EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1914.

FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOME-NEW IDEAS PRACTICAL FASHIONS AND ARTICLES The Bachelor and the Spin-



not wither nor custom state. Their Infinite variety is, moreover, Indicrounly noticeable. The whole gamut of emotions and resolves are therein included.

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Yes, we all make New Year resolutions and we all break them. It would appear that they are just made to be broken. Yet we can find excuses for the well-

Intentioned person who, having resolved on a certain high line of action and planned out a gloriously ideal campaign account the intention as well as the deed. her part. The woman who fails to make any sort

of good resolves on the approach of a

new year is the only person to be truly nitled. For such an one can have no and monotonous round.

. . . The making of good resolves always | cannot be worth the having. Mrs. Smith must have an unlifting tendency, even will find that her new resolution will pay when we fail to carry them out. But the her in the end, for not only will she have forming of resolutions for the New Year a new respect for herself, which was should be approached in no light spirit. strangely lacking heretofore, but she will "Aim at the moon and you hit the make better and worthler friends than stars" is not a good policy in this con- the old crowd of parasites who hung on nection. The resolutions should be few her gossipy stories and probably maligned and not too hard to keep.

The average person, despite all the cynicism of the pessimists, would like to live up to high ideals. Unfortunately, however, human nature is weak. We all mean so well, yet we all disappoint ourselves in nonfulfilment:

"Light half-believers of our casual creeds Who ne'sr have clearly thought, nor clearly willed. Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds. Whose vague resolves nover have been ful-filled."

1. 1. 1. - 70 It is a pity that the making of new resolutions should be confined to one sea- the herald of a happier and a better exson of the year. Good resolutions can-

The "Worth-While" Girl

Did you ever meet a girl who struck

you as being 100 per cent. worth while?

She is not very common, and if you

like that. And she shares her pleasures

and keeps her troubles to herself. "She never makes sport of the faults or defects of others. She is always kind in her judgments, and has a good word for every one. She is slow to criticise, accepts favors gracefully and returns them stadly.

"She does her share in the daily work,

she never tries to unload her responsi-bility on some one else, but does all she can to lighten her neighbor's load. "She is loyal to her friends, devoted to those she loves and generous toward all. She lives on the sunny side, as far as is in her power and is ever sympa-

and is in her power, and is ever sympa-thetic toward those who walk in the shade. She finds the world a good place

acquaintances may help you.

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944

to live in.

The making of New Year resolutions, not be formed too frequently, if they is a time-honored fetish which age can- are combined with a genuine sincerity and a wish for self-improvement.

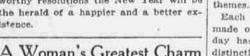
Mrs. Smith is perhaps the gossip of the neighborhood, and she knows it. Let her remolve to cut out all the spiteful talk and slandering of reputations which have hitherto proved so delectable to her and her friends. It is doubtless hard for Mrs. Smith to refrain from her interesting pursuit. For, not only to the retailer of gossip, but to the listeners also, is gossip for the coming year, falls of its ful- interesting. Mrs. Smith will find it hard filment. The wish to achieve has been to give up her old habit, for her friends there, and a wise providence takes into will resent any such good resolution on

. . . "Mrs. Smith isn't half so entertaining as she used to be." they will say, and she may not be welcomed nearly so cordially ideals, and without ideals life is a dull at the homes of her former cronies, but friendship formed on the basis of gossip

and the slandering of others' reputations.

her behind her back. In the making of good resolves for the new year, each to their own taste, or rather to their own fallings. The lazy girl should aim at the curing of her unfortunate tendency, the uncharitable girl should resolve to be kinder, broader in her judgments; the sharp-tongued girl should decide to be pleasanter in her ways.

In the making and the keeping of worthy resolutions the New Year will be Istence.



A Woman's Greatest Charm Beautiful Eyes

Lucretia Borl, in one of her famous beauty talks, tells how to care for the eyes during the cold weather.

want to know just what being worth "The eyes become strained and bloodwhile consists of, the following descripshot," she says, "and often the eyelids tion of this type of girl by one of her become inflamed. There are many healing and soothing lotions that should have "Mary doesn't consider every disapa place on every dressing table, for even pointment a calamity. She can smile when the eyes are only tired they bewhen things go wrong, and you know come red and inflamed. Here is an exthe old line about the man worth while cellent eye tonic for tired eyes: is the man who can smile-well, Mary's

Sulphate of sinc5 grains Powdered alum5 grains Water (boiled and cooled)......1 gill "To prepare this mix the ingredients

together until the powders have dissolved. Now filter carefully through a piece of bolting cloth or coarse brown paper. Pour the liquid into an eye cup and open

and close the lids in this bath. "When the eyes are inflamed by tears there is nothing more effective than to bathe them with hot water. Fill a basin with as hot water as you can stand and saturate pieces of antiseptic gauze. Ap-ply these to the eyes and change as soon

vore here

and tempting variations of the old set themes. Each one of the little morning caps made of ribbon and lace illustrated today has an individual touch to give it

in construction and models that could be copied with ease at home.

artistic. Neither thing depends on the cost, for the least expensive materials show lovely colors and tones, and they are as soft and pliable, in many instances, as silk or satin

favorite, but it is wide and it will wear almost indefinitely and tub much better than many cotton fabrics.

Crepe de chine boudoir caps, in the pale peach color, are charming with a ruffle of lace and a bow of ribbon to complete them The kimono pattern furnishes the foun-

dation for the majority of negligees. Instead of the simple bands at sleeves and neck, ruffles of lace or ribbon will give variety-or box plaited quillings of the material itself.

as the heat leaves. In a short time the blood will rush to the face, and when it recedes the lids will be in a normal con-dition. The same treatment is good for foreign particles lodged in the eyeball or eyelid. A boracic acid solution is good There is a perfect tidal wave of petticoats that threatens a burst of frou-frou. the small white drawing room at Monkthe like of which has not been seen in some time. A matinee jacket and a petticoat to match are pretty possessions and useful, too. The jacket may be merely some fanciful form of the kimono abbreviated to waist or hip length, and the petticoat can be as simple or as much beruffled or befrilled as the inclination dictates. For very inexpensive negligees there is nothing more suitable at this time of the year than outing flannel or flannelette, as it is sometimes called. It comes in soft shades of pink and blue in the solid colors, and there are printed flannelettes of very artistic design. A tub silk lined with an inexpensive flannel is another good choice for cold weather. The Japanese way of running up kimonos with coarse thread and ripping them apart each time they are laundered has much to recommend it. They are made by hand and very quickly in the first place, and every time they are put together again they seem like new, The negligees that the shops offer are rather expensive as a rule. It is diffi-cult to find pretty things made of good unless one can alord to put a good deal of money into the ready-made gar-ments, it is better to fashion them at home. There are odd lengths of silk and rib-bon in the shops from time to time that can be transformed into the most inti-

TRADE TRUISMS-BY SARA MOORE "Eventually, why not now?" JOHN ERLEIGH

SCHOOLMASTER A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor." CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.
Guy Winberley, son of Anne, the Architectures of Winberley, is at Harpires Kehool, of which John Erleigh is head marked. Lord Arthur Meriet, uncle of a plot to put the boy out of the way. Dick which is head of the start of the start of the boy out of the start, is head of the start of the start

CHAPTER XI (CONTINUED)

mother had taken her to see him at the hospital. And he laughed and said that he had just flung his arms out anyhow. But she knew that it was not true. The color mounting to his cheeks had told

her that. The memory of his face came back very clearly to her now, as she sat in the big chair by the fire. When she had first seen it in the box at the opera it had reminded her of a small picture that hung in the Long Gallery-a monk seated at the keys of an organ, with the light from some window far overhead streaming down upon his forehead and his slim delicate hands. She had noticed the hands of James Travers-had looked at them on purpose. They were just like those of the monk-the hands of a musician-strong and slender and supple. It was not until afterwards that she learned that he was a pianist of more than ordi-nary ability, and that he was eating his heart out in the dull routine work of a big bank. Mrs. Travers had told her that. "When he gets better." she thought,

"we must do something for him. Surely with all our money we can do something gan?' for him."

It pleased her to think of the power of great wealth. She had grown so used to everything that money can purchase that between the set on very well with the boys-"Yes; but his past?" It pleased her to think of the power of

Sara Moore

"You see, this is an old, old set of mother's, and very old-fashioned looking. Jack couldn't afford a new one this year, was over and she looked at her white, so I decided to try upholstering it myself. You see, it didn't do any harm either way, tear-stained face in the oval mirror, she saw the face not of a child, but of a woif I succeeded in making it look well or man. A new and wonderful and terrible thing had come into her life-something "I went downtown on a shopping tour that as yet she hardly understood. one day and bought some lovely rose chintz for 25 cents a yard. Then I came home and set to work. I fitted each chair

CHAPTER XIL

"Lord Arthur Meriet would like to speak to you, sir," said the servant. John Erleigh looked up from a letter as was writing and smiled. "I'll see Lord Arthur in here," he said.

"Now, sir?" "Yes, now-at once." He placed a sheet of blotting paper over the letter he was writing and was stand-

silver.

afraid."

with him?"

oung Wimberley

ory serves me-'

boy.'

I wanted chintz hangings. These were just straight pieces of the goods edged with ball fringe, which, by the way, is only a few cents a yard. The thin undering in front of the fire when Lord Arthur entered the room. "Hope I'm not disturbing you?" said

Cluny lace. "Home-made cushions of imitation filet lace, made over pale blue covers, looked very pretty on the sofa. I had quite a little chintz silk left from an old blouse, the visitor, shaking hands. "I've only just come down from town and thought I'd look you up before I went on to Monkso I just shirred it on a wire form and made the cute little lampshade you are "I'm glad to see you," said Erleigh, admiring."

simply. "Take your coat off, won't you? It's bad weather for traveling, I'm "You certainly have done well, my dear, I wish I could do the same. I'm going to tell mother, because I know she'd love to Lord Arthur took off the heavy fur coat try It."

and placed it on a chair. Erleigh offered him a clgar and lit one himself. "I-I've come on rather an unpleasant

job," said Lord Arthur after a few mo-ments of silence; "a rotten job, in fact. To come straight to the point. I want you to get rid of your science master." John Erleign frowned and then laughed

"All the young folks seem to be marry-ing off at once," said a matron the other day, "and now that the holidays are here one can't afford shower gifts and Christto conceal his anxiety. "Vertigan?" he queried. "My dear Lord Arthur, why should I get rid of Verti-

"Well, in return, I'll ask you a question: Do you know much about Verti-gan?" "Only that he is an excellent teacher,

mas and wedding presents, too. It's dread-fully expensive. Marjorie was saying the

"I'll tell you what some girls I know did," answered her friend, "They were in the same beat. One of their best friends was going to be married and they had de-

distinction, although they are all simple

There is very little excuse nowadays for negligees that are not pretty and

Creps de chine is perhaps the greatest

The French bouquet offers a possibility

Modes of the Hour The dainty, frilly, fluffy things that all women love appear constantly in new

to live in." Any girl can be popular if she has a disposition like this. Unfortunately, this natural kindliness is born in very few, and to acquire it means hard, patient en-deavor. There are so many little mean-nesses to contend with, so many small faults which bob up and discourage one that the both seems honeless at times that the battle seems hopeless at times. So many sirls ask how to be popular, and there is only one answer. Real pop-ularity implies the perfection of one's naularity implies the perfection of one's na-ture. There is a sort of transient pop-ularity which may seem attractive at the time, but it is gained by firiations and ends disastrously as a rule. True and permanent popularity depends on character. A great many girls overlook this, and wonder why, when they are young and pretty, popularity shuns them. Men are attracted by looks, but if these are not accompanied by more durable qualities, the plain, real girl wins in the long run. For the girl who is lovely in character is popular all the year round. 111 22

The Feet in Winter

Biost people laugh at the slang expression, "cold feet," but the latter are no joke if you have them. Anybody who has been tired out at night and has been further tormented by cold feet, which effectually prevent sleep, will appreciate a specialist's advice on this matter. "First of all," he says, "I warn you to keep the feet warm and dry. In the cold

weather a woman will wear a heavy wrap over her evening gown, but she will

"They will not fit over her light slippers, "They will not fit over her light slippers, or it is too much trouble to wear shoes and carry the slippers. So she goes out in the rain or slush with her feet and ankles unpretected. If women only real-ised how much of their foot trouble is due to this these would toward using the due to this, they would immediately re form

But now that they have diaregarded the warnings, and chilblains follow, we must find a cure. At the earliest indi-cation of the irritation, when the feet itch and the toes become infance, when the test itch, and the toes become infanced, rub them with warm spirits of rosemary and a tiny bit of turpentine. If the affment is advanced rub with control disngened with campbor. Camphorated vaseline is

"Take especially good care of your cir-culation. Take plenty of exercise, so that the blood will flow freely to all the ex-tremities, and this will keep your feet warmer than artificial application.

"A well-known way to test the 'effi-ciency' of your fest is to try to pick up a pencil with the toes. This sounds very a pencir with the book of the sounds very carsy, but hime people out of the can't do it. A well-known specialist says it is the best indication of how your shoes fit. The jdes is that pointed shoes gramp and disable the toes."

To Prevent Patent Shoes From Cracking

Vaseline or fresh butter rubbed into matshi hather boots or shoes, twice a week, will prevent them from cracking. If however, a shoe has been already dam-aged, sub the crack gently with a little free said paper, and wipe with a soft cloth. Then paint the damaged place with black snamel, and the shoe will look mite new assin. maile new again.

White Clothes

A allow of lamon out thickly, and with the rind do, if out hits the boller when boiling the distinct will keep them beau-trail, white and get out all the states from handbeeringen and children's plan-ters. Let it semitim in the boller unit the distance are unit, the boller unit

for the eyes. "Every woman would like to have

bright eyes, and the oldest and best rem-edy for this is tea. The tannic acid in tea is an excellent astringent. Brew the tea in the usual manner, and when it has become cold strain it. Then bathe the eyes in it freely. Lack of sleep and indigestion make the eyes almost expresgionless."

In the Kitchen

Pressed beef: Two quarts of water, one and one-half pounds common sait, two ounces saitpetre, half pound molasses. Mix saltpetre and molasses in hot water; let the beef lie with mixture ten days, and then boll it until the bones drop out. Put it into a shape with a heavy weight on it.

To Keep Celery

To keep celery for a week or even longer, first roll it up in brown paper, then in a towel, and put it into a dark, cool place. Before preparing it for the table put into a pan of cold water and let it put into a pan of cold water and let it remain there for an hour to make it crisp and cool.

Candle Ends

Candle Links The ends of candles are very useful in kindling the fire. Cut them into small pieces and distribute them among the kindling; the fire will burn up much more quickly.



ATTRACTIVE BOUDOIR CAPS FOR THE SMART WOMA-

silver. She was playing a quaint little 17th century air-very softly and with a certain amount of real feeling in spite of the faulty execution. Outside the house the snow lay deep over the countryside, a cold wind was blowing from the north and the gray skies gave warning of more

snow. On the white paneled walls of the room hung a portrait of her mother, and it might almost have passed for a picture of Joan herself in the costume of 20 years ago. It looked down on her with a gentle smile, and overy now and then the girl would glance up at it. Her mother had been up in London for two days, and

Wimberley had gone back to school. This deture seemed to be a sort of companion in the great lonely house. Ene played softly to herself until Den-

ham came in to draw the curtains and light the lamps. Then she rose from the music stool and seated herself by the fire. "Will you have tea in here, my lady?" queried the footman. "Oh, yea, Denham-I don't think any

ne will turn up today, do you?" "I don't think so, my lady. The roads

are very bad." "The motor had better start for the station at once, then."

"It has started already, my lady." He left the room, and a few minutes later returned with the tea things, fol-lowed by another footman bearing a table. When everything had been set in its place, and the other man had taken departure, he asked if he might go into Harptree.

"Oh, yes, Denham," the girl replied. "I'm sure mother wouldn't mind." "You see, it's like this, my lady," he

explained. "Two got a brother coming there for a day or two from abroad, and I'd like to be at the station to greet him. Would you explain to her ladyship?" "Oh. yes, Denham," laughed the girl.

"I'll explain. Of course, you must meet your brother. But what a pity you didn't go down in the motor." 'Oh, that don't matter, my lady. One

of the keepers is driving in, and I'll go with him. Thank you for letting me go. I've not seen my brother for 20 years." "Oh dear I hope you'll recognize one another. Shall you be back by dinner-

time?" "I'm afraid not, my lady."

Joan began to pour out the tea, and the man left the room. Quarter of an hour later she was curied up in a big armchair with her head on a soft cushion, and her oyes ixed on the portrait of her mother on the wall. But her thoughts were far away-in the white, bare room of a Lon-don hospital.

"If he hadn't put out his arm," she hought, "my face would have been cut thought,

to places." She liked to think of that. The incident had appealed strongly to her girlish imagination It was almost of the nature of a romance. It had been a chivalrous att-and thore had been a chivalrous brain bahind the impulse. In a moment like that a man instinctively puts his hands to his own face. But Jamas Travers had not thought of himself, had not thought even of the other people in the car. He had thought only of the un-important little person who was altiting

mpertant little person who was sitting beside him "II was splendld of him." she whis-pared about. Who had told him so herself two days after the nonlines, when her

Lady John Meriet sat at the plano in it would mean for a man-a gentleman-to be very poor. Her knowledge of poverty was confined to the people in the village. They had no ambitions, and seemed to be very happy. But here was a different kind of poverty altogether-a man bound to work in a bank when he wanted to become a great musician, simply because he could not afford the time for a long course of study and practice. It was shameful that such a thing was possible. Well, it could be remedied. of so much money surely a little Out could be spared for the man who had saved her from disfigurement, perhaps even from death. One doctor had said that if her head had gone through the glass she would very probably have been killed.

For half an hour she sat curled up in the big armchair, indulging in her love of romance. Then she went to the plano and began to tinkle out a sad little tune. She was still playing when the door opened and her mother entered the room. "Oh, mother dear," she said, jumping off the music-stool and flinging her arms round Lady Wimberley's neck, "I am so glad you've come-I've such a lot I want to talk to you about. I've been thinking about Mr. Travers. How is he, mother? Have you heard? Have you been to see Have you heard? Have you been to see him?"

Lord Arthur told him about Doctor An-derson. When he had finished he added: "I thought it better not to tell you, but I put things very plainly to the boy." "Why did you not tell me?" "Yes, Joan dear," Lady Wimberley "res, Joan dear," Lady Wimberley answered gently. "I saw him yesterday. He-he wished to be remembered to you-he gave me a message-I-I don't know whether I ought to give it to you-oh, Joan, my darling, I've terrible news for you.'

The girl flushed crimson, and then her face grew very white. She looked at her mother with pleading, anxious eyes, "It is not," she faltered-"he is notin any danger-mother dear-you don't

"His life is in no danger." Lady Wimorley interrupted. "But his right Joan dear-they've tried to save it-they feared from the first that an operation

might he necessary. Yesterday they per-formed the operation." The girl looked at her mother for a few seconds without speaking. Then she fung herself into a chair and hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. Her mother laid her gentle hand on the ulvering shoulder

"Joan, my darling," she said in a low olce, "you must not think it fault. You must not look at it like that. "It was through me," the girl sobbed-

"for my sake." "We shall look after him," said Lady Wimberley, "as if he were my own son-of course, after this..." "What can you give him?" the girl cried, rising to her feet, with her checks aftens. "What

affame. "What can any one give him in the place of what he has lost-all his life was in his music-his mother told me so-all his life and new he can do noth-ing-nothing." "Joan, my dear little girl, you must not give way. like this Let me show he can

give way like this. Let me give you the message he sent you-yesterday, when he knew that he would have to lose his right hand. He said, 'Please tell Lady Joan that she's not to worry about this-chat I'm proud and glad to think that I was of sarvice to her. But that if she worries I'll be sorry that it ever happened.' Those

The story that it ever negrence. Indee Spee his words, Jean. You must be an brave as he has been." The girl hurried from the ream and made her way upstairs to her bedroom. She feit that she must be alone, that she could not bear the scruting of even her mother's even. An closed the door and horked it and floor hereaft on the less events a through the bear would break A half hour istor, when the storm

empts have been made to kidnap the

"Two, Lord Arthur? Surely, if my mem-

"There has been another-since the boy

"You ought to have done so," said Er-leigh in a stern voice. "Please tell me now-all that you know."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

s a friend of Dick Meriet's."

cided upon a rather expensive wedding "I had the most excellent testimonials with him. He came from Chesilton, where he had been for two years. What's wrong gift. So they sent out invitations to a bowl and spoon shower. "Each girl came armed with a bowl and

spoon and a new dish towel. The bowls were lovely. No two were allke, as two "Nothing that I know of, except that he girls had been delegated to do all the "Dick Meriet? Oh, yes-your cousin. But, my dear Lord Arthur, surely you don't mean to suggest that friendship buying in advance. They came in every style, Chinese, Japanese and pretty blue and white delft ware. She could use them for individual desserts, custards, jellies with your cousin-"" "Oh, look here, Erleigh," Lord Arthur

ster Discuss Sentiment

"The more I see of men the more I am convinced that they are baldly, hope-leasly sentimental. You'll never admit it, of course, because one man never sees another from a woman's point of view,"

another from a woman's point of view," said the spinster, decidedly. "Nonsense!" said the bachelor. "It's the women themselves who force senti-mentality on us. Men aren't sentimental by nature. But when a good-looking woman gazes into your eyes and sighs: "Frank, you are the dearest boy in all the world! How did I live without you? or something like that, why, you begin to agree with her, of course. A man's a fool who doesn't." "Bah!" smorted the spinster, "that's

a fool who desen't." "Bah!" smorted the spinster, "that's your version of the affair. If the truth were told, the same pratty woman you speak of wasn't thinking of love or liv-ing without you. She was probably laughing at you, if you could have

known it. "Women are more practical about men and love nowadays. They see a man they like, and if he likes them, well and good. If he doesn't, they just look around for another. Feminism has taken away all

the ancient superstitions about the hunter and huntrees. It's more like the survival

of the fittest nowadays. You men know it, too, only your vanity won't let you agree with me."

agree with me." "There's another fallacy women have. They're always calling a man's pride his vanity. But you're all wrong about the sentimentality stuff. Beside, what can a man do with a pretty woman besides make love to her. She expects it," added

the bachelor, slyly. "A nice kind of husband you'd make

if that's your point of view. So you just have to make love to every pretty girl you meet. Well, thank goodness, I'm

plain!" And the spinster left the bach-elor chuckling in his easy chair.

The Home Decorator

"My dear, what in the world did you do to your furniture, it looks lovely! I never saw just such a stunning set. Do tell me all about it."

The young matron laughed. "I'm glad you like it. It's my own idea, and if you really want to know, I'll tell you about it.

with a paper pattern, cutting and fitting the paper carefully before I touched the chintz. When I fitted the material it was

smooth as glass. I piped it with dull tan braid.

"I didn't stop at the furniture, my dear.

curtains were scrim edged with 'near'

For the Bride-to-Be

A Novel Shower

known It.

and such things. interrupted sharply, "you can't have for-gotten that talk I had with you about "The spoons were real novelties. Se were tiny orange spoons, some wer aluminum for cooking purposes, and on "I have certainly not forgotten it. Now was all glass, for mayonnaise. We ga all the things to the bride-to-be's your We gay I come to think of it you mentioned your cousin's name, but you had nothing against him, had you?" brother, and he brought them in on a tray. She was perfectly delighted, of "Nothing definite; but he's a pretty bad lot, and there is no doubt that two at-

course. "Then we served light refreahments, jus fruit cup and cake and coffee. The centre of the table was decorated with a huge chopping bowl of flowers and fruit which was also given to our impro hostess.

"We spent the afternoon hemming the dish towels and gossiping. That's about all our party consisted of at the end."

When Packing Hats

Sew the hat to the bottom of the box. Thread a strong needle with cotton, put the needle right through the box an dalso the hat. A few stitches will keep the ha in position, and though the box may be turned upside down the hat will not



TER RESORTS

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