

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," BEST MAXIM FOR THE WORKING GIRL

Honesty is the Best Policy from a Practical as Well as an Ethical Standpoint.

By ELLEN ADAIR

HALF-HEARTED work never did bring happiness to any man, woman or child. And yet the world is still filled with half-hearted workers, men and women who really don't have a scrap of enthusiasm about their particular job and who would give it up tomorrow if they only had a chance.

This large class must not be confused with the square pegs in the round holes. The square pegs are those who unfortunately have chosen the wrong occupation and who for some reason or other don't seem able to transfer their energy to channels where it could be more congenially expended. The square pegs have enthusiasm; they are hard workers and they want very much to make good. But fate has been against them.

The half-hearted worker, on the contrary, is a very different being. It isn't a case of ungenial work in this instance, but of a lack of ability to do any work at all. These idlers find any sort of work distasteful and go about their particular job in a manner well calculated for the losing of the same.

Every business man is familiar with the happy-go-lucky dandy who works for him with one eye on the clock and the other on the nearest mirror, or anywhere, in fact, rather than on her work. The importance of being earnest has never for a moment faded on her—at least, not until the fateful day when she receives a curt communication in her pay envelope informing her that her services will no longer be required. Then it is too late to mend matters and she drifts along to another half-hearted job and becomes a nuisance to another employer.

Quite apart from the ethical side of the question, doing one's best really is the best policy. Like honesty—and of course hard work means honesty toward one's employer it pays best in the long run. Don't imagine, oh, foolish little girl, that your employer doesn't see how things are going just because he doesn't futter around you all the time. He is a shrewd, level-headed man and very little escapes his acute perception. While you

are sitting, idling at the job, he very sure that he sees just how the land lies. He may not say much; in fact he may say nothing at all, but the day of reckoning is coming all the same, be very sure of that.

The girl who works half-heartedly is not only laying up for herself a very great deal of trouble, but at the same time she is missing the pleasure of life. There is a joy which accomplishment brings with it and an utter satisfaction in work well done which can be surpassed by little else.

It is this joy the idler really knows nothing. He doesn't know what it means to be really interested or competent in her job. Her method of work is so slipshod that the day comes when her weary length and seems twice as long as it would be if she only showed a little interest and some enthusiasm in accomplishment.

My advice to girls of this type is this—rouse yourselves sufficiently to become interested in your work. Cease thinking of that problematical husband who may or may not come along your way. Even if the right man does turn up, a hurried thing will prevent your ever marrying him. If you do marry, that is no guarantee that later on you will not be called upon to face the battle of life in earnest and earn your own living.

Your lack of knowledge in business will then be a great handicap and you will mourn the lost opportunities which never can return. Put your very best into your job just now. Take it very seriously and make of it something splendid. Time spent in honest work is never wasted. Instead it will repay you a thousand fold. Not only will you be certainly promoted, but you will find that you are infinitely happier.

For sheer hard work brings a great satisfaction in its train. Idlers never are really happy. They realize that they don't count for very much in a world of workers. And to "count" as somebody really worth while is one of the rewards of work. The importance of being earnest in whatsoever the hand-finch to do is very real and very great.

Queer Express Carriers

SOMETIMES when you are downtown, where the big drays are driving through the streets, do you ever stop and notice the great express cars that motor through the city? The huge trucks, and drays, and wagons, all piled high with heavy boxes? Do you notice how they toot their horns and ring their bells and worm their way back and forth across the city?

And when you see how powerful they are and how much they can carry, don't you wonder how things used to be delivered before the days of the big motor-trucks?

Of course, your father and mother can tell you about the smaller wagons of their days. The wagons that were thought big at the time, but which look so insignificant when we see them, as we do sometimes, on the back streets and in the



You can easily move your camp from one part of the yard to another.

villages. But how were things delivered before the days of wagons?

In the early days of this country goods were carried on horseback. Great pack-saddles were slung across the horses (or mules, as the case might be) and carried in their big pouches more than you would think they could hold.

Before that, in the early Indian days, the Indians carried all their camp outfit on queer "drags" they made of poles. Two strong poles were cut and seasoned. Then they were laid side by side and about two feet apart. Strong thongs were laced the two poles together and the drag was ready for its load. Sometimes an animal was trained to drag the burden, but more often the women of the camp dragged after them the heavy loads that were piled on the drags and the men fished and hunted care-free during the journey.

Some time when you find a very jolly play man you can have playing Indian. Get two poles—long ones like mother's clothes props are the very best length and kind—and lash them together with rope or strips of cloth. Then lay on the two poles all the things you need for your play and start the game. See how easy it is to drag the burden? You can carry more than you could lift. And you can easily move your camp from one part of the yard to another, or from one spot in the woods to a better one, if you are lucky enough to be playing in woody places.

But all that is a relic of long ago. How do you suppose the burdens are carried in places where there are no wagons, no motors, no anything that we call civilization in these days?

Through the Orient the people carry all their burdens. On their heads, on their shoulders or strapped across their backs.

The women learn to carry great weights on their heads. (If you want to see if that is easy to do, try carrying a heavy book across the front porch and then imagine what fun (?) it would be to carry a hundred pounds that same way!)

In some countries the people wear wooden yokes across their shoulders and on each end of the yoke a burden is hung.

In China the express carriers are all men who balance across their left shoulders a long pole. On each end of the pole a burden is hung. The men go, walking through the crowded streets,

carrying their hundred or two hundred pounds, crying out for passersby to watch out they get hit! When the weight is too heavy for one man, two take the pole, and in that way two men carry the greatest burden! Wouldn't it seem queer to see such an expression in our streets?

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MUSIC IN THE PARK

Band Plays This Afternoon and Tonight at Lemon Hill.

The program of the Fairmount Park Band, playing at Lemon Hill, this afternoon and tonight, is as follows:

- PART I—AFTERNOON, 4 TO 5 O'CLOCK. 1. Overture, "Semiramis".....Russett 2. "Grand Hungarian Fantasia".....Tosani 3. (a) "Barcarole" from "Love Tales".....Freyer (b) "That Flying Bag".....Freyer 4. "The Two Pigeons".....Messenger 5. (a) "The Storm".....Fuchs (b) "The Federal March".....Somas 6. "Bridle".....Brisnet

PART II—EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK. 1. Coronation March, "Die Folkung".....Kretschmer 2. Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas 3. (a) "Melody in F".....Thomas (b) "Dance of the Hours" from "Glo. Functinella".....Thomas 4. Suite, "Pier Gynt".....Grieg 5. (a) "The Storm".....Fuchs (b) "The Federal March".....Somas 6. "Bridle".....Brisnet

Mulberry Water Ice This reasonable novelty is made by adding to one pound of melted mulberries one-half cup of sugar, the strained juice of one lemon and a few drops of red vegetable coloring. Set aside a quarter of an hour, then strain, stir in two cups of cold water and freeze.

ONE-PIECE DRESSES A SENSIBLE SELECTION FOR TRAVELING

THE girl who is beginning to know to collect some of her vacation togs is wise in two ways. She saves considerable money and she saves time. There are a great many new things to be bought each season, such as afternoon frocks, tailored suits, blouses, dance gowns and such things. The top-coat which did service last season can be made to serve another year.

Traveling costumes are usually the hardest things to determine upon. Fashionable shops are showing plenty of practical styles for traveling wear in navy blue and silk. Taffetas and foulard are the most common materials to wear while traveling, for they neither show nor hold the dust. The vogue of the tailored suit has given way, in many cases, to that of the one-piece frock, whose cool elegance gives perfect satisfaction.

An afternoon frock of changeable checked silk is shown today. It is a good design for practical purposes and everyday wear. There is no excessive or unnecessary trimming, and the lines are decidedly fashionable. The colorings in this particular check are brown and green tones, with a shawl collar and yastie of deep ecrú lace. The outline of the coat on the basque blouse is corded, with a turned-back collar of the silk. The sleeves are made of hunter's green Georgette crepe.

Lucille's famous creation, the pointed tunic, is seen on the skirt. This tunic has a double fold of silk, skillfully tailored at the corners, for the only trimming. It dips slightly below the hem line at the front and back, and the undergarment is cut very short. The hat worn with this costume is made of green crepe, trimmed with plaited fancies of sand-colored tulle.

AN AFTERNOON FROCK

MEDIA BACHELOR CLUB SOON WILL BE NO MORE

Linwood J. Hannum, Last Member to Hold Out Against Cupid, Soon to Become Benefactor.

The ultimate collapse of Media's famous Bachelor Club has come about at last. Linwood J. Hannum, the one member of the organization, who since its formation in 1901, has held out against woman's wiles—although his "close shaves" have been many, his friends assure—has finally succumbed. He is to be married in September to Miss Lillian Lewis, a pretty Media blonde.

The disintegration of the renowned association is directly attributable to Miss Lewis. Because she has crossed his path a bachelorhood cherished by Mr. Hannum for 14 years will be relinquished. "Eleven of us were weak," said Major Frank Perrin, the first president of the club, and also one of the first to renounce single blessedness, "but we depended on Hannum to uphold the traditions of the club. He was the most elusive of all of us, and though he had a soft heart for the girls, I always regarded him as one of the most confirmed bachelors and the safest member the club had."

BANQUET FORTHCOMING NOW. Because of his defection, Mr. Hannum will have to treat the quondam bachelors to one of their old-time banquets, which used to make the walls of the old Colonial Hotel at Media ring with the merriment of the singletons. This is an inviolable rule of the club.

Eleven of the 12 original members of the club are living, and will be present at the feast. With the exception of Mr. Hannum, they are all married. They are Dr. Samuel A. Beal, Louis Hannum, H. Thompson Wilson, J. Bertram Ruth, Elbert Williamson, William Taylor and Major Frank Perrin, all of Media; Campbell M. Carr, of Radnor, and Carlos E. Hough and James Tongue, of Ridley Park. William Clement Lees, who was also a member, died about two years ago.

Much curiosity has always been exhibited regarding the club's insignia. It is on a heart-shaped pin, and consists of an eye, leering knowingly, engraved on the upper part, the four letters AMAM in a band around the center and the letter B at the bottom. Likewise the significance of the club's colors, black and red, always has been the subject of much comment. According to Major Perrin, though the members have broken their pledges and become benefactors, the secret meaning of the emblem and the colors has never been divulged.

HANNUM HELD MANY OFFICES. When a member so far forgets himself as to slip his head in the matrimonial noose, he becomes, in the parlance of the Bachelor Club, a member of the graveyard section. This means that, though he is welcome to all the meetings, he can have no voice in its affairs. For the last few years, Linwood Hannum has been president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, Ways and Means Committee, janitor and what not. In short, he has been "the whole shooting match," but now the club is in a quandary.

"I suppose the only thing left for us to do," Major Perrin said, "is to start a junior bachelors' club. Some of the members of the club, who have broken their pledges and become benefactors, the secret meaning of the emblem and the colors has never been divulged.

There are institutions for the friendless and the orphan," she says, "but no place but the alleys and byways, and after a while the dens of vice, for the child whose parents may be hopeless degenerates, forcing the innocent little victims out into the streets to solicit trade for the creature who bore them.

"Oh, the crying need for some kind of a home, be it ever so humble, wherein they might realize their longings to get away from the sight of drunkenness and debauchery and from the heartaches born of poverty and mother's woe."

"It is true that arguments are put up that it would encourage vice and destroy the feeling of responsibility in parents. That is theory and purely supposititious. The parents to whom I refer are far beyond any feeling of parental duty. In the meantime the deplorable condition exists and the innocent suffer.

Saving souls by uplifting fallen men and women is truly rescue mission work, but my whole heart and soul is alive to the urgent need of saving the children from following in the footsteps of their mothers and fathers. Save an infant, do you save a unit; save a child and you save a whole multiplication table."

Mrs. Thomas W. McKenty is the wife of the Rev. Thomas W. McKenty, who



REV. AND MRS. THOMAS W. MCKENTY AND DAUGHTER

RESCUE OF CHILDREN FROM EVIL ENVIRONMENT THIS WOMAN'S WORK

Mrs. Thomas W. McKenty has 115 Helpless Little Ones Under Her Watchful Guidance in Mission in Heart of the "Tenderloin" District.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" and "A stitch in time saves nine" may be two very homely and obsolete axioms, but they sum up the problem Mrs. Thomas W. McKenty is endeavoring to solve in her rescue work among the 115 children who attend the Rescue Mission Sunday School, at 242 North 8th street, in the very heart of the city's Tenderloin district.

She believes that in saving an adult you save a unit; in saving a child you save the whole multiplication table. That is the solution of the problem is to be found in the building and fitting of a home where some of the poor little victims of degenerate parents, who have never heard of the words "bath" or "dinner" or "care" may be placed so that they need not follow in the steps of their older sisters and mothers.

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has been in direct charge of the Rescue Mission of the Methodist Church, on 8th street near Vine, for the last 11 years. When the Rescue Mission Sunday school work fell into the hands of Mrs. McKenty it devolved upon one who, by her many years' experience in the public schools, was especially fitted to understand and be understood by the child in its impressionable age. "I believe that childhood is the crucial period of one's life," she says. "It is the time when there is a superabundance of energy, depending on the direction it is given as to where it shall lead.

"I have taken into my own home within the last four years six little girls from my district. It was a matter of realizing that there was nothing for them but a life of vice unless they were snatched away immediately. My own home was the only place I knew where they could be placed out of sin's way. True, they could have been sheltered for a time at a place which is virtually a resting place for the degraded women of the Tenderloin, who are simply awaiting a partial return to health that they may continue their careers, but where was the gain?"

"I have taught them housework in its fullest interpretation, as my mother taught me. Besides, I have taught them sewing, embroidery, crayon sketching, and to all my children in the mission I teach music (piano and vocal) and singing. It reaches deeper into their hearts than mere words of reproof and rebuke. This is my idea of the home for which I pray daily.

"It has been our experience to find that once the life has taken hold of the child, it is almost impossible to reach her conscience or heart."

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BEACH HAVEN, N. J. Re-opens July 10th Under personal direction of the owner.

NEW HOTEL BALDWIN BEACH HAVEN, N. J. DIRECTLY on the ocean with unobstructed view of bay or sea from 200 rooms. The ideal modern hotel of the Atlantic coast.

MADAME MODE SAYS DINING ON THE PORCH REAL SUMMER JOY

Families Nowadays Realize Comfort That May Be Gained by Outdoor Feast.

Maybe at some dim and distant future date, when life becomes too complicated for any toleration, people will go on strike, and becoming even as their primitive progenitors, live out in the altogether. But present indications and real records do not show any signs of immediate action being taken along this line and so in the meantime we have porches.

The possibilities of the porch for the family comfort during the summer months are unlimited. The time when this part of the domicile was regarded merely as the depository for uncomfortable chairs to be used only on summer nights. Such a thing as an outdoor porch or porch of your own is a thing unheard of, and to be done because it had never been done before.

Now the piazza can be converted into a dining room, sleeping room and room by the most conservative, and only the foolish who do not take advantage of this their only outdoor porch. When properly screened and "lined" the porch makes an ideal dining room, and in addition to the added amount of trouble. Almost every breeze which may be in circulation, diners are made to feel by this simple transposition of the table from a room to a cool porch that they are taking not of just an ordinary meal, but something in the nature of a dainty.

An interesting woman who is always the vanguard of sensible household arrangements has discovered that the porch served on the porch is not only enjoyable because of the cooler temperature, but that the appetites of her family, usually so jaded during the summer months, have been actually stimulated by the change.

"Carrying the food from the kitchen to the porch only takes a minute, but then getting it into the dining room is a matter of some time. The amount of the meal would be worth the amount of trouble. Almost every house boasts a lightweight table which can be taken out without much difficulty, and if the porch is attractively equipped, dining in the open becomes almost a little party. Instead of an ordinary meal, it is a social occasion, and it is a pleasure to be looked forward to."

Incidentally for the porch that is carefully screened Japanese lanterns furnish ideal lights if a late meal is to be indulged in or if a game of dominoes is to be played. They throw out a soft illumination sufficient to see by without giving forth blinding glare, and they make an attractive picture besides.

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

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Manuel Edel, 2328 Dethleff street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Protect your piano around the pedals—they so often become kicked and scratched where the feet reach the wood—by placing a piece of heavy cardboard, cut out to fit the pedals, on this spot. This may be procured at any store, and if you match the color of your wood it will never be noticed.

How Death Lurks In Your Mouth Sunday's article on "Why Good Teeth Mean a Long Life" was just the forerunner of this second—and even MORE important—article on the subject of mouth-hygiene by Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

Tracing the history of mankind by teeth-efficiency, Dr. Hutchinson gives you the vital facts about how your very life is governed by your two rows of ivories. You'll enjoy the humor and literary merit of this second article as much as you'll profit by the valuable information it offers. Be sure you read it in the

Sunday, July 11th

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