

UNFORTUNATE FIRST IMPRESSIONS OFTEN CAUSED BY TACTLESS MISTAKES

The Sting of a Well-meant but Thoughtless Criticism Penetrates More Deeply Than We Realize at the Time.

By ELLEN ADAIR

TACTLESSNESS, like the proverbial charity, covers a multitude of peccadilloes which are peculiarly annoying to other people, but are seldom realized by the perpetrator thereof.

For instance, don't you know the painfully accurate person who spoils your very best story by the interruption: "No, dear, it was Tuesday?" or "Not an Irish terrier, dearest, a collie!"

It doesn't make an atom of difference to the point of the story what was the particular day of the week or the species of dog. It is simply that this most aggravating type of mind cannot pass over an unimportant error and get to the important fact.

One great fault in many otherwise united families is a lack of tact. Perpetual teasing of some member goes on, and though it is kindly in its intent, it is a well-meant teasing, the jester in that family would be surprised if they realized how much their ill-placed remarks hurt.

For instance, in one family of my acquaintance—a delightful, interesting family, too—I have often heard the absence of good looks in one of the daughters openly lamented. Poor, plain Jane—the "ugly duckling" in a bevy of pretty sisters—does she ever get used to the more or less kindly criticism of her family?

It is said that much of the charm of the Frenchwoman is the result of being told from early childhood upward that she is charming. My French mother would ever dream of adversely criticizing her little girl's looks, or permitting schoolboy brothers to do so, either.

Therefore, the French demoiselle has ever a fascinating little air of dignity and pretty self-assurance; whereas our unfortunate little plain Jane is too often made into a shy, sensitive hermit.

A lack of tact is often shown in trifling money matters. Not very long ago I overheard an amusing conversation in a small restaurant. Two girls were having tea together, and when the waitress came along with the check, there was a regular fight as to which girl should pay.

"I insist on having the check," said one. "You are my guest, and I invited you to meet me here!" "My dear," said the other in a sepulchral whisper, which nevertheless was curiously penetrating: "You really cannot afford to pay! I should never dream of allowing it! My allowance is double yours, and I won't have you sacrificing yourself to entertain me!"

I really felt sorry for the unfortunate damsel whose monetary difficulties were thus publicly discussed in a restaurant, but I felt quite as sorry for her tactless friend. The latter was really more in need of pity, for as she goes through life she will make many enemies and few friends—unless she mends her ways.

Speaking of tactfulness in the setting of such trifling affairs as tea checks reminds me of two girls who made a regular commotion in a moving picture theatre through this form of "settling up." Tea rooms were attached to the picture house, and the fair damsels had been freely partaking of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

The picture house was crowded, and the girls in question were standing waiting at the rail. "Yes, we will settle up now!" said one in a loud voice. "I do think it's an excellent idea that we each pay our own share, don't you?" Now, can you remember just what you ate?"

"I drank three cups of tea," said the other in an equally audible tone, "and I ate two of these new pastry things—and oh! I've forgotten—a chocolate éclair!"

"Chocolates are 10 cents each," said the first business-like damsel, "so that would bring your share up to 50 cents. Then carfare was 10 cents—"

In vain the manager of the place remonstrated with the talkative maidens. Their zeal for "settling up" was too strong for silence. So the dreadful, maddening argument over a few nickels went on.

Finally one of the attendants became so exasperated with the complaints of the damsels that he literally rushed the silly damsel out! Then everybody cheered up and began to enjoy the pictures again.

But I overheard one old gentleman observing testily, "A tactless woman is the greatest curse on earth!"



How to make-up over scarlet sun-burn. Soften with any grease, dust on brown Talcum, add white, then plaster more thick and go out. The effect will be the tints of a ripened soda-biscuit.

FOX TROTTERS WEAR PRESERVERS DANCING ON DECK IN WAR ZONE

Passengers Cannot Down Fear When Liner's Crew Lower Life-boats, Ready for Use—"Thank God for America!" Man Cries as Band Plays.

By ELLEN ADAIR

Staff Correspondent Evening Ledger

LIVERPOOL, June 25.—Danger, wild rumors and tense excitement marked the American liner St. Paul's voyage to England. Weighted down in the water with that strangely heavy cargo of hers, and with 98 souls on board, on June 13 she slowly steamed out of New York harbor, while the tremendous cheering of the immense crowds on the dock drowned even the persistent music of the deck band.

It was a wonderful and a solemn scene—for the dangers of the terrible war and the tragedy of the ill-fated Lusitania were in the minds of everyone. Wives clung despairingly to their soldier-husbands long after the bell for "visitors ashore" had rung, mothers wept over their sons who were off for the front, and on the face of every passenger on board was a look of set purpose, of duty to be performed no matter what the cost might be.

For we were no gay crowd off on a pleasure trip to Europe. Floating mines, German torpedoes and Zeppelins make holiday companions. And when the luncheon bugle sounded, and I went below, I thought that never before had I seen such a crowd of intensely interesting faces.

There were 215 passengers in the first class, most of whom were Americans. My seat was at the captain's table, and next me sat Philip Merivale, the English actor, who had made such a success in America last winter in Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," and with Granville Barker in Greek tragedies.

"You remind me so much of 'Professor Higgins,' who played with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Philadelphia," I said. "He was wonderfully clever, and everybody said—"

"Nice things, I hope," said my new neighbor, "because I really am 'Higgins,' you know."

On my other side was young Lord Ossulton, eldest son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Tankerville, who was returning from college near Boston to Chillingham Castle and his Northumberland estates.

Opposite me sat Mr. Granville Barker, the English playwright, with his equally celebrated actress-wife, Miss Lillah McCarthy, whose performance in Greek tragedy at the University of Pennsylvania and at Harvard University made such a sensation. Any one who has seen Miss McCarthy on the stage must admire her body of a young woman with the bearing of an old woman.

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to be run. The older folk participated in little gaiety. Many of them were American men who were going over to Belgium with their private motorcars to work with the Red Cross. Others were related officers from Canada and Australia going straight to the front. Three were joining the Royal Flying Corps.

The wonders of wireless telegraphy impressed greatly me. Its mechanism is beyond me, but this I do know, because I saw and heard it: a handle was turned, a lever and a button were pressed, and in one fraction of a second a ship probably 200 miles away was answering with its little click, click in my ear! The ship, like every other vessel in time of war, would neither give its name nor exact location, but was willing to talk. And we had hailed it and received its answer quicker than one could draw a single breath!

DANCING WITH DANGER On the night of Friday, June 25, as we were approaching the war zone, a big dance was given on deck. I shall never forget that dance. The Chinese lanterns shone on a gay scene, but as each fox-trotter or one-step partner we each walked straight to our particular life-preserver

A FASHIONABLE SILK FROCK FOR THE WOMAN OF MATURE YEARS

ONE of the best places to see the newest and most becoming fashions is on the stage. There is a good reason for this. The success of an actress often depends upon the taste she displays in costume. Her success with the majority of people. Besides this, certain productions, such as comic operettas and the like, are justly famous for the elaborateness of their extremely up-to-date creations. The models for these gowns come straight from Paris, and, no matter what the cost, they are reproduced perfectly.

A renowned French designer has sent us the model for this rose-colored evening frock—Blanche Coutain, of the Rue de la Paix. One of the particularly noticeable features of this gown is the fact that it is evidently designed with an eye to dressing the stout woman fashionably. This is a thing which requires special attention and a good deal of practical knowledge.

The bodice is made in the simple surplice style, with no trimming—not even a lace collar to relieve the severity of line at the neck. The sleeves are short, with wide turned-back cuffs, showing an under ruffle of cream shadow lace.

Cordings of rose silk are used to outline the shoulder seams. The skirt is decidedly full, with a dainty edging of silk tassels—also rose-colored—all around the tunic. Large flaps, made to imitate the fashionable pockets of a man's caught-in-place jacket, are short, with wide turned-back cuffs, showing an under ruffle of cream shadow lace.

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WOMEN OF HORTICULTURAL SCHOOL AT WORK

and in a would-be careless fashion saw that the straps were fixed on tight. One young couple, honeymooners of the theatrical world, cheerfully fox-trotted down the decks with their life-preservers buckled on them.

I came on deck early on the morning of Saturday, June 26, and there were the sailors lowering all the life-boats, ready for passengers at a moment's notice, while others were releasing the rafts and preparing the life-saving devices. Others were carrying bales of life-preservers to the decks. It was only too obvious now that we were indeed in the war zone.

Away from the horizon, off the starboard bow, we sighted a superdreadnought! In vain the captain signalled it. In vain the Marconi office called it. It utterly refused to answer. And the ship veered a little and changed the direct line of her course.

Later, a British ship called us to keep well south of the coast of Ireland and to look out for mines. At dinner that night our gay central table was quieter than usual, perhaps because Captain Passow looked anxious, and ate hurriedly. He had not changed to evening clothes, but wore his uniform. He hurried back to the bridge at the earliest moment.

Suddenly the orchestra struck up the Marseillaise, and the tension deepened as the entire saloon rose to their feet and broke into wild cheers. Above the noise of the wind and waves, the wild flapping of the canvas, which surrounded the decks, and the cheers of the passengers, the music changed to the Belgian national anthem. Every one was keyed up to the highest nervous strain. The Russian National Anthem was played, then "Rule Britannia," and then "The Star-Spangled Banner." The cheers became deafening, and one old gentleman—I don't know his name, but I liked him—with tears streaming down his cheeks shook me wildly by the hand.

"THANK GOD FOR AMERICA." "Do you hear that?" he cried. "We're in the war-zone, but it's the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, thank God for America!"

On the side of the ship, in enormous letters which sprawled from stem to stern, was painted in white "American Line, St. Paul." And that night great poles were hung down with blazing lights to beat on the letters so that five miles, 10, 20 miles, away at sea, the German submarines could read the words.

I heard that the stokers went on mutiny that night. The tension had been too strong that no submarine could mistake its nationality. And, clinging tightly to that flag-staff, a life preserver round her and her hair streaming in the wind, lay a woman sound asleep, a look of utter peace on her face—and the American flag-staff clutched close against her heart!

Doctor and Nurse Upset Parents' Plans.

Plans their parents had made for a church wedding complete with all fittings, Dr. George A. Enion, chief resident physician of St. Luke's Hospital, and Miss Carolyn Banworth, a graduate of St. Luke's School for Nurses, who rode quietly up Broad street and turning one block to the right, stopped at the home of the Rev. S. W. Purvis, at 252 North 13th street, where they were married.

Doctor Enion, who was graduated from Hahlemann College in 1913, had tried vainly to discourage the plans of his parents, who live at 2310 Providence street in Chester. On Saturday he will sever his connection with St. Luke's and leave with his bride for a wedding trip through New England.

Unity Urged at Camp-Meeting

Church unity was the keynote of addresses at the opening of the 35th season of the Simpson Grove camp-meeting at Treviso. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, who has served as treasurer of the Philadelphia Conference for 41 years, preached the first sermon at the opening service. Doctor Kirkpatrick is president of the Camp-meeting Association.

Vacation Day Precautions

It's a great annoyance to find yourself far from home and unable to obtain your favorite newspaper. Before you go away notify the Evening Ledger to have your paper sent to you. Specify the edition desired.

Advertisement for Women's Shoe Specials, featuring pumps and colonials for \$2.90, custom models for \$4.25, and pure dye silk stockings for 95c. Includes the Geating's logo and address: 1230 Market Street, Philadelphia.

YOU AND YOUR POCKETBOOK ARE WELCOME TO CHURCH LAWN FETE



MRS. NETTIE BROADWELL, CHAIRMAN



MRS. WILLIAM P. FINLEY, PRESIDENT

Women of Siloam Queen Esther Circle Are Making Great Preparations to Entertain Their Guests Tomorrow Night

"COME and bring your pocketbook," says a great white mullin invitation on the lawn of the Siloam Methodist Episcopal Church, at the corner of 70th street and Woodland avenue, West Philadelphia. The women of the Queen Esther Circle cordially assure all persons a welcome to their fete and bake, which is to be held tomorrow night on the church lawn.

Great preparations for the fete are being made by a lively, happy throng of people from far and near is expected to participate in the festivities. Myriads of lighted Japanese lanterns will sway gently in the summer night wind, and shed a soft light on the gaily decorated booths below, from which wares sold in snow-white gowns will dispense ice-cold drinks and a variety of toothsome goodies.

A few persons have been prevailed upon to operate fitness so that those who want a little additional joy after indulgence in a plate of ice cream may be indulged in the night to their hearts' content, providing their nickels hold out.

Mrs. William P. Finley is president of the circle, which is a home missionary society, with a membership of from 15 to 100 women. Miss Myrtle E. Gaul is chairman of the lawn fete committee.

THE LAKE BREEZE STARTS A RACE

OUT on the lake a little waterdrop dangled idly on the waves. "I think I'll go on a long journey to the sun this morning. The shining ladders are ready for me!"

A second little raindrop looked and sure enough. There hanging down from the bright blue sky was a thousand golden ladders dangling in the breeze, plainly saying to the waterdrops, "Here! Climb on me! I will take you to the sky!"

"They do look pleasant, don't they?" said the second little waterdrop. "I'm not so sure I want to leave the lake, I like to drift about. I like to ride hither and yon on the waves—to toss high on the water; then sink down, down in the valleys between the wave crests."

"Yes?" asked the first little raindrop doubtfully. "That is pleasant, of course, but think of the fun in the sky! Come, let's be going!"

But they had waited too long! While they were talking, the bright blue sky had darkened. The golden ladders had been drawn up, one by one. All that was left was the golden ladder that had seemed so sure and firm. And back the waterdrop fell, "splashing into the lake."

"There now, see what you made me do!" cried the second little waterdrop. "I should have been ready to climb when you were talking. I should have been ready to climb when you were talking. I should have been ready to climb when you were talking."

claimed the second waterdrop in real distress. "I didn't mean to make trouble. Is there no fun on the lake? Can't we have any good time?"

"The first waterdrop was too crooked to answer. But that didn't matter, for just at that very minute, along came a jolly little breeze. 'Want to play with me?' he shouted, and the waterdrop, glad for something to do, replied that he did."

"But wait a minute," the waterdrop said. "I must get my brother. He wants fun too." The jolly breeze helped hunt among the waves till they found the sulky waterdrop (who, by the way, was tired of sulking now) and they started the frolic.

Back and forth across the water that breeze blew the waterdrops till they were breathless with the rushing and the laughing. "Now," he cried, "I'm going to race you to shore!" He set behind the waterdrops and blew with all his might, and that is the reason why the jolly little waterdrop dashed up on the shore so breathless and so gay!

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The Evening Ledger will award a daily prize for the best opinion suggested on an entertainment. The subject of the contest will be "My Most Successful Entertainment." All suggestions should be a reasonable length, and some should be accompanied by a photograph. Send to the Entertainment Editor, Evening Ledger, 1230 Market Street, Philadelphia.

But despite all the surface gaiety, we knew that the gamut of the war zone had