PRACTICAL FASHIONS AND PRIZE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD

LOVE AND ELOPEMENTS

By Ellen Adair

The Problem of the Runaway Bride

I ALWAYS love to read those delightful old-world romances where the gallant bridegroom and the blushing bride eloped to Gretna Green and the irate father and the infuriated relations-in-law-to-be pursued the wildly rocking coach and its four galloping horses! The bride's father was always so ready with that old blunderbuss of his, too, which somehow or other never did manage to injure anything at all, not even the twittering birds by the roadside!

The birds in the old romances were always just waking as the coach and horses went galloping past. The dawn was coming slowly in, and the whole scene was intensely romantic, right up to the last minute when the final words of the immortal blacksmith were pronounced over the happy couple, and the irate father arrived just one fraction of a second too late—and of course was induced to a change of heart at once, and took the blushing bride and her gallant groom righ under his fatherly wing once more!

* * *

The old days are, in a measure, still with us, although the exact form of elopements now is different. Just the other day the runaway match of Ruth Morgan Waters and the Prince Pignatelli filled New York and far beyond with an interesting and highly romantic topic of conversation. Despite the anger of the bride's father, manifested by his repeated denials of their engagement and his threat to "run the Prince out of the country," he has, in true orthodox fashion, now forgiven them both, and it is presumed that they will live happily ever after!

The Prince claims relationship with King Alphonso of Spain, and has been in the public eye for quite a while, many sensational incidents having been connected with his name. He has been reported engaged to various more or less prominent and wealthy damsels times without number, but rumor really has recounted his last affair correctly this time.

The Prince is 37 years of age, while his bride is 22. The marriage took place in New York, and after the ceremony the newly made Princess telephoned her parents to join them there.

The problem of the runaway bride is always interesting and nearly always perplexing, too. For, of course, a large section of the community will always say unpleasant and highly uncharitable things anent the happy couple, mysteries will be made, and rumors that probably have no foundation whatever will be circulated. All these things have to be faced by the young man and woman who decide to take things into their own hands, and without the consent or backing of parents and relatives make the matrimonial leap in secret and without the usual accompaniment of orange blossoms, bridesmaids, wedding cake and slow procession to the strains of Mendelssohn's March!

Only the other day I heard of fond parents who actually persuaded their daughter to elope, and who went so far as to make all the necessary arrangements for the happy couple! "I really cannot afford to give you a grand wedding, and to face the expense of entertaining a hundred odd folks in whom none of us have the slightest interest!" declared the father in accents most sincere. "And so, my dear, the best thing that you and John can do is just to run off and get married quietly!

"No, your mother and I won't attend the ceremony, because people must not guess that we know a thing about it. This is really much the best way. And the arrangement will please everybody, for it will give the gossips a glorious chance to talk, it will save your acquaintances the expense of giving you some probably hideous and quite useless wedding presents; it will save you the fatigue and the worry of a big church wedding and entertainment and, above all, it will save my purse! So we ought all to be thoroughly satisfied with my plan!"

* * *

And everybody appeared satisfied; that is the curious part of the whole proceeding. The bride didn't mind a little notoriety, for notoriety always does attach itself to the runaway match. But I think the bride's mother was a little vexed. The other matrons kept reminding her of the wonderful displays made at their respective daughters' nuptials, until the dear old lady felt that she had indeed missed the chance of a lifetime.

* * *

But the person who was most satisfied of all was the bridegroom. For men do hate and detest the fuss and the display of a wedding. "Thank heaven, I'm spared that!" murmured this bridegroom fervently to himself.

The little bride sighed contentedly. For all that she wanted out of the whole affair was—the man. And she had certainly secured him.

The Daily Story

A Mountain Girl's Ruse

The last rays of the sun softened the girl's red hair into a golden halo as she sat upon the log, her bare feet showing beneath the hem of her cheap print skirt. On the log beside her was a sunbonnet, and pressing against the sunbonnet was the helve of an ax, such as only a very strong man was accustomed to wield.

The girl was evidently resting after a day of hard labor, for deep around her were scattered the still odorous pine chips, and on the other side of the log rose a huge pile of wood, cut into two-foot chunks to fit the regulation fireplace of the mountain log-and-mud cabin.

A handsome, powerfully built man had come down the mountain path, barefoot, and, as he seemed to think, unnoticed, for he stopped a few yards away and regarded the girl for some time with an air of admiring ownership. In the sunlight her hair was beautiful, and her form, even in its dejected attitude, was graceful and pleasing. The only appearance of feminine ornamentation was a pitiful attempt at a ruffle on the sunbonnet.

"Don't stand there gawkin' all day, Hoke," at last the girl called pettishly, but without turning or raising her head. "You ain't no scared rabbit with one paw up, and I ain't no great to look at. How's all?"

"Tolerable," answered the man as he came forward sheepishly. "But I wa'n't scared; an' you needn't say you ain't no great to look at, Tirzy, for 't 'tain't so. I've come clear from Bear Lick to ask you what I asked last week. When are you going to marry me?"

"Don't know as ever," shortly.

"But your daddy's dead," earnestly, "and your cabin's plumb two miles from any other. You can't live here all by yourself, Tirzy. 'Tain't proper."

"And why not?" lifting her head defiantly. "Ain't I got a bigger truck patch than any man on the mountain, and ain't I kept it better worked? And didn't I help father build the cabin, cutting and toting the logs and mixing the mud myself? And did any man on the mountain ever cut more fireplace wood in one day than that?" rising suddenly to her feet and flinging out one hand toward the day's work.

Hoke surveyed the wood critically, appreciatingly.

"N-no, I don't reckon I ever did see so much cut in one day, Tirzy," he acknowledged, "though I ain't sayin' but lots of men could if they set out."

"Yes, that's just it," scornfully, "if they set out. But men folks round here don't set out to do nothing but hunt coons and drink still whisky and smoke corncob pipes. It's the women who work truck patches and chop wood and milk cows, and do everything else that's sure-enough work. But what's the use talking?" dropping her arms again listlessly. "There's no difference between you men folks. I think a heap of you, Hoke, like I said last week. You're big and good natured, and the handsomest man round, but all you've got in the world is a rifle and four dogs and a tumble-down cabin that's scarcely fit to live in, and I've heard you say yourself that you could drink more corn whisky than any man on the mountain and not show it. And you go barefoot, too, Hoke. May be I'll have to marry somebody some time, but I used to say when a girl that I'd never marry a man who didn't wear shoes."

Hoke looked down at his feet reflectively. "I reckon there's but one man on the mountain who wears shoes steady," he observed sarcastically. "Maybe he'd marry you if you asked him."

"You mean Ground Hog," flashed back the girl instantly. "Well, he asked me last Tuesday, and I told him like I did you, I'd study it over a spell."

Hoke looked at her incredulously for a moment, then threw back his head in a roar of laughter, that echoed through the forest. "Told-him-you'd-study-it-over," he ejaculated, between his bursts of merriment, "told Ground Hog that. Ho! ho! I'll sure have to let all the boys know." Then instantly he became sober. "Why, Tirzy," he remonstrated, "it's scandalous! You're the handsomest and prettiest girl on the mountain and the best worker. Any man would be glad to have you. And he," contemptuously, "he's just an outside onstepper, coming here and fencing in land and digging in the dirt the whole enduring day, and he totes his truck stuff down into the valley on his own back and peddles it round. Huh! He couldn't hit a bear 10 foot off with a shotgun, and he don't chew and don't know the taste of whisky—why, I 'low one spoonful would set him plumb crazy. But he does wear s—h—o—e—s—" prolonging the word derisively, "and you're going to—study—'bout—him."

"Yes, I am," quietly. "He knows how to work, and ain't scared of it. And up where he comes from, women folks don't milk and cut fireplace wood—up there the men folks look out for the women. If Ground Hog—I mean Mr. Allen—marries me, it won't be just because he aims to be more comfortable. But h'sh! here he comes now.

A man had emerged suddenly from the woods and was approaching them rapidly. Hoke was still standing several yards away. As the stranger came to about the same distance an idea seemed to strike the girl, for she raised her hand warningly.

"Don't come any closer, either of you," she called. "I was down to Back Creek yesterday."

"Back Creek!" echoed Hoke, recoiling a few steps. "Why, that's where they have the smallpox, and they do say it's terrible this season—everybody catches it that goes near!"

"Yes, I've heard so," calmly.

"Oh, Tirzy, how could you?"

Hoke took a few more involuntary backward steps.

"I was obliged to, Hoke. I heard a girl I used to know was down there, and I wanted to find out for sure."

"Well, I'll see you agin, Tirzy," Hoke called from a still greater distance. "And I hope you won't catch it, but I'm mighty afraid for you."

"I don't reckon there's much danger, Hoke," the girl retorted, "for I didn't go across the creek. I just called, and a woman answered that 't wasn't the girl I knew at all."

Hoke paused abruptly, and was turning to come back when something in the attitude of the two, who were now seated upon the log, made him grind out a few words between his teeth and swing savagely into the woods.

(Copyright, 1915.)

AN AFTERNOON GOWN OF BLACK NET OVER SATIN

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Bluey Blackbird Moves

IN the week that followed Mr. Garden Toad's prediction, Tommy Sparrow and Billy Robin watched the big oak tree at the corner very closely. They saw the leaf buds swell and burst. They saw the tiny leaves turn from yellow green to the beautiful leaf green of spring and all the while, as they watched, they kept a weather eye on Bluey Blackbird. Not a single symptom of moving did he show; he seemed to be settled for the summer!

'All the same,' said Billy faithfully, "I believe Mr. Garden Toad knew what he was talking about. I never knew him to be wrong. Let's hope a while longer!"

So they watched and hoped and waited with what patience they could muster.

When the three days of cold rain came and set back all growing things by just that much, Billy and Tommy were almost discouraged, but finally after what seemed like months of storm, the sun came out and went to work harder than ever to make up for lost time.

How everything did grow! Tommy and Billy could almost see the leaves spread out on that oak tree and the spot of shade under the tree grew bigger and blacker every day.

"I should think he'd move now if he's going to," said Tommy one day. He eyed the garden and its freshly dug beds with mournful interest. What splendid eating those big fat worms would be. And not even the rain could make the alley worms fat or juicy—they had not the same rich loam to roam through. "If only we dared to fight him!"

'Dared to fight him!" exclaimed Billy in disgust, "what good would fighting do? You know we would get licked! What we want to do is to wait!"

"It's not what I want to do," answered Tommy, "it's what I have to do!"

And so they waited.

Finally the day came when the shade of the oak tree was thicker and blacker than the shade of the pine near the garden and Billy and Tommy put on cheerful grins.

"I saw Mr. Garden Toad this very morning," said Billy joyously, "and when I asked him about Bluey Blackbird he wouldn't say a word! He just croaked, 'Wait and see! Wait and see,' so I'm sure we'll have the garden to ourselves soon!"

All this while, Bluey Blackbird had spent most all of his time in the garden. If he flew away at all, it was only to return in a minute and to dart down so unexpectedly that no one could gobble a bite while he was away. And he ate so many big fat worms that he grew fatter every day and crosser and meaner, too, Billy found to his sorrow!

Tommy was too full to answer!

But on this day when the oak tree was actually in leaf, he flew away without a backward look. Flew off north toward the oak tree!

Billy called to Tommy and together they watched.

"I think he has gone!" cried Tommy when they had watched for his return longer than the usual time.

"Don't be too sure," replied Billy, "wait! We'll fly down into the garden! That will bring him back—it always does!" So down into the garden flew Tommy and Billy, but no saucy Bluey flew at them. "All right then," said Billy, "let's eat worms. If that don't bring him back, we'll know he's not coming back!"

So Billy and Tommy started eating, and as no Bluey drove them away, they ate and ate till for once in their lives they had enough! "This is living" said Billy, as he polished off his bill, but Tommy was too full to answer.

Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE SMILING STATUES

By Bob Williams

Right in the Square, where Funny Folks
Were wont to stroll about
On Funny Nights when Moon and Stars
Had put the dark to rout,

Were Twenty Statues made of Clay
As soft as Tender Hearts
That sigh and sing when touched and teased
By Mister Cupid's Darts.

These Funny Lumps of Living Mud
Were always full of Cheer—
No matter if the Nights or Days
Be full of Smile or Sneer.

No living thing could make then weep,
Or keep the Rascals still;
They'd stand upon their Funny Base,
And melt your stubborn will.

No matter how you felt, you'd laugh
To see the way they'd look
Whenever you would walk up close
To watch the pains they took

To keep their Texture in a shape
That spelled En-cour-age-ment;
And, say, they'd Cheer you even if
You owed a Whole Month's Rent!

One Moonlight Eve Miss Alice Brown
Was strolling thru' the Park;
She heard a Statue laugh out loud—
'Twas just the Meadow Lark!

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Centemeri Gloves FOR June Weddings

Exquisitely made for Brides, Bridesmaids, Grooms and Ushers.

1223 Chestnut Street

GLOVES EXCLUSIVELY

Why She Is Popular

AMONG HER GIRL FRIENDS.

Because Mary isn't the sort to go rushing round making new acquaintances here, there and everywhere, with a sort of surface friendliness that means—just nothing!

Mary hasn't a whole host of girl friends—she has just a few—and those few she'll stick to through thick and thin.

And she's no fair-weather friend, either! She'll laugh with you and frivol with you, and enter into your fun with all the zest in the world; but when the day comes that your heart feels like lead, Mary can meet you with a deep, understanding sympathy that makes her comradeship a rare and precious thing.

When that big, black cloud envelops you she seems to know by instinct that you don't want a lot of fussing and questioning, but the comfort of feeling there's somebody there to confide in if the trouble is too heavy to be borne alone.

She's so tactful that she knows when you'd rather be left to fight it out yourself—when not even your closest friend can help.

And she isn't one of those people who get "huffy" over all sorts of imaginary slights!

No; Mary's too sensible, too large-minded for that.

She's always nicely dressed, is Mary, because she's very quick and clever with her fingers. All the same, she doesn't look down on the girl chum who must often go shabby because her purse cannot buy all the new things from the shops.

No; Mary's "true blue." And that's why she's always in demand among her girl friends.

She is popular among her elder brother's pals because there is "no nonsense" about Mary. She loves an outing as much as any girl, but she doesn't expect every young man who comes to the house to "treat" her in return to unlimited dinners and theatre parties.

But when Mary does get an unexpected treat she thoroughly enjoys every minute of it and proves the best of company.

There's something so natural about Mary that it is possible to be on the friendliest terms without any silly flirtation entering into the affair at all.

You see, she has too much sense to think that because a young fellow likes to take a pretty girl out for the evening he must necessarily be in love with her.

But it isn't only her gaiety and good comradeship that make Mary's charm. She has that quick understanding and ready sympathy which bring all the boys to pour out their troubles in her ear when they want a confidante.

She's quite as good a listener as a talker. Perhaps she has discovered long ago that mere man loves to talk about himself when he can find a sympathetic ear.

Then she never makes herself conspicuous in any way, as, for instance, by overdressing. She knows by instinct that there's nothing a man dislikes more than to be seen with a girl whose clothes draw attention wherever she goes.

Mary can't afford to be expensively smart, so she doesn't go in for the cheap imitation. Yet she always looks nice, for she knows what suits her and what is in good taste.

Yes, any young fellow would feel proud to be her cavalier, and that's why Mary's always "in demand" by her brother's pals.

A prize of $1 has been awarded to Doris, 732 Pine street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

To clean gold and silver without scratching, use tooth paste. Any good kind will do. Rub it on well with your finger or soft cloth, then wipe off with a dampened rag. If all discoloration does not come off on the damp cloth, repeat the process.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss M. R. Carroll, 242 North 3d street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Place dampened newspaper over the top of the bucket when removing ashes from the range, only raising the same sufficiently for the shovel to reach into the bucket. This will keep the dust from the ashes from settling on the stove and in the room.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. H. S. Jennings, 6th street and 64th avenue, Oak Lane, Pa., for the following suggestion:

I have saved many a step by the following discovery: I have a number of cards made with "no ice wanted" or the number of pounds required, and when the man comes to sell ice I don't have to run up and down stairs.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. R. Youel, 2325 Watkins street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

When your plants look withered and do not appear fresh and green, try a little milk on a cloth or sponge and gently wipe each leaf. Do this daily, and your plant will quickly turn to a healthy, fresh and green appearance. Also place the plant in water and cover the soil with water and leave it every day like this for half an hour.

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PLEXO INCOMPARABLE CREAMS "For the Woman Who Cares"

Greaseless Cream

Protects your skin from chap and wind burn; will impart to your complexion the velvety bloom of youth.

Cleansing Cream

Incomparable for ridding the pores of all impurities; will give the pure clear complexion of perfect beauty.

These two essential creams are scientifically prepared to be used in conjunction with each other, and will produce results obtainable in no other way.

25c and 50c

Plexo Evening White

Imparts that soft, pearly white tone to arms, throat and shoulders.

An Absolutely Harmless Cream

Easily applied with a damp sponge, and does not rub off. Unsurpassed for the evening toilette and dansant. 35c the tube.

Get it at Evans', Riker-Hegeman and department stores.

PLEXO PREPARATIONS INC.

94 N. MOORE ST. N.Y.C.

Afternoon Frock of Black Satin and Net

STRANGE to say, the season's most fashionable colors are sombre in the extreme. For instance, all you have to do is keep your eyes open when you are at a theatre, reception or dance or when you are walking along Chestnut street some sunny afternoon. It is astonishing to note the predominance of navy, midnight or soldat blues in every conceivable style or material. Blue taffeta suits are becoming very popular with the younger generation, with poplins, moires and Palm Beach suitings in close competition.

Afternoon frocks are, almost without exception made of dark materials. Black is a special favorite, and the use of this color has undergone an interesting change. Black is worn by the debutante nowadays as well as by the matron, and it is not considered de trop. It is one of fashion's paradoxes.

A charming afternoon gown of black net is shown in the illustration. It is made on severely simple lines, yet it is undoubtedly striking in effect. The bodice is made of chiffon cloth, with an overdrapery of crystal-beaded white silk net, veiled with revers of hemstitched black net. The fashionable strap-shoulder effect is given by two very novel bands of cut jet beads which are attached to a foundation of net. A high upstanding collar of the net is seen in the back.

The skirt is wonderful. It is made over black satin with a slight flare at the feet. This is not so decided as many shown this season. It is covered with a full-length tunic of net, embroidered with beads in iridescent blues, purples, blacks and whites. The girdle is made of crushed black satin with long ends hanging down in the back.

The efficient touch about a costume of this kind is the fact that it may be worn for afternoon or evening wear with equal propriety. Such a gown is a great saving for the "one-gown-a-season" woman.

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Lingerie and Accessories

MAY white sales are being held in almost all the shops, and thousands of fluffy muslin, batiste, crepe de chine, chiffon and china silk garments are being reduced to tempt the feminine fancy. One large Chestnut street shop, which is famous for its exquisite styles in "lingerie de luxe," is showing some extraordinary bargains.

For instance, a flesh or white crepe de chine nightgown, which every woman knows could not be had a short time ago for less than $5, is selling for $3.95. The top of the nightgown is made of ecru shadow lace, with lace straps over the shoulders, and baby-blue bows. This pink and turquoise blue combination, by the way, has become immensely fashionable.

A handy little crepe de chine combination is always useful, for they wear indefinitely—one crepe de chine model will outlast any two batiste ones you can buy, as a rule. A camisole top is made of cream shadow lace, with a band of wide embroidered beading beneath this, threaded with inch-wide double-faced pink satin ribbon. The dainty bloomers are trimmed to match, edged with narrow Valenciennes. The price is only $1.95.

An evening bodice and brassiere of crepe de chine is a novelty, especially when combined with pink stockinette and small whalebones. These are made low enough for extremely decollete bodices, as they only extend about three inches above the waistline. The price is $1.95.

One of the greatest bargains was a pretty pink batiste nightgown which sold for 95 cents. This was really very reasonable, for the top of the gown was daintily hemstitched, with picot edging on the neck and sleeves. It was made in slip-on style, with narrow tucks across the front.

Dainty collars and cuffs to wear with the dark spring suit are also greatly reduced in a certain shop. For instance, a double collar of blue picot-edged batiste over white, made in the wide Quaker style, is $1. A smaller collar of the same material costs 75 cents. Cuffs to match are 50 cents a pair.

Particolored, flowered and pastel shaded crepe de chine ties are very fashionable, and sell for 25 and 50 cents, according to the length. The Dresden effects are very pretty indeed.

Tomorrow's Menu

"Betty Jay scented the boiling of 'Squire Cass' hams."—George Eliot.

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit.
Cereal and Cream.
Broiled Ham.
Pancakes and Maple Syrup.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Chicken on Toast.
Tomatoes with Whipped Cream.
Graham Bread.
Currant Cakes. Tea.

DINNER

Cream of Asparagus Soup.
Boiled Ham.
Hashed Brown Potatoes.
Creamed Radishes.
Lettuce Salad.
Rice Pudding.

Maple syrup for pancakes—Break a pound cake of maple sugar and add a cupful of cold water to it. Bring to the boiling point and boil gently until melted and thickened.

Tomatoes with whipped cream—Remove the skin from large, firm tomatoes, and cut them in halves. Heap a big spoonful of whipped cream on each half and serve.

Creamed radishes—Choose large radishes and remove the skins. Boil until tender. Then cover with a rather thick cream sauce, seasoned with pepper and salt.

Bath Superintendents at Dinner

William D. Chaplin, secretay of the Board of Recreation, was presented a loving cup by the members of the Association of Public Bath Superintendents at the first annual dinner of the association, held at Roth's dining rooms, 409 North Broad street, last night. Councilman George Darworth presided. Addresses were made by Recorder of Deeds Ernest L. Tustin and others.

To Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicaean banks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Nalad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

—Edgar Allan Poe.

Modish Millinery

Our hats are looked upon as models in the fullest sense of term; and are considered very reasonable

$10 up

May we sell you a White Fox Fur Scarf? They contribute a dashing environment to the well-dressed woman. $25.

Mawson and De Many

1115 Chestnut St.

MILLINERY AND FURS

J.B.S.

Important Sales This Week

A Special Sale of Waists: This season's patterns, but broken sizes; lingerie, crepe de chine, silk and lace. Were $2.00 to $10.00. Now $1.00 to $5.00

A Special Sale of Laces: 16- and 18-inch Net-Top Laces in white and ecru.

45c from 60c yd. $1.25 from $1.87 yd.
70c from 95c yd. $2.50 from $3.50 yd.

Very Late Neckwear

Windsor and string Ties, black and white and all the new colors. 25c and 50c

Collars—roll and flat effect—in white and with a pretty touch of color. 50c

Collars: of sheer white organdie, embroidered in black; many piquant shapes. 25c to $1.50

J.B.SHEPPARD & SONS

1008 CHESTNUT STREET