

FASHIONABLE FREAKS AND THE VANITY OF FEMININITY

Woman as a Creature of Impulse—Her Inscrutability Is What Makes Her Most Interesting—Strange Oddities in Feminine Dress

By ELLEN ADAIR

IT STRIKES me that the modern fashion... outside a zebra. The pinker and whiter she looks outside the fiercer she generally is within.

Once upon a time I heard of a tiny, cherubic-looking lady, with big blue saucers of eyes and a little pink button of a mouth...

Nowadays, sartorially speaking, a change has come over the spirit of the feminine dream. To be freakish is the aim and object of each fair damsel.

Woman certainly is a creature of impulse. You never can fathom the real reason for her conduct.

Walking along the street the other day I could not help noticing that every second woman was saluting forth arrayed in something striped, horizontally, vertically, diagonally, all sorts of ways.

After all, her inscrutability is precisely the thing that makes her most interesting. There isn't any charm whatever about the expected.

It is only natural for a woman to want to look like a ministering angel. A zebra has a reputation, too, but it is such a makes even the most intrepid flight shy.

What you can see at a glance seldom offers anything in the least thrilling. The freakishness of fashion, then, is a species of index to the average woman's character—the outward and visible sign of those little unexpected ways of which she is past mistress.

ADAPTATIONS OF THE POPULAR POKE HAT STILL IN VOGUE



A CHARMING AFTERNOON HAT

THESE early showings of fall hats demonstrated beyond any further doubt—if there was any—that velvets of all descriptions and shades would be in vogue this winter.

is severely plain, but it has the undeniable attraction of being almost universally becoming. I have seen the "nifty-seven" varieties of faces underneath this particular shape in hats, and can say with truth that no style could prove so adaptable to so many types of femininity.

The later hat showings are developing a tendency towards pastel tinted velvets, especially for evening wear. The poke shape which has been so popular this past summer has many successors.

The scarf and muff worn with this creation are made of blue fox. The model is rather plain, although it is among the cuts featured for winter wear in the Paris ateliers.

The Waterlily and the Dragonfly

DOWN the pretty breeze-ruffled surface of a tiny pond a water-lily awayed back and forth, back and forth in the sunshine.

"To be sure, I'll tell you," cried the water-lily. "I'll like telling you and everybody would like being a water-lily if they only knew how fine it was!



"What a pity it is," she said to herself contentedly, "that everybody on earth can't be a water-lily! How happy they would be!"

"Now just listen to that!" said the dragon-fly scornfully, when she had finished. "Such common desires! such low aims! Don't you ever want to know anything of the world? Don't you get desperate staying forever in one place? I never could be happy if I was fastened by strong roots to the slime and mud of a tiny pond!"

"Almost as good as a water-lily," said the lily to the great bird. "Almost, but not entirely! I am the happiest of all!"

BRAVE, BOLD BRIDEGROOM

Although a Bachelor, He Weds a Widow With 18 Children and 13 Grandchildren

George Washington, of Virginia, was the father of his country, but George Washington Henry, of Gloucester, has gone "a step farther" by marrying a widow with 18 children.

Henry, who is 55, was a bachelor blacksmith. He became acquainted with Mrs. Vermillion, who is 54, and it was learned today that they were very happy.

He proposed and was accepted, and each of his prospective stepsons and step-daughters were glad. Even the step-grandsons and step-granddaughters were pleased and attended the wedding.

Mayor David M. Anderson performed the ceremony and Henry Dalke, a grandson of the bride, acted as best man for his grandmother's new spouse; his wife was her bridesmaid. A reception was tendered the bride and bridegroom at the home of Mrs. George C. Gray, a daughter of the bride.

Little Benny's Note Book

I took 3 peeces of chewing gum to skool this afternoon, starting to chew wun of them dooring the langwidge lessin and pritty soon Miss Kitty, beeing my teacher, saw my mouth going and she sed, Benny Potts.

Mam, I sed. Is it possibill that you are chewing gum, sed Miss Kitty.

Yes mam, I sed. Well come rite up and spit it out in my waist basket, sed Miss Kitty. Wich I did, and dooring the drawing lessin I put anuthir peeces in my mouth and started to chew it and Miss Kitty saw me, beeing pritty hard to set anything very langw without her seeing you, and she sed, Benny, you amaze me, wat did I just get throo telling you.

This is anuthir peeces, sed. Come up heer and spit it out, sed Miss Kitty. Wich I did, Miss Kitty sayin, Now dont you dare to let me catch you chewing aen.

And I went back to my seat, and I didnt put the 3rd peeces in my mouth till the joggeriffy lessin, the joggeriffy book beeing a pritty good thing to hide in back of, but Miss Kitty saw me jest the same, saying, Benny Potts, can I bleeve my eyes.

Yes mam, I sed. Didnt I tell you not to dare chew aen, sed Miss Kitty.

No mam, I sed. Wats that, sed Miss Kitty very lowd. You told me not to dare to let you catch me chewing aen, I sed.

Well, I cawt you, didnt I, sed Miss Kitty, and I sed, Yes mam, and Miss Kitty sed, Come up heer and let that peeces follo forth, and stay an hour aftir skool for beeing so smart.

Wich I did.

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HELENA MORRILL

STUDENT LIFE ABROAD AS DESCRIBED BY ACTRESS

IF ANDREAS DIPPEL had not made good his promise to give New York light opera, with a real opera company, its theatre-goers would have been deprived of the joy of seeing and hearing Helen Morrill at least for the present.

perfect, most already have achieved great success. That is why Europe is full of American singers who are fine artists, but who cannot gain the opportunity to sing at home.

"I studied in Paris and Milan and Berlin four years. When I had been there two, I went to an agent and sang for him. After that I had plenty to do. 'Marguerite' and 'Butterfly' were my favorite roles. I shall never be quite happy until I have sung 'Butterfly' here, for, of course, I want to sing in opera here some time. The critics were good enough to say that my 'Butterfly' made them forget all others they had heard."

"To accomplish the best results one should be able to sing and study at the same time, and that is what one can do abroad. It is when you are singing before the public that you most need a competent teacher. Then so many students forget that a good voice is not the only essential. After all, it is personality that counts. I took lessons in acting and also developed my dancing. I love to dance almost as well as to sing, but I shouldn't want to exclusively, because I shouldn't want to look like a Paviowa, and I can't stand on my toes."

Want Allegory for Fruit Trade The steamship Allegory, which formerly plied in the Merchants and Miners' Transportation Company's service between this port, Boston, Savannah and Jacksonville, is to be converted into a fruit ship. Negotiations for the sale of the vessel to the Cuyamel Fruit Company, of Puerto Cortez, Honduras, are now under way.

Advertisement for Van Orden Chemi-Pantalon, featuring a woman in a chemise and drawers, and text describing the garment's features and availability.

Advertisement for Harris Importer, featuring a coat of arms and text inviting early selection of millinery, evening gowns, coats and wraps, blouses, dresses, suits, etc.

IMMIGRANTS FED AT LOSS SINCE GREAT WAR BEGAN

Lively Scenes at U. S. Station Down the Delaware Replaced by Dreariness. Woman Contractor's Profits Have Ceased



MRS. ANNA PALMER

Any one who ever visited the United States Immigration Station, located a few miles down the river at Gloucester, N. J., in the "ante-bellum" days, and was an eyewitness to the great crowds of brightly garbed, distressed but babbling mass of humanity which surged restlessly about the grounds awaiting a release from their erstwhile prison, will find it hard, indeed, to readjust his mental picture to fit the station as it stands today.

There is a silence there such as one associates with the tombs of the dead, for instead of 250 detained foreigners, whose jargon of low naturals or high staccato tones were wont to make the rooms resound, there are only nine lonely persons feverishly counting out the hours until the gate to liberty swings wide open for them.

This silence is significant. It represents the loss of fortunes both great and small, for it tells the story of the mammoth transatlantic liners which ply no more between the Old World and our own land, carrying their animated cargo of human souls into this "promised" wonderland of wealth.

Mrs. Anna S. Palmer, who has a contract with the United States Government to feed these hundreds of detained immigrants, says the silence is doubly significant to her.

Mrs. Palmer is a quiet, motherly little body, and is probably the one woman in America who has felt the direct pinch of the war havoc more than any other woman on our shores.

FEEDING IMMIGRANTS AT LOSS. "Indeed it is impossible to make ends meet nowadays," she said, but with a sad little smile which means she is making the best of it gracefully. "My contract will not be up until next July, and, of course, I make my living here by feeding the detained immigrants at 47 cents per person. There are only nine here now, but the rent and many of the expenses go on just the same. I rent this part of the station and pay all my own help. While I don't have to pay quite as much rent as before the war, I am losing money right along; in fact, I can't even attempt to make ends meet."

"The time is far away, I am afraid, when there will be as many immigrants here as there used to be. The Haverford, which used to bring them, has been taken by the British Government; the Merion was lost, and the German-Lloyd and Italian Lines have stopped running. The Dominion brings very few."

"I charged 47 cents a day for each person per day," Mrs. Palmer said. "And I always served good, substantial food. For breakfast I always had a cereal with milk, a hash or meat stew or baked pork and beans (sometimes fried fish), potatoes, fresh bread and butter and coffee or tea."

"For supper corned beef or fish hash, or a beef or mutton stew, stewed prunes, bread pudding with raisins, tapioca pudding or pie, fresh bread and butter, and always coffee or tea. Of course, the meals varied each day."

"For 47 cents a day," she murmured, and then with a little laugh added, "and they think I made lots of money."

LOVELY CHINESE ON ROOF. The roof garden at the immigration station is a pretty cold-looking proposition. It is an upper veranda with stone floor and seven or eight benches arranged stiffly to face the stone parapet. It overlooks the river, where boats of all sizes may be seen plying up and down every little while, or where one may always watch the endless war of wind and wave.

The Chinese who sat there, however, looked with unseeing eyes. As the door swung open he looked up expectantly and his eyes seemed to search Mrs. Palmer's face for some word of encouragement. He had been sitting on that bench since early morning, according to Mrs. Palmer; his hat was pulled on tightly, and in his hand he clutched a bundle wrapped in newspaper. He was ready to answer the first summons which would spell his freedom. Although the authorities might hold him indefinitely, he arises bright and early, clutches his bundle in his arms, dons 'is hat and waits. And the minutes stretch away into hours, and the hours into days.

Advertisement for Fur of the Better Grade, featuring a woman in a fur coat and text promoting an opportunity to inspect fur fashions at new-style headquarters.