

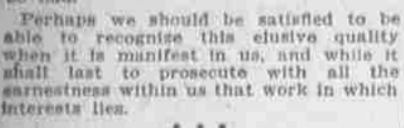
INTEREST VERSUS INSPIRATION; THE GIFT OF ENTHUSIASM

Recalling Thomas Edison's Famous Definition of Genius as "One-third Inspiration and Two-thirds Perspiration."

By ELLEN ADAIR

ENTHUSIASM may safely be regarded as a gift, for it is doubtful that if the gods were to award a rich prize to him who should devise a recipe for interest that any one would be able to define a formula.

any cause enthusiasm is lacking. The master may criticize the finished canvas or the thesis, but he cannot supply the urge from within that musicians and painters reverently call inspiration.



The hope of gain and even the price of bread will frequently furnish the motives that lead to proficiency in many arts and sciences, and if the comfort that virtue brings will explain the reason for righteousness. But the force that kindles into life that divine spark of enthusiasm, which sometimes bursts into a flame called genius, will probably be veiled in mystery.

Enthusiasm is not the only requisite of genius, but genius is never found without it. And it is indispensable to the satisfactory performance of the simplest tasks.

The woman who adopts the law as a study, the girl medical student entering comparatively new fields for women have felt the inspiration. The woman artist may as well never enter the studio if for

COLUMBINE SCALLOPS A DAINY FINISH ON CHILDREN'S DRESSES

I HAVE been wandering through the shops looking at the newest creations for little girls. There are plenty of varied styles, so that it is possible to suit every imaginable type—the thin youngster, the chubby child or the happy medium.

Thousands of trees in all parts of the city are being denuded of their leaves by the ravages of the "tussock moth" caterpillar.

A pretty habit of using colored silks—roses, baby or old blues, and flesh pinks especially—for a child's party gown has come over to this side straight from the foremost designers of children's wear in Paris.

CATERPILLAR RAVAGES TREES OF THE CITY

Tussock Moth Destroying Foliage of Public Squares and Fairmount Park.

Private Wilson gazed out of the window and the look on his face was one of some terrible memory, too terrible to relate.

THE TOAD CROAKS FOR A SHOWER

"OH, DEAR, but I wish it would rain," grumbled Mr. Garden Toad as he hopped dully around in the dry and dusty flower bed.

A DAINY LAMP SHADE

Skill and Taste May Produce One at Normal Cost.

A reproduction of the handsome cretonne or silk lamp shades which are being retailed in the shops at \$5 and \$10 may be made at home by the woman who is handy with the needle at a small expense and very little work.



"What bliss!" muttered Mr. Toad from the depths of the first puddle. "Next time I want something, I'll croak for it!"

Tommy Sparrow was glad to come down to the garden path and talk the matter over.

They all thought that was worth trying. So Mr. Toad began to croak (such mournful croaking you never heard) and Billy and Tommy Sparrow flattered and scolded and argued in the dust of the garden—till would you believe it?

Keeping in Touch With Home

You never forget the home town, even as the most absorbent materials. How in touch with home affairs by seeing in it that your favorite newspaper follows you wherever you go.

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How to be seen to advantage. Select the windy corner of a fashionable street and pause in the breeze. The new styles have possibilities even in a zephyr.

WAR HORRORS TOLD

ELLEN ADAIR BY 'TOMMY'

condition of the bullet-riddled uniform, the invitation was a terribly solemn and ominous one.

"Can you picture a battlefield where the dead have been lying for months and months?" said he. "That's where I fought. When we get a chance we bury the dead in the trenches beneath us. But the rain washes the earth away, and then we're standing right on them. It's ghastly."

"Not in this world," said he. "When your skull has been torn by a high explosive, when your days and nights for months have been spent up to the arms in icy water till the pains made you long to die, when you've had a touch of appalling gas that tears your lungs to pieces and seen horrors that are unspeakable and unprintable, you'll never believe the same things again."

"This isn't war," said he. "It's a little war. You tell me a little about it!"

"You're a woman," said he. "I can't tell you the tortures—unspeakable horrors—sights that drove men, raving insane—I only want to forget."

"STANDING ON CORPSES."

We sat quite silent for a time. Private Wilson with his head buried in his hands. Then suddenly he began to speak.

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2000 "LITTLE MOTHERS" TAUGHT CARE OF BABY

Child Federation Supervising Practical Demonstrations to Classes in Hygiene.

More than 2000 "little mothers" in this city, the majority of them less than 12 years old, are learning how to care for their baby brothers and sisters through the hot summer months by witnessing practical demonstrations in "baby hygiene" on a life-size baby doll.

The work of instruction is being carried on by the Child Federation, under the supervision of Mrs. William N. Bradley. She has organized a new branch of the "Little Mother's League" in an effort to reach the thousands of homes in the poorer sections of the city, where the sweltering heat brings the infant mortality rate to an appalling high figure.

The baby-saving classes are intensely popular. They are conducted every Tuesday afternoon, the majority of them outdoors, in 32 well-chosen locations, such as school play grounds, recreation centers, settlements, hospital dispensaries and vocational schools. Each class is under the direction of two teachers, who follow a plan of instruction outlined by physicians connected with the Child Federation, through the medium of practical instruction given them each Tuesday at a teachers' class conducted at the School for Social Service, 425 South 15th street.

"LITTLE MOTHERS' PUPILS IN PART

The "little mothers" were not unacquainted with work done by the Child Federation in bettering conditions in their neighborhoods. They had attended classes in which general sanitation was taught during the winter, and when it was announced that the Little Mothers' League would convene for its first summer session July 13 the news spread rapidly. On that day girls trudged for miles over the hot city streets to attend the demonstrations.

They were not disappointed. On the contrary, they were astonished to find their instructors equipped with a baby doll, "just like it was real," baby clothes, sleeping basket, bath tub and all other paraphernalia necessary for the thorough instruction in the care of the baby, from lifting and handling the baby, the next day in dressing, and Tuesday of next week the "little mothers" will be instructed in the sanitation of the baby's home.

The league will continue its summer course until early in September, and in the meantime the lessons are becoming more and more popular and there is an eagerness to undergo instruction in localities not touched at present. But the cost of establishing such classes is an important item. The Child Federation this week opened a "Little Mothers' League" fund at the Southern Home for Destitute Children, and the equipment, costing \$20, is the last at its disposal.

TAKE PRIDE IN ORGANIZATION.

The children take great pride in their organization. Each wears a blue and gold button encircled with the words, "Child Federation" and encloses the legend, "Little Mothers' League." Attendance is recorded and at the end of the summer each of the pupils will receive a "sure-nuff" certificate signed by Albert Cross, managing director of the federation, and Mrs. William N. Bradley, their supervisor.

When the girls have been "graduated" they will have lessons for look for when the baby cries; they will know that to lift child by the arms may disjunct the shoulder blades; that to kiss a child on the mouth is to endanger his health, and that the fly is a deadly enemy, to be "swatted" on every occasion. They will recognize the "whoop" of whooping cough and the spots denoting measles. The "little mothers" will be competent to care for the babies' feeding bottles, baths and clothing, and will know that pacifiers are to be regarded with suspicion. They will not "spoil" the baby by picking him up, fussing, nor will they permit the sucking of thumbs or other bad baby habits.

Mrs. Bradley pronounces the "Little Mothers' League" a "terrific success," and asserts that there are no longer any doubts as to the permanency of the work.

"The mothers of these little girls are hard to reach," she said. "Many of them are not even able to read, but by following out our plan of preventive rather than cure, a work is being accomplished which will have a telling effect on future generations, when these girls themselves have become mothers."

A "PRIMEVAL" MARRIAGE

Bryn Mawr Girl Principal in Eaglesmere Wedding.

A Bryn Mawr graduate, Miss Anna Welles, of Paris, France, was one of the principals in a "primeval" wedding, which took place late yesterday afternoon in the forest near Eaglesmere, Pa. Miss Welles and John Wylie Brown, of Conestoga, Pa., were married by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Thomas, of Lewisburg, a brother of the bride.

The bridegroom is in executive position in the American Chamber of Commerce in Conestoga, Pa. Mrs. Brown is a recent graduate of Bryn Mawr. She is a daughter of F. B. Welles, a vice president of the Western Electric Company in Europe. Attendants at the wedding were Paul R. Welles and Robert C. Welles, brothers of the bride. All were educated in the United States.

Champ Clark for Suffrage

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14.—Champ Clark, speaker of the House, faced a band of suffragists in a hotel lobby here and pledged allegiance to their cause.

"I expect to see Missouri added to the suffrage States soon, and I am going to help," he said. He promised to write later as to whether in the next Congress he would support the Senate B. Anthony amendment for equal suffrage.

HOME FOR AGED COUPLES WELL DESERVES ITS NAME

Miss Shreve, Its Matron, Has Banished the Institutional Aspect and Substituted the Real Domestic Spirit Which Brings Comfort to Those Who Dwell There.



MISS MARIANA SHREVE

OUT at the Home for Aged Couples, at 1123 Francis street, such a wonderfully homelike atmosphere prevails as to make one entirely forget it is an institution.

In fact, bringing it up to this standard is just what Miss Mariana Shreve, matron of the home, has been striving for ever since she took charge of it 23 years ago.

There here days are spent mothering these gentle aged folk who while away their hours doing the things they most enjoy or chatting reminiscently about the things that happened in the dear old days.

A peep around the place will disclose some few things suggestive of the fixed ideas of the long ago, ideas which have been rules of good old-fashioned homes for generations; the parlor shades are severely drawn, for whoever heard of our beloved grandmothers exposing to the unkind rays of the sun that sacred bit of furniture, the parlor carpet? Patchwork quilts, representing the labor of months, are neatly folded and laid across the foot of the bed, for whoever heard of a home which was complete without a goodly number of these splendid polychromatic gems?

"Men and women are too young at 60 nowadays," said Miss Shreve with an engaging smile, "to be content in a home. They love the pretty things and excitement of active life just as much as the younger generation, and are not satisfied to pass away their declining years in idleness. So we have changed the age of admittance to 65 years."

Just as your mother and mine was ever mindful of our many needs, of our longings for the pretty gawgaws of dress, of our love for a bright, attractive home; of the multitudinous details which must be attended to in the management of a household; of the dollar which must be stretched just as far as careful planning and judicious buying would permit, just so does this loyal executive exercise her judgment and devote her time and energy in the discharge of her duties as matron, that these dear, aged charges, many of whom have passed their three-score years and ten, may have a home in the truest, fullest sense of the word.

"I buy the very best which the home can afford," continued Miss Shreve, the veracity of which statement was attested by a trip to the dining room, where two of the girls, fairly gorged under the weight of goodness, and by the delicious odor that was wafted inward from the cook's domain.

"We have no State or city support," said the matron in answer to a question of maintenance. The inmates pay \$500 life fee, and the other moneys are received by special contributions of legacies. We have no endowment fund, and many times it is a matter of deep concern just where or how to turn to meet the current expenses, owing to lack of funds."

This home enjoys the distinction of being the oldest non-sectarian home for aged couples in the United States, and the only non-sectarian home for aged couples in the city.

"I had been a school teacher up until the time I accepted this position, 23 years ago," said Miss Shreve. "I never liked it, however, as my tastes and interests were more domestic. Everything concerning the management of a home attracted me. My sisters very much questioned my ability to become an efficient matron, but I told them I just knew I could do the work. So in the face of their opposition I began my work here. In those days the place was distinctly an institution. Today it is distinctly non-institutional in every phase. The couples come and go as they please, the only rule of the house being that they must be in by 10 o'clock at night."

Miss Shreve has not only been loyal and assiduous in her lifework, but has throughout her years of service exercised rare judgment and womanly influence, which has won the love and devotion and absolute trust of all of her charges.

She is already planning a bazaar to raise more money for the support of the Home, which will be held in November.

WOMEN OF OLD EGYPT SEEK EMANCIPATION

Movement in Land of East Looking to Their Freedom Steadily Progresses.

CAIRO, July 14.—A great movement is on foot in Egypt for the emancipation of woman. Notwithstanding the roar of battle within measurable distance of the capital the movement is steadily taking shape. Without doubt it will bring about a great radical change in this time-bound land and effect a great step toward the modernization of the country.

A stumbling-block exists at the moment in the religious aspect of the case, as a Moslem will never abate one jot of tithe of his faith. But the difficulty is not insuperable. The conservative hold that there is nothing in the Koran which shames a woman to display her features. It rests with the Rector of El Azhar and the Grand Mufti, the highest exponents of Moslem law, to settle this difference, if they can be persuaded to do so.

Many of the older members of the committee are raising the cry that the new departure will tend to greater immorality, but this is refuted by pointing to the Coptic Catholics, who are as well able to take care of themselves as are any other women in the country.

The one great point of agreement is that in favor the higher education of women, and agree that woman is meant to be man's helpmeet, and not his slave. The Egyptian newspapers are warmly discussing the pros and cons of the movement, in which many women are taking part. Every sympathizer has the right to be gratified at the present outlook of the discussion, as it augurs well for the future of the Moslem woman.

Portland Glad to See Liberty Bell

Mayor H. R. Albee, of Portland, Ore., sent to Mayor Blankenburg last night the following telegram:

"On behalf of Portland, I wish to thank you and through you the people of Philadelphia for the opportunity granted us of seeing the Liberty Bell. Its presence has done much to stimulate patriotism and served as a great inspiration, especially to the children. The citizens turned out en masse and official welcome was extended to the Philadelphia party. Everything went nicely, the bell leaving on scheduled time."

The Lullaby

Low is the note in the sweep of life, Lost in the wild of transient strife, Yet is heard the Slumber Song!

Plaintive and sweet are the notes that Deep in the wall of noise and heat, Still we hear the Slumber Song!

Roar of the cobbles and clang of cars, Mighty the sound of the city's wars, In their midst, the Slumber Song!

And all for the gain of a golden crown, Trying with clamor the song to drown— And the while, the Slumber Song!

—Gordon Ware, in Southern Woman's Magazine.

Advertisement for PEARL BORAX SOAP, featuring a large illustration of the soap box and text describing its benefits for cleaning and laundry.