PROMINENT PEOPLE

MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON

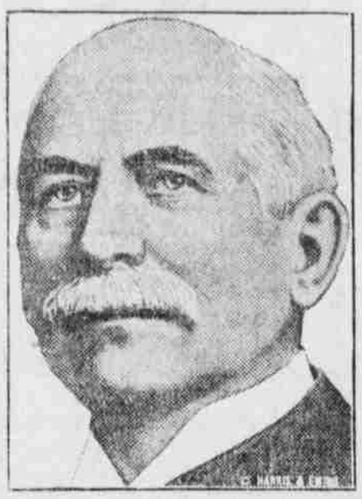
Thomas A. Edison is sixty-six. If he were to die now it would be difficult to estimate the loss to humanity. He has given it the lightning's flash for its tool. He has taken the very soul of harmony and imprisoned it for its toy.

Every day, every night he works in his laboratory out in those quiet, encircling hills, literally the wizard of the new world. Think, just for an instant, what the conservation of health and energy means to such a man. Loss of time or strength to him is loss to civilization. Disturb him, worry him, divert his mind and you may scatter a swarm of thoughts that are forming into one big idea, one great working principle that will make life safer and happier for your children.

It takes constant vigilance, unfailing patience, perfect love when you have a great, white-haired boy Prometheus on your hands to look after. Sixty-six years old, he is still only a big, eager, curious boy reaching out his hands to play with the fire from heaven, still lingering over the marvelous toys that he has plucked for himself from the sky.

And that is what the round of life means to Mrs. Thomas A. Edison—looking after Prometheus. She is the one "boss" that the wizard obeys.

WANTS GOOD ROADS FOR FARMERS



So much headway has been made by the good roads movement that the main question now seems to be merely whether the federal government shall help provide "business roads" or "touring roads." It is evident from a speech delivered by Congressman Dorsey W. Shackleford of Missouri, chairman of the house committee on public roads, at the third annual American Road congress at Detroit, that congress and the Wilson administration are disposed to consider first the interests of the farmers, who need good wagon roads to bring them closer to the market.

The "interstate-boulevard" idea is largely supported by the automobile people, whose campaigning for good roads has given the general movement much of its impetus. The so-called "touring class"—which, of course, includes automobile manufacturers and agents as well as owners—argue that the farmers would receive as many benefits from big interstate highways as anybody else, because those living along the main highways would use them, the value of their lands would be enhanced, and communities would be encouraged to build better local thoroughfares. There are several elaborate interstate schemes on foot. One of them is the Lincoln Memorial highway, an ocean-to-ocean road. Another is a great system of national roads extending to all parts of the country.

This plan is advocated by the National Highways association.

THRONE GOAL OF RUSSIAN PRINCESS?

Is the prince of Wales, heir to the throne of the British empire, the goal at which Grand Duchess Tatiana, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Russian Czar, is aiming in the race for a husband, in which she is said to be competing with her sister, Grand Duchess Olga, two years her senior?

The young people are second cousins, but are said to be much fascinated with each other and to be altogether willing that a speedy announcement of their betrothal be made. King George and Queen Mary of England have announced they will visit Russia at Easter time, and it is expected that official cognizance may be given the love match at that time.

The young prince of Wales saw much of Grand Duchess Tatiana, who is said to be one of the most beautiful children of royal parents in Europe, when she and her sister accompanied their mother to England on a visit. He had eyes only for Tatiana, though Grand Duchess Olga was nearer his own age.

That the announcement of the betrothal of Grand Duchess Tatiana may be made at Easter is keeping court gossips of many lands busy.

HIS SERMON AROUSES INTEREST

At the church congress the other day the bishop of London preached a sermon which has aroused very extraordinary interest. In the course of this, he said: "I would ask you to turn your eyes from this world to another; to look up from the heat and struggle of the stadium to those tiers after tiers of spectators who look down upon the conflict which they once knew so well. There they are in their million and tens of million. During my visit to Russia, when I had a long conversation through an interpreter with the authorities of the Russian church, nothing seemed to strike them more forcibly than the little connection which we seemed in our church to have with that multitude. They ended by saying: 'Surely, bishop, yours is a very unloving doctrine: we love our dear ones in the other world; they are close to us; our boys speak to their mothers in paradise as if they were in the same room. We are not Roman Catholics any more than you, and repudiate the claim of the pope to jurisdiction over us as you do, but we should miss sorely our belief in the prayers and intercessions for which we are allowed to ask from the great cloud of witnesses.'" Later, the bishop, acknowledging difficulties which he said must be faced and overcome if we are to assent to the revival of any form of direct invocation of saints in our public services, said: "It would 'strengthen the wavering line' more than we know if we thought more of those noble souls who still think of us, still pray for us, and still love us. I would plead, then, for a revival in the church of a belief in the great doctrine of the communion of saints." The sermon is regarded by some as "revolutionary."

NO ARBITRARY POINT IS SET FOR WAIST LINE

IT isn't often such a substantial and necessary adjunct of feminine apparel as the waist line is allowed the restless perambulations this season has permitted; and it seems no nearer becoming a settled and stationary affair than it did three months ago. Indeed, its restlessness appears to be daily increasing.

Candidly there is absolutely no stating where the most fashionable waist line is. Sometimes it rises high up under the bust at empire height, while again it is discovered dipping low down, fully three and even four inches below its normal position. In fact, in some instances there is no waist line to be discovered at all, except perhaps a faint suggestion at the sides where the surplice draping of the bodice might be guessed to follow the supposed line of the conventional waist.

This shifting panorama of waist positions is a most comfortable laxness for women in general. For the woman who is long bodied the high waist line is a welcome subterfuge, while, on the other hand, the woman who is long from the waist down can wear the dropped line at the belt most becomingly.

One extreme example of the waist line vagaries was illustrated rather sensationally in a suit shown not long ago, when the belt line both rose and fell in alternating fashion. The suit was of pale blue serge with an extravagantly bepuffed tunic of sea blue satin. Beaded pendants falling from the shore jacket were the only trimming. High in the front, the jacket closed and the tunic rose, both dipping together at each side and then rearing high again at the back. The effect was decidedly bizarre and not to be called handsome by any stretch of the imagination.

Model of Black and White Striped Taffeta With Satin Belt and Full Trimming.

Plain Handsome Matched Set

IT would be hard to improve upon this plain and handsome matched set, including turban and muff of brocade, trimmed with fur, which is pictured here. There are any number of fabrics suitable for such sets—satin with raised velvet figures, crepe woven in the same way, velvet plain and in the various brocades, crepe with satin figures, poplins, tursalis, mattalesee, etc.

These sets (matching or harmonizing in color with the suits having a small coat and waistcoat) serve to make up a quite pretentious costume. Muffs are large, as a rule, although there are exceptions, to this. They are flat and soft. Fabrics elaborate in themselves are best made up in plain designs like that which is set forth in the muff shown in the picture and in the turban as well as the muff.

Many of the muffs made of fabrics trimmed with fur are not made over a regular muff bed. Between the outside fabric and the lining of silk or satin, an interlining of wool batting provides warmth without too much bulk, so that muffs will be soft and slimpsy," as is the order of the day in fashions.

This universal slimpsiness is rather attractive, after all. Worn by youthful and vigorous persons it fails in 99 cases out of 100 to be convincing. For it is supposed to convey the idea of a fashionable lassitude and disposition to repose—"that tired feeling," in fact, translated into a style. Now, if there is one thing more than another which the American woman does not possess—it is the before mentioned tired feeling. Her restlessness is softened by the easy-going clothes of today. Let us hope that if they do not reflect her, she will reflect them to a certain degree, in a needed quiet of manner.

The very ample muff we were talking about bespeaks comfort. A wide border of fox fur trims it at the sides, and there is no other ornamentation, for which sensible development the designer deserves a vote of thanks from her feminine friends.

It is tacked together at the side, leaving an opening for the hands. There is a "shirred-on" pocket on the lining, which will accommodate a handkerchief or two, a small purse or a vanity case. One pocket is a convenience, but several are a delusion. Things always get in the wrong pocket, and can never be found quickly.

The turban consists of a band about the head, which supports a small dome-shaped frame of buckram, like a rather high skull cap. The top of this is covered with a small piece of the brocaded velvet. There is a wide, bias puff about the brim and crown, with its fullness disposed in plaits laid wherever necessary to get the proper adjustment. The puff managed in this way falls to the right side. A graduated band of fur, wider at the left than at the right side, begins at the front, where its narrow end is fastened under the plaits in the fabric. It is brought around the turban and terminates under the pair of short, full ostrich half plumes which are used for trimming.

This turban and muff will prove a safe choice for almost any wearer, so far as becomingness is concerned. They are equally well adapted to fabrics for day or evening wear. Better than all, in them is solid comfort as well as style and real beauty.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

THEIR HERMIT HOST

By MARY D. ARNOTT.

The little schoolma'am, her face framed in her two hands, her elbows on her desk, looked thoughtfully through the open window into the autumn woods. It was late afternoon and the country school room was deserted—yet Miss Leddon remained at her desk.

It had been her custom during her five years of service in the school to give her pupils a Hallowe'en party in the little school house. Now, as the time for celebrating the day drew near, she found her finances in such a deplorably low state that she could not spare sufficient money to buy the pumpkins, the doughnuts and nuts and marshmallows that had always added so much to the festivities. She knew that the children looked forward to the party and she was deeply disappointed when she realized that she could not give it to them. As she sat at her desk she tried to dispel the thought of how the doctor bills for her mother's illness during the summer had eaten into her savings and were even now draining her purse. She tried to scheme some manner of giving the party without funds.

The schoolhouse was situated on the edge of a wood and adjoining the wood on the hillside there was a small farm. Miss Leddon remembered having seen some ripening pumpkins lying on the vines not far from the entrance to the farm. She wondered who lived in the tiny farmhouse at the top of the hill. She wondered, too, as she sat there dejectedly, why the person who did live there did not receive the mental messages she kept sending across the woods longing to have those pumpkins offered to her for the Hallowe'n party.

At last she got up, put away her few books and pencils, closed and locked the windows and stepped out into the crisp air. She would stop such ineffective methods and go and ask for some of the pumpkins. It was not for herself that she wanted them; it was for all the children of the countryside. Perhaps some of them lived in that very farm house though Cora Leddon hoped not—it was such a tiny house that it would scarcely enclose a family of children.

She tramped along the path through the woods kicking the autumn leaves beneath her feet and gaining courage for her mission with each step.

When she reached the gate leading up the hill to the house she opened it with some of her old-time confidence and began the ascent. On one side she saw the golden pumpkins peeping out here and there from among the withering vines and fallen cornstalks; on the other side of the road great feathery asparagus fern swayed in the gentle fall breeze. The farmer must have made a specialty of corn and asparagus, the little schoolma'am decided—a spring specialty and an autumn product.

As she reached the small plateau on which stood the diminutive stone farm house a grizzled man came out to greet her.

"Greetings," said the stranger, pleasantly. His voice, the girl thought, was far more attractive than his appearance.

"How do you do," she replied, smiling. "I have come to beg of you," she said.

"Sit down and get your breath," the bearded man said, offering her a rustic chair near the door.

Miss Leddon sat down and explained her plan and then asked him for the pumpkins. As she talked to him she observed his eyes; they were as blue as the sky overhead and seemed the bluer for the mass of sandy whiskers he permitted to grow all over his lower face and the heavy shock of sandy hair on his head. His clothes were of a dull tan corduroy and his skin was tanned to almost the same shade thus leaving the intense blue of his eyes the only spot of color in his entire makeup.

"Suppose I say I can not let you take them," the man remarked with almost a twinkle in his eyes. "Suppose I tell you of a scheme that presents itself to me even as you unfold yours to me?"

Cora Leddon's face fell. "Of course if you refuse—"

"I haven't refused," he hastened to tell her. "I merely suggest another plan. May I?" he asked, looking down at her.

"Certainly," acquiesced Cora without enthusiasm.

"Let me gather the pumpkins for your party and give you and your pupils the use of my little stone farm house for the occasion. It would be much more like the real old-fashioned spooky Hallowe'en parties I remember as a child. Leave it all to me—only come and bring your school. Will you Miss Leddon?"

"That really seems like asking too much of you," she demurred.

He raised a protesting hand. "Not at all. I've lived a hermit's life here for two years and it will be a delight to me to have you. All I ask is your promise to come."

"Very well—I promise," said the little schoolma'am, rising to go.

On the walk home to the farm where she boarded Cora Leddon's thoughts were full of the personality of the man in the stone house. He seemed so unkempt, so grizzled, so unconventional—and yet his voice and his kind blue eyes made her think he had not always been so.

When school opened Monday morning she told the pupils of the Hallowe'en party she was giving them and asked them to dress in sheets and pillowcases and to meet her at the schoolhouse on the following Friday evening at 7 o'clock. She told them she had a surprise in store for them. The week passed quickly and the thought of the approaching gayety spurred the boys and girls on to good work and obedience.

Hallowe'en was a crisp, cool evening and the twenty-odd pupils of the little country school assembled promptly at 7 o'clock. The teacher, similarly clad but wearing a great witch cap on her head to distinguish her from the children, counted her flock and helped them to secure their garb before the tramp through the wood.

They arrived at the farm to see a perfect fairyland of lights and lanterns. The trees about the old stone house were hung with gay lanterns and festoons of gay trimmings were everywhere. A table groaned with good things to eat from mince and pumpkin pie—which Miss Leddon knew only a man would have provided for children—to nuts and raisins. As each child passed the gate he was presented with a tiny swinging lantern and the evening was merrily spent around the bonfires toasting marshmallows, singing and popping chestnuts.

The strange part of it all was the absence of the host and as the evening wore on and Miss Leddon made merry with the children she began to wonder why he did not appear.

When the bonfires were burning low and the spirits of the young folks began to show evidences of the hour, a young man in evening clothes appeared in the doorway of the tiny house. Miss Leddon looked up at his face as it was illumined by the flame from a pumpkin lantern. It was the grizzled hermit of the farm—none other. She went quickly toward him and he held out his hand.

"I hope you have all enjoyed yourselves," he said, smiling at the expression in her eyes.

"Indeed we have," Cora managed to say "But—why have you absented yourself? I was not sure you were not one of us draped in a sheet and pillow case, too—until we took off the white headgear and revealed ourselves."

The man laughed. "No—I've been inside watching you all. I've been sitting quietly in my dim little window there realizing what I have missed in life—realizing what a fool I have tried to make of myself. Half an hour ago I went to my meager toilet table and—the result is what creates that expression in your face this minute. Is it not, Miss Leddon?"

Cora nodded. "It surely is," she laughed. "I knew you—but it was only because I knew your eyes—and your voice, when you spoke."

The man looked pleased. "I shall be a hermit no longer. The world is still good in spite of the fickleness of a young girl in whom I once centered my entire youthful life," he laughed.

Cora laughed with him. "It's usually a girl when a man does silly things, isn't it?" she asked, naively.

He nodded. "Also—it is usually a girl—a woman—who makes him do the better things, is it not?" he questioned.

Cora interpreted the veiled compliment and turned toward her young charges. "Come and meet them all—my children—and then let us bid you good night," she said, a blush covering her with confusion.

"I'll walk down the hill with you and learn where you live—if I may?"

"You may," said Cora.

"And perhaps you'll help me not to be a hermit any more."

"Perhaps I will," the girl said as he followed her to the group of tired children by the flickering bonfire.

FOUND A CONGENIAL ZONE

Woman's Explanation as to Why She Liked That Particular Neighborhood.

The flats in that neighborhood were too small and the prices too high, yet the man's wife said they would take one.

"The neighborhood," she added, "is becoming to me."

"Absurd," said her husband, "I never heard of such a thing."

"Maybe not, but you will hear a lot about it before very long," said she. "Every one of us, men and women alike, shows off to better advantage in certain parts of town. People are just beginning to find that out, and as soon as they discover their congenial zone they will naturally settle down there.

"The reason for their changed appearance is purely psychological. Take you, for example. Owing to your peculiar temperament you ought never to venture outside the financial district. You are twice as good looking south of Fourteenth street as you are north of it. Some people look their best in the shopping district, others in the hotel and theater streets, while others come out strongest in a quiet, residential neighborhood. I have found that this very block brings out my good points, so here we stop."

"But it is north of Fourteenth street," the man protested. "How about me?"

"You?" she returned. "Oh, it doesn't matter about you."—New York Times.

A Liberal Man.

It was the bride's first request for money.

"I must have some pin money," she said.

"Certainly," said the groom. "Here is a quarter. That ought to buy five or six papers of pins."