

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

PROBLEM OF THE WOMAN WHO DIDN'T CARE AND THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Does the Feminine Heart-Breaker Really Take All and Give Nothing in Return?

By Ellen Adair

A BAD little story appeared not very long ago in the papers wherein a young man of "great possessions" lost those same possessions and went off to the wilds of Africa to take up permanent abode in the backwoods. And all because of a woman—of course! I say "of course" advisedly, because in these queer, out-of-the-way happenings it generally is a case of "cherchez la femme!" A woman is at the bottom of a good deal, you know, although she never will admit that fact.

Out in the wilds of Africa—I don't know why on earth they always choose Africa, these disappointed swains, but somehow they always do—there is a large army of blighted male beings whose lives have been spoiled by the ravages of some woman or other, some human vampire who took all and gave nothing, not even a little love. And so they determined to quit the world and its follies—the latter, of course, interpreted in the feminine gender—and to drag out their destinies somewhere far, very far, from the disturbing atmosphere of frocks and frills. Substituting the rattle of the jungle for the rattle of the skirt may be soothing, but at the same time it must be a bit lonesome.

In the Great Adventure men are popularly supposed to come out victorious, their triumphant pathway strewn with a flattering medley of feminine hearts. But the reverse side of the picture happens quite as frequently, and the feminine vampire works quite as devastating havoc in things amorous as does even the most intractable of masculine fiends. Her work is more insidious, for in affairs of the heart she has an unerring instinct, and "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

The woman in the newspaper story who was the means of driving the young man "of great possessions" out of his possessions and into the wilds of Africa really had acted rather badly. As I said before, she had taken pretty well all that she could take except the one thing he wished most to give her—his name. His time, his love, his money, even his honor, had

been swallowed up speedily by her—and then she wound up the whole proceedings by marrying the other man. In so doing she really rendered one excellent service to the misguided youth, but he was in no condition to appreciate the blessing in disguise. There are some people who are quite convinced that the men run off to the backwoods to avoid the pursuit of some woman or other. Nothing of the sort! They run off because some woman has hurt them so badly that they want to hurt themselves and their sorrows far from commiserating eyes. It is a sort of animal instinct, this hiding of a mortal heart wound. However, it may prove interesting, if not illuminating, to listen to contrary opinion. "It is a well-known fact," declares one woman writer, "that though life the process of evolution of mankind came first and woman after, woman has revealed the procedure ever since. There isn't a woman living, or dead, who at one time or another hasn't inaugurated a man-hunt of her own. This being so, I can quite understand why it is, if it is as I was told the other day, that nine out of every ten white men in Nigeria are out there to get away from some woman. "I suppose even the most intrepid of husband-hunters would not venture into a climate totally unsuited to any feminine complexion, whether manufactured or guaranteed a strictly home-made product. And even an abundance of natural coyness in the way of palms and ferns and shade would hardly compensate for the chance of a lion interrupting at the wrong moment. Still it seems a long way for the men to go on the chance of escaping matrimony. I am not a feminist, but I can't help hoping that the Nigerian ladies may get a little of our own back. I shouldn't wonder if they did. After all, their skins may be dusky, but they must have inherited something from Eve, even if it is only her costume!"

This explanation of the backwoods situation is entirely unconvincing, and, in my opinion, the feminine heart-breaker has much to answer for.

Prize Suggestions

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss Martin Greig, 3015 Woodland avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Here is a home-made clothes closet for the woman who has little room. Buy four strips of cretonne as long as your dresses. Make the top of a square board, covered on both sides with the cretonne, and hung from the ceiling by means of a large hook. The sides are held together by snap fasteners. The inside of the board at the top has a rod, attached to two screweyes, from which the hangers are suspended. The bottom is also covered with cretonne, but instead of a board I use the lid of a large hat box. This may be easily made for \$1, and can be carried in a suitcase. A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. Snyder, 4502 Springfield avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When I use a carpet sweeper I dampen some soft paper and put it in the pan. It not only keeps down the dust, but it is easier to remove from the sweeper. A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Pollock, 3015 Woodland avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: A tie rack made of a flag stick, fastened between two screweyes and placed on the inside of the wardrobe or closet door, will be appreciated by a neat man. The ties will never get out of shape and are easily located when required. A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. John F. Johnson, 5643 Kingsessing avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To keep tan stockings from fading out so much, first put to soak one hour in cold water with a tablespoon of salt to two quarts of water. Then wring out and wash in hot water and rinse and hang in a shady place to dry.

A Sunshine Peacemaker

A TALL stately daffodil held its head proudly and looked around at the world. "I am so tall and beautiful," it said, "that I wonder other flowers do not get discouraged and refuse to try to bloom. They can never be as beautiful as I am, poor things!" Down at the daffodil's feet there grew a common dandelion. Just a common, everyday dandelion such as grow by the million along every roadside. When the daffodil first saw the dandelion early in the morning, it was quite insulted. "What do you mean, you common flower, by growing close to me? Don't you know that this is a well ordered garden? Don't you know that you will not be allowed to stay here—no, not one day, not one hour? Why did you come?" The poor little dandelion hung its head and replied, "I'm sorry if I have done wrong, but now that I am here, I cannot leave. I must stay and bloom as best I can. Won't you please forgive me?" "That I will not," said the daffodil arrogantly, "you have no business to come here in the first place!" "I didn't come," said the dandelion meekly, "I was blown here. I would far rather grow in the meadow where my brothers and sisters bloom."



"Then why didn't you stay there?" asked the daffodil, rudely, "nobody wants you here!" "I couldn't stay," replied the dandelion, hanging its head, "because the great wind came along and took me on the back! Over his own shoulder the great wind carried me, till we had left far behind us the home of my brothers and sisters. Then when I was getting weary with the long ride, the great wind laid me off his back and I fell here in your garden. That was a long time ago though, that was before the cold winter began."

The Daily Story

From the Cottage Window

Gavin Cuthbert tossed feverishly about his bed, his four-poster bed muttering broken sentences. His mother strained every nerve in an effort to catch the words. Perhaps her mother love could fathom some slight longing in her son's ravings. As she bent over him to smooth his rumpled hair she caught the word "music." It was repeated again and again with an accent of longing. Mrs. Cuthbert stood suddenly erect. Why had she been so dense? Gavin loved music and through his delirium his very soul was calling for it. She quickly enumerated her musical friends and realized that her task would be difficult: It was August and the city's population was scattered broadcast. She and Mr. Cuthbert had returned from the Isle of Wight at the first intimation of their son's illness. They were now in "Kingscroft," their country estate in Nottingham. To find some one who could wield the power of music, Mrs. Cuthbert's hand was on the bell to order the landau for her drive to the station when she stopped. An idea had suddenly presented itself. Often when driving down the lane, Mrs. Cuthbert had heard a young woman emitting from a tiny, wicker-covered cottage that nestled just off the road. Beyond the fact that a Mrs. Wallace and her daughter from America occupied the cottage, Mrs. Cuthbert's knowledge was limited. Feeling that the voice that came from "The Cottage" would appeal to Gavin she did not hesitate in her purpose. Ten minutes later, the heavy gate of "The Cottage" swung back admitting her to the sweet-smelling gardens. When a young girl with two thick braids of golden hair answered the fall of the brass knocker Mrs. Cuthbert faced a very beautiful picture framed in the low doorway. The wild-rose cheeks of the girl deepened in color; it was seldom that a stranger from the golden world called at "The Cottage." However, she led Mrs. Cuthbert into a miniature drawing room which expressed the artistic temperament in every detail. "I hope introductions are unnecessary in so small a community," began the elder woman with a smile. "I have come on a peculiar mission," she continued, "but many things are permissible where illness calls—I am going to ask a very great favor of you, Miss Wallace."

"I hope Mr. Gavin is no—" "No—he is no worse, but—he calls for music tonight, and—I was thinking of what to do when I remembered having heard a glorious voice creeping through these little casement windows." Mrs. Cuthbert turned with a charming gesture to indicate the windows, around which rose buds were peeping. "Will you come and sing to my son?" she asked. The wistful appeal in the mother's eyes went straight to the girl's heart. "I shall come with you as soon as I can wind up my hair."

"It looks so pretty as it is," coaxed Mrs. Cuthbert, running a hand down two silky tresses, "and—it can't have been 'up' very long." She led her way, and a few moments later Ruby Wallace was sitting at Gavin's bedside, which was visible through the doorway of his private sitting room. Gavin's eyes opened slowly; then rested on the profile of a girl who seemed to be all delft blue and gold; an aureole of sun shone on her head and trailed down her back, where it ended in two silky tresses. Gavin raised himself on one arm and tried to see if the eyes of this picture matched the gown. His concentrated gaze held her attention and she turned to meet his eyes. "Yes, they are blue—a tone darker than—come here!" he called. Then, when she stood beside him, "Are you—really?" With a triumphant smile he stretched out a doubting hand. Ruby smiled. "Oh, yes; very, very real."

"You know," he continued, holding fast to her hand, "I imagined that I was entering another world and that you were there to welcome me with your music, but—his voice became softer—"you have brought me to life in my own world." He raised her hands to his lips before letting them go. "Where is mother?" His mother had risen at sound of her name and dropped on her knees beside the bed. "My son!" "Little mother—it is good—to be back with you," he said. The girl went quietly out. The following days saw Ruby at the patient's bedside every day. And it was not long before he was ushered back to the glory and strength of life. Late one afternoon when they had finished tea and the twilight shades added harmony to an unusual friendship, Gavin voiced a well-matured thought. Under the lightness of his words his voice rang with a steadiness of purpose. "Miss Wallace, I am going to inflict a heavy punishment on your art for having welded their powers over me when I was too ill to resist." He looked up to meet an interested glance from his mother and a startled one from Ruby. "I shall send you some terrible music master who will make you breathe from your diaphragm and place tones in your head until you are completely his slave. When that is accomplished—you are to come back and show the world of art what a really great voice is!" The girl smiled, two large tears gathered in her eyes. When she spoke her voice was low, but the quality spoke volumes. "I can say nothing—at present



A DRESSY BLOUSE OF GEORGETTE CREPE

—you have made too much possible—all at once. I have looked for what you have put before me and now—I want only—to cry." "There, there," said Mrs. Cuthbert soothingly. "If you must cry—cry here on my shoulder." "But I'm not going to," came a muffled voice, she asked. "The opera! I thought you—mother! What is it?—you are hiding—!" Then, suddenly, "I know! She is—" "Yes, boy—Ruby is singing Juliet. She sent me word today with this." Mrs. Cuthbert drew a start from her neck, disclosing an exquisite necklace. It represented a few bars of music; the lines were fine golden strands held together by the bars of tiny diamonds; each note was a matchless pearl. "It is beautiful!" Gavin turned away his head quickly—the girl seemed suddenly very near and a great gladness thrilled him. "No boy," said his mother tenderly, "you need not hide it from me—I have always known." He turned and caught her in his arms. Gavin sat far back in the box. He seemed to be chained down waiting for the entrance of Juliet—only the sight of her could release him. She was the same Ruby whose voice had coaxed him back to life. Now she stood leaning over the balcony with a moon casting its light on her head and trailed down her back—and yet—it ended in two golden tassels. Gavin's hands clenched on the velvet of the box railing when the Romeo of the opera clasped Juliet in what looked like an unnecessarily close embrace, but that memory vanished when, afterward, Juliet sat beside him in the carriage so close that the soft down of her cloak was warm against his arm. He slipped that arm under the coat and drew her to him. "I have waited three years—dear," he said. She did not speak, but somehow there in the darkness of the carriage he knew that he need wait no longer. (Copyright, 1915.)

Imitation Smoking

Not for a long time has smoking been so popular as it is this season. It is used to trim dresses for children, gowns for grown-ups, baby caps, fabric handbags and all sorts of interesting things. To do the work well, time and patience are required, and also an extra amount of material. There is a very easy way to get the effect of smoking without having to go to much trouble. This is by means of outlining slanting lines running from left to right and from right to left and at points of intersection placing a French knot. A cunning white dress for a youngster of 4 has blocks of imitation smoking, two at the front and two at the back. At each side of the block there are buttonhole slashes and through these wide black velvet ribbon is run. The neck and sleeves of the frock are buttonholed in scalloped lines, while several lines of simulated smoking are placed at the top of the dress, front and back. Blue washable silk is used for the outlining, while black silk is used for the French knots.

Removing Dust

Town dust is insidious. A wash cloth and warm water at best remove but little of it. If you really wish to see how much dust the face can take up in a shopping trip, take a damp wash cloth when you arrive home and dip it in your cold cream jar. Then scrub face and neck. The result is rather depressing. The wash cloth is so black that one is horrorstruck to think that so much dust has been carried on the face even for a short while. For some reason soap and water do not seem to remove the dust as well as cold cream and warm water. The face should then be sponged off with cold water to tighten the pores which have been opened by the warm water, and dusted with powder that has been chosen to match the color of the skin as nearly as possible. This powder should be wiped off till not a bit of it shows, for nothing is more disagreeable than smears of it on the face.

Observing

The average woman can tell you how the table was fixed, down to the relative positions of the saltspoons, but cannot tell you all there was to eat at a banquet. The average man's remembrance ends with the list of wines.

Miss Morgan Going Back to France

NEW YORK, June 19.—Miss Anne Morgan, who escaped from France with difficulty last September because of a lack of funds, is going back again on July 10. She will inspect the relief work in which she is interested.

Schools and Colleges

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