

COURTESY AND SINCERITY THE SECRET OF POPULARITY

"Politeness Is Like an Air Cushion; There's Nothing in It, But It Eases the Joints Wonderfully." Kindness Wins True Friendship

By ELLEN ADAIR

The advice of St. Francis de Sales is something which proves a sure recipe for the attaining of real popularity. "Cultivate a gentle, sincere courtesy; be more ready to seek love than honor; never jest at the expense of another; never be sarcastic; never affronting; or being affronted."

These are excellent rules of life, and sound curiously simple. But it is when one tries to live up to them that one realizes how difficult it is to put these seemingly simple rules into practice.

Under provocation the sharp word comes easier than the "allent tongue." For a reputation for smartness is gained by saying things which, though undoubtedly clever, are inclined to be cruel. Yet it is obvious to the meaneast understanding that the woman who has a reputation for saying clever, cutting things at the expense of absent acquaintances has but few real friends to rely upon in times of trouble, or, indeed, at any time at all.

She has many acquaintances who parade under the name of friends—but in their hearts there is none of that real love without which the whole essence of true friendship is entirely lacking.

"Politeness is like an air cushion; there's nothing in it, but it eases the joints wonderfully." And politeness goes a very long way in establishing popularity. True, courteous manners in conjunction with an apathetic spirit or a back-biting tongue will achieve very little in the way of friendship. Thus it is quite possible to have "exquisite manners," to know the rules of etiquette backward as well as forward, and yet lack the intangible charm which comes from thinking thought for other people at all times and under all circumstances.

I once knew a delightful old lady whose whole life was devoted to making others

"A woman's meter is to be truly charming," said the little old lady, nodding her well-coiffed head with a most portentous air. "And charm simply means taking thought for others. It seems to me that so many women make the despicable error of reserving all their charm for themselves. Their courteous consideration is kept for mere acquaintances and strangers withdrawn from their nearest and dearest. Only when those nearest and dearest have slipped from them across that bourne from which there is no returning do they sadly realize how cruel and unthoughtful they have been! But it is too late then for reformation—and to the end of their days they carry with them a regret which never have arisen had their hearts been kinder, and their perceptions keener at the beginning."

This courtesy is no spasmodic virtue, but the outcome of deep-rooted, strenuously cultivated, self-sacrificing love for one's fellow creatures. It grows and strengthens by use alone, while disuse will cause it to fade and die.

Only we ourselves know the frequency with which we neglect and pass by opportunities for being courteous, and considerate in our daily life, particularly among those to whom we owe most in the world.

Generally speaking, it isn't in the least necessary to go out of our way to make big sacrifices. Few are chosen for that high calling. It is the tiny sacrifices of which nobody hears, the acts of consideration which take so much time and make no "show" at all, the kindly sympathy and love which beget no visible gratitude—all these accumulated small sacrifices count for just as much as the big sacrifices and immense philanthropic undertakings that are recognized and acclaimed by the whole world.

Some literature, please? "What's that, mum?" was the puzzled reply.

Yes, the Midway Plaisance is a diverting place, but all of those who tread its precincts invariably fall a victim to the epidemic that is sweeping it from end to end. "Buttonitis" is the disease, and many a man with the most innocent appearance is laden with the germs. The coat lapel is the breeding place.

Starting at 11th and Chestnut, the passerby, attracted by the display window of the Woman's Good Government League, halts. A feminine advocate of purer politics smiles at him and, quite without knowing it, he takes on a Porter button. A little further down an itinerant evangelist is shouting his creed to the circumambient air. His buttons are white and bear a religious message. In the process of getting through the audience, even though he is an arch-heretic, the pedestrian annexes a religious button.

By this time he has acquired the habit and extends his hand quite naturally to the "ant" boy who apprehends him. A little further along he meets a friend who believes in rights for the contractors, and, lo, the smiling countenance of Thomas B. Smith is placed cozily next to that of Philadelphia's recent Public Safety Director.

With rare foresight the "ants," acting on the principle that he who "buttons last buttons best," have taken up their position at the end of the row. In some cases the pro-suffrage ladies only succeed in adding to the collection on the lapels of the diseased ones, but fair exchange being no robbery and convinced that one suffrage button is worth a solid aggregation of the other kind, they sometimes effect a transfer. This requires skill, however, and great persuasive powers. But the collection of "ant" buttons that they turn in o' nights shows that it can be done.

"If a man is as good as his word," said the pretty little suffragist, "it's a hurray for the amendment. If he isn't it's a good night until the next time. But 'good night' doesn't mean good to sleep," she added cheerfully. "Just watch us."

great many of the ultra models show a straight corsage, with no ornament but straps of tulle, flowers, velvet fruits or metallic fabric over the shoulder. The more daring styles show wisps of alarmingly perishable tulle held in place by fastening them to a pearl necklace.

Flesh pink and soft gray is the combination featured in today's fashion cut. The effect is decidedly good. The underdress of golden rod satin is veiled by an overtunic of silk net, elaborately embroidered with motifs in gunmetal and silver spangles. This furniture is a sort of robe, and constitutes the entire trimming of the gown. The odd arrangement of flesh net folds under the bodice is worthy of notice, and the unbroken line from the waist to the skirt. The bottom of the hem is finished off with a row of spangles, from which a silk fringe of gray may be seen. The real beauty of such a gown lies in the wearer—it is an admirable setting for well-formed arms and shoulders.

THE NEWEST EVENING GOWNS ARE EXTREMELY DECOLLETE



STUNNING EVENING GOWN

The woman who would be fashionably adorned this season must wear a more or less extreme decollete. There is no allowance made for unattractive neck and shoulders—Milady simply must have sleeveless frocks and gowns. Bodices are a mere wisp of filmy-metallic tissue, or sheer tulle scarfs draped elegantly about the shoulders. The solid part of the bodice is one complete girde, laid in folds across the bust. These folds look particularly well when developed in broadened satins, or stiff taffetas, in light pastel shadings. The young figures assume a decidedly becoming roundness with such treatment.

For the elderly woman, as well as for the young matron, this new decollete lines are stunning. V-backs are cut down to the girde in back. This same line is seen at the front, although a

MILISS ENCOUNTERS LITTLE SUFFRAGIST BRAVING BIG THROG

"I Don't Like This a Bit," Says Courageous Young Worker as She Passes Out Literature to Men

"BUTTONITIS" EPIDEMIC

By M'LISS

She was a tuffy little person with the light of earnest determination shining in her eye. Like a sailboat anchored to the spot but shifting with the breeze, she stood on the corner of Chestnut and 7th streets in a perfect sea of noonday traffic, turning first this way and then that, in an effort to be of the greatest use to the greatest numbers—a lesson that good suffragists imbibe at an early age.

"No," she said, in the few spare moments not given over to the distribution of the white, yellow and blue leaflets with which she was fringed, "I do not like it a bit, this street work. I don't believe any woman does, and we're women, of course before we're suffragists, even if politically we're not regarded as people."

At this moment a man with an "ant" button and a supercilious countenance disdained her outstretched offer of a pamphlet, but the man in back of him put down the harmful cigar boxes he was carrying, tipped his hat in appreciation of the literature extended to him and went smiling on his way.

"But when old gray-haired ladies, who would much rather be at home toasting their toes at the radiator and working the knitting needles, forego their pleasures to come out and work for their convictions, I think it's up to the young people to follow suit. It is my grandmothers' responsibility for my being here. She said if I didn't come out she would, and so, of course, I came."

In 11th section of Chestnut street, between 11th and 12th streets, which, during the few remaining days before election has become a veritable Midway Plaisance, with entertainment provided at every step for the passing throng, the little suffragist is one of the most attractive figures.

Unlike her "ant" sisters, who, because of the exigencies of the campaign, cannot remain in that home the paeans of which they sing so lustily, she does not hide in her headquarters behind a carefully placarded window, while paid boys and men with lackadaisical demeanor and the business of getting rid of the red-roofed buttons. Little, but she loves that "faith without works is dead," and she is nothing if not live.

It was one of those that I approached this morning, wishing to obtain some leaflets, and the arguments of the contending forces.

"Some literature, please?" "What's that, mum?" was the puzzled reply. Yes, the Midway Plaisance is a diverting place, but all of those who tread its precincts invariably fall a victim to the epidemic that is sweeping it from end to end. "Buttonitis" is the disease, and many a man with the most innocent appearance is laden with the germs. The coat lapel is the breeding place.

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NOW IT'S THE "AMERICANIZATION"



Dancing masters, in revolt at the complete monopoly of Argentine, Brazilian, Spanish, French and other foreign steps over the figures in the modern dances, have finally evolved the "Americanization." Its inventor, Maurice, is here shown teaching the new steps to two of his little girl assistants.

"AMERICANIZATION," LATEST DANCE, COMBINES THE OLD AND NEW STEPS

It Has Been Standardized So That the Ordinary "Garden Variety" of Terpsichorean Artist Can Enjoy It and "Get Away With It"

TWO musical and dancing experts of this city recently decided that there is too much "foreignness" in modern dances—too much of the Brazilian, Argentine and Hungarian, in the "light fantastic" activities of present-day society. Why, they asked, cannot Americans invent an American dance to be danced to American music in America by Americans?

No one could give a satisfactory answer to this question. The fact was apparent that there was no such dance, with the possible exception of the antiquated cakewalk, a product of the South. The two experts, brothers, joined forces to produce an American dance, one with as few foreign steps as possible. Meyer Davis invented the dance, which is called the "Americanization dance." Uriel Davis, musical director of the Bellevue-Stratford, composed the musical score. It is named "Americanization." The other coplotter, who will help in introducing the dance to the public, are Maurice, a dancing expert, and Miss Elizabeth Marbury, his manager.

The dance is a combination of the polka, one-step, mazurka and fox-trot. It starts with the polka or the old waltz step, and then changes to the one-step. This step is danced in much quicker time than the ordinary one-step and takes on the characteristics of a sort of "double lame duck." Then follows the mazurka, with its pretty turning steps, and after that the fox-trot. Then back to the polka. The one-step is danced as a sort of interlude in almost every variation. Experts dance the "Americanization" with many variations—it is capable of an almost unlimited number—but even the very proficient rarely introduce more than eight variations. The dance has been standardized, so that the ordinary "garden variety" of dancer can "get away with it." As danced by this type of terpsichorean artist it has the simple, standard, four variations, and these may even be reduced to two.

The "Americanization" dance was introduced to the public for the first time recently at a ball at the Bellevue-Stratford. It was exhibited by a number of little girls who assist Mr. Maurice in his dancing acts. It created a sensation and a few debutantes and other girls present took up the dance with eagerness. It is expected that the girls will give exhibitions of the dance at debutante affairs the coming season.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury and Mr. Maurice have left for New York city to introduce the dance among the children of the Gerry schools there. Later they will visit and request an audience with President Wilson. If he expresses interest in the project, an exhibition will be given by the girls before him and his fiancée, Mrs. Galt. If he sanctions the dance, it will be introduced in all the Gerry schools throughout the country.

Jimmy South-Breeze Ruffles the Water

"SO THAT little robin person thinks I right here till I am ready to leave. If there is any leaving done, you will do it." And he danced out over the water as though the matter was settled for good—but he was mistaken, it wasn't settled at all. Instead, the warm little voice replied, "That's a joke on you, Jimmy. I know 'you are and you know me.' Don't you remember the warm sun pair beams that drove you north last spring? We rule this lake and you'd better leave. We rule it smooth and hot today."

"And I want it ruffled," said Jimmy positively. "So now we'll see who's the strongest."

The sunbeams laughed good-naturedly, but they shone harder than ever. And Jimmy laughed, too, at first; but he hadn't blown two minutes till he got so hot he could hardly move! He tried and tried, but the lake lay before him as still and rippleless as though he was nowhere near. "This is going to be harder work than I thought for!" he cried in despair. "Maybe I better rest a bit!" While he was trying to decide whether to slip away or to keep on trying, old Mother Sun called all her sunbeams and put them to bed in the western hills. Then Jimmy South-breeze danced out over the water and ruffled it up to his heart's content. "This twilight hour is the best time for me to play on the water," he said to himself thoughtfully, and so often he hides during the hot daytime and ruffles the lakes at night.

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DEAF AND DUMB GIRLS FIND HAPPINESS IN WORK

Wards Delight Authorities at Institution With Accomplishments

Katherine Frick and Grace Pearl, State wards in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Mount Airy, have found happiness. Despite the fact that they are both deaf and blind, the girls have learned to use the sewing machine and have become almost experts in needlework and embroidery. Instructors at the institution consider their accomplishments most extraordinary and class their work with some of Miss Keller's rare accomplishments.

Undoubtedly the girls are happy. They have found happiness in work. Both were taught to make themselves understood, and their eagerness to learn through the sense of touch has made their progress a delight to pupils and instructors alike. The Mount Airy school reports an unusually prosperous year. Receipts for the year amounted to \$12,000. Expenditures were \$14,000. Of the receipts \$10,000 came from the State at the rate of \$30 for each pupil.

RISE OF OLD SOCIAL SUN SEEN IN CAPITAL

Mrs. Galt's Appointment of Miss E. W. Benham as Social Secretary Rouses Discussion

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Washington society today interpreted the naming of Miss Edith Wallace Benham, daughter of the late Rear Admiral Benham, as social secretary at the White House as meaning that when Mrs. Norman Galt takes her position at mistress of the White House the old, conservative branch of society will again come into its own.

Miss Benham has been acting as special secretary of Mrs. Galt for the last month, and her appointment to take charge of the White House social affairs was at the direct request of the President's fiancée. As secretary she will have charge of the various receptions that are to follow the wedding and will have more than an ordinary influence in making up the lists of those who will be acceptable guests at such functions.

Miss Benham has been very closely identified with the older navy set, being the daughter of a Rear Admiral and the granddaughter of a commodore, and her interests have not been close to the younger political element in society. The new secretary was at her post in the White House today for the first time and the preparations for the wedding were transferred there from the Galt home. All of Mrs. Galt's correspondence will now be handled from there, thus relieving a congestion that has required the employment of two expert stenographers.

Mrs. Galt accompanied the President and Miss Helen W. Bowen to the theatre again last night, this time occupying one of the stage boxes, where she was the centre of interest. She was garbed in a very low cut gown of pink satin, entirely trimmed with lace and with a bouquet of rare orchids on her left shoulder.

MOTHER CUTS SIX CHILDREN OUT OF WILL; \$5 TO EACH

Incureables, the Blind and an Orphanage Get Greater Part of Estate

Four sons and two daughters of Martha A. Coward, late of 1223 East Moyamensing avenue, are cut out of \$5 bequests by the will admitted to probate today.

The major portion of the estate, valued at \$6000, goes in equal shares to the Philadelphia Home for Incureables, the Pennsylvania Retreat for Blind Mutes and Aged and Infirm Blind Persons and the Methodist Episcopal Orphanage. In a codicil the testatrix increases the bequest to a daughter, Isabelle Muehler, to \$600, and bequeaths \$200 to Helen Coward, a daughter-in-law.

Other wills probated were those of Anna F. Haines, late of 670 1/2 Chestnut street, Cal Lane, which disposes of properties valued at \$14,500 in private bequests; Henry Ferriman, 2112 North 30th street, \$600; Samuel W. Salkins, 2114 Osage avenue, \$500; John Ritchie, 623 Westminister avenue, \$340; John N. Brown, 1855 Wensley street, \$350; William C. Gibson, 1225 Seybert street, \$200, and Frank H. Williams, 538 Webster street, \$200. The personal effects of the estate of Catharine L. Tatham have been appraised at \$11,500.25.

Shopping Hints

Those of us who are still wearing low shoes will appreciate a few glances through the shops where spats may be found.

For instance, a very smart pair of white broadcloth spats, with pipings in black or tan, sell for \$3.50.

Plain white broadcloth models may be had at the same store for a pair. All-black broadcloth ones, for office or stormy-weather wear, may be bought for 50 cents.

The prospective bride will love the newest mules, French rose-tinted, "hoop" and beribboned, at \$2 a pair. All shades.

FUN FOR HALLOWEEN? HERE ARE STUNTS THAT WILL DELIGHT GUESTS

Of Course There Are the Old, Widely Known Games, Too, Such as Bobbing for Apples and the Like

OLD WITCH PROPHECIES

There will be a whole lot of digging around in "mental cellars" within the next few days on the part of Halloween's hostesses to unearth ideas, long since buried, of stunts and games particularly suitable to this night of revelry.

The old game of bobbing for apples, trying to bite a chunk from an apple that has been suspended on a string from the top of a door frame, blowing out candles, burning nuts, counting apple seeds and so on are too old to deserve more than mere mention.

Here are a few novel games which may be introduced by the hostess: A game of old witch prophecies act only will determine partners for the evening but will be a great fun-producer. For each guest cut from pumpkin-colored cardboard a pumpkin eight inches in diameter. In the left-hand corner paste a black witch in silhouette. On each pumpkin write a prophecy. Half of the prophecies should be suitable for men, and half for women—that is, if the company is equally divided as to sex. For each pumpkin buy a small pumpkin-shaped lantern.

Fasten one end of a long cord to the stalk of the pumpkin and the other end to the lantern. Place the small lanterns on the stratastraps (men) on the right, women on the left) and wind the cords down the steps, over pictures, under chairs, anywhere in cobweb fashion, taking care to have two pumpkins (one with a woman's prophecy and one with a man's) found in the same place. Hunting fortunes in this manner means a great deal of untangling of cords, crawling under furniture and scrambling around in unheard-of positions, and affords great fun when the fortunes are placed in ridiculous places.

Place them in pairs under the library table, in the corner of the porch, down cellar in the coalbin, in a chicken coop (if there is one), back of a divan or in any ridiculous place least likely to be chosen as a rendezvous for lovers in normal times.

A game of "proposal" is a fun-maker. Give each man as many small hearts (cut out of red cardboard) and lemons (cut out of yellow cardboard) as there are men present. Each man is given a half minute to propose to a woman, she accepting or declining the offer by giving a heart (if accepting) or the lemon (if declining). When the bell rings (hostess ringing bell as the half minute is up) the man proceeds to the next woman and so on until each man has proposed to each girl and has been either accepted or rejected. When all proposals have been made the man holding the greatest number of lemons and the woman with the fewest remaining hearts is called on for a public proposal.

The game of Halloween silhouette is also good. Furnish each guest with a small card, a stick of chewing gum and a toothpick. After each stick of gum has been chewed by its owner, let him place it by means of his toothpick, on the card. At the end of ten minutes the one who has moulded his gum by means of moistened toothpick into the most realistic silhouette approximates of the occasion receives a small prize.

The hostess who has a great many guests may devote part of the evening to a progressive game of jack straws. A set of these may be bought for 5 or 10 cents. They are particularly suitable for Halloween.

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SUNDAY'S PUBLIC LEDGER

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



A POUND OF CHOCOLATE REALLY DOESN'T COUNT

