

AGGRAVATING LITTLE TRAITS; THE CHRONIC BORROWER

In Many Cases These Transactions Are Carried on With a Skill and Finesse Which Assumes the Proportions of a Fine Art.

By ELLEN ADAIR

OF COURSE we are all prone at some time or other to be marooned by a shower at a place where it becomes our alternative to request the use of our neighbor's umbrella or get wet—and finally decide to violate our resolution never to borrow.

Or, again, one may have guests for dinner, and discover that the quantity of sugar wherewith to make icing for the dessert cakes is smaller than Mother Hubbard's ladder boasted.

There is only one thing to do, since the shops are all closed. We hasten across the yard to Mrs. Smith's pantry door, and in suppliant tones present an empty tin cup for replenishment.

These exigencies occur in the best regulated families. But the habit of borrowing should be kept well within control.

The borrowing of money is chiefly a masculine phenomenon, and among vices is rated a little less serious than falling to return the sum. But among women this habit of borrowing sometimes achieves the dignity and proportions of a fine art.

Many a feminine next-door neighbor would make a shipwrecked mariner look like a surfeited sultan in the matter of supplying her needs by the loan system. In the morning she begs the loan of the percolator, so that she may make coffee wherewith to generate sufficient energy for the day's borrowing.

One day last week, perchance, she spent her last nickel on some lace that she bought cheaply and will never use, and left herself with only 4 cents to pay

for a dress. She borrowed a cent from a policeman, but in opening the bus door she split the 3 cents in the gutter, and was only able to recover four of them.

Umbrellas and books are always negotiable to persons with the borrowing mania. The embryonic borrower, she for whom a cure is possible, makes a point of returning these articles.

The long-term borrower, on the contrary, keeps the things until we receive them in the form of a bequest. One can slowly but surely build up a small library round the nucleus of books that are really one's own, but what some women do with thousands of umbrellas is really beyond conjecture.

Among the things which the woman who has nothing of her own regards as common property of the race are skillets, vacuum cleaners, lawn mowers, dress patterns, baby scales and a host of such things are liable to be seized.

Let it not be thought, however, that poverty is the excuse of the transgressor. She almost always has the wherewithal to purchase extraneous merchandise, ornamental objects, etc., but when it comes to the real necessities, she always finds her at the back gate, and her valdettory is, "Oh, will you please lend me—some money?"

right and Susan climbed in to drive out where Billy Robin and Tommy Titmouse lived a comfortable big barn. And in the barn lived Gipsy, a dainty little jet-black horse. Gipsy belonged to 6-year-old Susan, and great pals they were, you may be sure.

Long before Gipsy was old enough and wise enough to be brought into the city, Susan and her father used to make weekly visits to the farm where Gipsy lived. Susan always carried lumps of sugar or apples in her pocket and it was not long till Gipsy learned to know where these goodies came from, and to hunt them out of Susan's pocket with her soft little nose.

So you see, when Gipsy was finally brought into the city, she and her little mistress were already old friends. Susan soon learned to drive Gipsy, and then such good times as the two did have.

"Remember, Susan," Susan's father had said, "you can train a horse to do anything, so be careful what you teach Gipsy." And Susan promised to be careful.

Susan's father was very prompt about his luncheon. It must be served at 12 o'clock and all the family must be on time. So, whenever Susan and Gipsy were out driving, they were always careful to be home on time.

But one day, when Susan was visiting a little friend, she was having such a good time she forgot all about luncheon. The first whistle blew—no Susan came running out of the house. Gipsy turned and twisted in her harness, but not a sign of her little mistress could she see. The next whistle blew—no Susan! Gipsy looked long and carefully, then nodded her head, as though she had decided something, and started off home by herself.

Just as the family sat down to luncheon, Gipsy trotted into the yard. Such a hurrying and scurrying of hooves till Susan, safe and sound at her friend's house, was found. "I guess instead of training Gipsy, she is training you!" laughed father when the excitement was over, and he made her right, for Susan was never late again!

When Susan took little brother for a ride, Gipsy always looked around carefully to be sure everybody was ready before she started. Her look seemed to say, "Be sure you have little brother tucked in tightly!" Then she would start down the road.

One day Susan unexpectedly decided she wanted to take a ride. No one was at home to harness Gipsy, but Susan didn't mind. "I can do it myself," she cried gaily, as she ran to the barn. "I know just how to do it, because I have watched father."

She pulled out her light little carriage, got down the harness from the rack and called to Gipsy. "Now, if only I could put this over her head, we could go," said Susan as Gipsy obediently trotted out from her stall. Gipsy seemed to understand, for she bent her head down low and stood perfectly still while Susan pulled and twisted in an effort to adjust the bridle. Finally it seemed to be all

GEORGETTE CREPE WITH SATIN MAKES A CHARMING FROCK

THE evolution of colors is always more or less fascinating, and this year's changes have been most significant of the spirit of unrest which has characterized most of our fashions. Never before have our gowns been so simple—both in color and line—as they are this summer. Street frocks and suits for fall show the same tendency. Dark shades promise to be all the rage, navy blue being the prime favorite, of course. The smartest colors as laid down by no less an authority than the Dry Goods Economist, are as follows: Navy, black, deep wine color, red, purple, haze and bottle green. The plum shades are not particularly new, but they look particularly well on the elderly or middle-aged woman, and promise to be extremely fashionable for trousseaus and afternoon wear.



PLUM-COLORED AFTERNOON FROCK pointed ends, also piped with satin. The flower-trimmed hat is confined to the purple and blue shades.

FORMER "ANTI" NOW ZEALOUS ADVOCATE OF SUFFRAGE

Converted to the "Cause" After Listening to Plea of One of the Leaders in Propaganda of "Votes for Women."

"EVERY man, woman and child should be for woman suffrage." This statement is made by Miss Minnie C. Lavin, of 216 North 12th street, a convert to the suffrage cause and a deserter from the "anti" ranks, who has just avowed her intention to follow the "votes for women" banner. Miss Lavin is a small, dark, kindly-looking little person with an abundance of enthusiasm, which she displays to the fullest extent when she tells how she became a suffragist.

fragist, Miss Lavin has settled down to study all about the question and read pages and pages of suffrage "literature." With a smile she pointed to a shelf filled with suffrage books and at the same time with determination in her looks, said resolutely, "I am going to know all that's in them."



MISS MINNIE C. LAVIN

"You see it was like this," she said, bending forward and looking straight into the inquirer's eyes. "I was a strict anti and thought that the idea of women wanting to vote was absolutely out of the question, and as for ever becoming a suffragist myself, it was the last thing that I could ever have wanted to happen to me. But somehow the other day all my ideas on the subject seemed to change. I stepped—and by the way, for the first time in my life—to the street to listen to an out-of-door suffrage meeting on the postoffice plaza. After a few minutes I was simply carried away by what the speaker said and remained spellbound for one whole hour. Think of it!" she added with a guilty smile, "of me, an anti, standing there listening with rapt attention to a suffrage speech!"

WOMAN VETERINARIAN IN CHARGE OF FIELD HOSPITAL FOR HORSES

New Venture Near Battle Lines in France Shows Man Is Coming to Consider That Animals Have Right to Live.

England's for the old-fashioned woman, that pours tea and embroiders forget-me-nots, and the voting booth's no place for milady, says Old England. But, all the same, it's a woman that's in charge of a veterinary hospital not far from the firing line, engaged in the unglorious business of handling England's wounded horses, and no mistake.

There are heroes and heroes. There are many nameless human heroes in the Great War, though many who do great deeds will have their names go down to the future, imperishable. "The people will remember them forever." But not the name of one horse will be remembered, though our very word "chivalry" meant nothing more than "horsemanship" in a time gone by. There are many persons in England who think of a horse as something more than a machine, and who are determined that as much care as is possible shall be given to the wounded steeds.

ARRANGING THE HOSPITALS. "Taking old buildings and stock farms that once raised massive draught horses for the United States, the Blue Cross organization converted them into quarters for the injured horses. Pharmacies, kitchens and wards have all been white-washed, disinfected and fitted up in a thoughtful but economical manner, and the staff, keen and capable, speak the language of the horse. The span, in their white overalls, give a splendid impression of thoroughness."

WORK FOUNDED ON JUSTICE. "So this splendid work goes forward. Declared to be quixotic, ever related in some quarter, as was the Red Cross, its irresistible strength lies in the fact that it is founded on the solid ground of justice. The war is a fight against the iniquitous doctrine that might is right, and the Blue Cross is the living example that the time is past when man considers that he has the right to the unrequited service of dumb creation because he has the might."

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BAG PIPES HAVE CALLED EDINBURGH'S MEN TO FRONT—CITY NOW DESERTED

Wounded and German Prisoners Form Male Inhabitants—Women of Title and Those of Humble Birth Work Side by Side as Nurses.

By ELLEN ADAIR

EDINBURGH, June 23.—Edinburgh is now a deserted city so far as its former life and gaiety are concerned. Every man available is off to the war, irrespective of his profession or business. The beautiful streets—and Edinburgh is the most beautiful city in the world, without a doubt—are curiously changed from their former gaiety and light-heartedness.

The first sight which greeted my eyes on getting out into Princes street was a strange one. Hundreds of very young girls, aged from about 5 years to 15, were marching along in line, headed by two military bands playing "Up With the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee," and these very youthful maidens were bearing large banners, on which was painted, "Rally round your country's flag" and many other messages. All the women many other messages. All the women many other messages. All the women many other messages.

Edinburgh is so changed that it seems like a different city. My four brothers are all serving their country, like every other person able to do so. And Scotland is taking upon its shoulders an ample share in this terrible war.

To Madison Cawein You who heard the softest singing of the shyest flowers, How we wonder what the ringing of the unimagined hours Tells you in your listening: Is it wholly new? Does a drop of listening Still ring clear to you?

Sergeant Doesn't Like to Be Nurse Sergeant Wiggins, of the Woodford Guards in Fairmount Park, has become incensed over the increase in the number of children who get "lost" in the Park every Sunday. Yesterday he and his confederates had 12 youngsters in their hands who did not know where or to whom they belonged.

CUT FULL POUND The Best Borax Soap IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST HAVE WRAPPERS

SALLY, OF PEACOCK ALLEY



THE DREAM GIRL OF VANITY FAIR



THE PERMANENT WAVE

Advertisement for hair styling services. Text: "The Permanent Wave We Waved Over 600 Heads Last Season". Includes a small illustration of a woman's face and a list of services: "Dampness, Sea Air and Washing Will Not Affect or Remove It Six Months' Guarantee".