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

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 walst, or on to the male appendage that she trots around with

I can hardly imagine that she will know what to do with a pocket. By the time she has really grown acclimatized 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 discoursing. He is a being, by the way, who prides elf 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 damsel 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 new that it wouldn't be believed, any-how, so he calculated that he might just as well save his breath and his reputa-tion 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 cigarette case, one packet of cigarettes, one cigarette holder, one box of matches and 21 odd and broken ditto, two stumps of lead pencil, one powder puff, one handkerchief, seven tortoise-shell hairpins (imitation) and two "invisible" clasps.

By ELLEN ADAIR

NOTE, with much interest the regival four safety ditto, three letters tone obviously beginning "My darling"—he tried not to look, but curiosity got the better of him), a finy mirror, an empty powderbox, of which the one-time contents were distributed evenly everywhere.

"Personally," declared this gentleman, cheerfully, having duly recounted the above liet to an admiring audience of intimate friends. "I am rather glad that women are beginning to have pockets. It is a wearisome business, this being made perpetual caretaker of gold and silver goodness-knows-whats. "Take those for a moment," eays the pretty girl with wrom you are shopping, and, having disentangled herself from them, pours into your hand a stream of silver triphets and chain bags with sharp edges. chain bags with sharp edges

"The only thing I hope and pray is that women are going to have their pockets where they can get at them without disturbing the peace of the community. The remark of the taxi driver to the lady in the days of old, when she was hunting in an cluster pecket for the fare, is too in an elusive pocket for the fare, is too widely known to be repeated."

The return of the pocket then-in the it understood-is a step in civilization. It was the strangeat idea in the world to dispense with world to dispense with the feminine pecket; for, of course, a woman has more to hide than a man. It brought her to the sad

Jack Frost Inspects the Autumn

Over hill and dale, over mountain and valley, Jack Frost traveled in his fourney 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 Frest



Rude Jack Frost blew straight through Mra. 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. Bouth Wind. "My compliments to you, Mrs. South

Wind," he cried, and he waved his snowy arms with a grand flourish. "May I sug-gest 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!); "but such a remark is not really 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 im-

of course, Mra 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,



"Personally," declared this gentleman

"Unthinkingly you stuff them in a mana "Unthinkingly you stuff them in a mass into your coat pocket, thereby irretrievably ruining the set of it for ever more. Failing this, you follow round like a pet dog, dropping bits of things every 10 yards, and probably emerge from the store at the finish, having shed a pocket mirror and a powder puff, and thereby incurring perpetual diagrace.

necessity of hanging her-self with foolish little accessories, which she was forever losing, and for which some

"To be sure I did, to be sure," replied Mrs. West Wind. "But I worked day by day, hoping each day that you would sleep longer. I would like to have you stay away one year, long enough for me to finish a summer in proper style!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Jack Frost. "That's a joke on you! As though you could ever finish a summer! You work all the season, but I tell you it takes to finish off the summer properly. If I never came, where would you get your golden trees? Where your crimson sunsets? Where your ripened seeds and nuts? It takes me to finish your work See what my helpers have already done?" And, as Mrs. West Wind hurriedly got out of his icy path. Jack Frost looked over the work his helpers had started and put the fine finish on the summer

Copyright-Clara Ingram Judson

The Man Who

Took a Mountain Top He struggled and he battled.

And he fought the mighty years; He fought them in the sunshine, And he fought them in his tears. He leveled walls and castles,

And he mounted mile by mile-And then he took the mountain top,

And rested for a while. At least he thought he rested, But he didn't rest at all; For he looked across his summit, And he yearned for heaven's wall, He reached amid the motion

Of the ever-rolling stars; And he sorrowed that the distance Had put up so many bars. The people down below him Looked in envy on his plight; They were jealous of the triumph

He had won in splendid might. But the man who took the mountain-All the sad and lonely years—
Wished that he was at the bottom,
With his people, and their tears.
(Copyright, 1915, Seuthern Press Syndicate.)

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 companion-

solemn-looking cat. It was a cat which had once been a kitten and frolicked as and the date had arrived when she must punder over what the future had in store for her. It was this pondering and wondering that made her sit around without

"Murder! Police! Fire!"

he entered the gate.
"My old cat has had a fit!" it possible!" he replied, without

cracking a smile.
"And but for this young lady here, who

"It was a fit, I suppose?"

"Yery likely to."
"But what would you advise me

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!"

"You think a good deal of her, no doubt, but the safest way is to get rid of her. If she runs mad she may bite you."
"But how am I going to get rid of her?"
"She ought to be carried off and drowned."

Very few people would permit a widow's old cat to disturb their peace of mind, but in this case the occasion was fur-nished by Providence for a special pur-pose, and in about three days Miss Ruth found herself saying to herself:

"I feel bad for that poor old woman. That cat has got to go, and it will be very lonesome around that house. I'll see if I can't buy her another some-

And Mr. Osborne Chalmers found himcat, but why should I keep thinking of her! I never gave a cat two thoughts be-fore. Reckon it was because I met a good-looking girl at the same time I met the old cat. If the critter has another fit she'll turn up her toes for good, If I knew where I could find a young cat I be-

"Yes, she opportunity.

"Yes, she looks bad." agreed Mrs.
Baker, "and I am going to ask a great
favor of you. You see, I am lame, and
can't walk far, and I want the old cat
taken away and dropped on the road
somewhere. If she is carried a mile I
don't believe she can find her way back
again."

New Buckwheat

The real old-fashioned kind we used to

60c for a 12-Lb. Bag

Agents for Deer-foot-Farm Sausage

Maple Syrup, Golden Syrup, Honey.

ahlp for the last 10 years had been her

It was an old gray cat. It was t kittens do, but that time had long past ambition and permit the rats and mice to come and go unafraid and untouched.

On a certain summer afternoon Mina Ruth Brighton, wishing for a sight of the trees, birds, lambs, hollyhocks and tondstools 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 accounts. gate and acreamed:

"Murder! Police! Fire!"

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

Many a giri 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!" walled 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 long minute she opened her eyes and returned to the land of the living.

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

That day Osborne Chalmers had decided

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 hollybocks and the rest of the things that make a farmer's life so joyful and innocent that he never sells thirteen eggs for a dozen, for fear of hurting the feelings of a buyer.

Mr. Chalmers saw a crow. He saw a cow. He saw smartweed and mayweed and burdocks 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 75 acres of turnips when he saw a cottage, an old woman, a girl and a hijnking old cat.

"Will you come here?" called the

"Will you come here?" called the Widow Baker as he slackened his pace. "Is it anything serious?" he asked as he entered the

told me to throw cold water on the gasp-ing creature, she'd have been dead by

"Aged cats are subject to them, I be-What, will she have another?"

"It seems to me the better way would get rid of her. If there was any-I could do I should cheerfully do

lieve I would carry it to her."

Miss Ruth arrived at the cottage. The cat sat on the porch. She hadly had another fit, but she looked as if she were going to have one at the first convenient

again."
"But how'll I carry her?" asked Ruth.
"I didn't know that you'd ever come

WHITE SATIN BLOUSE WITH METALLIC EMBROIDERIES



A DRESSY BLOUSE

THE new blouses are not strikingly, ever, and many of the three-piece suits 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

Smocking is a noticeable feature on some of the new blouses. At first it was feared that this would become alwas reared that this would become armost too commonplace, but the number of exclusive shops which took up this fad and improved upon it in various ways only served to add to its attraction. 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

back, but I've thought it all out. We'll | he went to the rescue. Then she inflicted put her in a paper flour sack that I have saved. When you get about a mile away empty her out, say 'Shoo!' and that will be the last of her. She'll find a home somewhere." Miss Ruth agreed to do the errand and

Alias Ruth agreed to do the errand, and after a time started back with the cap-tive. The cat made no great objections to being sacked up. It is possible that she rather longed for a change of environment.

and spits. She claws and bites and walls. She webbles the sack to and fro and back and forth. Miss Ruth was hurrying along with

that sacked cat when she saw a young man approaching. It was Osborne Chal-mers. When he saw the wobbling sack held out at arm's length he suspected its contents and hastened his steps. He was too late, however. What is to be will be. It was foreordained that that cat was to claw her way out, and out she came. The feline could have made a peaceful and honorable retreat into the roadaide bushes, but she did nothing of the kind. She clawed off Miss Ruth's hat and scratched her face—she clawed and scratched the face of M. Chairman. scratched the face of Mr. Chaimers when

two or three bites, and went her way. The humanitarians were sadly in need of repairs, and they made for the Widow Baker's.

show charming white lace models with black panne collar and cuffs.

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 every-

where. 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, claborately embroidered with gold and silver threads. The girdle 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 year and

becomingly tailored effect. The vest and

sleeves are of net top lace.

Yokes are still another sign of the

The widow stood on her porch with a glad smile on her face. So did her old

"I'm so glad to see you!" exclaimed he woman as the clawed and scratched and bitten couple entered the gate. "The cat has got over her fits and is playing around as she used to when she was kitten. It must have been the fright that

When the wounds of the victims had been dressed the widow sent them on their way with:

"I did think the whole world was hard-"I did think the whole world was hard-hearted, but this incident has shon me to the contrary. You are passing by here when you found my cat in a fit. You come to the rescue. You come back the second time to find her ready to have another fit, and you carry her off and give her such a scare that her health is completely restored, and she is good for another 10 years of life. May a widow's blessing attend you!'

Miss Ruth and Mr. Chalmers walked away together.

LUIGI RIENZI

1714 Walnut Street Ladies' Tailor and Furrier

Popular Furs

All the New and Fashionable Models Bought Before the Recent

Handsome Collection of Silver, Cross and Blue Fox Skins and Garments

Charming Novelty Sets, Including the New Football Muff Reliable and Classy Goods at Very Moderate Prices Fur Trimmed Motor Coats-French and Rienzi Hats for Autumn

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 bride's father, who was arrested at the the door a signboard with the name instance of Mrs. Henrietta Feldman, the bridegroom's mother.

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

Virginia Boulter, 20 years old and pretty, was employed in the millinery depart-ment of a Market street department store, where David Feldman, 21 years old, of 2711 North Bonsail 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 Seturday the young course slipsed.

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 Magnitude Greins today he told the Marriage Control of Magistrate Grells today he told the Mag

istrate 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 Magis-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.

CHICAGO LIQUOR MEN ATTACK SUFFRAGE LAW

Demand Test of Constitutionality of Equal Franchise Act

SPRINGFIELD, III., 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 antis, whose at-torneys represent also the United Socie-ties of Chicago and other liquor interests. Suffrage leaders today declared that the wets in Chicago have 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 Sundays. They declare the wets are fearful that if Chicago does vote dry in next April's election the women's vote will do it.

Yum, Yum; Raisin Bread Here! 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 au-tumn 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

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 women, too, and lives, moreov Magistrate Grells playing the part of in the heart of Philadelphia. On the peacemaker. It had been temporarily south side of Market street, two doors disrupted by Joseph P. Boulter, the above 18th street, is a paper shop, over 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 creen 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 fuet

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

And from the mazes 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 the 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 smuch. Things are just as they used to be. I don't see any difference. I read the magazines and the papers. People read the same things. I read the same books 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 ther," she sing-songed to the car, Cusother," 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

counter were scattered a variety of maga-zines, one or two October leaves, others running from February, 1215, 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 suffrage; 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 strands of hair that

into place the few strands of hair that at intervals covered the top of her head, jerked her eyeglasses up to her eyes and turned her back to Market street.

LANGHORNE SOROSIS MEETS

First Session of the Fall in Charge of Art Section

LANGHORNE, Pa., Oct. 13.-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. Sara E. Allen and Miss Anna R. Paxson, vice E. Allen and Miss Anna R. Paxson, 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. Ezekiel L. Pryor and Mrs. William H. Ivins, discontinuous

Jane Addams Talks to Vassar Girls Jane Addams Talks to Vassar Girls FOUGHKEEPSIE, 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. same subject.



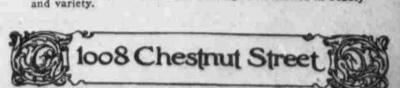
The New Waists Are Exceptional

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 New Laces

Chantilly, Alencon, Filet, Spanish Lustre, Gold and Silver Metal-Run in cream, black and white; real filet edges and insertions—a stock that leaves nothing to be desired in beauty



MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS

Annual Committee of the Committee of the

Bradford Clarke Co.

1520 Chestnut Street

Phone, Spruce 295-Race 1467

(Copyright, 1848.)

MILLIE ALWAYS DOES THINGS IN SUCH AN OPEN-HANDED WAY

