

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



BEAUTY AND BRAINS

By Ellen Adair

Which Is the More Attractive?

WOULD a woman rather be clever and ugly, or dull and beautiful? was a question which appeared in the columns of a paper recently, and which gave rise to much comment.

Certainly half a century ago the tendency would have been in favor of the "dull and beautiful" side. For at that period women were not nearly so enlightened as now. They didn't care half so much for the things of the mind, and many of them were content with a mental dullness which could very easily have been shaken off had they so chosen.

But the point was that they most certainly didn't choose! For into their heads had crept the idea that the masculine ideal in regard to woman was the maximum amount of beauty and the minimum amount of brains. This was a sad state of affairs, but none the less existent.

The celebrated French writer, Max O'Rell, whose "Rambles in Womanland" give a curious insight into the soul of woman, is decidedly in favor of the beauty idea. He declares that all women should be as beautiful as possible, and that all the talk one hears as to the inferior position which feminine beauty takes in the scheme of things is foolish and erroneous. The clever, plain woman, he maintains, will always envy the pretty woman, no matter how brainless she be. For the pretty woman will always be sought after by men, the proverbial "thing of beauty" being, of course, a joy forever.

This is the view of a Frenchman, and every nation has its own ideas on the subject. Moreover, most men's ideas on feminine beauty and the constituents thereof vary considerably.

"There are no ugly women here in America nowadays," declared a man recently, "and there are no old ones, either. The secret of perpetual youth has been solved by the American woman. In other countries of the world, you see women who are frankly and entirely ugly. Take the poorer class women in Paris, for instance! Here things are different. The women are young and well-dressed and alert and beautiful!"

In a group of three girls the question was put: "Would you rather be clever and ugly or dull and beautiful?" and in turn each answered: "I would choose beauty and dullness, because life is made so easy for the good-looking woman. People are kind to her, willing to assist her at every turn. If she goes on a railroad journey every man in the car is ready to help her. The waiters are doubly polite and anticipate her smallest wish. The porters hurry to do her bidding. The men serving at the bookstands and other customers wait while they attend to her. Wherever she goes it is a sort of triumphal progress.

"She is always sought after by the men, too. Not for her knowledge that she is partnerless at a dance! Not for her waiting patiently till some one man comes along who will love her, marry her and make her life happy ever after! For the pretty woman always has a wide choice of men, no matter if she is a bit dull. To be beautiful is the first aim of woman, for that is what she was created for. Her success in life depends very largely on her looks."

The second girl now joined in the discussion. "I would choose brains sooner than beauty any day," said she emphatically. "For beauty at best is a fleeting affair and only lasts for a certain period. The passing of the years, however, brings added wisdom, for, as Shakespeare says, 'The brain is like the hand and grows with using.'"

"Beauty can be a very great handicap to a woman. For men do certainly run after a pretty woman, but they don't necessarily fall seriously in love with her. She thus has many disappointments which are spared the homely woman. For the latter knows full well that when a man pays her attention it is for herself alone and not for any mere outward charms of physical beauty."

The third girl now spoke. "I don't think that beauty alone, no brains alone, matter in the least," she declared. "Nor even a wonderful combination of the two. What really counts is character. The clever, beautiful woman may arouse admiration, but to be truly successful in love and in life she must have a very fine disposition and a thoroughly well-balanced character."

And this last is the truest analysis of the three.

The Daily Story

Aunt Cassandra's Fan

Sister Evelyn said she thought it was very inconsiderate of me to fall out with Joe the day before her wedding, seeing we were to be bridesmaid and groomsmen—Joe and I.

It was no very serious matter we disagreed about. Indeed, the primal cause thereof is somewhat misty to me now. I can, however, recall that Joe was on his "who-but-me" behavior for a considerable time, and when I scorchingly demanded who he was, anyway, he became sarcastically humble and said: "Oh, nobody. He was a worm." After which he grew top-lofty again, and observed that, at any rate, he was a self-respecting worm and wouldn't be stamped on.

"I wanted every one to be amiable on my wedding day," blurted Evelyn, "and if you and Joe don't stop spitting, you'll never be married!"

"Well, then," I said, "the world will have one quarrelsome couple the less," and I began to stir. Yet in my heart I knew that I was giving Evelyn a bluff, for I was already repenting my impulsiveness, and my monopoly of pride would have gone all to tatters at a soft word from Joe. He didn't seem inclined to speak it, however, and I was determined not to make my eyes red and my nose glossy for Eve's wedding by weeping; so I went around with a stiff spine and my teeth tight together.

Evelyn was the first of us girls to flit from the home nest, and naturally we were all a bit exercised over the flight. Father's jokes were supposed to be spontaneous, as usual, but somehow the stiches showed; and mother, like Kathleen Dawn, had a "smile" on her lip and a tear in her eye. But it took Aunt Cassandra to turn good and sentimental. I am her namesake, and I am sentimental, too, but I could not possibly sentimentalize about Uncle Jason. Not that I mean to discourage him, for he is gone from earth, and was a good man while here; but he did have such a long neck. And from the latest recollection I had of him, there was about as much romance in him as in a barn door. Nevertheless, Evelyn's preparations reminded Aunt Cassandra of the day before her own wedding, and when I wandered into her room, seeking diversion, I found her holding pensive communion with the souvenirs in her middle bureau drawer.

That drawer, with its quaint contents, was an object of immense interest to me; it brought up slices of a past before my entrance into the world. There were, in depths, many odds and ends of the pomps and vanities in which Aunt Cassandra had adorned herself in her youthful days. There was a pair of halloo-like undersleeves, fine and soft, with narrow embroidered bands, all faintly yellow and scented with some old flower fragrance like musk rose leaves; there was a string of coral beads; there was a curious, flat, black-bend bracelet; an old ivory comb, and there was a sacred little black case with a snap fastening, in which were two photographs, one of Uncle Jason, and one of Aunt Cassandra, taken soon after their marriage. They were of that old-fashioned style in which you see nothing at first but a square of shiny glass, which you have to tip about this way and that, before you can distinguish the photograph.

There were other objects of interest in that drawer, but chief of all to me was a yellowish-white fan of satin and ivory.

"I'm going to will you that some day," Auntie said, seeing my wistful gaze. "I wish you would," I replied, "and in the meantime I wish you would lend it to me for the present occasion. It will be so nice to have that old yellow lace mamma gave me."

"Take it," Auntie said pensively, "and now run away like a good little girl—I am wandering in the past today. I saw nothing of the sort until the next day. He came early and made himself useful, telephoning for things. I saw him a few minutes; I had left Auntie's fan behind in the parlor, and when I ran down for it there was Mr. Joe idly twiddling the fan in his fingers.

"I'm sorry I have to trouble you for my fan," I said. "It's very beautiful." He handed it over with a most stately bow, and I fled in confusion. When I had got my bridesmaid togery on, I whirled open the marriage bag, and lo! carved ivory and old satin, and as I did so, my eyes alighted on two lines faintly penciled on the soft, creamy satin:

"Dear Cass—will you forgive me—say? For I'm a very bad boy. I'm in a hurry. Ah, J., best beloved! It only needed that scrap of apology to send the penitent tears rolling out of my eyes. Down I flew, pell-mell, and landed in Joe's arms at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, Joe—Joe!" I gurgled, as he caught me up so tight the end of his necktie nearly went down my throat. "I've been so hateful, of course we'll forget each other, and be friends once in-in-more, won't we?" Here I crushed the white carnation he wore in his buttonhole, but he did not mind—just kissed me quite recklessly, and then he chuckled. "I'm sure I thank you all for telling me, you are most kind!"

"You all?" questioned the two breezes, and then they looked around. "What do you suppose they saw? Fairies, and breezes, and sunbeams, and stars, and—oh, every kind of thing that could come to the sky! And they were all saying something to Mr. Man-in-the-moon! That was the funny part!"

"Why—what—who?" began the two breezes.

"To be sure," said Mr. Man-in-the-moon kindly, "they have all come to the sky to tell me. I am staying up past my bedtime. Aren't they kind?"

And without another word he slid past all the fairies and breezes and stars and sunbeams and snuggled down under the horizon and went to sleep.

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"To be sure," said Mr. Man-in-the-moon kindly, "they have all come to the sky to tell me. I am staying up past my bedtime. Aren't they kind?"



AN ODD EVENING CAPE

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger, prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to H. S. Knudsen, 1125 Tenth Street, Wilmington, Del., for the following suggestion:

A single-burner sheetiron gas oven costing less than 75 cents is worth double its price. One can reheat rolls for breakfast and crisp corn flakes or any uncooked cereal in a few minutes. You can roast your meat and bake potatoes for dinner while you wait for the coffee. It is a very handy and less heat in your kitchen than with the large oven going. Bake a pudding with the gas turned low; bake deviled crabs, macaroni and cheese, meat loaf or baked tomatoes. The only thing I cannot bake in mine is bread.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. J. L. Grace, 98 West Sharpnack street, Germantown, for the following suggestion:

We have all suffered the annoyance of having the stopper of the stationary tub or stand coming off. If you will hammer the ring holding it into an oval shape, letting the opening come on the side, it will stay in place.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Ruth Waters, 239 Haverford avenue, Swarthmore, for the following suggestion:

A very dainty trimming for a net or light dress is made as follows: Gather, on each edge, a half-inch-wide ribbon. Sew this on a design of bowknots around the skirt. Tiny ribbon roses may be placed at intervals. Pink and blue combinations, yellow and gold, etc., will look well.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary S. Enroll, Cheltenham, Pa., for the following suggestion:

To remove rain spots and dust from black straw hats try rubbing same lightly with soft cloth dipped in olive oil.

Household Helps

Waxed paper, such as you find inside cracker boxes, is splendid to line cake pans which are a trifle thin. Cut pieces to fit, then flour them, pour in the batter and stand the hot pans after baking on a wet cloth for five minutes. The cakes will drop out when inverted.

To prevent chaps from becoming dry or moldy, wrap them in a cloth which has been moistened in vinegar.

Potatoes will be more mealy if a cloth is put over the saucpan before putting on the lid.

At the Woman's Clubs

A SUFFRAGE meeting under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Equal Suffrage League and the woman suffrage rally will be held at the corner of Cricket and Lancaster avenues, Ardmore, on Saturday evening, May 23.

The speakers will be George O'Dell, of England, and the Rev. James Nisbett, of Ardmore.

The club season of the Woman's Club of Ardmore will close on Friday, May 21, with the election of officers.

The New Century Guild suffrage section, of which Miss Viola Richman is chairman, meets tomorrow evening at 8 at the guild headquarters, 1307 Locust street.

The Philadelphia Housing Commission will meet on Thursday at 4 p. m. at the assembly hall of the Ethical Society, 1324 Spruce street.

The next meeting of the State Council of the Pennsylvania Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Association will be open to the public. This will be held at the Young Friends' Association, 15th and Cherry streets, on May 21. The morning session, beginning at 10:30 o'clock, will be given to the discussion of reports. The afternoon session, at 3 o'clock, will be devoted to a discussion of constructive peace. Dr. William H. Forbush will speak on the "Education of Children in Peace," and Doctor Elenberg, superintendent of Chester schools, will give suggestions for methods of teaching peace.

The Review Club of Oak Lane will hold its annual business meeting tomorrow in the Oak Lane Free Library. Tea will follow. Mrs. Charles S. Crowell, Mrs. Freeman Scott and a committee are taking charge of the affair.

The mothers' section of the Woman's Club of Swarthmore will meet this afternoon at 3. Children from 5 to 14 years of age are invited to bring their mothers to this meeting.

Inaugural day will be observed at the Century Club of Norwood tomorrow at 3. The program for this occasion will be made up of annual reports, followed by informal tea. Miss Alice M. Taylor is president of this club.

The Town Council of Upland, Delaware County, has offered the Woman Suffrage party of Upland the use of its council chamber until the end of the present campaign.

First Municipal Band Concert

The Municipal Band will inaugurate the concert season in the public squares tonight with a concert on the Spring Garden plots at 12th and Spring Garden streets. Concerts will be given five nights a week during the summer.



A SMART GIRLS DIARY

A Word About Evening Wraps

SPRING and summer evening wraps are varied and rather sparse. They are widely different in length, cut and material, although trimmings are uniformly simple and lean decidedly toward the military influence. Contrary to the rule for evening gowns, colorings are vivid, with rose pink, coral, salmon and matter blue in the lead. Braiddings, silk cords, tassels, brass buttons and all the insignia of the military cut are in vogue.

A striking innovation of this season is the use of contrasting colors on the linings—taffetas having replaced charmeuse for this purpose, by the way. Velvets, silk corduroys, corded silks of all descriptions, falls of the heaviest possible quality and taffeta are most fashionable for evening wraps.

Metallic embroidery is another modish form of trimming, the more exclusive wraps—the prices of which, as may easily be imagined, run up to three figures. Gold, silver, bronze and dull gun metal

threads are seen gleaming on a taffeta taffeta creation. Such a cape is shown in the illustration. It is made of colored taffeta, heavily embroidered in antique gold. The effect is surprisingly elegant, although the lines of the wrap are simple in the extreme. The lining is made of the palest possible shade of blue taffeta, which gives a delightful youthful look to the fair wearer. This typically French combination is effective, too.

A seeming contradiction in the world of fashion—if this is possible, with such fickle subjects as characterize the fashion in general—is the use of balls in evening wraps. This is especially noticeable on the corduroy models. Belts are wide, loose, and placed at the normal waistline. Sashes are entirely wanting. However, unless the occasion is a wedding, reception, or some other strictly formal affair, the short, flaring corduroy sports or polo coat has almost replaced the picturesque evening wrap.

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

LINGERIE AND ACCESSORIES

MAY white sales are still going on, and it is the time of grace for the economical woman. She can pick up the most interesting bargains in camisoles, nightgowns and all kinds of dainty white goods for half of what they will cost later on in the summer. Lingerie frocks for the small child are included in this sale in one large store.

A little high-waisted frock of white balise, trimmed with fine Valenciennes lace, and with a cunning bolero, sells for \$2.95. Another style at the same price has a long Russian blouse, with a sash at the waist and inserts of fine embroidery and lace.

Cambric combinations which ordinarily sell for \$1.50, are on sale at a large store for 65 cents apiece. These are the regulation styles, with lace heading and val. Camisoles are always necessary with the sheer blouses which are so fashionable this season—Georgette crepe, chiffon, etc. A special just now in one of the shops has the much-deared sleeves, little loose ones, edged with narrow lace. They are made of pink or white crepe de chine, chiffon or China silk and sell for \$1.50.

Another store has the plain camisoles—those with straps over the shoulders, either of lace or ribbon—in crepe de chine at 98 cents. These are extraordinarily good value for the price.

Corduroy coats are fashionable for the girl who likes sports, and a sale of them is going on in a Chestnut street shop. This includes a Norfolk style, with a box front, and loose belt, in almost any wanted color, at \$4.75.

Separate skirts in corduroy are also popular, and these are selling at \$3.75 in the same shop. They are made in the Country Club style, with patch pockets and a high-waisted top.

Silk sweaters are getting lower and lower in price as the season advances, and a good quality one of mercerized

silk sells for \$4 in a certain little shop. This comes in navy, black and white stripe, and a few other solid colors. Ripple velour coats for evening wear are just for the formal occasion when a sport coat will not answer. These sell for \$10 apiece in one shop, and come in all the popular shades, blue, rose, gold, etc.

Tomorrow's Menu

"Cucumbers are cold in the third degree."—Swift.

BREAKFAST
Strawberries
Cereal and Cream
Eggs in Peppers
Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Baked Creamed Eggs
Graham Bread
Ginger Bread
Cheese

DINNER
Clear Tomato Soup
Soft Shell Crabs
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Cucumbers
Asparagus Salad
Tapioca Pudding

Eggs in peppers—Cut the tops from sweet green peppers and cut them so that they will stand firm. Remove the seeds and place them on toast. Into each break an egg and cook in the oven until set.

Creamed baked eggs—Put a hard-boiled egg cut into quarters into each individual baking dish and pour over it a tablespoonful of white sauce and a tablespoonful of bread crumbs. Sprinkle with grated cheese and dots of butter, and brown in a hot oven.

Soft shell crabs—Clean the crabs and wash them well, removing all the objectionable parts. Wipe them dry and roll them in bread crumbs and egg and then in crumbs again. Season with salt and pepper and fry brown in deep fat. Drain for a minute on paper and serve garnished with lemon.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Mr. Moon's Bedtime

OLD MR. MAN-IN-THE-MOON waked up very late one evening and found that it was long past the time when he should have gone to work. "Dear me!" he exclaimed in dismay, "How did I ever happen to sleep so long! Here it is long past dark and not a bit of moonshine to be seen on the earth! I must get to work at once."

With that good resolution, he at once busied himself about his business. Fortunately old Mr. Man-in-the-moon was not given to worrying, so instead of fretting and bothering about the time he had lost sleeping (as many a person in his place would have done) he simply was thankful for the nice rest he had had and determined to shine extra bright to make up for the time he had lost.

But his friends would not let him off so easily. You see, they were used to him getting up and going to bed on time and they missed him dreadfully when he was late.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Man-in-the-moon, when they spoke to him about it, "I'll shine just as long as if I had been on time. And with that answer they had to be satisfied.

So all the night, Mr. Man-in-the-moon shone his very brightest and everything on earth was as golden as possible—indeed it was so bright, so very bright, that the fairies all gave a party and the stupid old bats thought day had come and they went to bed! Oh, yes, the moon did its best that night!

But when dawn came and a brand-new day peeped over the rim of the earth, Mr. Man-in-the-moon had two whole hours yet to shine; so, true to his promise, he kept right on shining in spite of the fact that the sun was doing his best, too, and the moon was decidedly not needed. He didn't even seem to see the sun, he just followed his usual path through the sky and shone in his very best manner—never noticing that the bright sunshine paled his moonbeams till they hardly could be seen!

Down in the forest, two little breezes noticed the brightness of the day and they looked up at the sky. "Dear me, but the sun is shining beautifully today," said one. "Look!" cried the other, "the moon is shining, too!" Nobody has told him to go to bed!

"Maybe he don't think about it," said the first breeze, "maybe we ought to

tell him that it's now long past his bedtime."

"Let's do," said the second; so, with a soft "swoop" they blew up to the sky. "Mr. Man-in-the-moon," they began politely, "don't you know you ought to go to bed?"

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Mr. Man-in-the-moon.

"Well! Well! And then he chuckled his soft, little, joky chuckle. "I'm sure I thank you all for telling me, you are most kind!"

"You all?" questioned the two breezes, and then they looked around. "What do you suppose they saw? Fairies, and breezes, and sunbeams, and stars, and—oh, every kind of thing that could come to the sky! And they were all saying something to Mr. Man-in-the-moon! That was the funny part!"

"Why—what—who?" began the two breezes.

"To be sure," said Mr. Man-in-the-moon kindly, "they have all come to the sky to tell me. I am staying up past my bedtime. Aren't they kind?"

And without another word he slid past all the fairies and breezes and stars and sunbeams and snuggled down under the horizon and went to sleep.

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TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT
By Bob Williams

'Twas Sunday when I dropped within
The Town of Funny Dreams;
The air was clear and robbed of din—
And full of Sunny Beams.

I walked the quiet Streets a while,
Then started for the Hills;
I must have strolled about a Mile
Past Barns and Farms and Mills:

And then the Wondrous Woods appeared
Below the Purple Peaks;
The Cat-Birds' Concert as I neared
Was Hugged with Swamp-Frog Squeaks.



Then all at once I trudged beneath
A Clump of Willow Trees,
And saw a Sun-Splashed, Fresh-Green
Heath—
With neither Bug nor Bee.

I sat me down before a Sprout—
'Twas quite within my reach—
When, unannounced, it opened out,
And Jack began to preach.

He said, "I take my Text today
From Nature's Book of Life:
'When troubles drive your joys away,
And change your work to strife,
'Why, let the Sunshine strike your
Face;
And let the Buds and Birds
Send Perfumed Music in its place—
'Twas Father's 'Wake-Up' Words!

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