

### WHERE ARE THE IDEALS OF YESTERYEAR? ASKS M'LISS

#### Even If a Woman Has White Hair and Creaking Bones, Getting a Seat in a Crowded Car Is a Difficult Proposition

IT WAS a crowded Spruce street car; seven of its seats were occupied by fresh-faced, shiny boys bound for the West Philadelphia High School. Nine women—some young, some old—and a great many men stood.

The fourteen youngsters, who sprawled in their seven seats, gave vent to the brilliant spirits that characterize the American youth at all times, but chiefly in the early morn, when he is on his way to the schoolhouse after a quiescent night.

The entrance of an elderly woman—a worker one could guess from the little package she carried under her arm—left the boys unmoved. They ranged in age from 14 to 17 years, and were therefore old enough to know better and young enough to stand.

But no; they festered on unmindful of the difficulty the white-haired woman was having to maintain her equilibrium in the swaying car. With a black glance at the youngsters a man, relinquishing the joys of his morning paper, got up and surrendered his seat. The incident was closed without the black look having had any visible effect on the boys. Apparently, the fact that they had failed signally in manners, which is, of course, only another way of saying in kindness of heart, never even crossed their callow minds.

Too often, I believe, the American woman is attacked unjustly; but is it not borne in on one with ever-recurring frequency that the American youth is deplorably lacking in ideals? And if the American boy and the American girl lack ideals, it cannot be otherwise than that the American parent has failed to supply them with any.

Relinquishing your seat in a car to a woman, or removing your hat in an elevator in her presence are small things in themselves, but they stand for ideals. Women, even those below the Mason and Dixon line, who, we are told, are more accustomed to these visible expressions of civility, have become sensible enough not to be chagrined if the Tired Business Man (alas, alas, today!) does not arise with alacrity and urge his seat upon her. In fact, she has even advanced far enough to refuse to let him make this sacrifice, if he looks his part. But it would be a sad commentary on the present age, indeed, if either men or women had advanced so far as to be unmoved by the sight of an old woman standing while sturdy boys sat.

"Money-getting and husband-grabbing are the ideals of the boys and girls of today," is the way a woman raised in the old school put it. "We've got just one standard of success—and that's money. Nothing else counts. Only stir yourselves, boys and girls, if there's money to be had."

"Work for it or marry for it to the exclusion of all other ideals. Witness the pride a mother or father has in the son who is a financial success and in the daughter who marries well. These only are the things that count. What then can you expect from the American youth?"

#### Affinities a La Grab-Bag

APROPOS the approaching February 14, an interesting communication concerning the origin of valentines has been sent to me.

"The custom of sending valentines," he (or she?) writes, "by the mail is, at best, but the perversion of a simpler and more romantic custom which prevailed in France and Great Britain in the days before America was discovered and the world had not the slightest conception that such a man as Theodore Roosevelt would ever exist. In those 'good old days' the bachelors and maidens of a community met each February 14 and proceeded by the matter-of-fact process of a lottery to determine their 'affinities.'"

"The names of bachelors and maids were placed in separate receptacles and then the fateful drawing took place until all the names were exhausted. If the number of girls was in excess of that of the young men, or vice versa, it was inevitable that they could not secure their valentines, as the chosen ones were called, so there was nothing to do but remain single until the next annual drawing or escape the ordeal of another failure by getting married."

"Those drawings were not always as expected, and often led to somewhat embarrassing results. For instance, young Joek o' the Hill might draw Maid Mirian as his valentine and be entirely satisfied, whereas Maid Mirian would draw 'Witless Will,' the butt of everybody in the village, and he as decidedly the average. It was all a game of chance, yet there seems no reason or no necessity at that far distant day to doubt the assertion that many happy marriages resulted from the custom."

"There is nothing whatever to establish a connection between St. Valentine and the custom. That good and estimable man, being a saint, was presumably averse to flirting and regarded 'the female of the species' much as he regarded that gentleman with the cloven foot who is said to masquerade as a lion seeking whom he may devour."

#### Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Address all communications to M'LISS, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.

Dear M'LISS—Is there any treatment which experts offer for meeting eyebrows, and if so, is it advisable to undergo such treatment? I am not the kind that lounge around the beauty parlors and am, therefore, entirely ignorant of the benefits derived therefrom.

This treatment I suppose is called "arching the eyebrows." If one has her eyebrows "arched" doesn't she have to perform a continual performance?

Electrolysis, it is said, is the only method by which hair can be removed permanently. It is painful, and the electric needle should only be wielded by an expert. Arching the eyebrows, however, is not removing the hairs from the bridge of the nose; it is, instead, only shaping them delicately. This, too, I am told, is within the realm of electrolysis.

Dear M'LISS—Some time ago I noticed in the EVENING LEDGER that you referred some one to the "Lantern and Lens Club" here for women, and I have been contemplating taking up photography for the past year, but kept putting it off, so your answer came as an answer to me.

Several days ago I went down and inquired about it; but I find I'll not be able to afford the time away from my household duties and have no one with whom I can leave a year-old baby (without charge), so find I cannot take it up, much as I would like. Last night, as I was reading the last Ladies' Home Journal, I came across an article on photography, so I phoned down this morning and find that they are having a sort of correspondence school of photography, where you can find out anything you want to know at no cost whatever; and then they have the articles to help beginners. I know how I felt, and thought there must be other women who cannot join the club for the same reason as I, and know they would appreciate knowing they won't have to go out of their house for the lessons; and most every woman has the magazine, anyway.

Hoping this information will be of some help and thanking you for the help I have derived from your column, I am, sincerely,

My readers will be grateful, I am sure, for the suggestions contained in your letter.

Dear M'LISS—I would indeed be grateful if you could tell me the author of this quotation:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
I would be pure, for there are those who care;  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;  
I would be friend to all the poor and friendless;  
I would be giver and forget the gift;  
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;  
I would look up and love and laugh and lift."

A SCHOOLGIRL.

Can any of my readers help me to place this quotation? I have exhausted all my sources of information to no avail. I do not believe it is from any standard work.

### SEEN IN THE SHOPS



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NAVY blue and white, always an effective combination, is cleverly contrasted in this charming model of French serge. The coat is all blue, with well-tailored raglan sleeves, and box cut. The ruffled cuffs and the touches on the collar are made of white serge. The skirt is white, with boxplaits, to allow plenty of fulness. The plaits are stitched in yoke effect at the hips, like so many of the popular models this spring. The only other trimming consists of white buttons and white-bound buttonholes and neat side pockets. The same model comes in

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Full particulars as to where these articles may be bought will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 908 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

#### Fear

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,  
Thou needest not fear mine,  
My spirit is too deeply laden  
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,  
Thou needest not fear mine,  
Innocent is the heart's devotion  
With which I worship thine.  
—Percy B. Shelley.

#### Gingerisms

Women are very like alarm clocks; they make an awful clatter when wound and set.

What, no marriage in heaven! Softly, ma chérie, that's what makes it heaven.

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