



Adventures of A Fashionable Pen

—By JANE MILLER

You hear so much about the evils of this hurried, frantic, hectic age we're living in that it seems to me some of its attendant blessings are quite overlooked. If we do rush about defying the laws of science by crowding twenty-five hours' activity into twenty-four, if we do live at high speed, it has at least given us a wholesome respect for the value of time. If we live twenty-five hours out of every twenty-four it stands to reason that we are not going to throw away one minute of one of them. The things that actually fill those twenty-five hours may be silly, vicious or indiscreet—that is, from someone else's point of view—but to each particular person, they are well worth doing—and other things are not permitted to interfere.

The sublime indifference with which hours of precious time used to be thrown away, has changed to a real regard for the value of time. Granted that you may not think the minutes worth saving, when you know what is to be done with them—the only thing I am contending is that to each of us, what we are interested in is too important to be slighted. There are all too few hours, as it is, to crowd in the myriad of fascinating things that one may do.

To be exact—do you remember the hours that people used to stand on the side-walks waiting for a parade? If it was scheduled for ten o'clock, everybody took it for granted that twelve would be the best that could be expected of it. Life is too full now to fritter away two precious hours—and as a result, perhaps you noticed that the Elks parade started to march on the very minute. Even the youngsters rebel at waiting for the circus parade—and the elephants are trundled into line accordingly.

It's the same way with appointments. There never was the absolute promptness in business and social engagements that there is today. Even the women are falling under the spell. Ten o'clock means ten o'clock and not eleven. If a woman can vote she can tell time—and men are beginning to expect the punctuality from a woman that they do from a man. A man's passion for golf may be sneered at by his wife—but can you think of anything else that would get him out of bed at seven o'clock on a Sunday morning? A woman's attempt to keep young may be foolish—from some people's point of view—but have you ever known one to miss an appointment for a facial treatment?

You don't find the flappers keeping their "cake-eaters" waiting an hour or two as the belles of five years ago used to do. These days they simply couldn't be annoyed waiting—and then, too, if the girl isn't quite ready she can trip along anyway. A small matter like make-up can be attended to in the car—or on the street if necessary—and the combing of bobbed hair is such a continuous performance that it's hardly worth bothering about before she leaves home.

So here's to the woman of today, who finds a clock useful and preserve us from the woman of the past who thought that it was something to be wound when hubby put the cat out at night, and for the baby to take apart in the daytime—but which meant absolutely nothing in her life.

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It seems as if everybody in Ventnor was entertaining guests—in the past, present and future tense. Though it isn't always wise to discuss the future first, there must be an exception to the rule when the Children's Seashore Home is to be the cause of the entertainment. Residents of Atlantic City, Chelsea, Ventnor and Longport, and their guests will be sure to turn out in full force for the tea which is to be given on Wednesday at this wonderful organization. Mrs. Frederick Poth, Mrs. Jacob Weikel and Mrs. Edward Holt will receive, assisted by a group of the younger girls of Chelsea and Ventnor.

Mrs. Allan Endicott is giving a tea for Mrs. Charles D. White at the Atlantic City Yacht Club this week.

Past Entertainment of guests include a delightful bridge party on the part of Mrs. A. Leonard Kelly, of Harrisburg Avenue, on last Tuesday afternoon; a dinner party on Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Morris at their marine cottage on Sunset Avenue in honor of Miss Winifred Worthington, of Washington, D. C.; Miss Harriet Willets' bridge party for Miss Adelaide Miller, of Newark, last week at her Harrisburg Avenue cottage; Mrs. Carlton Adams' bridge party in honor of Mrs. Harold Barber.

Mrs. Carlton Adams' party was of special interest for her guest Mrs. Barber was formerly Miss Helen Stewart of Atlantic City. She and her small daughter, Annabel, expect to be with Mrs. Adams for about two weeks.

Mrs. Milton Jersome, of Trenton, N. J., was the honor guest at Mrs. A. Leonard Kelly's party. Mrs. Sigmond Travers, Mrs. Clinton Walters, Mrs. Thomas Edwards and Mrs. Henry Brown were the other guests.

On last Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Leon Costello, of Harrisburg Avenue, gave a dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Wilmore Bates, of Washington, D. C., who are their guests for a fortnight. Novelty favors and exquisite cut flowers were the effective table decorations. Mr.

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and Mrs. Bates were recently married in New York City. The party included: Mr. and Mrs. George Donaldson, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Leonard; Mr. and Mrs. Lester Maxwell; Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Russell.

Going back to last Sunday we have Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whitaker's beach party at the foot of Elberon Avenue. A dainty picnic luncheon was served at noon and proved decidedly welcome after a morning spent in playing baseball, tennis and swimming in the ocean. Mr. and Mrs. Myron Fortner, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Peterson, Miss Agnes Peterson, Mr. James O'Connor, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, of Ocean City, were the guests.

And speaking of last Sunday we mustn't forget to mention the week-end house party which Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Carpenter gave at their marine villa on Sunset Avenue. They were all Philadelphians—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Costello—with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Williams, who came from Collingswood, N. J.

The week-end just past saw another house party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bridgeman on Trenton Avenue.

No particular guest was responsible for the bridge party given by Mrs. Howard L. Campbell on Wednesday afternoon at her home at 5 North Richards Avenue—but the North American Sanitarium was the very good reason for its fostering. Mrs. Balsy Buch, Mrs. George Frank, Mrs. Julia Delhemple; Miss Virginia Knode, Mrs. W. Goldsmith,

Mrs. William B. Schwartz, Miss Magdalene Frank, Mrs. Raymond Williams, Mrs. J. Raymond Crowe, Mrs. A. Jackson Slack and Mrs. Campbell are all enthusiastic members of the N. A. S. Club and the meeting on Wednesday afternoon gave them plenty of opportunity to discuss plans for its welfare.

Mrs. J. H. Kreamer, of 5711 Winchester Avenue, entertained a number of guests at bridge on Friday afternoon.

Guests for which much entertaining will be done in the future are Mr. and Mrs. Max Freedman, of Chicago, who will spend a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Abrams on Annapolis Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Abrams have planned several functions in their honor.

New York State and Canada—that is the extent of the trip which Mr. and Mrs. William Powell, Jr., of the Manheim

Apartments, are making. Mrs. Powell was formerly Miss Blanche Channell and both she and her husband are well known in Ventnor and Atlantic City. They expect to spend some time with Mr. Powell's father, Dr. William Powell in Clayton, New York.

Everyone will be glad to hear that Miss Grace Mary Moore, who used to write so entertainingly in these columns, has successfully passed her entrance examinations for Wellesley College, and expects to enter there this fall. Miss is spending the summer camping in Maine.

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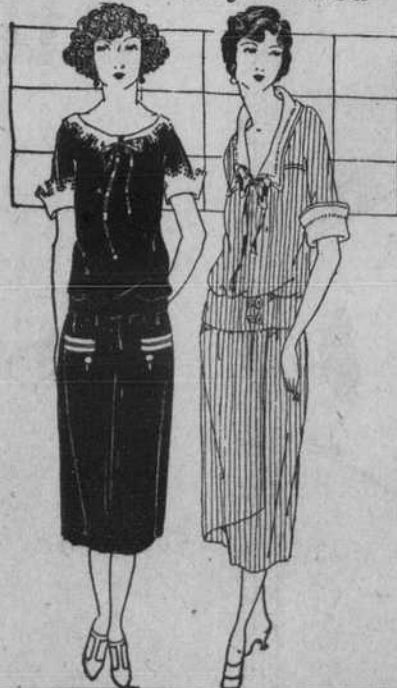
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