DISAGREEABLE TRAITS—THE BEST WAY TO ACHIEVE UNPOPULARITY

One Bachelor Declares the Fair Sex Is Divided Into Bores, Disagrecable Women and Spiteful Cats.

By Ellen Adair

ous little comedies are momentarily en- the magnificence and luxury of the court acted, and the only way to understand of the Tuiteries. She was a wise woman, human nature is to duly observe it. Certain habits are decidedly infectious, you know, and just as the influence of a pleas- thronged it, preserved a tender heart ant person will brighten up a whole roomful of people, so will the atmosphere which clings around a disagreeable person act unpleasantness all around,

Once upon a time I heard a cross old bachelor hold forth on the subject of women. He was a regular misogynist, by the way, and couldn't stand a woman about the place. An old man-servant was | wrath len't always easy to summon when his trusted attendant and constant comforth his unflattering opinions of woman-

he would say testily, "and really I don't most! There are, first of all, the Bores. Then the Disagreeable Women. And last best policy to pursue. of all, the Spiteful Cats. I think that most women could come under any of these three categories. You see, most women are bores, and at the same time disagreeable and catty. No, I never wish to have anything to say to them!"

If I recollect aright, the old gentleman who thus sweepingly condemned the entire fair sex at one blow had strange vengeance wreaked upon his head in the person of a very determined cook, who somehow or other ousted the man-ser vant from his job, took upon her strong shoulders the management of the old gentleman and finally married him! He must have been accessory to the crime -or whatever the legal expression is-for he seemed quite complacent under the tyrannical yoke of the large and buxom cook. But then I understand that what kept his spirits up under the cross was the thought of how he had disappointed various hopeful female relations who had been literally counting the months till he should remove himself to another world. "It is such an unpleasant surprise for them," he would chuckle to himself. "They won't get any of my money now!"

The world is a place which pretty well reflects our own attitude toward it. If we go around acting as pleasantly as we know how, our mood will be taken up by others and we shall find life very delightful and very kindly. Conversely, I have frequently noticed that one ungenerous action is prolific of others. We all detest the person who takes an unfair advantage of us, and are inclined "to do as we are done by." It's human nature, perhaps, but it is not a resolution conducive to either our own or other persons' happiness.

Perhaps no one had ever greater opporhuman nature than the Empress Eugenie from the outside

much in vogue.

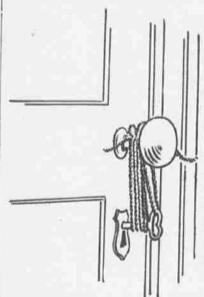
TTO THE person who goes around the when, as the consort of Napoleon III, she A world with open eyes, all sorts of curl- reigned in such splendid brilliance in all who, in spite of all the tendencies of a court and the frivolous people who with regard to the young girl debutants.

"You are sure to meet many ill-natured people here, my dear," she counseled one as a species of damper and breed general of them. "Take care—oh, take care that you do not catch the infection and return ill-nature by becoming ill-natured. You are sweet now. You will be adorable if you guard yourself against the tempta-. . .

The soft answer which turneth away people do and say disagreeable things. panion, and into his ears he would pour Retaliation is natural, but distinctly unwise. And unless we, too, wish to become as unpopular as the person who Women are divided into three classes," does and says the unkind things, we will remember that forgiving even unto the know which particular class I dislike proverbial seventy times seven is the finest course, and at the same time the

Prize Suggestions

A prize of \$1 will be awarded daily for the best practical suggestion. No suggestions will be



If you want a good, secure bolt for your doors without extra expense try this. Lock the door, turning the key as far as it will go, and take a good stout length of cord and draw one end through the hole of the key, until the two lengths are even. Wrap these back and forth around the knob with both hands holding the cord tight, and tie securely, tunities of noting that disposition in The key cannot be unlocked by pushing

AWNING-STRIPED CREPE DE CHINE ON SEASON'S SMARTEST FROCKS WASHABLE



AFTERNOON GOWN IN NAVY AND WHITE

The Daily Story

Involved Identities

ALICE looked up with a start as a shadow fell across the floor. She had not heard the horseman's approach. and her first warning came as she looked up into the tanned face with its square chin and steel gray eyes.

"Did I frighten you?" asked the in truder, as he noted her dismay. "I would not have dropped in like this if I had known there was a woman about. I thought this was a 'batch' shanty."

"My brother has gone over to Carson-ville," she said without thinkins. Then her face went white. She had admitted that she was alone on the ranch, and this man was clearly the original of the rude half tone of the circular on the wall hended "Wanted! \$20,000 Reward!"

There could be no mistake. Here was There could be no mistake. Here was his full description and his name. The bill was dated back in August. He must be a clever man to stay out of the clutches of the law for all that time. The more clever he was the more dangerous. The only thing to be done was to make the best of it and at least hide all traces of fear.

"I go past here pretty often. I'll drop sometimes," he announced. "That is,

you'd care to have me." If you'd care to have me."

She murmured some conventional speech and covered her confusion by putting away the freshly fromed ciothes. Then she turned her attention to the dinner and in 10 minutes they were at table. Her fear had worn off. Somehow that steady gaze was most reassuring. The man might be all that the bill declared, but there was nothing to be afraid of. Hayee was a capital story teller and he had her in a gale of laughter as he kept up a constant flow of small talk. She was almost sorry when the meal was over and they rose to leave the table. He helped her carry the dishes into the kitchen and then calmly established himself in the armchair again.

self in the armchair again.
"Thanks for a good dinner and most
pleasant company," he said as he swung
off the big sombrero. "May I come in

Yes, if you think it safe," she said don't think it's safe," he smiled,

but I'm coming."
He touched his horse with the spurs and rode off. She went back to the house slowly. It hurt to think that he was only a desperado. The bill stared her in the face. With an angry twitch she tore it from the wall and thrust it into the

Somehow she could not bring herself to somenow she could not bring herself to confess to her brother that it was Hayea who had been at the house, and her ac-count of the happening of the day con-cerned an unknown cowboy of whom she could give only a very hary description. He might be a man sought after by the law-she could not betray him

Twice after that she saw him, once at the house and again one afternoon when she was riding alone.

Then came the third encounter. She had ridden in to Carsonville and the shadows were falling as she neared the ranch. Just off the trail Hayes' horse grazed quietly and she rode toward it. With a cry she perceived in the shadow the figure of a man and realized that it was Hayes.

He was bleeding from a wound in the shoulder and had fainted from loss of blood. Tearing strips from her habit she manufactured a rude bandage and with her handkerchier she washed the tiny hole and made a pad to place over it. She had just finished her amateur surgery when he opened his eyes. "You," he whispered. "So they didn't get me. he whispered. "So they didn't get me after all."

You were all alone," she said softly. "Now you must not try to talk. I am soing to try to get you into your saddle and take you on to the ranch."

He raised himself upon his left arm, but sank back with a groan. "I guess I'd better lie quiet a moment," he said, "until my head stops swimming." Her quick ear caught the sound of hoof beats. "Here comes help," she cried. "More api to be more trouble," he gasped. "They feel safer now it is get-lung dark."

"They won't take you," she cried, as ne rider came nearer. "It's only one

"I guess I did the other one up," he nuttered. "Hand me my gun and get behind that tree."

As the rider came to a halt at the sight of the horses she rose to her feet.
"Throw up your hands," she called, leveling the gun. "I have the drop on you."

For answer there was a flash and she could hear the whistle of a builtet as it sped past her. She pointed her gun, pulled the trigger and as the recoil tore the weapon from her shoulder she saw the newcomer fall. He recovered consciousness before she had completed her task, but Hayes was

on his feet now and a pistol held at his head kept him quiet.

head kept him quiet.

It was slow progress with two wounded men under convoy and Alice was glad when she heard her brother's hall up the trail. He had become anxious and had ridden out to meet her.

She rode forward to meet him. "George," she said, "a man is back there with the sheriff. I had to shoot the sheriff to prevent his taking my rescuer. I'm not going to have him captured. He saved my life. We owe it to him to let him go free."

"We'll talk that over when we get to the house," he said, spurring past her. "I mean what I say," she called defiantly as she wheeled and followed. It was not until the ranch had been

fantly as she wheeled and followed.

It was not until the ranch had been reached and new dressings applied that she breathed more freely when she saw her brother had rebound the stranger

her brother had rebound the stranger and left Hayes with his hands free. "It was a close call for you," he said as he handed Hayes a light. "Alice swears that she is going to let Saunders go because he saved her life." "No," corrected the girl. "It was Mr. Hayes who saved res."

Hayes who saved me."
"You told me it was the man whom the Sheriff was after," insisted George. "Jack

"But—that circular," she said, puzzled. "The one in the kitchen?" Alice nodded. "The one in the kitchen?" Alice nodded. Her brother rolled on the floor in an eostacy of mirth and it was Hayes who offered the explanation. "It was one of the boys' jokes," he said kindly. "I was photographed when I went to Frisco last summer. They thought it was a needless extravagance and some one got up that circular and seemed to think it was a good joke on the Sheriff to advertise him as a fugitive.

"And you are not an outlaw?"
"Don't you think you could love the

"And you are not an outlaw?"
"Don't you think you could love the Sheriff as much as a desperado?" he asked boidly. He read the answer in her syes and drew her toward him. Her brother sat bolt upright.
"Well, he said, "you are in the capturing business for fair tonight. First you get Saunders, who is worth 10,000 good railroad dollars, and now you capture the Sheriff."

"No." she said shyly as she offered her cheek for his congratulatory kiss. "I think he captured ms when he came to

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LITTLE GIRL FOUND ON STREET



SUMMER HEALTH HINTS FOR BUSINESS WOMEN

Dress Coolly, Get Fresh Air and Exercise; "Don't Wory," Says Mrs. Pierce.

Gentle woman reader—especially if you happen to be a business woman—listen to a few words of sound advice. Perhaps, you will get a vacation, and if so, no doubt you have selected the place where you will spend the precious two weeks. you will spend the precious two weeks. Regardless, however, you must not forget that "dog days" will soon be here, not to mention the many days during which the city will be baking under the summer's sun. How will your office or factory work seem to you then? Will you go about it fagged out, wan and worn, tired from head to foot, and spend innumerable days praying for autuma's contained. from head to toot, and spent many cases, it will be your own fault.

The summer days are undoubtedly hard days for the business woman, but there is no reason why she should not weather is no reason why she should not weather the summer just as well as the average business man if she uses common sense and gets plenty of three things—fresh air, proper food and plenty of exercise. The assertion that women in general are unfit for business on account of meagre physical equipment is untrue.

The foregoing is the opinion of Dr. weeks she would feel like a diversity of the average woman, I think. Doctor Pierce said that tepid bat very refreshing, but she said she hot baths, especially in summer added that a business woman, I think.

Lydia Pierce, of the Women's Homeo-pathic Hospital, who has ample oppor-tunity to observe the physical conditions of many business women in large cities,

"All will admit," she said today, "that it is much easier to work in winter than during the scorching summer months, but there is no doubt that a little common sense will help women to stand the heat and work up to their usual standard. f efficiency, regardless of the thermome-

sensibly during the summer. The present styles are decidedly cool as far as dresses are concerned. In fact, some people think they are too cool, perhaps," Doctor Pierce said, laughingly.

"But I am referring especially to shoes," she continued. Women should wear low-heeled shoes to work. I am sure that high-heeled shoes 'prove only an additional strain during the summer Then, again, business women should

take all the exercise they can get. In-stead of sticking at home on Sunday let stead of sticking at home on Sunday let them get out to church and be out in the open every minute they can. Fresh air will accomplish wonders. If the average business woman would inhale plenty of fresh air, say even a few lungfuls, before going to work, in the course of a few weeks she would feel like a different woman, I think.

Doctor Pierce said that tepid baths are very refreshing, but she said she would not advise a business woman to take very hot baths, especially in summer. She added that a business woman, if she wants to keep her health in the broiling DOES ANY ONE KNOW THIS DEAR LITTLE "LOSTED" GIRL

She's the Chubbiest Little Three-Year-Old Imaginable, Whose Merry Smile Has Faded Because She Is Far Away From Her Home.

Does anybody in Philadelphia know the little girl who is pictured here? She is the chubblest sort of 3-year-old person, with the fattest little legs and arms and gray eyes flecked with implah brown spots that ordinarily denote a merry temperament.

But Rosie—the child declares that is her name—is not merry. For four long weary days she has been away from her mother and father, and in all that time no inquiries have been made concerning her, and although her predicament has been advertised no information has been received about her.

It almost passes belief that such an adorable youngster could have been deliberately abandoned, and yet that is the theory which is held out at the Philadel-theory want to go home?"

"Do you want to go home?" The war and left her where the little girl who is policeman found her.

There isn't much room for her at the hospital, and if someone who knows he doesn't come forward soon and votelisation of the State.

Out at the hospital resterday the phe tographer who coaxed the child into loss ing into the camera spoke to her in The dish dialect. She brightened instantly.

"Have you got a mamma." as were asked gently.

Rosie nodded her head affirmatively and her eyes filled with tears.

"Have you got a papa?" Again the as swere came "yes."

"Do you want to go he way and left her where the policeman found her.

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It almost passes belief that such an adorable youngster could have been de-liberately abandoned, and yet that is the theory which is held out at the Philadel-phia General Hospital, where the child was taken when no one came after her.

Early Monday morning she was found wandering almiessly around in the vicinity of 2d and Arch streets by Policeman Garforth. He took her to the 4th and Race street police station and placed her in charge of the matron there, thinking surely that it would only be a matter of a few minutes before the mother of such a desirable youngster would rush in frantically to invoke the aid of the police in locating the "losted" one.

But this scene, so typical in police stations, did not take place. Monday passed. No inquiries were made, and the child grew pale and tacturn. In fact, she's almost too young to be intelligibly voluble. All the information that could be coaxed out of her was that her last name was something that sounded like someone will come and give some line "Berkstein," and that her mother had mation concerning the child.

"Have you got a papa?" Again the answer came "yes."
"Do you want to go home?" Then the storm broke. The child ran to the photographer's arms. She put her little hands up on his face and loved him. She clung to him desperately, and cried baby sobs that made even the nurse—who is used to all sorts of scenes—guip hard and wipe away the tears.

wipe away the tears.

That's the story of Rosie. The authorities at the Philadelphia General say she is not the type that is usually abandoned. Her hair has been nicely hobbed, her clothes are exceedingly substantial and she is in perfect physical condition.

No mother in her right mind could see

No mother in her right mind could pos-sibly give up Rosie. Perhaps it's all been a big mistake after all. Who can throw any light on the disappearance of Ross's mamma? The hospital will hold the child

Reddy and Cyclops Find a Meeting House

AFTER Reddy and the newly named by, "look over this way. See that house children brought them, and after they had carefully poked over the remains of the feast, to be sure that not one kernel was missed, they set out again on their exploring trip.

"I think it would be wise to go over towards the lake," said Reddy thoughtfully, "for I noticed that was the way the children went. What is safe for children ought not to be dangerous for squirrels." So they started towards the

For several yards they picked their way along, but nothing happened nor did they see anything new that was of interest. Reddy was just beginning to feel that he was rather foolish in wanting to explore in a park, where there was little likelihood of finding anything new, when right there in front of him, by the edge of the lake which they just then reached, what should he see but a queer looking house—a house that was plainly some animal's dwelling!

"What in the world can that be?" he asked Cyclops excitedly. "I never saw anything like that before, yet something tells me that it is an animal's house-how do I know that"
"What? Where? What is it you see?"

asked Cyclops. "Right over there. See!" replied Reddy and then he looked around. Cyclops was looking directly the wrong way, no wonder he couldn't see what Reddy wanted him to look at. "No, Cyclops," explained Reddy kind"Well, then, you're ahead of me," re-plied Reddy good-naturedly, "because I didn't know it at all. What's it used

"Oh, that!" said Cyclops unexcitedly, "that's an old beaver house. Didn't yea know that? Why, even I know that!"

"It doesn't seem to be used for anything just now," said Cyclops, examining the house carefully and slowly, "but the beavers have used it early this spring I expect the lake got too low for them and they built elsewhere." "The lake got too low!" exclaimed

Reddy in a puzzled voice, "what in the world are you talking about?" "Dear me," said Cyclops, "by the time

you have lived in the park as long as I have, you will learn to notice thing! Haven't you noticed the deep rim of mad around the whole lake? Don't you know that that means the lake is low?" Reddy shook his head. "Well, you know now, said Cyclops good-naturedly. "Now, let's look inside this house." Together they went inside and explored

Together they went inside and explored all the tiny passageways and corner. "I'll tell you what would be fun," all Reddy, "let's keep this old beaver hous as our meeting house. When I want is see you or you want to see me, we can come here and meet. And if we are more nuts and crackerjack than we ca eat in one time, we can bring it here for the other fellow. Wouldn't that he fun? Cyclops thought it surely would be a the plan was made, but whether it was a good plan or not we shall see.

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Where the Fitting of Children's Feet is a Scientific Specialty

toe-out. This is incorrect, and positively harmful.

from high, misplaced heels which cause an ab-

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of scientifically correct shoes for growing feet is

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are competent to prescribe them.

tendon achilles and impair its power.

NCIPIENT foot trouble among children is almost universal, and large ailments grow from small beginnings. It is never too early in the child's life to begin intelligent care of its feet-but it may be too late.

Even heavy diapering often disturbs the natural poise and starts arch trouble. Rapidity of the foot's growth between the ages of 2 and 4 is hardly realized by most parents, and in those years,

just when it is most necessary for body building, healthful play is interfered with by foot weakness.

The square toe idea has been exploded. No foot is square. The Geuting idea teaches the doctrine of foot freedom. It provides a shoe which correctly follows the lines of the foot itself, and which so poises the weight of the body as to give the foot no burden to bear, creating a parallel stride and allowing for sufficient action to develop the foot muscles. We warn mothers not to nag their children to



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