

THE PASSING OF THE YEARS; ON GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

The Only Wrinkles Which Grow Indelible Are Those Traced Upon the Soul—Youth's Springtime Need Not Fade With Time

By ELLEN ADAIR

HOW strange it is that so few people know how to grow old gracefully! One of the most pathetic sights of modern times is the youth-old, skittish, much-powdered, be-rouged, be-dressed and would-be rejuvenated woman who aspires to taking 25 years from her age.

Women are curiously untruthful concerning the matter of their years. I have known the most rigid feminine moralists descend to the straitest subtleties and the most involved falsehoods when it comes to revelation of time's flight in relation to themselves.

In ancient times this strange state of affairs apparently held as potent sway as today. It caused no little amusement to the ancients, and the philosopher, too, and gave them additional food for speculation on the follies of women.

"Cleora was at dinner," we are informed, by no less a raconteur than the great Lord Bacon, when an ancient lady said she was 40; one that sat by, rounded him in the ear, "She is far more, out of the question," Cleora answered, "I must believe her, for I have heard her say so many times these 10 years."

How women do dread this "getting-old" business! It is an unknown land to them whither they people with all sorts of imaginary horrors, just as timid children see strange spectres and shadows stalk by in the darkness.

They shrink from old age—and even middle age—with the greatest disgust; they do all they can to hide the traces of time, those delicate wrinkles which the passing of the years traces on the cheek.

If they could but realize that the only wrinkles which, if neglected, grow indelible, are those traced upon the soul, they would turn their attention to the cultivation of a bright and contented spirit which will always keep the heart young, despite age and trouble.

There are so many real sorrows in this old work-a-day world that fretting over trifles is pathetic. Let those who are inclined to sigh over their gray hairs recollect that autumn is perhaps

the most beautiful of all seasons, and that growing old has its vast compensations.

Think how glorious nature is at the fall of the year. The land is ablaze with a riot of color and crimson leaves, richer far than summer robes of green, and glorious with glowing fruits.

Middle age, too, ought to be rich with the fruit of experience, and bright with the love and kindness garnered through the years.

Why bother about little wrinkles round your eyes if the eyes themselves have learned the great lesson of looking kindly and with genuine understanding at your friends? No one will notice the tiny lines around your lips if they only move to speak generous, cheerful words.

Nothing is more tragic than the woman who is always lamenting her age. "Do I look very old? Would you think I was 30?" are some of the questions she keeps anxiously asking.

And there is nothing more absurd than the pretense of the woman who is no longer young at a coy glances. She prefaces her remarks with such phrases as "Of course, for a girl like me, I can't remember—I was only a mere child at the time!" Oh! I couldn't wear a gown like that—it would suit an elderly woman, but not me!

A pleasing contrast is the sensible woman who is not ashamed of her age, and who frankly admits to a cheerful and contented 45.

To those for whom the passing of the years holds strange terrors I would say—Remember that there are many beauties of youth's springtime which need not fade with years.

Our hearts may remain youthful. We can still feel the zest and enthusiasm, our fine sense of humor and our optimism.

We can still be tender-hearted, easier to make friends, filled with very kindly impulses.

Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be, says Robert Browning, in a fine flight of optimism.

And let us recollect that age merely takes the outward signs, and leaves behind all the spiritual grace, the inward and undying essence of youth.

THE HAT FOR EVENING WEAR MUST BE GOLD LACE TRIMMED



FOR A YOUNG GIRL

MILADY wears many attractive creations this season; in fact, if her clothes are chosen according to the latest standards, it is safe to say that all her costumes are attractive—but there has never been such a charming variety of stunning evening wraps as those seen this year. I suppose the best explanation of the phenomenon is the predominance of fur trimming, metallic laces, cloths, tassels and velvet. The broadcloth wrap is popular, too, especially for the young miss who isn't officially out yet. Pale pinks, blues and biscuit-colored cloaks are trimmed with white fox and made on simple lines. Rose colorings are decidedly good, the younger set having adopted the flattering shade with enthusiasm, although the older woman does well to glance in the mirror at her complexion before she wears rose too freely. It is a treacherous color for the unwary, giving a sickly tinge to the pale skin in the evening light.

When a hat is worn at all in the evening—and it has made its exit almost as unnoticed as the long kid glove, which passed away last season—there must be a touch of gold lace about it. A smart little French creation from one of our best-known designers is shown in today's illustration. It is one which has simplicity for its chief charm, and could be easily made by a clever girl.

This chapeau has two pale blue satin ribbons crossing at the top of the crown and extending to the crown. A single silk rose is attached to the ribbon, and the cute little brim is made of gold lace. A youthful, piquant face looks charming in a hat of this kind. The cloak is made of Bordeaux velvet, with trimmer fur. Most of these furs are manufactured nowadays, as it is next to impossible to get the skins from abroad.

Peasant Costumes The Dutch type is a favorite in the peasant adaptations, for the costume of Holland carries a particularly picturesque quality. An afternoon frock which shows a Dutch suggestion is built of navy blue sateen, a lustrous ribbed silk of soft but substantial quality. The gathered skirt, short enough to display a dainty buttoned dancing boot, has trimming bands of navy blue velvet, each edged narrowly with skunk fur. There are two bodices—for every Holland woman wears bodice upon bodice, which has much to do with the clumsiness of the Dutch figure. This little frock, however, with one bodice of blue indestructible voile and the other of silver embroidered faille classique, is anything but clumsy.

Delicious Fruit Cake for the Christmas Table

A good black cake is a welcome change now and then, and the many girls who pride themselves on their devil food will welcome a variety in the ordinary recipe. "Gateau Noir," the Creoles call it, was made on every stated occasion and Southern hospitality, justly famed, was always ready to see that the unexpected guest had cake and wine aplenty. Here is the original recipe, as copyrighted by the New Orleans Picayune.

Required—1 pound of brown sugar, 1 pound of butter, 1 pound of flour, 2 pounds of currants, 2 pounds of seeded raisins, 4 pound of citron, cut very thin; 1/2 pound of chopped figs, 1 glass of jelly, 1 wineglassful of brandy, 1 pound of almonds, blanched and chopped; 12 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of extract of cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoonful of cloves and 2 teaspoonfuls of nutmeg. Wash and cleanse the currants thoroughly; seed the raisins, if you have not used the seedless kind; heat the butter and sugar to a cream. Then add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten. Add half of the flour and half of the spices. Mix all the fruit in the remaining flour, having first sliced the citron very thin, and add to this mixture. Homogenize the jelly, which should be homemade and of the best quality. Otherwise add one cup of the best molasses. Mix thoroughly. Add the whites of the eggs and the brandy. Divide into two tins, which must be lined with well-greased paper. Bake for four hours in a slow oven. Test with a broom when it will come through cook longer, watching carefully, and use the test until the straw is dry.

Business Girls' Club to Hold a Christmas Sale

The Business Girls' Co-operative Club of West Philadelphia is rapidly nearing its first anniversary, and so enthusiastic are its members that they are bending their every effort toward making it permanent.

More than a year ago a meeting was held at the Philomusan Club to discuss the welfare of the self-supporting girl. Prominent speakers were present and members of the club became so impressed with the meeting that they decided to become "doers and not hearers of the word."

Soon after it was decided to start a number of self-supporting girls in a home-making enterprise which would make it possible for them to enjoy a real home; not an institutional boarding house where, after having paid their board, the girls are subjected to such kindergarten restrictions that no self-respecting, self-supporting girl will submit to them. The Philomusan Club guaranteed the rent of a house for a year and furnished it. A superintendent, or rather house mother, was engaged, and in a short time 15 girls were enjoying a real home. Those who live there pay \$4 a week, which provides them with their rooms and meals, but with their laundry. The privilege of inviting a guest to meals by payment of 25 cents is also accorded.

Each room is furnished differently and there is no look whatever of an institution or even of a boarding house. The individuality of many of the inmates is seen the moment one enters the rooms.

There is a pleasant reception room where the girls receive freely their friends of both sexes.

The superintendent, Mrs. Smith, is one of those rare women who is able to enter heartily into the aims, sorrows and pleasures of a younger generation, and reminds one of an enthusiastic mother of a large family of daughters.

When one enters the comfortably heated house and sits one of the excellent meals there they look with wonder at a management that can produce so much on so small a sum. But the girls are not satisfied, and though they have a great love for the older club which has made this home life possible to them, and all feel that the president, Mrs. B. F. Richardson, is the personal friend of each one, they wish to make the club entirely self-supporting.

For that reason they are holding a sale which represents many a long evening's work after a hard day at the office, and will also serve tea next Saturday, December 4. It is to be hoped that many will avail themselves of this opportunity to purchase Christmas gifts for their friends, and also see the house, which is situated at 107 South 28th street.

The Optimist

If one looks upon the bright side of life, he is sure to be the right side. At least, that's how I've found it as I've journeyed through the days.

And it's queer how shadows vanish, and how clear the path becomes. From a bright-side sort of nature all one's selfish griefs away.

—Exchange.

MAKING ONESELF HOMELY TO AMUSE OTHER PEOPLE



MAY VOKES

EVERY woman is beautiful to some one—not there a comforting old saw to that effect? Certainly every woman wants to be beautiful. If she is fortunate enough to be born pretty, she is sure to take good care of her beauty—that is, if she has any leisure at all. As for the women who are not born beautiful, most of them, no matter how very busy they are, manage to discover some period of time, however small, in which they try to make up

as far as possible for the negligardness of nature, and attempt to achieve a certain amount of attractiveness. This "be eternal feminine," or, at least, one phase of it.

But can you imagine a good-looking woman actually trying to make herself as homely and ugly and ridiculous as possible, doing it purposely, with malice aforethought? It does seem absurd, but May Vokes does that very thing. Of course, every one knows May Vokes. She has been making people laugh at her queer antics for many years, and just now she is appearing at the Adelphi Theatre in that successful comedy, "A Full House." May Vokes is playing a "slavery" part, and she has been playing similar roles ever since she went on the stage at the age of 16.

Can you imagine a stage-struck maiden of Sweet Sixteen yearning, not to play the beautiful leading lady with gorgeous gowns, but rather to screw her hair up into a tight little knot, push down her clothes and large-sized shoes and appear in the humble role of the housemaid in the play? Well, that's just what May Vokes does, and right through her career she has been making up, not to appear beautiful and attractive, but to seem homely and absurd.

"You see," said Miss Vokes, "I don't in the least mind making myself look ugly. I love to make people laugh; I always did love to. When I can't do it any longer, I shall be broken-hearted, absolutely. But one really doesn't have to make oneself so frightfully ugly to be funny. I don't, anyhow, but then, you see, I never was a howling beauty." (That's modesty, pure and simple, and should not be confused with fact.)

"So you can say for me that I don't mind making myself homely—not even when people criticize me for burlesquing my part inordinately," would rather have criticisms with my laughs than no laughs and no criticism! And when people no longer laugh at me, then I shall be broken-hearted and I shall go away off into the country and live in a little shack and raise my cabbage and things." However, one might add, those cabbages and things will not be planted for a long, long time, judging from the shouts of laughter that nightly greet Susie and her yearning for Sioux City.

AS A WOMAN SEES IT

By RHETA CHILDE DORR

TO RAISE motherhood to the status of a profession is the ambitious dream of Julia Lathrop, head of the Federal Children's Bureau at Washington. Through two channels Miss Lathrop expects her dream to be realized: By the creation of graduate schools for training women in original research into matters relating to the life and interests of the family and by studies by the Census Department into statistics of the family.

"Motherhood," says Miss Lathrop, "the most universal and essential of employments, remains the most neglected by science, a neglect long hidden behind tradition and sentimentality." Little is known of children's minds and bodies that might help in determining methods of lessening their mortality and educating them to their greatest usefulness.

We do not know how many children are born in the United States, because only a few States return statistics of births.

We do not know how great is the industrial employment of married women, nor its effect upon the children and family life. Worst ignorance of all, we do not know what is the decent support of a family or how much it costs to keep children alive, or how to insure mothers and babies against death by starvation.

In fact, all we do know is that children are born and their mothers, if they remain at home and devote themselves to their families, are recorded in the census as N. G. This does not exactly mean no good. It means nonaccountful, which is almost as inaccurate a description. In other words, instead of being a profession motherhood is a badly sweated trade.

If Miss Lathrop's plan of departments of research into maternity and family life and child bearing is realized we shall no doubt quickly follow the example set by England, Germany and the Scandinavian countries and establish State maternity insurance. The basis of this is sickness insurance. The mother is paid a sum which enables her to rest for a short period before childbirth and covers the expenses of her confinement. Conservative people argue against this scheme as socialistic. They say that

Give Him This Fine Brush-Holding Set. Includes an illustration of a brush and a holder. Text: Hangs conveniently out of the way; fine leather straps; made of polished brass "fittingly"; pigskin back; brushes with extra-quality bristles—always at hand when "he" wants 'em—a mighty handy, useful and attractive gift—\$2.50. GEO. W. JACOBY 620 Chestnut St.

20 Days to Shop. Includes an illustration of a man's face. Text: Read the Ads.

Our customers patronize this shop because Style, Quality and reasonable prices are its predominant features. Furs Millinery Blouses. Imported and Domestic SPORTSUITS & COATS. Fur & Millinery Shop 1423 Walnut Street.

Marion Harland's Corner

Asks Loan of Books

"AS THIS is my first letter to you, I hope you will not throw it away. Have you any of the Cornerites books 'The Garden of Allah' and 'The White Sister'? I will gladly pay postage on them and return them with many thanks after I have read them. I have a brand new shoulder brace that I will give away to any one in need of it. Please be so kind as to answer as soon as you can. MRS. ANNA H."

Had this been your 21st letter it should not have been thrown away. We shall try to get the books for you—as loans, if not as gifts. Keep the shoulder brace until somebody who has procured your address from us writes to thank you for the offer.

Magazines to Pass Along

"Kindly supply me with the address of M. H. C., who has 'odds of scraps' to give away. I have an invalid sister who is desirous of obtaining quite a number of magazines, and I have a large number of magazines I will gladly pass along to any one who will pay express on them. H. L. B."

Two Invalids Seek Aid

"As long as I could get along in any way I hated to ask for help. But my husband is down with rheumatism and has been all summer, and I see no chance of his working this winter. I would not ask for help, but I am also disabled and cannot do much work. I ask for any kind of help or anything that would do me any good. And may God bless your Corner for all the homes it has brought smiles to and the hearts it has cheered. "CATHERINE T."

Lost Their Home

"Would readers of the M. H. C. please send household furniture to my sister, whose house and furniture were burned two years ago? They live nine miles from town and have four dear little boys, ages 10, 8, 6 and 4. My sister would be glad of any help from the Corner. I will pay freight charges. I haven't much to offer—just a bundle of soft white cloths and a box of absorbent cotton—but I wish to be a member of the Corner—it does so much good. "MRS. ANNA S."

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I wish, oh so much, that I were an adept in practicing mental suggestion, for I think of such clever remarks I might make. If people would ask the right question!

from another, a chair here, and a table there, will not deplete the household "gear" of any. Collectively, these will be a sensible aid and comfort to the household wanderers. Observe that freight will be paid by the sister who writes to us. Her soft cloths will be solicited by nurses and those having in their homes suffers in need of bandages.

Unable to Pay Doctor's Fee

"Do you think some physicians interested in heart and blood diseases would like to help some one by treating a case where the person cannot pay a fee because of having others depending upon her?"

The impulse to withhold this application because there are in the city from which it comes free dispensaries and the like institutions for the benefit of the diseased poor was put aside after rereading the few lines. A woman upon whose daily labor depends the maintenance of helpless parents and children may well shrink from entering hospital or dispensary. We have dozens of physicians among our members. Will not one of them write to me for the address of H. M. and investigate the case?

Shopping Hints

Handbags of various kinds make another charming personal gift, both from one woman to another, and as a hint for the puzzled man, a smart Japanese imported bag is called the "Nippon." It has a silk body, lined with flowered taffeta. The top is rather wide, and is attached to a jade bracelet, to be hung on the arm, and gold tassels finish off the drawing strings. The price is \$1.

Christmas wrapping paper is a good thing to have on hand when you are ready to send your mail parcels out. Highly-colored wrapping sheets of rather heavy paper may be had for 5 cents. Gold twine costs 25 cents a ball. Dainty little Christmas stickers close the tiny box to fit any kind of gold piece. May be had for 25 cents. Plain white boxes of all kinds for the home-made gift cost from 5 cents up, according to size.

A thermostat solves the problem. A good thermostat costs, installed, from \$30 to \$60, but you save to say it is economical, not alone in its operation, but as a fuel saver as well. Best of all, it saves father—or, in these days of equal suffrage, perhaps mother—the painful labor of rising in the cold, cold morning to turn on the drafts.

Figuring on the basis that each attack of indoor plague costs a family, on the

THE HYGIENIC VALUE OF A THERMOSTAT IN YOUR ROOM

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

WHAT is called an equable climate is generally conceded salutary for the average individual. Certainly it is healthful to maintain a fairly equable temperature in the living rooms throughout the winter months, because it is exposure to excessive warmth, more than anything else, that lowers one's natural resistance to that group of specific bacterial infections vulgarly known as "colds." These respiratory diseases are not cold air diseases; they prevail most widely in temperate climates, in moderate spring and fall weather more than in very cold winter. In the Southern States more than in the extreme Northern inhabited countries, per thousand population. The indoor plague, let us say, rather than "colds." When you catch the indoor plague you have been handed something very definite, but when you "catch cold" you merely have a delusion, if you think the great outdoors has anything to do with it.

Since the bacteria of the indoor plague survive best when the air is warmest, and since the human host thrives best when the air is fairly cool, most people have learned instinctively to regulate the indoor temperature by the thermometer, and to keep it between 60 and 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

But it takes a lot of patience, sometimes even unseemly language, to regulate the furnace by the thermometer. And besides there are often too many engineers in the family, and too many engineers will put out the fire.

A thermostat solves the problem. A good thermostat costs, installed, from \$30 to \$60, but you save to say it is economical, not alone in its operation, but as a fuel saver as well. Best of all, it saves father—or, in these days of equal suffrage, perhaps mother—the painful labor of rising in the cold, cold morning to turn on the drafts.

Figuring on the basis that each attack of indoor plague costs a family, on the

average, \$30, we conclude that a thermostat pays for itself inside of 90 days in this climate. It does so by converting the changeable indoor atmosphere into an ideally equable climate, fit for any invalid.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Baths and Fever

Please explain in detail why patients with fever are given ice-cold baths? This seems a cruel practice.

Answer—Never knew of such a treatment. The brand bath treatment of typhoid fever is a good treatment. The bath is never below 60 degrees F., and it is usually started at 85 or 90 degrees, which is quite comfortable, then gradually lowered during the 15 or 20 minutes by the addition of pieces of ice or colder water; but the thermometer in the tub is always under the nurse's eye and the water never becomes colder than 60 degrees, which is by no means cruel. Active friction of the skin throughout the bath maintains a reaction, and as a matter of fact patients become colder than 60 degrees "cold" bath. But remember, baths are not given to bring down fever, but to rouse the dull nervous system and enliven the depressed circulation.

The Best Kind of Corset

Is a high corset or a low one more hygienic? Answer—A low one. The less of it the better.

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MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS

Cartoon strip titled 'MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS'. Characters include Robert, a newspaperman, and a man with a camera. Dialogue includes: 'THERE ARE TWO GENTLEMEN TO SEE YOU, MADAM.', 'WHO ARE THEY, ROBERT?', 'YOU'RE GETTING POPULAR.', 'THEY ARE REPRESENTING ONE OF THE NEWSPAPERS, MADAM.', 'I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO SEE THEM.', 'THEY PROBABLY WANT YOUR OPINION ON THE NORTH POLE.', 'MRS. VAN OODLES, THIS GENTLEMAN AND I HAVE BEEN SENT BY THE MORNING STAR TO BEG AN INTERVIEW.', 'I'M FRIGHTFULLY BUSY BUT...', 'MY COLLEAGUE WOULD LIKE TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOU AND YOUR HOME AND...', 'HE DOESN'T EVEN MENTION ME.', 'I WOULD LIKE TO GET YOUR VIEWS ON SUFFRAGE.', 'I DON'T MIND GIVING AN INTERVIEW BUT I MUST INSIST...', 'THAT IT HAS THE FRONT PAGE OF YOUR PAPER ALL TO ITSELF.'

SHE OUGHT TO BUY THE PAPER