

HAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THE GINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

VENICE AND VIOLA

The Lure of Sunny Skies and Sleeping Palaces

They met in Venice after many, many years—Viola and her one-time friend, the Bachelor. She had been shopping in the Calle San Moisè, close to the Piazza di St. Mark, and was returning to her hotel laden with trophies of the chase.

Viola had never looked more beautiful than on that sunny morning in the old Italian city. For the first time she had discarded the mourning she had worn so long, and now was dressed in a simple white serge suit, with a large bunch of violets fastened in the front. Beneath her small felt hat, also of white, her pretty face glowed like a morning rose.

Her beauty-loving nature revealed in the warmth and color of the scene. The changing lights of Venice are most magical. No other city in the world owns quite the same. Like a mirage of marble in the waters of an azure sea the domes and cupolas of Venice rise.

Viola halted by the Piazzetta and gave a shy smile of welcome to the man who stood before her. "This is a morning that some poet wrote about, I think—when to be young is very heaven! I know now what he meant."

Her thoughts flew back to other days, and a quick shadow crossed her little face. The long, sad years of her unhappy marriage rose before her and the sunlit street seemed to shine less kindly than before. She gave a little shudder, as if an icy hand had touched her heart.

"Why can't you forget the past?" said she. "I want some share of your happiness to come to me before my youth has slipped away! I am not so very old—just 25."

She sighed again, and her eye wandered to the broad Canale di San Marco. A figure that seemed oddly familiar was stepping out of a gondola and paying the handsome dark-eyed gondolier. She watched him leisurely approach. Where had she seen that easy carriage and those square-cut shoulders? Surely, surely—

Yes, it was he, the Bachelor of "once upon a time." He looked at her as if she were a ghost.

"Why, Viola, is this a dream?" cried he. "Or just a delightful reality?"

They talked unobtrusively for an hour. So many things had happened to him during the years of her unfortunate marriage with the Italian nobleman. He had gained honors in his Harvard course and was the holder of a flourishing legal firm in Philadelphia.

"How does the dear old city look?" said she eagerly. "I have not seen it for so many years."

"I guess it keeps improving all the time," the other said. He could not keep

his eyes from scanning her charming face. He thought she looked a little older, and more worldly-wise than in the old days in America. She had learned the art of dressmaking, too, and he decided that her beauty had a stronger, more compelling air now than before. The years had only deepened and developed the old charm.

They lunched together, and then visited the fine old church of San Salvatore. It is a glorious place, and in its dim religious light they sat and softly talked. Viola and her old-time friend the Bachelor, the masterpiece of Titian, his "Annunciation," and the glowing colors of Paul Veronese shone on them with a gentle benediction. He dared not question her about her past, but he felt that the marriage had been most unhappy, and his chivalrous soul was full of pity for her and her young, spoiled life.

"Deeper feeling than mine just, though skin to it, held him back, too."

When evening shadows came, they wandered in the Atrio, where throngs of promenaders stroll around the band. The moon rained softly shining on the great wide square, and to the Bachelor it seemed like some enchanted dream.

"Viola," he said softly—it was the first time he had used her name for many years, and it awoke old memories of days in Philadelphia—"Viola, the gondola is waiting for us in the Canale di San Marco, shall we go?"

"I love the old canals in moonlight!" said she.

The gondolier's soft cries and splashing of the water were the only sounds to interrupt the silence of the moonlit night. Viola and the Bachelor went back within the shadow of the gondola, and words did not come easily to them. They knew that each was thinking of old days when they had been boy and girl at school in Philadelphia and had sworn eternal love.

Those foolish, happy days before the rich Italian Count had come along with the lure of his money and his title!

"Viola," said she, "I have always loved you, but I have always loved you as I love a ghost."

"And I'll always love them!" said the Bachelor.

They sat there, hand in hand, and kissed each other. The handsome gondolier outside smiled to himself the while he piloted the silent gondola along. Had he not witnessed love scenes in his boat for many years? He understood—for well he knew that moonlit waterways of Venice are love's sanctuary.

The End.



SEPARATE COAT OF CONSERVATIVE STYLE

DO YOU BELONG TO A WOMAN'S CLUB?

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK Author The New Housekeeping.

There was a day when many scoffed at the then newly developed organizations of women's clubs. That day has long since passed, and the woman's club has unquestionably "made good." But in spite of this, I know dozens of women all over the country who do not join an women's club, because they do not feel that it would bring them any help in their problems of homemaking.

Waving aside the benefit it is to any woman to affiliate herself with a group of women because of the stimulus, contact and new viewpoint, the homemaker is the very woman most benefited by the efforts of women's clubs. While some organizations devote themselves to the problems of the business or working girls, the bulk of the problems discussed by women's clubs everywhere are problems of the homemaker.

There is, for instance, the great question of pure food—pure milk—unadulterated candies. Various women's clubs throughout the country take up first one phase of the question and then another. Perhaps it was wrapped bread or a crusade against short weights or a campaign against loose milk. In one way or another, women's clubs have stood by the pure food movement, and the result is that the housewife has benefited through more stringent laws, more adequate inspection and an awakened public conscience.

Another point of attack for women's clubs has been increased happiness for children. Some organizations have worked for better labor laws and the prevention of child labor in factories. Others have striven for playgrounds for city children or "sea-breeze vacations" for the sick.

Other school problems (which are also home problems, have been studied by women's clubs with the result of closer understanding between parent and teacher, school board and child.

Still another line of activity of women's clubs has been in the textile fields, both for the worker and the home which receives his work. The efforts toward abolishing sweatshops, of fair pay for reasonable work, the tracing of the label in garments made under sanitary conditions, of efforts for a pure textile law—all these are measures fostered by women's clubs.

These are only a few of the big fields which I have called the "larger homemaking"—sanitation, education, unadulterated foods, fair treatment of workers, co-operation in marketing and distributing. Short-sighted, indeed, is the woman who feels that she can gain nothing by joining a club with any of these objects. Every homemaker can receive much from being a member, and, better yet, a strong worker in an organization of women. Each club has committees, some on one topic, some on another, and by serving on such a committee the housewife cannot help but attain a new viewpoint and find herself linked to the great movements going on which concern her and about which she may otherwise know little. There is some place for you in some woman's club. What you receive from it will depend very largely on what you have to give and on the spirit of interest you put into it yourself. The women's clubs extend a welcoming hand to you, the homemaker. Will you not take it? Copyright, 1914, by Mrs. Christine Frederick.

Gems of Thought

"I like not only to be loved, but to be told I am loved; calm of alliance is large enough beyond the grave."

"What is love? I think the genuine article is wise, unselfish interest in other people's welfare, interest in other lives than my own; it is to be happy in their happiness. If I have but little happiness of my own, this is one way to borrow some—by being glad in the gladness of others."

"The trouble, I think, with us all is the lack of a high concert; if each man thought 'He was sent to the spot to make it a bit more sweet, how soon we could gladden the world, how easily right all wrong. If nobody shrieked And each one worked 'To help his fellows along.'"

"If I were you I should not worry. Just make up your mind to do better when you get another chance. One can't do more than that. 'This is what I think; that God will give each of us another chance, and that each one of us will take it and do better—I, and you and every one.'"

The Scale Trick

"Your daughter's music is improving," said the professor. "But when she plays the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

"Just like her father," answered Mrs. North. "He made his money in the grocery business."

Correspondence of general interest to women readers will be printed on this page. Such correspondence should be addressed to the Women's Editor, Evening Ledger.

Around the Kitchen

If you burn coal, see that the stove is thoroughly cleaned out in the morning before a fresh fire is started. In no other way can you secure a clear, bright fire during the day.

Be sure the ashes are sifted, and slightly dampen the unders before using them. Every kitchen should have a reliable clock. The reason why some homes have "messes at all hours" is not always attributed to the real culprit. People blame the maid, and if her mistress should supply her with a reliable clock, much trouble would be saved.

If you are not fortunate as to have an experienced cook, try this method of training the beginner. Make a list of the time required to cook meats, vegetables, soups, etc., from some good cook-book. Hang it in the kitchen where she can consult it.

Teach cleanliness in your kitchen. Have a clean roller-towel, a brush for scrubbing vegetables cooked in their skins, a pair of clean scissors for opening fish and fowls.

Keep a needle, coarse thread, thimble, etc., at hand for the "stitch in time" so necessary to prolong the life of aprons, tea-towels, tablecloths and napkins.

Have a small box at hand containing hammer, tacks, picture wire. These may seem unnecessary, but they will prove invaluable at the right moment.

Sweetbreads and Mushrooms Peel one pound of fresh mushrooms, take and use the tops only—the stems may be used in soup. Fry to a delicate brown in butter, seasoned with pepper and salt. Have ready a pair of sweetbreads that have been parboiled and blanched; dice and mix with the mushrooms. Make baskets of good pastry, shaping over patty pans; fill them with the mixture, sprinkling a little grated cheese on top and pinching on the handles. Bake 15 minutes, serve on a doily and garnish with a spray of fresh herbs.

MODES OF THE HOUR

Season of the Top Coat—So Conspicuous Is Its Cut That the Skirt Is of Minor Importance—Fur Trimmings.

This is the season of the top coat, and it is so conspicuous and its details so interesting that the skirt worth with it is a matter of minor importance.

It is seen in velvet and in all the heavy woolen materials, in black and in color, and even in the striped and checked effects.

Certainly the ingenuity of the designers has been taxed to its uttermost, for an afternoon stroll down a crowded thoroughfare would hardly reveal two coats cut out of the same cloth or after the same pattern.

Occasionally there seems to be neither rhyme nor reason for their existence, unless warmth alone will justify it, for fancy has run amuck and produced oddities appropriate for a costume dance. But, on the whole, this is only the occasion of the great majority are really beautiful and extremely graceful in the rippling fulness of their lines.

Fur is featured to such an extent that all the shops showing wide bands of fur in the season's favorites, suitable for collars and cuffs and girdles and for the edge of the full skirt.

The coat fitting garment of today is made of velvet in the shade of green that is one of the running favorites. It combines wonderfully with skunk, and this is worth mentioning because, although fur is used lavishly, it is applied with the nicest discrimination in regard to the color scheme.

It is one of the open-breasted models that has not been vanquished by the increasing vogue of the close-fitting coat and the banded collar.

The fact that it is conservative rather than pronounced in any feature is greatly in its favor. Fashion just now is like a moving picture that is showing at accelerated time. There are certain styles created by great fashion artists that will run their allotted course, but there are also many whims and fancies, perhaps the venturings of the lesser lights, and it would be hard to prophesy just what hold they will have on the public or how secure it will be.

There is one consideration that brings much comfort in its train, where these big, loose-fitting garments are concerned. The fulness of the skirts has reached a point where the change that must come in time will probably mean a decrease in size and it is much easier to take out than to add to.

The belt is a pleasing feature of the coat pictured. It controls the fulness of the coat and designates the waistline, the natural waist in this instance. The skirt worn with the coat is chosen with a view to color harmony. It is of one of the lighter shades of brown and there is not a sharp difference between the color of the skirt and that of the cloth uppers of the boots.

It appears that we must have either few frocks or many shoes nowadays. The smart effect that these garter boots give, in blues or browns or grays that just match the skirt, is very desirable. It adds considerably to the expense of an outfit, but it is worth the money to all those who can afford it.

The Removal of Wrinkles

Wrinkles and crow's feet are the bug-bears of the elderly woman. They are caused by the shriveling up of the subcutaneous fat of the cheeks and brow.

A well-known doctor believes that if the following remedy be used, wrinkles will be averted a long time.

Having slightly oiled the fingers, rub the face gently in the direction contrary to the one in which the wrinkles are threatening to take. Do this for five minutes daily, oiling the fingers as often as necessary.

A product called wool-fat is the actual gloss or fatty matter from the hair and skin, isolated by special process. This is very valuable, as the skin greedily absorbs this, and it is very efficacious in preventing wrinkles.

Free exposure to extreme heat and cold is to be carefully avoided, or wrinkles will result.

Heads extending across the forehead, and from nose to mouth, may be made less prominent by massage, but they depend upon the individual. Do not brood or grumble in short, look pleasant, and people won't notice the lines.

WOMAN OUTSIDE THE HOME

AROUND THE CLUBS

The Plastic Club held the first of its current meetings Wednesday afternoon. It has a very sensible arrangement, giving alternate Wednesday afternoons to pleasure and to business. This is followed by tea.

The topic of interest was the recital of the experiences of members who were abroad this summer. The assembly hall was comfortably filled, and all listened with interest while Miss Emily Sartain and Mrs. Carroll Williams told their exciting adventures.

Cordiality is the watchword in this little club. It also shows a great many improvements.

The Philomast Club is closely connected with the women's club movement. Few clubs are more philanthropic in their aims than this one. The Consumers' League, that valuable organization for the protection of the shopper, is affiliated with the Philomast. Others are the Travelers' Aid Society, the Associated Committee of Police Matrons, the American and Pennsylvania Peace Societies, etc. There are departments for music and literature, athletics, dancing, social functions, etc.

The new clubhouse is charmingly furnished. Old rose hangings, terra-cotta window-boxes, hardwood floors, a very attractive little kitchen and a charming little retiring room upstairs are some of its beauties. It is very popular for mid-winter dances, luncheons, bridges, etc. The electrical fittings are handsome. Mr. Harry Clark Boden is president.

Miss Clark's work at the New Century Club is being planned, but on account of the absence of some of its members it is not yet under way.

"Ours is the oldest club in the city. It was organized in 187 and is an outgrowth of the Centennial," said Miss Van Deusen, the charming chairman. "We have departments for social, artistic, intellectual and even musical advancement, you know. The drama class is most interesting."

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THE TALKATIVE WOMAN

Ellen Adair Believes That Brevity Is the Soul of Wit

The wisest man that ever lived asserted that the laughter of a fool is as the cracking of thorns under a pot! He might have well included the chatter of a foolish woman in the sweeping simile.

The tongue is an unruly member, and this would appear to be the case all too frequently with women. On every hand we meet the talkative woman. She loves to hear the sound of her own voice, and is quite unhappy unless she holds the conversational field.

Unfortunately the resultant boredom that follows her around is not the only evil she originates. She is too often—sometimes quite unwittingly—a mischief-maker! At best, she gives away the secrets of herself and others wholesale. She does not stop to weigh her words, but her unruly tongue shaves all the attributes of the brook, and, despite the fact that people come and people try in vain to go, runs on in one continuous flow of idle chattering!

I often wonder if the loquacious woman realizes the extent of the gratuitous information she gives the uninterested outsider, more particularly on matters that are of a private and personal character.

At a reception the other day two young women met each other for the first time.

"I am so glad to meet you," said the first; "just love meeting new people, but I get so little chance to do so nowadays! My eldest sister had a threatening of consumption and we had to send her up to the mountains, and that costs such a lot that we had to dismiss our colored girl. So I do most of the cooking myself, and that prevents me getting about as much as I should like to. Father gets so cross if everything is not just right!"

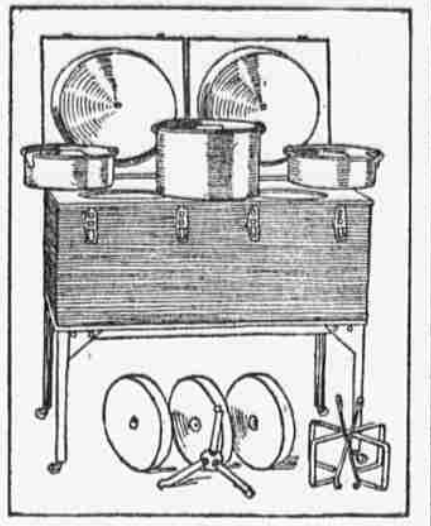
I could not help wondering if the young woman realized how very thoroughly she was exposing intimate family matters to the veriest outsider. In a sentence or two, she had revealed the fact that there was a hereditary and very grave disease in her family, that her father's disposition was not of the best, and that the finances of her family were somewhat straitened.

One type of the talkative woman is attractive, and one type only. She is rather rare to find, however, and combines wit and brains with her loquacity. The latter is a defect, for the superfluity of wit can be most tiresome. Let her take "multum in parvo" for her motto, in plain English, brevity should ever be the soul of wit.

The Fireless Cooker Has Come to Stay

The fireless cooker is coming into its own. It heads the list as a labor-saving device. Like most conveniences, it comes at almost any price, from \$5 up.

It consists of a modern adaptation of the old-fashioned covered cabinet. In this



case the cabinet is of fine-grained, polished oak. The inside contains "wells" made of thick, seamless aluminum. The vessels are set deep down in these wells, the heated stove is added and then the cooker is closed.

It takes about twice the ordinary time used by the gas or coal stove to cook things by the fireless method. It is invaluable for people who find it necessary to be away all day, as things never burn.

The more expensive cookers show a variety of improvements. Pie and cake racks for the expert manipulator, aluminum compartment covers and stands to do away with stooping are very useful. The slow-heating soapstone has also been replaced by the nickel-plated radiator, which is safer and quicker.

A True Response Professor to graduating class in college—Young men, there is one more question I would like to ask, and that is, what books have helped you most in your struggles for an education?

Young Scaddis (promptly speaking up from the foot of the class)—Dad's check-book has helped me about as much as any of 'em so far.

In the Laundry The best way to wash handkerchiefs so that they do not discolor is to put them the night before washing day in a tub of cold water, to which you have added a handful of salt. Then the next day wash them out and put them on to boil with a tablespoonful of extract of salt and a teaspoonful of orris root. When they have boiled for some time rinse in cold water and hang out to dry. They will be as white as snow and smell delightfully of fresh violets.

Hot Water for Tiredness If, after a hard day, you feel tired out and fit for a nap, have a hot bath, to which ammonia has been added in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a gallon, the last thing before getting into bed. Don't stay in the water more than ten minutes at the outside; then, after a brisk rubbing, jump into bed as quickly as possible.

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