# AND THE HOME-NEW SUMMER FASHIONS AND IDEAS-PRIZE SUGGESTIONS



#### CHILDREN IN THE WAR ZONE

By Ellen Adair

#### The Havoc of Homes

and are trading back and forth between claim, gazing on a yawning gulf in which the trenches until the soldiers' hearts repose a pile of broken stones. stand still with fear for them, this is

The children-mere babies, some of them-bring milk and coffee, cigarettes by a lyddite shell, so she has perforce and candy, together with all the resources transferred her "home" to a hut less of farm and village store. And they ruined! are always merry and light-hearted, even "Ca ne fait rien, cher Tommee!" when the shells are bursting around them | Madame will exclaim cheerfully as she on every side.

as they come," said a little 9-year-old "It's nothing. Why, Madame So-and-So French girl optimistically, "The only has already made three moves, and this thing that troubles us is grannie's rheu- is but my first!" matism. You see, we've only got half a roof now, for a shell blew the rest off. The rain pours in, so we all sleep In the cellar!"

This apparent indifference to the horrors of war is a perpetual source of amuzement to the British soldiers. They watch aged peasants tilling the soil over which forming various tasks around the remshells are bursting and bombs exploding. and they marvel at the calm indifference shown by these old country folk. The The village street is seamed and mine! farm work goes on despite projectiles the plow and in front a tlny child is of shrapnel knows no difference. coaxing the team-the oddest looking team, by the way-probably a tiny don- the ruin of its former self and is now a key and a big cow!

What a wonderful stolcal calm these children of war display! They delight in dancing and singing for the soldlers, and in carrying on conversations in broken English. The big soldiers escort the littie things back to their ruined homes and the children laugh merrily each time a shell soars overhead, with that terrible whizsing sound which would strike terror into the hearts of even the bravest people!

of dead men, twisted bayonets, bloodstained rifles and barbed wire the children are driving the cows to pasture, while around them rings the thunder of the cannon and above them goes the whizzing of the death-dealing shells!

ALTHOUGH it is hard to believe that "Hullo! Where has your house disappeared to?" the big soldiers will ex-

And the children's mother calls from a happening all the time in northern France. cottage over the way. Her own was completely demolished but an hour ago

picks up her offspring and thanks the "We're shot to bits, but we take things soldiers for the safe return of the same.

> Nothing really seems to scare these French peasants. They have a dogged courage and obstinacy which makes them cling to their ruined villages, and you may see the children playing, the old men working in the fields and the mothers washing the soldiers' clothes or pernants of the home.

with yawning pits where high explosive which blow a house into the air and shells have dropped. The ground is covleave a pit in which you could bury ered with dead horses, cows, pigs anda dozen horses. The old fellow is at alas, human beings! For the pitiless hall

> In one little church, which has become mere heap of stones and splintered wood, one finds the children playing at the altar, their little pockets bulging with "souvenirs"-spent cartridges, caps and belts, letters and photographs.

> Yes, there are people still in these French villages. Over the terrible litter of dead men, twisted bayonets, blood-

#### JUNE BRIDE ONCE GOT HER TROUSSEAU BEFORE SHE'D MET "THE RIGHT MAN"

And Never Took a Wedding Trip, as That Would Have Been Considered Bad Form. Clothes Less Expensive Then.

Nowadays no girl would consider that her new husband had the proper kind of affection for her if he didn't take her on some kind of a wedding trip. It might only be a few days at the scashore, but if it wasn't at least this the bridegroom would brand himself as a stingy, unsenti-mental chap at the outset. mental chap at the outset.

This hasn't been the case always. Time was when honeymoon trips were considered the very acme of indelicacy. They were frowned upon in the best circles, and only couples who had more money than sense, and no taste at all, were willy of taking them. guilty of taking them.

If you don't believe this, Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, ask Mrs. Elizabeth Pettit, 1721 Francis street. Mrs. Pettit is a dear little when girls expected to become the real belpmates of their husbands. She has ried 47 years ago been interested in the series of articles in the EVENING LEDGER dealing with the problems of June brides and the expendi-lists of some of their trousseaus expendi-tures, and no better contrast in the girls of today with those of yesterday, she said, could possibly be had than in the difference in their ideas of a proper wedding equipment.

WENT RIGHT TO THE NEW HOME. "I don't remember that any one ever took such a thing as a honeymoon trip in took such a thing as a honeymoon trip in my day," she said quaintly. "Certainly it would have been considered the height of bad form. The newly married couple went to their new home immediately after the wedding, and were very thankful they had one to go to, instead of traipeing sround the country apending good money that could be used better to start the new household.

'In my time a girl paid more attention to her household linens than she did to her trousseau. Every girl in average good circumstances bought two bolts of good muslin, one bleached and one unbleached. The former was made up into the best sheets and nillow cares. The the best sheets and pillow cases: the latter was taken on the grass, blenched and made up into bed wear for everyday

According to Mrs. Pettit, the announcement of a giri's wedding 50 years ago was the signal for the relatives and friends of the bride-to-be to come forward en masse and offer their services in get-ling the girl fitted out. The girl berself able extravagance.

JUNE BRIDES

This is the seventh of a series of articles appearing in the Eventho Ledger on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, discussing the many questions that concern those about to be married—trousseaus, wedding rings, flowers, music, invitations and all, and who pays and why.

had a hand in making everything, from the rag carpets, which were to be the floor the rag carpets, which were to be the floor coverings of her new home, to the homewoven blankets, excepting her wedding dress. On this she did not sew a stitch, because it was considered the very worst kind of bad luck. Her mother, her sisters and her aunts all had a say in its composition, unless, of course, the family was very well off, when a tried and trusty dressmaker took charge of it. She did not, however, charge the bank-breaking prices of today's modistes.

OBJECTS TO LINGERIE.

"And the underwear that your mo girl has in her trousseau, this lingeries (Mrs. Pettit uttered the words in a shocked tone), it would have been considered positively indecent in my day.

"Sauce, sauce," he cried. He halted by Then we had good, substantial muslin underwear all sewed by hand and trim-med with tatting which a girl crocheted long before she had decided on the man she was to marry. We didn't wait to be engaged before getting our trousseau together. Every girl expected to be married. We didn't become together. Every girl expected to be married. We didn't have careers to look forward to."

In the days when sugar sold for cents a pound and eggs, the strictly fresh kind, for 15 cents the score, a girl was not afraid to undertake the running of

a household on \$4 a week.
"Many men in those days," said Mrs.
Pettit, "married on \$8 and \$10 a week. Pettit, "married on \$8 and \$10 a week. Girls were well trained in economy, and two and even three people could live well on \$4 a week; that is, for food. Of course, we didn't expect to start out as our mothers and fathers were then living. We expected to begin humbly and work up with the years, and no sirl was up with the years, and no girl was ashamed to take a house in a poor neighborhood. We did this as a matter of ourse, though we had been used to bet-

ter things." The only outlay that the girl of a half The only outlay that the girl of a hair century ago considered it necessary to mount up was the feather beds and feather pillows. An outfit for one bed cost \$50, and at least one was thought to be essential. This, Mrs. Pettit believes, might be regarded as a pardonable extravarance.

### CHILDREN'S CORNER

#### AN UNEXPECTED FIND

s big city flat. All his life he had heard about gardens and farms and country, but never had he seen a real garden, or a real farm, or a truly woods. He only knew what they were like from pictures and stories-which are not enough to give a boy a good idea, as You well know.

Now when this particular spring came, Dick went to the park as he always had Dick went to the park as he always had had he admired the trees and the bushes and the grass, as he always had. First somethow this year that didn't seem to be enough for him. He wanted some place where he could dig and weed and were as the boys in the stories did.

"If you were a farm boy you wouldn't me or anxious to weed and dig." said he father laughingly when he heard about digh's wishes. "You'd soon tire of ti-lie hard work."

Marke 12 is." sighed Dick, "but I have I'd like to try it."

He blard work.

Marke is the eighed Dick, "but I now I'd like to try it."

He thought about a farm and dreamed bett a farm. He talked about it whenever he could get anybody to listen to

it is seen to have the idea some that you are interested in farming." is laushed and his eyes twinkled ity. "That's queer," he said. "What you think that?"

you think that?" Believe to be about the course to make a joke about the fee that the hand at farming, "father" excluding much the property of the course that the course that

this flat—you won't get it!" He laughed and started off to work.

Now, if you happen to be a little boy who has waited a WHOLE day for his father to bring home something, you have a was for that day was for

father to bring home something, you know exactly how long that day was for Dick! All through the morning (which was 90 hours long; he wondered what his father could have meant. And all through the afternoon (which was three times as long as the morning) he decided that likely as not his father was fooling him and there wouldn't be any farm at all! and there wouldn't be any farm at all! But promptly at 5 e'clock father ap-

But promptly at 5 o'clock father appeared, and what do you suppose he had under his arm? A great broad, flat box, as his and broad as the dining table. "There's your farm," said father proudity, "now help me plant it."

Dick couldn't imagine what his father meant, but it was fun to watch and find out.

They set the box up on the back porch, just where the sun would find it the most. At that very minute the doorbell vang, and there stood an expressman with a bushel of dirt. "Oh, now I know!" exclaimed Dick, "this is my garden to dig in awas!"

"Not your garden," corrected his futher, "il's your farm. You are to build fences and barns. Houses and milk station—anything you want to make or grow is to go on this farm."

Together they spread the dirt cut in the box. Over in the corner they made a small hill, the rest was made amouth for fields and nondows. After that Dirks never lacked for something to do he dug and he planted he harvested and reaged. May be some day I will tell you of all the interesting crops that were grown on that farm in a city flat.

Coorning Commitment 1992.



# THE DAILY STORY

An Informal Affair

and a mingled odor of seaweed, pota- day."

"Oh," said Aline, with sudden compretoes and other things cooking bustly away, hension. tle Mademoiselle de Saint Cyr looked and piled with dishes. Overhead the leaves rustled freshly and out beyond, the Sound, all blue and gold in the sunset light, rippled, and splashed upon great gray rocks where the fire curied away

Into a wide feather of smoke.

The French girl drew a quick breath of appreciation. How beautiful America was. It was her first visit to the United States and on landing in New York Mademoiselle de Saint Cyr had come directly to her aunt's place on the Connecticut shore. She was a young aunt, only a few years older than Aline, and with a young and jolly husband. Aline found herself caught at once into a round of gay outdoor life, a round which bewildered yet charmed.

Owing to a breakdown of the motor car into a wide feather of smoke.

Owing to a breakdown of the motor car Owing to a breakdown of the motor car they had been a bit late in arriving at the clambake; the guests were already seated, and Mrs. Redvers, the hostens, made a hasty introduction of the new-comers. She had rattled through a confusing number of names, then pointed to some grimy, collariess young men bending over the fire.

"And those are the cooks and waiters," she cried, merrily.

Mademoiselle St. Cyr eyed them curiously as they brought over great platters heaped with steaming clams. She never before had seen such untidy waiters. Everything at her aunt's had been conventions. conventional enough; here at last was America more as she had pictured it to

the girl, regarding her with evident ap-proval. "Take some of this, it's good," he said, frankly. Mademoiselle de St. Cyr ooked at him in surprise. But perb this was American, too. And the sauce

d look good. "Thank you," she said gravely. The young man ran on. But presently he re-turned. "The lobsters are ready," he called, and there was rapid shifting of

plates.

How good everything tasted. The deliclous chicken, the tender corn, the hot potatoes, and through them all the faint, indefinable saltish flavor of the seaweed. It was certainly great fun. And yet it was so utterly unlike anything the girl ever had known in France. Straight from a convent achool, this sudden freedom a l'Americaine was at first a bit frightening. She ate demurely, watching the peo-ple about her with bright, curious eyes. The young man who had helped her to he sauce came back and dropped into a

empty seat beside her, bringing a well-filled plate for himself.
"I'm just about starved," he informed her. "I've been working so hard all day." Aline glanced about her. The other col-larless youths were now also scated at the table, eating and talking busily. Per-haps this was the custom at clambakes. aps this was the custom at clambakes.

"You are tired," she said, in her sweet ympathetic little voice. "I suppose you o not have to work so hard as this every ay." He laughed.

"Thank goodness, no. Usually I am think. Aline looked at him with a serious

"I am sure you underestimate yourself," she said kindly. "I do not see how
any one in your-your profession"—she
put it delicately—"can be very lasy."
An expressive shrug answered her.

An expressive shrug answered her. "Only too easy," he returned "It's principally waiting, you know, especially for the younger ones, and that, although trying, is not particularly fatiguing. But it's all the day's work," cheerfully. "Perhaps this afternoon's energy may help the average," with a laugh. "It's Labor Day, you know."
"Labor Day," queried the girl. "What is that."

"One of our American holidays," he



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THE clams were just being uncovered | explained. "That's how I am here to-

toes and other things cooking busily away, then son So Labor Day was apparently the equivalent of those fetes of the olden tle Mademoiselle de Saint Cyr looked about her. The long table spread under the trees was covered with a white cloth derstood at first.

lt was growing dusky. Across the lawn the gardener's children were setting off rockets left over from the last Fourth of July. The guests were moving about the grounds. Some had gone to the rocks, others watched the glittering trail of the fireworks. Mile de Saint Cyr had crossed to where he aunt stood chatting with the hostess in the twilight of the pines. Suddenly came a s-s-swish, a flash, and one of the rockets, too powa flash, and one of the rockets, too pow-erful for the little hand which held it, erful for the little hand which held it, exploded unexpectedly in the direction of the trees. There was a warning shout, a cry, and Mile, de Saint Cyr felt herself caught and pulled forcibly away, while eager fingers crushed out a spark in the fragile laces of her gown. It was all over in a second, before any one else had time to realize that anything had had time to realize that anything had happened, and Mile. de Saint Cyr stood frembling half with fright at what she had escaped, half with anger at the indignity to which she had been subjected. For she—she, Aline de Saint Cyr, had been—for no matter how brief. been-for no matter how brief a space-in a man's arms.

"Are you hurt!" he asked, anxiously, nd Aline knew it to be the dark young waiter.

But she could hardly speak. She was startled; she was angry, yet somehow not so angry as she felt she should be. She was shaking all over, but she tried herself, to utter a word of thanks. Her purse was at home, she had nothing to offer the man for hav-ing saved her life. She felt mortified. Perhaps if he could come to her aunt's-

"Monsieur," she essayed timidly—she buid not bring herself to call him gar-on, "I—I regret I have nothing to recon. 1-1 regret I have nothing to re-ward you with except my gratitude, but later at my aunt's house—"
"May I come and see you then?" he broke in eagerly. "I didn't know whether

you would want me to. But I am often here at my sister's—"
"Why—why my aunt—" stammered Aline. She was conscious of a horrible

Aline. She was conscious of a horrible sense of embarrassment. Surely her aunt would not approve. Oh, what could she say. This was dreadful.

"Boh," called a voice from the shadows. The young man started.

"Bother," he growled. "Haven't I done enough for Lucie today? I suppose she wants me to wash up." wants me to wash up.

wants me to wash up."

"Lucie," repeated Aline.

"My sister, Mrs. Redvers," impatiently. "She said it would be so much nicer
and less formal if we boys did the
cooking and serving. So she let all her
people off for the day. But I draw the
line on washing dishes."

"What-what did you say your profession was?" she demanded tensely.

"What-what did you say your profes-ilon was?" she demanded tensely. "Why, the law," surprised. "But," still breathless, "you spoke of waiting..." for cases, of course," more and note surprised.

"For cases, of course," more and more surprised, "Oh, by jove," as a sudden thought flashed into his own mind. "I say, you don't think—" But Aline, her eyes very bright, set her chin hard. "No," she said determinedly. "I didn't think. Wouldn't you—wouldn't you like to come and mest sunite?" to come and meet auntie?"



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PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

A prise of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. G. D. Baxter, 2228 South 6th street, Phila-delphia, for the following suggestion: If you use rosettes on your child's bonnet, fasten them on by means of snap

fasteners. They can be changed easily when the cap is washed. When off, press the clasps together so the rosettes will A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Clara V. Desher, 833 Gaul atreet, Philadel-phia, for the following suggestion: In cleaning window panes, if you want

a real shine on them, use clear alcohol or pour a little alcohol in the pan of A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. K. Hill, 23½ South Georgia avenue, Atlantic City, N. J., for the following sug-restion:

Make your summer petticoats of white satine to wear with thin dresses, as it launders easily, needs no starch, is light in weight and nontrapaparent.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Lucia Noble, Boardwalk, Ocean City, N. J., for the following suggestion: It may be of use to the busy housekeeper to know that, if you are in a hurry, you can scrub potatoes. Boil them in their jackets for 20 minutes, then put them in a brisk oven for 15 minutes. They will be light and equal to any baked

Right-Oh!

Merchant-According to your argument, there is nothing that would build up my business faster than a page ad in your Business Manager-Oh, yes; a two page





#### Two Summer Gowns

simple little frocks of organdie, creps, the summer draws near. Frilly creations popular, and a new and decidedly practical innovation in trimming these frocks lower skirt is rather narrow, not unlike is the use of a taffeta or faille-sometimes Daphne silk-coatee to wear with them. This gives an air of formality to the informal frock, and may be detached, of course, and worn with another gown.

The coatee shown in the illustration laces up the front like a peasant jacket. being cut short enough to show a full peplum of the voile at the waist. Cordings of the silk are used to outline the edge of the coat, which is made of nattier blue taffeta. The rest of the dress is simple in the extreme, with a Valenciennes collar, and ruffles on the skirt, and sleeves. The voile is a ross flowered pattern, with pale green foliage.

The other gown shown today is more elaborate. It is made of chiffon cloth, bordered with black taffets. The blouse is full, with contrasting bands of the material used as trimming. The vest is outlined with taffeta, falling in wide revers at the sides, and caught in place by small covered buttons of the silk. Net is used on the vest and as a soft ruffling on the

The girdle is rather unique in style, with the double folds of taffeta and long

THE vogue for flowered fabrics, either streamers in the front, finished off with In the form of Dolly Varden silks or a tassel. Silk tassels, by the way, are a most conspicuous feature of many format crepe de chine, etc., grows steadily as gowns. A pointed tunic, edged with a very wide band of taffeta, forms the main of printed pink-and-white volle are also part of the skirt, with an underskirt of net, finished off with a striped edge. This

#### the Russian tunic skirts of last season. The Old Sundial

It stands in my lady's garden, Time-worn and lichened grey, A relic of other ages, Of lovers past away.

so through love's chequered day, sweet, Faith, like the dial true, Recks not the clouds, but, patient, Waits till the sun shines through, -E. D. Farrage

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