

THE PECULIAR WAYS OF MRS. GRUNDY; PRETTINESS VERSUS PROPRIETY

The Good-looking Girl Will Be the Object of Feminine Criticism Until the End of the Chapter, and Should Act Accordingly.

By ELLEN ADAIR

THE old adage assures us that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and we are all quite willing to believe it. But sometimes beauty isn't exactly a joy to its possessor, and brings with it quite a number of disadvantages and lesser trials and tribulations.

For instance, there are many things which never are forgiven a pretty girl; things which her plain sister can do every day of that unattractive damsel's life with perfect impunity! This seems so contrary to common sense, but it is none the less true. I have noticed that a hundred times and see ample proof thereof on occasions too frequent to enumerate.

Pretty, powdered little Dolly must always be particularly circumspect about her behavior on every occasion, while plain Jane can do all manner of odd and unexpected things and no one will criticize her for a moment.

Listen to what a really experienced bachelor says on the subject. He speaks as one with authority, too.

"I believe that in many eyes the fact of a girl's being pretty," he informs me, "is an obvious pre-supposition that she lacks propriety—or that if she doesn't she ought to. Things that an ugly girl can do without let or hindrance become, according to Mrs. Grundy, hopelessly impossible in a pretty one."

from Mrs. Grundy's side, I will admit, founded on a tiny substratum of truth, though it is a very thin one. A girl who has really beautiful eyes is always suspected of handling them round to all and sundry in generous and injudicious doses, even if it is only because they are so beautiful. No one would suspect her plain sister, who is always suspected of skidding in the opposite direction to the other, of ever cherishing a forlorn hope that she can attract attention, however hard she might really try."

All the same I am inclined to think that it is very hard on the pretty girl to be the constant target of feminine criticism, and by no means charitable criticism at that. People will, of course, assure you that in this world the law of compensation is always operating, and that things aren't as unequally divided as they seem. Plain Jane can act as an insect in the place of a butterfly, and the ugly girl can be a beauty, generated, of course, by her less highly favored sisters.

Why prettiness and complete propriety should not be supposed to go together is a mystery. Desires of propriety are also strange. One man defines it as "an alleged virtue of whose existence we only become cognizant when

we discover we haven't got it. Moreover, a sense of propriety in one's self is the perfect capacity for imagining propriety in other people."

"Pretty ladies," he declares, "disappointed spinsters particularly, specialize in it to their own complete satisfaction, though it is not so much the fact that they themselves possess it that delights them as that other people don't. The outward and visible signs of it are sniffs, raised eyebrows, and up-lifted hands."

I have in mind two girls of my acquaintance, one very pretty, the other decidedly ill-favored, who are examples of the peculiar ways of Mrs. Grundy. The pretty girl is so attractive that the men are crazy about her, and she has so many invitations that she doesn't know what to do with them all. I have always considered her as particularly discreet, for she shows discrimination in her choice of friends and she never by any manner of means goes out of her way to run after the male of the species. In fact, she runs away from them most of the time.

On those occasions, however, when the determined admirers won't allow her to run away, but become so persistent that she does allow herself to be persuaded into a little mild dissipation in the form of matinees and dancing, the elderly spinster and female Grundys of her acquaintance hold up hands in holy horror. "That girl is always in the company of men," they declare, "with righteous wrath. 'It is disgusting!'"

The other girl is so unattractive that the men don't bother at all with her. But she chafes them. She is always with an ardent worthy of a better cause. The greater part of her days is spent in waylaying unsuspecting acquaintances, telephoning, and a whole host of peculiar doings which savor of impropriety.

But no one criticizes her—except the men, of course, and they don't count. Mrs. Grundy hasn't a word to say against her. But if the pretty girl indulged in one-half the antics of the plain girl, then anathema would befall her. The damsel who is good-looking, therefore, while remaining discreet to the end of the chapter, must expect that feminine criticism will always befall her. It is the penalty of her beauty, and she will regard it as something inevitable and not really to be worried over.

TEACHING "LITTLE MOTHERS" HOW TO CARE FOR BABIES

Recreation Centres the Scenes of Instruction for Girls.

She was such a little girl, it seemed almost as if she ought to have been cuddled herself, but, no, indeed, she had outgrown that stage, and the serious look on her childish face and the solemn, careful manner in which she turned the baby over as she scientifically put it into her clothes indicated that she belonged to that vast class of kiddies known as "little mothers," which modern economic conditions have made necessary in every big city.

Yesterday was "little mothers' day." Two thousand strong they assembled in the recreation centres all over the city in order to make themselves more proficient in the art of mothering their little brothers and sisters.

Sixty-five teachers voluntarily forsook the cool breezes of their suburban summer retreats and came into town to superintend the instruction. A trained nurse was on hand at each centre to explain in detail and to demonstrate with the scientific care of babies. Some of the pupils were scarcely out of the baby class themselves.

Similar instruction will be given every Tuesday throughout the summer, and the Child Federation, which is directing the work, expects the infant mortality to be materially decreased by the educational campaign.

Dressy Waists

The dressy waist, which takes more the form of a dress bodice, is made to match the skirt. Sometimes these waists are touched up with a contrasting color. White is frequently used in the collar, cuffs, vests, buttons and other trimmings. White is especially used on navy blue and black.

A chemise blouse of flax net and lace in the natural color has a skirt part of black chiffon. The blouse belts slightly below the normal waistline, but the effect of a lower line is gained by the continuation of the lace below the ribbon belt. Stretched to the tail of the blouse is a hem of black chiffon. This blouse has no other opening than that at the neck and slips on over the head. It is of the almost shapeless kimono cut, but the long sleeves are fitted snugly to the arms from half-way below the elbow to the wrist, where they are almost skin tight. The collar and inside vest are of flesh-colored mouseline de soie. This transparent bodice is worn over a gumpie bodice of flesh-colored mouseline.

A dressy blouse is in a combination of black chiffon and black velvet ribbon, the latter forming the lower third of the blouse and the cuff bands. Embroidery in Oriental colors relieves the sober tones of the materials.

An attractive linen blouse of lavender is trimmed with white linen. The front panel of the waist buttons straight up the collar, forming a fine continuous line. The sleeves are long, with cuffs trimmed with the buttons.

Clothes for Stay-at-Homes

Summer clothes seem all to be designed especially for the woman who goes away. Summer hats, parasols, frocks and footgear seem made especially for seashore and ocean sides, country clubs and garden parties, and the woman who must stay in the city, must toil in the office through July and August or stay steadfastly at home to keep open the town house for her touring husband, doesn't seem to figure the imagination of the dressmaker who designs summer apparel for women.

All our clothes are holiday clothes, any way, nowadays. Our grandmothers would have been horrified at the flimsy daintiness of the clothes we wear—none of which seems to be built for the practical things of life.

A simple delicate or alpacas everyday dress that our mothers wore has no counterpart in the present-day feminine wardrobe, at least in this country. The housewife who keeps no maid wears silk and satiny every day, and the stenographer goes to her job in a dress that is for practical life. Leghorns, of course, are used in their natural tint, with various trimmings. Black maline

"PERMANENT WAVE" SWAMPS FEMININE SEX



MUSIC IN THE PARK

Band Plays This Afternoon and Tonight at Belmont Mansion.

The program of the Fairmount Park Band, playing at Belmont Mansion this afternoon and this evening, is as follows:

PART I—AFTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK.
1. Overture, "Tambour de Garde".....Till
2. Reminiscences of the most popular works of Offenbach.
3. (a) "La Piqueuse".....Black
(b) "Cotton Field Caper".....O'Hara
4. "Dances of the Metropolitan Opera."
5. Valse de concert, "Dolores".....Waldteufel
6. "Three Irish Dances".....Anelli
(a) "Humoresque".....Urban
(b) "The Phantom Brigade".....Mysidion
8. Air from "The Fair Co-Ed".....Luders

PART II—EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK.
1. Overture, "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn
2. Ballet suite, "Coppelia".....Delibes
3. (a) "Simple Ave".....Thomson
(b) "Kaleidoscope".....Chapman
4. Melodrama from "La Traviata".....Verdi
5. "Blavieche Rhapsody".....Friedman
6. Valse de concert, "Thousand and One Nights".....Mozart
7. "Spanish Dance".....Mozzkowsky
8. Air from "The Pink Lady".....Caryl
Star-spangled Banner.

MUSIC ON CITY HALL PLAZA

Philadelphia Band Will Play There Tonight.

The Philadelphia Band will play on City Hall plaza tonight, the program beginning at 8 o'clock, with C. Stanley Mackey conducting. The program is as follows:

1. Overture, "Phedra".....Massenet
(a) Spanish Rhapsody, "Alcala".....Mozart
(b) Euphonium solo, "Pantaleon Original".....Camard
2. "Trio" from "The Merry Widow".....Strauss
3. "The Merry Widow".....Wagner
4. Ballet Music to "The Merchant of Venice".....Sullivan
(a) Introduction (b) Interlude (c) Interlude and Bourree
(d) Danse Grottesque (e) Valse
(f) Melodrama
5. Melodrama, "Oh! Oh! Delphine".....Caryl
6. Melodrama, "Oh! Oh! Delphine".....Caryl
7. Valse de Concert, "Roses from the South".....Strauss
8. "Blavieche Rhapsody".....Friedemann

For Scorch Stains

To erase all traces of scorch stains, wet them, rub with soap, and bleach in the sun.

BLACK VELVET FACING EFFECTIVE ON LATE SUMMER CHAPEAUX



MIDSUMMER hats are airy creations of fragile materials this season. Last year, if I remember correctly, fashionable women were just taking up the fad of the small white turban and the black velvet hat. This year the fad is for Gainsborough effects in maline, leghorn and fabrics for dress affairs and for corduroy and ribbon hats for sports wear. Large crepe hats are seen occasionally, too, although they were originally designed to protect the complexion of the fair amateur gardener.

Foliage and beading like for first place as a fashionable trimming on the newest hats. Hand stitching is a novelty, too, and navy effects on white are quite popular. Belgian blues, rose and black-and-white effects are the best colorings—that is, for practical life. Leghorns, of course, are used in their natural tint, with various trimmings. Black maline

HAD YOUR HAIR CURLED BY MONSIEUR X? IT'S A PERMANENT WAVE

Takes Four or Five Hours of the Coiffeur's Time, and It Costs a Lot, but Those Curls Endure All Summer.

A perfect wave in sweeping over the city. This isn't a joke—either the wave or the perfection—as you would quickly discover did you but start out to interview the hairdressers of the town. You go to see Monsieur X, for instance. A neatly coiffed maid at the entrance dispenses the information that he cannot be seen until late, very late in the evening. For why? Monsieur X is engaged in effecting a perfect wave permanently in the hair of one of his clients.

Not to be discouraged you decide to step around the corner and see Madame R. A neatly coiffed counterpart of Monsieur's clerk greets you with her well-known smile. Madame R. could not possibly be disturbed. The reason? Madame is creating the perfect wave in Mrs. Blank's blond tresses.

And thus after your shoe leather has grown thin and the afternoon has waxed into night, the impression is borne in on you that the entire feminine population of the city is engaged in having the perfect permanent wave put into its hair.

Early in the morning you heard the hairdresser in his den to find out just what this epidemic that is sweeping over the city is. Monsieur, who is usually so cordial and willing to dispense his information, greets you absent-mindedly.

"We must talk quickly," he says, getting out his tongue and tonics, "for in a few minutes I have some clients coming who are to have perfect permanent wave treatment and as it is a delicate process I cannot then be disturbed."

When at last you have cornered him you discover that the permanent wave is not a new thing. In fact it made its appearance so long as two years ago, but it is only recently that it has been

perfected, and only in the last few months have reputable hairdressers been willing to take the responsibility of subjecting a patron's head to the process without first warning her that he would not be responsible for what might happen.

In other words, though the secret of making straight hair curly has been known to the hair dresser's art for some time past, the secret of making the curls without injuring the hair and destroying the healthy growth has only recently been discovered.

"When a woman would come in here formerly," says the coiffeur, explaining, "and demand curls at any price, a hairdresser who cared for his reputation would explain to her that the process was not only an exceedingly tedious one, but that it was also a very precarious one and that unless she had an exceptionally healthy scalp of hair she would likely find it very drying and injurious."

"But we have experimented and now a method has been evolved which can be safely applied to almost any head. Instead of the old baking method, there is a new process which does not dry out the natural oils of the scalp and our patrons who all their life time have languished in vain for curly tresses that did not have to be crimped daily with the iron or metal crimper are clamoring for this new method. Therefore we have little time these days, for we are busily engaged in curling the heads of our patrons who are going to the seashore and wish to have the permanent wave before starting."

Strictly speaking, however, this wave is not really permanent. It lasts about six months, or until the hair grows out straight and then the young hair must be subjected to the process if it is to be in harmony with the curled portion.

For the privilege of having curly locks one must pay \$5 if one's head is to be done down to the last strand. Many women, however, desire only that their front locks be crimped and the price then is reduced to \$15. An even more comprehensive wave than this, not, however, involving the entire head, can be had for \$25. And considering that the perfect permanent wave requires from four to five hours of the coiffeur's exclusive and most scrupulous attention, it is exceedingly cheap at the price.

Summer Gloves

Gloves in the city in the summer are indispensable, even in these gloveless days; and despite all fads for freak gloving, nothing is more attractive than the wash white glove. Prejudices against the washable cotton glove is a thing of the past and now the white, cream or oyster glove of fabric is as desirable as the more expensive doe-skin or chamolite glove. Fashionable dress kid gloves are also satisfactory, although for the warmest weather these are not so comfortable as the fabric gloves.

Separate wash blouses are ever the standby of the woman who dresses for summer comfort. This year the voile blouses are perhaps the coolest. They launder well, too, which is another point to their credit. They should be bought in a size larger than that which answers in a silk blouse, however, for the voile allows the inevitable shrinkage. White wash blouses, which have the one disadvantage of turning cream colored when washed in hot weather, are also comfortable and attractive.

Woman's Sphere

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit! There's not a place in Earth or Heaven, There's not a task to mankind given, There's not a blessing or a woe, There's not a life, or death, or birth, That has a feather's weight of worth—Without a woman in it.

—Anonymous.

WOMAN ARCHITECT TELLS HOW SHE WON SUCCESS

Mrs. E. E. Holman Found She Was Doing a Man's Work, so She Tackled a Man's Job and Made Good at It—Designed Homes and Theatres.

ONE of the wonders of this 20th century is the way the most feminine of women undertake, without much precedent to back them up, to do a man's-size job and then get away with it. Just looking at Mrs. E. E. Holman, with her soft, white hair and her pretty blue eyes and noting her modest, retiring manner, it seems almost impossible to believe that she was among the first women architects of America, and so far as available records go to show, the only really successful practicing woman architect Philadelphia has ever had.

Nor does it seem quite credible that 30 years ago a young woman could blaze the trail of a profession new to her sex, and without any masculine aid whatsoever, have to her credit the planning, single-handed, of opera houses and theatres, pretentious residences of prominent folk and innumerable homes for such people that it would have been possible to keep any account of.

It's true, nevertheless. Two decades ago, in a day when you could count the women architects of the world on the fingers of your one hand, Mrs. Holman entered the architectural profession, presumably to do clerical work. It wasn't two weeks, however, before she felt that if she tried very hard and kept her eyes and ears open very wide she too could become an architect.

HAD ARTISTIC ABILITY.

Pretty soon it was felt around that office that the new clerk had an artistic eye for designing, and it wasn't long before the entire staff got into the habit of asking her advice about plans, consulting her about specifications and sometimes even getting her to do the actual drawing. Finally she realized that in everything but name she was really and truly an architect.

"I thought then," she said smiling, "reminding, out at her summer home in Germantown, of the early days when she started in, 'that I might just as well come out in the open and be known for what I was, and so I went into business for myself and opened my own office.' Practising architecture 20 years ago was very much like writing novels in the 18th and 19th centuries. If a woman wanted to indulge, it was safest to mask her identity under a masculine-sounding nom de plume."

It was thus that E. E. Holman made a name for herself. In some cases when her clients discovered that it was a woman with whom they were intrusting the building of their homes they withdrew their orders, being persons of little faith in feminine ability. But in the majority of cases all that was asked was that the architect "deliver the goods," and this being done satisfactorily, Mrs. Holman was forgiven for being a woman.

"I remember once, though," she said, "I had an order from New York and my client called me on the long distance. He asked for 'E. E. Holman.' This is E. E. Holman, the architect," he said severely.

"I explained," she continued, "timidly and as best I could that I was E. E. Holman, the architect. 'Is E. E. Holman a woman?'" he asked ferociously. On being told the truth he put down the receiver and have never heard from him since." Despite such instances as these, however, many people showed a liking for the designs which came from the E. E. Holman office, and it was not long before

Novel Wing Decoration

Wings have flown into favor this spring and have settled down upon my lady's summer hat with the intention of a good long stay. They have affected many a hat that looks as if it poled on top of the crown for immediate flight before perhaps the most popular. The advent of sailor hats is bringing in a host of the oak tree variety. Yes, sir, too, are taking on a more tailored tress. A particularly chic hat of mid-night blue taffeta is trimmed solely by a pair of rather long, narrow white ribbons, which are worn on the edges and backed with a piece of stiffened blue taffeta following the outline of the wings and slightly larger.

Mr. Garden Toad Brings Good News

ALL morning long the bees hummed back and forth around the garden. Every time Tommy Tittle-mouse stuck his head out of his home he heard that faint "hum, hum" now loud, showing that they were near, now soft and faint in the distance. But he would take no chances—not he! He was afraid to leave his nest for a minute for fear the bees would enter it while he was gone. You see, he liked his home so well himself that he couldn't but think the bees must be wanting it, too—you know how that feeling goes yourself!

So he stayed tight in the back corner of his home all morning and he kept his little mate close beside him for company and for protection. And that was why he knew nothing of what happened in the garden. Know nothing, till late in the afternoon, when Mr. Garden Toad hopped up to the door of his home, called him out and told him all the events of the day.

Tommy was so interested! He and Mrs. Tommy sat there in the dimming afternoon light and blinked and blinked—and were so RELIEVED! You would have been, too, if you had seen how frightened they were by Bluey and then had heard all that Mr. Garden Toad had to say. Listen! This is what he told them:

"After the bees had been turned out of their new home by Ned's upsetting the box they chased him round and round the house."

"But they didn't bite him!" asked Tommy, interrupting. "Seems to me I have heard that bees bite."

"Not bite," corrected Mr. Garden Toad with dignity; "bees sting. Yes, they did sting him, but you must not stop the story. They stung him because he bothered them—and that does not concern us." Tommy felt so rebuked he just sat still the rest of the time and said not another word. So Mr. Garden Toad continued:

"They chased him round and round the house till he was ready to promise never, never to touch a bee's home again (though to tell the truth he didn't know there was a bee's nest in the box and I think they might have been a little kinder to him, but of course that's none of our business); then they started to hunt for a new home. Bluey Blackbird and Billy Robin knew how well you liked your home, so he told them not to go there, to try the pear tree—the hollow one at the corner of the garden, you know."

"(Tommy Tittle-mouse swallowed a lump of relief but didn't say a word.) 'They started to the pear tree, but on the way they met Mr. Hornet, who said the pear tree was already occupied. The whole hive of bees followed after as if it was the most natural thing in the world! And now I hear from these same fairies that the bees are nicely and happily settled in that tree and everybody is happy.'"

Do you wonder that Tommy heaved a big sigh of relief and thanked Mr. Toad for his news?

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AND COMPLEXION

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