

WOMAN AND THE HOME—NEW SUMMER FASHIONS AND IDEAS—PRIZE SUGGESTIONS



THE GIRL WHO WORKS

By Ellen Adair

Financial Reverses and the War

"How dreadful for these poor girls!" I sighed a sympathetic lady the other day on hearing of a fortune which had disappeared with many another during the war.

The girls under discussion certainly had had everything that money could buy. They had a delightful home, lots of friends and ample allowances from their parents.

Yet the pity of their friends seemed wasted on these selfsame maidens. "Isn't it wonderful to think that at last I'm to be allowed to train as a nurse?" cried the eldest one.

"As a matter of fact," continued one of her sisters in a decided tone, "the comfortable home sometimes only means sheer boredom. I do think that lots of girls—the right kind of girls, I mean, who want to take their share in the world's work—are smothered and bored to death in these supposed 'comfortable homes.'"

"There really isn't enough to occupy one's mind if one just stays home and thinks of enjoyment all the time," declared the youngest of the sisters. "The next tennis match or garden party is really all we had to think of. And it did get a bit monotonous. Personally, I'm glad that we have to turn out and work, for you see I've inherited more of father's business capacity than any of the boys have, and yet there has been no chance for me to turn it to any account as a business girl. It really was unfortunate to have father's office head minus the office to put it in. But that's all changed now, for I'm going into business at once."

JEWISH CHARITIES BEFIT BY ROSALIE L. HOPE'S WILL

Hospital Will Receive \$2000 Bequest for Bed.

The Jewish Hospital will receive \$2000 for the establishment of a free bed, to be known as the "Leffman and Rosalie L. Hope Bed," from the \$25,000 estate of Rosalie L. Hope, admitted to probate today.

Her will also bequeaths \$500 in trust with the interest to maintain the graves of herself and husband. The memorial fund of Rodef Shalom congregation will receive a bequest of \$100.

Hurt in Collision of Auto and Trolley

WEST CHESTER, Pa., June 1.—Joseph B. Smith, of this place, father-in-law of T. Lawrence Eyrre and father of ex-Postmaster Harry G. Smith, was severely injured in a collision between a trolley car and the car of his son here yesterday. He has a broken rib and many bruises.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

More About Queer Boats

THE strong canoes and war boats which the Hawaiian people made of the huge logs which wind and storm blew upon their shores are not the only queer boats to be found in the world—by any means!

Every one of the ancient people had their own type of craft, each different from the other. That old kind of boats, however, are rarely seen any more. Except, perhaps, in museums where one expects to see queer things—to make it worse.

There is a country, though, where at this present day such queer boats are used that if you saw these boats out of water you never would guess them to be boats—you would call them market baskets!

And where do you suppose that country is? It is Bagdad, Bagdad in Turkish Arabic, close to the Persian frontier. There on the River Tigris are seen the queerest boats to be found in actual use anywhere at this day.

The commonest boat on the Tigris is the "goofah," a boat made entirely of willow switches—doesn't that seem strange? The willow switches are cut and trimmed; then they are woven just as you weave mats and baskets in your school or home work. The boat when finished is about six feet in diameter and is perfectly circular and basket-shaped.

When the weaving is completed, the mat outside of the basket is covered with bitumen—a tolerable pitch—to make it waterproof. The occupant of the boat guides his craft through the water by means of short wooden paddles. A six-foot boat does not seem very big, does it? Yet, the native men have no fear of riding in one. Sometimes as many as 20 men will crowd themselves into one goofah and ride out to greet the steamers as they come up the Tigris.

"I'm going to do what I always wanted to do, and wasn't allowed to—teach," said the other sister. "I adore looking after a mob of small children, and have quite a gift for that sort of thing, but hitherto never have had anybody to use it on except some little nephews who are wedged in on every hand by their own governesses."

These three sisters all have turned out to earn their own living with feelings of pleasure. It was what they had long wanted to do. In every way, by birth, education and by physique, they seemed thoroughly competent and fitted for the battle of life.

Suppose they'd been left to fritter away their energies on trifles, while they waited for a meeting with that prosaical husband? Suppose that, if they had met him, he had fallen in business and left them destitute and forced to begin earning their living at the bottom of the ladder and when youth had slipped from them?

No, these girls are not really to be pitied at all. The people who are most truly to be pitied are those who are filling no niche in the world, who are doing no honest and useful work, who are counting as nonentities in the great scheme of things which demands that each shoulder her own share of work if the fitting share of happiness is to be forthcoming. And in the right sort of work lies happiness and soul satisfaction.

Compensation

"Good-by!" low breathed a rosbud to the night.

"I shall not open to the fuller light; The winds I loved come but to sear and blight."

"Good-by!" Hush thrilled with passionate despair. A hopeless voice sobbed through the rose-sweet air.

"Ah, love, good-by!" came dreary echo there.

Yet from the folded rose fell sweet incense, And from the wounded heart fell good intents.

Oh, who shall say pain hath no recompense? —Anonymous.

POLICE TERRIFIED BY BAG FOUND ON A DOORSTEP

Thought It Might Be Explosive, But It Contained \$400.

A dark looking leather bag on the doorstep of Abraham Fink, of 1790 Catherine street, struck terror to the heart of Policeman McCarthy. He picked the bag up gingerly, and holding it at arm's length, carried it to the 30th and Fitzwater streets police station.

"Take it away," shouted Sergeant Hopper, when he saw the dangerous looking object. "Why didn't you put it in a bucket of water first? It might go off any minute."

Several cops jumped from their chairs and finally McCarthy pushed the bag open with a long stick. There was no explosion when it opened, so he and the other cops approached it cautiously and peeped in. They saw a big roll of bills and many articles of jewelry. There was in all \$400 in cash.

While they were wondering how it came to be on Fink's step, Fink himself arrived and told the police that his wife had left the grip on the step by mistake. It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Fink, fearing robbers, took their money and jewelry with them in the grip. Upon their return home, Mrs. Fink laid the satchel on the step to get out the door key. Then she went inside and forgot all about the money and jewelry which they had been so carefully guarding.



Goofahs have been used since early Bible times.

be very "tippy." But evidently the native people think both are perfectly safe. The little goofah is used as a passenger craft on the river; used to carry beggars, merchants and passengers to and from the bigger boats, which stay out in the river.

The keleks, on the other hand, are used as freight craft and bring great loads of pottery, grain and skins down the river from Mosul.

The Daily Story

Gerald's Wife

Broderick swung off the 4:35 express, walked quickly up the steps leading from the railroad platform, and took his first look at Pineville. Those who lived in Pineville proper were content to call it Pineville. Gerald had written that they did not live in Pineville proper, but in Pineville-by-the-Sea, otherwise Pineville improver.

All that Broderick saw were pine, plenty of them, a flat white ribbon road, and a bit of a postoffice roughly shingled in the midst of the nearest clump of pines. His steady gaze took in the central spot of civilization. Some one was stamping letters behind the glass inclosure, a girl with dark, smooth hair.

"Where do the Vaughans live, please?" he asked finally when the stamping ceased.

"The Vaughans? Oh, Gerald Vaughan and his wife? It's a brown house down near the shore, with a wide veranda and a funny roof. About a mile straight down the road."

A wide veranda and a funny roof. That sounded like Gerald. He wondered how Gerald's wife lived it. Beatrice was artistic, but not artistically eccentric. She had a horror of things odd, bizarre, so-called Bohemian. And yet, she had married Gerald. And Gerald's brother knew that Gerald was utterly odd, bizarre and Bohemian so-called.

He walked on down the flat white ribbon roadway, and wondered whether he would find her like the girls Gerald had always admired. A lissome, limp, Blessed Damozel type, with close silky gowns and loose floppy hair. Last summer she had not been that type. He thought of the trim girl figure holding the rudder of the Water Lily that last day. She had been more than the sort of a girl to fall in love with. She had been a good fellow, a staunch friend. And as he watched her he had stopped rowing, and they had drifted slowly in the sunset glow that flooded the lake while he told her.

There had been no actual engagement. He had nothing to reproach her with. He had not been in a position to ask her to be his wife then, but he had thought a girl like Beatrice had more than a kiss, a handclasp, a few vague words of understanding, than other girls. He had thought she might wait till next summer. And now, in April, he had returned to New York to learn that Gerald was in disgrace, had married on nothing, eloped to Pineville-by-the-Sea, North Carolina, and his wife was Beatrice Stafford.

Gerald's mother had said they were penniless. Gerald's father had remarked that he didn't give a rap. They could exult upon love and art.

More or less for Beatrice's sake, and a little for Gerald's, Broderick had taken it upon himself to visit the bride couple and help Gerald. Smothering his own love, he had made up his mind that as long as Beatrice had married a Vaughan she should not be lonely. There was no bell at the door of the little brown house with the funny roof. It was merely a bungalow in weathered shingles, and he pounded on the door lustily. The door opened, and Beatrice stood before him.

She was not the Blessed Damozel type yet. Her smooth, dark hair was wound about her head in just the same crown fashion, and she wore a short dark blue linen dress and a white shirtwaist. The sleeves were rolled to her elbows, and from her finger tips to elbow dimples there was four sprinkles.

"I thought you were in London," she said. "You don't give a fellow a very decent welcome after he's traveled from London to this wilderness to say congratulations. I can't shake hands with you, and—"

"I can't shake hands with you, and—"

"Where's Gerald?" he asked, when he had found a chair in the kitchen.

"He went to the postoffice for the last time. You must have seen him come to this lost corner?"

"Oh, because it was the chance of something definite, you know. Don't you know?" she asked quickly, seeing the puzzled look on his face. "Well, Gerald's chum, Netherby Ames, broke all to pieces last fall, overwork, and so on, and he ordered down here. And he couldn't afford to come here, so he wrote me. He pulled a few wires and things happened. He was made postmaster here at Pineville. And he got lonesome and healed the wound in his mind, month ago, so Gerald's in his place, and he's a New York. Don't you see? It was really very definite, and business-like, and right, under the circumstances."

"Both," she corrected. "He has lots of time to study and think for him, the responsibility, I mean. You wouldn't know him."

"I suppose not," assented Broderick, uneasily. He tried to reconcile his little circle of the universe to the chaotic jumble fall into place and harmonize. Gerald, Gerald, the helpless, erratic, fantastic, irrational, joyous-hearted, penniless, a man with a mission, the responsibility, a postmaster. But then he remembered the young, smooth-haired person stamping letters. Of course, Gerald had found his own way out of the difficulty. He had hired some Pineville lass to do the heavy work, and he drew the salary. It was like Gerald. But there was Beatrice, Beatrice making biscuits.

"Don't you miss New York?" "Oh, so much," she said. "I'll never be happy until I get back."

"Have you given up your own work?" "Only for the time being. I shall take it up again, of course. I shall have to." Broderick's hands tightened in a sudden grip. So she was to work again, turn out her endless succession of little wash illustrations for second-rate monthly magazines. Gerald would not mind, would not see the point. He would think he was broad-minded and Bohemian to let his wife carry on her own art irrespective of him. But Beatrice saw the point. He rose from his chair suddenly, his face white as the snow on the roof. He had smothered. Before he could stop himself the words came leaping to his lips.



A SMART GOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE SATIN

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

Manage Your Babies

By The Trained Nurse

"There's no managing Teddy, he's such a willful child," remarked a mother, plaintively, to me the other day. I had just witnessed a none too edifying domestic scene.

Teddy had been ordered to go upstairs and wash his hands, which, as he'd just come in from playing in the garden, were very dirty.

But Teddy didn't fancy washing just then. He planted his small feet firmly on the ground, and said, "I won't!"

He was threatened with various punishments. The threats had no effect; the small rebel of 6 stood there, defiance in every feature. He was coaxed; the coaxing was of no avail, until at last the mother asked for my advice. "You should have begun to manage him from the cradle. Instead of that you have spoiled him by letting him always have his own way."

There is one sound, old-fashioned educational principle especially that the modern parent is apt to overlook—the fact that the first seven years of a child's life are the years that count the most as far as the formation of his character is concerned, and that the impressions that he receives in these years, for evil or for good, are the impressions which are the most lasting. Hence it is in these early impressionable years that the habits of obedience and self-control must be inculcated.

A child very soon gets to know if his mother's word is law; even young babies realize the quality of firmness in their mother when they come into contact with it. If an infant discovers that he has only to cry to be fed, for instance, or to be petted, he will go on crying, and so in time the mother will become a veritable slave to her baby.

Remember that you cannot make the baby learn the lessons of obedience and self-control too early. Don't let any coaxing make you go away from your word if you have said that a thing must be done, see that your wishes are carried out.

Make your children respect you, too. Most of us admire the father who is a pat to his boys, and the mother who is in her girls' best chum; but from the point of view of the maintenance of discipline, this companionship between parents and child is often allowed to begin too soon. It gave me quite a shock the other day, for instance, to hear a mother address his father and mother by their Christian names!

For Summer Gowns

Wide Stripes

In Handkerchief Linens, 60c
In Voile, 45c

Notably desirable and limited in quantity.

White Skirtings

Honeycomb Cloth, 44 inches, \$1.00
Gabardine, 89 inches, 60c
Golpaine, 42 inches, \$1.50
Pique Cord, 38c

On the Bargain Table

Flowered Embroidered Crepe, white ground, 40 inches. Was 75c, now 60c
Embroidered Crepe, white ground, 40 inches. Was \$2.50, now \$1.00
Plaid Crepe, solid colors, 40 inches. Was \$1.25, now 75c
Printed Crepe. Was \$1.25, now 40c
Striped Crepe, 40 inches. Was 75c, now 35c
Colored Ratines, 42 inches. Were \$1.25, now 50c

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1008 CHESTNUT STREET



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Striking Frock in Black and White

THE craze for black and white has been elaborated upon to a great extent by all the fashion writers this season, and the proof of the pudding lies in the fact that nine out of every ten street dresses are made in this most becoming combination. Navy blue has many devotees, but I am sure that black and white is just as popular. This is not only confined to gowns, parasols, handbags, hostery, footwear; even house decorations are black and white nowadays.

One of the most bizarre and at the same time the most exclusive styles seen at a recent fashionable gathering is shown in the illustration. It has a distinction of design and an originality of conception which will delight the heart of the woman who likes "something out of the ordinary."

The upper part of the gown is made in the newest smock style, with a high collar and blouse of white satin, piped with black. The front of the collar is fastened together with a lacing of black satin braid and jet buttons. The sleeves are long, and severely plain but for a small white button at the cuff. A wide girle of black braided satin, from knee to flaring tunic hangs almost to the waist. It is used as trimming on the rest of the blouse. The back of the gown is plain with only the black and white braid to break the line between the black and the white satin at the shoulders.

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Newest Styles in Blouses

AFTER the vogue for violet striped blouses, the rush of novelties has stopped, except for the arrival of the Italian silk blouse. This is more or less of a novelty, and is designed for sports wear. The great popularity and, incidentally, the great drop in price of the silk sweater is indirectly responsible for the arrival of the silk stockinette blouse.

A plain white stockinette blouse, with long sleeves, finished off with French cuffs and pockets, sells in a certain store for \$10. This is, of course, real Italian silk, and a novelty besides, which may account for the expense.

A large Chestnut street store is selling out some of the loveliest assorted blouses, quite regardless of their original prices, at \$1.95. One style is made of salmon-colored Georgette crepe, with a faint design in thread silk of the same color. It is made with set-in sleeves, hemstitched at the seams, and pearl buttons fastening up the front.

Another pretty blouse is made of ivory-tinted crepe de chine, with a peppermint strip in lovely Roman colorings. These stripes were satin finished, and the altogether assured the shopper that the material was extra fine. The lines of the blouse were severely plain, with a regular and a narrow pocket at the waist, and a small pocket at one side. It sells for \$2.95 and originally cost \$6.90.

Braided Georgette crepe is another novelty. The braiding is done in silky soutache, over flesh-colored crepe. One very odd blouse was selling at \$3.95. It had a vest and fancy motif entirely made of braid with long, full sleeves and low collar. It would be ideal to wear with a corset and white shirt.

A very striking blouse was made of handkerchief linen, in blazer stripes of gold, tan, green, navy, etc. It was quite like the many seen this season with tailored and white collars and cuffs, the price in this case being \$3.95.

Tomorrow's Menu

- "We had three eels that my wife and I bought this morning of a man that came about for our dinner." —Pepys's Diary.
- BREAKFAST: Grapefruit, Rice and Eggs, Coffee
- LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: Steamed Clams on Toast, Gingerbread, Cheese
- DINNER: Cream Tomato Soup, Broiled Bluefish, Cucumber Sauce, Escalloped Potatoes, Spinach, Lettuce Salad, Strawberries, Cake
- Rice and Eggs—Boil rice, drain it and spread it about an inch thick on a platter. Over it pour a little melted butter and the juice of a lemon. Make depressions in it with a tablespoon, and in each depression put a poached egg. Sprinkle with minced parsley and serve at once.



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