

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

ANYBODY can be a lover, but to be a husband and a lover in the art which mankind has still to learn in order to produce the paradisaical state which the marriage union is supposed to be and ought to represent.

I heard of a lover once whose loveliness was so clumsy 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 finally entering the holy bonds of matrimony.

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

However, after a time, she discovered that his clumsiness, bad as it was, was preferable to any one else's charm and adroitness.

Methods of love-making, then, are so varied that it entirely depends on the individual as to whether they are satisfactory or not.

FLESH PINK PLAID A NEW FANCY IN AUTUMN SILKS

CONVENTIONALITY is 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.



AN AFTERNOON FROCK OF TAFFETAS at the bottom. This is short, but not so extremely so as some of the spring models. It is an ideal afternoon gown for the college girl.

THIEF GETS \$7500 WORTH OF GEMS IN BOLD ROBBERY Burglar Enters Room as Owners Sleep and Loots Bureau

PORTIA WINS SUIT Miss A. F. Yergers Acts as Counsel for Herself in Legal Battle

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



THE DAILY STORY Laurels and Sunbonnet

Madge Lester had won her crown of laurels with comparative ease. From a slip of a country girl, playing in amateur theatricals, she had ascended to the heights of dramatic art.

When Sir John Giltroy was presented to her at the home of Lord Danvers, where a house party was given in her honor, he knew that the one woman had captured his life.

Before accepting Lord Danvers' invitation 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 Sir John Giltroy was not happy. He was not jealous of Madge's art, but he regretted the slipping by of precious hours when she could have been at his side.

"I want a brood of huddles brought up under the aegis of fruit blossoms and having for toys a lawn, some chickens, rabbits and even a wee piggy," she had once told a friend who had been astonished at her refusal to marry an eminent politician.

Even so, Madge found it difficult to withstand his pleading when he poured forth his love for her with an earnestness she had never before known.

He let her go then, and Madge went quickly to her room. Her cheeks were a deep scarlet and her wonderful eyes were shining.

Having returned to her apartment in town, Madge became entirely occupied with her new production. She had decided, when she first saw her part, that the little trunkful of clothes with which she had come to Broadway from the country, would costume the role as no other clothes would.

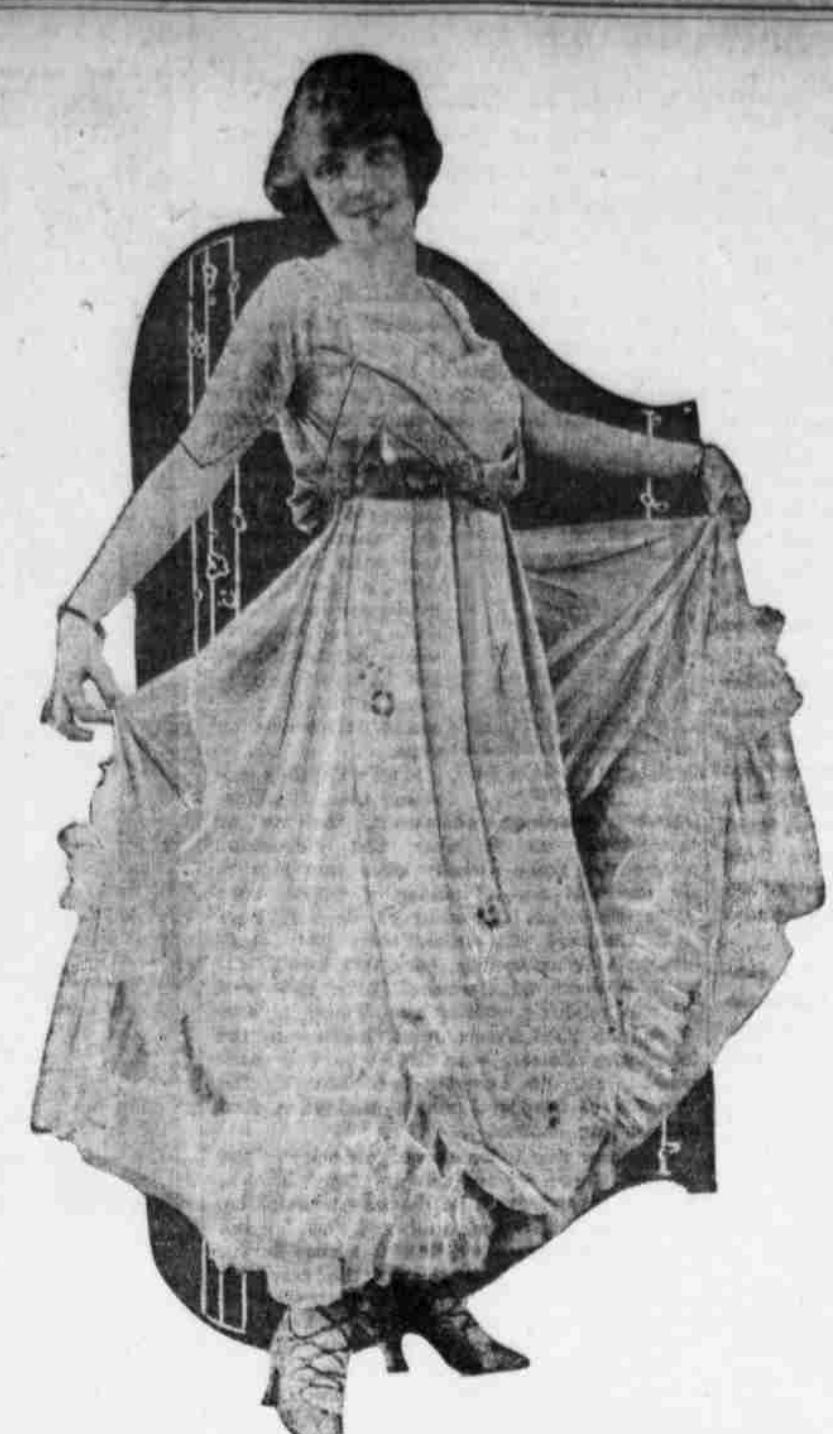
When Madge opened it to look over its contents she had not realized that a tumult of emotion would sweep over her. The longing to get back to the old farm brought tears to her eyes, and when she picked up the old pink sunbonnet that had clung to her curly head through rains and through shine, Madge wept softly into its faded depths.

"No, no," she told herself, vehemently, "I should not marry a titled personage and tie myself down to conventional city life." She gazed fondly at her gingham and quaint little frilled petticoats and her Sunday hat with the nondescript bow.

So enraptured was she that she had not heard the bell ring, nor did she know that her maid had admitted Sir John Giltroy.

"Well, if I had known you when you were a wee girl 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.



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.

OPERA STARS UNITED IN PRAISING MUSICAL TRAINING IN AMERICA

Believe it Unnecessary for Singers to Go Abroad for Equipment Qualifying Them for Success in Their Profession

SHOULD Americans go abroad for operatic training? Or has the day come 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 opinions on the subject has been advanced by the operatic stars of American birth of the Boston 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, according to many of them, when American conservatories and American teachers will be able to hold their heads as high as those of the Continent.

Gaston Sergeant, basso, is for America with both feet. "Artistic atmosphere," he says, "is most apparent where art is best represented. There are no finer operatic performances given anywhere than in America, and consequently the artistic atmosphere is here in abundance. If we would only admit it to our imaginations."

"There is no lack of artistic atmosphere here. What is called by that name on the other side of the ocean is really extended to the interest of all the people and their daily converse with laymen who are familiar with music and with opera. Over there this fellowship extends to the interest of all the people who meet from the man who shaves, or the woman who waits upon you, to the elite. Europeans are brought up on music as Americans are brought up on baseball and every man, woman and child over there is an opera fan." This artistic fellowship, and not artistic atmosphere, is all we lack in this country.

"Don't blame American teachers," was the way Riccardo Martin put it; "blame the American public. In olden times there was a superstition that 'the King can do no wrong.' In the modern republican reversal 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 produced here. When the American public becomes as sensible about art as it is about business, and throws off the false idea that the foreign stamp is better than the native, then our rising opera singers will be received at their full value here, whether trained or experienced here or abroad."

Felice Lyne, the Kansas City girl who is distinguished for having become an international star at an earlier age than any grand opera singer of American birth, believes that the training available in America is as fine as may be found in any other country if one wishes merely to learn to sing.

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

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 as her sweetheart's limpid orbs are blue, or brown, or gray, if she squints or if she has, just as she happens to be the girl you love.

In addition to being baby-eyed, the woman who makes the best wife has teeth of a pinkish hue and cheeks which show the faint trace of down.

Chippy had not long to wait. Before he even thought of being restless or tired Tommy poked his head out of the front door of the log house and spied Chippy sitting over his front door.

"How do you do?" asked Chippy; he saw Tommy at the very minute Tommy there? No, I stay right here in this nice garden; but don't be too sure of seeing much of me. You won't! When the cold weather comes, I shall either go to the cellar for the winter, or I shall bury myself behind warm rubbish in his best "O dear!" wailed Chippy dimly. "I know I'm going to be lonesome! I just know it!"

"Go ahead with the special thing," he said, and talk to me. I want to ask you something special.

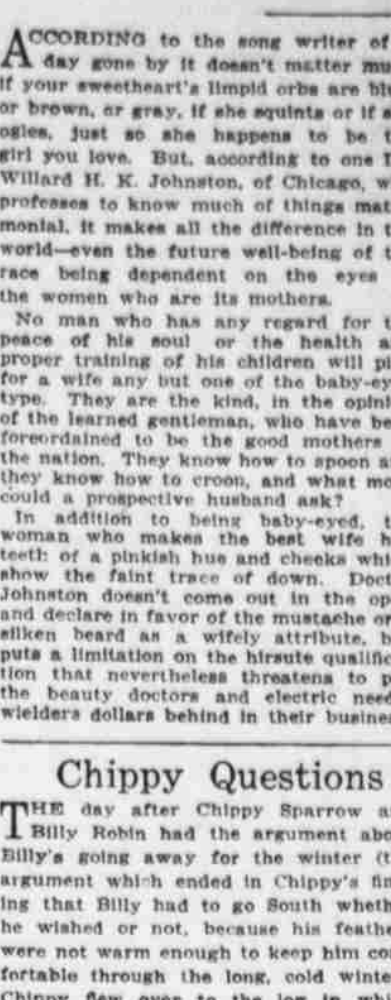
"Something special?" asked Tommy. "Well, I'm willing. Only do look around and see if that house cat is on the porch. She gave me such a start yesterday that I have promised myself never to go outside my house when she is on the porch! How was I to know that she had company and that they would want me for dessert?"

"All right," replied Chippy, "what I 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 fly?" asked Chippy with wide-open eyes. "To be sure they do," said Tommy laughingly. "How else could they go?"

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



Tommy Tittle-Mouse

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 tired do not blame the cook or the boss of the plate. It's not their fault at all. The real cause is the drumfish.

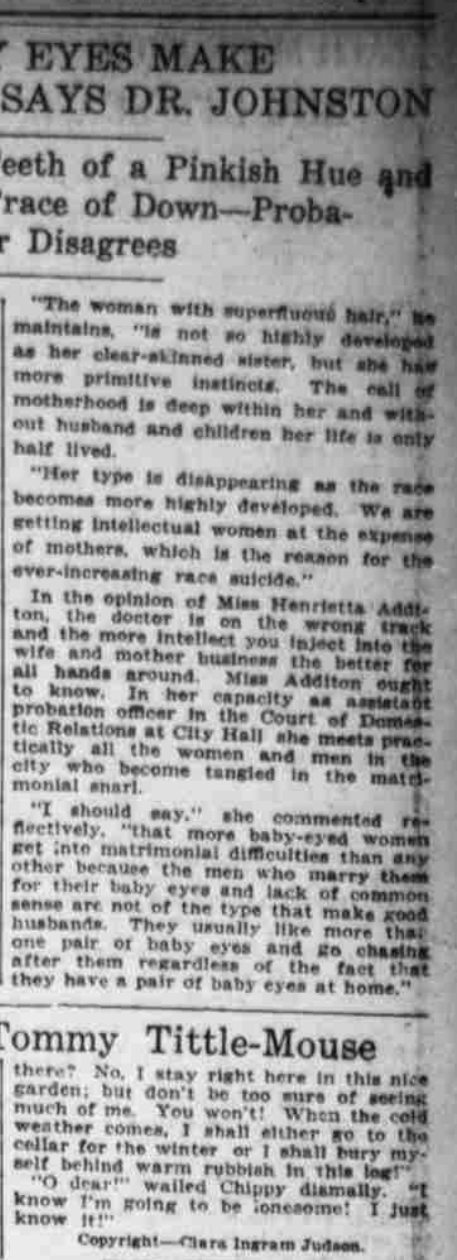
These scarecrows have been rigged up by the stowaways and they have good effect upon the fish that are not too wise. But some of the veteran "drummers," which have been swimming around the cove a long time, give the shingle the laugh and get the oysters just the same.

U. Steelman Lee, of Wilmington, who has been bringing oysters from the cove for many years, said today that the owners of the beds will lose thousands of dollars unless the raids of the fish are stopped.

\$1592 TO HELP STUDENTS

Fund Raised by Penn Men to Maintain Employment Bureau

A fund of \$1592 was raised by students at the University of Pennsylvania for the maintenance of the student employment bureau and other betterment movements. It was announced today by the University Young Men's Christian Association, which concluded its week's campaign for \$1592 last night.



Drumfish

Fall Hat

This is one of our many new models in trimmed millinery. Come and see the hats we are selling for \$3.00

Katherine Rowe MILLINERY 205 S. 10th St.

Monty is so silly at times

Monty is so silly at times