

MARRYING FOR MONEY AND THE PROVERBIAL WHIRLWIND

The Mercenary Woman Forgets the Upsetting Influence of What the Poets Term "a Heart" and the Prosaic "a Touch of the Spring"

By ELLEN ADAIR

It is a dangerous business, this "marrying for money" craze. Yet it doesn't seem to show any symptoms of being on the wane.

Upon the contrary, in these modern days it's just as flourishing as the proverbial green bay tree.

"It makes a girl's life very complicated when she sets out with the determination to make a success of it by a great marriage," says a well-known critic.

"Great marriages are not made in Heaven, and Heaven—even when it has to deal with love—is a perfectly atrocious matchmaker as a rule.

It is all very well to grow up with the fixed determination that Money and Social Position and Matrimony will all come together; the unfortunate part is that a man must necessarily come with them—and some men are such boulders, aren't they?

"Besides, there's a little thing inside even the most callous girl—which poets call 'a heart' and the prosaic put down to 'a touch of the spring.' At any rate it upsets all calculations and creates mood where before the greatest serenity reigned.

"When we fall in love," he continues mirthfully, "we are expected to marry, and when we marry we are expected to remain married for ever and ever and ever—until they call the undertaker in to us. So we are faced with the alternative of having what we want and living to regret it, or going without it voluntarily and living to wish we hadn't.

In either case, life is rotten. But, then, it is mostly rotten in every case, isn't it? So we might as well take what we want and trust to a railroad accident, or something of that kind, to deliver us when our delirium of joy has become an affliction."

The majority of us are much too timid to take chances on any such venture. Marrying for money is a miserable affair, anyhow, and marrying without money is just about as bad.

To some short-sighted persons it would seem that these two states form an unhappy alternative, and that choice of one or the other must be made.

But, as a matter of fact, a further choice offers itself. There is a happy mean between wealth and poverty. And we all know full well that it is the people with middle-class incomes and middle-class mentality who most frequently are happiest, matrimonially speaking.

I have just read an interesting novel dealing with this very subject of marrying for money.

Under the title of "Land of the Scarlet Leaf," it gives an excellent description of Canadian life—not Canadian life as seen by a Canadian, but as it would strike an English girl who saw it for the first time.

The heroine is a worthless sort of young woman. Falling in love with one man, she yet marries another for his money. This seems an action little calculated to bring happiness to anybody—and, of course, it doesn't.

For immediately afterward the foolish lady realizes keenly that she should have married for love, and this realization annoys her so poignantly that she sets to immediately and works the most dreadful harm in the lives of at least two people.

That is the worst part about the woman who marries for money—she never will sit down under the burden of her own folly, and tell herself stoically that, having sown the wind, she must reap the whirlwind—upon the contrary, she decides that any reaping of the whirlwind which is forced upon her must be borne in equal part by as many other people as she can gather into the unhappy circle.

The heroine of this tale, then, in orthodox fashion, in the first instance breaks the heart of the man she loves, marries the man who loves her, ruins his life with her systematic thoroughness, commits forgery and a few little sins of that sort, gambles, and after a few years of philanthropic repentance, ends up happily in marrying the one she loves best!

This seems too good a fate for the naughty heroine. "It's all very well to say we are punished for our sins, but, as a rule, we have to wait a long time for that punishment; whereas we are punished for our virtues—here, right now," observes the cynic drearily.

The woman who marries for money, however, in real life almost always gets everything that is coming to her. For money as the sole basis to a life of wedded bliss defeats its own end—and, instead of bringing a whirlwind of happiness and earthly delights, brings the proverbial whirlwind of sorrow and a regret all the more keen because it comes too late.

Then and Now "You must not be so quarrelsome, Willie," said William's father, impressively. "Remember that the meek shall inherit the earth." "Maybe they will hereafter," responded the young militant, "but around at my school they are used to wipe up the earth."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

THE DAILY STORY

Miss Abigail's Ward

Most old maids are old maids for two or three reasons. In the case of Abigail Joy, however, she was an old maid because her great, great grandfather packed up his ducks at the time of the sailing of the Mayflower from England and came along with the Pilgrim Fathers as one of them.

If Miss Abigail had ever found a young man related to the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock and pork and beans, she would have fallen in love; but such a one had never appeared.

When Miss Abigail was twenty-five years old, a great trial came to her. Owing to an accident and a death she was in a way forced to take to her home and care for a girl relative ten years old. The name was Mildred Drew.

The girl's father had come of Pilgrim stock, but her mother could not be traced back further than John Hancock. John had been the first to sign the Declaration of Independence, but what was that compared with landing at Plymouth Rock?

Miss Abigail must take care of Mildred, but she thought of that how-bloody she shuddered. Would Mildred romp and play and tear her dresses? Would she jump a ditch, climb a tree or hit a boy in the ear with a snookball?

No one but an old maid and a Joy can tell what Miss Abigail suffered as she thought of these things. Even the idea of a tin peddler winking at the little girl over the gate made her shudder in a way to untie her shoestrings.

And, with a proper and precise woman that the young girl came to after being brought up like other little girls to the age of 16. Thence forward she was to be an automaton.

Mildred was 16 when Tommy Barnes came. Miss Abigail had to have some one to milk the cow, feed the pigs and cut the wood. Tommy was the son of a sea captain's widow, and he was to receive \$2 per week and board as well as himself in the kitchen.

More than that, the old maid said to him: "You must not think of speaking to Mildred unless she speaks to you." "Yes, marm."

"You are to call her Miss Draw." "Yes, marm." And the law was also laid down to the girl as to her conduct, and, of course, the result was to make both the young folks hypocrites and deceivers.

They pitted each other at the beginning, and it was not long before the pity turned to love. They made chances to talk, and though they were cautious at first, while and Tom was discharged, they found opportunities to meet now and then.

Tom went to work in a factory where he could save a little and he began to save. The years passed drearily enough for him and the girl. When she had reached her 20th year, and he his majority, they had never had a chance to talk together for half an hour.

Miss Abigail was flattered herself that she had brought up her ward in a way to do the Pilgrim Fathers proud, when she saw that happen. She fell downstairs and broke an arm, and for a time she could not play the watchdog.

During this time Tom said to Mildred: "I have saved my money and I am going to buy a schooner and I am going to coast. Captain Baker will go with me the first year. As soon as the craft is paid for we will be married. You had better tell Miss Abigail and prepare her for the worst."

"Why, she will turn me right out doors!" was the reply. "Then you will live with mother." It took a week for Mildred to get her courage up.

She did not beg to be taken back. She did not weep. She was not at all frightened nor greatly surprised. At the wharf lay Tom's schooner, the "None such." Such had a cargo aboard, and would sail with the morning tide. Mildred stood at the edge of the wharf and called, but no one appeared.

"But I must see Tom and tell him what has happened," said the girl, and she climbed over the low rail and found a place to sit down out of the gusts, which were coming oftener and stronger. Mildred had been aboard ten minutes when there came a movement of the craft that would have told any one that her mooring lines had parted and that she was driving out of the harbor upon the tumbling sea.

Scream after scream was uttered, but the gale stopped them like a wall of iron. When the schooner began to pitch and roll the girl found her way to the cabin, and sat there in a daze. She was being blown straight out to sea. The fact that the craft had no sail and was not too heavily loaded saved her for the night, but it was a night to long remember. The schooner was a mere chip for the waves to play with.

When morning came and the gale abated the "None such" was 50 miles off shore. The girl found some provisions and prepared breakfast. Mildred had felt no great fear for her.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Oh, poets sing of moons and girls And trees and glad birds on the wing. I haven't anything to add But I just sing like everything!



self during the worst of the storm, but most of her thoughts had been for Tommy. He would return to the wharf to find his craft gone, and then what would he do?

By noon the sea was flat and the wind had gone down. There would be no progress for sailing ships, and although she could see the smoke of steamers, the hulls were passing below the horizon.

It was midnight as the girl was aroused by the hoarse blast of a steamer's whistle, and she sprang up to find that a fog had settled down like a blanket. Blast after blast came from a steamer and each one was answered from the schooner.

And then a louder blast—the sound of voices, and a great liner loomed up like a hill and came to a stop just as her nose touched the broadside of the None Such, and gently heeled her over a bit.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

Two or three men let themselves down from the steamer's bow, and "It's a girl and she's all alone!" they called back. It took about 10 minutes to get Mildred aboard the steamer and for her to explain the matter.

The Ant's Climb

The little ant wiggled her feelers around carefully and then crawled over toward the tall hickory tree that stood on the edge of the wood.

Without stopping for further investigation, she crawled across the mossy soil at the base of the tree, climbed over the great root that stuck out of the ground and started bravely up the tree trunk.

"Where in the world are you going?" asked the sister ant, in that free way that sisters usually have.

"The same place you have been," replied the ant. "And seeing you have been there, perhaps you can tell me what it is that I smell that is so good. Did you get some?"

"Get nothing!" exclaimed the sister ant. "You better turn right back while you can! I smelled that same goodness and I too started up this tree. But let me tell you what I found!"

"Yes," cried the ant eagerly. "What was it?" "Spiders!" whispered the sister ant in an awe-inspiring whisper.

"You better turn right back while you can! I smelled that same goodness and I too started up this tree. But let me tell you what I found!"

"Yes," cried the ant eagerly. "What was it?" "Spiders!" whispered the sister ant in an awe-inspiring whisper.

"You better turn right back while you can! I smelled that same goodness and I too started up this tree. But let me tell you what I found!"

"Yes," cried the ant eagerly. "What was it?" "Spiders!" whispered the sister ant in an awe-inspiring whisper.

"You better turn right back while you can! I smelled that same goodness and I too started up this tree. But let me tell you what I found!"

"Yes," cried the ant eagerly. "What was it?" "Spiders!" whispered the sister ant in an awe-inspiring whisper.

"You better turn right back while you can! I smelled that same goodness and I too started up this tree. But let me tell you what I found!"

"Yes," cried the ant eagerly. "What was it?" "Spiders!" whispered the sister ant in an awe-inspiring whisper.

"You better turn right back while you can! I smelled that same goodness and I too started up this tree. But let me tell you what I found!"

"Yes," cried the ant eagerly. "What was it?" "Spiders!" whispered the sister ant in an awe-inspiring whisper.

"You better turn right back while you can! I smelled that same goodness and I too started up this tree. But let me tell you what I found!"

"Yes," cried the ant eagerly. "What was it?" "Spiders!" whispered the sister ant in an awe-inspiring whisper.

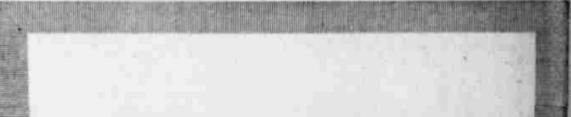
"You better turn right back while you can! I smelled that same goodness and I too started up this tree. But let me tell you what I found!"

More than 100 grocers are affiliated with the association and a majority of them will be present tonight. Prof. Calvin O. Althouse, head of the commercial department at the Central High School, will dress the meeting and the Girard Grocers Company will conduct a food exhibit and demonstration.



We have put naptha and other wonderful cleansers in a cake of soap. There they stay until they come in contact with water. Then they start to work on dirt and grease, so that a few light rubs and thorough rinsing is all that is needed to make clothes spotlessly clean.

Use Fels-Naptha for all soap-and-water work.



TOMORROW in these columns look upon the cheerful face of the man who will help lend light and personality to the Evening Ledger.

We believe he wears the mantle of Eugene Field.

And there are thousands who believe this with us.

He is a Philadelphian—he loves Philadelphia—he knows Philadelphia—its people, its life and its spirit.

What is more, he knows how to tell of all this in a way that is his alone.

Evening Ledger

ACCESSORIES ASSUME A NEW IMPORTANCE IN LATE MODES



FEMINE FANCIES

MILADY'S costume is married or made this season according to the accessories which she affects. Everything is unique, for the fashionable woman can be as individual as she chooses in gloves, handbags, furs, footgear and neck fixings.

Styles in these particular lines are varied to a degree, and run from \$3 and \$4 to enormous prices. Velvet handbags are very good, with clasp of brilliants to match one's tailored costume.

No use to dwell on the eccentricities of shoes. There are gipsy cuts and Russian boots, and velvet shoes and high, 12-strapped satin dancing boots—the very latest innovation. Bronze kid is particularly stylish, and the military blues grays, tans and dull black give novelty.

As to the newest neckwear, the feather scarf of curly ostrich is taking the place of furs to a certain extent, although it is easy to understand why Milady refuses to give up her picturesque frame of soft white fox or deep rose fox.

Ornaments of feathers are also seen on the new winter millinery. There are lobster plumes, long, curly affairs in two or three shades, and smart upstanding fancies of all descriptions. One of the most effective of these fancies is used flat on the sailor shape hat of black velvet shown in today's illustration.

The hat is slightly tilted to one side, with a charmingly rolling brim. The ostrich trimming is in a lovely shade of periwinkle blue, with a black pompon. The effect is decidedly smart, and one could have one's last year's plumes made over with little expense.

Halloween Novelties

Halloween novelties are in demand just now, and the shops are showing charming souvenirs, costumes and dinner favors.

A large pumpkin, filled with favors to accommodate a dinner of 12 covers, sells in one Chestnut street shop for \$6. Small caps, made of orange crepe paper and decorated with black cats, witches, etc., make cute favors, and cost but 10 cents.

Fancy hard candles, to add a touch of color to the table, may be bought for 40 cents a pound. A large department store sells costumes for the kiddies at \$1 and \$1.50. This includes Indians, Kypises, devils, Bo Peeps, Carmens, Rumanian peasants, etc.

A table set consisting of large figured cloth, paper mache plates, of different sizes, and napkins, costs \$5 cents.

Ground Broken for Catholic Hospital Archbishop Frederick brok ground for Misericordia Hospital, which is to be situated at 54th street and Cedar avenue. The ceremonies were attended by more than 3000 persons yesterday.

Small caps, made of orange crepe paper and decorated with black cats, witches, etc., make cute favors, and cost but 10 cents.

Fancy hard candles, to add a touch of color to the table, may be bought for 40 cents a pound. A large department store sells costumes for the kiddies at \$1 and \$1.50. This includes Indians, Kypises, devils, Bo Peeps, Carmens, Rumanian peasants, etc.

A table set consisting of large figured cloth, paper mache plates, of different sizes, and napkins, costs \$5 cents.

Ground Broken for Catholic Hospital Archbishop Frederick brok ground for Misericordia Hospital, which is to be situated at 54th street and Cedar avenue. The ceremonies were attended by more than 3000 persons yesterday.

Small caps, made of orange crepe paper and decorated with black cats, witches, etc., make cute favors, and cost but 10 cents.

Fancy hard candles, to add a touch of color to the table, may be bought for 40 cents a pound. A large department store sells costumes for the kiddies at \$1 and \$1.50. This includes Indians, Kypises, devils, Bo Peeps, Carmens, Rumanian peasants, etc.

A table set consisting of large figured cloth, paper mache plates, of different sizes, and napkins, costs \$5 cents.

MRS. A. REICHARD

Stamping and Embroidery Hemstitching, 10c per yard PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS 1113 CHESTNUT STREET

Invites your early selection of Millinery, Evening Gowns Coats and Wraps, Blouses, Dresses, Suits, Etc. 1624 WALNUT STREET

WAR SHOULD BE MADE MORE ATTRACTIVE

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



WAR SHOULD BE MADE MORE ATTRACTIVE



WAR SHOULD BE MADE MORE ATTRACTIVE



WAR SHOULD BE MADE MORE ATTRACTIVE



WAR SHOULD BE MADE MORE ATTRACTIVE



WAR SHOULD BE MADE MORE ATTRACTIVE



HO-HUM! I WONDER IF MILLIE WILL PLAY GOLF WITH ME TO-DAY?

DON'T YOU WANT TO COME AND PLAY GOLF, ANGEL?

CAN'T MANAGE IT TO-DAY, OLD THING.

I HAVE TO PRESIDE AT A MEETING OF THE SOLDIER'S SISTERS SEWING SOCIETY.

IT SOUNDS LIKE STEAM ESCAPING.

WE HAVE UNDERTAKEN A GREAT WORK FOR THE RELIEF OF SUFFERING IN THE TRENCHES!

KNITTING SOCKS?

NOTHING SO COMMON. OUR AIM IS TO ADD A FEMINE TOUCH TO LIFE IN THE TRENCHES BY SUPPLYING THE SOLDIERS WITH—

PICTURES AND BRIC-A-BRAC FOR THEIR BEDROOMS, DRAPERIES FOR THE CANNONS AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING.