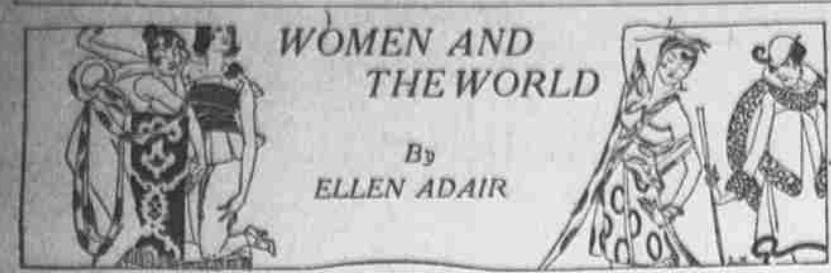


FOR THE WOMEN AND THE HOME—PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS



WOMEN AND THE WORLD

By ELLEN ADAIR

The Joys of Travel

"Home-staying minds have ever homely wits." So goes the old saying. And there is lots of truth in it, too. The heart that has never known that most wonderful of feelings, wanderlust, has never truly lived. For the world is such a wonderful, thrilling, romantic place that only those whose souls are asleep can feel no thrill of longing to see everything, do everything, go everywhere and drink in all the wonder and the beauty and the glory of it.

Yet there are thousands of narrow-souled people who are utterly unambitious and considerably less enterprising than the proverbial mouse. They drag on from day to day, like the man in Pilgrim's Progress who kept his eyes steadfastly 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 unhappy. 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 pitted 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 realities.

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 Baedekers, and sea-voyages and routes. She absorbed a tremendous amount of useful information about every corner of the world.

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 almost every country of the world. She

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. All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Catharine D. ... An invalid who is closely confined to her rooms finds much pleasure in studying the vacation and vacation booklets sent out by the various railroads and steamship lines. She compares routes, rates and all advantages as though she were really planning for an extended trip. The information gained from this source is astonishing, making it a pleasure 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, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Having a piece of light blue flannel in my trunk and an odd piece of white all-over-lace I made baby a very pretty cap, costing me only 12 cents for blue ribbon for rosettes on sides, cap, 1 cent for the narrow strip for front of cap and a cup shape in back making it look like the little Dutch caps, which are so cunning and cute on babies. This cap can be washed and looks pretty at 12 cents.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. L. V. ... 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 coals 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 less all the dust and labor of sifting.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Mary E. ... 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 Women suffrage has been endorsed by the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs.

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

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

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

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

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, and heir to the vast Wimberley estates, in danger of death from two groups of conspirators. One group is led by Dick Merlet, the other by John Erleigh, head of Harpree School, who is engaged to Anne Wimberley. The girl is involved in the plot. Years ago John Erleigh and Dick Merlet were dropped out of the game. A day later an attack is made on the residence of Merlet, who is killed.

him before. He was injured in that motor accident—lost his right hand—to save my face from being out to pieces. "My love, yes, I'd forgotten." "Well, the 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 Duke.

for seven weeks—give them every opportunity of seeing each other?" "Do you want to go?" he stammered after a pause. "No, I don't, Jim—but mother wishes me to. And I must go somewhere." "Come and stay with us," he said eagerly, "in London for a week or two. Then we are going to a delightful little cottage in the country—by the sea, too—just a day, dear, in the 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, Jim, that it is impossible. Why the Duchess 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."

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 thoroughly cooked.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Fairy Helpers

THREE narcissus bulbs were half 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 magic.

The Kid's Chronicle

WE HAD appetizer tarts for dinner last night for supper, me being aloud to have 2, and wren suppur was over there was still a hole lot of them awn a plate in the middle of the tabl, and I went out and sum of the fallas was standing eround the lamp post in frunt of our house waiting for me, and then I sed, Ill be out in a minit, and I went back into the house agen and wawked throo the dining room, and the tarts was still there, and I went back in the kitchen and got a drink of wattr and awn my way out agen. I took a tart awf of the plate and ate it awn my way to the frunt door agen. Wats you chewing awn, sed Puda Simkins.

Nothing speak, I sed. And I stood there a littel wile lawstr, and then I sed, Ill be back in a minit. And I went back in the kitchen and got another glass of wattr and drank it. You seem to have an ordil thit awn you imble, sed Nora. Nora beeing the main of our cook. Wich I didnt say anything, and awn my way out throo the dining room I took another appet tart awf of the plate and ate it befor I got to the frunt door, and after I had bin awn another littel wile I sed to the felio, Ill be back in a minit. And I went back to the kitchen for another drink of wattr. Well for the luv of hevvin, a boddy wite think you had bin out in the desert of Sahara 5 monthis without wattr, like I sed, sed Nora.

In the night, while she slept, the fairies did come. And, would you believe it? In the night, while she slept, the fairies did come. And they did open the narcissus blossoms wide. In the morning, when the family looked at the plant, there the blossoms were! Open and wonderful, fragrant and beautiful. Just as though they had been released from bondage by some magic touch! "I guess it just wasn't time for them to open before," said mother; but the little girl knew better than that. She knew the fairies really had come from the stars. She could tell by the look, stary look of the flowers!

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 Harpree and found the Duke at the drawing room of the schoolhouse. He was a tall, good-looking man of 35, with fair hair and honest gray eyes. Joan liked him, and thought him a "really good sort," but, as she was rich and well-to-do, she 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?" "Well, I've seen about a thousand people off—from this house—since you departed. And now we've got to see ourselves off. Your maid has come on in one of our cars with your luggage. My mother expects us in time to get ready for dinner at 8 o'clock."

"How far is it?" "About 40 miles. We'll do that in the hour 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 said, and she turned to the duke and ordered the tea. Then she made her way upstairs to the 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 her. But he seems a decent sort of chap." "He is—splendid. He's made the school—It was nothing before he came here. All the boys worship him." "Jim," 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 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 match-making mothers 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 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 be here."

"Why am I not good enough for you?" he said angrily. "What is there against me?" "I'm sure dear—we must wait patiently. I'm sure mother will give way—if we 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 Selchester was here."

"Yes, he gave my mother away at the wedding. He is a relation, you know." "Yes, a relative—you told me. Is any one else here—any other relative—friend?" "No," she answered rather coolly. "The Duke is going to motor with me to Syston. 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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A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

I was very successful at the afternoon bridge party the other day, and won the second prize. Somehow or other I am 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, "Wait and see."

There was a very attractive girl at the bridge party. Apart from the fact that she was so infatuated with her dance, 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 quite 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 jacket, that had long tight-fitting sleeves. This little jacket fastened down the front 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.

I am sure the pretty girl's fiancé admired her dress, although, of course, we are always assured that men never think

FISH FOOD FOR LENTEN DAYS

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK Author "The New Housekeeping."

Fish is the meat equivalent, with all its sinfulness omitted, which we turn to as a food staple in Lenten days. Either fresh, smoked or in some of the various canned or dried form, will be the basis of our meals for several weeks to come. It is, therefore, worth knowing more about fish, its nature, the best methods of cooking it and serving it on the family 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 white-blooded 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 determines the method of cooking. Large fish lend themselves best to baking, while small or pan fish are better prepared by the quicker broiling or frying method. "Fish steaks" of cod and halibut (both dry) particularly need a relieving sauce. Indeed, the secret of good fish dishes lies in the sauce. No other one food needs "tone" both in 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, tomato sauce, emerald parsley or a yellow mayonnaise.

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.

It is certainly not because of lack of fish, especially on our seaboard with its abundance of quantity and variety of the fish 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 to be said about fish. It is a matter of fact, the right method for particular varieties and the dexterous handling of sauces and garnishes. Unless one is really a fish lover, there is nothing more to be said about fish. It is a matter of fact, the right method for particular varieties and the dexterous handling of

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Contestant's Entry Blank Public Ledger Evening Ledger Independence Square, Philadelphia Please enter my name as a contestant in the Panama-Pacific Exposition Tour.