

WOMAN AND THE HOME-CLUB NEWS, PRIZE SUGGESTIONS AND LATEST FASHIONS



ACUTE PERCEPTION

By Ellen Adair

What a Woman Sees

THE very last word in millinery is, so I understand, the one-eye affair, or to be more explicit, the chapeau tilted so sharply as to entirely shut out vision from the left optic! It does seem an odd arrangement, but doubtless the fair wearers know best just what they are after. It must assuredly strike the mere man as a curious style. But as I am constantly assured that women do not dress to please men, this seems a small matter.

The long range of a woman's vision is something which is really remarkably surprising. What she doesn't see isn't worth seeing! As far as the one-eye that is concerned, it really wouldn't matter much if they blindfolded us. We should still see just as much as we wanted. A woman doesn't only see with her eyes. She sees with a kind of natural instinct besides. How else can you explain her almost uncanny habit of being able to describe in every detail the costume of her rival at the end of the room without ever seeming to glance at her? How can you explain her marvelous accuracy at pricing every article of that rival's attire, and her acquaintance of the slightest variation in the temperature of her hair and complexion?

Have you ever noticed the behavior of your best girl friend when into the room comes a man in whom she is particularly interested? She may be sitting pouring out tea, or playing the piano, or flirting desperately with some one else—and she doesn't look up, doesn't give the faintest sign of a glance in his direction! No, indeed, not she! But a thousand little airs and graces seem suddenly to flutter around her. Speaking of flutters, her eyelids certainly indulge in something of the sort. And all the time she is running up odd little signals of welcome to greet that stray young man, although she doesn't once look at him. But that same shy maiden could describe every detail of his dress. She could tell you if his tie is tied straight and what color it is and whether his collar is as fresh as it should be. She could tell you if his shoes have sufficient polish on them and just what is the exact pattern of that fancy vest he is gaily sporting for her particular delectation. There is a curious and sudden alertness about her, a sprightliness of manner that was lacking before.

What a woman doesn't see, certainly isn't worth seeing—rest assured of that.

If she does submit to wildly tilted millinery involving the temporary loss of the sight of one eye, it is because she knows full well that she can see as far and as much with one eye as with two.

Yes, a woman's eyesight is a wonderful thing. She can see everything that's happening within a hundred miles of her. And she can see everything that doesn't happen, too.

"John, just look at the shadow on the next-door blind," she will murmur tranquilly into the ear of her long-suffering better half. "Isn't it too awful? I always knew there was something wrong about Mrs. Jones! Yes, a man is in there! Do you think we ought to tell her poor, unsuspecting husband?"

The shadow probably has a very solid substance behind it in the form of Mrs. Jones' stalwart brother, or Mr. Jones' big soldier cousin, or somebody quite innocuous and harmless, but the long-sightedness of woman sees much further than any such simple interpretation.

Yes, it is only too true—the average woman not only sees things that do exist, but she sees the things that do not. She has the strange gift of turning all sorts of improbabilities into realities, and a faculty of reading strange meanings into the mildest of situations. For perception in some women is often just a shade too acute—and therefore more than a trifle misleading!

A Dream

'Twas summer, and the spot a cool retreat— Where curious eyes came not, nor foot-steps rude. Disturbed the lovers' chosen solitude— Beneath an oak there was a mossy seat. Where we reclined, while birds above us wooed. Their mates in songs voluptuously sweet. A limpid brook went murmuring at our feet. And all conspired to urge the tender mood. Methought I touched the streamlet with a flower, Where from its bosom sprang a fountain clear. Falling again in a translucent shower Which made more green each blade of grass appear. "This stream's thy heart," I said, "Love's touch alone Can change it to the fount which maketh green my own." —Elizabeth Kinney.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Taffeta Wedding Gown

CALLOT and Paquin-created June brides are almost a thing of the past, unless one happens to be extraordinarily fortunate, so the young American bride is left to the masses of American-made bridal gowns to supply her trousseau. And, if we do say it "as shouldn't," our designers are more than equal to their task—that of making the 1913 June bride the loveliest and daintiest little crinoline miss that fashion has ever decreed.

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

THE early summer tendencies in made-in-America blouses are toward blazer stripes, cool linens or organdie, and, in the more dressy blouses many and varied kinds of ruffles. These are almost an exact return to the styles of two years ago, preceding the kimono waist, and the woman who has kept a cherished blouse of this style will appreciate it.

In the Clubrooms

CLUB programs in the woman's clubs are beginning to dwindle down to purely business meetings, as the end of May usually marks the closing of the year in the woman's club world.

Tomorrow's Menu

"Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did!"—Isaac Walton. BREAKFAST. Strawberries, Cereal and Cream, Coddled Eggs, Coffee.

Helpful Hints

Precipitated chalk is excellent for cleaning tarnished silver. Place a little in a saucer and add just enough liquid ammonia to moisten it. Rub this lightly over the silver, and the stains will quickly disappear.

The Daily Story

At High Water Mark

The two centre piers of the great railroad bridge over the Goomtree River had been finished, and there was much rejoicing. They had been sunk in the muddy bed of the stream a distance of 60 feet, and they towered almost as high above the surface. It had taken thousands of tons of stone and thousands of bags of cement and hundreds of days' work to complete these piers.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the EVENING LEADER prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded. All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING LEADER, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

WOMAN SAVES MAN

Landlady Appears in Time to Turn Gas Jet Off. A persistent toothache suffered by his boarding mistress, Mrs. John Devine, of 1513 West York street, saved the life of Sigmund Gumpert, 22 years old, who was accidentally rendered unconscious by gas.

Helpful Hints

When running curtains on a rod, slip the finger of an old glove on the end and this will prevent the curtains from catching.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. J. L. Grace, 98 West Sharp street, Germantown, Pa., for the following suggestion: The attachments which one sees in the department stores for darning, etc., on your sewing machine, may be improved upon at home by following my own plan.

Helpful Hints

Place a large tin plate under the baking dish when you are baking puddings, and thus prevent the floor of the oven from becoming unsightly if the liquid should boil over. You can clean a tin plate much more easily than you can the whole oven floor.

Helpful Hints

Left-over coffee grounds, slightly moistened, make a fine preparation for sweeping floors. It is clean and will not stain.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The First Hot Day

LITTLE Mr. Garter-snake stuck his head out from under the moss at the side of the brook and looked around. "I declare," he said to himself, "this is a fine day!" He wigged himself out into the sun and lay there restfully.



"Now what in the world can that be?" he asked himself with true curiosity. "I've seen that color before. Yes I know I have—it's a flower! But what a big flower! Won't I have a wonderful bit of news for my friends! Nobody has ever seen such a big flower before! If they had, I'd have heard of it. I guess I had better go closer and examine it so I can describe it well."

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE MIRTHFUL MOVIES By Bob Williams Now, right above the Funny Store On Sunny Avenue, Old Movie Morris ran a Show For enter-tain-ing you.



Instead of Heroes saving Girls The Villains tried to wed. The Villains always won the Lass—While Heroes wept instead!

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. J. R. Harrington, 501 Spruce street, Reading, Pa., for the following suggestion: Place a large tin plate under the baking dish when you are baking puddings, and thus prevent the floor of the oven from becoming unsightly if the liquid should boil over.

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Agnes M. Pilyeu, 762 South 51st street, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: If you have white spots on your varnished tables or other surfaces, they may be removed by using a soft woolen cloth and applying a mixture composed of equal parts of alcohol, olive oil and pure elder vinegar.

GOLD DUST

and how it actually works for you The active principle of Gold Dust is a valuable antiseptic cleansing agent. It actually works. It gets into the little corners and crevices where fingers and washcloths can't reach.

