### HAPPINESS AND THE COMMONPLACE; THE GIFT OF BEING ORDINARY

Moodiness and Periods of Depression Are Often the Portion of the Genius-The Ordinary Girl's Life Flows in Smoother Channels,

## By ELLEN ADAIR

siay-at-home girl to me recently. "I have always wanted to be clever and Interesting, and have people point me out as different from the commonplace girls as different from the commonplace girls one meets every day. But after trying

writer feels that life | will she be judged. has dealt unjustly with her in ralling to bequeath qualities and gifts above the average. "I can't even play the plano time in practicing.
There really doesn't acem any particular thing I can do well, and it does seem

This maiden, all forlorn, quite over-looks the fact that, after all, the world is pretty largely made up of "ordinary" people, and that the ordinary people manage to have a very good time, too.
It is the ordinary men and women who
attend to the small but necessary busi-

The geniuses are too busy to look after small things-and then geniuses are so . . .

ness that goes to make up the great sum total of our lives and the world's affairs

"If I were only passably good-looking I should at least have something to compensate," continues the writer of the letter, but that consolation has been denied me also!

denied me also!

"Although I have studied quite hard and read all sorts of books with a view to improving my mind, my conversation is far from being either witty or entertaining."



But the "ordinary" solutions, if she only knew it. Pretty and witty girls win any amount of admiration—loudly ex-pressed; but who goes out of his way to praise the ordi-nary girl? All the same, she wins just as much love as her brilliant sisters, and sometimes even more.
For many people fight shy of the beautiful or clever

girl. They fear that she is out of reach; that she will not condescend to their level. And so they turn to the girl who has no wonderful gifts to make their own feel small in

AM so disappointed that I can't do feel small. And this is precisely the efanything really brilliant," wrote a feet which many brilliant people have on others. The light which beats on

and falling miserably. I have at last come to the conclusion that I am very ordinary!"

The letter goes on in a somewhat mel-A great deal of quiet happiness is to in a somewhat melation ancholy strain. The set up a standard for herself, to which ancholy strain. The set up a standard for herself, to which ancholy strain.

> The brilliant girl must live up to her character. She cannot afford to descend from her pedestal, as it were. There is a constant demand on her time, her in-tellect. And if she lapses from the high well." she declares,
> "although I have
> spent a great deal of
> time in practicing.
> There really doesn't

seem able to escape from these attacks But the ordinary girl is differently constituted. She is of a more placid dis-position, less liable to moods and sudden changes of "temperature." The standard set up for her makes stringent demands on her temper. Life flows along in smooth and easy

channels. A great deal of quiet happiness lies lead directly to the public school lawn in the commonplace. The uneventful career of which one seldom hears is frequently filled with a deeper joy than the one which its every movement recorded in the columns of

and Saturday.

parish hall.

The occasion for this jocund exedus

from happy homes is to be the lawn party and prize drawing given by the B. V. M. Sodality of St. Charles' Church, of Oas-

view, and held on the public school lawn

at Baltimore avenue and Diamond street, Clifton Heights, the purpose of the affair

being to raise funds to pay off the indeht-edness of the new parochial school and

No county fair ever excelled for variety

to make this series of nocturnal festivals live in the minds of the participants as

Money is to be given away! Not the wooden nickels of "You know me, Al" fame, but four orbicular, tangible, glitter-

ing, honest-to-goodness gold pieces, rang-ing in value from \$30 to \$2.50. This scheme

ELLEN ADAIR CALLS ON

ecruiting. Yesterday, July 4, I motored from Lon-

don through Epping Forest and on to the Red Cross Hospital in Saffron Waldon, Essex. The beautiful little villages were fust crammed with soldiers, and the cot-

Epping Forest is perfectly beautiful, with its wonderful old trees, its ferns and its wild flowers and its drifting shad-

ows. The road winds through the deep-est and loneliest part of the immense for-

Continued from Page One

just the best time ever.

The writer of the letter previously quoted deplores the fact that she is not endowed with good looks. But let her listen to the words of a certain beautiful woman on this very subject. "Good looks are more of a trial than

newspapers.

No county fair ever excelled for variety of entertainment the medley of amusements which this committee has planned nor emerged in gayer habiliments than provided for in the artistic decoration of the booths and tables by flags, bunting and varicolored crepe paper. Additional splendor will be lent the scene by the illumination from hundreds of electric light bulbs placed in Japanese lanterns to produce a softened light. a blessing," declares the latter stoutly. "From my childhood I have always been considered a beauty. And what an in terminable nuisance it has been! I couldn't do this and I couldn't do that, I couldn't ent this and I couldn't eat that, all because care of my looks had to be considered first and foremost.
"And I have few real friends. Women

bulbs placed in Japanese lanterns to produce a softened light.

The members of this active organization of the church, of which the Rev. M. G. Scully la pastor, have been busily engaged under the direct supervision of the Rev. John J. Moran, chairman of the committee on arrangements, in perfecting plans do not trust me. They fear that I shall steal their sweethearts or their husbands from them. Men are nearly as bad, 'She is too pretty to consider seriously,' they declare. 'She never would be contented to give up her social life and settle down.' So, I have grown to hate my own good

The ordinary girl need never despair For life offers her many compensations and saves her many problems that would beset her pathway were she the genius or No man or woman likes being made to the beauty she aspires to be-and is not

## IN SODALITY LAWN PARTY AT CLIFTON HEIGHTS



very happy and bright—but then there is something exhibitating about the wonderful air of Epping Forest. Few of these was done when the wind was favorable.

KATHERINE, MAHONEY

later will be fully realized! At length the beautiful little village of Saffron Waldon was reached, and we arrived at the Red Cross Hospital. It was a wonderfully equipped place, and every care and every medical invention and de-

perately shattered in health. Their nerves and all gone to pieces, too, and one young man who had been walking about the grounds without the assistance of a nurse or even a walking stick suddenly burst into tears and cried like a baby. "Lots of them do that," said one of the nurses, "particularly if a door slams or any sudlen noise startles them. No human being other than a soldier can realize what they've come through."

second attempt to reach Calais. Their ttack commenced about 4:30 p. m. with heavy artillery charge, followed by

men have been to the front, and, therefore, all are eager to get there, "Just to have a shot at the Germans!" is their one, all-consuming desire—a desire which was thus left open for the Germans to was thus left open for the Germans to one, all-consuming desire-a desire which advance through, and two British divi-sions were exposed to fire.

GERTRUDE

held the trench against 8000 Prussian Guards and 35,000 cavalry. But when all was over and victory only a very few hundred of us left.

HAND TO HAND IN THE DARK. "That wild charge in the dark was a thrilling affair. A dozen times I tripped and fell over the bodies of dead and wounded Germans, and came face to face with living ones in hand-to-hand battles. It's a queer feeling fighting a man for your life, but when your blood is up you don't care what you do. You feel quite mad-you have to feel mad or you couldn't run cold steel through every man you meet!

"Just toward the end of the engagement. I was shot above the right eye, but I felt no pain, only inconvenience from the blood pouring into the eye. Then I was shot below the kneecap, and just after that happened a terrible thing occurred to my best friend. He was a bomb-thrower and his name was Mundy.

The bomb was constructed to be thrown to yards, and in the excitement of things he held a bomb a little too long before throwing it among the Germans, and it expleded, tearing off the whole of his right arm and ripping his right side open all the way down!

"He was guite conscious and could

all the way down!

"He was quite conscious and could speak, so I carried him about a quarter of a mile—dragged him, rather, for my kneecap wasn't exactly comfortable. He was awfully brave all the time, poor Mundy, but suddenly he went quite mad, and boiled in the darkness straight into the decreas lives where of currie, he the German lines, where, of course, he was instantly shot to pieces. It was a good thing, too, for he was in a terrible

"Another awful scene occurred when the French retired. They called out to the civilians that the Germans had broken through and were advancing from Ypres. The women all became panic-stricken and started to run for Ypres, which was being heavily shelled by the Germans. It was a terrible position for the poor creatures—on one side the Ger-mans, and on the other the burning city

BARRICADE OF DEAD.

"The dead were so thick that we used them as barricades. Many of them had lain there since the first battle for Calals in October. Many and many a time have I shot from behind a barricade of dead heaped up to a height of six feet in one long line.

GERMANS WASTE SOLDIERS. 'That is one method of German war-fare, you know. The first line advances and is moved down like corn by our artillery. The next line then advances and is in turn shot down, falling upon the bodies of their comrades. When suf-ficient men are shot down to form a barricade, the Germans continue opera-tions behind the wall of dead.

"Asphyxiating gas is the most terrible thing one can imagine. You see men screaming to be shot when they have been poisoned by it. It seems to tear their lungs to pieces. I myself had the mercat touch of it once, and I can assure you that it is agonizing-infinitely worse than any wound!

"Before this bayonet wound in the leg laid me out altogether," continued Private Edwards, "I visited a nunnery near Caestre, in northern France, and was shocked to see the nuns had been killed and horribly mutilated. Going through the Belgian villages was a horror to me. Women and children and old men were lying everywhere, and the women, in par-ticular, were outrageously mutilated. I talked with lots of small Belgian boys, who had had their hands cut off, and there were many dead boys, just children, lying around with their feet cut off.

GERMAN ATROCITIES, "The atrocities were so terrible that I hate even to think of them, and I only wish I could forget the sights I saw in Belgium and Flanders. Three of our men were crucified by the Germans. I saw one of them bayoneted up against a barn door-and that's another thing I wish I

"Our dressing stations were, of course, perpetually shelled by the Germans, and the wounded were always fired on as they were carried off the field. One shell hit a Red Cross wagon, killing and completely carrying away six founded soldiers inside. But above the roar of battle the chauffeur didn't hear anything odd and he drove on to Steenstardt. It was only when he arrived there that he discovered the tragedy-and his empty wagon."

TORTURED BY WOUNDS "Did you suffer much pain with your three seperate wounds?" Inquired one of

"I'm afraid they did hurt a little," said Private Edwards reluctantly and in quite an apologetic tone. You see for 19 days after I had no medical attention, but had to lie around in the trenches, my leg roughly bandaged up by myself and a large bullet below the kneecap, as well as the bayonet cut, which was 10 inches long and very deep. But what worried me more was that I went totally blind for several weeks. A high-explosive shell had burst near me, and the concussion blinded me. My sight has come back at last, and I have very much to be thank-

ful for! Don't you think so?"
We made no reply, for the horrors of
the war has gripped us all too tightly for

## ADVICE GIVEN MOTHERS ON NURSING OF BABIES

Child Federation Issues Instructions in Third of Ita "Street Bulletins."

The third in a series of what are ermed "street bulletins" in the interest of the proper care of bables has been issued by the Child Federation. The bulletin confines itself to instructions as to

the nursing of babies. It follows: "If you love your baby, NURSE IT, Mother's breast milk is safe-no dirt nor germs. Remember seven bottle-fed bables germs. Remember seven bottle-fed bables die to every one breast-fed baby. The baby will be well if you go to bad early. Eat the best food you can get. Drink a quart of milk a day. Drink water freely between meals. Reat whenever you can. Drink very little beer, wine or whisky.

whisky. "Feed your baby from one breast at a nursing, and do not nurse longer than 20 minutes at a breast.

20 minutes at a breast.

"Nurse regularly by the clock, and not EVERY TIME the baby cries. If your baby does not gain in weight and you want to wean it consuit a doctor.

"If you follow this advice your breast milk will agree with the baby.

"Telephone numbers to remember."

"If your baby is sick-Electrical Bu-reau 91. Sanitary Division, Bureau of Health-

Electrical Bureau 247. "Emergency Call for Fire and Police-Spruce 20. Information-Call the Child Federation, Locust 4125."

WILL RESCUE DR. SHAW'S AUTO

Suffragists Hope to Induce County Commissioners to Accept Bonds.

Suffragists are determined that the litthe yellow automobile "Eastern Victory," which was presented to Dr. Anna Shaw by suffragists in New York and which was recently seized for taxes at her home in Moylan, Pa., will continue to be used by the Doctor in her campaigning in this section. Therefore they have devised means, by aid of W. Roger Fronefield, counsel for Doctor Shaw, to give bond to the County Commissioners and have the car released. There is yet one high to this plan, however, and that is that by the commissioners. Suffragists feel, though, that the latter will settle th at least temporarily, with them, so that the car will be released and used in the

#### TO TEACH CARE OF BABIES

Plan Under Way to Instruct Camden's Little Mothers.

The proper manner in which to care for ables will be taught girls in Camden by the Playground Commission if plans formulated by T. A. Finkeldey, Jr., uppervisor, do not miscarry. The Little Mothers' League will be inaugurated to carry on the work of instruction and will come into being about August 1.

Some member of the organization will conduct one meeting a week in each playground in the city. At the same time the little girls will be furnished with a book, "The Child," which contains splendid advice on the subject of caring for small children.

Keeping in Touch With Home

You never quite forget the home town, even on the most enjoyable vacations. Keep in touch with home affairs by seeing to it that your favorite newspaper follows you wherever you go. Notify the Evening Ledger before you leave to send your paper to you. Specify the edition desired.

The Evening Ledger will award a daily prize of \$1 for the best original suggestion on entertainment. The subject of the first contest will be "My Mest Successful Luncheon." All manuscripts should be a reasonable length, and none will be returned. Address to the Entertainment Contest, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

## Enter Fatty Caterpillar

der and the asparagus patch were two long, straight rows of cabbages. Ned



himself between bites, "very good eating. I only hope that gardener boy does not come and find me here. I would not like to be killed, for I feel sure that, if I to be killed, for I feel sire that, if I keep on eating all the time, I will some day amount to something. I am sure I am a wonderful personage. I must eat enough, though—I must eat all the time."

And, as if to make up for the time he had wasted talking, he ate three huge bits in onlick succession. bites in quick succession. Billy Robin at that very minute flew

over the cabbage rows.
"Look who's here!" he chirped, "look who's come! That greedy, horrid, ugly

"Please don't talk that way about me."
grumbled the caterpillar, as he hastly
awallowed another bite. "I eat for my
living, and some day I will be as heauti-"Ruch a foolish idea," cried Billy Robin

The very back part of the garden disgustedly. "You can never be beautiful, you glutton. You are ugly and useless." And he flew on his way to his And he flew on his way to his

had set them out weeks ago when they were just tiny, gray-green plants only two inches high. But such good sunshine and so much rain did they get that now they were grown fat and big and plump, and their silky greenish white leaves glistened in the sunshine.

Across the top of the biggest, fattest one of the lot there slowly crept a great, fat, woolly caterpillar. And as he crept he ate and ate and ate!

"Very good eating these," he said to

Beautiful Friend Cardinal flew overhead and one they were grown fat and big and plump, and their silky greenish white leaves glistened in the sunshine.

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"Very good eating these," he said to

Beautiful Friend Cardinal flew overhead suppliant. How caterpillar, "How and flow early you do not sing, you do not sing,

be glad to know me. Of course I eat-because I must." "You be a beautiful creature!" chimed

You be a beautiful creature!" chimed in Tommy Sparrow, who happened to fly by just in time to hear what the caterpillar said. "You will never be anything but a fat, greedy glutton! You are not even good for eating, for you arm yourself with such furry, poisonous stickers. If you will take those off we may like you better." And he flew away chuckling at his own little joke.

Did Fatty Caterpillar care about the teasing? Did he mind the nickname and the tormenting? Did he feel and because nobody liked him? Not he! He ate along across the top of the cabbage with never a thought about the creatures around him. He ate and ate and ate. and as the day were on he dreamed of

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## Children

Come to me, O ye children! And whisper in my ear What the birds and the winds are singing In your sunny atmosphere,

For what are all our contrivings, And the wisdom of our books, When compared with your caresaes And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads, That ever were sung or said; For ye are the living poems And all the rest are dead.



We had come particularly to visit an

old friend, Private Harry Edwards, who had enlisted in the Canadian Scottish when the war broke out, and who had been badly wounded on April 22 at the second battle of Ypres.

is a prize drawing contest. Books contain-ing 10 numbered coupons are being soid ing 10 numbered coupons are being and at 10 cents per coupon or \$1 per book. There will be a Chinese laundry, where you may receive for your 5 or 10 cent ticket a queer looking package, which sport promises all the excitement attending the usual game of chance. "It was a terrible time," said he, "and no newspaper account ever gave one quarter of the details. I was wounded n April 22 when the Germans made their

## A SIMPLE GOWN WHICH COULD BE MADE BY THE HOME DRESSMAKER the war has mere words.

A necessary space is given to the going-away every summer. Fashion artists design elaborate traveling cos-tumes and automobile coats and outing clothes and evening gowns and all the other parapher-nalia which goes to make up the triumph of the real summer girl. But what about the little girl what about the fittle gird who stays at home? Doesn't she need dainty summer frocks and fluffy hats as well as any other? And if said stay-at-home miss happens to be very busy making her own clothes—at least, her A WOUNDED SOLDIER arrived from Berlin and passed through Whether the war will be over in October or not, England is certainly putting her best foot foremost in the matter of

own clothes—at least, her own light summer frocks, the subject of these frocks will stand some careful consideration.

It is best to make a most painstaking selection of a pattern when you are planning a madeat-home gown. The reason is plain—there should be no elaborate trimming, no difficult angles, and, above all, no flounces and ruffles, for nothing looks more dilapidated when they do just crammed with soldiers, and the cot-tagers and the "Tommies" were on the very best of terms. We stopped at Ching-ford, on the edge of the great Epping Forest, and had tea at a wonderfully quaint inn, 400 years old, called "The Pied Bull and Spotted Cow." The land-lady might have stepped out of the pages of a storybook, with her red cheeks and white starched cup. dilapidated when they do become worn than home-made ruffles. Today's illustration

shows a pretty, simple gown, admirably suited to the home dress-maker's talents. The upper part of the bodice consists almost entirely of a white net suimne.



consists almost entirely of a white net guimpe, set, but even there the Tommies were to be found. One would have expected them under the circumstances, and by all accounts, to have been busily engaged in couring the rustic maidens. But I was struck by the manner in which they congregated together, seemingly preferring the company of their own sex to anything more seductive. They were all the skirt follows the prevailing vogue consists almost entirely of a white net guimpe.

Consists almost entirely of a white net guimpe.

Which could be purchased already made to save trouble. The buttons are made of rose-colored satin, like that used on the girdle. The jumper effect is made of an inexpensive printed voile in rose and white. It flis loosely at the waist. The back is severely plain. This little gown could be made for almost nothing, and will look eool and comfortable in the

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DURING JULY AND AUGUST

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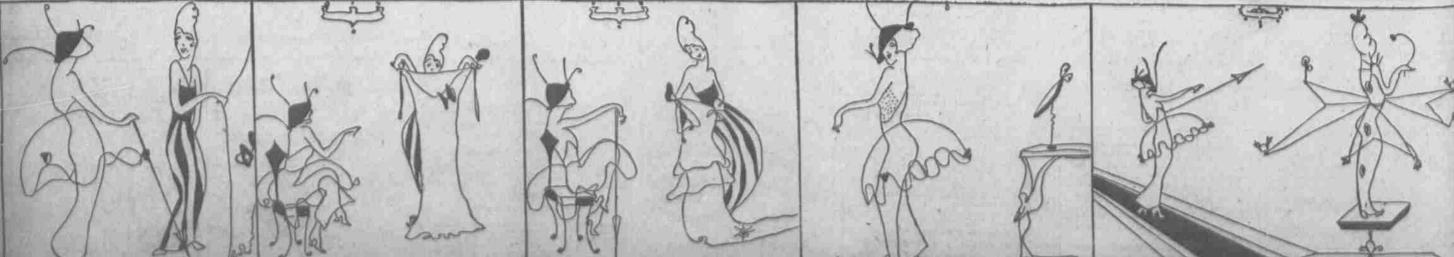
SALLY, OF PEACOCK ALLEY



By BURTON DONNEL HUGHES



THE DREAM GIRL OF VANITY FAIR



I want samething modish

No, not se conspicuous

News but too obtrusive

Something coy like myself

There, enchanting and so refined