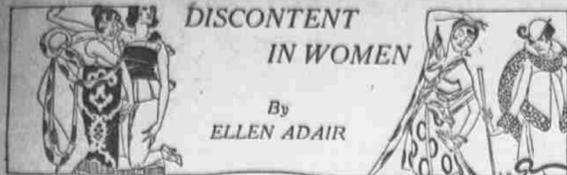


WOMAN IN HER WORK AND LEISURE—PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS



The Woman Who Is Never Satisfied

It is a strange and curious fact that the discontented woman is always the one who has least reason or cause to be discontented. She is nearly always the idle woman, too. Her hard-working friends listen to the recital of her woes with utter amazement. "That woman has everything that the heart of woman could possibly desire," they will exclaim, "and yet she is hopelessly discontented. Isn't it extraordinary? If she only knew what it meant to long for the very necessities of life, she would stop bemoaning her fate the way she always does if she falls in securing a few of the luxuries."

Among the spoiled daughters of luxury, then, is the discontented woman most often to be found. And the reason of her discontent lies in the emptiness of her mind. She need not necessarily be a stupid woman to reach this stage of dissatisfaction. Quite the reverse, in fact, some of the most discontented women who have ever lived have been exceedingly clever. Yet their minds were empty, for they declined to harbor any interesting ideas or worth-while hobbies. Their minds were empty so far as the best things of life go, and the space was filled with foolish and profane thoughts of emulating and eclipsing their neighbors.

Once upon a time a young man met a very delightful and interesting young woman. Her mind was as attractive as her outward appearance—and that was saying a good deal. She was earning her own living, and very successfully, too, as a journalist. The young man promptly fell in love with her. Yes, she was charming. She had never been accustomed to much adulation, or praise, and she had always worked hard, and done without so-called "pleasures." But she had always been very happy and contented.

When this young man married her, he took her straight into a life of ease, and even affluence. His little bride had literally everything that the heart of woman could possibly desire. Her new home was exquisite, she had a husband who idolized her, and at first she was brilliantly happy.

But after a time the luxuries and the ease and the comfort became matters of course. She stopped noticing them. The things that had at first seemed so new and delightful and thrilling began to bore her. Like little Oliver Twist, she began

Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. Tyler, Jr., 5185 Henry street, Germantown, Pa., for the following suggestion: To economize on stove polish and save labor in polishing a stove or range, mix the polishing paste with dry soap powder. Any sort of soap powder answers the purpose, and the shine obtained is far better than when the polish alone is used. Also, if your chimney or stovepipe clogs up, and you do not want it to burn out, just throw a piece of zinc on a bed of live coals. The acid gas formed makes the soot which has collected on the sides of chimney drop away. You can get a handful of trimmings from any plumber or tinsmith at no cost.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Stenographer, box 108, Beverly, N. J., for the following suggestion: Wearing a fresh white waist to the office every day makes the laundrying of them quite an item of expense. Frequently at the end of the day, I find the front of my blouse still immaculate, while the sleeves are crushed and grimy, so I have hit upon the plan of having two sets of sleeves for each waist. The sleeves themselves are of heavy linen, tailor-made, with manila set-in sleeves of double thickness, so it is very easy to attach tiny snaps all around the sleeve, which fastens closely into the armhole, hidden by the double thickness.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Kennedy, 1411 South 54th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Here is a good way to rid yourself of a troublesome corn: Put a small slice of the inside of a lemon on the corn, squeezing a small quantity of the lemon juice on it also. Wrap a small piece of cloth around the toe. Take the whole thing off in the morning, and at night renew the application again. Do this for about three nights and at the end of that time the corn will come out of itself. It seems that the acid in the lemon has the good effect of rotting the corn.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to A Business Woman, Drexel Building, for the following suggestion: A "run" in a stocking can be nicely mended by buttonholing both edges on the wrong side, making close, even stitches, being careful to put in a few strengthening stitches at the top and bottom to prevent spreading of the "run." Then draw the edges together by inserting the needle in the loops formed by the buttonholing.

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JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

Guy Wimberley, son of Anna, the Marchioness of Wimberley, and heir to the vast Wimberley estates, is in danger of death from two groups of conspirators. One group is led by Dick Merlet, a cousin of Guy's, and Vertigan, science master at Harpree School, where Guy is studying. The other group is led by a woman, Mrs. Travers, who is engaged to be married to Guy's brother, Lord Arthur Merlet. Vertigan knows this, and blackmails Merlet into allowing him to watch over the boy, but his vigilance is ineffective. After several unsuccessful attempts, Guy Wimberley is kidnaped. Mrs. Travers denies all knowledge of the whereabouts of her son, but she is withdrawing from the marriage. Dick Merlet is watching over Lord Arthur Merlet, who is next in the succession. A year passes. John Erleigh has been compelled by Lord Arthur to break his engagement to the girl, and he is still in love with James Travers. James has composed a great opera.

CHAPTER XXV. He took a letter from his pocket and gave it to her. She started at the address on the envelope: "James Travers, Esq., 21, First-road, West Kensington." Then she drew out the letter slowly and unfolded it. It was from the secretary of the syndicate who had produced his opera, enclosing a check for royalties, and asking him whether it would not be better to let the public know his real name, now that the opera was an assured success.

"The lines danced and quivered before her eyes as she read. The blood rushed into her face, and receded, leaving it very pale. James Travers rose from his chair and came towards her. "Joan," he said passionately, "all this is nothing to me—if you do not love me," she looked at him for a few seconds as though dazed by the splendor of his successes. Then she gave a gasp, as if she had suddenly awakened and come to life again. She held out her hands, and he took one of them and drew her toward him.

"You love me?" he said, looking hungrily into her eyes. "For myself—not for this." "For yourself," she answered. "I have loved you—ever since that day in the library." He put his arm round her and drew her close to him. She kissed him passionately, as though they would always belong to each other so long as they lived.

A few minutes later Joan made her way back to the house. Her face was flushed, her eyes alight with triumph. She walked as one who trod on air. It seemed to her as though all the glory and the riches of the world were here if she chose to stretch out her hand to take them. For more than a year she had been trying to stifle her love for a man whom she knew that she could never marry. She could have faced poverty, but not absolute destitution. And she could not possibly have married against her mother's wishes. She loved

her mother too well for that—and her love was greater now that she was an only child. But now everything had changed. Her mother had made it quite clear to her that James Travers' humble position in life, his lack of money and of prospects, made him quite impossible as a husband. But now James Travers was the equal of any one in the land—not rich, perhaps, as yet, but on the certain road to riches. And he was famous. For one person in the world who had ever heard of Lord Wimberley there must have been a hundred to whom the name of Paolo Luvin had already become familiar as that of Chopin or Schubert. This had been no ordinary success. It had been something wonderful, phenomenal. And James Travers had been thinking of her all the time, had been working for her, trying, as he had put it, to climb a little nearer to her. And now he had come to lay all his triumphs at her feet. He had climbed far, far above her, even as great genius is always far above the mere accidents of birth or wealth.

As Joan entered the drawing room Lady Wimberley, looking up from her needlework, noticed the change that had come over her daughter's face. "Your walk has done you good, Joan," she said gently. "You seem to have captured a little of the sunlight and imprisoned it in your eyes." Joan laughed, and seating herself on the arm of her mother's chair bent down and kissed her.

"Mother, dear," she said in a low voice, "I-I have something to tell you. I have just met—Mr. Travers." "Joan!" said Lady Wimberley sharply, and she rose to her feet. "Oh, mother, dear, please don't be angry with me. I have so much to tell you—such good news." "Joan, I am exceedingly angry with you. It was very, very wrong of you. You promised—"

"Mother, dear, I did not arrange to meet him. I walked down by the lake and he was there. He is staying near here—with the Carrows. He was coming up to the house, but he saw me—down by the lake. Mother, dear, he is rich—successful—famous." Lady Wimberley smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm. "Tell me all about it, dear," she said. "I'm so glad the young fellow has got on. I was afraid he wasn't inclined to settle down to any steady work."

She seated herself on a sofa, and Joan stood before her, her hands clasped behind her back, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling. "Mother, dear," she said in an excited voice, "Mr. Travers is Paolo Luvin, the composer of 'Laon and Cythna.'" "My dear child, is he mad? Are you both mad?" "No, no—it's true—he's shown me a letter—I didn't believe it at first. But it's true—every word of it. Isn't it splendid for a man whom she knew that she could never marry. She could have faced poverty, but not absolute destitution. And she could not possibly have married against her mother's wishes. She loved



A SMART SUIT IN NEWEST STYLE



A New Suit

I am going off for the week-end to Lakewood, and feel ever so much better at the mere thought of it. I really have had rather a bad time with grip. However, it is now a thing of the past. Quite a number of us are going down to Lakewood together, and I have got a very smart new suit for the occasion.

I think that this suit is rather original in style. It is putty-colored, and the skirt is five yards around the bottom. The bodice is very plain and close fitting, with a narrow black velvet ribbon carried from just above the waist line over each shoulder.

The sleeves are very long and closely fitted, and quite a novelty in fashion is introduced here, for a strap of the material goes between the thumb and first finger of each hand, giving a decidedly quaint effect.

The collar is very high, and two little wings in stiff white batiste come just below the chin. I am not at all partial to high collars, by the way, but any other sort would look odd with this rather unique suit.

The hat which I shall wear is of black hemp, turned up slightly to the left, and an upstanding black quill is inserted through the front of the crown.

I have just seen a "Tipperary" military suit, and really it was exceedingly smart. "Girls get far too many clothes nowadays," said mamma decidedly when my new suit came home from the tailor's.

"When I was your age I was thankful if I had one-quarter of the number that you possess."

But, all the same, mamma keeps suggesting additions to my wardrobe, and always says that it is every woman's duty to look as nice as possible. I frankly admit that I do like having a lot of pretty things, and, really, in these present days one needs a wide variety of clothes.

"Where would the trade of the country be without you silly women?" says Uncle Joe, who is rather an old bear outwardly, but at heart is the kindest and most generous of men. "Let the girls buy all they want. Woman's first duty is to be beautiful, anyhow!"

He is coming with us to Lakewood, and has heralded his arrival by a perfectly enormous bouquet of American Beauties. Dolly tied up with pink ribbon.

Uncle Joe likes the new fashions in women's clothes. He says they remind him of the days of his youth. Certainly they have a quaint, old-fashioned look. They demand a certain type of appearance in the wearer. The stout woman, for instance, looks absurd in the very wide, full skirts. Then the method of hairdressing must be very plain and severe for the new military style in millinery.

NOTED SUFFRAGE LEADER HERE

"In time of war the women of England prove themselves as efficient as the men," said Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, the celebrated English suffrage leader, while she studied the photographs of some English suffragettes in the Evening Ledger. Her quick, terse sentences and decisive gestures showed her enthusiasm.



MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE

"Oh, yes, I know every one of these women. I could tell you each one's name. There, for instance, is Vera Home, in the front. She and I worked together. You know, this movement is the first attempt to get a corps to protect women. This was the idea of the Honorable Mrs. Evelyn Haverfield, and she began to train these girls at her own expense. They are expert horsewomen, drivers and mechanics. They do special dispatch riding, and their readiness to take charge of the women and children in a town which is under fire makes them invaluable.

"This Miss Home I spoke of is not only a skilled motor cyclist, but a mechanic, too. Why, just before I came away, she was riding out near the mobilization headquarters, and she came across three soldiers whose machines were crippled. She got right off her own motor and set to work. I tell you, it wasn't very long before the machines were in perfect order."

"Mrs. Haverfield was in charge of a whole remount corps during the South African War. She saw the horrible suffering of the horses and would shoot them herself rather than see them linger in pain on the battlefield. She trained these girls herself, and they are capable of taking care of horses, too. It took a good while to bring the Government to recognize the value of these brave women's work, but that is the case with every movement in England."

Mrs. Lawrence tapped on the arm of her chair in her earnestness, and spoke still more rapidly.

"Women in England are all the stronger for this opposition. They profited by it. It made them more determined and more capable in the end."

"But why do so many Englishwomen come over here to speak to the American women on the suffrage question, for instance?"

"Because the United States is, so to speak, the country of the tomorrow," answered Mrs. Lawrence, enthusiastically. "Here the women will set the standard for the whole world. And, beside this, both Washington and California suffragettes have told me themselves that they owe their acquisition of the ballot to the example and enthusiasm of the English women."

"You know," continued she, "I came over to this country to spread the Women's Peace Party movement in the United States. When the motion was

presented to the American women, they called together delegates from all the important women's organizations in America, and drew up the agreement to promote peace throughout the world. This peace, of course, is based on the vote of the mother-half of the world. Men are fighting against each other, and as conservers of the race, we feel that we women are needed.

"When men are fighting brother against brother, no bond of kinship can stay them. The universal motherhood of women is the one lasting bond, and on that we build our determination to succeed. We are the natural custodians of the race, and for the sake of humanity, insist on our right to representation in the governments of nations. Our hands must be free to build up a surer and safer structure of society. The failure of male statecraft in Europe is complete. The structure of the new world must be built on the foundation of that peace which shall supervene when the accumulated resources of civilization have been eaten up by the war and the lifeblood of humanity almost drained away."

One leaves Mrs. Lawrence with the deep and lasting impression of a woman who is very, very much in earnest, and is capable of bringing to a successful climax the great work which she is doing for the world.

Across the Counter

Dolly Varden silks are being shown in an exclusive Chestnut street shop. They are 36 inches wide, and are the popular flowered models. They come with a white or cream background, with flowerings of pink, blue, yellow and lavender.

Gloves to be truly fashionable must fasten with a buckle at the wrist, clasps are tabooed. A very attractive style comes in sand color, and the buckle is gold. These cost \$2.00.

Now is the time for the mid-season evening gown, and crepe de chine is just the thing for it. A 42-inch material, in a charming shade of mauve, is only \$2.00 a yard.

Another type of girde is being shown at one of the large department stores. It is made of crepe de chine, with a wide "tail" shirred on the belt-line in the back. This is gracefully knotted towards the end, and the crepe de chine comes in pink, lavender, and blue, shaded from the faintest to the deepest hue.

Another large store is having a sale of children's dresses, and the clever shopper can find many a dainty frock for the girl of 10 or 12. One particularly attractive frock was plain white, with a collar, cuffs and a girde or white mull, with hand-embroidered dots in pale blue. This little gown sold for \$2.

A little mid-season hat is made of Delft blue grosgrain, with a small sand-colored bow on the back, and red-colored frills to lend a touch of color. This only costs \$3.75.

A dainty lace brassiere will make an old waist look new, especially if you buy the kind that has a white linen body. These sell for \$1.75 up.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS. Love me, sweet, with all thou art. Feeling, thinking, seeing. Love me in the lightest part. Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open mouth. In its fresh surround. With the wowing of thy mouth. With its silence tender. —Elizabeth Barrett Browning

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WORLD IS FULL OF TROU—BLE AND HE SAID HE HAD HIS SHARE

AND THE PELICAN SAID "HOW HARROWING! HE SHOULD CULTIVATE A CHEERFUL SPIRIT"

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