

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

By Ellen Adair

Does Beauty Bring Happiness to a Woman?

average woman is possessed of a very strong desire to be beautiful. For beauty has for long been regarded as woman's to doubt whether beauty really brings she enjoys that particular brand of worry.

"The pretty woman always will have lovers," declared an authority on the subject recently, "even though she be dull and insipid to a degree. For beauty always will charm. Women really were meant to be beautiful. I always feel very sorry for the homely woman, for she will have many disappointments in

There are many people, however, who hold a contrary opinion to this. Two men were discussing the question, and the more wormy wise declared that beauty was more of a burden than anything else to a woman. "The woman who is beautiful," said he emphatically, "has a very great deal to contend with. Unless she is remarkably level-headed, and has many temptations and many chances to get into really serious trouble, chances.

Oh. happy, happy is the maid that's born of featily free it was my dimpling, rosy sheeks have proved the curse of me. which never come to her plainer sisters. Men will always run after a pretty woman, and not always with the best intentions, either. A certain class of men cannot resist a pretty face and must always be hatching up schemes and creating more or less sentimental situations which are entirely insincere and meaningless." "Yes," said the other man, "and the

N SPITE of all adverse criticism and | loved for herself alone. She attracts eascontrary opinion on the subject, the ily, of course, but then attraction is a fleeting affair unless there is something very strong and permanent behind to hold. And that's where the pretty girl most potent weapon. And yet it is open | too often falls. She has been imbued with the idea that her prettiness is going much happiness to a woman. Assuredly to carry her triumphantly through life, it brings her a great deal of worry and and she has neglected to cultivate many trouble. It's just possible, however, that of the qualities which the plain girl has long since decided that she had better cultivate if she is going to make any sort of success in her life."

This question of the relation between beauty and happiness admits of many conclusions. Many of the most beautiful

Queen Mary's beautiful ladies-in-waiting, those exquisite ladies of high degree known as the Four Marys, had no very happy lives, either. One of them perished on the scaffold, and in the old Scotch song

There is, however, a reverse side to the picture. Beauty rightly used is a wonderful thing, and its possessor should give thanks every day for such a blessing. The chief trouble lies in the fact that so many women misuse their beauty and employ it in various nefarious ways that never can bring happiness either to themselves

"Please, Billy Robin, have you any-where in your travels come across my friend Frisky Cottontail? He seems to

He began to devour the biggest, fatest

corm Deddy had even seen.

"Oh, yes, I see him every day,"

"Go ask him yourself," replied Billy Robin; "I never know whether folks like their homes—I always think they do."

"I believe I will make a call on him," said Reddy. "Will you show me the

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And no one knew their Mother's Name

Nobody knew just why they came

To Clover Dale to scratch;

Or why she left her batch

Of Yellow-Legged, Yellow-Bill'd

Young Flock of Yellow-Eyes

Who never slept until well filled

With Grass and Seeds and Flies.

If you should ever call out "Oats!"

Their Wings a-flapping like the Coats

They flew and scratched her Funny

They'd fly like Winged Snalls,

In Summer-Morning Gales. One Morning Cousin Nellie Rose

She saw them near the Lake;

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

"To be sure! To be sure!" chirped Billy;

A GOWN OF TAFFETA AND JET-TRIMMED TULLE

Each morning remove the piece, which

will be filled with the pests. After several days you will discover that they will

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, 2314 West Hagert street, Philadelphia, for the following sug-gestion:

Medallions made by sewing lace inser-

tion around small embroidered pieces cut

from worn shirtwaists frequently make

very neat and ornamental patches for

symmetrical. New pieces of material set

lined with lace insertion will often keep

them in serviceable condition without a

The Letter

Where is another eweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet—
Dewy blue eye.
Shall I write her? Shall I go?
Ask her to marry me by and by?

Somebody said that she'd say no Somebody knows that she'll say ay.

Av or no, from shy of the shy?

Somebody said that she'd say no:

Fly to the light in the valley below-Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:

Ay or no, if asked to her face?

patched-up appearance.

have disappeared.

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following adgressions sent in by readers of the Evening Labora prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

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

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to 8. Virginia Levis, 1849 Fairmount avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Hasty closing of a door, which is apt to be the case where children are around, results in more or less banging. To secure noiseless closing, tack on the door-frame a bit of felt or similar material. A piece about two inches square is sufficient, and need not be long enough to interfere with tight closing. Also, where the knob is out of order, this will prevent the door from flying open at unexpected times.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. A. D. Hunt, 318 North 37th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Carlyle concealed with difficulty his cia-tion at the fate of the volume which kept tion at the fate of the volume which kept Then a Berries of all kinds may be kept in perbe air-tight, and keep them in the re-Mary's diary was found.

"Mary!" he said. "I'll go and find your frigerator. Do not stem or wash them until ready to use. Shelled lima beans, sliced pineapple and many other summer foods may be kept in this manner.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Christiana Davis. 9 Elliott avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pa., for the following sugges-tion: To get rid of ants, particularly in your refrigerator, place a piece of sponge cake

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A Jet-Trimmed Evening Gown

or summer evening gown is the fact covering the elbow. A taffeta underbook that it must not necessarily be strictly formal in line, color or trimming. The tulle at the waist. woman who thinks of spending her sumwith its many tunies, and the clever way mer at the seashore, at one of the large in which they are combined. The founds. and fashionable hotels, will find in the gown shown here one of the most useful tion is made of black taffeta, with as of frocks. It is, of course, an evening gown, but it is the kind of a gown which will wear well, and, being black, will be suitable for any occasion. Pastel shades are still popular, but the unchal- plainly if one is dancing. They are most lenged fitness of black for dancing, cards or simply a stroll along the boardwalk, makes it always fashionable.

This gown has also a youthfulness of line which belies the sombre color. The extremely bouffant skirt and the very decollets bodice is most becoming to the hanging from the left side. A long black young matron. The outer gown is an tulle tunic falls to the bottom of the elaborate creation of black tulle. The skirt, with an unique edging of quilled bodice is made of a loose blouse of tulle, tulle as a finish. Deep slits in the tuni edged with straps of jet beading. The are also finished in the same way, p sleeves-in name only-are distinctively really is a handsome gown for any to odd, with their little straps and a long occasion.

THE real advantage about the spring moven age drapery of Jet-beaded tolk in pale gold color showed through the The skirt is a model of artistic drapery,

> edge of jet-beaded strings around the hem. These just peep through the toll veiling of the skirt when the wearer is in repose, although they show quite novel, unlike any other seen this season There is no girdle at the waist line, the skirt is loosely joined to the walst, and the girdle proper hangs down like sash at the side. It is made of jet, with two huge ornaments and long jet strange

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Lingerie and Accessories

MAY white sales are rapidly closing ket last week. All colors of the rand and the snowy bargains are going to bow are to be seen, and where they used return to their former prices in a short while, so that it behooves the shopper to get in her supply of spring and summer greatly reduced, too, and sell for \$10 in another store. sories are also on sale in one shop, and the collection includes all kinds of novelties in neckwear, gloves, boots, French jewelry, etc. As to lingerie, a certain large depart-

ment store is selling out "special" some lovely white muslin petticoats at 65 cents. These have full gathered waist lines and a border of serviceable embroidery or

Heavy sateen petticoats, the kind romen bought last season to wear under light summer frock, which formerly sold for \$1 apiece, are reduced to 50 cents in the same store. A fitted white sateen petticoat of better quality material sells for \$1.

Envelope chemises are still a great favorite with fashionable designers. They come in soft batiste or nainsook, with Cluny or Valenciennes inserts, and

mending lingerie undergarments. By in varied colors, black, beige, maize, rose, navy blue, etc., and are to be slipped on with the summer frock. They are made with wide open armholes, rope trimming making several of the medallions alike the trimming of the garment may be kept and shirrings. They sell for \$5.90 and under the arms of corset covers and out-\$6.90.

Sports coats have received a great deal of attention of late, particularly after the showing they made at the flower mar-

to cost at least \$15, mercerized and silk. SAFETY DO



trimmed with bowknots of pink or blue satin ribbon. The price for this particu-lar style is 65 cents, greatly reduced. Taffeta coatees for afternoon wear are going to be most fashionable. They come

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revolution in corset-making.

pretty girl has quite as many disappointments as the plain girl-sometimes more. For she is never sure if she really is forever. CHILDREN'S CORNER

Reddy Squirrel Goes Visiting

have moved.

"Do YOU know what has just oc- Robin, may you always find worms as good as that one was!"

Filly whirled around to see who was

Billy whirled around to see who was talking. "Oh, it's you, Reddy Squirrel," he replied, "may you always have more rel of his little mate one day. replied. "What are you thinking about nuts than you can eat!"

"I'm thinking about Frisky Cottontail." said Reddy, thoughtfully: "we haven't seen him for the longest time! Not since early in the spring. I wonder what he is doing all this time? He used to come to see us often.

"Better look him up," suggested Mrs. Reddy, "maybe something has happened to him. He might need help."

So, without any more talking, Reddy set out in search of his friend. Now, of course Reddy and Frisky Cottontall were not related at all, but they had lived near each other in the big woods for many a day. And they had become very good friends. Most woods creatures who are not natural enemies are very friendly, you know, and Reddy and Frisky were no exception to the rule.

As fast as his little feet would carry

Reddy ran toward Frisky's home not a sign of either Frisky or his little mate did he see. "They surely must be in their nest," Reddy told himself, "otherwise they would be running about near by." He went clear up to the nest near by." He went clear up to the nest in the hollow of the old stump and ran around on the inside, but no cottontails did he find. Nor, what was stranger still, could he see any sign of their having

been there lately.

Finally he gave up and came outdoors again. "Surely they must have moved." he said to himself thoughtfully. "though why they would leave such a nice home as this, I can't imagine."

He slipped into the shadow of the old leave the shadow of the old live. Does he like it?"

"Gh, yes, I see him every day," answered Billy promptly; "he lives in the same yard I live in I saw him this very day making a nest in a golden glow bed." "A golden glow bed." exclaimed Reddy in amazement, "what a funny place to live. Does he like it?"

"Go, ask him every day," answered Billy promptly; "he lives in the same yard I live in I saw him this very day making a nest in a golden glow bed." "A golden glow bed." exclaimed Reddy in amazement, "what a funny place to live. Does he like it?"

log, determined to wait and see if he could get any news of Frisky and his

Presently there was a soft whir in the air and Billy Robin darted down right in front of Reddy. It wasn't hard to see why he had come, for immediately he began to devour the biggest, fattest worm Reddy had ever seen. Reddy watched like the wise, patient little fellow that he is, till Billy Robin had finished his lunch and pollahed off his bill. Then he said pollahed off his bill. Then he said this new home in the big city. politely, "Good morning, Friend Billy

THE CHEERFUL CHICKENS

By Bob Williams

In Clover Dale, on Sunny Days, You'd see Six Dozen Chicks As bright as Golden Sunset Rays,

On Brand New Orange-Sticks

That Sister Susie buys when Joe is just about to call To take our Susie to a Show In Mister Movie's Hall.

These Downy Chicks were just as soft As Dandellon Bloom That Children blow to see if Ma Is waiting with the Broom!

women in the world have had lives so with tragedy that in comparison the plain women are lucky. Mary, Queen of Scots, for instance, was one of the loveliest of women, yet at the same time a most unhappy lady. The last cuiminating act in the tragedy of her wonderful career was really due to the misfortune of her beauty. For that self-same beauty had aroused the jealousy of Queen Eliza-

she bewails her fatal gift of beauty;

or to others.
Yes, beauty can bring happiness to a woman, but only when combined with qualities that endure. Fineness of character and a generous heart will always render a thing of beauty a veritable joy

said Carlyle.

"It takes more than two quarrels to break an engagement," said Mary, flipping the pages of her diary. "Our next one occurred beneath the tree near the fourth green." There was something business-like in her manner as she led the way across the links.
"Like old times," commented Carlyle.
"I haven't arrived at an age to enjoy living in the past," said Mary crisply. "The present is good enough," agreed Carlyle, as they sat down on a rustic bench. "I'm glad you are willing to bury the past.

the past."
"I meant nothing of the kind," stormed
Mary, "We will now take up the quarrel
that marks this spot."
"Why this is where I told you I loved "Let me see that ou!" declared Carlyle.

The Daily Story

Mary-The Contrary

"If it takes two to make a quarrel, we're the two," Mary Gale declared. "Because you make mountains of golf tees, dear," Carlyle explained in a su-

"How fortunate you have discovered in

time what a disagreeable person I am."

finshed Mary. "But let me assure you

that since our engagement my diary reads

like the history of a South American re-

Frequent misunderstandings resulted in

Mary declining to step into the frail craft

of matrimony and selecting instead an

ocean liner, remaining abroad five years.

At a reception in Mary's honor upon

her return, there was no one she wel-

comed more graciously than Carlyle, Hers

The plan was made to go from place to

"Where first?" asked Carlyle, as they

were speeding down the avenue the next

morning in his car. "Have you your

Mary promptly drew forth a red diary.

"The quarrel?" he smiled when they

were seated in comfortable chairs on the

plazza.
"Hecause I was pleasant to Bertle Hil-lard." she blushed, "to punish you for being late."

"Unreasonable of you to be anary be-cause I was late, Mary. In those days business kept me tied down."

"You were always late," defended Mary.

"There's Bertle now," said Carlyle.

"I spent most of my time waiting for

"But we won't quarrel about him any more-he's married."
"There are," admitted Mary, "worse faults than being late."

"I'm not so busy now-so you see our quarrels haven't stood the test of time."

"Country Club," she directed.

place in Carlyle's motor and visit the

was disarming cordiality.

scenes of old quarrels.

gulde book?"

said Carlyle.

public."

you!" declared Carlyle. "Let me see that book." He extended his hand, but Mary shook her head.
"You can't!" she said.
"Little girl, don't you suppose I remember distinctly what happened here? Instead of reviving old quarrels let's start all over again beneath this dear old tree." Carlyle's voice was compelling.

ing. Mary's face was averted as she an-There would be new quarrels-I make

mountains of golf tees!"
. Il agree to be compatible to all your incompatibilities." he smiled. "I love Mary when she's contrary."

"You think you do but you don't," she quoted. Then with a scream of tes ror she jumped on the bench, for comror she jumped on the bench, for coming toward them was an amiable-looking cow. Mary's terror was not affected for she made no distinctions in bovines.

"Mary," said Carlyle with a solemn air, "we are in peril. Here, that red book would divert him." Before Mary could protest, her diary was thrown as a hostage to the enemy. Carlyle followed her as she fled toward the clubhouse. "We might have been killed." gasped Mary, sinking into a chair.

Carlyle concealed with difficulty his elation at the fate of the volume which kept

injuries fresh in Mary's mind. Then a disquieting thought struck him. Suppose

ook. Some one may read it."
"No, no, no no!" cried Mary excitedly.
You mustn't!"
Unheeding he moved off.

"Bobby! or my sake—don't go." There as consternation in her face.
"Why, little girl" he exclaimed joyfully. There is no danger. The creature has

gone by this time."

At this instant a young man in white finnels came up.
"Pardon me, but does this book belong to either of you? It's brand new and had no name in it-but I thought-

"Yes, it's mine, thank you," she interrupted. 'A-new-diary?" queried Carlyle, as-

tonished. 'Yes: I burned the old one-four years ago."

"Then why did you pretend?"—began Carlyle. "I wanted an excuse to visit our tree without seeming too sentimental," she confessed boldly. "You may think what you like of me."
"I think you are adorable," declared

"I'm glad I bought that dlary," sighed Mary happily. "It will be so nice to keep golf scores in. But," as an afterthought, "we'll let the old scores go!" (Copyright, 1915.)

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