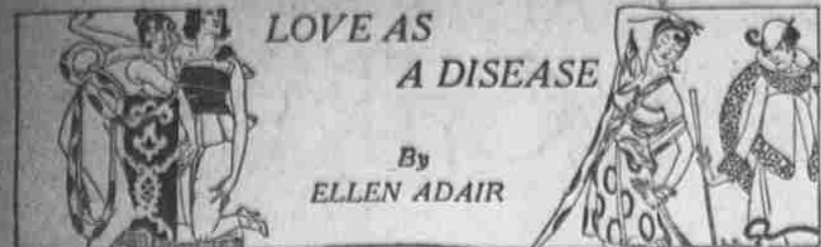


WOMAN AND THE HOME—PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS



LOVE AS A DISEASE By ELLEN ADAIR

A Modern Scientific Version

Modern scientists have come to regard love as a disease and nothing more nor less. Our grandmothers' modest coiffures would stand on end could these gentle ladies but hear such cold-blooded analysis of the gentle passion.

Prizes Offered Daily

The Editor of the Woman's Page offers readers of the Evening Ledger a number of daily prizes for original ideas and helpful suggestions. These may deal with any subject which is of general interest to women, and include Ways of Making Extra Money, Entertainments and Parties, Sewing, Domestic Management of Children, Sickroom Suggestions, Labor-saving Devices, Household Hints, Renovation of Clothes, Home Decorations, Educational Hints and a wide variety of topics not indicated.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to "Trained Nurse," 4819 Fairmount avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: "The single fault of the new clock was that its hourly striking was too noisy for the sick room, so its owner unscrewed the back and folded a bit of woolen cloth around the striker, testing the gong several times before deciding on the number of layers of cloth required to produce just the desired softness of tone."

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to M. S. E., 3148 Hazel avenue, Philadelphia, for the following recipe: "A simple and easily prepared dish is made in the following manner: Make a pint of strong, clear coffee, adding to this one pint of milk, a few drops of vanilla and one heaping tablespoonful of sugar. Chill, and when ready to serve pour into tall glasses which have been partly filled with vanilla ice cream. This is delicious either as a drink or served as a dessert. You can substitute chocolate for the coffee if you prefer. The chocolate is made by melting squares of bitter chocolate in a pan and mixing with it half a cupful of boiling water, a small lump of butter, a pinch of cinnamon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Add this to one quart of scalded milk and mix until smooth. Chill and serve. This will prove a real delight in warm weather."

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to "Housekeeper," 229 Barret avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pa., for the following suggestion: "I buy a week's supply of meat at a time, but I have no trouble in keeping it fresh, even in warm weather. Here are the things my butcher told me. Don't put meat on a plate-wrap it in a clean, open-mouth cloth (cheesecloth is what I use) and put it on a rack where it can have a free circulation of air. Fresh air is essential to keeping meat. Don't wash your meat and put it directly on the ice. Meat must be kept in dry cold air. Don't salt meat a long time before using, as this spoils the flavor, and for the same reason, don't leave it in the salt water. Wash your meat in cold water very warm and then freeze it again. This might cause ptomaine poisoning, especially in the case of chicken. I always plan to use veal, and organs such as liver, kidneys or heart, the early part of the week, and keep the harder lamb and beef for the end of the week."

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss Bessie Wolf, 833 East Thompson street, Philadelphia, for the following: "Here are some suggestions for making pin money: One girl, who was compelled to stay at home, took orders for sponge cake, angel food, salad dressing and tea biscuits. "Another girl, whose enthusiasm for her camera was only equalled by her love for children, made it known that she would go to work on Wednesdays or Thursdays, and that her children at play, and it often happens that these are the most natural photographs. She also developed and printed them herself, and sold them for a dollar. She found a big demand for her work, and was very successful. "Another girl who lived in a college town, realizing the despair of the college girl sitting down in her room with a pile of clean, unwashed clothes, she offered to mend for the students. She also pressed evening dresses, and as there were a great many 'hops' going on at the college, she found it profitable. "A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Emily Nees, 4374 Manayunk avenue, Haverhill, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: "To make marabout look like new, wash in warm suds, rinse thoroughly, shake and dry on a windy day."

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to E. T. B. H. of Trent, Germantown, for the following suggestion: "Rubbers that have worn through at the heels will still afford ample protection from rain if the heels are cut out. Leave a strip about an inch wide along the back of the rubbers and a very good pair of sandals will be the result."

Across the Counter

Silver soup ladles in plain styles, are only \$1.25 now, and they are worth half as much again. They are quite heavy, and are good for everyday wear. Chafing dish utensils include the fork and spoon of orange-wood, with a handle of copper or silver to match the dish. These cost \$2.25 apiece. A pretty accompaniment for the afternoon tea is the Japanese crepe tea set. This includes a cloth, bordered with Delphi blue designs, and napkins to match. These cost \$1.50 a set. Now Middy has a white enamel wash basket for her white-tiled bathroom. The small size costs \$1.75, and the large size one, for laundry, are \$2 apiece. A cretonne receptacle for sewing materials, with a mahogany stand, costs \$2.25.



AN EVENING GOWN FOR THE YOUNG GIRL



JOHN ERLEIGH SCHOOLMASTER A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

Guy Wimberly, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberly, is at Harpree School, which John Erleigh is headmaster. John and Anne are engaged to be married. Lord Arthur Merlet, uncle of Guy Wimberly, warns John that there is a plot to put the boy out of the way. Dick Merlet, a cousin, and in line for the inheritance of the great Wimberly estates, is concerned in the plot. The other plotters are Vertigan, a science master at Harpree, who has a hold on John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Travers was deserted by the man she loved, and this man was accidentally killed by John Erleigh. Mrs. Travers does not know that her own brother killed the father of her child, James. Mrs. Travers, who is in love with Guy's sister Joan, in an automobile accident she saves her life, but loses her right hand, and his career as a pianist. Mrs. Travers sees Vertigan and informs him that he will lose his job if he does not expose him. Wimberly takes his motor car for a trip home. The car breaks down. After waiting half a mile Wimberly trips over an obstruction. When he awakens he finds himself in an outhouse. Bending over him is Doctor Anderson, of John Erleigh's school. Doctor Anderson decided to do more than remove his overcoat and put on a dry oilskin. "I've stood a good deal worse than this," he said in reply to Denham's entreaties—"I slept night after night in the rain. Look sharp with that cocoa!" The detective filled up the two cups with boiling water and added some condensed milk and sugar. Then he began to open a tin of sardines. "Any bread in the place?" queried Lord Arthur. "Somehow I don't fancy—"

He paused suddenly and looked past Denham at the cockpit, dimly seen in the light that streamed from the open door of the cabin. It seemed to him that something was moving along the edge of the boat—something that looked uncommonly like a man's hand. "What's the matter, my lord?" queried Denham. "Nothing. What are you talking about? I was saying I would have some bread, if there was any." "I thought you saw something outside there, my lord." "Nothing at all, Denham," said Merlet sharply, but at the same time he moved his foot and kicked his companion gently on the shin. "I fell a trifle of rheumatism, that was all. Have a look for the bread, that's a good fellow." And then he added in a whisper, "Some one on the starboard side. Get quickly out of the cockpit and lie on deck till I give you a hail." Denham made his way to the locker at the end of the cabin. Merlet rose to his feet. "There are some lockers out in the cockpit," he said. "I'll run through them. One can't eat sardines with cocoa and no bread."

He picked up one of the hurricane lamps. "Nothing. What are you talking about? I was saying I would have some bread, if there was any." "I thought you saw something outside there, my lord." "Nothing at all, Denham," said Merlet sharply, but at the same time he moved his foot and kicked his companion gently on the shin. "I fell a trifle of rheumatism, that was all. Have a look for the bread, that's a good fellow." And then he added in a whisper, "Some one on the starboard side. Get quickly out of the cockpit and lie on deck till I give you a hail." Denham made his way to the locker at the end of the cabin. Merlet rose to his feet. "There are some lockers out in the cockpit," he said. "I'll run through them. One can't eat sardines with cocoa and no bread."



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY A Pretty Frock for the South

My friend Elinor has just received a delightful invitation for the South, and she is setting off as soon as she can possibly get enough clothes ready. I am helping her all I can, and we go out on shopping expeditions morning, noon and night. Some of her things are really lovely, and I quite envy her. This morning we picked up a ready-to-wear frock, and without any alteration at all, it fits wonderfully. It is of natural-colored pongee silk and is one-piece, fastening in front with pongee-covered buttons and worked button-holes. The collar is of black satin, and Elinor intends to wear one of those high batiste neck ruffles with it. The skirt, which is wide and circular, is attached to the bodice by a seam which comes well below the normal waist line, and is piped with a narrow fold of black satin. With this smart little gown, Elinor will wear a cute boat-shaped Scotch hat in black satin, and black patent leather shoes with light uppers. I forgot to mention the big patch pockets on either side of the skirt. They are embroidered in heavy silk and look very attractive. I hear that the 1830 influence will be

quarrelled with his accomplice—perhaps over the division of the spoils. But if they had killed him why had they not thrown the body overboard and come to the meeting place to take over the gold? It was not reasonable for them to abandon the vessel and take the boy with them. The money was waiting for them. It would have been handed over to them if they had chosen to claim it, and no questions would have been asked. Instead of that only a dead man had come ashore. Then there was this fellow who had come sneaking round the boat. Who was he and what did he want? Everything was in a hopeless confusion. Perhaps Murray or Russell could straighten things out, but it did not seem very likely. A few minutes later Denham returned and Merlet was glad to see him. "Your cocoa is freezing on the stove," said Lord Arthur. "Now, then, to go back to the point where our meal was broken off. Have you found any bread?" "I'll have a look, my lord. There's a locker in the cockpit—the sort of place they might keep food."

hard work won't hurt us—save us from a chill perhaps. "What a sensible person you are, Denham. But we'll put this gentleman in the fo'c'sle first. Poor doggy, he's paid dearly enough for his sins." They moved the body into the forepart of the vessel, laid it on a berth, closed the eyes and covered the dead man over reverently with a rug. Then Denham closed the door and they set to work to get rid of some of the water. It was not until they had thrown 20 buckets of it overboard that they remembered that boats of any size are usually provided with some form of pump. They searched and found it on the port side of the cockpit. "That's better," said Lord Arthur, catching hold of the handle. "You go and see if you can find some food—cocoa—I fancy hot cocoa or soup. I can manage this by myself." Half an hour later the water was pumped out of every part of the boat and a kettle was singing on the top of the oilstove. Denham had found some dry clothes in an airtight locker and had changed into a thick white jersey and a pair of flannels. Lord Arthur Merlet had decided to do more than remove his overcoat and put on a dry oilskin. "I've stood a good deal worse than this," he said in reply to Denham's entreaties—"I slept night after night in the rain. Look sharp with that cocoa!" The detective filled up the two cups with boiling water and added some condensed milk and sugar. Then he began to open a tin of sardines. "Any bread in the place?" queried Lord Arthur. "Somehow I don't fancy—"

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IN THE KITCHEN

OLD-FASHIONED WORKERS AND NEW-FASHIONED KITCHENS

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK AUTHOR, THE NEW HOUSEKEEPING, ETC. A certain well-known woman recently moved from her country home into a less modern furnished city house for the winter. Her country kitchen was modeled on the most efficient lines with the newest labor-saving equipment. There was a fireless cooker, a dishwasher, an enameled sink, aluminum utensils. Nothing was cluttered, everything had its special place, and the kitchen was a joy in green and white.

The kitchen to which she moved was nearly twice as large as its chief ornament was a large coal range. There were no modern devices, only a slate sink and bare floor. Everything was kept in closed cupboards, and it was fully 25 feet to the pantry. The mistress deplored the step-taking room, and made some remarks about how old-fashioned it was. The worker who was, in many respects above the average, looked around and said, with her eye on the ornate calendar on the back door, "Well, but this is a kitchen you can take right into your heart!"

Nothing more could be said. This worker liked a kitchen which was a combined sitting room and a cozy place rather than a convenient place to work in. From her point of view, she preferred a loosely shaped room with everything awkwardly arranged to a small compact room in which kitchen operations were put first. Her comments were interesting because it gave the point of view of the old-fashioned (and still very prevalent) worker to whom, in fact, the kitchen is her sole domain. She does not care so much about easy work as she does that the kitchen should have a certain sense of largeness and familiarity. She is the kind of worker who prefers to stay in the kitchen as much as possible and take her rest in the kitchen rather than to get through quickly and take her rest or recreation in her own room or elsewhere.

So for the old-fashioned worker the old-fashioned kitchen still seems best. Efficiency leaves her untouched, but she bathes herself in sentiment. The new efficient sanitary ideal for the kitchen cannot proceed any more rapidly than these ideals are grasped and desired by the worker who is to use the kitchen. It seems therefore, almost unnecessary to struggle for these ideals of sanitation, no seats, and step-saving work until we have workers who appreciate these improvements. The reason these ideals have been catching on with such great enthusiasm is that they have appealed to the mistress first, and particularly to the woman who does her own work. In my constant experience with this problem I find the woman who is most keenly in earnest, who are most desirous of efficiency even to the extent of going into their pocket-books for labor-saving equipment, are the women who hold the reins of housekeeping in their own hands. The woman who works who cannot endure these advertisements, who are not interested, is not interested as seen to indicate improvements which are desirable do not appreciate. Repeating details in the need for a

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