EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1915.

THE MOON AND THE STARS: AMBITIONS AND REALIZATION

The Difficulty of Attaining the Heart's Desire-Yet to Those Who Are Handicapped in Life Fate **Gives Kindly Compensation**

By ELLEN ADAIR

"AlM at the meen and you'll hit the At stars!" goes the old saying, with that irritating sense of finality which proverbs peculiarly possess. And it im't at all pleasing to hear that no matter how high our ambitions may soar, they aren't going to be gratified in this world. . . .

"What a sad story it would make were we all to keep a diary, on one side of which we wrote what we intended doing, and upon the other what we actually did." said some one or other once. "Most of us set forth when we are young with the enthusiasm to remove mountains. Alas! as we look back on our lives, we realize only too clearly that the most we ever did was to kick over a molehill. It is all heartrendingly disappointing. There seems to be something in destiny-or does it lie within our own natures?which comes between us and all our glorious aims, leaving us nothing but a heap of unfulfilled ambi-



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This is all very true. Few seem able to go straight ahead and capture their heart's desire. Instead, they are blown hither and thither like a ball of thistle-down, to

tions at the end."

. . .

settle at length on a lonely sandpile. And all the time they are feeling that they should have been such rockets! . . .

These things are what constitute the mysteries of life. It is so annoying to have the explanation offered that all sufferings and sorrows and disappointments are for our good! For sorrows and digappointments can continue long after the lesson has been learned and the dimilusionment complete.

. . .

It is an extraordinary thing that those people who to all appearances have lost everything in the world, and by every law of nature ought to be mist miserable, are yet frequently happler than those who are fully endowed with the so-called delights of life

. . .

Walking in Regent's Park in London not very long ago, I encountered dozens upon dozens of blind Belgians. A nursby home has been given over to their wants there—and to all appearances they seem perfectly happy. I watched them—

PARIS HAS TAKEN TO MORE

Blindness must be, of all injuries brought about by this terrible war, the hardest to bear. For it cuts one off so

sharply from almost all the pleasures of life. Yet these blind soldless are making a life. Yet these blind soldless are making a desperate bid for happiness. They even held a rowing regatta-it was wonderful, though strangely pathetic, to watch them being carefully helped into the light rac-ing boats, and feeling cautiously for their seats and the oars. Several times it seemed as though they must upset before the start was given-and they laughed over every mishap like a set of happy schoolboys! happy schoolboys! Yet one wonders if, under all the stoical malm, there isn't pain and sorrow. How

can they be happy under the circum stances? wo ask. . . .

Yet to those who are handloapped in life's pathway. Fate kindly doles out some compensation. An interesting story, in which the hero-a clubfooted man, had a "compensation" in being more sensi-tive to "finer things" than other people-Live to "finer things" than other people-illustrates this point. "Without his physical handleap he would never have had his keen appreciation of beauty, his passion for art and literature, and his interest in the varied spectacles of life. The ridicule and contempt which has been so often heaped upon him, had turned his mind inward and called forth these flowers which he felt would never those flowers which he felt would never lose their fragrance."

. . .

"Then he saw that the normal was the rarest thing in the world. Every one had some defect of body or mind; he thought of all the people he had known (the whole world was like a sickhouse, and there was no rhyme or reason in it); he saw a long procession, deformed in body and warped in mind, some with illness of the spirit, languor of will, or a craving for liquor. At this moment he could feel a compassion for them all."

FORD AIDS RED CROSS

Philanthropist Donates \$10,000 Canadian Campaign

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 15.-Henry Ford has given \$10,000 to the Canadian Red Cross. His personal check for that amount was handed to Gordon McGregor, managing director of the Ford Motor Company, of Canada, today, and will be amount was handed to Gordon McGregor, great strong fellows that they were-learning to make little baskets, to weave little toys and to take up various trades that will support them for the rest of their days. Not one murmur of complaint

REVIEW of the

CONVENTIONAL COSTUMES

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN Young Evangelist Stirs Crowds With Sermons to People of Three Counties-Aids REFUSES FINANCIAL GAIN A striking contrast to the evangelists who are making their professions simply a means to an end, that end being personal enrichment, is the career of Miss Meta Jones, Philadelphia's girl evangelist, the youngest woman doing evangelistio work in this section of the country today. Miss Jones is a mere slip of a girl, but an unusually serious-minded one. She has just reached the shady side of 21-1f anything so droil may be imputed to that youthful age-and asks nothing more from committees in charge of arrange-MISS META M. N. JONES

about crickets I sent 'em over in the pasture. 'Are they goin' to fry the grease out

"Dunno. I couldn't understand half of 'em for rhoumatism

And as the two collectors walked slow ly across the field they warmed toward each other, as was natural. Of the millions of people in the United States they alone, very likely, were the only ones working for those who were to be cavorting around when the Falls of Niagara were worn out like an old washboard.

Two lawyers would have been in a wrangle in five minutes as to who should have the crickets after they had been captured.

Two poets would have wrangled about the moonlight and dubbed each linglers. But two collectors! Their souls recognized each other at once and clasped hands, as it were It was right and proper that Mr. Blan-

It was right and proper that Mr. Blan-chard should get down on his knees and paw around in the grass, and he pawed with energy and determination. He found insects after a minute, but they were not arickets. The farmer saw Mr. Blanchard leap to his feet in surprise. He heard Miss Day utter a shrick and saw her running away.

a shrick and saw her running away. Then he saw Mr. Blanchard running away and beating the air with his hat. Then it was Miss Day who bounded around and fought something with her field net. Then the farmer said to him-

They've struck that bumble bee's nest that I was saving for a wire-fence man, and perhaps they'll need help. Queer that these bug folks can't tell a cricket from a bee!"

from a bee!" There was need of his help. Both col-lectors were tearing around in the field in manner that was both emphatic and woeful. Armed with a broken bush, the rescuer fought the bees to a standatill, but they had done their work. The wife came from the house to lead Miss Day to it, and the husband brought up the procession with Mr. Blanchard. "It will be three or four days before you can go," said the doctor, who was called. It turned out to be five, but after the bowling over her listener's fixed ideas of evangelistic license, added, "Pardon the expression, but I wanted you to understand just how I try to say something that will romain with them after they leave."

formerly.

accord day, time passed joyfully. With their heads and hands bandaged, and one eye opened enough to see their way, the collectors sat on the veranda and talked of birds and see their way.

eye opened enough to see their way, the collectors sat on the veranda and talked of birds and eggs and manuscripts and insects and-love. Yes, they talked love to leave a record of how it was done in America in the 20th century. And when they departed for their homes the former said to his wife: farmer said to his wife:

representation is tyranny."

GIRL PREACHES TRUTHS | "I DON'T WANT EQUALITY-I WANT MORE," SAYS ANTI-SUFFRAGIS OF CHRISTIANITY AND

"What Men Do For Men Won't Do For Me," Is Creat of Miss Marjorie Dorman, Head of Working Girls' League

went on. "Education is what is needed Any woman doing physical work can an 1.30 a day. She sets more for ment work. But education without develops charm is a failure. Every woman has opportunity to set married. There an only six 'old maids' to every N marries women. So the chances must be good even in Philadelphia.

Miss Dorman admits that in her a position she was paid \$8 a week

"Some day," said she, "we will all perfect, and then we won't med laws. Until then, I am an anti-

companion. "So together we romped and played-we eleven little snowflakes and the on lone sunbaam-till the day was far me and the clouds were piled up dark for th

night. "Then the one lone sunbeam said and

"Then the one ione suncean said each, T'm sorry to leave you good friends is alast I am so sleepy! I fear I will he to take a nap!" And without soth word, the sunbeam hid himself in the

word, the sunbeam hid himself in the cold, dark ground-way down where a could not see-and went to sleep. At the very minute the kind old sun, who has been peopling through the clouds to waid our play, went to bed behind a mounter of clouds and the earth grow dark with

"Who wants to play in the dark?"

"Who wants to play in the darkt's eleven snowflakes asked each other, as nobody answered-we were all too deer to talk! So, without a word to each other we all dropped down to the earth as tucked ourselves to sleep beside the set based and the thoughtul domain

beam's bed. And the thoughtful cl covered us up safe and arm.

selves daisies. All we eleven snowfi and a sunbeam-see? And now we together all the day and neavr get

from each other!'

"There we slept till the summer i ame. Then we wakened and found

Yes, that is the story the daisy toid-

that is why the one lone daisy was found

WHAT men do for men won't do for me, I don't want equality-I want nore," said Miss Marjorie Dorman, president of the Working Girls' Anti-Suffrage League, of New York, here today.

"I'm willing that men should stand all day in the department stores, but I don't want the women to have to do the same.

even in Philadelphia. "What saddens me is that every it a woman gets a job she is taking a irom some man who on the strength it would get married. So you see get logically that the working woman breaking up a home when she steps i the working world. Some time after had taken my first job-selling boost a New York store-I learned that I obtained the place of a man who on ing his place had to break his each ment to be married. So I feel guilty Miss Dorman admits that in here Let the men work all day, but give me eight hours for the women.

"As a working girl I claim that the right to vote will be no help. Do you think the working man has made good use of his right? Why hasn't he bettered his condition?" his condition "Do you believe in the ownership of

"Do you believe in the ownership of the industries by the workers?" Miss Dorman was saked. "Oh, I don't believe in Socialism or any-thing like that," Miss Dorman shuddered. "I want the women to ask men to do things for them. Men should pity women.

ments than the rayment of her and her father's actual traveling expenses, and the assurance that they may both be en-I want pity, not equality. "The trouble with women is that there is too much attention paid to sex," she

The Daisy's Story

laws.

shadows.

tertained under the same roof. Langhorne, Fa., has fallen under her spell this last week. Picture a reserved class of people, differing vitally from the city crowds who surged to hear "BIRy" Sunday, flocking into one of the town churches and sitting spellbound through-out an inspiring service dominated by a young girl's personality, and you have an idea of the scenes that occur nightly in the churches of the towns engaging Our in the middle of a great meadow snowflakes all, may I play with yes said the surbeam modestly, and ef our said the surbeam modestly, and ef our the eleven little snowflakes were only in happy to have so shining and bright ionesome and solitary did it look that one couldn't help wondering how in the world it ever grew there. But though many people saw the ionely daisy plant, Miss Jones is the daughter of J. Edwin Jones, of the Elmwood M. E. Church, 84th street and Tinicum avenue, this and many wondered whene it was from, nobody quite knew its story-till, on a conlight night, the daisy told. And this

> s what she said: "So you want to know where I came from, do you? And how I happened to be growing here all by my lonely lonesome? Listen! I will tell you!

"Once upon a time, in the long ago days, I wasn't a daisy at all-indeed I



"So you want to know where I came from, do yout And how I happened to be growing here all by my lonely lonezome?"

knew nothing of daisies or of the joys of being a growing plant. I was not even one person-think of that! I was eleven snowflakes and a sunbeam-doesn't that seem queer? It does to me when I take time to think of it at all.

"The eleven little snowflakes floated down from the big cloudy sky above and danced and romped through the air. They slid down old North Wind's broad back; they played hide and seek with the little East Wind children and they had a glorious time.

"Just when their fun was its jolliest, who should drop in among them but a gay little sunbeam. If you please.

in the midst of a big green meadow Copyright-Clara Ingram Judsen, FOUR WILLS IN PROBATE Testaments in Small Estates and One Appraisement Filed

Wills admitted to probate today is cluded those of Joseph Clayton, late of 225 South 11th street, who left property valued at \$27,509; Louise V, Guilton, T South 41st street, \$7509; Annie Price, Tis East Cameron street, \$5750, and Amis Musselman, who died in the Germantos Hospital, \$2000. The personalty of the estate of Edith B. Frets has been ap praised at \$22,391.28.

Woman Geographer to Lecture Miss Ellen Churchill Semple, member a the Association of American Geographic

=Maison de Paris=

Summer of the second se

the Association of American treographs and author of works on anthroproper-raphy, will deliver a lecture in Tayin Hall, Bryn Mawr College, tonight. Mus Semple's subject will be "The Barte Boundary of the Mediterranean Basin an Its Northern Branches.

Makin

exclusive area

tions at mod-

MPORTERS

"Evangelism is finding greater accept ance in the minds and hearts of the people today than ever before. They seem to be in a more receptive mood and more willing and eager to learn the truth than Between 700 and 800 people have been converted during Miss Jones' year and nine months of work, representing hunof conversions through her own

Up until the present time she has con-fined her work to Delaware, Chester and Bucks Countles, within a certain radius of Philadelphia, to enable her father, from whom she refuses to be separated, to travel hack and forth on Wednesdays and Saturdays for his own church serv

Father-Clergyman

tertained under the same roof.

in the churches of the towns engaging this young woman's talents.

personal work.

SCHOOL GIRLS' DEBATE WON FOR SUFFRAGISTS

Sith street and Tinicum avenue, this city, and explains that, as a minister's daughter, public speaking is no new thing to her. In fact, she smillingly asserts that her debut was made at the age of five, when she struggled through a vocal rendition of 'The Holy City'' to the delight of the members of one of the Masonic orders of the city. This young lady has her own convic-This young lady has her own convictions on the subject of evangelism. To her mind there is more to it than merely presenting the great truths of Chris tianity and converting men and wo-men to the faith. She tries to keep men to the faith. She tries to keep in touch with them and show interest in their spiritual growth. "I tell them to write me if they would like to do so," she said, "and really." and here her mouth turned up engaging-ly at the corners and her brown eyes glistened, "I must confess that I need a private secretary. My mall is enormous. "I do not sermonize," she continued, "but eive heart to heart take, always

"They've struck that bumble bee's nest "but give heart to heart talks, always trying to choose a passage of Scripture to interpret that which will stick." And then with remarkable gravity, completely

It turned out to be five, but after the

"They orter make them bumble bees a present of \$100 for stinging the fads outer

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dreds

When it comes to the suffrage question

Miss Jones remarks, "I shall take great pride in casting my ballot should the men of Pennsylvania decide to enfran-chise women at the November election. I am a property-holder, and feel as our forefathers did that 'taxation without

do. Those people who were to come after would be curious about our bird life. They would wonder if our robins had teeth like a grizzly bear's, if our bluebirds carried off and devoured bables, self: if the woodpecker emerged from his cave at midnight to revel in human gore. It was her mission to leave a leaf of history behind for their benefit. She, as well as Mr. Blanchard, had wealth and could indulge herself. She began collecting the eggs of birds and acquiring

stuffed specimens. In this she spent thousands of dollars. She was thorough in her work, too. She could speak and write three different languages, and she A Paris openings by a stuffed specimen away without writing never packed up and laid an egg or a on three different cards:

well - known f as to the writer results in the depressing ulti-or bird it was. "This is the egg of a quall," or "This is the quall himself," or whatever egg

When Miss Myra had accumulated are so widely diverse this fall and winterenough specimens to load several trucks she turned to insects. The race that was to come would ask what kind of horse-flies, hornets and fleas the lost Americans at least at the present writing-that it is almost impossible to sedid business with. The collection of the young woman would answer any ques-

lect one common feat-ure and set that down tion. She could imagine the investigator as the standard. Each house shows its pecuof 100.000 years hence inquiring of himself: liar penchant-the rage "Now, then, I wonder if the blamed old

hornet is a new thing with us, or if they had him in the long ago." And then her collection would be dis-covered. "I'll be hanged if the peaky var-mint isn't right here, as big as life, and

for quaint 1830 styles, with their pointed bodices and naive hoops. Another famous creator fushions and fash-

The Daily Story

The Collectors There were those who said that the

eason Joseph Blanchard had reached the age of 30 without ever having been in love, to say nothing of having taken a wife, was because he had a fad. Every man has a fad, even to the fad

of picking up stray pins on the sidewalk, but what all men are ready to deny is that they have one. Some other fellow is invariably the guilty party. Thus, while a score of persons said that John Blanchard had a fad, hes ald to himself that he was the only man in a thousand who steered clear of them.

As a youth, Master Blanchard was inclined to serious thought; one of the most serious was the preservation of the present for the future. He realized that all things, even to nations, must decay and leave no more behind them than the cave dwellers. There must come a time, maybe 100,000 years hence, when a new nation would long to know how the American lived in his day and date. They would go hunting around for reites and souvenirs, and they would find remains souventre, and they would find remains of skyskrapers, subways, elevated roads. Here and there they would uncover a poem written by a Yankes school ma'am -now and then a speech delivered by a Senator; but from those things could any future historian make out the real life of the nearble?

of the people? John Blanchard's name was to be saved posterity. The first move he made a to write out his history from birth to date, and then begin a diary which should only close with his death. He bought books to be inclosed in 'iron poxes: he filed away daily papers: he

eserved magazines; he gathered postage stamps and coins. John Blanchard was the son of wealthy aronts. When he attained his majority he had more wealth awaiting him. He could and he did erect a building and stuff it from basement to garret with his

collections. He was still at it when he made a new acquaintance that was bound to bring about changes in his life. John Blanchard might have been the

John Islanchard might have been the only male faddint in his town that car-ried the idea to an extreme, and it never occurred to him that a female might enter the lists against him. One did, however. It was Miss Myra Day, a young

woman who had dwelt in this vale of tears almost as long as he had, although her fad wasn't born so early. Miss Myra realized that the day must come when the last trust, the last grafter and the last American must go hence and leave the ruins of his cities to be pawed over by relic hunters of a later race and to be the hooting place of bigeyed owls, and that she had a duty to



ionable follies gives us a 1915 version of the Empire gown, and so

and she went afield for them personally. The farmer didn't pay much attention to the boy running over the fields in search A very noticeable re-A very noticeable re-vival is that introduc-tion of the cape. This is shown by Paquin ea-pecially, on velvet after-in her hand and her eyes bulging out he

noon frocks, edged with fur. One stunning model was carried out that thing instead of Mirandy!"

in cardinal red, with trimmings of jet and beaver. Frenchwomen scripts that would give history a far inbeaver. Frenchwomen scripts that would give history a far in-nre really not buying these things in great the 18th and 20th centuries. It was a numbers; they are de-signed solely for Ameri-was about to be burned at the stake, and signed solely for Ameri-can adoption, and whether they prove a financial success for the designers remains to be

ning letters he had received. You may call it a coincidence. You may call it luck. You may say it was the hand of Providence. Whatever it was it brought the two collectors face to face on that farm. It introduced them. It was a bond between them. It made Miss Mara acres that the duming latters were Checked and striped

materials, such as are usually associated with Myra agree that the dunning letters were the cap-sheaf of the collection, and it made Mr. Blanchard volunteer to go with will remain in style all win-ter, to judge by the made Mr. Blanchard volunteer to go with her and help capture a few crickets. The farmer refused a very liberal offer for his manuscripts, on the grounds that if he had money his creditors would pur-sue him afresh; and when he came to half understand the business of the col-lectors he was filled with contempt. "That feller orter be splittin' wood and that woman orter be alich' apples to dry!" was the way he looked at it, and when they came to ask where the largest and choicest crickets could be found he pointed to a bush in the pasture and relatest news from the Paris ateliers. This is a rather unexpected development, but the num-ber of woolen and

mixed materials which are being bought from the wholesale merchants confirm the assertion beyond a doubt. Black and white

shepard check is shown on the tailleur from pointed to a bush in the pasture and replied Weeks in today's fash-ion cut. The coat is "You'll find some lively ones down there."

ion cut. The coat is quite plain, with smart turned-back cuffs and beiled waistline. The The farmer's wife came out to him at the plow and asked:

"Josiah, what does that woman want?" "Why, she's one of 'em." "Does she want to buy them dunning

letters, or the old letters you wrote me afore we were married?"

and is draped around the shoulders in a very

П

afore we were married?" "No. Sho's after bugs." "Good lands!" "I couldn't make out exactly what she wanted of them, but when they asked wanted of them. Source the source of the so

TEACHER WINS APPEAL Three Judges Give Unanimous Verdict for Affirmative in William Penn High

Woman suffrage in Pennsylvania would be instrumental in bringing about a re-markable betterment and uplift of the State, according to a decision rendered by three young women judges yesterday. by three young women judges yesterday. The decision was unanimous. It was received with applause by a throng of ardent young suffragists and even by the "antis" who had gathered in the William Penn High School for Girls, after both sides of the question had been ably pre-sented by fair pleaders. The suffrage debate was held by the English class of sorphomores.

English class of sophomorea. Interest was added to the occasion, when it was remarked that the recent plea for a suf-frage dobate in Houston Hall, at the University of Pennsylvania, had been de-nied. nied.

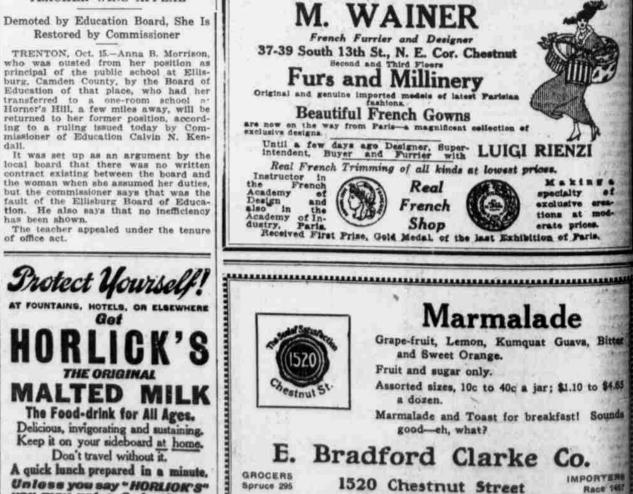
"One point scored for the common sens

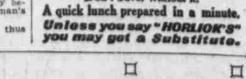
of women," one schoolsirl remarked as the first speaker took the platform. Miss Mildred D. Williams, one of the teachers, was in charge. The judges were Miss Rose Gerson, Miss Drudding and Miss Ames. The victorious debat-ing team was composed of Miss V. Blum-stein, Miss E. Gallagher and Miss R. Friedman. The negative was argued by Miss F. Nurnberg, Miss Epstein and Miss Bernstein. Excitement waxed high long before the

final word was said. Although the de-mure young "antis" argued against the cause to the best of their ability, they capitulated gracefully and applauded the winners when the decision was an-

The Equal Franchise Society announced today that tomorrow has been set aside as Woman Journal's Day. Suffrage work-ers will leave the society headquarters,

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SMART SUIT FROM WEEKS

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS

