

## WOMEN ON THE FIRING LINE; HEROISM OF THE WEAKER SEX

True Stories of Feminine Fighters in the Present War.  
Women Decorated for Conspicuous Bravery  
on Battlefields and in Air

By ELLEN ADAIR

A MOST interesting little war tale has just reached me from Russia. It is a romantic story and perfectly authentic. A certain beautiful young Russian princess, during a train journey to Warsaw, which occupied two days, met and fell in love with a handsome lieutenant who was on his way to the front.

When the train arrived in Warsaw, the two young people went to the first Orthodox Church they could find and were married. This was an unconventional proceeding, of course, but then anything is possible in war time. One cannot help wondering what her father, the august prince, said when he heard of his daughter's escape.

After the marriage was over the girl donned military uniform and changed her name for the second time in two days to that of Laurenty. Owing to her urgent appeal, she was permitted to go into the trenches by the side of her husband at the River Rawka, where the bombardment was particularly heavy from the German side.

The fighting became so violent that in one engagement all the officers nearby were either killed or dangerously wounded, and the young bridegroom had to be taken to the command of four companies, his bride acting in the capacity of lieutenant.

During the fierce battle, some Russians refused to retire from the front line, although to remain there was not merely foolish, but meant certain death. "Our commander told us to remain here, and we will die here rather than retreat!" they replied to all entreaties.

As the commander had been killed in the engagement, there was no appeal back to him, and the situation was a terrible one, until the bride herself dashed

into their midst through the storm of shot and shell and shouted and beat them with the butt end of her rifle until they at last consented to evacuate the position.

After this engagement, both the princess and her husband were removed to the hospital to have their wounds dressed, and it was there that the girl received the Cross of St. George for distinguished bravery in the field.

Another equally courageous girl has become a member of the Russian Flying Corps on the Galician front. A little while ago she arrived at Kieff, after a reconnoitering dash over the Austrian line, and, though wounded in the arm and leg, had kept perfect control over her machine until she landed.

Women are popularly supposed to be less capable of bearing pain than men—this is the masculine viewpoint, please note, not the feminine—yet quite a number of women fighting in this war have fought on in spite of severe wounds.

The excitement carries them through, of course. The thrill of bayonet charge, for instance, with the air alive with whistling bullets, engenders a wild spirit of devil-may-care recklessness without which not one soldier in a million could stand the strain. And this excitement keeps women up to an even higher pitch than the men. They are capable of deeds quite as heroic, and frequently show more nerve.

This last quality is seen particularly in "reconnoitering" work done by the Russian women. Their lithe forms and ability to step very lightly and then in good stead, it is very risky work indeed, and one that calls for every particle of nerve and resource.

Yet those among the Russian women who fight welcome the danger and the hardship as a high privilege in serving their country.

## POSTER STAMP DAY BOOKS

OF COURSE you are collecting the pretty little poster stamps that are so much used these days. You no doubt have some stamps of your city, your favorite books and games and maybe you are collecting the advertising stamps of which there are so many to be had. But have you thought of making some stamps of your own?

Didn't know you could make some of your own? Oh, dear me, yes! Of course you can!

Buy a few sheets of the perforated, gummed paper which is to be had at a very low price. Get a package of crayons or of watercolor paints—these of course



Meadow scenes and snow scenes are the easiest to paint so make one of those first.

you have, but you will want to look them over to be sure you have all colors and that the points of the crayons and the tips of the brushes are in good order, because stamp making is fine work and needs good tools.

Now spread out a clean newspaper on a table; arrange your crayons or paints, whichever you mean to use, and you are ready to make your stamps.

What kind of stamps do you want to make first?

How about some pictures of places you have seen? Meadow scenes and snow scenes are the easiest to paint, so make one of those first. Paint the picture of a green meadow on your stamp; paint the horizon line firmly and put in plenty of pretty blue and white clouds. Perhaps you will want some dark green trees in the distance—don't it fun to make a picture?

Snow pictures are still easier, for to make those you simply paint your dark purplish horizon line; some black, bare tree trunks and perhaps a frozen brook or a snow-topped hill.

After you have painted several scenes, you will have learned how to make pictures on stamps—it's great fun, isn't it?

And now you must make some stamps of games you play with other children—a picnic stamp; a street car ride stamp; a boat ride stamp—oh, you will think of a great many to make when once you are started.

But now that you have the stamps, what will you do with them? That is the most fun of all. You will paste them into a little blank book and keep them to look at—won't that be jolly? Make the stamp pictures about things that you have done during the summer—the boat

## THE DAILY STORY

### Inevitable Maria!

"I hate a frump—worse than any thing," Elena pronounced with her most decided air.

Hubert, her brother, raised his eyebrows quickly, but went on with his game as though she had not spoken. That was irritating enough—he had been playing Canfield all the rainy afternoon. It was now close upon 5 o'clock. Elena was in several minds with regard to having tea as usual. The table in action made lingering inevitable to any casual body dropping in. However she might loathe the inevitable Maria with whom Dicky Dorr, her pet cousin, was so unjustifiably smitten, she could not show inhospitality in her own house, even though it were no more than a scrambling rented bungalow, set fair upon a piney hillside.

She had hoped to be so happy there with her boys—Dick and Hubert. Being their elder by ten years, her dearest privilege was to fuss over and plan for them. Theoretically she admitted a man had better choose his own wife. Practically she was firm in the belief that in choosing her she should have regard to much more than his own vagrant fancy. Dick was, though she did not own it except to her own soul, even dearer than her own brother. He was so like the elder brother, Elena's betrothed, who had been killed in a train wreck while on his way to marry her. Dick had grown into her heart as the child that might have been theirs. He was so brilliant, so winning, withal so guileless, she felt a need of double vigilance regarding his heart entanglements.

"I win. Guess what?" Hubert asked looking up from his cards. She shook her head impatiently. "Yes! Three cups of it," he said, laughing softly. "Got almost a case of brain-fag—this sort of thing goes exhausting. Therefore I played with myself for courage to demand it. I knew by your looks you were in doubt about having it—for fear of giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

"Did Dick say anything?" Elena began.

A stamp of feet, a huddling swirl of wet garments, interrupted her, and made answer superfluous. The door was flung wide without knocking, showing outside Dick, shaking raindrops from his bare head, and half dragging forward a girl obviously ill at ease.

"Saved!" he cried dramatically at sight of the lighted spirit lamp. "But please, oh please, mamma, don't mock the flashings with snowflake sandwiches and fairy tea cakes. You see before you two desperate adventurers, marooned by the rain alone—'way, 'way before lunch time, up on the cliffside, overlooking the water. Lodge sheltered us—thought it was but a shower and stuck. Now, I feel in my bones there's cold chicken in the icebox, with all the trimmings. I may go get it?"

"No, I will do it while you and Hubert make Danforth comfortable," Elena said with her very finest manner. She had before that shaken hands with entire correctness, and set Maria down in her own place beside the hearth, upon which two hickory logs smoldered in a vell of gray ash.

Maria looked after her retreating figure, her lips pursing a little. "I wish Dick would go on, she said under her breath to Dick, who knelt beside her unlatching her wet shoes.

Provoked as he was with his motherly cousin, he could not help wishing the different—less clumsy in build, in shaping. Until then he had not noted how flat was Maria's foot. Moreover, there were actually holes in her stockings, not such as a morning's tramp would explain and excuse, but big, generous gaps at both heel and toe. The water she surveyed them tranquilly. As she stretched her foot toward the fire, "One more never darn stockings—it is such a waste of time and energy."

"Let me lend you dry stockings," Elena said, coming in with a heavily laden tray.

Maria looked up doubtfully. "I don't know that. I can get on yours," she said. "You have such little feet. Don't you hate to feel they would incapacitate you in any great emergency?"

"I'm unlikely to encounter emergencies greater than the present," Maria said gravely, dropping her lids to veil the satisfaction in her eyes. It was bred by what she had surprised in Dick's speaking faces—a rustic disgust that made her heart leap. "Be off to wash your hands and face, sir," she said to him in her manner of 15 years back. You are smudged all down behind one ear—and have a smudge on your nose. No—you cannot have one tiny bite of anything while you keep a dirty face."

"I'm going to have something—stockings can wait," Maria said, reaching for bread and butter and taking a slice at two bites. "Maybe you've never been real hungry," to Elena. "I could eat my grandmother right now—if there were nothing else."

"How about your husband? The way Madame Spider does?" Hubert asked, his eyes twinkling.

"Three lumps, please—and make it half cream at least," Maria said unasked. Elena obeyed, with a little hovering smile.

Maria had wheeled so far about the holy stocking was in full evidence. Dick, coming back much freshened, was as eager as the parade of them. "You'd better go change," he said, with a touch of authority. "You don't mind, of course—but other people may drop in."

"What if they do?" Maria answered, with the least shrug, instantly setting her beautiful white teeth deep in a chicken wing, held steady by finger and thumb. "I'm not deceitful—anybody may know all about me. And I couldn't get three toes in Miss Gary's slippers—"

"How about mine?" Hubert retorted, rushing to his bedroom and returning with a pair of handsome soft sandals.

Maria slipped her feet in them with the air of one who submits to senseless prejudice for the sake of peace. Surveying her extremities she ran almost acidly: "You see I was right we really ought to have gone on home. There—I am understood."

"How fortunate!" Elena made haste to say. "Also how uncommon. Most geniuses have had to contend with their nearest and dearest."

"That was because they went about things wrong," Maria interrupted con-

## REDINGOTE LINES STILL

### POPULAR FOR FALL WEAR



A DRESS OF SERGE AND TAFFETAS

THE serge and taffeta fall frock is here. To be real accurate, it has been here for some time. Models of this kind appeared early in September, in order that their fair wearers might use them before the era of the winter suit set in. Variations of this most attractive style are common, but they are coming out every day.

On many of the early models the serge was used as a bolero jacket, with a vest of silk. The skirt was made of silk as far as the knees, with serge at the hem. A neat and rather effective way of applying the serge was by laying it on in blocks, in a sort of Wall-to-Wall style. Just now the newer models reflect the tendency toward the redingote line. This line, by the way, is most becoming to the slender woman, and is so easy to slip on that it assures instant popularity.

Brown pussy willow silk with serge to match is seen on the little frock shown in today's illustration. The round collar is delightfully youthful and the bodice shows the new one-sided line, so fashionable on evening gowns this season. The silk has tiny self dots, which show up in a certain light. This serge on the bodice is relieved by a row of serge buttons, with a corresponding row at the back. There is no girle.

The skirt is plain, but it combines all the qualities which go toward making a skirt fashionable. It is quite wide around the bottom and ripples softly under the jacket. The silk top is not particularly new, but it is decidedly good in effect, and if one has to combine two materials, it could not be done more attractively. This makes a good dress for the college girl.

## To Clean Ribbons

A cleaning mixture made especially for ribbons consists of gin, one-half pint; honey, one-half pound; soft soap, one-half pound; water, one-eighth pint. Mix together. Scrub the soiled portions of the ribbon with this mixture. Afterward rinse in three clean waters by dipping the ribbon up and down in them to remove all trace of the cleanser. Allow the water to drip away from the ribbons and wash with a fairly hot iron under a clean muslin cloth until it is dry. If it seems too wet for ironing, wipe with a cloth before ironing dry.

## "SAFETY FIRST" SKIRTS PRAISED BY DOCTOR

"Painless" or Wide Garment Conserves Health, Which Narrow Ones Endangered

Women will be glad to know the new "painless" skirt is the most sensible thing in the way of style now before the public. It is just a new name which may be applied to the wide skirt which is now worn by the ultramodern feminine. The new skirt was highly commended by Dr. H. H. Fryette, of Chicago, who said it caused less lumbago and nervous diseases and is generally more comfortable. He brought out these interesting facts in the course of an address before the Philadelphia County Osteopathic Society last night at the Hotel Adelphi.

The physician said women should be thankful for the elimination of the narrow skirt, which tripped them when they boarded street cars, automobiles and caused slight falls which, in twisting, caused a distortion of the hip joint. The distortion, Doctor Fryette said, caused the whole body to throw out of alignment, which condition often develops curvature of the spine.

The violent exertions necessary in football, tennis and golf often cause a distortion of the hip joint, the doctor said. Dr. O. J. Balthasar, president of the National Society of Osteopaths, delivered an address in which he proposed a \$50,000 hospital for Philadelphia. He said there was no such institution in the world and plans would soon be announced for a campaign to raise the money.

Middies to Entertain U. of P. Men About 100 University of Pennsylvania students will be the guests of the midshipmen at Annapolis tonight, after the Navy-Penn football game. They will attend the midshipmen's hop in the evening.

## QUALITY + INTEGRITY = SATISFACTION

Our leading position in the milk business could only be attained by supplying a higher grade product than that offered by competitors. A small profit results by the adoption of very high standards for the richness and bacteria count, and the installation of expensive modern facilities in the country and city. This policy naturally attracts the desirable dairy farmers, with a pride in their herds and who are adequately paid for meeting our exacting requirements. WE BUY AND SELL MILK ONLY ON A BASIS OF QUALITY.

Dolfiner efficiency requires the most competent and highest paid employees in Philadelphia. Dolfiner's milk reaches every customer within six hours after its arrival in the city. Thus patrons are assured a uniformly pure, rich and clean milk. This is only possible under such ideal conditions.

AT PRESENT SERVICE IS CONFINED TO SOUTH PHILADELPHIA When "THE" Milk Enters a Home, It Stays There

"The Best By Every Test"

DOLFINER'S STANDARD DAIRIES

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## SCHOOL LUNCH SYSTEM OF EDUCATION BOARD

### HERE PROVES SUCCESS

Miss Emma Smedley, Who Furnishes "Eats" to Army of Little Ones, Tells of Fine Work

## 25,000 ARE BENEFITED

One of the finest child welfare systems ever launched in any city has just completed its first month of practical application with great success.

This is the system introduced by Philadelphia's Board of Education, and supervised by Miss Emma Smedley, of furnishing to tens of thousands of Philadelphia's school children penny portions of food, substantial and nutritious food during recess periods.

When the Board of Education selected Miss Smedley as superintendent of high school luncheons, the official title of the woman director, its choice fell upon the woman filled, without doubt, more than any other person in the city to carry out a big task satisfactorily.

When the idea of school lunches was first proposed six years ago, and Miss Smedley undertook the work in one high school, she entered upon her duties with an exceptional knowledge of every branch of dietetics, which her experience as a school director at Johns Hopkins Hospital for four years, preceded by six years as a school director in domestic science at Drexel Institute, had given her.

Twenty-five thousand school children, trudging breakfastless or improperly fed to their classes, today are receiving food in recess periods in splendidly equipped lunchrooms, the equipment of which has also come under Miss Smedley's supervision.

This woman has an expansive smile to greet the person who is interested in her many thousand youngsters, for whose little "ummies" she spends many hours each day engrossed in great columns of figures.

While she knows only too well that no little corner of an empty and inactive stomach cares much for anything but proteins or carbohydrates, she, nevertheless, has it all figured out just how many fuel-producing units, such as a bowl of soup or dish of pudding, should be inserted in small interiors at so many calories per capita.

"There is one thing I should like to correct," said Miss Smedley earnestly, "and that is the information given the public in one of the daily papers that cups of coffee were served the little ones. We do not serve coffee in penny portions to small children; we do not consider coffee a food."

"The children in the elementary schools are served penny portions of cocoa, or soup, varied sometimes with creamed vegetables, such as lima beans or succotash, macaroni or rice, and applesauce. Where the school is smaller, of course, the variety is not so great. Penny portions of sweet chocolate, soda or graham crackers, and good stick candy may also be had."

"We are operating, at present, lunch rooms in 11 elementary and 15 high schools, feeding on an average of 25,000 children daily."

"Within the next two months, with the opening of more lunchrooms, the number fed daily will reach the 40,000 mark." Miss Smedley emphasized the fact that the whole system was self-supporting, covering every expense in connection with the service, except the equipment of the lunchrooms, which was done by the Board of Education.

She also spoke enthusiastically of the success, which were served to night students in the William Penn High School for Girls, and the Trade School at 15th and Wood streets, and remarked that the whole atmosphere of the Trade School had improved since the introduction of the evening meals. Girls and boys who are taking special work may now come directly from their places of employment and receive in one, three or five-cent portions a good substantial meal before proceeding with their studies.

Miss Smedley is the author of a book called "Institution Recipes," which critics pronounce the most complete of its kind ever published.

She is one of the highest paid women holding office in the city today, receiving a salary of \$4000 annually, but the salary goes hand-in-hand with a big job. All the purchasing of foods, employment of help, general oversight of all menus, paying of all bills and bookkeeping for the entire department is supervised by her, together with approving all plans for building and equipment of lunchrooms which are submitted to her by the architects engaged.

## Cupid's Third Visit To the White House

Even with a world-war raging, all the world loves a lover! Even a great President, who usually has his own way, admits his vulnerability to Cupid's shafts. And now we're all waiting to receive the first lady of the land!

The same thing has happened to Presidents twice before.

A writer has collected memoirs, stories and impressions of previous White House weddings, together with a complete news forecast of the awaited event in Washington. The article appears only in

SUNDAY'S

PUBLIC LEDGER

## MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



## FIDO HAS SUCH A DELICATE CONSTITUTION

