

IDEAL SUMMER VACATIONS; HINTS FOR FUTURE HOLIDAYS

The Average Summer Vacation Is a Snare and a Delusion—Opinions on the Subject From Some Well-Known Authorities

By ELLEN ADAIR

THE summer vacation is now either a thing of the past or, at any rate, it is drawing pretty near its conclusion. And I wonder just how many people are deciding in their own minds that their holiday this year has been an unsatisfactory affair, and that for the future they are going to do something entirely different?

The idea that a holiday necessarily means perpetual gaiety is firmly rooted in the minds of many people. They leave their busy city life, with its continued stress and strain, and go forth to seek from fields and pastures rest. But there is nothing so relaxing about the fields that finally land in—nor does the vacation mean anything more nor less than dancing till daylight on the end of the pier, indulging in an extraordinary amount of conviviality that is certainly not conducive to the improvement of health.

Mademoiselle Adeline Genes, the world-celebrated French "dancer," has sensible ideas as to her vacation. "Give me a boat on a smooth-flowing river, an interesting book, some charming friends—and that's my idea of a holiday," she says. "I simply love a river. It's so peaceful and restful to drift along, without a care in the world. I always find it so hard to rest at the seaside; the whole atmosphere seems so restless to me. Every one is bound to 'do something' there all the time. Bathing, walking, or going on another frock, or looking at the shops; and that's not having a real holiday, is it?"

"But go to a bungalow, with a cool, flower-filled garden and a quiet river running along. Take a comfortable boat and some cushions and drift along in peace! There's nothing to equal it for a genuine vacation, in my opinion."

A famous actor gives his views on this subject of the summer vacation. "In talking about my ideas concerning holiday-making, I'm up against a difficult proposition," he said. "I know what I'd like to do, but I've never done it! I'd like to get into a powerful touring car and start on a nice, well-planned tour, stopping at a new place each night, or sometimes two nights, if any special place seems particularly charming."

"But can I do it? No! I've started dozens of times, and the car invariably goes wrong and breaks down on a lonely moor, miles from anywhere. Then it begins to pour with rain, and the hood leaks, and the gasoline gets into the luncheon basket, and hens literally fling themselves under the wheels, and every time I fancy as a resting-place is full, and I catch a violent cold, and the road map blows away, and just as things are settling down and look like being peaceful and calm I get a frantic telegram from New York, saying 'Come back at once; rehearsals start tomorrow!' And that's the way I spend my summer vacation."

The great idea in any holiday is change. If our lives are spent all the year round in some quiet country spot, then the excitement of a visit to town and any amount of gaiety would be perceived.

A Country of Corn

Beaches and ripples and oceans of corn. Corn on the hills and corn in the hollow; Meadows and acres and miles of corn. As far as the eye of the world can follow. Corn, corn, beautiful corn. A country of corn forever. Corn on the lowlands and corn on the highlands. Corn by the banks of the river. Musical rustle and whisper of corn. Corn in the August night. Filling the air with the music of corn. In the midst of the gold moonlight. Corn, corn, wonderful corn. Leagues and metres and then roads running far to the verges of morn. With nothing but corn again. Hills of it, walls of it, vales of it, deep in the golden-country of corn. Green-bladed, gold-tasseled, tossing and fine. In the dew of the sparkling morn. Corn, corn, milky-towered corn. Captain of corn in the lead. Marching down miles of the country of corn. Crowned and cap-apied. Corn with the pumpkins of gold between. Blending corn and green; Corn full-eared and rounded out. Corn in its baby bloom. Corn, corn, marvelous corn. Corn for the world, for the west. Corn for the east and north and south. Corn of the whole land's breast. Billows and bending battalions of corn. Corn on the hills and corn in the valleys. Corn for the cattle on meadows and plain. Corn for the starved in the alleys. Corn, corn, Niagara of corn. A country of corn forever. Corn in the lowlands and corn in the highlands. Corn by the shores of the river. —The Bonitown Bard.

SNEEZE PLOT TO PART PAIR Mother Put Powder in Bed and Used Witchcraft, Says Daughter

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Mrs. Annie Bugel, of South Broadway, Tonkers, was summoned to Police Court yesterday by her daughter, Mrs. Harold Cole, of 22 Victor street. The mother was accused of sprinkling obnoxious powder on a bed of sprouting potatoes in order to drive Cole away. The powder was of a variety to produce sneezing. The daughter declared her mother had no use for Cole and was trying to separate them by that she learned "witchcraft methods." When the couple were married Mrs. Bugel chased the elopers and vainly tried to prevent the ceremony. The powder was used by her. She said she wanted to let her son-in-law and her son-in-law alone, and lead the complaint.

Classes to Study War Art A class of 20 men have enrolled in the training movement under the auspices of the Drexel Middle Bible Classes. The winter headquarters, 101 Mount Vernon street, will start the work of instructing recruits next Saturday afternoon, at 7 o'clock. The drill will be held on the grounds of the organization at Independence, and the camp will start about October 1.

Carnival Funds Go to Church Funds raised last night at the ninth annual carnival and lawn fête of the Episcopal Episcopal Hospital, Broad and Wolf streets, will be used for the benefit of that institution. The carnival was held on the lawn, St. D. H. Martin was in charge. Women of various churches

AUTUMN BRINGS NOVEL AND CHARMING FABRICS FOR FALL



AFTERNOON FROCK

ONE-PIECE gowns for afternoon cards or informal affairs this fall were never more varied. Materials themselves are more unique than they have been for many a season, contrasting weights in fabrics showing a very interesting innovation. These come in almost any wanted shade, and heavy velvet striped materials, such as are shown in today's illustration, might be the most desirable of the season. Such are the vagaries of fashionable designers—anything for novelty, and novelty at any cost!

A smart and decidedly odd little gown for afternoon occasions comes from New York, made up by one of our most successful importers. The fabric is the new striped goods just described, in a wonderful new shade of deepest midnight blue. It is adorably simple, relying on the richness of the material itself and soft folds of Russian squirrel to give the right effect. The plain crepe is evident on the long sleeves and on the wide flounce which is shown at the bottom of the skirt. The velvet stripes are combined in such a way as to give the effect of a solid piece of velvet at the sides of the skirt on the hips. This is confined by means of a plain band of the velvet, drawn tightly in to accentuate the well-fitted tendency. Buttons of the velvet trim the front of the blouse, and the cuffs are edged with the same.

A tunic effect is supplied by means of the narrow band of velvet which serves as a hem at the bottom of the skirt, as this tunic line is going to be very much in vogue this winter. Many of the newest French dresses show very much draped-up skirts, with panniers, polonaise and crinoline effects, in extravagant rich materials, such as brocades and satins. Colorings are vivid.

Style Hints

Sheer fabrics of rainbow hues, shading from opal to orchid and on to dull reds, are used for midsummer blouses. Some are striped, some are checked and some are like bits of dreams of lovely gardens having for-ette designs of big splashy roses in pastel shades. For early fall hats for the young ones bright red velvet cherries are the proper caper and they are often employed to form a bobbing fringe on the brims of scoop little bonnets.

Black and white moire is still employed for the more elaborate handbags. Some dresses have the elongated waist line, suggesting the Moynan age.



Advertisement for Dominic Tailored Costumes. Text includes: Dominic Tailored Costumes Fall Showing 1302 Walnut Street

COLLEGE OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN RESUMES

Largest Class in History of Unique Institution Despite More Rigid Requirements

The Women's Medical College, the only institution of its kind in the country, formally will open its 6th year at 4 o'clock this afternoon with appropriate exercises in the college gymnasium at Ed street and North College avenue.

The class is the largest matriculating since the requirements of the State Examining Board made the entrance requirements more severe. The college still further raised the requirements. Last year but one year of collegiate work was required for admission and this has now been fixed at two years of collegiate work, with special work in chemistry, physics and other sciences required.

The fact that the class this afternoon will be the biggest in the history of the institution is of special significance since the American Medical Association made public figures showing a decrease of 50 per cent. in the medical students in this country during the last decade. The number is still decreasing. As large as

the class is, half of the applicants have been rejected for failure to measure up to the requirements. A large percentage of those rejected were young women who had completed the four-year academic course in one of the largest women's colleges in the country, but they had neglected to take the necessary work in science.

The officers of the Women's Medical College declare that a surprisingly large number of young women who desire to make medicine their life work and still desire as a preliminary a complete college education, fail to make the necessary investigation as to the requirements for entrance into a medical school.

A new course will be a special medical course for clubwomen and women social service workers. Miss Mary H. Ingham, one of the incorporators of the college and a member of the Board of Directors of the Equal Franchise Society, was responsible for this step, and it will be conducted by the instructors largely under her guidance. Prominent Philadelphia women already have signified their intention of enrolling in the first class. The course will consist of lessons in sanitation, personal hygiene and simple preventive medicine, with sufficient practical surgery and materia medica to enable graduates of the course to render efficient first aid in case of accident.

Llanerch Raises Town Hall Fund

A fund of \$200 for the building of a town hall at Llanerch is now available. This sum was raised at the three-day carnival held at the suburban town under the auspices of the Llanerch Fire Company.

THE DAILY STORY

Deaf and Dumb Delia

Delia was neither deaf nor dumb. She possessed, however, a great lack of concentration which was beginning to annoy her, as well as her friends. "You positively make me tired, Delia," her best girl friend had remarked. "I have to repeat everything I say to you and it is simply because your wits are wool-gathering and you fail to pay any attention to what people say."

"Genius," Delia had laughingly told her. "I must be a real genius." "If you are," the disgruntled friend had added, "you have no other earmarks except absent-mindedness. If you wrote weird tales, painted cubist pictures or did anything else to distinguish yourself from the rest of us ordinary mortals you would have a right to make people repeat all their sallies to your unheeding ears—but you don't."

At the time Delia had laughed, but somehow it really had hurt her to know that she was fast becoming a drowsy who did nothing. The habit of meditating and living among the clouds was getting on the nerves of her friends.

"I need concentration," mused Delia, "and I need it badly if I am to retain my friends." In consequence, Delia found herself reflecting on ways and means for acquiring concentration. She was not anxious to try the accepted method of sitting down and keeping her gaze fixed interminably at a black disk; it was neither ex-

actly nor appealing to her. Neither did she care to go about, as she had been doing, with a mind fixed on one especial thing in order to practice concentration. "I will assume an affliction," thought Delia, "and try to keep it in my mind. I hope, however, I won't make myself have anything in consequence. The mind is a powerful agent in these matters." She pondered on the ailments she might assume without damage to her physical being, and decided that to be deaf and dumb would take much control of thought and yet she could not bring upon herself the affliction in reality. Therefore, she decided to be deaf and dumb.

It would be a trifle difficult because Delia was rather fond of talking. "I will have to change my boarding house," she mused, "and go where no one knows me." She gave notice that very day and looked up another room, where she hoped there would be plenty of people on whom she could experiment. "I hope they will not be too awfully interesting," sighed Delia. "It will be dreadful to sit at a table full of laughing, gabbling people and be unable to join them."

The place she found was certainly filled with congenial boarders. When Delia first took her place at the table her new ideas were on the verge of falling from her, but she resolutely remembered the remarks of her friends and determined to acquire concentration. She landed with whom she had arranged for her room by letter received her in the dining room and introduced her to the other guests.

She was concentrating with all her power when the man beside her turned to the man on his other side and said under his breath: "Isn't she a peach? I would like to have a wife who could be so altogether beautiful and yet one who would not talk from morning until night." He laughed and glanced quickly at Delia.

The blush that mounted steadily and surely into Delia's face brought a quick light in his eyes. He, however, turned again to the other man and left Delia alone to wrestle with her anger and her most becoming blushes. She ate so quickly that she felt a trifle sorry for her digestion, yet it was the only possible salvation since each moment at the table was becoming more unbearable, and she knew that in another few moments she would have joined that happy chatter and her effort at concentration would be forever lost.

When she had bowed her excuses silently and hurriedly left the dining room she heaved a sigh of relief. Delia realized that the first meal was the most trying ordeal. Her afflictions once firmly established in the minds of the other boarders, her task would prove easy. She wondered just what they were all saying about her now, and especially she pondered on the young man who had sat next to her. She knew that could she but speak she would endeavor to make him sorry for the words he had given utterance to. That way in which she would make him sorry brought a smile in Delia's eyes.

"If he fancies me when I am deaf and dumb," she mused, "what could I make him feel—if I wanted to?" Delia realized that she was going to want to make

him think a great deal. She went to sleep that evening in her new boarding house with deep concentration marking her thoughts. Her concentrated plans boded ill for the heart of her male tabba companion. She was on the landing of the boarding house, and would have entered her room one evening about 10 days after her arrival when a laughing voice stopped her. "I say, Miss Ransom, when you want to feed the sparrows on your window sill don't forget to chirp at them. I love to hear you in the early morning."

The man who sat next her at the table was standing there laughing. Delia would have turned angrily away, but somehow anger was impossible and her astonishment only increased the man's amusement. "I have known from the start," he went on. "The night I remarked about your beauty and you blushed so divinely—I knew you had no right to talk about me." Delia spoke quickly, and it must be confessed that her own voice sounded well to her own longing ears. "I am practicing concentration and now you have spoiled it all." She laughed in spite of herself.

"No," contradicted the man. "It will help you wonderfully to concentrate on me and to realize, every minute of the day, that I am the only person in the whole world to whom you can speak and that my voice is the only one that you can hear."

His voice was serious though his eyes laughed. There was something rather tense about the situation, although Delia tried to feel amused.

She drew a deep breath. "It would be rather delightful," she found herself saying softly, "but any one else in the house hear her voice and give away the secret. The man's face lighted wonderfully, and Delia realized that she had accomplished her mission of making him love her in no small degree.

"And you won't speak to any one but the birds and me?" he paused, while Delia tried to control the color that was creeping with unusual warmth into her cheeks—"well, until you speak to some dear old minister and tell him—"

"That I have learned to concentrate on one person," laughed Delia. "Yes," whispered the man; "but you must tell it to me in other words first and many times." (Copyright, 1915.)

Rich Folk Read Trash, She Says

Poor people read the best books, in the opinion of Miss Bertha B. Bamberger, of Baltimore, who was the principal speaker yesterday at the final sitting of a two-day meeting of teachers at the Radnor High School. More than 50 teachers heard the address. Miss Bamberger said that wealthy people read trashy novels.

Will Welcome the Ladies Tonight

Members of the Pen and Pencil Club will open their clubhouse to the ladies tonight, when the Wednesday "Ladies Night" feature will be resumed. Ladies accompanied by the members will have the freedom of the clubhouse between the hours of 7 p. m. and 1 a. m., when luncheon or dinner will be served at any time during the period mentioned.

Large advertisement for 'THE SPOTLIGHT, PLEASE, FOR MILADY'S NEW FALL HAT!' featuring a large illustration of a woman's face wearing a hat. Text includes: 'Straight in the face of the thrilling details of the world's greatest war, right in the teeth of the dispatches which tell of the Administration's difficulties, Dame Fashion issues her demand with perfect confidence that it will be heeded in the theatre of events.' 'The Public Ledger's Fashion Number will appear September 19th, occupying the entire Intaglio section. It will contain a pictorial story of the new modes and vogues in millinery and wearing apparel of all kinds which every woman and miss in Philadelphia is waiting to see.' 'Imported models from the great fashion houses of Callot, Paquin, Jenny, Bulloz, Georgette and Lanvin are displayed, together with the latest novelties from American designers of note. It is a forecast—an authentic, duly accredited forecast—of Fall Fashions.' 'ADVERTISE FALL FASHIONS NOW' 'The Public Ledger's Sunday Intaglio reaches just the people who are interested in artistic, exclusive creations. Its illustrations reproduce wearing apparel with accuracy and strength of detail. It shows a woman how the garments will look on her.' 'One hundred and twenty thousand families read the Ledger. Figure the feminine portion of them eagerly perusing the Intaglio Section, illustration by illustration, and you have an idea of its vital appeal. It is the medium par excellence for Fashion advertising.'