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EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MAY 17, 1915.

WOMAN AND THE HOME, PRIZE SUGGESTIONS, VAGARIES OF FASHION, CHILDREN'S CORNER



What Is the Best Cure for Bashfulness?

THE SHY YOUTH

By Ellen Adair

So many remedies for the cure of bash-

which was of the "kill or cure" variety

will cure you of your bashfulness, John,

But it didn't. For when the fated eve-

man entered the boarding school and duly

. . .

fulness lies in concelt. Have a thorough-

Tomorrow's Menu

BREAKFAST.

Bananas Cereal and Cream Hamburg Steak

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Cold Ham French Fried Potatoes Baking Powder Biscuits

Strawberries

Potato Soup

DINNER.

Asparagus

Tomato and Pepper Salad Custard Pie

Bananas-Peel the bananas, scrape off

the outside, which is indigestible, slice them into saucers and sprinkle with lem-

hot water, removing them and immedi-

Coffee

Macaroni au Gratin

Graham Gema

Cold Roast Beef

on juice and sugar.

"He managed a couple plates full of

she declared optimistically.

I HAVE just received an interesting the just and the unjust, the fair and the document which contains a question homely! The spectacle was a lamentable rather difficult to answer. It emanates one. And it is open to doubt whether he really cured himself of his bashfulfrom a youth who is suffering from what he terms "the besetting sin of bashful- ness or not. Certainly he never was at His life, it appears, is made misense. . . .

erable through this "maddening failing." and he would give anything in the world if he could find a cure-but, unfortunately, he can't.

"I wonder if you can suggest a remedy?" he writes. "Sometimes I feel so miserable that I don't know what to do. I am by nature very fond of social affairs, dances, parties and that sort of thing. But my natural shyness renders me a very unpleasant companion for others. I have tried over and over again to cure myself, but it ian't a scrap of good. And I keep making idiotic blunders and saying the wrong thing and offending the very people I want most to please.

"Only the other day I read an article in a magazine which purported to give good advice to bashful men like myself. 'Adopt an easy and pleasing manner, especially towards the ladies,' it ran. Do you think I should try this plan?"

. . . Most certainly not, O bashful man. For lantly! if you attempt any such flasco your last condition will be infinitely worse than the first. "Adopt an easy and pleasing manner," indeed! Adopt nothing of the kind, ly good concelt of yourself, O bashful unless you wish to be the laughing-stock man, and you will soon be cured. For, of the community, and probably arrested after all, the strongest and most invulby the police as a fitting member for the nerable armor in the universe is the arinsane asylum. For you would only suc- mor of pride and vanity. It brings with ceed in getting yourself into a variety it a self-assurance unrivaled and unof perfectly impossible situations, and you quenchable. would give every man, woman and child you met the wrong idea as to your true character.

For the "easy and pleasing manner' you attempted to assume would neither strawberries and cream and 21 little rout cakes that were lying neglected in a plate near him."-Thackeray. be easy nor pleasing. It isn't possible for any one to jump straightway into that sort of thing. I once knew a man who was dreadfully bashful, so bashful that if a girl looked at him or spoke to him his very ears grew red, his feet would trip up over the nearest obstacle and he would upset the equilibrium of the whole company.

But he was a thoroughly nice boy, despite his nervous jumpiness and his unfortunate bashfulness, and every one liked him. Then the inevitable happened. Some woman got hold of him, filled with the desire for his social reformation. She gave that youth what she considered the best possible advice, and that was the cultivation of "the easy and pleasing manner towards the ladies" idea. Poor boy! He followed out her instructionswith an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause.

And what was the result? The obvious one, of course! His zeal carried him far beyond the mark. From a simple, honest, bashful youth he became an aggressively. loud-mannered man whose fulsome flattery and untimely compliments, like the gentle rain from heaven, dropped alike on | dressing.

The Daily Story

Decadence in Art Polly Anne Greenway's family thought her decidedly gifted, and that young lady's singular esteem for her relatives' opinions forced her to come to the same conclusion.

Nevertheless, when she announced her intention of studying art, her father demurred.

And she went about wearing such a setapart expression that parental objections gave way and she was allowed one meagre but soul-inspiring year in New York

At last her cover for the Christmas number of a magazine was accepted and hope once more lit its lamp in her breast. But when a villalnous lithographer transformed her designs so that nothing re-mained that she could call her own, her fulness have been suggested that one stoicism gave way utterly and she folded hardly knows what to say on the subject. her wings for a season remember once witnessing a scheme

her wings for a season. It was just at this juncture that the Y. M. O. D. C. made his appearance. This title he acquired later on, when she discovered that he was a Young Man It was when I was at a boarding school in England, and a party was being given. One of the day-girls had a brother in of Diabolical Cunning.

of Diabolical Cunning. Why should he call upon her? She ran rapidly over her scant knowledge con-cerning him as she came down to meet him. Rather stiff and expressionless. Rumored well off and on the point of marriage to some stranger. Nothing years decided nothing upricements atthe army, of whom she was very proud. But although he was a brave soldier, he was dreadfully shy. However, she persuaded him into attending the party, "It very decided, nothing particularly at-tractive. . The Y. M. O. D. C. rose before she had

time to smile any "glad-to-see-you" file, "Good morning, Miss Greenway! Per-haps I should apologize for troubling you, but the truth is, I am in a dilemmu ning came, and that unfortunate young beheld the galaxy of fair femininity lined up in wait for him, he gave one

and have come to you for advice." Polly settled herself and became all attention. A man may be most unin-teresting, but the moment he asks for agonized look around, and actually bolted from the scene! "I'd sooner face the Geradvice he becomes, in the eyes of the woman he is consulting, a most discernman artillery than those rows of giggling little Flappers!" said he ungaling individual and decidedly worth cultivating 'You probably are not aware that I I think that the only cure for bash-

have been building a house on Lincoln street. She believed she had heard it mentioned in connection with the homecom-

ing of the stranger-bride. "It is completed," he continued, "and is now ready for the decorators. Just here is where I want your advice. There are lots of professional decorators, but none of my friends' houses satisfy me. Some of them have been done by wellknown decorators. I choose to think they show a lack of individuality. Now, I beg you to undertake the management of the whole scheme of decoration and furnishing. Oh, pray don't veto it," as Polly's eyebrows went up to her pompadour, "till you have heard me out. I padour. "till you have heard me out. I want each room in my house to be part of one scheme, and the keynote of the whole thing to be simplicity. If you will undertake it, you shall have all the help you wish, anything, everything you need to carry it out. It is well-planned and well-finished. I don't want it to be os-tentatious or handsome, or any of those' upholstery sort of things, but quiet, rest-ful, artistic—a home in every sense of ful, artistic-a home in every sense of the word."

"But I don't believe I'm competent," said Polly, to whom the idea began to appeal strongly, "in fact, I am sure I'm 'Does that mean that you wouldn't

care to undertake it?" "Oh, dear, no! I think I should like it above all things. I wish I had taken up that sort of thing at the Art School." "Then let us go at once and look at the house and you can form your plans?"

It is hard to say just when Polly began It is hard to say just when Polly becan to hate the bride-clect, but the feeling reached its climax on that day when everything was completed, the workmen gone, and the owner out of town, she stole back for a last look before the key should have left her possession.

Tomato and pepper salad-Peel toma-toes by dropping them quickly into very Then cut into thick slices and jummedi-ately placing them in very cold water. Then cut into thick slices and put them on crisp lettuce leaves. On each slice of tomato put a spoonful of minced sweet green pepper and chopped boiled onion, and dress with mayonnaise or French dressing. "I don't care how many houses I should decorate, there could never be an-other one just like this, and his wife will bring a whole lot of wedding presents and stuff and just ruin everything-I wish I had never seen the place-I wish I had never been born," she ended miserably. Then she wlped her eyes angrily, "No



AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Afternoon Frocks and Summer Dresses

THE shops are always showing novel-lies and fashions are over changing. | the hem. They will be most serviceable Lties, and fashions are ever changing. for traveling later on. but the real formal evening gown has given its place to the afternoon frock for informal wear. White net, crepe de chine, corduroy, taffeta and Georgette crepe is used, as well as colors, which are greatly in the minority. Natural-col-

girdle and a full skirt, with three ropes

t the hips. at Another large department store is sell-

These are also made with the

ing out some misses' blue taffeta dresses

I built the house just to get you to

decorate it, then people had to provide a

reason, and it really wasn't worth while

contradicting them. I'm a dreadful sin-

ner. Polly, but I couldn't interest you in

But Polly, wholly unprepared and too

paralyzed for speech, sat back cold and

A fire of driftwood had been laid in

"Come, Polly," he said, taking her hand

again, 'we will light the fire and talk it

Copyright, 1915.

Night

I feel the breath of the summer night.

Aromatic fire; The trees, the vines, the flowers, are astir

The white moths flutter about the lamp.

nd a thousand creatures softly sing

any other way. Do forgive me and admit

that you love the house-and me."

pate. She shivered slightly.

the quaint corner fireplace.

at the hips.

at \$10.

over."

And they did.

for traveling later on. Summer frocks are selling at the most reasonable prices in all the shops-begin-ning at \$3.75 to \$15, for wash dresses. Stripes, checks and plaid designs are prominent, and volle, crepe, figured lawns, etc., are used. These are made with col-lars and cuffs of soft net, and are com-fortable low marked or cut in the faithfortably low-necked, or cut in the fash-lonable suspender style. Dainty little wash frocks in solid colors ored pongec is another favorite. The styles show great dissimilarity; except for flaring skirts, and jacket effects on the blouses there is no set model. White net is one of the most fashion-able materials for afternoon wear, and

are sold in another shop for \$5.50. They are made in flowered designs as well, with full skirts, V-neck, trimmed with novely buttons. The Dolly Varden styles of figit is astonishing the number of pretty frocks in this style which you can buy for \$15. One Chestnut street shop is showured lawn are trimmed with a deep, old-fashioned fichu, with a fluffy Valening lovely gowns, suitable for commence Ciennes edge. One-piece linen gowns are just as popument, at this price. These have a short Eton jacket, with a white or colored satin

lar as ever with the woman who wants to get real service out of her summer clothes. One large store is selling blue rose, maize and violet linen gowns, made on sample lines, for \$10 aplece. This is for a good quality of linen, of course. Ponmall, flaring jacket, navy blue chiffon gee dresses are selling at the same price



A Charming Garden Hat

TTHIS season's showings in hats are which they are worn. Straight salles Lively exquisite. The colorings are the delight of the pastel artist, with the Parisian touch of black to give poise. Black velvet is making a strong change in the summer atyles. Hat crowns, streamers, flowers and ornaments are being made of it, and, when combined with white kid, it is immensely fashion-able. Tailored hats of this description are just coming into vogue, and before the fall hats make their appearance it is safe to say that white kid creations will be widely worn by the smart woman for informal occasions. truly exquisite. The colorings are shapes are seen with the tailored to

for informal occasions. Garden hats are another favorite this Garden hats are another favorite this season. Leghorns, large hemps, Milan, Neapolitan and horsehair shapes are seen in the fashionable shops. Floppy, natural shapes abound, and their ef-fectiveness depends upon the angle at

patch. If the waist is lined put this be-tween the lining and the outside.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. E. Hulfish, 1483 North 53d street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Take discarded men's cuffs and double They will make a very useful holder for irons or pans. The small loop at the and of the cuff may be used as a hanger.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Lily Beverle, 2401 East Gordon street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

If the sound of the waste water drip-ping from the refrigerator annoys you, put a large sponge in the utensil directly under the drip spout. The noise will cense.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss E. S. Crop, 9533 Bustleton ave-nue, Bustleton, Pa., for the following suggestion:

You can freshen up your old window shades by buying a small can of paint the desired shade and making it very thin with turpentine. Spread the shade flat on the floer and paint across-not up and down. Be sure that they are perfectly dry before rolling and hanging again.

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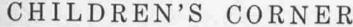




charm. Pansies, forget-me-nots, dalsies, rose and foliage are seen on the wresh which encircles the crown, and a handof clel-bleu taffeta covers the side o of cleiplieu taiteta covers the side of it and forms a flange on the upper brin A knot of blue velvet to match be flange is caught underneath the brin with a cluster of flowers and falls in wide loops over the left shoulder.

Wash Painted Woods Pearl Borax Soan CUT A FULL Will not discolor white paint not other delicate colors.





Billy Robin Plays Airship

"WHO-OO, who-oo, who-oo are you?" from! The voice just seems to come from sang a mournful voice in the eve- everywhere. Whatever shall we do?" ning twilight.

The startled fairles made no answer. "Who-oo, who-oo, who-oo are you," repeated the voice insistently.

"Who can that be?" asked the fairy queen, peering from the dusky shadows where she was settling down to rest. "I am sure that person, whoever he is, is calling to us; and we should answer him. But who is he and where is he? I never heard such a voice before."

"Who-oo, who-oo, who-oo are you?" asked the voice again, and this time it seemed nearer and more insistent than before.

The oak tree fairies dropped the various bits of work they were trying to finish before nightfall, and ran toward the fairy queen. "Isn't that somebody calling

to us?" they asked her. "I'm sure I don't know," she replied in distress, "It certainly seems to be some one talking to us. But I never heard that voice before and I can't imagine who it can be!"

"Who-oo, who-oo, who-oo are you?" asked the voice again.

asked the voice again. "I'll tell you what we can do," said the queen thoughtfully, "we can all answer and maybe the somebody, whoever he is, will hear and be satisfied." The oak tree fairies all thought that a splendid plan. They stood close together and shouted at the top of their voices, "We are the oak tree fairies and we've moved to the little oak tree!" Then they draw a long breath. "There! I guess he heard that," sighed the queen in relief. But he evidently didn't, for just at that minute the mournful voice called out

minute the mournful voice called out again, "Who-oo, who-oo, who-oo are

There now!" exclaimed the biggest was Green Leaf. "he didn't hear one word we said! Whatever shall we do?"



totared preddure round this

I'm sure I don't know," said the felry an, and she shock her head in real rman, "I dun't like to be rude and not may propie, hut how can we arewer an we dun't hnow why is taining?

patent to every one but myself." But notwithstanding her scorn of her-But notwithstanding her scorn of her-self, the tears continued to come from some inexhaustible source. Then all at once the Y. M. O. D. C. stood before her horrified eyes, and she felt like a thief, as she stood up weakly and tendered him the key. "Well," he said guizzically, "when shall we move in and beetn the management?" "I've a plan," cried the littlest fairy, whose name was Twisted Stem, "let's

whose name was Twisted Stem. 'let's go and ask Billy Robin who it is. He knows a lot more about this place than we do, and I'm sure he will gladly tell us. He said he was our friend.'' All the fairles thought that a splendid

plan and they dispatched Green Leaf to find Billy Robin and ask him who the strange caller could be.

Green Leaf hurried down the tree frunk, and over to where Billy Robin usually played. "Oh, Billy Robin," he shouted, and he was so excited he could

"Not even walt to get to Billy, "who is that person calling to us all the time?" "Don't you know him?" asked Billy. "No, we don't" replied Green Leaf, "and we want to, so we can tell him who we are!" "Why that's old man Ow!" replied

who we are!" "Why, that's old man Owl." replied Billy, "he's the wisest creature round this garden! Here, hop on my back and I'll take you to see him!" So Green Leaf rode on Billy's back and called on old man Owl, and told him who his new neighbors were. Then old man Owl

could stop his talking and go to sleep. Copyright-Clara Ingram Judson.

we move in and begin the management?" 'I should think your fiances would have some choice in the matter." 'Oh, I don't know," said he unconcernedly, 'I think, perhaps, she will be satisfied." satisfied." 'You take a good deal for granted," said Polly. "You must think a wife is a perfect nonentity." 'You will be a good deal together, I here "be ment or investigation of the second hope," he went on, ignoring her remarks. "I like the way you manage things." "Do you, indeed?" thought Polly, her lips quivered and she made a mental resolution never again to cross the threshold.

There was a long silence while Polly looked at the rooms, and the Y. M. O. D. C. looked at her. Finally Polly stood up, but he took her hand and drew her down again

"When are we going to be married, Poily?" he said. "Who?" gasped Polly. "We-you and I-Polly." "We-and your fiancee-what do you mean?" she cried in distress. "There isn't any one put you. Polly.

"There isn't any one put you, Polly,

wonder I haven't been a success." she thought. "I am a weak-minded simple-ton anyway, and no doubt that fact is A song to the night

With tender desire.

Enamored with light.



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