

THE REVIVAL OF POCKETS A BLESSING TO WOMANKIND

The Return of the Feminine Pocket a Step in the March of Civilization—Life a Burden Without It

By ELLEN ADAIR

NOTE, with much interest the revival of pockets once more. It really was too absurd to keep perpetually chasing one's pocket handkerchief in strange and forgotten corners, where one had inadvertently mislaid it, or to have it drop in a depressed fashion, from one's cuff right into the middle of a mud-heap on the road.

Whether the average woman welcomes the innovation of pockets or not I do not know. Certainly she will take some time to get into the way of using them. For centuries woman has been such a pocketless being that, except for an occasional revolt, she has grown accustomed to carrying things in her hand, or hanging them on to her wrist or her waist, or on to the male appendage that she trots around with her.

I can hardly imagine that she will know what to do with a pocket. By the time she has really grown accustomed to it the fashion will have changed, and she will be without one again.

Upon this very subject of the feminine pocket a man was recently discussing. It is a being, by the way, who prides himself on his comprehensive knowledge of all things feminine, but the contents of a certain little pocket in a certain little sports coat belonging to a certain little dandy of his acquaintance really staggered him! Of course, he hadn't the shadow of an excuse for searching the pocket. He didn't offer any excuse. He knew that it wouldn't be believed, anyhow, so he calculated that he might just as well save his breath and his reputation for veracity at the same time.

However, to return to the contents of the pocket—therein he found one silver cigarette case, one packet of cigarettes, one cigarette holder, one box of matches and 16 cold and broken ditto, two stumps of lead pencil, one powder puff, one handkerchief, seven tortoise-shell hairpins (imitation) and two "invisible" clasps.

Jack Frost Inspects the Autumn

OVER hill and dale, over mountain and valley, Jack Frost traveled in his journey toward the South. Everywhere he saw signs of autumn; all around were hints of winter; yes, his helpers had surely done well. The trees were filled with gaily colored leaves; the fence corners were already piled with dead brown twigs and crackling leaves, and the air was full of flying birds, all making for the sunny South.

"Hi, ho! Is there more fun anywhere than starting a winter?" cried Jack Frost



Rude Jack Frost blew straight through Mrs. South Wind.

gaily as he swung along through the air. "If there is, I'm sure it's never been discovered!" And just then he saw Mrs. South Wind.

"My compliments to you, Mrs. South Wind," he cried, and he waved his snowy arms with a grand flourish. "May I suggest that the season is late?"

"You may if you wish," replied Mrs. South Wind politely. (Mrs. South Wind is surely the politest member of the Wind family—there's not a bit of doubt about that!) "but such a remark is not really that necessary, for I know it already. But I heard you were sleeping, so I stayed right on. Have you been awake long?"

"Only an hour or two," said Jack Frost. "But now that I am awake, I intend to make up for lost time. So you are warned. Better get out of my way!" And with that, rude Jack Frost blew straight through Mrs. South Wind and journeyed on southward. (Nobody would ever accuse Jack Frost of being polite—dear me, no!)

Of course, Mrs. South Wind immediately gathered up all her family and started South too, but it was a cold, stormy journey they had and they were glad when it was over. Soon after he left Mrs. South Wind.

Modish women have their suits made by J. PRAGER Fashionable Ladies' Tailor Moderate Prices Fit Guaranteed 928 Chestnut St.

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



THE DAILY STORY Mrs. Baker's Old Cat

And who was Mrs. Baker? She was a childless widow who had reached the age of 60. She had sufficient income to keep her out of the hands of charity. She had her little home in the outskirts of the town, and her companionship for the last 10 years had been her cat.

It was an old gray cat. It was a solemn-looking cat. It was a cat which had once been a kitten and frolicked as kittens do, but that time had long past and the date had arrived when she must ponder over what the future had in store for her. It was this pondering and wondering that made her sit around without ambition and permit the cats and mice to come and go unafraid and untouched.

On a certain summer afternoon Miss Ruth Brighton, wishing for a sight of the trees, birds, lambs, hollyhocks and toddlers of the country, took a street car for half a mile, and then walked for the same distance, to find herself in front of the Widow Baker's cottage. Just as she arrived the old woman ran out to the gate and screamed:

"Murder! Police! Fire!"

"Who was being murdered? Where was the fire? Where the police?"

"Many a girl would have taken to her heels and clipped it along for a mile without stopping for breath, but Ruth Brighton didn't. She followed the old lady to the porch, and with her looked down at the gasping, outstretched cat.

"She's dying!" wailed Mrs. Baker as she wrung her hands.

"Maybe it's only a fit and we can save her. Get a dish of cold water."

"The water was brought and thrown over the grimalkin, and after a last minute she opened her eyes and returned to the land of the living.

"I am thankful to heaven!" plausibly exclaimed Mrs. Baker as she rolled her eyes to the sky.

That day Osborne Chalmers had decided to take a half holiday and a walk into the country in the afternoon. He also wanted to see the trees and birds and lambs and hollyhocks and the rest of the things that make a farmer's life so joyous and innocent that he never sells thirteen eggs for a dollar, or for fear of hurting the feelings of a buyer.

Mr. Chalmers saw a crow. He saw a cow. He saw smartweed and mayweed and burdock along the highway. He was just going to see a lot of other things to influence him to buy an 80-acre farm and raise 15 acres of turkeys when he saw a blinking old cat.

"Will you come here?" called the Widow Baker as he slackened his pace.

"Is it anything serious?" he asked as he entered the gate.

"My old cat has had a fit!"

"Is it possible?" he replied, without cracking a smile.

"And but for this young lady here, who is told me to throw cold water on the gasping creature, she'd have been dead by this time!"

"It was a fit, I suppose?"

"Aged cats are subject to them. I believe."

"What will she have another?"

"But what would you advise me to do?"

"It seems to me the better way would be to get rid of her. If there was anything I could do I should cheerfully do it, but as there is not I will go on."

Miss Ruth had kept a shoulder to the conversation, and her face was sober as she turned to the widow and said: "I have heard that aged cats are apt to run mad."

"Lands of mercy!"

WHITE SATIN BLOUSE WITH METALLIC EMBROIDERIES



A DRESSY BLOUSE

THE new blouses are not strikingly different in their general characteristics from those of last season. There are some things, however, such as an increase of the use of metallic laces and two or more contrasting materials on the one blouse, which are necessary to prove to us that we really have a new era of fashions.

Smocking is a noticeable feature on some of the new blouses. At first it was feared that this would become almost too commonplace, but the number of exclusive shops which took up this and improved upon it in various ways only served to add to its attractiveness. Sheer blouses of georgette and batiste are smocked with white or palest pastel colorings, and some houses show touches in hunters' green, tan and even black. Black and white are good as

ever, and many of the three-piece suits show charming white lace models with black panne collar and cuffs.

Yokes are still another sign of the fashionable blouse. They follow the smocking quite logically—almost too logically, in fact, for a real fashion. Parisian models show lace or georgette yokes, piped with satin or taffetas. Plaid silks are another revival. Tailored blouses of this material are seen everywhere. They are simply made, with long sleeves and reversible collars.

Metallic lace is featured in the little blouse shown in today's fashion cut. The jumper bodice is made of white satin, elaborately embroidered with gold and silver threads. The sirdle is all in one with the rest of the waist, and the row of self-buttons at the front gives a most becomingly tailored effect. The vest and sleeves are of net top lace.

The boys and girls are happy now. Raisin bread has come back to stay with them the long winter through. From now on the youngsters will be demanding it as a reward each day for attending school. It becomes a popular delicacy each autumn just about this time, and today is the day of days for the little folks.

West Virginians Discuss Old Debt FAIRMONT, W. Va., Oct. 12.—The Virginia debt, Ohio-West Virginia coal war and other business topics were discussed today by the annual convention of the West Virginia State Board of Trade.

CHICAGO LIQUOR MEN ATTACK SUFFRAGE LAW

Demand Test of Constitutionality of Equal Franchise Act

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 12.—A bitter attack on the constitutionality of the State statute which gave the women of Illinois the franchise was promised today upon the filing of a motion before the State Supreme Court pleading for a test. Suffrage workers were hurriedly marshaling their forces here today to fight the plea of the anti, whose attorneys represent also the United Societies of Chicago and other liquor interests.

Suffrage leaders today declared that the veto in Chicago has become alarmed at the Chicago situation and the great publicity given to recent dry victories, such as the Chicago Dry Federation's success in forcing Mayor Thompson to order the saloons closed on Sunday.

They declare the veto are fearful that if Chicago does vote dry in next April's election the women's vote will do it.

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LANGHORNE SOROSIS MEETS

First Session of the Fall in Charge of Art Section

LANGHORNE, Pa., Oct. 12.—The Langhorne Sorosis has opened again, following a suspension of meetings during the summer. The initial meeting is in charge of the art section and a full program has been mapped out. Both the civic and literary departments will have charge of future sessions.

Officers have been elected as follows: Mrs. Joseph Lovett president; Mrs. Mrs. E. Allen and Miss Anna R. Paxon, vice presidents; Miss Agnes P. Sellers, recording secretary; Mrs. Harry P. Rothermel, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Harriet W. Tomb, treasurer; Mrs. Henry Lovett, Mrs. Harry Stewart, Mrs. Esckel L. Error and Mrs. William H. Ivins, directors.

Jane Addams Talks to Vassar Girls POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, emphasized and explained "the social and political status of the educated woman," which was the general theme of all exercises in today's celebration of Vassar's founding. Dr. James Monroe Taylor, former president of Vassar, spoke on the same subject.

CLOUD OVER ROMANCE BLOWS OVER IN COURT

Father of Bride and Mother of Bridegroom Reconciled to Each Other by Magistrate

A department store romance was brought to a happy conclusion today, with Magistrate Grells playing the part of peacemaker. It had been temporarily disrupted by Joseph P. Boulter, the bride's father, who was arrested at the instance of Mrs. Henrietta Feldman, the bridegroom's mother.

Boulter, she said, had threatened her son. The former lives at Wachapreague, Va.

Virginia Boulter, 20 years old and pretty, was employed in the millinery department of a Market street department store, where David Feldman, 21 years old, of 211 North Bonnell street, was an assistant buyer. Virginia, who comes from the States for which she is named, lived with an aunt at 42 Felton street.

A rapid courtship followed their introduction through a mutual acquaintance, and on Saturday the young couple slipped off to Elkton, Md., where they were married by the Rev. Henry Carr.

The bride wrote a letter to her mother, telling her of her happiness, but the mother was prostrated at her daughter's marriage, and Mr. Boulter hurried to Philadelphia. He made several calls at the home of the bridegroom's parents, and, according to Mrs. Feldman, threatened to shoot her son "like a dog." Mrs. Feldman promptly had him arrested.

When Boulter had a hearing before Magistrate Grells today he told the Magistrate that he was angry because of his daughter's act and was under the impression that her husband was a "worthless" young fellow. When the marriage license was displayed, and a letter from the young man's employers as to his character and wages, Boulter said he was sorry he had been so hasty, and Magistrate Grells suggested that they shake hands all around.

Father-in-law and mother-in-law then shook hands, Boulter embraced his daughter and son-in-law and the happy party left the police station.

WOMAN HERMIT FINDS CONTENT IN SOLITUDE

Cat Her Only Companion—Has Not Been Out of Her Market Street Shop in 20 Years

Philadelphia has a real live hermit, and she's a woman, too, and lives, moreover, in the heart of Philadelphia. On the south side of Market street, two doors above 18th street, is a paper shop, over the door a signboard with the name "M. Rafferty"; within the shop is Mrs. Rafferty. For 20 years Mrs. Rafferty has not stepped out of her shop, not seen more of the world than can be seen through a screen door and one dusty window.

Mrs. Rafferty sat back of her counter, crooning over a bundle in her lap.

"Now, you big baby, you, you just stay nice and comfy in your hammock or mama won't hold you any more. Be a good boy, now. Want to see a lady?"

And from the mass of a black apron a big white cat stretched one paw, then another, and finally jumped up on the counter. His bright yellow eyes gleamed, his almond-shaped pupils narrowed in his cold light; the brightest spot in the shop was the sleek, well-groomed cat.

"Forty-six years I've had this paper shop, and I haven't been out of it for 20. Times haven't changed much. Things are just as they need to be. I don't see any difference. I read the magazines and things. I read the same books of I did years ago. We don't care much for anything, my baby and me."

Mrs. Rafferty turned her back to the shop and began to rock her cat, who, his curiosity satisfied, had jumped back on her lap. Baby contentedly dug his claws into Mrs. Rafferty's knees; she apologetically pried the paws loose.

"My boy and me, we just want each other," she sing-songed to the cat. Customers came and went; from her chair she handed to them the papers, clips and pencils they came in to buy. On the counter were scattered a variety of magazines, one or two October issues, others running from February, 1915, on, and one dusty souvenir of 1914.

"No, I won't have my picture taken. I never had it taken and I won't ever have it taken. I don't want anyone; I don't want anything. I've got my cat and that's enough."

And the mild, dim-eyed old lady patted into place the few the stranger had put at intervals covered the top of her head, jerked her eyelashes up to her eyes and turned her back to Market street.

THE NEW WAISTS ARE EXCEPTIONAL

Other seasons have seen many new ideas, but never within recent ken have the many new things been so charmingly effective, so essentially feminine as they are today. The choice of materials to give expression to the dainty new thoughts has been most happy:

Crepe de Chine, Pussywillow and Georgette Crepe; Taffetas in plaid, stripes and plain colors; fascinating hand-made French blouses.

Correct cut and skillful making add their full share to the attractive consummation.

THE NEW LACES

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MILLIE ALWAYS DOES THINGS IN SUCH AN OPEN-HANDED WAY

