EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1915.

AMOROUS VICISSITUDES: ON LOVE AND LOVE-MAKING

It Isn't Always the Easy, Debonair Lover Who Wins Out in the End-Shyness as a Sign of Sincerity

By ELLEN ADAIR

NTBODY can be a lover, but to be | As bushand and a lover is the art which mankind has still to learn in order the paradisical state which

> posed to and ought to represent."

t'on if everybody can be a lover! One hears of individuals (masculine, of course) who pose as being

odels in lovemaking, but as a matter of at one notices that the ladies of their me very peevish once they are these paragons of amorous The lovemaking palls after a senteurs who get along best in this workly.

world. "Lovemaking is an inspiration." says one writer, who, to all appearances is filed to overflowing with illuminating sentiments on matters amorous. "Every of man should have his particular of making love; for what might be a very successful procedure for a man, say, mick-set and far from handsome, would not "o for an exquisitely polished youth."

"When to make love and how: the 'how' is a question of the presentation of one's personality in the proper light fitted to t. One must learn by experience what way of paying one's court goes with one's appearance and manner: as to the 'when,' it is decided by the moment our person-ality feels in the ascendant."

"Women always think their personality uperior, and complicated, and attractive. Whereas if a Don Juan whispered in 'You are surpassingly beautitheir car: 'You are aurpassingly beauti-ful, and I worship you!' it would not achieve in any way the same effect as praising their personality and attaching to it a vague, mysterious charm which their our: annot be defined, and the limits of which, opurse, cannot be foreseen."

ing was so clumny that the lady of his heart broke off the engagement and it took a great deal of time and trouble to persuade her into forgiving him and final the marriage union is supcotering the holy bonds of matrimony. His clumsiness was of the real, maddening sort that was calculated to get on any-body's nerves. He would walk into the But I very much ques-

drawing room when it was full of peo-drawing room when it was full of peo-ple and he so overcome with embarrass-ment at the sight of his sweetheart that he would stumble over the nearest object and send it flying half way across the room. And later, when they were all en-joying a cup of afternoon tes, he would

surreptitiously try to squeeze the hand of the selfsame lady and thereby upset the tea into the lap of her best gown. . . .

All of which was decidedly disconcerting for the fond lover, but even more so for the damsel. So she broke things off-temporarily.

I heard of a lover once whose lovemak-

However, after a time, she discovered that his clumsiness, bad as it was, was preferable to any one else's charm and adroitness. So she forgave her stupid lover-and they lived happy ever after.

All of which goes to prove that it isn't always the casy, debonair lover who wins out in the end. As Jerome

K. Jerome informs us, the lad's shy stammering tells a truer tale than all the glib speeches of the middle-aged and prosaic lover. "The first," he declares, "Is the outpouring of a full heart. The second is more often the result of a full stomach." . . .

Methods of love-making,

then, are so varied that it entirely depends on the individual as to whether they are satisfactory or not. And what is sauce for the goose seldom is sauce for the gander.



THE DAILY STORY

she won the hearts of the American people, but London, too, had fallen a ready victim to her charm. Yet Madge was still the wholesome, blg-souled girl of the country.

the country. When Sir John Giltroy was presented to her at the home of Lord Danvers, where a house party was given in har honor, he know that the one woman had entered his life. The onslaught was sudden and compelling. So great was the havoc wrought that his make friends railied him that evening in the smoke room, but Sir John only accepted the banter with his slow, easy smile. During the fortnight following he courted Madge with British determina-tion of his purpose to win her for his own, yet there was not a soul among

own, yet there was not a soul among the jolly house party that failed to read Sir John's eyes when they rested on

Madge. Before accepting Lord Danvers' invi-tation Madge had asked the privilege of solitude for an hour or two a day that she might study up her part for the forthcoming production of her new play. Thus it happened that there were many moments of the day when Sile John Gil-

Thus it happened that there were many moments of the day when Sir John Gil-troy was not happy. He was not jealous of Madge's art, but he regretted the slip-ping by of procious hours when she could have been at his side. The time allotted him for courtship was scant at best. He knew that the return to London meant rehearsals and fatigue that would as-suredly preclude him, at least tempo-rarily, from her horizon. As for Madge, she felt almost sorry that Sir John Giltroy had appeared upon that horizon at all. Her reason told her that she could not be happy as the mis-trees of a London mansion even though

that she could not be happy as the mis-tress of a London mansion even though the very best people in the land would be her friends. Her heart, in turn, seemed determined to make her acknowledge that heither could she be happy amid the apple blossoms and simplicity of the country were not Sir John beside her. He was so dotached from her ideals of life. Now that she had won a heavy laurel wreath, Madge had only one desire, and that was to retire from the footlights to that was to retire from the footlights to some quiet country spot and there steep her soul in nature even as she had steeped her life with the artificial moods

of the stage. "I want a brood of kiddles brought

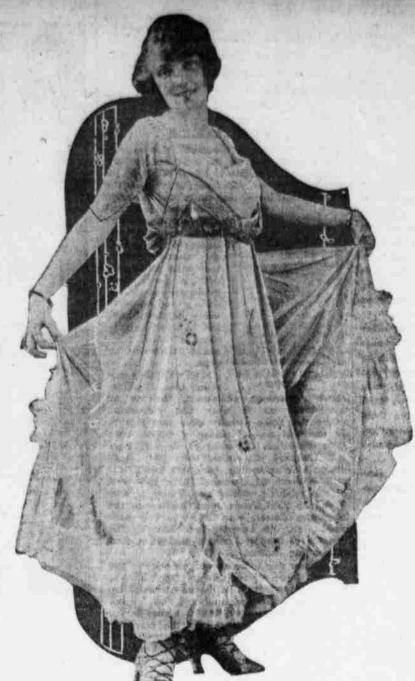
In study of it, or it might have been that cold reason told her that in escaping Sir John she was fortifying her heart against the attack. She knew by the look in his

withstand his pleading when he poured forth his love for her with an ardor that only a deeply affected man possesses. She had not dreamed that a reserved, easy-going Britisher could fall so com-pletely and so gloriously in love. It will be her breath sway and left her sulte took her breath away and left her

they are so widely separated that it would

own before she could stir. "I will give you another fortnight to think it over." he said, making an effort to speak with control while his breath was coming jerkily. "You will know then if you love me." He let her go then, and Madge went quickly to her room. Her cheeks were a deep scarlet and her wonderful eyes wore shining. Huwing returned to her apartment in town. Madge became snitrely accupied

town, Madge became entirely occupied with her new production. She had de-cided, when she first maw her nart, that the little trunkful of clothes with which she had come to Broadway from which she had come to Broadway from the country, would costume the role as no other clothes would. The trunk was always with her. It was the closest link with the past and a treasured possession. When Madge opened it to look over its contents she had not realized that a tumult of emotion would sweep over her. The longing to get back to the old farm brought tears to her eyes, and when she picked up the old pink sunbonnet that had clung to her curly head through rain and through shine. Made wept softly into its faded depths. its faded depths. "No, nol" she told herself, vehemently, "I could not marry a tilted personage and the myself down to conventional city life." She gazed fondly at her ginchams and quaint little frilled petticoats and her Sunday rat with the pond lilles on it. They were admirably suited to her part in the new play and Madge decided that if the play was a success she would play artistic other and their daily converse with lay-men who are familiar with music and with opera. Over there this fellowship extends to the interest of all the people you meet, from the man who shaves, or the woman who walts upon you, to the if the play was a success she would play her season in London and a farewell in New York, then retire from the stage. elite. Europeans are brought up on music as Americans are brought up on So engrossed was she that she had not heard the bell ring, nor did she know that her maid had admitted Sir John Gilmosphere, is all we lack in this country." troy. She turned suddenly and looked into his laughing eyes. He took both of her hands in his own and surveyed her from "Don't blame American teachers." the way Riccardo Martin put it; "blame head to foot the American public. In olden times there was a superstition that 'the King can do



A charming dance frock of rose-colored faille, brocaded in silver and sapphire blue, and embroidered in crystal and sapphire beads. The Callot shoes are an exclusive design. Posed by Miss Barbara Russell, of the Whitney Fashion Show.

MUSICAL TRAINING IN AMERICA

Equipment Qualifying Them for Success in Their Profession

when America is competent to give full return for the several millions of dollars that students now spend in European conservatories? An interesting symposium of opinion

on the subject has been advanced by the operatic stars of American birth of the Poston Grand Opera Company now gathering for the season. All of them found It necessary to study in Europe and achieve a reputation there before coming back to this country, where the real money grows, but the time is coming, ac-

BLAMES AMERICAN PUBLIC.

wrong.' In the modern republican re-

no wrong. In the modern republican re-versal of things in general this tradition is changed to 'the public can do no wrong.' The people of this country are still subject to the fallacy that things from abroad are better than things pro-

whether abroad."

cording to many of them, when American conservatories and American teachers will be able to hold their heads as high as those of the Continent.

"Singing," she said, "is one thing, but has pre-eminent facilities for operatic training. Opera is an old institution over there, and consequently the schoeling for operatic artists is firmly established and highly developed. No matter how patrio-tic we may be, we should not close our eyes to this truth. Young American singers who contemplate soing into grand opera should by all means go abroad.

SID HUNT. Sid Hunt is a frend of mine. He comes erround a lot.

WOMEN WITH BABY EYES MAKE BEST WIVES, SAYS DR. JOHNSTON

They Also Should Have Teeth of a Pinkish Hue and Cheeks With Faint Trace of Down-Probation Officer Disagrees

ACCORDING to the song writer of a day gone by it doesn't matter much If your sweetheart's limpld orbs are blue, or brown, or gray, if she squints or if she ogles, just so she happens to be the girl you love. But, according to one Dr. Willard H. K. Johnston, of Chicago, who professes to know much of things matrimontal, it makes all the difference in the world-even the future well-being of the race being dependent on the eyes of

the women who are its mothers. No man who has any regard for the peace of his soul or the health and proper training of his children will pick for a wife any but one of the baby-eyed type. They are the kind, in the opinion of the learned gentleman, who have been foreordained to be the good mothers of the nation. They know how to spoon and

they know how to croon, and what more could a prospective husband ask? In addition to being baby-eyed, the woman who makes the best wife has teeth of a pinkish hus and checks which In addition to being baby-eyed, the woman who makes the best wife has teeth of a pinkish hue and checks which show the faint trace of down. Doctor Johnston doesn't come out in the open and declare in favor of the mustache or a silken beard as a wifely attribute, but puts a limitation on the hirsute qualifica-tion that nevertheless throatens to put the beauty doctors and electric needle wielders dollars behind in their business. In they have a pair of baby eyes at home."

Tommy Tittle-mouse lived and perched

"How do you do?" asked Chippy; he

saw Tommy at the very minute Tommy

"Go ahead with the special thing," he soid.

saw him, you see. "Do come out and

talk to me. I want to ask you something

his home!

"The woman with superfluous hair," he maintains, "Is not so highly develo as her clear-skinned sister, but she had more primitive instincts. The call of mothsrhood is deep within her and without husband and children her life is only half lived.

"Her type is disappearing as the race becomes more highly developed. We are getting intellectual women at the expense of mothers, which is the reason for the ever-increasing race suicide."

ever-increasing race suicide." In the opinion of Miss Henristia Addi-ton, the doctor is on the wrong track and the more intellect you inject into the wife and mother business the better for all hands around. Miss Additon eught to know. In her capacity as assistant probation officer in the Court of Domas-tic Relations at City Hall she mests prac-tically all the women and men in the city who become tangled in the match-monial snari.

Chippy Questions Tommy Tittle-Mouse

THE day after Chippy Sparrow and Billy Robin had the argument about Billy's going away for the winter (the argument which ended in Chippy's find-ing that Billy had to go South whether he wished or not, because his feathers were not warm enough to keep him comfortable through the long, cold winter), Copyright-Clara Ingram Judson Chippy flew over to the log in which

DRUMFISH BLAMED FOR SKINNY OYSTERS

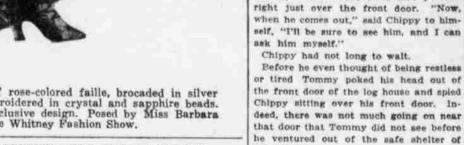
Bivalves Worn to a Ragged Edge Worrying Over Raids on Their Beds

If your stew contains but one lonely oyster that looks worried and thred do not blame the cook or the boas of the place. It's not their fault at all. The real cause is the drumfish. Word was re-ceived here today that they are raiding the oyster beds along the Maurice River cove. They make their submarine attacks under the cover of night. Then the strategic drumfish "beat it."

Just when the optimistic oyster is con-gratulating himself on escaping oblivion in a coffn of cracker dust or a stew, slone In a coffn of cracker dust or a stew, slong comes the drumfish and drags him out of his bed of pleasant dreams. The raids have become so serious that owners of the beds have erected oyster scarcerows to frighten the invader away. These are made of a shingle in which a hole is cut in one end and weight attached. This causes the shingle to wave and it fright-ens the fish away.

causes the shingle to wave and it fright-ens the fish away. These scarecrows have been rigged up by the thousand and they have good effect upon the fish that are not too wise. But some of the veteran "drummies," which have been awimming around the cove a long time, give the shingle the laugh and set the oysters just the same. U. Steelman Lee, of Wilmington, who has been bringing oysters from the cove-for many years, said today that the cove-

for many years, said today that the own-ers of the bods will lose thousands of dollars unless the raids of the fish are stopped.



OPERA STARS UNITED IN PRAISING

I lieve it Unnecessary for Singers to Go Abroad for

Story of the story

the dramatic and vocal interpretation of grand opera roles is another. Europe has pre-eminent facilities for operatic

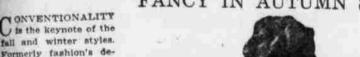
Little Benny's Note Book

And wen ennyboddy ses What? to him.

special." ng special?" asked Tommy "Well, I'm willing. Only do look around Fund Raised by Penn Men to Mainand see if that house cat is on the porch tain Employment Bureau She gave me such a start yesterday that A fund of \$1552 was raised by students at the University of Pennsylvania for the I have promised myself never to go outside my house when she is on the porch! maintenance of the student employment bureau and other betterment movements. bureau and other betterment movements, it was announced today by the University Young Men's Christian Association, which How was I to know that she had company and that they would want me for dessert?" With all Tommy Tittle-mouse's bravery-and he really had grown very last night. brave during the summer-he could not get over his fear of the house cat. Perhaps, on the whole, it was just as well he was a bit timid, for that cat certainly had a great appetite, and one never can tell. Anyway, Tommy was quite relioved when Chippy reported the coast clear. He came right out and settled down for a talk with Chippy. "Go ahead with the special thing," he said, by way of begin-

FLESH PINK PLAID A NEW

In the keynote of the fall and winter styles. Formerly fashion's devotees had to adapt themselves to all kinds of disconcerting fashions, not the least of these being the kimono sleeve, the hobble and the wasp waist. These have gone forever, although some designers have predicted a return of the wasp waist line. But it is reasonably certain that once woman have known the delightful freedom and comfort of a loose, graceful rown, which presuppomes loose coractingthey will not choose to he uncomfortable again. I'm afraid that the old expression about the "tyranny of fashion" is aulte extinct. A smart little afteron frock for the imromptu bridge is shown n today's illustration. The lines are simple in the extreme, but the color combination-flean



FANCY IN AUTUMN SILKS

e difficult to get the best out of life inder those conditions." Without knowing B. Madge swayed

"I want a brood of kiddles brought up under the scent of fruit blossoms and having for toys a lamb, some chick-ens, rabbits and even a wee piggy," she had once told a friend who had been astonished at her refusal to marry an eminent politician. "I think I am still a farmer at heart," she laughingly added. Perhaps it was because her character for the new play was that of a simple country girl that Madge spent long hours in study of it, or it might have been that

before returning to the city. Even so, Madge found it difficult to

weaker than she had anticipated. "You know so little of me," she said when finally her heart quieted its beat-ing. "I am deeply honored by your love, hut I feel that our paths are so different;

slightly toward him. His arms went swiftly about her and his lips covered her own before she could stir.

tinted this season. deep grays, dull garnets, and wonderful gleaming seacock blues and are admirably. The Scotch Scotch novelties are also popuiar. These include fa-historic tartans of famous houses, but more of them later on. The jumper waist of frock is made of a-colored Georgette,

pink and deep cream plaid-is most effective. The allks are charming-

an embroidered llar. The vest of plaid and Georgette is neat. The sleeves fit quite closely at the wrist, with smart little bails of metas affording a fining touch. A narrow shade shows

peplum

AN AFTERNOON FROCK OF TAFFETAS at the bottom.

The skirt is really charming. Three extremely so as some of the spring models. It is an ideal afternoon gown it with two very deep tucks of Georgette for the college girl.

THIEF GETS \$7500 WORTH OF GEMS IN BOLD ROBBERY

under-

urgiar Enters Room as Owners Sleep and Loots Bureau

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Oct. 14.-The home IL. R. Leister, proprietor of the Leister was robbed of \$7500 worth of diaads and other jewelry early today.

"Jimmying" a front window under the are of a porch light, the burglar ened the house, reached the room where and Mrs. Leister slept and, rummag-through their bureau, obtained sev-l rare diamonds and two watches, burglars overlooked a \$500 diamond wister's bed.

terest

not kept.



This is short, but not so as some of the spring

PORTIA WINS SUIT

Miss A. F. Yerger Acts as Counsel for Herself in Legal Battle

In the dual capacity of defendant and counsel, A. Florence Yerger, Philadel-phia's only active Portia, won a suit brought against her by Zilpah H. Beau-mont to recover \$200 with seven years' in-In the spring of 1908 Miss Yerger, as

agent for the owners, negotiated to sell Beaumont two small properties at 54th and Market streets under a contract calling for the payment of \$200 on account of the purchase price. In her individual capacity she was also to act as con-veyancer for Beaumont. The latter charged that the agreement of sole veyancer for Beaumont. The latter charged that the agreement of sale was

"Well. If I had known you when you were a wee sirl like that you would never have been crowned by theatrical laurels and I would never have been a baronet. I would have married you and kept you out on the farm with me."

"You-not a baronet? How could you help it?" Madge questioned the man, while she realized that she must give this man his way whether that way led through town mansions or country lanes. "I won my title," he said, simply, "It degree of honor and not hereditary.

is a degree of honor and not hereditary. At heart I long for the vastness of coun-try life. I am a farmer by birth and a haronet by endeavor." He draw Madge nearer to him and looked fondly beneath the sainbonnet. "I have come for my an-swer, dear." he said. "My anawer." whispered Madge softly. "is-yes."

(Copyright, 1915.)

Sid ses, Do I look like a wat? ARTISTIC "ATMOSPHERE."

Gaston Sergeant, basso, is for America Hes got a baby bruthir with both feet. "Artistic atmosphere," Awlways bawlling with its mouth open says, "is most apparent where art is be

wide, represented. There are no finer operatio performances given anywhere than in So maybe if you kepp awn looking,

America, and consequently the artistic at-You cood see its teeth growing inside. mosphere is here in abundance, if yould only admit it to our imaginations It can ony move in a baby coatch. "There is no lack of artistic atmos-phere here. What is called by that name And Sid is the wun has to wheel it,

He leeves it plases wile he goz and on the other side of the ocean is really artistic fellowship-the mingling of musical and vocal students with each plays, Proberly hoping sumboddy will steel

> Sid Hunt has freckils awn his face, Espeahilly awn his noze,

Maybe he has sum uthir places, But thare awi the wuns that snows.

He can bat pritty good and throw

cerve, baseball, and every man, woman and child over there is an opera 'fan.' This And jump the street in 5,

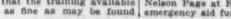
artistic fellowship, and not artistic at- His mothir makes grate mullassiz candy,

But his farthirs not alive.

His mothir tells him to say, No mam, Insted of saying, Nup, And he wunts to be a mounted pleaceman As soon as he grows up.

Hes awiways seting a pretzil, Awn akkount of his appertite, And you haff to ask him about 5 times, If you ixpeckt to get a bite.

duced here. When the American public becomes as sensible about art as it is about business, and throws off the false Italians Here Aid Wounded Soldiers The Italian Relief Division of the iden that the foreign stamp is better than the native, then our rising opera singers will be received at their full value here. Emergency Aid Committee has sent more than 500 vials of antitoxin to Italy during the past week in response to an appeal trained or experienced here on from that country for serum to combat Felice Lyne, the Kansas City girl who is distinguished for having become an international star at an earlier age than birth, believes that the training available in America is as fine as may be found Felice Lyne, the Kansas City girl who



was

"All right," replied Chippy, "what want to know is this: Are you going away for the winter as Billy is? Am I going to be alone in this garden?"

No, no. no!" said Tommy Tittle-mouse firmly. "I'll not go away. How could I? You really should learn to use your head a bit, Chippy! How could I fly to the South?"

"But do all creatures who go South ny?" asked Chippy with wide-open eyes. "To be sure they do," said Tommy laughingly. "How else could they go

Modish women have their

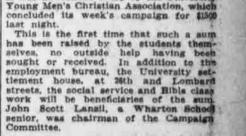
PRAGER

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uits made by







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