

### LOVE CAN BE AS CRUEL AS IT IS ENJOYABLE

#### Tiffs and Tantrums With One's "In-Laws" Will Often Destroy the Illusion of Love's Young Dream

By ELLEN ADAIR

There are some people who have a curious passion for falling out, and who seem to be happy unless they are embroiled in some more or less unpleasant quarrel. It isn't that they are really ill-natured or that they bear a grudge against any one, but merely that they have a love for disputes and an inability to keep from their pet pastimes.

Lovers' quarrels, of course, are as old as the hills. It does seem strange that lovers of all people should find it necessary to quarrel. But somehow or other they always do.

Little Angelina can get on quite well with her people at home, so she argues, without either quarrels or sulks, and before she became engaged to Edwin, the immaculate she decided that it would be a sheer impossibility to have any such foolishness as quarrels.

So she speaks and so she thinks. As for what she does, that is a very different matter. For love is the great upsetter as well as the great leveler, you see. Little Angelina soon learns that love can be cruel as well as kind—that he is exacting as well as unselfish, that his claims often clash with other claims, and then there is trouble.

Perhaps Edwin does not care very much for Angelina's family, her mother especially. And Angelina, being a girl of spirit and observation, soon notices this and resents the fact. That comes a considerable amount of plain speaking on both sides, which might be placed under the category "Tiffs and Tantrums."

These quarrels, which are a very real danger of the two lovers drifting apart, despite the fact that they really do care for each other, and that the drifting is due to a reason which might be amended with very little trouble.

Perhaps nothing quite so serious is the cause of an untoward breeze amid love's young dream. But to all outward appearances it has every evidence of developing into a magnificent storm!

### GIRL'S LIVING EXPENSES OBVIOUSLY DEPENDENT ON POINT OF VIEW

#### Note the Difference Between Consumers' League Schedule and Miss Virginia Bruce Loney's Needs

\$443.56 AND \$25,500

### MODERN GIRLS' EXPENSES FROM TWO STANDPOINTS

What the Consumers' League of Eastern Pennsylvania says the average girl must spend annually to live decently:

Food and shelter	\$232.80
Clothing	82.92
Carfare	31.20
Recreation	8.84
Laundry, health, insurance, incidentals	85.80
Total	\$443.56

What Virginia Bruce Loney, 16-year-old orphan, finds it necessary to spend in one year for her proper maintenance:

Food bills and household supplies	4,000
Clothing	5,000
These various bills	1,500
School, music, language books, etc.	5,000
Summer vacation and traveling expenses	2,500
Automobile and chauffeur	2,000
Recreation and amusements, including horseback riding	1,500
Maid	600
Books	400
Insurance and storage charges	200
Incidentals	1,000
Total	\$25,500

A sharp contrast in how the other half lives is drawn in a comparison between the detailed item of the living expenses of Miss Virginia Bruce Loney, a New York girl, well known in Philadelphia, who has declared in court that she cannot live properly for less than \$25,500 and statistics compiled recently by the Consumers' League of Pennsylvania.

According to the league it is practically impossible for a girl to have at least \$10 a week in order to live in decent surroundings. This sum, of course, wouldn't pay for Miss Loney's maid, but even one has been born with the proverbial silver spoon in one's mouth and a million dollar inheritance, one cannot be expected to be an expert economist. Like other girls who have been born with the

### Frisky Cottontail Makes a New Friend

"Of course, this pretty garden is all very nice," said Frisky Cottontail to his male one bright fall morning. "But I, for one, am getting tired of nose through! I know exactly what I can find for me; I know exactly what my friends are likely to say; I know everything that is likely to happen—and knowing everything is no fun! I mean to find something new—so there!"

Now as a matter of fact, Frisky didn't know half as much as he thought he did. He had met most of the garden creatures, but he was sure. And he had had good talks with all he had met. But he didn't know that there was to be learned by a long

### THE DAILY STORY

#### Delinquent David

David Greer had no idea, when he rented a small villa in a Long Island suburb, that he was going to be tied down to restrictions. Certainly he would have looked further for his tiny cottage had he realized the disturbing fact.

David was not fond of gardening and could not assume an interest in his property, even if all his neighbors did glower darkly at him for his lack of concern regarding the bit of yard in front of his house.

He knew that he was the black sheep in the suburb and that another tenant was far more desirable than he was. David did not, however, worry his head over the shortcomings, nor did he feel in any way upset over the disgraceful aspect of his garden, when on every side of him were exquisite specimens of artistic home gardening. Flowers rioted in every available foot of the small properties in the suburb in which David had rented a cottage.

"Thornton cottage is a blot on our village," was the general comment among the suburban home owners, but neither David nor his old housekeeper did anything to remove the blot.

Mrs. McPherson felt that she had enough to do in looking after David's socks and cooking him tasty meals and keeping the inside of his house tidy without bothering about the outside.

It was not until the neighbors talked of signing a petition for having him ejected that Drucilla Everet took a hand in the affairs of David Greer.

"It is a shame," she said to her mother, and there were red spots in her lovely cheeks, "that a man should be put out of his cozy little home merely because he doesn't take care of his garden. All people can't be expected to be mad about flowers. I won't sign the petition, for one."

"Nor I," coincided Drucilla's mother. She did not think it necessary to inform her daughter that admiration of David Greer's stalwart good looks was in a measure responsible for her antagonism toward the neighbors who would evict him. "He has a most correct right to his faults as any of us."

So it was over the back fence that Drucilla told David's housekeeper all about the suburbanites' intentions regarding her master.

"They'll never eject my bonnie laddie!" expostulated Mrs. McPherson in righteous Scotch wrath. "He's that busy in his office the day that he's no time to be pottering about a garden."

"That's just the way I feel," said Drucilla, while she smiled her sweetest smile into Mrs. McPherson's motherly eyes. "I was wondering," she continued coaxingly, "whether or not Mr. Greer would let me plant his front garden for him. I love flowers so much, and our own space is very tiny."

She waited breathlessly for her answer. There was some doubt in the woman's eyes, coupled with a desire not to thwart the charming girl in the subonnet.

"He'd no like to have a girl make his garden for him, but if you could manage with him knowing who did it—"

"Drucilla did not allow her to finish, but smiled happily. "That will be lovely! I can get to work when he leaves for the office in the morning, and when he returns Oh—I will have a perfect border of flowers to greet him."

"Mind you don't let him see you," cautioned Mrs. McPherson. "He'd be that angry with me if I'd sure lose my place." She well knew that David could not manage without her, since she had been with him since cradle days, but she considered it well to warn the girl into secrecy.

Fortune favored Drucilla to a remarkable degree. David Greer was called away on a short business trip, and while the cat was away the mouse did certainly play. The small garden was dug up and fertilized, and planted with flowers and weeds, and David returned.

Drucilla was standing behind the casement curtains of her own tiny cottage when the cat called David back to his suburban and saw the transformation that had been wrought. His eyes took on a hint of flame and his square-cut profile ascended. Drucilla watched these warlike signs and her heart beat rapidly. She did not stop to realize that David would not know who had done the deed, and that his wrath would not find vent on her own head.

When he entered the house he found Mrs. McPherson waiting him, "what business has assumed the right to put my garden in order? Did you countenance such impertinence?"

The old Scotchwoman had never seen her master so angry, and she strove to pacify him in her usual wheedling manner, but for once David failed to respond. When she told her of the flowers up by the roots and flung them in the street. These people will see whether or not I can run my own affairs!" He strode out of the house as if he would suit action to the word.

But David Greer was not the kind of man to pull up innocent flowers and destroy them, especially when those flowers exhaled delicious odors that calmed his temper. "The dog was barking at him pleadingly up at him from their dewy beds and the naturtums clamored joyfully as if delighted with life over the fence that divided his garden from the one next door.

While his wrathful glance traveled with unwilling admiration along the row of orange and red blossoms peeped over the fence David became aware of a most wonderful lovely beast bobbing about somewhere behind the naturtums. He caught a delighted breath. Neighbors were not so bad, after all. He looked again and found Drucilla's eyes fixed more or less wistfully upon him. Again David breathed and bobbed about.

"Are you frightfully angry?" David supposed he was dreaming, but he answered the sweet voice that had questioned him.

"It was," he said, "I'm not now." Drucilla smiled, and David wondered whether it was the girl's smile or the advent of flowers into his garden that suddenly made the world a glorious place to live in.

"There is a most shockingly barren piece of garden at the back," he told her, "perhaps you would like to doll that up as well. We could cut a gate through the fence, and you could put some of those plants roses over the arch."

"Oh, I should love that," laughed Drucilla.

Inside Thornton cottage Mrs. McPherson smiled knowingly. "I'll be cooking for two before the rooster blooms," was her inward comment.

Outside Drucilla and David continued to discuss the gates that were to make two gardens one.

### MALLIEN INTRODUCES NEW FUR—"PARISIAN CARCOLE"

FURS have assumed a most important part in the fashionable woman's wardrobe all during the summer, so it is easy to predict—and it is always easy to predict, anyhow—that they will be even more important during the winter. The cool weather has come to stay, and it isn't at all odd to behold fur scarfs of fox or lynx worn on the street with a serge one-piece frock. One feels the need for something warm, even if one is fashionably attired, and it is many a long season since fashion's devotees have had the chance to be comfortable and look well at the same time.

Black plush is very popular this season, and, trimmed with white fur, promises to be decidedly smart for the dainty or for theatre wear. Another very smart fur novelty is the Parisian carcole, introduced by Mallien, of Paris. He is one of the most successful designers ever to have introduced a vogue for ankle-length garments.

The very smart fur coat this season is belted. The very short models which were so much favored last season have been replaced by three-quarter lengths and short jackets. These, by the way, have made an immediate success over here.

Today's illustration shows a loose, full coat, with a shawl collar and rather loose sleeves. This last is an adaptation of the bell sleeves which are fashionable on gowns. The waistline is slightly defined by means of the braided belt, which binds half way around the side and fastens at the front of the coat.

The front of the collar is fastened close to the throat or left open, like the collars seen on the fallered suits this winter. Many of the smart coats have some smart collars, cuffs and belt of a contrasting fur, or touches of velvet. The effect is decidedly new.



SMART FUR COAT

### Shoe Fashions

The inside laced boot has certainly gained a victory over the high-top, and one sees every well-gowned woman wearing them. The truth is that the back lace boots are very hard to make fit in ready-made shoes and not nearly as easy to lace and fit as the inside lace. Satin ones are prominent for some elaborate frocks, but those of soft white kid are delicate enough to be worn with a dress. The most interesting about them are low shoes are very slipper-like in shape.

### Little Benny's Note Book

There was a kid with a bull dog down at the corner today, the kid being little but tuff looking and the bull dog being big as anything and even tuffer looking than was the kid was, with red in its eyes and 12 teeth sticking out in front, and me and Sid Hunt and Puds Simkins stood there looking at it, but not standing so very close to it, and after a while Puds said to the kid, 'Hi, will that dawg bite.' He never has yet, said the kid.

### MARS THEORY GETS JOLT

Dr. J. A. Brashear doubts Existence of Life on Planet

The theory that Mars is inhabited by folk very much like ourselves received another setback at the hands of Dr. John A. Brashear, the eminent Pittsburgh astronomer, named by Governor Brumbaugh as one of the three most distinguished Pennsylvanians to represent the State at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, at San Francisco. Doctor Brashear spoke before the Engineers' Club, 137 Spruce street, before the guests of the Philadelphia Association of Members of the American Society of Civil Engineers, which held its annual meeting last night.

Doctor Brashear said that if there was life on Mars it lived at the equatorial regions. The atmosphere on that planet, he said, was rarer than that of the Himalayas, where no life existed. The canals, so called, he said, were a source of mystery. No one knows what they really are. Doctor Brashear is a believer in the popularizing of the science to which he has devoted his life, and he believes that it would be advisable for every city to have a free observatory, just as it has free libraries.

### Suffrage Song

Ab wh wh wh wh in de land o' votin' Whar men an' women is both wuth votin' Look away! Look away! Look away! Suffrage lan' whar we'll soon live in. Look away! Look away! Look away! Suffrage lan'.

CHORUS:  
Den Ah wh wh wh in Suffrage Lan' Hourly! Hourly! Only at the hour! To live and die for suffrage. Away! and hew! in Suffrage Lan' forever.

It's nothin' new dat Ah'm proposin'; 'Oun 'er eye an' stop 'er dartin'. Look away! etc. (Chorus.)  
De woman votin' in many a lan'. De woman votin' gese better fer dare han'. Look away! etc. (Chorus.)

But tain't our business fer inquire Ef we're lower or yit higher. Look away! etc. (Chorus.)  
One human bin' is as good as anudder. Look away! etc. (Chorus.)

But you jes work an' don't chiu worry. Den votin' is comin' in a hurry. Look away! etc. (Chorus.)  
We needs de woman's vote, we do. An' woman's vote, dar's de true. Look away! etc. (Chorus.) JOSEPHINE KATZENSTEIN.

### Two Wills Probated

Among the wills probated today were those of Dora Scheibhae, late of 908 Gilman street, disposing of effects valued at \$700, and Ann Keegan, 2530 North 11th street, which, by private bequests, disposed of \$250 worth of property. The personal effects of Edward T. Maguire, Jr., have been appraised at \$38,725.40; John E. Norton, \$264.70, and Matilda M. Holzhaus, \$100.01.

### ANGELO OF HELL'S HALF-ACRE FINDS DAYS NOT LONG ENOUGH

Wife of Founder of Inasmuch Mission Hasn't the Time to Give Big Sunday School

DOWN in the southern part of the city, in that part known as "Hell's Half Acre," there is a woman who thinks nothing of spending 12 hours out of every 24 actively engaged in the cause to which she has pledged her life.



MRS. GEORGE LONG

This woman is Mrs. George Long. To hundreds upon hundreds of Philadelphians she is known as the wife and co-worker of the man whose conversion to Christianity inspired him to found the Inasmuch Mission. To hundreds of downward-pointers, both men and women, she is spoken of affectionately as "The Angel of Hell's Half Acre."

As she hurried out of the noon-day service yesterday, hastily to snatch some lunch before her afternoon duties crowded in upon her, she stopped a little while and told of the mission and her work.

"I don't see how I am going to find time to re-estimate my large Sunday school," she said. "Every minute is taken up with work; the only time I get to rest is a little while Sunday afternoon."

As she spoke of the children who swarm to the mission and beg her to begin the Sunday school again, she appeared on her expressive face a look of sad weariness which bespoke more eloquently than words her mental struggle to attempt to baffle a physical self, which had warned her there is a limit to endurance.

"So much good work is accomplished through the little ones," she said. "I made my Sunday school a rescue mission within a rescue mission. And the little tots love to come. I did away with all the regular Sunday school lessons and tried instead to tell them simply of Jesus, to make Jesus a reality to them. Each day every little child did at least one good thing for Him, and each one was allowed to testify, just as the adults do in the mission."

"One sturdy little negro stood up one day and said, 'The things I did for Jesus, Jesus was to help an old man keep his goat.' Mr. Long and I thought he meant that he had helped some poor fellow to get sober or keep his temper and we had to suppress a smile. A few days after our hearts were quite touched when we ran across the little shaver leading a

poor old blind man and his goat across the street.

"What will become of the children who beg so hard to have their Sunday school begin again if you don't have the class," was asked her.

"Oh! I shall continue to teach my own children, here in this part known as 'Hell's Half Acre.' The mission is almost home to them. It is the largest Sunday school, taking in the children of the surrounding neighborhoods, that I feel unable to conduct this coming winter. The trouble is that I cannot get a helper whom the children will accept. When I have someone else teach them they are sad and feel that I don't love them longer."

And again the sad smile played over her features because of the physical impossibility of crowding more work into a day already too full.

### WOLF BANISHED FROM DOOR OF CLARA MORRIS

#### Blind and Infirm Actress Profits by Will of Her Brother-in-Law

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Clara Morris, whose work as an actress in a delightful memory to theatregoers of a generation ago, but who in recent years has suffered from blindness and other infirmities, has come into a legacy of \$3000 or more a year, under the will of her brother-in-law, Samuel W. Harriot, of Whitestone, L. I. He set aside \$50,000, the income of which is to be paid to Miss Morris for life.

An accounting of the estate was filed yesterday with Tax Appraiser Henry C. Johnson, Jr., in Long Island City. The bulk of it was devised to the widow, Mrs. Josephine T. Harriot.

In private life Miss Morris is Mrs. Frederick C. Harriot. She was married in 1874, in her professional heyday. Her failing sight and other illness and misfortunes reduced her means, and stage folk relieved her by benefits which paid off the mortgage on The Pines, her home at Yonkers. In 1913 she sold the Yonkers place to a moving picture concern and moved to Whitestone. Mr. Harriot died last year. Miss Morris is 64.

### Planning Mardi Gras Carnival

The North Philadelphia Business Men's Association will hold a Mardi Gras carnival during Halloween week. Tentative plans were drawn up at a meeting last night in the Nicetown Boys' Club, Hunting Park avenue and Clarksburg street. Judge MacNell, of the Juvenile Court, delivered an address on "The Conduct of Boys on the Streets."

### STATED MEETINGS AT CLUBS

#### OPEN REGULAR SEASON

THE first week in October brings with it the resumption of the regular business at the women's clubs, and the season will soon be in full swing. The Philomusian and the New Century Club are quite energetic, their program for the month of October including many interesting features. The club year at the Philomusian will open today, as usual, with a stated meeting, at which the new members and old will be received by the committee in charge. This includes the president, Mrs. Benjamin F. Richardson, assisted by Mrs. Edward W. Mumford, Mrs. J. Clark Moore, Jr., Miss Sara C. Collins and Mrs. William H. Shoemaker. Tea will be served after the business of the meeting has been concluded. Mrs. George W. Smith and Miss Mary E. Roney will preside at the tea table. Mrs. William H. Shoemaker will read a report of the East-

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TABLE CLOTHS:	2 x 2	2 x 2 1/2 yards	
	\$4.00		\$5.00 each
	2 x 3	2 1/4 x 2 1/4	2 1/2 x 2 1/2 yards
	\$6.00	\$6.00	\$6.50 each

NAPKINS to match these cloths, 22 and 25 inches, \$5.00 and \$6.00 the dozen.

SPECIAL NAPKINS: 22-inch, about six patterns, at \$3.50 the dozen.

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