WOMAN'S HERALD

Devoted to the Household, the Fashions and the Activities of Women.

MARY MARSHALL, Editor.

DAILY DEPARTMENT OF THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

☞Correspondence is invited. Address all communications to the Woman's Editor of The Washington Herald.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1915.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

Every year the physical welfare of the school children is more and more carefully provided for. Every year shows more rigorous examination of the children, not only to guard against the spread of contagion but to prevent the development of possible maladies in the children examined.

This is all in line with the present day theory that the doctor can do more for you when you are well than when you are sick, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

The old idea was to wait till your fever mounted to 106 before consulting the doctor, and then to expect him to bring you safely back to health.

Many doctors are now urging their patients to submit to periodical examination so that tendencies toward disease may be checked before they have developed. This doesn't mean such large fees for the physician or so great an opportunity to perform brilliant operations. But it means fewer days of sickness and that's what the doctors, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are working for.

To be sure, there are some of us who would hesitate to consult our physician when we are well. We would think that it savored of the doings of the "malade imaginaire." We would think that we were courting ill health. And there are a very few doctors still who take little interest in their patients till they are on their backs. Of course it cannot be highly interesting from the physician's point of view to study a well patient to determine what disease he might have five years hence, to determine wherein lie his errors of diet and habit that may possibly bring him to physical shipwreck.

But this is the new idea, which, by the way, is also very old. For in China, we understand, the doctor has for ages been paid for keeping his patients well, not for coaxing their bodies back to health after they have been stricken.

What is the matter with women's feet?

Apparently something, for one hears the health faddist and the dress reformer constantly lamenting the Chinese deformed feet of the American woman. So, though most of us are able to walk about with as much foot comfort as the men whose feet usually go free from reproach, there must be something radically wrong with our pedal extremities.

Just the other day the chiropodists, meeting in a convention in Cincinnati, declared that what made women's feet what they are, and what brought ducats into the chiropodists' pockets, was the tango—poor old tango, that has been to blame for so many ills and frivolities within the last few years!

The sole osteopaths meeting in Boston recently said that what was the matter was that we wore shoes! We ought to go barefoot. And what's more, we ought to toe in.

Then one of those would-be benefactors of the race who is habitually out of sympathy with the prevailing mode, says it is all the fault of the shoe manufacturers. They insist on making us wear the shoes that are "in fashion" rather than the shoe built on the last that fits our feet.

In the meantime it's hard to know whether to go barefoot, to toe in, to give up tangoing or to wear shoes that are out of fashion. Best we can do till some one settles the dispute is to go hobbling on the way we are.

Suffragist at War Front.

Rome, Aug. 25.—Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, the American suffragist, through the good offices of the Marconi family, with whom she has been staying here, has been permitted to visit the Italian front with the first party of journalists.

Woodward & Lothrop

New York---Washington---Paris

Prices Are Again Lowered on

Men's and Young Men's Summer Suits

$12.50 for all Suits that were up to $25.00.
$17.50 for all Suits that were up to $35.00.

The only exception we make is of black—every plain and fancy blue suit and all the mixtures, tans, grays, striped and checked effects is included.

The real significance of this sale lies in the fact that actual reductions are quoted, on clothes from our own stock, and any man who buys one of these suits will not only save money but be assured of good grooming as well.

SPORT TROUSERS REDUCED—A good assortment of Serge and Flannel Trousers, in striped patterns; sizes 28 to 36-inch waist.

$2.95 each—were $5.00 and $6.00.

Main floor—Tenth st., direct entrance.

Exceptionally Good Values in Linens

Full Bleached Irish Table Damask, in a good assortment of patterns; splendid, rich and lustrous surface; 72 inches wide.....	$1.00 yard.
Silver Bleached Table Damask, fine quality and beautiful patterns; will bleach pure white with a few launderings; 72 inches wide	65c, 85c to $1.40 yard.
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Double Damask Irish Napkins, 24-inch size	$3.75 dozen.
Pure Linen Huck Towels, pure flax, hemmed and hemstitched; sizes 18x36 and 19x36 inches	$3.00 dozen.
Pure Linen Glass Toweling, in seven different checked and plaid designs—red and white and blue and white. Marked at the very special price of	15c yard.

Second floor—Eleventh st.

Sale of Lawn Swings, $3.95

A regular $6 Swing, from our own stock, made of selected wood and painted red and green.

4-PASSENGER SIZE.

Fourth floor—F st.

HOUSE--WIVES DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR

ONE THING AT A TIME.

The well-to-do Japanese, just because they have very simply furnished houses, do not possess less, in the matter of house furnishings, than well-to-do persons in other parts of the world. But they would think the condition of most American houses decidedly cluttered.

Most of us think it necessary to have in evidence all of our possessions all of the time. The Japanese displays a few of his possessions at a time. When he tires of those on view, he gets out others from his storeroom, and packs away the ones he is tired of. And the storeroom of a well-to-do Japanese holds far more in the way of treasures than do the drawing rooms and libraries of many of our own rich countrymen.

The Japanese have been the inspiration for much that is worth while in modern interior decoration. We appreciate Japanese prints and pottery, we have learned much from the Japanese sense of color. We take lessons in arranging flowers as the Japanese do. And, to some extent, we furnish our houses more simply than we used to—some of us with an obvious imitation of the Japanese.

But our houses still appear cluttered, even to ourselves. Did you never long for a cool beautiful room, bare of ornaments, almost bare of furniture, where you could rest and relax? And did you never dread the task of dusting your living room, with its many pieces of furniture, its myriad ornaments and its litter of odds and ends?

And still we go on buying more and more furniture to put in our houses. Occasionally we discard a piece that has become worn out; sometimes we give away something we have grown tired of. But we never think of packing off perfectly good furniture to the attic.

Why not try to simplify one of your rooms—perhaps your parlor or reception room, if you have one, would be the best to begin with? Remove most of the furniture—even that which you like and which is in perfectly good condition. Store it carefully away, covered to keep out the dust and dampness, until you have almost forgotten what it looks like. Then bring it out again to refresh yourself, your household and your friends.

Take down all the pictures but one from each wall. Have only a few chairs—enough for you and your guests. Remove all ornaments, excepting a few that are really beautiful. You might leave a candlestick on each end of the mantle shelf, a mirror over it, a pottery jar for flowers on the floor, and a card tray, a book or two, a bowl with a frog for flowers, and a little ivory image on the table. This or any other simple arrangement would be restful. Moreover, this Japanese method preserves your treasures in a most surprising way. Furnishings, like clothes or brains, are better for an occasional rest.

(Copyright, 1915.)

TOMORROW'S MENU.

"It was a very light, wholesome cake, Brown made it on purpose for the children."—Thackeray.

BREAKFAST.

Pears
Cereal and Cream
Poached Eggs
Corn Bread Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Rice and Cheese in Ramekins
Watercress Sandwiches
Iced Coffee Boiled Custard
Sponge Cake

DINNER.

Vermicelli Soup
Veal Chops Mashed Potatoes
Squash
Lima Bean Salad
Apple Tapioca

Pears—Pare and core good flavored pears, slice, sprinkle with sugar and chill. Serve with cream.

Rice and cheese in ramekins—Fill the ramekins two-thirds full of rice, well seasoned, cover with grated cheese, put in the oven until cheese is melted and serve.

Veal chops—Roll the chops in flour and brown in hot fat. Put in casserole, and add a cupful of broth and half a cupful of tomato sauce. Season with salt and pepper, cover and cook gently about an hour.

Russian Belts on New Tailormades

Advanced for fall is a tailleur of stove-polish broadcloth, trimmed with blue velvet.

Since the Russian garb has served as inspiration for many of the new American fashions, the belt plays a more or less prominent part in the make-up of these. Sometimes it extends all around the waist, but more frequently it is broken across the front and back to preserve the long lines.

An illustration of this type is composed of stove polish broadcloth and indicates a double skirt open down the front to reveal the underskirt in panel effect. About the hips there is a narrow circular rever of mineral blue velvet, rather like an enlarged collar and giving a spring to the hip line without increasing the girth thereof.

The one-piece cloth frock with fur collar will be worn early this autumn. This model is made of midnight blue whip cord, trimmed with black silk braid.

WHEN A MAN IS MARRIED

BY ONE WHO IS

Flouting Robert's Logic.

"The obsequiousness accorded customs which have long subsisted is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable facts of our modern civilization. We work, we stint ourselves and accumulate; we wind the clock and put out the cat and lock the door before we go to bed, more because of custom than for any thought of the necessity of those acts. Not that they are not necessary—no, not that. But necessity, ordinarily, is a secondary motive, as may be seen if one stops to analyze motives for wnatever one does."

I handed the above sage reflections to Myra in a bunch the other evening, and precipitated some caustic criticism of myself. She grabbed the clock and cat out of the clutter of uttered thoughts, and proceeded to rebake me for several paragraphs for having given voice to such nonsense," as she termed it.

"Why is it," she finished, with a touch of sarcasm in her tones that presaged more of the same sort, "why is it that men who ought to know better will seize upon every possible excuse for their own shortcomings?"

"I don't quite understand you," I said, wondering if there were any weak points in my line of logic.

"Oh, I suppose not," she returned. "It would be too much to expect you to understand anything except a lot of so-called wise sayings. But you know well enough to what I refer."

Then it dawned upon me that several evenings before there had been some friction because I had failed to wind the clock and put the cat out. To admit that this was a grave delinquency, however, was absolutely out of the question if I intended to maintain in the bosom of my family any respect for the astuteness of my theories. So I replied:

"Myra, I am aware that it was an error to let the clock run down and to permit the cat to take up its sleeping quarters in the house. However, that only goes to prove the soundness of my theory, which is, as I said before, that we do things more because of custom than with any thought as to their necessity. Had necessity appeared uppermost in the matter, that clock certainly would have been wound and that cat chased out to howl on the back fence. But you see, Myra, dear, old man Necessity didn't count with me, and Custom happened to be as sleepy as I was."

Myra didn't answer, thereby indicating to me that I had simply overwhelmed her with the force of my logic. Whereupon I surreptitiously plumed myself some more, as all husbands are wont to do under such circumstances.

An hour or so later I happened to hear Myra and the children, downstairs, talking. A word fixed my attention, and I edged over to the door of my study and listened.

"Mama," our 11-year-old daughter Meta was saying, "papa is an awful smart man, ain't he?"

"Why, Meta, of course." It was Edna, our eldest, who broke in. "You shouldn't talk that way, because you ought to know he's got to be smart to work on a newspaper."

"Are they always smart on newspapers?" asked Myra, and I fancied she was laughing.

"Of course," replied Meta, sagely, "else there wouldn't be any newspapers."

That ended the conversation for a few minutes, during which the turning of leaves of a book or a magazine rather impatiently echoed upstairs where I stood. Then I heard Myra triumphantly say:

"Here it is, Edna. I thought it was strange if your father had originated all that out of his own head. I'll read it to you."

Spare me the humiliation, Friend Husband, of setting down in detail what she read. For it was very like that I had quoted to her as my own, and which appears in the first paragraph of this yarn. You have most of you, no doubt, had similar experiences.

(Copyright, 1915.)

Crowds Visit Colonial Beach.

Camp life and scenes, and the drills and military exercises of the National Guard of the District, in its annual encampment at Colonial Beach are adding much to the attractiveness of the Atlantic City of Washington, and, in spite of the record-breaking numbers of visitors to the camp Sunday last, many persons are this week visiting the soldier boys. All those who had purchased one-day tickets Sunday and many of those who held season tickets that entitled them to return home at any time before the close of the season, Labor Day, wanted to come home Sunday night. The government authorities stepped in and said to Capt. Slye, of the St. Johns, "You may carry 2,200 persons and no more." This was done and the St. Johns hurried back after those who had been left behind and returned with 368 persons instead of 2,000, as was reported.

Wilson Greets Jerseyites.

President Wilson's "open house" yesterday simmered down to shaking hands with a couple of Representatives, a Senator, their friends and a few New Jersey officials. No official business of any kind was discussed. Sheriff Eugene Kinkead, of New Jersey, was among the New Jersey visitors, and the President praised him for his work in settling the Bayonne strike.

Changes in Personnel.

The Department of Commerce announced yesterday the following changes in its personnel:

In the office of the Secretary, Ralph B. Bronson and F. Lucius Higgins, clerks, have been promoted to $1,400 and $1,200, respectively.

In the Bureau of Standards, Pittsburgh, Pa., the following have been promoted: A. Albert Klein, assistant physicist, to $1,620; Donald W. Ross, laboratory assistant, to $1,200; Mark Grobstein, clerk, to $840, and Adolph Wagner, jr., junior laboratory helper, to $540.

Fred R. Lucas has been probationally appointed as laborer at $600 in the Bureau of Fisheries, Puget Sound, Wash., station.

In the Lighthouse Service, probationary appointments have been given to Olof Peterson as assistant engineer of Light Vessel No. 54, and Sidney Arvigi as clerk at $840 in the Eighteenth district at San Francisco, Cal.

President Names Postmasters.

The President yesterday appointed the following postmasters:

Maryland—J. Vernon Padgett, jr., La Plata.

Virginia—John Peter Saul, Salem.

West Virginia—Walter L. Morris, Elkhorn.

Pennsylvania—William J. Burke, Mount Carmel; P. E. Sheedy, Pine Grove.

FAMOUS WOMAN HER BIRTHDAY AND YOURS

August 26—Emily Ellsworth Ford. Annie Turner Wittenmyer.

Emily Ellsworth Ford, who was born in Greenfield, Mass., 1828, and married Gordon Lester Ford in 1853, was an author of considerable distinction a generation or so ago.

Annie Turner Wittenmyer, who was born in Ohio, in 1827, was one of the best known of all the women who gained distinction as a nurse and philanthropist in the civil war, and well she deserved her distinction.

After her marriage she removed to Iowa, where she opened a free school at her own expense, and as soon as the civil war broke out she left her home to become a nurse. Before many months had passed her remarkable ability was recognized and she was made the State sanitary agent for Iowa. Through her hands from Iowa alone passed $150,000. She resigned this commission to undertake the work of the Christian Commission Diet Kitchen. In this work Mrs. Wittenmyer revolutionized the diet system of the Northern army, for she organized a model kitchen at Nashville, Tenn., where she provided daily food for 1,800 sick and wounded soldiers. She was under fire at Vicksburg, Pittsburgh Landing and other encounters, and was high in the councils of Lincoln and the leading Union generals. After the war she established the Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Davenport, Iowa. She was the first president of the National Womans' Christian Temperance Union, and wrote many popular hymns, and gained great popularity later as a lecturer on the civil war. In short, Mrs. Wittenmyer did a dozen things well, any one of which would have brought her fame.

(Copyright, 1915.)

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

HOROSCOPE.

Thursday, August 26, 1915.

This should be a favorable day for most business activities, since Jupiter rules strongly for good, both morning and evening. Uranus is in evil place.

Bankers should make the most of their opportunities, while this configuration prevails. They are warned, however, of a flurry that may cause a slight panic in Wall Street next month.

Merchants and manufacturers have a fortunate sign to guide them.

Brokers, commercial men, and physicians should prosper under this sway of the stars.

The good aspects of Jupiter are believed to incline toward honesty, justice and benevolence and this should be an auspicious day for pushing philanthropic or humanitarian projects.

Uranus has a sinister aspect for journeys. Travelers should be exceedingly cautious, especially those who journey in electrically propelled conveyances.

Fishermen should be exceedingly lucky today, if there is anything in ancient lore.

The stars indicate scandals that affect not only society, but politics. Graft and double-dealing in government supplies is foreshadowed.

Agitation by Socialists in the United States may lead to a sensational incident.

Another change in the President's Cabinet is prophesied. This will not be sensational.

Increase in insanity and ills produced by drinking will emphasize interest in prohibition next fall.

The Far East is subject to a malign rule which presages both physical and martial evils. Earthquakes, tidal waves, insurrections, and wars are indicated.

Catarrhal and rheumatic maladies will multiply from this time on, it is predicted. New diseases, also, will develop in the war-swept countries of Europe.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the forecast of a prosperous year in business, but domestic conditions may cause worry.

Children born on this day are likely to be thoughtful and studious. These subjects of Virgo may have an aptitude for the analytical sciences and the mechanical arts.

(Copyright, 1915.)

TODAY'S FASHION NOTE

A tailored costume in Belgique gray cloth trimmed in semi-military effect with black silk braid and metal buttons. The skirt has inverted plaits on either side of the front and the waist fastens over a vest of plain white silk. Below the belt it exploits a plaited peplum. In medium size the costume requires 4 1-2 yards 54-inch cloth, with five yards of braid and four dozen buttons. Pictorial Review Waist No. 6342. Sizes, 32 to 46-inch bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6369. Sizes, 22 to 36-inch waist. Price, 15 cents.

Pictorial Review Patterns On Sale at S. KANN, SONS & CO

DAILY SHORT STORY.

HIDDEN HOUSE.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Jack Shirley had accepted the assignment with a beating heart. If he made good on the first great "story" which the Chronicle had given him, he would stay with the bunch of regular reporters who covered the great cases, instead of hanging around police headquarters picking up stray items and sordid city court news.

"Remember, Jack, the man has been in prison for twenty years—once he was a great politician, a rich man, respected by all—but he was found out in a big steal. He's done time and now he is out. What is he going to do with the rest of his life? Bring me the story—and you'll get yours, see?" The chief smiled significantly and Jack, with his meagre data concerning the present whereabouts of Lawson Roberts, hustled away to catch the first train for a remote Long Island village, where it was said Roberts was in hiding.

At Sandyways Jack guardedly questioned the host of the solitary hotel. He reasoned that Lawson Roberts would seek sanctuary under an assumed name.

"Many strangers in town?" repeated the hotel man, thoughtfully nibbling a toothpick. "Can't say as there are. It's the end of the summer season and all the boarders have gone. I reckon you're an agent of some kind—maybe selling books?"

Jack smiled evasively.

"I'll bet there's one old party you couldn't sell a book to—not if you was to take off 90 per cent of the price," went on the man.

"Who is he?"

"Name's Robinson—taken the old Hidden House—used to be Judge Hidden's place. Celia Hidden married Lawson Roberts, the politician; he's in prison now for crooked dealing. His wife died ten years ago and the place belongs to the daughter. It's never been rented until recently, when Mrs. Hester Bird rented it. No one ever heard of her before; and now her brother, old man Robinson, and his daughter have arrived. And ther're all as close-mouthed and uppish as can be; as if Sandyways folks weren't good enough for them. And stingy—whew!"

"Well, you're not very encouraging," responded Jack with a bored air as he moved away. But when he was out of sight his pace quickened. The first urchin he met directed him to Hidden House on the outskirts of the village.

"There's a miser lives there," informed the boy, "and an old witch woman and a crazy girl. You better look out!"

"Good heavens!" muttered Jack, as he went on his way. "It certainly takes the unsophisticated rustic to make a lurid story out of a simple happening. Here is Lawson Roberts returning to his only refuge—the home that his daughter inherited from her grandfather, and no one has recognized in Robinson the criminal Roberts!"

Hidden House set back 200 feet from the highway, half concealed under an overgrowth of honeysuckle and wistaria vines. There was a sweep of lawn dotted with fine old oaks and chestnuts and towering locust trees a century old, but the uncared-for turf was a wilderness of weeds and the trees were untrimmed. A high hedge of arbor vitae surrounded the place.

Jack tried the front gate, but the iron portal was securely fastened. A wide carriage entrance was similarly barred against intrusion, and he finally entered a narrow, grassy lane that bordered one side of the grounds. Here he found a small gate set in the hedge that swung inward at his touch.

He approached the side entrance to the gloomy old house, passing a small, rustic summer house smothered in woodbine.

"Halt!" said a determined voice.

Jack halted to confront a wicked looking shotgun leveled by a sweet-faced, wide-eyed girl boyishly attired in a short khaki skirt and blouse, with high-laced tan boots on her pretty feet.

His hat came off and his look of inquiry was mingled with sincere admiration.

"Perhaps you didn't observe the 'No Tresspassing' signs," she remarked coolly.

"I didn't," he honestly confessed.

"They are plainly to be seen," she said significantly. "You can read them as you pass out."

"Thank you—but I want to see some one."

"Who are you looking for?" she asked sharply.

"Mr.—Roberts," he hazarded.

Her face paled and a desperate look came into the sweet eyes that should never have been troubled by sorrow.

"You mean Mr. Robinson?" she asked.

"I mean Lawson Roberts," he said, feeling like a brute.

The gun dropped suddenly as if her strength had failed her. "You—know?" she whispered.

"I guessed."

"You are a reporter?"

"Yes."

"I might have known it! You want to interview him, I suppose? Show the world what twenty years of prison life can do to a man? He has paid the price of his sin—let him alone!" she cried passionately.

"My—my paper—" he stammered, abashed at her emotion.

"Your paper!" she mimicked. "What is it to your paper what my father does now that justice has been satisfied? No one would listen to him when he protested his innocence in those old days—I was only a child, but I remember, the shadow that clouded our home. I suppose you will lose your position if you don't get a good story about my poor father!" How scornfully she looked at him!

"Hardly that," he said brusquely. He looked sharply down the path. The bent form of a man was hobbling painfully down the walk, pausing now and then to smell a late rose nodding on its stem or to gather the fresh green leaves of a shrub and press them against his hollow cheeks.

"He is like a child," she said tremulously. "He has been shut away from the world so long, and now everything is strange to him. I will not have him hounded by curiosity seekers! I will kill the first man who tries to interview him!" She ended in a fierce outburst that was strangely unlike her gentle personality.

"I will go, Miss Roberts," he said slowly. "Some day I'm coming back again, not as a reporter to interview your father, but as a friend to help prove his innocence!"

"Ah, thank you—but stay now and hear his story of the guilty man," she cried eagerly.

He shook his head. "I must throw up my present job before I can tackle another one," he smiled and went away.

In the Chronicle office he was only remembered as the cub who fell down on the Roberts assignment, but as Roberts and his daughter disappeared from Sandyways no one else covered the desired interview with the ex-convict.

Afterward, when a great criminal lawyer took up the Roberts case and proved the innocence of the old man, all credit was given to Jack Shirley for his strenuous efforts in the case, and when Jack married Celia Roberts people said he had his great reward.

The editor of the Cronicle mutteerd maledictions on womankind in general and pretty girls in particular.

"I wondered what queered that Roberts assignment," he frowned. "It was the girl in the case!"

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