

THE MENTAL VAMPIRE AND HOW SHE WOKE UP TO MISCHIEF SHE UNCONSCIOUSLY WROUGHT

"MA" SUNDAY'S INTIMATE TALKS

The wife of the famous evangelist discusses everyday topics in a helpful and wholesome way.

By "MA" SUNDAY

A LITTLE brown wren of a woman about forty-five years of age, tall-worn but cheery, came to me one day to ask if I could advise her how to win back her husband. They had been boon companions in the little Middle Western town where they were born for twenty years of a happy married life, but when the man's business acumen had achieved its merited reward and transplanted them to the wider horizon of a great metropolis they had fallen in with a set to which her habits of mind and life were alien.



"MA" SUNDAY

Strive as she would, she could not keep pace with the mental alertness and the conversational cleverness of their new associates. The little brown wren was lost in the gilded cage of golden-throated canaries. She would not sing their songs.

That her husband still tenderly loved her and their three fine children she had no doubt, nor did she question his faithfulness to her. But there is an unfaithfulness that is of the mind and spirit that is equally hard for a wife to bear. Her husband no longer seemed to have time for her and the children, though he was more devoted than ever when he chanced to be with them.

Another woman had stolen her husband, not as a lover, it is true, but just the same she had taken away from the wife at home that sense of intimate, satisfying companionship which had been hers alone all these many years. Her old comrade was gone. The "other woman" was a brilliant musician and writer, as she herself termed it, with "a genius for friendship."

This friendship, however, usually confined itself to members of the opposite sex and, while there was never a breath of scandal about her and her relationships were really platonic, she attracted many husbands of other women to her train, as is sometimes the habit of so-called "Bohemian" circles.

There was nothing wrong about her—nothing of the vampire or siren, and yet she brought loneliness and unhappiness into many homes through her very gift of adaptability, which made her, figuratively speaking, "all things to all men."

It was her "infinite variety" of charm and tact which made men seek her as a haven of refuge. She knew just when to flatter—when to soothe. Her advice was always pertinent, her judgment sound.

What could the little brown wren do against such a rival?

I visited the "other woman" to see for myself. I found her all that was reported, sympathetic, broad of vision and sympathetic of soul—but thoughtless of the havoc these very qualities were making in the lives of plainer and less highly endowed women.

When I told her the truth her great beautiful, brown eyes filled with tears.

"Why, I never realized, I never thought about it," she exclaimed. "God forgive me if I have done what you say—I meant no wrong. It just happens I have always been a sort of a man's woman—but I never dreamed I was spoiling the happiness of anybody else."

When I left she had given me her promise never again to have another woman's husband for a satellite. She would conscript them in future from unattached men.

Dear women of charm and talent, do you realize that you are more dangerous to a man's marital, spiritual faithfulness than a hundred others who have only physical, sex attractiveness?

Use your great gifts where they will heal and not harm.

Never make warm friendships with married men, which, no matter how superficially innocent, yet make them seek your society at the expense of the happiness of their less attractive wives!

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LIVING UP TO BILLY

By ELIZABETH COOPER

This powerful human document, written in the form of letters to a young mother serving a term in prison, is one of the most stirring literary products of the twentieth century.

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Dear Kate: Do you remember Rosie O'Grady who got married about three years ago? Well, she is only twenty years old now. She has got a kid and supporting it herself. That fellow she married was a coke fiend, and she fired him, and she is doing real well. Her brother is a driver at McCree's, and between them they hire a little flat down on Twentieth street and her mother takes care of the baby and they are real happy. I went down to see her the other night. A lot of women live there who scrub offices or go out washing or do any kind of day work they can get. Most every one of them supports a drunken husband. One woman next door to Rosie has both her husband and her brother on her hands, and her brother has been full for three months and that poor woman goes out washing to give these good-for-nothing men their money. I'd let their stomachs grow to their backs before I'd feed them. You see an awful lot of drink down around Eighth avenue, and it seems like it is done by the men that most need the money. Yet I suppose when they are out on the wagon all day in the cold and the wet, that a saloon looks awful nice and warm and the free lunch tastes mighty good. They can't afford to go to the restaurants, even cheap ones, so they go to the saloon and drink that rotten whisky that drives them crazy. That's one thing I never saw no fun in, and I must say for you, Kate, that with all the rotten crowd you rub with, you didn't take to booze no dope. If you hadn't just naturally not known the difference between what belonged to you and what belonged to the other man, you might have been a pretty respectable member of society. I tell you I am watching Billy mighty close to see that he don't have too small fingers. By the looks of him now, the way he is growing, his hands are going to be like hams, and if he ever gets them in a policeman's pocket, he would never get them out again.

I can't send you no money. I tell you I am absolutely flat strapped. I hooked my two rings and I even sold my dancing slippers. I ain't paid Mrs. Smith for Billy's board in most a month, and I know they need the money. Cheer up, old girl, you only have a short time now. I keep a trying to think what you can do when you come out, but I don't seem to light on nothing you would like. Anyway, you know I am thinking of you. Yours, N.A.M.

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Teamsters Fined for Negligence Twenty teamsters were arrested today accused of permitting wagons to remain in the streets all night without lights. Numerous accidents resulted and streets were frequently blocked several of the motorists were fined by Magistrate Baker, while others were discharged with a reprimand.

Boy, Hurt by Firecracker, in Hospital Physicians at St. Mary's Hospital today are treating Frank Pleckenstein, fifteen years old, of 1834 North Front street, the first youngster to be injured in a pre-Fourth of July accident. The lad last Saturday afternoon away a large stock of firecrackers and in the evening began to light a cannon cracker. His right hand was badly mangled when he accepted a "dare" to shoot off a powerful "salute."

Steals Pool Balls to Cut Living Cost Pool balls were stolen by Charles Austin, twenty-one years old, according to his statement, because he wanted to raise money on them. He is the chairman of the Food Economy and Thrift. They will try to teach every householder the best and most economical methods of canning, drying and preserving.

Hospital Unit Needs Cooks and Baker Six cooks and one baker are required to complete the personnel of the base hospital unit, No. 59 of the University of Pennsylvania. Men who believe that they can qualify should apply at once to Dr. J. R. Carnell, the director of the Unit. Orders are expected any day to prepare for discharge.

ELKTON MARRIAGE LICENSES

Usual Monday Rush for Permits to Wed

ELKTON, Md., June 18. — Monday's usual large number of marriage licenses were issued here today as follows: Charles Nauman and Elizabeth Hamilton, William H. McCoy, Jr., and Viola Caleston, Edward C. Young and Margaret Gribbin, all of Philadelphia; Herman E. Graham, Philadelphia, and Kate Louise Pottville; Harvey B. Brown and Violet Hanna, Marshallton, Md.; William H. Weeks, Jr., Wilmington, and Anna E. Jackson, Northeast, Md.; Thomas Johnson and Eliza Cilman, Pottsville; Charles Plank and Alice Hall, Coatesville; Erd Farrel and Edith Schall, Fullerton, Pa.; Samuel Bowers and Anna Hassog, Reading; Charles M. Ball and Catherine Evans, Tamaqua; Horace S. Evans and Elizabeth T. Wurst, Moorestown, N. J.; James E. McCollom and Lola M. Bryant, Thurston; Luther L. Lucy, Baltimore, and Helen D. Dawson, Oxford, Md.; Charles Bogaarth and Ella Creamer, Wilmington; James H. Campbell and Katherine C. Crawford, Bloomhous, Pa.; Philip Merlonetti and Rose D. Frongo, West Chester; Mathias B. Thies, Trenton, and Elizabeth Grove, Pittsburgh; Robert E. Welsh and Margaret Mottler, Shickling, Pa.; Leon Larsson and Lottie Mendell, Plainfield, N. J.; Clarence R. Ramsey and Elizabeth F. Black, Bridgeton, N. J.; Clarence Fauver and Hazel Broadwater, Millville, N. J.; William F. Morgan and Henrietta S. Munroe, Trenton; Arthur E. Smithson, Forest Hill, and Lillian M. Wildason, Belair, Md.; Samuel Curwood and Mildred Zimmerman, Baltimore, and John R. Cole, Jr., Bellefonte, Pa., and Jennie W. Flanagan, Philadelphia.

Two Hurt When Scaffold Falls

Two workmen were injured today when a twenty-foot scaffold fell at the Kingswing Recreation Center, Forty-ninth street and Chester avenue. The injured men are William Tallant, forty-five years old, of Forty-ninth and Stiles streets, and T. W. Ross, sixty-three years old, of Priscilla street, Germantown. Both men were removed to the West Philadelphia Homeopathic Hospital suffering from cuts on the face and body.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Callers come and bother me. Still I always smile quite brightly. Though I hate them in my heart I must sit and lie politely.



THE LIBERTY BONDS

must be sold in order to carry on the War. Every housewife may buy one or more if she stops home extravagance and uses food products that go farthest.

TETLEY'S India TEA Ceylon

is one of the household money savers. Its greater strength and purity make economy a pleasure.

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Separate Blouses of Georgette Are Popular

AMONG all of the season's style models there is nothing more fascinating than the separate blouse of transparent material made with a peplum and designed to be worn with separate skirts of light-weight woollens, silk, linen or pique.

You will find these blouses, or jumpers, modeled with front and back closing, but the smartest models borrow their fashioning from the middie blouse and are made to be slipped on over the head. You may have them in white or any color of the season.

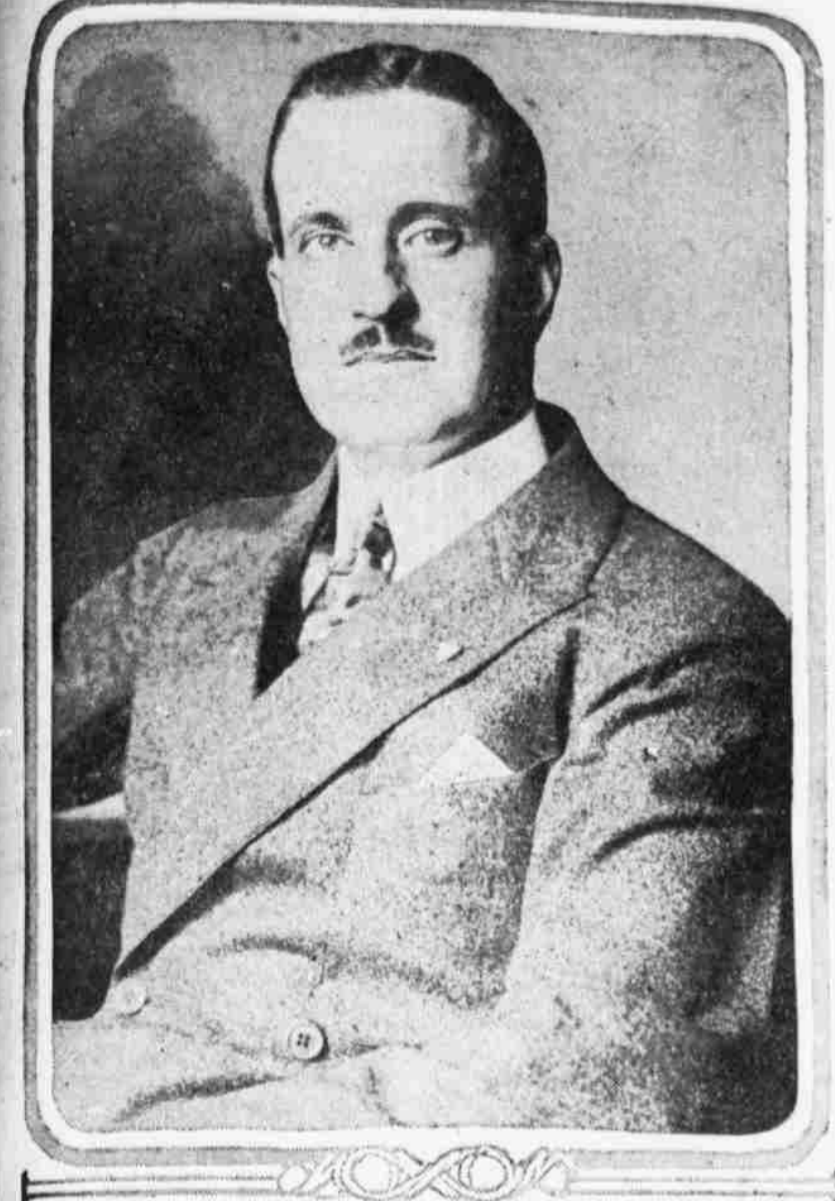
Some of the dressier models are elaborately decorated with vari-colored embroidery. Some stick to buttons for trimming, while others employ narrow, hand-run



tucks. Sleeves end with cuffs or piped edging. Girdles are either wide or narrow, and most of them tie, once over, in front. The upper model of the two jumper blouses illustrated is of flesh color Georgette. Its only trimming is supplied by narrow tucks and hemstitching. The lower model is of old blue Georgette combined with the same material in Persian pattern. The fold of the figured material for the lower edge is left free at the top in pocket fashion.

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

R. H. Becker, 912 N. 19th st., and Leah E. Strass, Atlantic City, N. J., and Edith M. Leen, A. Wilson, York, Pa., and Gertrude V. Cooper, 135 N. 15th st., Joseph Young, 1220 N. 17th st., and Emily Wellington, 1717 Edwin st., Edward J. Jones, 1241 Norfolk st., and Daisy Kinard, 1740 N. Alder st., and Jennie Phares, 812 N. Marshall st., John Brackman, 2117 Locust st., and Sylvia L. Barnes, 1817 De Lancy st., John Brackman, 2117 Locust st., and Yetta Klevin, 701 Millin st., Harry Hendon, 400 41st st., and Edith M. Houseman, 212 N. 81st st., William N. Brown, Atlantic City, N. J., and Florence Tyson, 1109 Grove, Pa., Marcellus G. Walker, 1825 Cambridge st., and Martha E. Jones, 1241 Norfolk st., Benjamin F. Inez, 1240 N. Conestoga st., Samuel Levy, 1833 S. 4th st., and Freda Stom, 1118 S. 4th st., Louis A. Faith, 129 N. 17th st., and Edna Howard Robinson, 1111 11th st., Carl W. Veatch, 2608 Front st., and Frances W. Withers, 2608 S. 10th st., Edward A. Soudner, 2608 Front st., and Helen Stinson, 2618 Parrish st., Robert L. Kasper, Jr., New York city, and Max E. Jones, Wilmington, Del., James D. Hays, 1824 E. Hazard st., Harold J. Schum, 401 Pearl st., and Carrie M. Hulley, 225 N. 2nd st., Joseph W. Conlin, 2511 Emerald st., and Mary E. Lockman, 2511 Emerald st., Peter Siederlin, Paterson, N. J., and Marie Stinson, 2518 Parrish st., William Bushler, 1811 N. Camas st., and Clara Hantz, 1811 N. Camas st., Charles S. Kuhl, Hartford, Conn., and Margaret E. Jones, Wilmington, Del., and Louis A. Faith, 129 N. 17th st., and Theresia George, Fuller, 2753 Ridge ave., and Theresia West, 2228 Ridge ave., Paolo Pracht, 1033 Emily st., and Annina Bonatti, 1033 Emily st., George E. Thomson, 4748 Marine st., and Nellie A. McFarland, 4503 N. 20th st., Hamilton Richard, 4339 N. Gratz st., and Fattis Russell, 4320 N. Gratz st., Clifford Nash, 2044 Coral st., and Bertha Lens, 2022 N. 20th st., Forrest B. Neumeier, 116 Fisher's avenue, and Julian Mofar, 1021 Chestnut st., John S. Peacock, 768 N. 85th st., and Viola M. Graham, 3107 N. 13th st., Benjamin N. Ogden, 2812 W. Albert st., and Ed. Humphrey, 651 E. Westmoreland st., and Ed. McArthur, 2080 S. Horner st., Leon Abbott, 1222 Wallace st., and Mary V. Leese, 1622 Wallace st., Philip Arday, 1833 N. 25th st., and Julia Novak, 131 W. Cayuga st., Russell C. Smith, 1527 S. 91st st., and Anna Paladino, 2718 E. Lehigh ave., Louis H. Brand, 2734 Kirkwood st., and Frances Houtley, 2528 N. 15th st., Curtis Hoyer, 3528 Randolph st., and Mae Wallace, 1336 N. 19th st., William J. Bealy, 718 De Kalb st., and Helen F. Laughlin, 1448 Camden st., Thomas J. Grady, 2325 N. 19th st., and Marie E. Moran, 1448 Camden st., William R. Tamm, Newark, N. J., and Ethel E. Stradle, 1144 53d st., August Knorr, 1840 S. 18th st., and Marie Egan, 1840 S. 18th st., Edward C. Kerper, 3215 Ridge ave., and Sarah Bowen, 3215 Ridge ave., Arthur Cunningham, 221 Wharton st., and Apollonia Mulvey, 1602 S. Front st., Elmer E. McCarter, 2418 Norris st., and Clara Bruckmeyer, 1806 N. 11th st., Francis V. Wharton, 4600 Brown st., and Charles B. Matthews, 1908 Monument ave., and Nellie A. McFarland, 4503 N. 20th st., Thomas J. Cullen, 3431 Clearfield st., and Rose A. McFarland, 4503 N. 20th st., Joseph W. Horton, 2112 South st., and Amanda Cunningham, 221 Wharton st., Elmer E. McCarter, 2418 Norris st., and Margaret O'Donnell, 2327 E. Sergeant st.



HOWARD HEINZ

Pennsylvania's Hoover talks on the housewife's part in the war.

STATE'S FOOD SUPPLY CHIEF CALLS ON WOMEN FOR HELP

Howard Heinz, Pennsylvania's Hoover, Says Only Housewife's Frugality Can Make Allies' Victory Possible

By MLISS

THE woman holds the fate of the nation in the hollow of her hands. If she sits down now and argues that the war is bound to be a short one, that the talk of conservation in a land flowing with milk and honey is all bosh, and that, in brief, her garbage pail and the daily menu she provides her family are her own affairs, America's chapter in the history of this world war will be an ignominious one. If, on the other hand, she grasps the situation quickly; if she realizes that the fighting allied nations must eat and that we must feed them, and that Hoover, late of Belgium, now, gratefully, of the United States, knows whereof he speaks, our record will be a glorious one.

These are the sentiments of Pennsylvania's Hoover. You didn't know, perhaps, that we had one. You weren't aware, doubtless, of the fact that the war has enlisted in the services of the Keystone State a veritable dynamo of energy who, like the savior of Belgium, is acting as general in the second line of defense which will have to fight the food battle.

It is characteristic of Howard Heinz that he gets things done quietly; that he has virtually organized and set in motion the vast machinery necessary to the conservation, production and distribution of the food supply in Pennsylvania before the majority of people became conscious of the fact that he was at the helm, as the director of the food supply in this State.

The fifty-seven varieties of his enterprise and commercialism are well known; the fifty-eighth variety, his capacity for ardent public service, threatens to bring him into the limelight in a different role.

KNOWS ALL ABOUT FOOD

For four days every week Howard Heinz comes down to Philadelphia from Pittsburgh, establishes himself in the offices of the Committee of Public Safety, of which his department is part and parcel, and he views the food situation from the angle of this part of the State.

Howard Heinz knows food. His canny old father, now seventy-three, the founder of the great food industry, made him know. He put him in the collar of the factory as soon as he came out of Yale, a brash young graduate in 1906. He said to him, "Learn about things that grow, and learn from the bottom up."

Howard Heinz learned. He found out about the products that came into the factory, how they were canned and preserved, and then he went all over the world to be in touch with the farmers of all nations, who supplied these products in such huge quantities. His money insures him against any possible food worry for himself, but for the millions dependent upon the United States and Pennsylvania he is taking thought.

DEPENDENT ON WOMAN

"Woman is the main factor in all that is to be done," he told me seriously. "We are very dependent upon her efforts. She holds the fate of the nation in the hollow of her hand. If she argues foolishly and selfishly that it will be a short war and that the fact that we have plenty should relieve us of any worry about others, I do not see how we can pull out of this mess successfully. If peace comes tomorrow, the food problem will be even more serious than it is now," he continued earnestly, "because that will mean that we shall have to feed Germany, Poland and Rumania, in addition to our Allies. We have put our trust in woman. Her power of appeal is enormous. She must not fail us."

"One of the first things that our housewives will have to do is to eat the flour barrel in half. Six hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat in our maximum production. We need all but fifty millions of this ourselves. But our Allies need three hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat. They must fight our war properly. That means that we must do without three hundred million bushels of wheat. That is a pretty big question."

"We shall have to do with half the amount of wheat that we have been using. Our women must realize this, and they must realize it immediately. Conservation must begin at once. Australia is having ship problems and Argentina has an embargo. The world looks to us. We must use whole wheat and we must use corn. We must have corn bread at least three times a week. Don't ask, Why can't the Allies eat the corn? That is a silly question."

"The Allies have never used corn. They have never raised it to any extent. They women do not know the use of it, and we haven't the time nor the facilities for teaching them. They must have the wheat they need. We not only know the use of corn in breads and cereals, but we like it. We must use it as a substitute for wheat. Next in importance on the conservation list is meat. We must absolutely give up

veal. Pennsylvania alone is shy 100,000 calves. This situation must be overcome by abstention from veal. We must also avoid young lamb, suckling pigs and young poultry. We must give these animals a chance to come to maturity, and by denying ourselves them we will also bring down the cost of meat. "Next, we must do with 20 per cent less sugar than we have been using. The Allies need it; we must see that they get it." There is nothing soft about this food specialist. You feel instinctively that when he declares with such finality, "We must give up such-and-such a thing," he himself has already done so and that the last thing he would do would be to buy special privileges in wartime for himself.

EAT PLENTY; AVOID WASTE "The motto of the food department is 'Eat plenty, save the staples and avoid waste.'" Pennsylvania's food director continued. "Particularly must we avoid waste. The garbage statistics in America are frightful; the garbage can is a reproach to the American family. Nothing that is of wholesome food value must be wasted from now on. "It is conceivable that in the future we may have a reasonable food economy enforced by Federal regulation, but it is more in accord with American spirit to volunteer for world service than to have such service forced upon us by the dire necessity that might result from continued successful submarine warfare coupled with a possible serious failure of crops. "The slices of bread that go to the table must be smaller, this practical man continued. "That every piece which is taken must be eaten. Only the amount needed must be cut from the loaf. "Fresh vegetables and fruit, which we are told will be abundant and cheap this summer, must be eaten in place of some of the staples. Also our granmothers knew the old trick that our grandmothers knew of drying green vegetables for winter use. "The department of food supply is co-operating with the National Woman's Council of Defense, of which Mrs. J. Willis Martin is the State head, and Mrs. Charles Lee is the chairman. The Food Economy and Thrift. They will try to teach every householder the best and most economical methods of canning, drying and preserving. "In every way that it can this food department is working with the State Government departments so as to avoid duplication of effort. The Farm Bureau, the Department of Labor and the Department of Agriculture have been of inestimable assistance to us in helping with the farm-labor problems and organizing squads in the interest of food conservation and production and distribution. But without the help of every individual woman, the millionaires, the housekeeper, the servant, we shall get nowhere. As usual, woman must play her big part in winning the war."