

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



SURE TESTS

By Ellen Adair

The Ordeal of the Breakfast Table

RECENT divorce case gives one much material for reflection. The grounds were the usual incompatibility of temper, or something of that sort, but the husband confided in an intimate friend that his wife's appearance at the breakfast table was the real factor in their estrangement.

"She would come downstairs in the morning looking positively dreadful," he wailed despairingly, "and nothing that I could say would make her smarten up one bit! 'Clothes should reflect one's mood,' she would say, 'and as neither you nor I feel at our brightest or best during the early morning, why should I bother to dress prettily?'"

Why, indeed? There certainly are a great many whys. But the lady under discussion didn't grasp the scope or the import of the various reasons. And so she has ended where she began, and where she should always have been—husbandless! One really can't blame the husband, or class him as hypersensitive. A wife in curling-pins must be a disconcerting spectacle. Small wonder that the morning bacon and the eggs lost their charms and paled into insignificance before such a matutinal apparition.

"A woman is always in season, even if her clothes are not," declared some sage soul. But in this instance the sagacity was entirely misplaced. For clothes have a very great deal to do with the woman. Some people even go so far as to say that they have everything to do with her beauty.

I have no patience whatever with the woman who has no wish to make the best of herself. For there is something curiously lacking in her composition. No man will long care for an untidy, unattractive woman. How could he? Especially when there are so many pretty, fresh young things around, just lying in wait to captivate and subdue the male of the species.

"Clothes make the woman—but not always when the woman makes them herself." But it really is immaterial to the argument to bring in any such side issue. The point at stake is the ordeal of the breakfast table. And it is an ordeal.

The Daily Story

Jane or James?

The edges of James Darcy's cuffs were beginning to show stiff, white fringe and there were places along the seams of his black serge coat that were unmistakably worn through. But James only held his head more proudly on his strong shoulders and fixed his thoughts with more absorbing interest upon his work. "A few more months like this," he would say to himself, "and I'll deserve the other things, that some men get too easily."

James Darcy was a medical student by day, and as night school teacher in the city schools it was his duty for two hours every evening to impart the rudiments of reading, writing and numbers to 40 clamorous, undisciplined young men and boys who, for one reason or another, had not gone through the necessary day school routine.

The 40 clamorous boys had just filed out of the room, and James could hear the heavy scuffle as they passed down the wooden-floored hall of the old school building. He went mechanically to the window and there, coming back to the desk, he took his hat and well-worn notebook in one hand and began buttoning his worn black coat. Then his eye caught sight of a letter that had been lying under his notebook. It was not an oblong letter of the official type that meant some direction from the School Board, but a small, feminine envelope, addressed in a neat, easy hand, "To the Night School Teacher."

He opened the unsealed envelope and read. "I am sure you won't think me too exacting if I suggest you don't open the window by the geraniums. It makes them droop, and my children are very fond of them. If there is anything that I can do, please tell me."

And the note was signed, "From the day school teacher, Helen White."

James Darcy looked at the room for the abused geraniums, which in his pre-occupation he had never happened to notice before. There they were, shivering and drooping in the cold winter's blast. James closed the window, and, coming back, he tore a sheet from his notebook and hastily wrote:

"My dear Miss White—I admit that I have been brutal. I crave for mercy, which I feel sure you are too kind to withhold. Yours obediently—"

Then, with the letter open before him, his imagination drew before his mind visions of Miss White, who had written about the geraniums—large, brow-beating Miss Whites, with harsh voices and merciless eyes; little, silly Miss Whites, with puffed hair and last year's frock; dignified, even tempered Miss Whites, with calm, stately eyes. He tore the sheet up and wrote instead:

"My dear Miss White—I shall take pains in the future to keep the windows closed by the geraniums. Thank you for the suggestion, J. C. Darcy." And as he placed his sheet on the desk he folded the daily feminine note carefully, replaced it in its envelope and put it in his pocket.

A few nights later he found a second communication, including two theatre tickets. It said: "I have thought about you many times since your note. I wonder what you are like—what sort of eyes, and what books and pictures you like. Can you accept these matinee tickets? I have few friends in the city and, as I shall be able to use them myself, I want you to have them. Ever yours—"

James read the letter twice, smiled and put it in his pocket. Then he wrote: "My dear Miss White—You are a very kind sort of friend. I have never before had you write to me, so something of a stranger. Thank you."

"She's got a nerve with her, anyway," he thought, as he turned the sheet from his pocket, and he felt a vague sense of disappointment. "She's argued to himself, 'I used some sort of diversion.' I know on his way in the clinic the next morning, in a spirit of reckless extravagance, he ordered a costly robe to be sent to Miss White's room."

The purest gold alone comes chastened from its fires. There is something peculiarly trying in the early morning atmosphere. The day isn't properly awake, sufficiently warmed up and enthusiastic, as it were. And out of sympathy we aren't properly awake or enthusiastic either.

"A good place to judge a woman's beauty and a man's disposition is the breakfast table." Indeed it is! The only thing in that we are apt to judge them much too harshly under the trying circumstances. If one looks around among one's acquaintances, there are few of them who really shine at the breakfast table. The average man retires behind his paper and his coffee and does not emerge therefrom until it is time to catch his train or his trolley or whatever the means of conveyance which wafts him cityward happens to be.

If women who are inclined to be heedless over the appearance they present at the breakfast table, would only realize the risk they are running, perhaps they would pull up a little more sharply. For no man likes to sit opposite an untidy, unattractive wife. Moreover, it would be well for the recalcitrant lady to realize that her husband is only human, and that when he leaves her and goes into the city he sees hundreds of attractive women who make the remembrance of his wife's morning appearance and morning mental attitude suffer by comparison.

But some wives are deplorably "sure" concerning their husband's affections. Fear that that affection may be transferred, never for a moment enters their heads. The charms of other women are unbelievable in their eyes, at least where their husbands are concerned. They imagine that the latter are quite invulnerable. It was a man and not a woman who declared that "the other woman is the spare tire in the matrimonial trial run." And it would be better if some modern wives would view their matrimonial venture as a species of trial run in which, instead of taking the loyalty and affection of their husbands for granted, they would put forth a perpetual effort for the nourishing and the keeping of that affection.

"My dear J. C. D., I read with annoying impatience, 'you were very much too good to send me those flowers, I have left them in the room so that we may both enjoy them—only I took them to my room. I am beginning to feel well acquainted with you. I do wish I knew what color eyes you have. Please tell me. And your name—I think the J. stands for Jane. I am so glad to hear with a sense of relief, 'So she stopped to hold as I thought,' he said to himself. 'She thinks I'm just some little old maid of a school teacher like herself, and she's trying to get acquainted.'"

For a week more James let the correspondence go on, signing himself with the old "J. C. D.," but taking pains to preserve a thoroughly feminine tone to his letters. And when, at the end of the week, he received an especially friendly letter he asked for Miss White's photograph. "I can't let you have one of mine," he wrote, anticipating a probable request, "but I must have yours."

"My dear Jane," she wrote one day, "I'm not at all lonely any more. I can't tell you how hard it used to be before, when I was alone in the city and there was no one to sympathize with me. I do wish that you would let me come to see you some time, or that you would come around to my boarding house. There are so many things I want to talk about. Can't you come next Sunday night?"

Temptation pulled heavily upon James' single-minded ambition. Without in the least knowing how he was going to explain himself, he started out on the appointed Sunday evening to see Helen White.

He had sent up his card, and as he sat in the larder, dimly-lighted, at the unfinished reception room, he was half inclined to make his escape before he had got further into the entanglement.

Then Helen White—look of disappointment in the sympathetic eyes—had appeared, coming toward him from the hall, more lovely in reality than he had ever vaguely dreamed. "Are you Miss Darcy's brother?" she asked.

"Yes," he lied, taking the only available out. "She sent me to apologize. She's rather tired." And then as they talked about Jane, and the books they liked, the look of disappointment fled from Helen's eyes, and when James left her an hour later, she bade him a friendly farewell. "I think you must be very much like Jane," she said. "Please give her my love."

"That night Jane re-read all the letters—and many and long they were, too—and went to bed with the conviction that Helen White was the one thing that he craved, even before his coveted wife. The next evening he had no better idea of his method of attack than he had had the night before, and it was the distraction of the uncertainty that had made at a meeting held in the auditorium of Hahnemann College last night as follows:

"I came to get my rollbook and to see Miss Darcy," she explained, as James closed the door and led her to the desk chair. Then standing over her he explained, fully and apologetically, what had happened and how he had been led into the deceit.

"I am so disappointed," she said with tears starting in her eyes.

"It was rather rude of me to let you go on with it," James began.

"Oh, it isn't that. It's just because I shall miss Jane so. She was the only friend I had." Helen White buried her head on the desk before her to hide her tears. In a minute she had recovered her self-control. "You see it has been very hard—sometimes," she said.



A STYLISH HAT FOR THE CHILD

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Tommy Tittle-Mouse Has a Visitor

TOMMY TITTLE-MOUSE and his little Timate were so busy getting settled that they had no time to look around and get acquainted with their new home or to see their new neighbors. They cleared out the crack in the log that the garden toad had pointed out to them, till it was broad and deep. And they found to their delight that a tiny little streak of a crack ran clear through the log.

"I believe we had better gnaw that out into a passage way for use when danger threatens from the front," said Tommy to his mate.

"That's well enough to plan for," she replied wisely. "But we must first finish this front part." She very well knew how hard it was to get Tommy to finish a job he liked to begin better than to finish.

So Tommy, like the good little Tittle-Mouse that he was, worked faithfully and together they finished the front of the new home. Never was there such a safe sheltered entrance! Tommy and Mrs. Tommy were so proud and happy they wanted to sit down and look at it all and talk about it all the time.

But there was no time! Just as they were through and settled down to admire it all, Mrs. Tommy happened to look up! Right there in the doorway was a strange, queer-looking shell!

"Now how in the world!" exclaimed Tommy Tittle-Mouse, "did that get there? Didn't I just finish clearing up our mess? And, anyway, there was no such thing here to clear up! I'm sure of that! How did that get there?"

Mrs. Tommy didn't answer; she had run back deep into the new home for safety. "Tommy! Come here!" she called softly. "Tommy! Come here! You'll be killed! I saw that shell move and I'm

sure it's some strange new enemy that we know nothing about!"

An awful shiver of fear ran down Tommy's spine. As fast as he could scamper he ran back into the cave to where Mrs. Tommy lay shivering and trembling. "Saw it move!" he whispered to her when he got his breath. "Isn't it a shell? Sheila don't move. I've seen them in the house many a time, and they don't move—they're dead things."

"Then this isn't a shell," whispered Mrs. Tommy. Tommy fearfully, "because I surely saw it move. Wait, now, and watch."

"If only we had made that other entrance!" cried Tommy under his breath, "then we would have a way out."

"Well, we didn't," said Mrs. Tommy, "so let's stay right here and see what that thing is—maybe it will go away without seeing us."

The two frightened little creatures crouched back into the farthest corner and waited. And while they watched, two hair-like prongs peeped out of the shell, two tiny bright eyes looked around, and a soft voice said, "Don't be afraid, it's only me and I won't hurt you."

Tommy Tittle-Mouse could hardly believe his ears! He looked at Mrs. Tommy and she looked at him, and then together they said, "Who's me?"

The little creature in the shell laughed softly and replied, "I'm a small, and, if you don't object, I may often pass your doorway, as you live so close to my home. But I'll never hurt you, I am your friend."

So poor frightened Tommy and his little mate crawled out of the dark corner and got acquainted with their strange new guest.

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MEN WORK FOR SUFFRAGE

Call on Fellow Males to Support Constitutional Amendment.

An appeal to all men of Pennsylvania to support the woman suffrage cause is made today by the Pennsylvania Men's League for Woman Suffrage. Thousands of letters have been sent broadcast through the State by Wilmer Atkinson, of this city, president of the league, urging men to aid the women in their fight for the ballot and to vote favorably upon the bill allowing a constitutional amendment granting woman suffrage when it comes up before the people in the fall.

Blank membership slips of the Men's League were inclosed with each of the letters mailed. Mr. Atkinson requested that these be signed and returned as a pledge to support the "cause." In part the letters sent read as follows:

"The time has come when the men of Pennsylvania should bestir themselves in aiding their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters to obtain the ballot. Women have been struggling for years for their rights, the rights which we possess and prize, and now they appeal to us for help."

Officers of the Homeopathic Medical Society were elected for the ensuing year at a meeting held in the auditorium of Hahnemann College last night as follows: President, Dr. N. S. Bettis; vice president, Dr. J. B. Mansfield and Dr. C. H. Roberts; secretary, Dr. J. M. Kenworthy; treasurer, Dr. I. B. Gilbert. A number of papers on medical subjects were read by members.

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A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Charming Hat for a Child

ANXIOUS mammae are scouring the shops in hopes of finding the seashore costume which will prove most becoming to their little ones. This is more or less of a task, especially if said youngster is of the feminine gender and growing rapidly. Dresses are not so hard to choose, however. A safe rule is to use sheer materials, such as batiste, French lawn, organdie, etc., for dressy wear. Trimmings on these dresses are plain; one of the very newest this season is hand-smocking. Most of them are made in Mother Hubbard style, with a high waist, smocked or embroidered, with touches of the Valenciennes lace.

The choosing of a becoming hat for the small child is much more difficult. It means that the careful mother must study the child's coloring, the contour of her head and profile, and, naturally, to adapt the hat chosen to these qualities. For instance, if the little girl is tall and thin, it would hardly do to buy

a hat which fits too closely to her head—a large, flat sailor would look better. The chubby youngster is usually easy to dress. Her hats, though they be of the simplest, will always look well, if they are confined to simplicity of line and trimming. Take, as an example, the little bonnet shown today. It is a model of charming simplicity and would become the average child wonderfully.

The crown is made of printed crepe de chine, in a pretty little design of roses, with the faintest trace of green foliage as a background. The bandeau surrounding the crown is made of double-faced pink satin, shirred on by hand. An imitation rose of the satin is placed at one side. The rest of the hat is made up of a triplicate brim of lace and net ruching, falling in natural folds about the face. It is a lovely hat, and could be made at home with very little trouble, as the ruching may be bought by the yard at any store.



PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

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 Mrs. L. Gishberg, 1507 North 10th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

I had a very good down quilt, the covering of which did not harmonize with the color scheme of my room. I covered button molds with pieces left from my chintz hangings and cushions, and fastened these along the tufts of the quilt in rows. I then made a slip cover of the same material exactly the size of the quilt. This I placed over the quilt and marked on it the position of the buttons, after which I took it off and worked buttonholes on it to correspond with the marks. When finished I had a new and serviceable quilt, which harmonized with my decorations, and could be laundered easily.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. F. J. Pennington, Colwyn, Pa., for the following suggestion:

To clean a white enamel bed dissolve one tablespoon of baking soda in one pint of warm water, saturate a soft cloth with this mixture and wash the bed. This process will clean all white enameled furniture. White enameled furniture may also be cleaned by rubbing all dirty spots with a flannel dipped in menthylated spirit water, to which a little fine oatmeal has been added. Never use soap or washing soda.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss S. D. Tague, 1408 Pennsylvania Building, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

A good chamomile skin is in such constant demand in the household that it is well to know how to clean it properly. Wet it thoroughly with tepid rain water, then sprinkle with powdered borax and rub well. When it is clean, rinse it in three waters of the same temperature as the first one and dry it in the shade. Your chamomile will then be as soft as a new one."

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Agnes Denel McCutcheon, 185 Walnut avenue, Wayne, Pa., for the following suggestion:

Make a bag about 1 1/2 yards long out of two widths of calico. Make a narrow hem around the top of the bag. After you have cleaned the winter clothing put them in this bag on a hanger and sew the top up, looping the thread around the hanger. Next season your garments will be ununsoiled and ready to wear, and moths will never bother you.

Tomorrow's Menu

"Drink of this cup; you'll find there's a spell in its every drop 'gainst the ill of mortality; Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen! Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality." —T. Moore.

BREAKFAST. Grapefruit. Cereal and Cream. Fried Haddock. Coffee. Corn Bread.

DINNER. Jellied Salmon. Watercress Sandwiches. Strawberries. Gingerbread. Iced Tea.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER. Cream of Asparagus Soup. Broiled Spanish Mackerel. Hashed Brown Potatoes. Spinach. Onion and Tomato Salad. Chocolate Pudding. Iced Coffee.

Fried Haddock—Rub a pound and a half of smoked haddock with olive oil and let it stand over night. In the morning fry brown in olive oil and garnish with parsley.

Onion and Tomato Salad.—Mince fine a Bermuda onion and a little sweet green pepper. Put a teaspoonful on each thick slice of ripe tomato and put each slice of tomato on a little bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Pour French dressing over all.

Favorite Pumps All white No-Buck. White No-Buck bound with black French brocade and black patent leather heels, others patent leather heels. White Sen Island canvas bound with black French cord. Plain white Sen Island canvas. All have white covered heels.

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Princess Pumps Gun-metal vamps; putty, sand and diamond tips. Patent leather vamps; putty, champagne and sand kid and suede tops. Patent leather vamps; with gray, cream, brown and black cloth tops. All-gum metal calf. All-gray kid. All patent leather.

\$4 to \$6 Values \$2.90

Front Lace Pumps Patent leather vamp, white kid top, diamond tip. White kid vamps and tops, diamond patent tips.

\$4 to \$6 Values \$2.90

Military Pumps Patent leather vamp, with top of putty, sand and champagne kid. Two leather vamps with white kid or fawn buck tops. Gun-metal vamps, sand, putty and gray tops.

\$4 to \$6 Values \$2.90

Two Bar Pumps All patent leather. All dull kid. Patent leather vamps; putty or sand suede tops.

\$4 to \$6 Values \$2.90

Side Lace Pumps All patent leather; no tips. White calf, diamond patent tips. All brown calf, no tips. All black calf, no tips. Patent leather vamp, white kid top; no tips. Patent leather vamp, white kid top; fawn or sand; lower, diamond tips.

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