

What You Should Know About Your Shoes

Good Footwear at Moderate Cost, Made Possible by Machinery, Disappears as Prices Rise.

By James C. Young. Wholesale prices on footwear have been advanced 50 to 75 cents a pair, says a despatch to-day, which means that all of us must pay more for shoes.

The first step toward the production of machine-made shoes was taken by Thomas Saint, an Englishman, in 1790, when he patented a sewing machine that embraced all of the principal looms later developed to such high efficiency.

A half century before, David Meade Handolph, another American, had patented a machine in 1839 that attached soles to uppers by the use of little nails. This proved to be a success and was followed by machines which accomplished the same thing in a slightly different way, being operated with a continuous coil of brass wire, which was driven through the edges.

Pretty Suits Seen In the Shops

A FEATURE of the fall displays is the predominance of one-piece dresses and coats. This is largely due to trade disturbances and European conditions and so, for this season at least, dresses and coats will be favored.

This is gratifying to the home dressmaker. She can make up several pretty dresses to wear under one coat and obtain the change that is the average woman's desire.

The shops are filled with dresses offering suggestions for development. Noticeable style points are that the waist line is at the proper position and the skirt is slightly lengthened, in dress-up frocks the sleeves are fuller—both the bishop sleeve and puff effect being favored in trimming embroidery is largely used.

A pretty one-piece dress in green velvet has a deep band of gray lapel edged at the top with dull metallic trimming. An afternoon gown of gaily striped fabric has bands of moiré ending around the skirt between the knee and lower edge. A brick red four suit looked smart with its trimming of Hudson seal. A pretty navy blue velvet striped satin has a blue bordered with gray fox.

A gray broadcloth has an effective embroidery done in blue and silver. A dress frock of blue tulle has a round neck and arm holes edged with rows of white tulle, and a charming dress in rose mouseline de soie has a deep gathered ruffle of blue tulle at the hem, which is a mere corselet, is of liver cloth overlaid with rose mouseline de soie.

With the popularity of the separate coat there is a strong demand for the separate skirt. These are ideal for practical wear and the shops are showing a varied assortment of skirts in stripes and plaids as well as plain materials. The checks and plaids are especially favored. They are made along smart lines and large buttons constitute the trimming.

Woman Led Reforms

THE first of the modern prison reformers to gain real results in the amelioration of conditions under which convicts live was a woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, who died at taregate, England, seventy-one years ago. John Howard and many other philanthropists in Europe and America had previously agitated prison reforms of various kinds, but their labors were practically fruitless, and Mrs. Fry was the first to get real results. She became interested in the work in 1783, as the result of a visit paid to Newgate. Her compassionate Quaker heart was filled with pity at the sad state of the inmates, especially the women prisoners. Her first success was the establishment of a school for the women convicts. Other reforms followed, and Newgate, thanks to her efforts, soon underwent a marked change. She then extended her field of activities to other prisons, and her influence was felt not alone in England, but in Europe and America.

Why Not?

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By Maurice Ketten

A 4x4 grid of comic panels. Each panel shows a woman in a kitchen or dining room setting, with speech bubbles containing humorous dialogue about domestic economy and cooking. The dialogue includes: 'YES, MAM, I AM VERY ECONOMICAL - I TOOK A COURSE IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY', 'YOU CAN'T BE TOO ECONOMICAL NOW - WITH THE PRICE OF FOOD GOING UP ALL THE TIME', 'MAM, CAN I USE THIS OLD ROPE WITH PLENTY OF CHEESE AND TOMATO SAUCE I CAN MAKE A FINE DISH OF SPAGHETTI', 'IF YOU THINK YOU CAN', 'NO, EGGS ARE TOO HIGH WE CAN'T USE THEM', 'CAN I USE THESE DARNING BALLS? CHOPPED UP WITH ONIONS THEY MAKE FINE SCRAMBLED EGGS', 'CAN I USE THIS OLD SPONGE TO MAKE A BEEF STEW? I'LL USE PLENTY OF RED PEPPER IN THE SAUCE TO KILL THE TASTE', 'GO AHEAD, TRY', 'NO WE WON'T HAVE A SALAD, IT'S TOO HIGH', 'I CAN MAKE A NICE LETTUCE SALAD OUT OF TISSUE PAPER BY USING PLENTY OF GARLIC IN THE DRESSING', 'SHE IS A DANDY COOK! EVERYTHING IS SO WELL SEASONED', 'YES SHE IS VERY RESOURCEFUL AND VERY ECONOMICAL', 'YOU CAN BLUFF ANYBODY WITH A SAUCE'.

Woman Her Own Handicap In the Difficult Struggle

For a Business Career

She Must Go Into It in a Cold-Blooded Way, Same as Men, in Order to Win, Says Miss Eleanor Gilbert, Student of Working Women— Trouble Is, They Consider Business a Stop-Gap to Fill in the Time Until They Are Married and Supported.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall. "The chief obstacle to the success of the business woman," observed Miss Eleanor Gilbert, "is that she never believes she is in business to stay, until after she is thirty."



ELEANOR GILBERT

Miss Gilbert has just published a clearly written and most practical volume, entitled "The Ambitious Woman in Business." And it was that identical person whom we were discussing at the Women's City Club yesterday afternoon.

Temporarily, we were shelving the more obvious and more frequently discussed problems of the business woman—why she works, what she wants to work, whether she should marry. I had asked Miss Gilbert to answer the question most important to the ambitious woman in the business world; the question of her ever rising to a really big position, one which is not merely well-paid but which carries with it responsibility, dignity, power.

"Are not women capable of filling such positions?" I questioned. "And is there any truth in the deep-seated conviction of many women that their sex must forever be a handicap in the business world; that, because they are women, men will not give them the big, worth-while jobs?"



ELEANOR GILBERT

step work—for HE will come along to marry and support me! "Of course, there are exceptions to this general rule. There are women who love work and who would never dream of giving it up, even if they should marry. But most young women who enter the business world do not feel, as do young men, that they are there for life. Girls are not brought up with that point of view.

"This is how I heard an employer answer the accusation that he would not promote a woman to a position of great responsibility because she was a woman. 'It's true,' he said. 'I have a stenographer who has all the qualifications of an admirable sales manager. In fact, she probably is better fitted for that post than any man in my employ. But why should I give her the job? In a year or two she will come in some morning, with a beaming smile, and give me her resignation because she is going to be married.'"

"Of course men leave important positions abruptly and even frivolously," Miss Gilbert admitted. "But in the back of the man's mind there is not that fixed and rooted belief that some day he is sure to step out of business altogether. The woman who has this shadowy premonition cannot so efficiently carry out her employer's interests, whatever her industry and loyalty, as the man who naturally plans ahead two or five or even ten years for his own success and that of the firm for which he works."

THE DEATH THOUGHT

Craig Kennedy at His Best—Begin it To-Day

By Arthur B. Reeve

BEST NOVELS OF THE DAY PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT. The body of Lotta Cameron, once the popular girl, is found in the river. Pennington Tyler, a student at the college, is the first to find it. He is a detective and is on the trail of a man who has been seen in the neighborhood of the river.

CHAPTER I. "Found Drowned."

"WELL," said O'Connor, somewhat cooled, "I'm going to start something just as soon as I get a report on this Pennington Tyler. And in the meantime I'll have the body removed to a private undertaking establishment. There must be some relatives somewhere who can take care of it. Depend on it, this is going to be a plain case of graft, and murder to cover it. Good night. I'll keep you in touch with anything that develops."

Kennedy had been working at his laboratory table when O'Connor and his operative came in. He was now clearing it up a bit, and setting some of his paraphernalia in order as they left.

"You're not through?" I asked. "No, not yet," replied Craig. "But I have gone far enough to discover that there is some poison in her blood. Waiter, what is your opinion of this report? What struck you in it?"

"Well," I answered slowly, "I suppose I speak more as a newspaper man than as a detective, but that 'death-thought' idea seemed—er—queer to me."

"Exactly!" cried Kennedy. "Exactly! The death thought. Now, what does that mean? Her friends seem to be convinced that she believed in it, at least. She went away to escape it, and came back without escaping it. Then she was found in the river. This is how it was all ended."

"The question is: What power was it? Was it hypnotism, mesmerism? What does it all mean? I hope you won't be offended if I ask you to leave me alone for the rest of the evening. I shall need to think this thing out."

CHAPTER II. The Dream Doctor.

KENNEDY'S thinking and a night's rest had not served to clear up the mystery. Kennedy had evidently laid out in his mind a plan of action, but was waiting to hear from

O'Connor regarding Pennington Tyler. In the meantime he sauntered over early to the laboratory and accompanied him, having arranged with the Star to take the Cameron case as a special assignment. He had scoured dozens of his frayed and acid-stained laboratory coat when he heard a smart tap at the door. "Answer it, please, Waiter," asked Craig, "and if it is one of the students tell him I can't see him to-day."

Instead of a student, however, I found two ladies. One—who appeared to be the spokesman—was a middle-aged woman, plainly, but attractively dressed in gray, a quiet, medium-sized woman, but with a personality that showed forth attractively. The other was a sweet, elderly woman.

"You need not go, Mr. Jameson," remarked the leader of the two as I took a step to withdraw. "You do not know me, but you see that I have heard of both you and Prof. Kennedy. He told me to go ahead and investigate, get the evidence, and if the case warranted it to spare no reasonable expense. I did so. I made up for the part as a wealthy widow in love with a noted doctor, and all that sort of thing. I have been on the trail of the fellow for a week, have almost succeeded in being enrolled in the school, only to find that I am constantly put off for some reason, though I know they do not suspect me yet of being other than I seem to them. But I have seen enough to convince me that this fellow is either genuine or else the king of fakery."

"What is the name of this interesting psychic?" asked Kennedy. "He conducts his establishment and the 'colleges,' as he calls it, under the interesting name of Prof. Altergo. He has, besides the school where he teaches his system, a large clientele of fashionable and wealthy persons who seek his advice on affairs of every nature, from money and business to love and divorce."

"What is Altergo's game? What, for instance, have you seen him do?" asked Craig.

"In ordinary cases," explained Mrs. McNeill, "they do one or two simple bits of legerdemain, and so convince me of his power, from money and business to love and divorce. Then they proceed to work him. For instance, they will predict that financial success is to come to the person through a stock deal. Then they will work some swindle or other. The bulk of the clients, however, are women who consult them in love affairs. That's where the 'love pill' and 'love philter' come in. They are very rare, have to be imported from India, and all that, and cost whatever the victim looks able to pay, from two dollars to two hundred. I can buy all I want, with mysterious wrappers and all the occult fixings, in a place downtown for five cents apiece. Then there is the warning of an evil influence and warding it off, incense sticks, charms, and all that. I suppose you are acquainted with that kind of fakery—you must be. Well, Altergo goes way beyond that. He is up to the minute, if not a little ahead of it. He does the old things, but in such a new way that it is enough to take your breath away. Now, for one thing, he poses as a modern scientific dream doctor. There is one case of a young married woman which seems to me to be the most baffling of all. She is Mrs. Marian Douglass, the daughter of this lady who accompanies me. Let me introduce Mrs. Colton, the writer of the letter which first brought Altergo to the attention of the police."

I turned quickly. Was there to be no end to the surprises and coincidences in this adventure? "Marian Douglass!" cried Kennedy. "The cousin of Lotta Cameron, whose body was found in the river yesterday! Mrs. Colton, I do not know what you and Mrs. McNeill are going to ask me to do, but believe me before you begin that I shall do all in my power to help you."

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I began to see why Craig was listening so patiently. Here, most unexpectedly, a clue was turning up that promised some light on the case. Mrs. McNeill turned to Mrs. Colton and inquired. "Why, yes," the latter replied slowly, "I believe she had several months ago. Of course, my daughter and her cousin did not see a great deal of each other. They moved in different circles. But now that I come to think of it, I do recall Marian's saying some time ago that she met Lotta, though she didn't say where. It must have been about the time that, as I afterward found out, Marian began to consult this Prof. Altergo."

"We shall do our best, and quickly," reassured Mrs. McNeill. Then, addressing Mrs. Colton, he added, "You were about to tell us something about Marian Douglass when I interrupted with a question about Miss Cameron. What was it?"

"This much I have learned," resumed the woman detective, "and I have already told it to Mrs. Colton, though it conveys no idea to either of us. There is one of Altergo's students, Miss Mary Brownlow, from whom I learned that on one of Mrs. Douglass's recent visits she told the professor a dream which she had had, and which worried her very much."

"Do you happen to know what the dream was about?" asked Kennedy. "Yes," the student told me of it. I don't know how she found it out, unless Mrs. Douglass told her herself. But it was a very peculiar dream—or, rather, as nearly as I can make out, two dreams that merged into one. In one of them Mrs. Douglass dreamed that she went out to dinner and afterward to the theatre with a man who was not her husband. There is no description of who this man was—she seems to have been just one of those busy dream personages, as nearly as Miss Brownlow knew. At any rate, while she was at the theatre a messenger boy found her in that incomprehensible way that people have of finding you in dreams. When she tore open the message, it proved to be from her husband, saying that her mother had died very suddenly."

HANDICAPPED By Jackson Gregory The Story of a Tenderfoot Who Made Good Begins in The Evening World Oct. 30

WHY THE "BUSINESS WOMAN" FAILS.

"It is true that there is a prejudice against advancing women to the most important posts," admitted Miss Gilbert. "But I believe that the reason for this prejudice lies in the point of view of the average woman who works. Somewhere in the background of her mind, she has never so intelligently or conscientiously, there is the thought, 'Some time—maybe next year—I can give up all this, I can

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"And then what?" he asked Mrs. McNeill. "Well, instead of feeling grief at the loss, she crumpled up the note and sat through the play with her companion. After that they went to a cabaret show. All of a sudden the dream seemed to change, or, rather, to merge into a second dream. Instead of the cabaret show, which had vanished suddenly, she seemed to be alone in the gay sunlight under a clear blue sky, with trees and flowers about her. She looked up and saw a huge bull in the field. At precisely the moment she caught sight of it, the bull seemed to catch sight of her. It stared at her. She turned and ran. Over her shoulder she caught a glimpse of it overtaking her. If she could only gain and crawl under or over a fence at the end of the field! She ran faster. A few steps and she would be safe. Freight put new strength into her. She gained the fence, seemed lightly to jump over it, although that would have been an impossibility in real life. Her next impression was that in jumping over the fence she had arrived in a huge, sunken garden, in which a gardener was working. He ran toward her. It all seemed to belong to her—the whole vast estate, including the field in which the bull had chased her, the garden and a large house which appeared back of the trees. Every one in it was a total stranger to her, yet it was all hers, and it was her ideal. Everything that she had ever dreamed in her whole life was there. And yet neither her husband, nor her mother, nor any one for whom she had ever cared in her life was there. All were strangers. And in the dream she was perfectly happy."

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"I long to see women go into business and take their work as cold-bloodedly as men do. I don't mean that business women should deliberately root out all their femininity and charm. After 5 o'clock in the evening let them be as sentimental and charming as they possibly can. But between 9 and 5 let them be as concentrated, as ably alive to the main chances, as are the men around them."

"Do you think that the business woman should not marry?" I asked. "I think every woman ought to have a husband," declared Miss Gilbert. "It's the normal life, rich and rounded life. There is no reason why the business woman should not enjoy a happy married life. But there is every reason why she should not give up her work for it."

"As I see it, this is the ideal life programme for a woman: Success as a business woman should regard business as a vocation, demanding the highest and most serious effort toward a big goal. But she should practice the home-making arts as an avocation. After marriage she should work until babies come, when home and children will be the vocation demanding the highest efforts and concentration. But some time should be devoted to premarital business interests, as an avocation. When the children are grown, complete time and attention may again be given to business."

"One of the big struggles before her will be that of overcoming her husband's prejudice against a wife who works outside his home. A man believes he is being good to a woman when he buys her a velvet dress and stations one lackey behind her chair to fan her and another behind her to pass her chocolates. He likes to be good to a woman in this way. The other day a man told me, speaking of the woman he loves and wants to marry, 'It would give me such a thrill to buy her clothes!'"

"That task soon ceases to thrill a husband," I commented. "But how can any woman ever endure it, who has had the clean satisfaction of supporting herself? Yet often she likes it—fairly wallows in being 'shielded' and freed from work. To me that is the most discouraging thing about modern women."

"But everybody is lazy if he or she gets the chance," sneered Miss Gilbert. "Men simply haven't the temptation presented to them so often. There is no physical or mental obstacle to prevent women from being exactly as successful in their avocations as men are. The handicap lies in the woman's own point of view. We must begin with little girls and teach them that when they grow up they must work, just as their brothers must work, for all their lives. Then teach them to know what they want and to go after it."

"(To Be Continued.)"