

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAJOR MATRONS

MILITANT MAID'S "VALOR" REWARDED BY DEATH AS SUICIDE

Strange Story of Laura Gray's Career Revealed in Letter Accompanying Presentation of Medal.

A really gifted and brilliant young woman, whose life might well have been diverted into the highest channels, has under the saddest of all circumstances gone over to join the great majority.

Dear Soldier in the Women's Army: No more words can possibly express the feelings of the committee towards you and the other comrades who have so nobly and with utter disregard of their safety...

When the "brave" lady, Oddie, summed up, his voice trembled with emotion, and there was a dry eye in the room. He nervously fingered the above letter, and then said:

"Next we had a letter from a man frequenting night clubs and taking money from them. There is no more about the subject of my being degraded, and from then her whole history is one of drink, drugs, immorality and death from her own hand."

The German who arrived at Lindau after an interesting account of how the Germans destroyed the village of Bursweiler in Alsace.

EIGHTY CHILDREN PERISH AS GERMAN BURN VILLAGE

Troops Take Comrades for Foes and Destruction Follows. PARIS, Sept. 13.—A German who arrived at Lindau after an interesting account of how the Germans destroyed the village of Bursweiler in Alsace.

Later another outbreak of German soldiers convinced that the village did not become aware that they had been patriots in the village.

WAITERS OUTNUMBER GUESTS IN BIG PARIS HOTELS

Assistant Secretary Breckinridge Leaves Capital to Aid Refugees. PARIS, Sept. 13.—The hotels are suffering from a scarcity of guests. At the Continental there are only seven guests in all.

CHURCH FEELS WAR BURDEN

German Methodists, Crushed Under Heavy Taxes, May Close Temples. NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—A letter was received here from Bishop L. Nelson, director of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Board of Foreign Missions of that faith, stating that the German Methodist congregations are crushed under the heavy burdens imposed upon them by the war.

CHICAGO MUNICIPAL MARKET MANAGERS ISSUE "DON'T" LIST

Tell Housewives Not to Expect All Fancy Grocery Store Frills at Farm Wagons.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—"Don'ts" for housewives dealing at the new municipal markets, work on two of which was begun yesterday, have been issued with the approval of the Municipal Markets Commission. These rules are laid down as a guide to women eager to cut the cost of living, but who may expect the frills of fancy grocery store service on the school lots where farm wagons loaded with market truck will be found.

Don't expect the farmers to telephone you at your residence and take your order over the wire. Don't ask to have an ear of corn and a bunch of onions delivered.

THE STAY-AT-HOME GIRL

Is the Stay-at-Home daughter really the least energetic and useful member of the modern middle-class family? She is usually regarded as a sort of lily of the field, a young person whose sole duty is to do a little pottering around the house, a little fiddle dusting of the rooms, to dress up in the afternoons and look pretty, and generally to enjoy life in a calm and leisurely fashion.

When at length they are really off, she is inclined to get to bed again for a thorough rest. She is not an ardent dancer, and there is no financial reward at the end of it.

KAISER'S WOUNDED SON RAISED TO IRON CROSS

Prince Joachim, Recovering, Eager to Get Back to Front. BERLIN, Sept. 13.—The Imperial surgeon attending Prince Joachim, youngest son of Emperor William, who was wounded in the thigh with a fragment of shrapnel during the recent fighting in East Prussia, stated today that the wounds were healing and that the Prince will soon be able to return to the front.

WHEN IN MY BATHING SUIT I PLAY UPON THE SAID;

They say I look so cute, With skin all brown and tanned. Why should they coax me so to get My pretty suit all nasty wet?



BLOUSE OF PEACHBLOW MOIRE FASTENED WITH JET BUTTONS

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

MORE ABOUT JIMMY SOUTH BREEZE

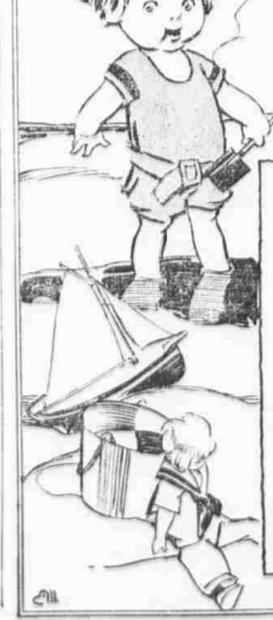
At the afternoon and evening Jimmy hunted around in search of trouble, but found none. True enough, he saw an old owl sitting in a tree, and he said to himself: "There's a sleepy old fellow; I'll wake him up in a hurry!"

He hurried over towards a robin's nest, and pushed two little babies off the edge of the nest! "My last chance!" exclaimed Jimmy, "I'll tear those seeds away from their home and spread them all over the garden!"

He shook the plants fiercely and scattered the seeds hither and yon. And just as he was finishing, his mother blew up. "That's a nice boy," she complimented him, "you couldn't do anything better than that—now next year we'll have pretty flowers all over the garden!"

Jimmy said not a word—he simply gave up trying to be bad—and went to bed!

Tomorrow—Four o'Clocks. Copyright, 1914, Clara Ingram Judson.



ACROSS THE COUNTER

A suit of blue chevrot with the red-rotte coat having a velvet collar and a broad girdle, and a skirt with plaits at both ends, and a black cheviot. The skirt is plain, but is buttoned in front down its entire length.

It is an artistic touch, for when all is said and done the French modistes are artists where color is concerned. Just what effect the war will have in American dressmaking is an opportunity to create fashions after their own style and taste will perhaps depend on how long the war lasts.

It is not a matter of fad or fancy, nor is it a matter of patriotism. American artists are not so easily provoked. It comes to a really fine feeling for color. In this respect it can certainly be admitted still, that "they do those things better in France."

The coal bin is a tremendous item in many a housewife's books, and the following hint will considerably lessen it. Dissolve a pound of common washing soda in a gallon of boiling water and sprinkle the solution over the outside of the heat and brightness of the fire will be better than ever, while burning at about half the usual rate.

THE INDEPENDENT GIRL THINKS MAN BEST "PAL"

Platonic Friendship an Aid to Mental Development. With the recent triumphant rise of the "holier" girl, and the subsequent disregard of that opiorobious term, old maid, a truer camaraderie has sprung up between the sexes, and many are the advantages to be reaped therefrom by both parties.

Platonic friendship has until recently been regarded with a suspicious eye and generally condemned as being something unwholesome and queer, and, moreover, unmanly. "What is the good of platonic?" said a lady young man once. "If I want a real friend I go to a man who can talk decently and who understands things, and who can knock around with me. But girls are different. When you go out with them they expect you to spend a lot of money on their amusement, and anyhow, girls are not meant to be real pals as men are to each other."

But, indeed, it is true these foolish statements were contradicted. The independent girl desires equality in her friendships, and is much too proud to accept favors for which she cannot return full measure.

MISS A. MORGAN IN FRANCE

Miss Elsie de Wolfe With Late Financier's Daughter at Biarritz. NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—Elsie de Wolfe, actress, in writing to a friend in this city, says that Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, is staying at Biarritz, France, with Miss Elizabeth Landry.

BLOUSES RETAIN HOLD ON FASHION DESPITE CRITICISM

New Basque Is but a First Cousin—American Modistes Will Have Opportunity to Show Skill.

Once in so often the rumor is hinted abroad that the separate blouse is condemned to death, fashionable death, that is. But it reappears quite brazenly and in fearlessly tempting guise. Before the season is over we will perhaps tire of the basque, for even the blouse is tarred slightly with the same brush.

The illustration shows a blouse of moire, cut with the kimono shoulder and the new cuff that comes down over the hand almost to the fingers. This cuff is the last word of the modiste, at present, and while it may be shaped in various ways, left open or closed, it must be not only long but very long, indeed.

This argues a gradual disappearance of the chain and beads, often of such barbaric color and splendor, and a reappearance of smart little bows and neckties, of the kind that were high favorites a few years ago. Here, there is nothing to wear for the blouse, but a beautifully cut jet buttons that are very decorative on a delicate color. The buttons are also used on the cuffs where they hold the pointed ends of the cuffs in position against the sleeve itself.

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THE HOME-KEEPER

When palms are kept indoors in the winter, due attention must be given to the soil. If they are to thrive, the following is an excellent treatment. Sponge the leaves once a week regularly with lukewarm water, to which a little milk has been added. This will keep the plants in two hours in lukewarm water, allowing the water to completely cover the pot.

In the cleaning of painted or varnished surfaces, special care is necessary. To half a bucketful of warm water add a tablespoonful of salit of tartar, wash the points with a rag dipped in this, and then remove the dirt with a brush. Rinse in clear water and dry with a chamois.

HORTICULTURAL SCHOOL ENROLMENT INCREASED

More Than Doubled and Facilities for Study Enlarged. An unexpectedly large number of applications for admission to the School of Horticulture for Women, at Ambler, Pa., has greatly overtaxed the present facilities. The school opened today with 25 resident pupils, more than doubling last year's number, and with many more day scholars.

An additional house near by has been secured as a residence and the two new greenhouses, which will contain adequate facilities for practical work, will be completed within a few weeks. The school's managers, who are women prominent in society and in philanthropic work, have not yet succeeded in raising the amount necessary to erect the large new buildings for which plans have been drawn up.

The managers believe, however, that the need for this training school is quite evident, and they are prepared to do their utmost to bring the facilities of the school up to the demands now made upon it.

About four years ago a group of Philadelphia clubwomen, who were interested in increasing women's sphere of activity, realized the need for a suitable place where women might acquire expert knowledge and skill in gardening and horticultural pursuits, and established this School of Horticulture for Women on a 70-acre farm near Ambler, Pa.

FINANCIAL REVERSALS FORCE ELLEN ADAIR TO LEAVE HER HOME

Death of Mother Makes Her an Orphan Without Friends—Pictures America as Land of Promise.

The sorrows of youth are so often ignored—and yet, ah, so pitiful! For it is only in youth that one really "touches bottom"; it is only in youth that the blackest abysses of sorrow are gauged. For in youth, and in youth only, the power to "feel" is at its keenest, and this the older folks are slow to realize. The child sorrowing over her broken doll—the little boy lamenting the death of a favorite dog—the disastrous ending to a young girl's love affair—why, the universe for the nonce is blotted out for these! The pain of it all would be too great, too overwhelming, were it not for the blessed turn capacity for joy.

And I, Ellen Adair, alone in America and without one real friend in the world, can yet thank heaven for this capacity for deep feeling. For the pendulum will surely swing around and happiness one day come to me again. "Ellen, dear child," my mother used to say, "never grow hard and never grow worldly. And if sorrow comes, let it only serve to strengthen you."

The mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain. And the anguish of the singer makes the little "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there!" No earthly artist could ever hope to paint an English spring scene. The hedges were a mass of tender green, the thorn trees budding in a white profusion, and the air was filled with sand lights on the dew-spangled grass. Oh, those dewy April mornings and May "lows" were never to be forgotten. "My youth is here and I have never lived," and my heart-ache deepened with the singing of the nightingale.

Two rival birds were courting their lady-love on a neighboring tree, and the beauty of their song brought tears to my eyes. "Life and love," said I, "and love is the only thing that matters. And love, in this sleepy place, is passing me by," and with a dull headache I walked back to our little cottage on the moor. But even there the birds were courting beneath the gables and the dormer windows. To shut out their tender song I hurried indoors and seated myself in our little heart.

I buried my head on the table to shut it out, and the tears ran down my cheeks. "Why, Ellen," said a gentle voice, "tell me the trouble, dear," and my head stood by my side. I could not speak, for words were futile to express the vague stirrings at my heart.

"It is the artist man who was here last summer," said she. "He may come back to us, Ellen. Do not weep so, dear!" I then into her kindly ear I poured my long and my feelings, for there was not any special love I wanted, but love and life together. And I told her of the artist man's kind words, "Live up to the highest standard, and you will have my sudden rebellion at our narrow life and of the strange heart stirrings that the spring had awakened within me. I talked with my mother, and she said, 'My dear child, I think the artist's love may be a day together at the 200 and I found your cottage mortgaged. How thin and wan it looked; how delicately transparent! My heart smote me. I cried: "You need not be here with me!" I cried: "You need not be here with me!" I cried: "You need not be here with me!"

The spring slipped by and the days began to grow cold. And the roses came in triumph. I thought the clover in a neighboring field had never been so green as now. And then, one day, a sudden tragic ending came—for mother had been ailing since the coming of the spring—and one June evening the slender girl who had been a day together at the 200 beyond the sea of earthly things to "where beyond these voices there is peace." I cannot talk about it yet; the pain is still too fresh, too new.

And later, the pompous lawyer from the nearest town arrived. "You have lived a curious, shut-in life," said he to me. "And my dear young lady, had you not my money, you are that matter. A business capacity, for her worldly-aid was sunk in a small annuity, which has now, of course, terminated at her death. And I find your cottage mortgaged. Have you no relatives, no intimate friends?"

I racked my puzzled brains—and shamefacedly confessed that, beyond the vicar and the parish doctor, we had no friends. "But, my dear young lady," said the pompous little lawyer, "your financial position is not a serious matter. I will inform you that even this cottage will pass out of your hands—for your mother, although not in debt to any of the local tradespeople, has borrowed from a young man who is a day together at the 200 and I found your cottage mortgaged. How thin and wan it looked; how delicately transparent! My heart smote me. I cried: "You need not be here with me!" I cried: "You need not be here with me!" I cried: "You need not be here with me!"

TODAY 44 YEARS AGO

German Forces Had Reached Fortifications of Paris. NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—On this date 44 years ago the Prussian advance towards the Paris fortifications and troops were forwarded to surround the city.