

M'LISS DISCUSSES WASHING AND IRONING AS A FINE ART

Clever Ardmore Woman Has Raised This Lowly Work to the Dignity of an Interesting and Well-paying Profession

TO THE average woman "taking in washing" seems a poor sort of way of making a living—"all work and no pay," with the likelihood of making Jill a very dull girl in the bargain.

An Ardmore woman saw the thing in a different light, and as the result of her vision she is conducting a laundry today which has the reputation for turning out the finest "fine" laundry work in the country.

"Our laundry," Mrs. H. H. Yarnall, who is the presiding genius of the plant, told me, "was started by a wealthy woman about 18 or 20 years ago, who founded it to give work to the poor of the neighborhood. But it was run in the most primitive fashion and did not amount to much. When my husband died, I found that I must do something; there were the children to educate and all that—and so this opportunity presenting itself, I took hold of old St. Mary's Laundry."

Mrs. Yarnall is modest about her achievements with St. Mary's; but ask any Main Line family from Overbrook to Devon what they would do without her and you'd get the real truth.

The "petit-skirts" and nighties and bed linen and table napery—in fact, the family and household wash of virtually all the prominent residents of Philadelphia's best-known suburbs pass under the supervision of this capable woman.

In addition, Mrs. Yarnall has raised the business of washing and ironing valuable "pieces" which the average housekeeper is fearful of letting go out of her hands, but yet feels herself not capable of laundering, to a fine art.

"Thirty women in my plant," she said, "do nothing but fine pieces. This, I believe, is more than any of the big city laundries employ for that kind of work." Most women think only of soap and the ironing board when they think of laundering. To me it looks like a big business.

Hotels, clubs, such as the University and Acorn of Philadelphia, and colleges, all hearing of the high-class work put out by Mrs. Yarnall, sent their work to her and helped realize her dream of making laundry work a big business, until now it is necessary to employ almost a hundred people in her plant.

Many of the people who are the patrons of this far-seeing woman have laundry bills as high as forty dollars a week. Bedspreads and tablecloths of rare value are entrusted to her, and the five dollars or more that is charged for the laundering of a single piece of such value is willingly paid because of the superior service rendered.

"If you supply a demand," Mrs. Yarnall told me, "you can make money in any business—even washing."

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



FOR DANSANT OR SKATING WEAR

WITH the skating season in full swing, the indoor sport vies with the outdoor exercise, often very successfully, for the former is not dependent upon the freaks of fickle weather.

A shell-pink satin foundation is gracefully covered with a Russian blouse of flesh-colored Georgette. Shirred cordons introduce much fullness into the flowing sleeves, as well as fashioning the belt and finishing one side of the corsage.

The same filmy fabrics compose the smart toque and muff. The whole outfit is a dream of lovely colorings, and comes in twilight blue, at the same price, \$10. Full particulars as to where this costume may be bought will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street.

Marion Harland's Corner

Complete Address Lacking

"DO YOU" know of any little girl who wants a necktie and muff of mine? It is as good as new. I should like to get some beginner's music, and a piece called "The Gipsy's Warning". I should like the words and music of this. Will you please ask if any one has it? I shall be grateful to you. MRS. L. H."

We are more than disappointed. We are grieved and charmed at our inability to reply by mail to your letter. We could make a little girl we got of happy and comfortable for the rest of the winter; we could ask for and most probably secure some music for your generous self and likewise, without doubt, get a copy of the poem you want—all this we would gladly do if you had favored us with your address in full. We have not the slightest clue to your abiding place. You give neither street nor number. We dare not risk sending an important letter to you without these. Please repair the omission and let us get the full value of your communication.

Giving a Leap Year Party

"I have the song requested by Fred C. P. I began to copy the words for him, and found the middle page gone, so I have not all the words. The song, however, should not be difficult to obtain. A crowd of girls, ranging from 15 to 18 years of age, wish to give a leap year party. Are there any superstitions or customs in connection with leap year that we might use? We are at a loss to know what to do, and hope you will help us. BETTY D."

Fred C. P. has already received a copy of the "Irish Jubilee." We (and he) thank you, all the same, for the proffered help. Now, as to leap year customs: The main idea in connection with leap year is to take the lead in certain social customs and ceremonies, in which at other times men are the principal actors. How, when and where this idea originated is a mystery, so far as I have been able to trace the history of it. From time immemorial it has been said that a woman has the right to make an offer of marriage in leap year. Instead of waiting for a man to propose, following out the principle thus laid down, at leap year parties she takes the initiative. For example, the girls invite the boys to dance with them, do escort duty and play the gallant in dozens of ways, vying with one another in making pretty speeches, paying polite and graceful attentions, etc. Unless the reversal of positions be carried too far and degenerate into unseemly romping and familiarities the custom is amusing enough. Girls take the opportunity of suggesting, by example, to young fellows who are slow of speech and backward in the performance of graceful attentions to their fair acquaintances, how these duties should be performed, and much innocent fun may be found in the task. The girls take the young men into supper, wait upon them, watch for opportunities of rendering gallant services—in short, "play the man" in divers ways that will occur to the imagination of a quick-witted woman. If the

respective parts are cleverly carried out, the entertainment should be an acceptable variation of the conventional evening reception. As I have intimated, the danger is of carrying the travesty beyond the bounds of decorum. But well-behaved, refined young people may be trusted to shun this reef.

Wants to Go Home

I am sorely puzzled by a note to me for insertion in the Helping Hand Corner. It is from a son to his parents, whom he has not seen for a year. During this time he has been working in a mill, but he is homesick (poor fellow!), and begs to be allowed to come home. He does not give the residence of his parents, but speaks of going "by way of Montreal." His name was Alfred Gelsey, but for some reason he does not state it was changed to Edward Kent. Besides this we have no clue to the history of the family. But for the boy's longing for home and parents and the straightforward story penciled in an unframed hand I should not move in an affair where particulars are so vague. In a word, the lad wants his father to send him means to take him home. "There's no place like home," he breaks the thread of the narrative to say bitterly. His present address is in our books. Mothers of absent boys will overlook and excuse any irregularity in the broken tale, which is all I can lay before a compassionate constituency. If we had any idea of getting at the parents' address this would not have been published. Nor do we know why the boy's appeal is sent to our Corner. Having confidence in the agency through which it comes, we give it place.

Games at a Linen Shower

"Would you please suggest some games that would be appropriate for a linen shower that I am arranging for my girl friend? NETTIE S. M." If you will send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope I will tell you of a capital manual from which you can learn all you wish of games for all sorts and conditions of social functions. Meaning while, have you thought of "Shouting Proverbs," "What is my thought like?" "Happy Thought" and "Gossip," in which a sentence whispered down the line of a dozen or so listeners, from ear to ear, comes out at the end of the row so changed from the original as to serve as an object lesson to gossip-mongers in general? These are but a few of the scores of games which may be wrought up satisfactorily during the evening. In my young days we enjoyed "capping verses" and supplying rhymes for single lines offered by each in turn. If I could talk with you I could supply you to better advantage.

All communications addressed to Marion Harland should include a clipping of the article in which you are interested. Persons wishing to aid in the charitable work of the H. H. C. should write Marion Harland in care of this journal, for addresses of those they would like to help, and, having received them, communicate direct with these parties.

ENDLESS CHAIN PRAYER LETTER HITS THIS CITY AND CLOGS THE MAILS

Thousands of Persons Given Writer's Cramp in Mad Attempt to Comply With Conditions at Once

CURSE FOR ALL SHIRKERS

One Must Send Out Missives in Turn in Order to Avoid It and "Meet With Joy"

The vanguard of an endless chain prayer letter, which is racing all over the United States, flooding the mails and giving thousands of persons the writer's cramp, has struck Philadelphia with a bang that has jarred the postal service.

The worst of it is that you can't dodge this chain letter, for it carries with it a curse which is calculated to make nervous and superstitious folks worry until they have grabbed a pen and complied with the conditions of the chain which has been thrust upon them.

To escape the curse a recipient of the prayer has to dash off nine copies immediately and send them to nine friends. Ten days after this has been done, it is stated that the prayer writer will "meet with some great joy."

But woe to the man or woman who ignores the prayer. He or she, it is said, will meet with some great misfortune. The prayer is very simple, and here it is:

"Oh Lord, I implore Thee to bless all mankind.
Bring us to Thee. Keep us to dwell with Thee."

Hundreds of copies of the prayer have been received in Philadelphia and the chain is gaining in size every day. Every time one of these prayers is received through the mails it usually means that nine more are thrust into the channels of the postal department on the same day.

Men and women of all walks of life in this city have received copies and few have dared to ignore the conditions and brave the chances of the curse.

A few men, maybe, have read the thing and said, "Oh, piffle, this chain won't get my goat," but so their wives. They have taken upon themselves the duty of writing nine copies and sending them to nine friends. It is no joke for a busy business man to stop right in the midst of his work and dash off nine copies of the prayer with accompanying explanations, but many have done this in Philadelphia.

Who inaugurated the prayer chain nobody seems to know, but that it has obtained a good start can be amply testified to by postal officials.

Here is the explanation which accompanied a copy of the prayer received today by the mails from a friend in New York:

"This prayer is to be sent all over the world. It was said in ancient days that all who wrote it would be free from calamity and all who passed it would meet with misfortune. Copy it and send it to nine friends, and on the tenth day you will meet with some great joy. I hope you will realize its promises."

Why Not?

The mere man said he thought a certain woman was a bully good sort. "Why, do you know," he queried, "she runs her own car?"

Why shouldn't she? Women have been running sewing machines, washing machines, perambulators and other mechanical devices, ever since they were invented, so what matters an addition like an automobile?

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB. The gloomy faces that I see, I'd like with all my wiles To reach them somehow till I made them blossom into smiles.

Order Some Today Deerfoot Farm Sausage

ASK FOR and GET HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK. Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.

FACIAL MASSAGE. Brings the Roses of Health and Youth. Miss Pinard. Beauty Specialist and Expert with Multiple Electric Needle for Removal of Superfluous Hair—4 hours a week, at extra cost, 703-4 Flanders Bldg., 15th and Walnut sts.

THE SNEEZER, WHO SPREADS GRIP, SHOULD BE ARRESTED, SAYS EXPERT

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

WHILE we are arresting the culprits who spit in public places we are likely to overlook that worse offender, the fellow who travels about bombing innocent bystanders with grip microbes. Now grip is just a newer term for the obsolete "cold." Grip is by no means the specific and fatal disease, influenza. It is true that, perhaps once in a thousand cases, the influenza bacillus is found in the sputum or nasal discharge of a grip patient, but as a rule the grip proves, on culture, to be nothing but our old friend, the pneumococcus, ably and tirelessly assisted by micrococci catarrhals, streptococci and others of prodigious title, but not very fatal effect.

When an ignoramus enters a street car, or a moving picture theatre, or church, or even his own domicile, and buccally sneezes all over those so unfortunate as to be in contact with him, the plain, everyday citizen ought to have the right to arrest the offender on the charge of endangering public health. He should be taken to court and stiffly fined for maintaining himself as a public nuisance within the meaning of the statute.

The open-faced sneeze produces casualties just as certainly as would a bomb dropped from a hostile aeroplane. But the unsmuzzled sneeze is not so spectacular as an ordinary bomb. It does not produce instantaneous effects; the victims, if any, feel no symptoms until, perhaps, the following day—and then they blame some innocent change of weather. Just why we should feel indignant at the person who expectorates in a public place, and ignore the rascal who ex- plodes grip, diphtheria, pneumonia, erysipel and tuberculosis, is a problem difficult to understand. The sputum on the floor is visible filth, while that floating in the air is invisible, and we have always harbored a greater fear for the latter than for the former. Who will explain why our friends should spit on our floor than that they should perpetrate an unsmuzzled sneeze in the only atmosphere we have for breathing purposes.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Our Kind of Baby

We are great fresh air advocates in our house. We have a large sleeping porch facing south, and baby sleeps out there days and nights too. He has never had anything like a "cold," looks fat and rosy. But the neighbors call us crazy. Answer—Our kind of baby—but not our kind of neighbors. Who will explain why this fortunate baby hasn't taken his "death of cold" long ago. Does this not prove the "cold" theory absurd?

Mineral Water Versus Water

What kind of mineral water is best for one with gallstones? Is mineral water good for hardened arteries? Answer—Aqua fontis is excellent—you take it from the tap. Mineral water is as good as aqua fortis, but no better, we warrant.

Beauty Is as Beauty Does

There has been much and varied comment upon the use of facial creams, especially the contention that grease creams inhibit the growth of hair.

A little common sense to the rescue. In the first place, no amount of grease or cream of any kind can sow the root of a hair.

The stimulation of hair does not arise from surface treatment, but right at the root.

It has been said that animal fats were especially conducive to a growth of hair. While this cannot be borne out by scientific reasoning, for the benefit of the superstitious I might mention that vegetable oils are not only very cleansing, but pleasant.

Olive oil, with a drop of good perfume to dispel the oily odor, is an excellent cleaner. Cottonseed oil is not at all bad, but not quite so fine in its character as olive.

Gingerisms

Many a trousseau is begun at the institution of a fortune teller.

Have you forgotten any of your early blunders? See Madam Grundy.

Honesty used to be the best policy. Now it's up to the persuasive powers of rival insurance companies.

The girl who is the toast of the town at twenty may be the roast at forty.

Memories

If some petals you should find Hidden under winter snows, Would they not bring to your mind Visions of the summer rose?

If some zephyr passing by Leave a kiss upon your mouth, Would you not with fancy's eye See the blossoms of the South?

So these petals that we find, Roses, with their leaves all cast, Are still rose leaves, yours and mine, 'Neath the snowdrifts of the past.—Elizabeth McElroy, in Southern Woman's Magazine.

Hindrances to Education

It is well known that the better private schools for girls prescribe a uniform, and every pupil is obliged to wear it. True, it is not of the "orphan Annie" brand, but it is a dignified, practical garb and eliminates the vanity feature entirely.

This course would be scarcely practicable in public schools, still there could be a standard by which qualifications might be measured.

Fancy a school girl dabbling her nose with a powder puff every few minutes. Is her mind on her lessons? Probably not. She is thinking about her appearance and has learned from her seniors that powdering the nose frequently helps a lot.

Some school girls even use rouge. Every sort of tawdry thing is adopted, and, instead of zealous students, we see a race of frivolous, vain school girls.

Teachers have enough to tax their patience without the trouble of impressing upon the rising generation that youth needs none of the arts of the beauty specialist.

Let Us Plan Your Kitchen Right

There is nothing that means so much to your comfort as a well planned kitchen. You could save half your time and avoid hundreds of little inconveniences with this department of your home properly equipped. Benefit by our knowledge. Let us plan YOURS. Our prices are as low or lower than you'd expect to pay for such service.

J. Franklin Miller 1626 Chestnut St.

PUBLIC LEDGER advertisement with illustration of a man in a top hat and a woman.

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS THE WORST OF IT IS THAT AUNT MEANS WELL

Comic strip 'Millie and Her Millions' featuring a man and a woman in a car. Dialogue includes: 'BY JOVE! I WISH AUNT BRIGANTINE WOULD GO HOME. I'M SICK OF HAVING HER HANGING AROUND HERE.', 'I'M SURE THE CHANGE WOULD DO HIM GOOD, MILLIE. YOU KNOW HOW ILL HE HAS BEEN.', 'THEY'RE EVIDENTLY SUGGESTING THAT I TAKE A TRIP SOMEWHERE.', 'AUNT THINKS A COMPLETE CHANGE WOULD BENEFIT YOUR HEALTH, MONTY.', 'I'M SURE OF IT, MONTY.', 'I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT, AUNT. I'LL PACK UP TODAY AND LEAVE YOU TO KEEP MILLIE COMPANY.', 'OH! YOU'RE NOT WELL ENOUGH YET, MONTY.', 'WAIT TILL YOU'RE STRONGER, MY BOY.', 'NO, AUNT'S IDEA IS THAT YOU WAIT TILL SHE RETURNS HOME AND THEN GO AND SPEND A MONTH OR SO WITH HER.'