

Comment



by Mme. X.

One Was Married Last Monday;
the Other to Be Married Soon



Concerning Phone
Rates, Prohibition,
and Other Matters

By Mme. X.

AM I my brother's keeper?
No, but I am my brother's
niece, little, one eyed, wire
haired, stump tailed scapegoat.
And my sister's too.

Because my brother makes a public
nuisance of himself by getting drunk,
disorderly, dangerous, and generally
utterly offensive, and unendurable I
am to be deprived from July 1 on of
an occasional glass of innocuous Cali-
fornia chianti, well diluted with water.

Because my sister sits at her tele-
phone hour after hour, in utterly idle,
useless, often dangerous gossip, calling
up her equally shallow and garrulous
kind, I am to be deprived from to-
morrow on of the care free, casual use
of my far from overworked telephone
and am henceforth to brood and fret
over how I may keep my telephone
bills within the limits of an immoder-
ately moderate income.

The feeling aroused by the dry law
is as if you were obliged to have a per-
fectly good molar pulled because your
brother's molar had pus sacs at their
roots. That aroused by the curtail-
ment of free service telephones is as
if you were told that, because your sister
breathed noisily or over much,
every breath you should draw hereaf-
ter was to be metered.

The many years of flat rate tele-
phone service have planted deep with-
in us the conviction that such service
was an inalienable right, whereas it
has been a privilege that, like all priv-
ileges, has been paid for by others. Had
we used this unlimited service with
moderation it might still be ours for
a little longer, but not much. A 40
per cent advance in wages of telephone
girls in the last year would have to be
met by increased revenues sometime.

Rates Under Measured System.

The telephone company answers
\$21,000,000 calls a year from flat rate
telephones. It is expected that \$1,000,
000 of these will be eliminated by the
new system. If you are careful and
teetotal you may find the measured
system to your financial advantage.

A visit to the company's general of-

fices to examine its system of measur-
ing service was both interesting and
reassuring. When a little round
green or red eye blinks at the operator
showing that you are through using
your wire she disconnects and pulls a
registering lever. She can't pull it
unless your telephone is on its hook.

The department harboring the me-
ters is a curious place. The meters are
little rolls of numbers stacked from
floor to ceiling in glass cases and so
quick is the movement as each regis-
ters that it's hard to get more than
the flash of an eyelash as they turn.
But there's a little, subdued, dry whirl
there that is more like the rustle of
the giant cockroaches that used to in-
fest that old fifty ton steamer, Sir Wil-
liam McKinnon, on Victoria Nyanza in
central Africa, than any other sound I
know.

Seven thousand girls are employed
as telephone operators here. They earn
from \$17.50 a week up, with pay for
overtime and holidays. They work
two hours, then rest fifteen minutes.
The company provides comfortable and
attractive rest rooms and "silence"
rooms, and runs a restaurant where
excellent meals are provided "free
gratis for nothing." It also has estab-
lished at Warrenville, Ill., an attrac-
tive country home for the women em-
ployees where they can spend their vaca-
tions at a moderate charge of \$4 a
week. A social service department
looks out for the welfare of the girls
outside of working hours.

In short, it appears to be an up to
date organization and not one of the
old-fashioned, hard-nosed corpora-
tions, breeders of bolsheviks and
W. W.s.

An Old Telephone.

Even these considerations may not
mollify the bitter feelings of thou-
sands of us who have for thirty years
been enjoying the license of unlimited
service. By the way, one of the old-
est telephones in town, one of the
first installed in the early days when
telephones were young and untamed, is
that in Judge G. A. Carpenter's house.
It was put in in the eighties by his
father-in-law, the late Dr. R. N. Isham.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phee of
Kenwood announce the marriage of
their niece, Marie Anna Phee, to
Capt. Corwine Ewing Roach, U. S.
A. The wedding took place last
Monday.

and—"inhabitable diet"—its number has
never been changed in all these years
of many changes.

Faced as we are by the necessity of
adjusting ourselves to many new con-
ditions and expenses, how admirably
these palm shaded, slumberous South
Sea Isles—that are in the back of
everybody's mind—how alluringly they
beckon from the horizon! There are
no drivers striking to raise the price of
milk in the coconut. No strike of
bakers makes the bread fruit tree with-
hold its produce. No fanatics are there
to drag us willy nilly from the soft,
velvety, tropical waters because some
of our feeble fellow mortals are
drowned therein.

Where You Meet the Lobster.

Chicago is full of strange surprises.
Who, for instance, would expect to find
the elusive lobster in his prime far
out on West Chicago avenue in a
region of stark, ill featured factories?
Yet there, in a meticulously clean es-
tablishment, you are introduced to a
lively crustacean who, when lifted
from his downy bed of splintered ice
and placed on the shimmering glass
counter, crawls eagerly towards you,
salutes you with one succulent claw,
while he tries to shake your hand
with the other.

In half an hour you meet
him again, his animation gone, but his

comb, ill. The service will be read
at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at
Christ's church in Winnetka, and
will be followed by a reception at
the residence of the bride's parents,
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Blossom,
in Hubbard Woods.

sweet, wholesome, tender, white meat
just off the broiler and ready to make
you forget for a time prohibitionists
and E. A. Sunnys.

It's a long drive to this lair of the
lobster, and when you get there they
make you "pay by the nose," as the
French say, but it's very chic to motor
out there and many a cheerful party
of well known members of the
smart set journeys westward in search
of this delectable shellfish. At this
season a tribe of nimble, soft shell
crabs also compete with the lobster
for your recognition.

When you've sucked the last bit
from the last claw and the too fre-
quent patronage of the nickel-a-tune
piano begins to frazzle your nerves, a
turn in a swiftly driven, open motor
around those mystery laden west side
boulevards soothes the distress and
cools the fire aroused by the bill.

To drive for miles through the fra-
grance of a dusky summer night over
smooth asphalt, under heavily foli-
aged trees, with occasional glimpses
through the leaves of shining park
lagoons, or of the cheerful lights
streaming forth from the innumerable
little homes is to get the cream from
June in the city. And thousands
nightly skim this cream on Chicago
boulevards.

The gay world that swings society
in the "winter season is fast dispersing
nowadays. Today Mrs. John A. Car-

Meeker Jr., while not far away the
Marshall Fields will be established.
The "Joe" Coleman Jr., by the
way, have sold their exquisite place
in the middle of Montecito valley
—sold it with everything in it—and
have bought a ranch in the mountains
that rise like crested waves behind
that part of southern California.

Chicagoans in the warm season, as a
rule, fly from our inland sea to some
salt sea settlement, and also have a
tendency to flock together, summer as
well as winter.

If you chance to spend July in York
Harbor, Me., you'll think you're on
the Lake Shore drive when you take
your morning stroll, for in all prob-
ability you'll meet Mrs. Bryan Leith-
rop, Mr. and Mrs. Watson Blair, Mrs.
John G. Black, Miss Frances Keep,
Mrs. C. B. Macdonald (an ex-Chicagoan
but nevertheless a loyal one), Mrs. F.
S. Eames, Mrs. B. S. Worthington,
Mrs. Henry Dibbles, Mr. and Mrs.
John T. May, and Frank Cramer.

While in August at Bar Harbor
you will again encounter several
of these local celebrities and a lot
more, including Mrs. R. Hall McCor-
mick, Miss Elizabeth McCormick, Mr.
and Mrs. Robert H. McCormick, Ed-
ward T. Blair, Miss Edith Blair, Mr.
and Mrs. William G. Beale, Mr. and
Mrs. E. O. Howard, Mrs. Joseph T.
Bowen, Miss Mary Rozet Smith, Mr.
and Mrs. William Prescott Hunt, Miss
M. J. Rozet, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L.
Strobel, and Miss Marion Strobel—
quite a galaxy!

Bridgeton Pool, which lies half way
between the two harbors—York and
Bar—has an annual attack of Chic-
agoitis when the E.W. Cramers, the Pot-
ter Palmers, Howard Gillette, and Mrs.

Dibbles open their houses there. This
year Mrs. Jacob Baur and her little
girl will occupy Mrs. Dibbles's house.

Goes to Seashore.
When she has put the finishing
touches on her portrait of Eames Mac-
Veagh Mrs. Cecil Clark Davis will
hurry to join her mother, Mrs. John
M. Clark, at Marlon, Mass., where she
can plunge almost from her front
porch into the cool, tranquil waters of
an inlet of the sea. She's a fine swim-
mer as well as a devoted tennis player.

The Robert Carys, the Augustus Pea-
bodys, and Alexander Smiths are to
join the Chicago colony at Hyannisport
this year.

Mrs. Robert McGann and her young
daughter are to start soon on an ex-
tensive motor trip which will begin at
Buffalo and take them through New
York state and several New England
states. They are going where they
list—and nowhere else.

The repeated invasion of her Lake
Forest house last winter by a band of
young women students from a near-by
boarding school so annoyed and dis-
tressed Mrs. McGann that she says
she never wants to occupy the desec-
rated home again. The performance
was a peculiarly wanton and aggressive
one, showing a singular disregard of
the rights of others. Having soiled
her carpets and furniture, read and
scattered about her correspondence,
and put her whole dwelling into a dis-
heveled condition, all the young wom-
en say is: "We never had such a
good time in all our lives."

Maj. Dunn Honored.

A quiet, steady, unremitting atten-
tion to duty in his fourteen months'
service in France as general purchas-
ing agent for our aviation board won

WEDDINGS

The marriage is announced of Miss
Dorothea Eaglesfield, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. James T. Eaglesfield of In-
dianapolis, to Maj. Ray Claflin Bridge-
man, son of Prof. Walter R. Bridge-
man and Mrs. Bridgeman of Lake For-
est. The wedding took place on Thurs-
day in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Geahart of 3723
Sheridan road announce the marriage
on Wednesday of their daughter, Lu-
cile, to James J. O'Connor.
[Continued on page three.]

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mer with discriminat-
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women.

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sighted discretion with which the Stevens
specialization prepares for every reasonable re-
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SUITS, CAPES and DRESSES such as these assortments reveal will distinguish the
wearer wherever she appears, personifying her individuality in appropriate dress at COUN-
TRY CLUB FUNCTION or unpretentious SPORTS OUTING—on MOTOR TOUR, PROM-
ENADE or afternoons at home. It is particularly delightful and gratifying to select from col-
lections so completely equipped, so versatile in style interpretation and exquisite color tints.

Women's Shop, Fourth Floor.

Misses' Shop, Third Floor.

Alluring Blouses of Georgette

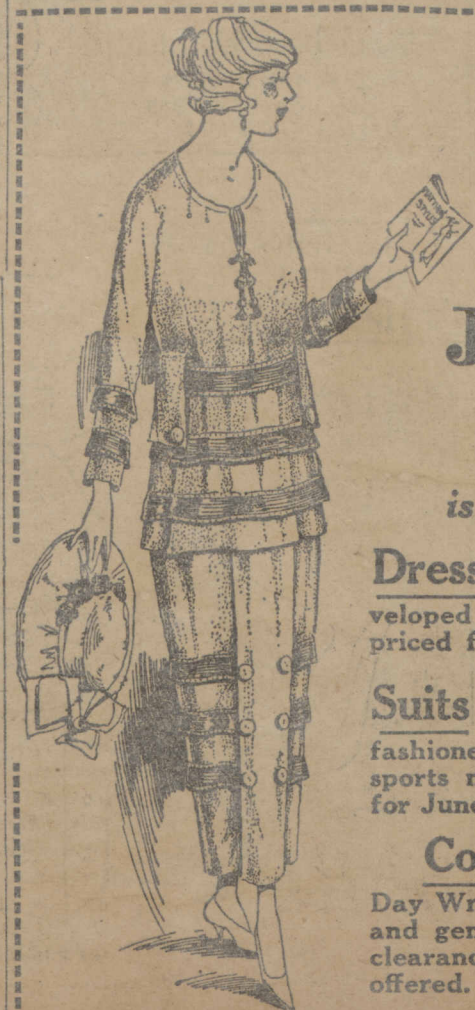


When one may purchase Blouses of
such rare daintiness at a price note-
worthy for its moderation, how simple
a matter it becomes to keep the sum-
mer wardrobe fresh-looking and attrac-
tively neat.

The two charming Blouses illustrated are
true examples of the almost unlimited array
of irresistible models which the visitor to
our Blouse Section will approve. Artistry
of decorative detail, harmony of color tones
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