical. There is nothing like mixing a little practice in your dreams while the world is still well this side of Utopia, as the head on my old belt-moth of a body well knows. She had the right idea with her school. The oath so completely expressed my ideas—the result of all my thinking—that I had a twinge of literary jealousy. My boy, if you do reach the frontier, in pursuit of a broken army, and you do not keep faith with my dream and with her ideals, then you will get a lesson that will last you forever at the foot of the Gray range. But I do not think so badly as that of you or of my judgment of men."

"Lanny! Lanny!" The dignity of a staff council could not restrain Marta. Her emotion must have acted. She sprang to his side and seized his hand, her exultation mixed with penitence over the way she had wronged him and Partow. Their self-contained purpose had been the same as hers and they had worked with a soldier's fortitude, while she had worked with whims and impulses. She bent over him with gratitude and praise and a plea for forgiveness in her eyes, submerging the thing which he sought in them. He flushed boyishly in happy embarrassment, incapable of words for an instant; and silently the staff looked on.

"And I agree with Partow," Lanstron went on, "that we cannot take the range. The Grays still have numbers equal to ours. It is they, now, who will be singing 'God with us!' with their backs against the wall. With Partow's goes my own appeal to the army and the nation; and I shall keep faith with Partow, with Miss Galloway, and with my own ideas, if the government orders the army to advance, by resigning as chief of staff—my work finished."

Westering and his aide and valet, inquiring their way as strangers, found the new staff headquarters of the Grays established in an army building, where Bouchard had been assigned to trivial duties, back of the Gray range. As their former chief entered a room in the disorder of maps and packing-cases, the staff-officers rose from their work to stand at salute like stone images, in respect to a field-marshal's rank. There was no word of greeting but a telling silence before Turcas

spoke. His voice had lost its parchment crinkle and become natural. The blue veins on his bulging temples were a little more pronounced, his thin features a little more pinched, but otherwise he was unchanged and he seemed equal to another strain as heavy as the one he had.

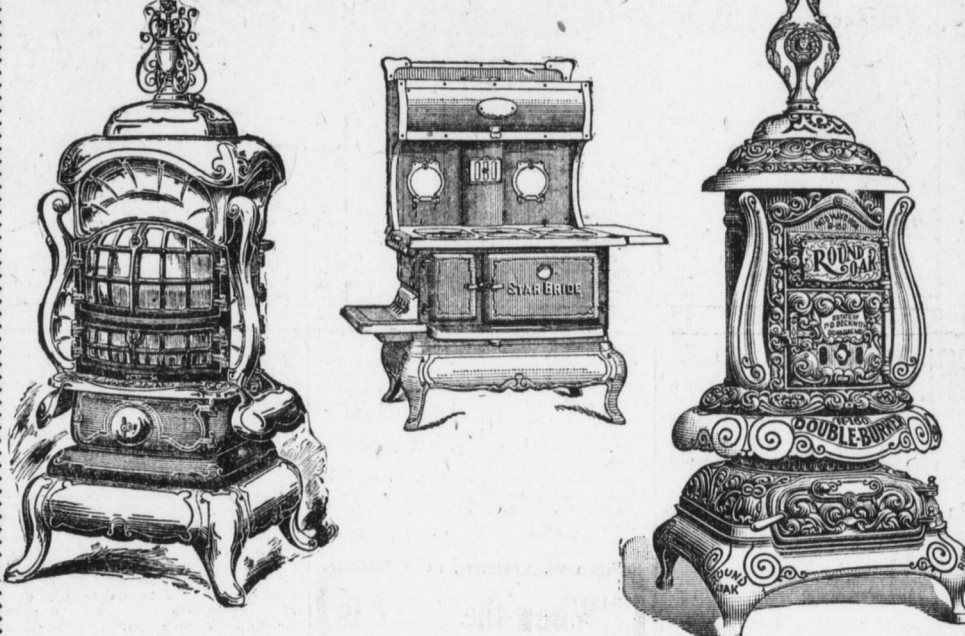


"We've Come for Westering."

NEEDLEWORK GUILD MEETING Shippenburg, Pa., Oct. 30.—Yesterday the annual meeting of the Needlework Guild of Shippenburg was held in the Church of God. Two programs were rendered. The annual exhibit was the largest and best ever made in its history.

Don't Wait Until After Election To Buy That New Stove. Jack Frost Says, "Buy It Now"

This big helpful store will assist you, no matter who is elected. You want to be comfortable, "local option or not local option." Let us save you from \$5 to \$10 on the purchase of your stove and give you the world's BEST stove. The stove that burns the smoke and gases and saves on your coal bills. No better stoves made; few near as good. Prices as low as ordinary cheap poorly made stoves.



Every stove sold on a positive guarantee from makers and ourselves. No charge for pipe and setting up. Full supply of repairs on hand for all stoves purchased here.

You Can Have Your Bill Charge If You Wish RANGES \$18.75 to \$45 EGG STOVE HEATERS, \$1.98 to \$7 STEEL RANGES ... \$36.00 to \$55 OIL HEATERS \$3.98 to \$7.50 SINGLE HEATERS. \$ 7.50 to \$25 DOUBLE HEATERS, \$18.00 to \$45 PAY AS YOU GET PAID

Specials in Overcoats and Warm Winter Clothing for the Entire Family

Home Gately & Fitzgerald Supply Co. Family Furnishers 29-31-33 and 35 S. Second Street Clothiers Our Location Means a Great Saving to You

Parts of Submarines Shipped Into Belgium

Amsterdam, via London, Oct. 30, 7.30 a. m.—A dispatch from Sluis, Holland, to the Handelsblad, asserts that parts of several submarines have been sent from Germany by railway to Zebrugge on the Belgian coast, where they will be put together and the boats then sent against the British fleet of Ostend. Strict secrecy, according to the Sluis correspondent, surrounds the German movements in Belgium and all railway communication to Zebrugge is interrupted. Cycle and motor traffic is also forbidden. A map in the possession of the German commander at Bruges shows a straight line from Maria Kecke, running south, beyond which no civilians are allowed to go.

Belgians Lose 10,000 in Defending Coast

London, Oct. 30, 3.29 A. M.—The correspondent of the Daily Mail in Northern France, dealing with the enormous sacrifices and the devoted courage of the Belgians, says: "Over 10,000 have been killed or wounded, which is a quarter of their whole force operating in the coast battle. They have been defending a slip of territory from Dixmude to Nieuport, a region hardly bigger than a big German farm."

NEW BARN COMPLETED

Special to The Telegraph Sunbury, Pa., Oct. 30.—A new barn to replace a structure destroyed by fire has just been completed at the Central Pennsylvania Odd Fellows' Orphans' Home, east of Sunbury. It is of frame construction, L-shaped, with one wing 80x40 feet and the other 80x45 feet. It cost approximately \$7,500 and the expense was borne by the lodges in the district, which made gifts of money toward it.

The Hair Easily Made Beautiful and Attractive

Beautiful hair, thick, fluffy, lustrous and absolutely free from dandruff is not so much a gift of nature as a matter of care and proper nourishment. Hair is like a plant—it will not grow healthy and beautiful unless it has attention and proper nutrition. Parisian Sage, a daintily perfumed liquid that is easily applied, tones up and invigorates the hair roots and furnishes the necessary nourishment to not only save and beautify the hair, but also stimulate it to grow long, heavy, soft, fluffy and radiant with life. When used frequently and well rubbed into the scalp, it will simply work wonders. Just one application stops itching head, removes dandruff and cleanses the hair of all dust and excess oil. Since Parisian Sage, which can be obtained from H. C. Kennedy, or at any drug or toilet counter, never disappoints, it is no longer necessary for any woman to be humiliated because of thin, streaky, faded, lifeless or unattractive hair—and pretty hair, more than anything else, helps every woman to retain her charm and youthful appearance.—Advertisement.

Annville Girl Bride of Wrightsville Businessman

Special to The Telegraph Annville, Pa., Oct. 30.—A very pretty wedding took place yesterday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Christesen, when their daughter was united in marriage to Ralph P. Wilton, of Wrightsville, York county. The Rev. B. F. Daugherty, pastor of the United Brethren Church of this place, performed the ring ceremony. Mrs. Wilton is well known throughout the county and is very popular among the younger social set of Annville. She attended Lebanon

Valley College. Mr. Wilton was formerly burgess of Wrightsville, where he is now engaged in business. The couple will reside in Wrightsville.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Special to The Telegraph Dillsburg, Pa., Oct. 30.—Announcements have been received here of the engagement of Andrew Bender, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bender, to Miss Beatrice Teall, of Glenn Ridge, N. J. Mr. Bender is a graduate of Lebanon Valley College and is now a member of the faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh.

GIRLS! GIRLS! YOU MUST TRY THIS! DOUBLES BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

For 25 cents you can make your hair lustrous, fluffy, and abundant. Immediate?—Yes! Certain?—that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a Danderine hair cleanse. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it.—Advertisement.

Advertisement for Dr. Phillips, Painless Dentist. Includes text: "Absolutely No Pain", "My latest improved appliances, including an oxygenized air apparatus, makes extracting and all dental work positively painless and is perfectly harmless. (Age no objection.)", "EXAMINATION FREE", "Registered Graduate Assistants", "Full Set of teeth \$5.00, Gold fillings \$1.00, Fillings in silver \$1.00, alloy crown \$1.50, Gold Crowns and Bridge Work, \$3, \$4, \$5, 22-K Gold Crown ... \$5.00", "Office open daily 8.30 a. m. to 6 p. m.; Mon., Wed. and Sat. Till 9 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.", "Bell Phone 3322R", "EASY TERMS OF PAYMENTS", "320 Market Street (Over the Hub) Harrisburg, Pa. It Didn't Hurt a Bit", "CAUTION! When Coming to My Office Be Sure You Are in the Right Place."



Buy the Beans You Can Digest Easiest

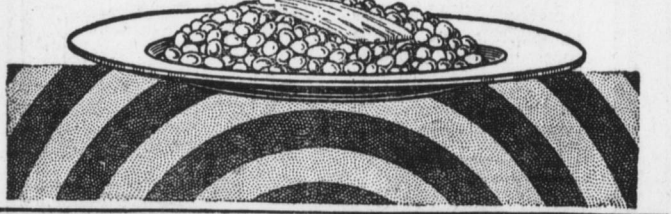
All the meats that we eat are nutritious, but some meats are easier to digest than others. Beans are also one of the most nutritious and economical of foods, but you want to find out whose beans you can digest the easiest.

Try Wagner's Pork and Beans

Bear in mind that we derive nutrition only from the food we digest; therefore, since we know that beans are extremely rich in nutriment let us eat the easiest digested kind. No food products in the United States have a better reputation for quality than Wagner's—they have stood the rigid test of the public for 32 years. Try Wagner's Pork and Beans—they make mighty fine eating.

Three sizes: No. 1, Luncheon; No. 2, Family; No. 3, Full Dinner. Look for the blue-band label.

MARTIN WAGNER CO. Baltimore, Md.



Advertisement for Onyx Hosiery. Includes text: "DO YOUR OWN SHOPPING", "'Onyx' Hosiery", "Gives the BEST VALUE for Your Money", "Every Kind from Cotton to Silk, For Men, Women and Children", "Any Color and Style From 25c to \$5.00 per pair", "Look for the Trade Mark", "Sold by All Good Dealers.", "Wholesale Lord & Taylor NEW YORK"