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 SAD little atory appeared not very been swallowed up speedily by her-and then she wound up the whole proceedings young man of "great possessions" lost by marrying the other man. In so doing nent abode in the backwoods. And all because of a woman-of course! I say disgular. "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

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 fol-Hes-the latter, of course, interpreted in the feminine gender-and to drag out their destiny somewhere far, very far, from the disturbing atmosphere of frocks and frills. Substituting the rustle of the jungle for the rustle of the skirt may be soothing, but at the same time it must be a bit lonesome.

In the Great Adventure men are 'I suppose even the most intrepld of popularly supposed to come out victori- husband-hunters wouldn't venture into a with a flattering medley of feminine hearts. But the reverse side of the picture happens quite as frequently, and does even the most incorrigible of masfor 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, love, his money, even his honor, had has much to answer for,

those selfsame possessions and went off she really rendered one excellent service to the wilds of Africa to take up perma- to the misguided youth, but he was in no condition to appreciate the blessing in

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 bury 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 iff the process of evolution of mankind man came first and woman after, woman has reversed 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.

ous, their triumphant pathway strewn climate totally unsuited to any feminine complexion, whether manufactured or guaranteed a strictly home-made product. And even an abundance of natural the feminine vampire works quite as cozy corners in the way of palms and devastating havor in things amorous as ferns and shade would hardly compensate for the chance of a lion interrupting culine flirts. Her work is more insidious, 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!"

she had taken pretty well all that she | This explanation of the backwoods sitcould take except the one thing he wished | uation is entirely unconvincing, and, in most to give her-his name. His time, his my opinion, the feminine heart-breaker

Prize Suggestions

A prize of 81 has been awarded to Miss Martha Craig, 5015 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 acreweyes, from which the hangers are suspended. The bottom is also covered with cretonne, but instead of a board I Roast Beef use the lid of a large hat hox. This may be easily made for \$1, and can be carried

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. Snyder, 4502 Springfield avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following sugges-

When I use a carpet sweeper I damper 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, 5015 Woodland avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: between two screweyes and placed on the inside of the wardrobe or closet door, will | three-quarters of an hour in a moderate be appreciated by a neat man. The ties will never get out of shape and are easily

a shady place to dry.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords, And added pudding solemnized the

Tomorrow's Menu

BREAKFAST Red Raspberries Cereal and Cream Ham and Eggs Corn Muffins

DINNER Noodle Soup eef French Fried Potatoes Watercress Salad Egg and Cheese Salad

Frozen Pudding SUPPER Eggs and Cheese

Iced Coffee Fresh Pineapple Sponge Cake

Corn Muffins-Cook together a cupful of hot milk and a cupful and a quarter of cornment. Add a quarter of a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter, cool and add a cupful of cold milk, two beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt and a A tie rack made of a flag stick, fastened cupful and a quarter of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake

Egg and Cheese Salad-Boll eggs, cut

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, 5043 Kingsessing average. West Philadelphia, for the following auggestion:

To keep tan stockings from fading out so much, first put to soak one hour in cold water with a tablespoon of sait to two quarts of water. Then wring out and wash in hot water and rinse and hang in a shady place to dry.

Egg and Cheese Salad—Boll eggs, cut them in half, allowing half for each person, crumb the yolk and mix it with cream cheese; pile this in the egg cups and serve on lettuce, with mayonnaise.

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Eggs and Cheese—Salad—Boll eggs. and pepper and pour over buttered toast.

A Sunshine Peacemaker

A 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 daffodill's feet there grew a common dandelion. Just a common, everyday dandelion such as grow by the million along every roadside. When the daffodill first saw the dan-

delice 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 no, not one day, not one hour? Why did

you come?"
The poor little dandellon 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 heat I can. Won't you please forgive

"That I will not," said the daffodill arregantly, "you have no business to come here in the first place!"

"I dun't come," said the dandelion meskly; "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 daffodill, rudely, "nobody wantayou here!"

TALL stately daffodil held its head, will be a flower that will make up to me for the loss of my brothers and sisters. Little did I guess that the flower I had hoped for would be such a queen or blossoms that I would be shamed by her. I am sorry you do not want me, but I cannot go away—I must stay here till I die."



asked the daffedill, rudely, "nobody wanta you here!"

"I couldn't stay," replied the dandelion. hanging its head, "because the great a ind came along and took me on its back! Over field and meadow the great wind carried me, till we had left far behind us the home of my brothers and staters. Then when I was getting weary with the long ride, the great wind side too off his back and I fell here in your garden. That was a long time ago though, that was before the cold winter began."

Do you mean to tell me," said the daffodill proudly, "but why do you need that common dandelion? It is nothing compared to me! I dailike to have so common a flower near me!"

"Despise not any flower," said the sunshine fairy, aternly, "all flowers are my messengers, but you yellow flowers are my sardene in the ground I was here. I saw the gardener prepare the ground for you had and he arth be, if the yellow flowers are quarreling? Be friends and you will be happy!" So the daffedill saw and I thought to mysuif, there will be company for the souls of the sail of days at the dandelion and both were giad.

"Copyright.—Clara Tagram Judson. "Do not speak so sadly," said a cheer

The Daily Story

From the Cottage Window

As she bent over him to smooth his umpled hair she caught the word

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

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 "Kingacroft," their country estate in Mottingham.

Mottingham.

To find some one who could wield the power of song? 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 woman's voice emanating from a tiny, wistaria-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 value that any 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 door-way. 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 tempera-

ment 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 incessantly, and I was at a loss 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 ose buds were peeping.
"Will you come and sing to my son?"

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," conxed Gavin's mother, running a hand down two silky braids, "and-it can't have been 'up'

very long."

She liad her way, and a few moments later Ruby Wallace was sitting at Gavin's plane, 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 aureola of sun shone on her head and trailed down her back, where it ended in two silky tassels. Gavin raised himself on one arm and tried to see if the eyes of this picture matched the gown. His concentrated gaze drew her attention and she turned to meet his eyes.

to meet his eyes. to meet his eyes.

"Yes, they are blue—a tone darker than—come here!" he called. Then, when she stood beside him, "Are you—real?" With a whimsical smile he stretched out a doubting hand.

Ruby smiled. "Oh, yes; yery, 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 our own world." He raised her hands to his lips before letting them go. "Where is mother?" 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 piano very often. And it was not long before he was ushered back to the glory and strength of life. Late one afternoon when they had fin-

shed tea and the twillight shades added ished tea and the twilight shades added harmony to an already great 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 arts for having wielded 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 the girl. "I shall send you to some terrible music master who will make you breathe from

Gavin Cuthbert tossed feverishly about his great four-post 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.



A DRESSY BLOUSE OF GEORGETTE CREPE

Imitation Smocking

Blue washable slik is used for the out-

lining, while black silk is used for the French knots.

Not for a long time has smocking been

-you have made too much possible-all at once. I have longed for what you have put before me and now-I-I want so popular as it is this season. It is used to trim dresses for children, gowns for grown-ups, baby caps, fabric handbags there," said Mrs. Cuthbert ris-

"There, there," said Mrs. Cutnoere in ig. "If you must cry-cry here on my "But I'm not going to," came a muffled

and all sorts of interesting things. To do the work well, time and patience are required, and also an extra amount of voice. "I am too happy to cry.
One evening, after three years had passed, Gavin stepped into the drawing. material. There is a very easy way to get the effect of smocking without hav-ing to go to much trouble. This is by means of outlining slanting lines running room looking so handsome in his even-ing clothes that even his mother stopped to caress him before putting the question 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 imitated smocking, two at the front and two at the back. At each side of the block there are buttenfolded lighter and the control of the block there are buttenfolded lighter and the control of the block there. uppermost in her mind. Gavin thought her wonderfully lovely, radiant with some inner excitement. "Have you any engagement tonight, dear?" she asked.

"No; anything special?" are buttonholed slashes and through these wide black velvet ribbon is run. The neck and sleeves of the frock are but-"Would you mind taking me to the opera tonight?" The opera! I thought you-mother! tonholed in scalloped lines, while several lines of simulated smocking are placed at the top of the dress, front and back.

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 scarf 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 sud-denly very near and a great gladness.

thrilled him. "My 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 yes-it ended in two golden tassels, Gavin's hands clenched on the velvet of the box railing when the Romeo of the opera classed Juliet in what looked like an unnecessar-ily close embrace, but that memory vangined 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.

(Convient, 1915)

"I shall send you to 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 was silent; 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



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HAND-MADE blouses are the last word in small medallions, or in simple strate. vogue of the very much embroidered This little blouse is made for every model in over. Sheer materials, such as wear, and the material used, fine Gafine organdie, Georgette crepe, batiste, ette crepe, sultable for an informat handkerchief linen, and silk nets, are extremely popular. Hand-made tucks, shirrings, or smocking have taken the place finish off the most attractive sleevs of embroidery. Smocking has an immense vogue just at present, and some of our best imported styles show touches of it on sheer fine dressy blouses for informal theatre and afternoon wear.

Variety is also seen in the many kinds of laces which are used this season. It is a favorite fancy of the French designers to combine two, and sometimes three, kinds of laces on the same blouse. Ecru and fine Valenciennes is an effective and extremely popular trimming on Georgette crepe blouses. Point Venise, princess and duchess laces are used, too, I coming season.

seen on the long pointed cuits was small insertion of real Venies lare banded around the wrist. The front of the blouse has a wide po

of the lace as the only trimming.

makes an exquisite decoration and he

nishes a most acceptable scheme for una

fine lace without cutting it. A thry was of fine net is worn with this. The large buttons are in the fashionable black as white combination and give the only note of color on the blouse.

I have just heard from one of our less New York designers that silk tanuls will be an important item of fashionable item ming on silk and crepe blouses during the

MUSIC IN THE PARK

Program of Day and Night Performances at Belmont.

The programs for the concerts this afternoon and tonight at Belmont Mansion by the Fairmount Park Band are as PART I-AFTERNOON. 1. Overture, "Wanderers' Ziel"......Suppe 2. Hungarian Fantasie No. 1.......Moses

(b) Value Lenue.
(c) Pizzicate.
(d) Certage de Bachus.
(d) Certage de Bachus.
(e) Warch Siavi.
(e) "March Slav".
(f) Warch Slav".
(h) Value de Concert, Artist's Life". Strauss
(f) Warch Slav.
(f) Value de Concert, Artist's Life". Kalman
(f) Star-Spangled Banner.
(f)

Removing Dust Town dust is insiduous. 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 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.

PHILADELPHIA BAND

Concert Tonight on the City Hall

The program for the concert tengs on City Hall plaza by the Philadelpla Bands is as follows: 1. Overture, "Isabella" 2. (a) Entr act "Gavotts" (b) Patrol, "American 5. Piccolo solo, "The Plaza Bird" "Isabella"

Grand scenes from "Carmen"
Descriptive fantasie, "A Hunting See

COUNTY REUNION IN PARK Hundreds of Families From Centre at

Belmont Today. Hundreds of tables and benches were provided for the 12th annual outing of the Centre County Association of Puladelphia, which is being held today at Belmont Mansion, Fairmount Park There is a general reunion of hundred of families who for years have been attending the outings. As a rule, each person brings along a basket containing picnic delicacies. picnic delicacies.

There will be speeches and election officers this afternoon. The present a ficers of the association are: President—Ira D. Garman. First vice president—Warner Underwoot, Second vice president—William S. Furst Becretary—J. C. C. Beale. Treasure—S. Gray Mattern.

Observing The average woman can tell you by the table was fixed, down to the relative positions of the saltspoons, but came tell you all there was to eat at a banque The average man's remembrance

with the list of wines.



Ellen Adair Sails for Europe Today

There's a big, vital side to the European war, so far virtually untouched—

What the women have done and what they are now doing!

These issues are of keen importance historically and of great interest to our readers. So the Evening Ledger is sending Miss Adair to Belgium and France, and into the hospitals and recruiting stations in England.

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