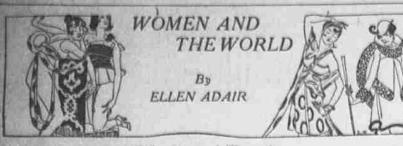
FOR THE WOMEN AND THE HOME-PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS



The Joys of Travel

ly wits." So goes the old saying. And a great success in it. there is lots of truth in it, too. The

Yet there are thousands of narrowtious and considerably less enterprising life for many years. than the proverbial mouse. They drag on from day to day, like the man in and other continents brings a zest to life Pilgrim's Progress who kept his eyes that is the best of tonics, stendfastly on the ground, and, absorbed by his daily occupation of raking dead leaves and rubbish together, could not even raise his eyes to see the glory and the beauty of the skies above.

No, he wasn't happy; of course not. But he wasn't actually unbappy. He was too unenterprising even for that. But he wasn't really alive.

His soul was asleep. More than that, it was so fast asleep that it couldn't wake up. And many, many people are just like that. Nothing short of an earthquake could rouse them. What a tremendous lot of happiness these people do miss every day of their lives! For they have no imagination-and no one on earth is to be pitied so much as the person without imagination. For imagination can transform the dreariest old place into a wonderful City of Beautiful Romance. But the person who has no Imagination deals with cold, hard reall-

The means to travel are not given to every one. Yet it is wonderful what can be accomplished. "Where there's a will, there's a way" is very true. I heard of a girl the other day who was just crazy about travel. She was quite poor, but fairly well-educated. And she had gone through life with her eyes open. She noticed the big things wherever she went, and she noticed the little things, too. She was exceedingly wide-awake. And she had the great gift of imagination. Her enthusiasm was always fresh, too.

. . .

She was determined to see the world. So she went to all the free libraries and borrowed books on travel, and she used to spend hours in public reading rooms. poring over guide-books and Baedakers, and sea-voyages and routes. She absorbed a tremendous amount of useful information about every corner of the

And then her opportunity came, as it always does come to the enterprising. She was asked to conduct a party of four persons over Europe on a three-months' tour. She did this so successfully and proved such an efficient and interesting guide that the people recommended her on every hand, and she has now traveled

heart that has never known that most I once knew an invalid who longed to wonderful of feelings. Wanderlust, has travel, but she was doomed to lie all never truly lived. For the world is such her life long without moving. So, instead a wonderful, thrilling, romantic, place of bemoaning her fate, she had a hobby that only those whose souls are asleep of collecting and reading all the guidecan feel no thrill of longing to see every- books and all the information on travel thing, do everything, go everywhere and she could obtain. And her imagination drink in all the wonder and the beauty was so wonderful that she pictured herself as actually passing through these places. The pleasure and the interest souled people who are utterly unambi- that this hobby brought her prolonged her

For a keen interest in other countries

Around the Kitchen Labor-saving Devices

The stores seem to vie with each other in giving to the basy housekeeper a variety of labor-saving devices and convenences for the home management, and these are some of the latest discoveries.

A rotary vegetable cutter which you run back and forth across the board by ts wooden handle, will cut your vesetables in different sizes for steaming. coup, saind or other purposes. It costs

price from 19 cents upward, can be used

for frosting cake, lifting cake from the tins, buttering meats and fish, and things that require a dull-edged knife.

An olive-pitter will prove a time-saver when you prepare a salad for the unexpected guest. It takes the stone out beautifully and sells for 10 cents.

The meat and fish flaker is another time-saver: It makes raw beef sand-

time-saver; it makes raw beef sand-wiches in no time, and costs 21 cents.

The "hacinette" is the name given ito a small bowl, with a curved chopper to match, and is meant for the small bit of parsley, onlon or seasoning which needs to be prepared. It is also useful to chop-cuts fruit ste for salads and sells for nuts, fruit, etc., for salads, and sells for

The new aluminum dishpans differ in price acording to size, and are all rather expensive, as dishpans go, but they are so nice and light that any housekeeper will be glad to have one.

The six-armed clothes dryer, which folds flat against the wall when not in use, is a space saver for the apartment use, is a space saver for the apartment or boarding house dweller. The practical note about this is that the arms can be held out when clothes are drying by means of a spring, which is made of a material which will not rust the clothes. It costs from \$1 up.

To extract the juice from beef without

heating the meat, there are several good methods. One of the arrangements screws on the kitchen table, and the juice drips into a jar, and another is a glass, which you press down on the meat They sell for 50 cents each.

Fresh Cookies Cookies should be put into a cloth-lined stone jar when hot, if you would keep them melting and crumbly.

For the Invalid Raw starch is not digestible, so all foods containing starch should be subjected to boiling water or dry heat and

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Fairy Helpers

THREE narcissus bulbs were half L buried in among some pretty pebbles in a flat brown crock and their roots were covered with water.

Then, after they had spent the right length of time, about two weeks, in a dark corner of the kitchen they were set in a place of honor in the dining room window.

Every morning at breakfast time, the mother or one of the children of the household filled the crock with fresh water and the narcissus bulbs said their "thank you" for the kind attention by growing just as hard as ever they could! And when some narcissus bulbs really try to grow, there is considerable growing done, as you very well know! The tall green leaves shot up as if by

The Kid's Chronicle

WE HAD appet tarts for dixzert last nite for suppir, me beeing aloud to have 2, and wen suppir was ovir there was still a hole lot of them awn a plate in the middel of the tabil, and I went out and sum of the fellos was standing erround the lamp post in frunt of our house wateing for me, and I stood there tawking to them a wile, and then I sed, Ill be out in a minit, and I went back into the house agan and wawked throo the dining room, and the tarts was still there, and I went back in the kitchin and got a drink of wattir and awn my way out agen I took a tart awf of the plate and ate it am my way to the frunt doar agen.

Wats you chewing awn, sed Puds Similar.

Nuthing speshil. I sed.
And I stood thare a littel wile lawngir.
And I stood thare a littel wile lawngir.
And I went tuck in the kitchin and got
shuthir glass of wattir and drank it.
You seam to have an ordil thirst awn
you tonite, sed Nors. Nors, beeing the
naim of our cook. Wich I dident say
systing, and awn my way out throat the
disting room I took anuthir appel tart
set of the plate and ate it befoar I got
to the frunt door, and after I had bin
sid anuthir littel wile I sed to the fellos,
Ill he hack in a minit. And I went back
to the litchis for anuthir drink of wattir.
Eal for the law of haven, a boddy Il for the law of hevvin, a boddy think you had bin out in the desert there I munital without wattir, like mat, sed Nora. therety, I sed. And I drank the

the sed Nora.

therapy, I sed. And I drank the
r sed took attathir appel tart awn
my out, and after a wile I told the
I wood be back in a minit, and I
m seen, and jest before I got to the
p poon I berd sustheddy tawking,
the was there but me, saying, Weil
stray sakes, wats happened to that
of tarts.

The flower stalk grew firm and tall.

The buds swelled fat and fatter,
But not a bloom appeared!

"It seems very funny to me," said the
children's, mother one morning, "that
those narilssus don't bloom! The leaves
are all vielt, the buds are all force. are all right, the buds are all formed and full, but they can't seem to make up their minds to bloom."
"What shall we do about it, mother?"

"What shall we do about it, mother,"
asked one of the children.
"Do about it?" laughed their mother,
"we can do nothing about it! We aren't
flower growers, we're just helpers,"
"But we don't seem to be the right
kind of helpers," said the little child.
"The flowers want some more helpers.
"Where are they?"

Where are they?" "Maybe they want the fairies!" laughed the mother, and she went on about her work and thought no more about their

No so, the little child. She thought about the flowers all day and wondered what she could do to help them open

their blooms.

When night time came, and her father came home to dinner, she ran to him and said. "Father, do you know any way to make the fairies come and open my flowers?"

"To be sure I do." replied her father. "Look at the first star in the evening sky. Tell it to send the fairies to open the flowers. That's what my mother always told me to do, and I know it will work!"

So the little girl ran to the window and made a wish to the evening star and then she went to bed.



In the night, while she slept, the fairies

And, would you believe it? in the night, while she sispt, the fairles did come. And they did open the narchanus blooms wide. In the morning, when the family looked at the plant, there the bicoms were! Open and wenderful; fragrant and beautiful, just as though they had been released from hondage by some margic touch!

"I guess it just wasn't time for them to open before; said mother; but the little gift knew better than that size

Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Eventon Latters prizes of \$1 and 30 cents are awarded.
All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Eventon Labors, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Cath erine Dibb. 2138 Estaugh street, Philadel phia, for the following suggestion: The Joys of Travel

"Home-staying minds have ever homeby wits." So goes the old saying. And
there is lots of truth in it, too. The

I once knew an invalid who longed to were really planning for an extended trip. The information gained from this source is astonishing, making it a pleas ure for her friends to visit her upon their return from vacations, for she can converse freely on all points visited,

> A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. S. Jacoby, 2730 George street, Phila-delphia, for the following suggestion: Having a piece of light blue lining in my trunk and an odd piece of white allover-lace I made baby a very pretty cap, costing me only 12 cents for blue ribbon for rosettes on side of cap. I cut the narrow strip for front of cap and a cup shape in back making it look like the little Dutch cans which are as counter and tle Dutch caps, which are so cunning and cute on bables. This cap can be washed and looks pretty at 12 cents.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. V. B. Levy, 1646 Pratt street, Philadel-phia, for the following suggestion: This suggestion is for those who have

to sift ashes.

I find if the ashes are placed on the cellar floor, then take a common garden rake, rake the ashes lightly and all the ceals will come out, leaving just fine ashes to throw away. I do this every day, just as I remove them from the furnace. Try it, it is wonderful the amount of coal you save, and leas all the dust and labor of sifting. dust and labor of sifting.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Mary E. Bucker, P. O. Box 1808. Wilmington, Del., for the following suggestion:
If when the ink gets thick a few drops of vinegar be added to dilute it, when writing the ink will not drop off the pen, as when water is added to dilute the ink.

About Suffrage Woman suffrage has been indorsed by the New York State Federation of Wo-men's Clubs.

American Workers Fifty per cent of the female workers n the United States are under 21 years of age.

London Dressmakers One-fourth of the 65,000 dressmakers in London are idle.



A NEW SUIT OF PLEASING DESIGN

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

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

groups of conspirators. One group is led by Dick Meriet, a cousin of Guv a. and Vertigan. science master at Harptree School, where Guy is studying. The other group is led by a Boctor Anderson, also of the school. John Erleigh, head of Harptree School is engaged to Anne Wimberley. His sixter, Mrs. Travers, is invoived in the first plot. Years ago John Erleigh killed the man who had betrayed his sister and let another suffer for his crime. Vertigan alone knows this, and biacomalt Prieigh. Lord Arbur Merei is waterling after the boy, but his vigilance is inofective, as the boy, but his vigilance is inofective, and the second of the boy of the constant of the boy of the constant of the boy of the constant of the

cession.

A year passes, John Erleigh has been com-pelled by Lord Arthur to break his engage-ment to Anne Wimberley, Lord Arthur suc-ceds to the estates. Joan is still in lova with James Travers.

James has composed a great opera.

CHAPTER XXVII-Continued.

HER face was very sad as she drove along the hot and dusty roads, but

it brightened a little when she reached Harptree and found the Duke of Sel-chester waiting for her in the drawing room of the schoolhouse. He was a tall, good-looking man of 35, with fa'r hair and honest gray eyes. Joan liked him, and thought him a "really good sort," but, apart from his rank and wealth, he was never likely to make any great

stir in the world.

"Well, Joan," he said with a laugh,
"so you've seen 'em off, eh?"
"Yes," she replied.

"Well, I've seen about a thousand pes-

ple off-from this house-since you de-parted. And now we've got to see our-selves off. Your maid has gone on in one of our cars with your luggage. mother expects us in time to get ready for dinner at 8 o'clock."

for dinner at a o clock.

"How far is it?"

"About 40 miles. We'll do that in the hour if you let me drive your car."

"No, thank you," she answered with a laugh. "We'll take two hours, if you don't mind. Well, we'd better have some

tea first, hadn't we?"
She rang the bell and ordered the tea.
Then she made her way upstairs to a
bedroom that had been set apart for the use of some of the guests. When she came down, 10 minutes later, her eyes were red as if she had been crying. "It's awful hard luck on you, Joan," said the Duke as she poured out the tea. "I'm always sorry for a girl when her mother marries again. But he seems a decent sort of chap."

"He is—splendld. He's made the school the problems have not be some he came her some her

"He is—splendid. He's made the school—it was nothing before he came here.
All the boys worship him."
"H'm" said the duke doubtfully.
"Sounds as if he—be'd be rather masterful—I mean, these schoolmaster chaps get into the way of thinking every one is a schoolboy. Still I've no doubt he's

is a schoolboy. Still, I've no doubt he's a fine chap." a fine chap."

When they had finished tea the Duke lit a cigarette, and, leaning back in his chair, looked at Joan thoughtfully. He had almost, but not quite, made up his mind that he would like to marry her. He had no doubt in his own mind that she would not refuse him. He was not naturally conceited, but when a young man has been hunted for 10 years by all the ratch-making methers in England it tends to give him a very good opinion of himself.

"I'll wait until we get down to Syston,"
he thought. "See a bit more of her.
She's a dear, but little more than a
child."

The door opened and a maid servant en-The door opened and a maid servant entered the room.

"Mr. Travers has called to see your ladyship," she said.
Joan colored and rose from her chair.

"Mr. James Travers" he queried in a voice she found it hard to control.

"I don't know, my lady. He said you would know him."

"Of course I know him," said Joss, turning to the Duke; "he is my countinow—the nephew of my stepfather, show Mr. Travers to here, please."

The maid left the room and the Duke is mild left the room and the Duke is made to the Duke is mild.

is that the chap my mother was talk-of yesterday writes music doesn't ralls himself by some italians passe?" The " are replied rather stalk by "I

him before. He was injured in that motor accident—lost his right hand—to save my face from being cut to pieces."
"By Jove, yes, I'd forgotten. Well, the world ought to be very grateful to him."
"To you—want to go?" he stammered after a pause.
"No, I don't, Jim—but mother wishes me

Duke.

"Do you mind if I leave you for a minute?" she said. "Mr. Travers has a message to give me from his mother—

all the afternoon."

Joan left the room and found James
Travers in the study. He looked very
ill; his face was white and drawn, and
there were dark rings round his eyes.

"My darling!" he said in a low voice, "My darling!" he said in a low voice, when the door was closed behind him. "Oh, it's like a new life to see you again." She came to him with outstretched hands. He held one of them and drew

er close to him.
"Oh, my dear Joan," he whispered,
why have you not written to me? I have not heard from you for a month. My etters have never been answered—six of hem. Joan, dear, I had to come down and see you.'

"Oh, Jim, what is the use?" she said.
'Mother will not let me marry you—I—I
cannot go against her wishes. How could be happy, how could either of us be A flerce light came into his eyes.

"She has married my uncle," he said.
"She has takin care that nothing should stand in the way of her own happiness. And yet she tells you that—that I am not good enough for you."

He looked at her inquiringly, but she

made no answer. What answer could she make? How could she defend her mother's unreasonable attitude? It was "Why am I not good enough for you?" he said angrily. "What is there against.

"Jim, dear-we must wait patiently, m sure mother will give way-if we only 'm sure mother will give way—if we only wait, and she sees how unhappy I am."
His eyes searched her face, as though he

were seeking for the truth.
"They told me—when I asked for you,"
he said slowly, "that the Duke of Seiches-ter was here." "Yes, he gave my mother away at the wedding. He is a relation, you know."
"Yes, a relative—you told ma. Is any one also here—any other relative—friend?"
"No." she answered rather coolly. "The

"No," she answered rather coolly. "The Duke is going to motor with me to Systom. I have been placed in his mother's charge until the honeymoon is over."

James Travers drew in his breath sharply. "So that was Lady Wimberley's plan, was it—to throw these two together."

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VIENNA SHOP

world ought to be very grateful to him.
"I am very grateful to him, and so is my mother," said Joan stiffly.
The door opened and the maid returned. She handed Joan a folded piece of paper. The girl flushed and opened it out. Then she laughed and turned to the young buke.

"No, I don't, Jim—but mother v to. And I must go somewhere." "Come and stay with us." "Come and stay with us." "Come and stay with us." to. And I must go somewhere." "Come and stay with us." "Come a "Come and stay with us." he said eagerly, "In London for a week or two. Then we are going to a delightful little Then we are going to a delightful little cottage in the country—by the sea, too—just a dear, quiet little place. You'd love it. You have lived all your life in big houses and it would be a novelty to you."
"Oh, I should love it," she cried, clasping her hands together. "But you know, the little was a should be a love it."

ers and looked into her eyes. "Joan, dear," he said passionately—"if—

if you had the courage-to tell them that ou were going to marry me." She bowed her head and was silent. "Joan," he said sternly, "you do intend to marry me one of these days?" "Yes—yes," she cried pitcously. "Oh,

please do not ask me to marry you against ny mother's wishes."
"She must come first, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes-yes-always first."
"Then you do not love me?"
"I do, dear; indeed I do. But, Jim, I

"I do, dear; indeed I do. But, Jim, I am not of age, and until I am I could not marry you. The law—"
"There is no law," he said flercely, "for those who love. Joan, look at me. I am iii. I worry about you day and night. I keep on saying to myself, 'She doesn't love me or I would come first."

"Jim, dear, you must be sensible. We are both so young—and you are doing

are both so young-and you are doing such splendid work. You must devote yourself to that for a while-go on climbing-higher and higher."

His hand dropped to his side and he walked away from her to the window. For a few moments he stood there, star-

ror a lew moments at statement and the statement of the abbey. Then he turned.
"It could ellimb more quickly," he said,
"If you were my wife," He came closer to her. "Joan," he cried passionately,
"can't you see that we've got to take our fate in our hands you and I--that Lady. rate in our hands—you and I—that Lady Wimberley—and my uncle and Lord Wimberley, and every one are against us. If we give in now, they will get the better of us in the end. That isn't the way that Love conquers the world. Who has a right to come between us? If your mother, had not married my uncle, she mother had not married my uncle, she could have said that the Erleighs were not good enough to marry into an old and proud family like yours. But she has

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A New Style in Frocks

bridge party the other day, and won the ing. I don't honestly believe that the h second prize. Somehow or other I am true one bit. Men like a girl to be we always lucky at cards.

"Lucky at cards, unlucky at love," said Uncle Joe in his cheerful way. I told him that the old saying was entirely antiquated and that nobody believed in it nowadays, but he only said optimistically, "Walt and see." There was a very attractive girl at the

bridge party. Apart from the fact that she was so infatuated with her flance, and he with her, that neither of them could play properly, or, in fact, pay any real attention to the game at all, she was guite an addition to the party, sartorially speaking! Her dress was quite uncommon. The very full skirt was of blue and black taffeta, worn with a short black silk

with three large buttons and was shirred into the waist line, giving a flare effect below the waist line. Collar and cuffs of white satin were worn, and really the little jacket looked exceedingly chic.

Jacket, that had long tight-fitting sleeves,

This little jacket fastened down the front

mired her dress, although, of course, we the little accessories of dress for the faare always assured that men never think | ture.

I was very successful at the afternoon of or even see what a woman is wear. dressed and they do take in heaps of intle details, although they would hate to admit the fact. For men are such cosceited creatures that they think it he neath their dignity to acknowledge no.

ticing a woman's clothes. It is astonishing to see how clother tax improve the appearance of the homelist. looking woman. I have known girls win were positively plain, but who had a saving sense of good taste in dress. change themselves from ugly duckling into very attractive swans, which, if not actually beautiful, were somewhere very near it. It really is the duty of every women

to make the very best of herself. Thu doesn't involve needless extravagance The best-dressed women are very ofter the ones who have fewest selections. Bet they attend strictly to all the important little dealls which go to the making or marring of a toilette. One can learn to much from the ways of the French. women! The very poorest of them have a "cachet" that to other women seems I am sure the pretty girl's flance ad- hard to attain. So I intend to study at

FISH FOOD FOR LENTEN DAYS

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Fish is the meat equivalent, with all its | fish, perhaps cold, with no piquant saus sinfulness omitted, which we turn to as no contrasting garnish. a food staple in Lenten days. Either | Fish must be eaten "on the fin." R fresh, smoked or in some of the various canned or dried form, will be the basis Qualities of freshness, firmness, etc., p of our meals for several weeks to come. It is, therefore, worth while knowing more about fish. Its nature, the best methods of cooking it and serving it on the famlly table.

There are, broadly, two classes of fish; the red-blooded, in which the fat is evenly distributed through the flesh, making it all soft and oily; the other, the whiteblooded fish, so-called, which are dry because the fat is collected in one special place. Each of these groups requires a different cooking method. Fat fish, like salmon, bluefish, whitefish, etc., should, therefore, not be fried or cooked in such a manner as to add more fat. On the other hand, the light or dry fish, like flounder, mackerel, weakfish, halibut, etc., are best prepared with the addition of

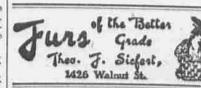
fat or an oily sauce. The size of the fish, too, partly de-termines the method of cooking. Large fish lend themselves best to baking, while small or pan fish are better prepared by the quicker brolling or frying method. "Fish steaks" of cod and halibut (both dry) particularly need a relieving sauce. message to give me from his mother something rather private. If you'll excuse me—"
"Oh, yes, of course, Joan; I'll go out and see about the motor. We ought to start in half an hour, and I'd like a breath of fresh air—I've been in nearly breath of fresh air—I've been in nearly all the afternoon."

Ing her hands together. "But you know, Jim, that it is impossible. Why the Juckes would wire to my mother tonight and they'd return at once and fetch me away. You mustn't talk nonsense, Jim, You know it is impossible."

You know it is impossible. Why the in the sauce. No other one food needs in the sauce and garnish, Since fish is uniformly gray-brown when cooked, in serving it needs to be made more attractive by highly colored garnishes, such as rings of lemon, tomatous emergial parsiety or a yellow. sauce, emerald parsley or a yellov

mayonnaise.

The poorest method of all in cooking The poorest method of all in cooking fish is the wasteful one of boiling, as by it the valuable salts and extracts of the fish are lost in the water. Steaming is preferable for such fish as haddock and cod, and the juice or liquor should not be thrown away, but saved and utilized. Only the Japanese and few other foreign people can make a fish soup which is not a mess, and the American housewife has less skill in fish cookery than any other. This is certainly not because of lack of less skill in fish cookery than any other. This is certainly not because of lack of fish, especially on our seaboard with its abundance of quantity and variety of the finny tribe. Hotels universally cook fish better than it is cooked in the home. This is only because chefs understand the nature of fish, the right methods for particular varieties and the dexterous handling of sauces and garnishes. Unless one is really a fish lover, there is nothing more tasteless, inspid and unappetting than a platter of indifferently prepared



must be served hot on a hot platter without saying, and stale fish is, at course, positively dangerous. The many varieties of dried, desiccated and cannel

chief of them being the cream or solloped method. As a breakfast dainty, of a substantial luncheon dish, fish with a cream sauce on toast, or scalloped a some of the attractive earthenway dishes, is always in season. dishes, is always in season.

If any housekeeper doubts that fish is nourishing, let her consult a Government bulletin, showing the percentages of nutriment of fish and meat. Fish-eating folk, like the Scandinavians, the Jay, our own "herring-chokers" in New England, are famously hardy people. Fish the same nutrients as meat with our own herring-chokers in New Enland, are famously hardy people. Fit offers the same nutrients as meat without so many of the latter's dangerous toxic qualities. The housekeeper deservato treat it with more consideration.

fish can be used in innumerable ways

Copyright, 1915, Mrs. Christine Frederick Fresh Bread

Bread, when a day or two old, may be treated thus: Dip a cloth in clean est water, cover top and sides of loaf, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour It will be as nice as when first baked.

Saving Gowns
A double thickness of material at shieldwise and stitched under the arm while a dress is being made, will prove a shield when the same in great resource when the dress beg

The best scrap baskets are the simplest ones, closely woven and free from an contraptions of ribbons, etc.

Economy Hint
The thoughtful housewife saves all the
waxed paper that comes to the house
for cracker and other boxes.



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