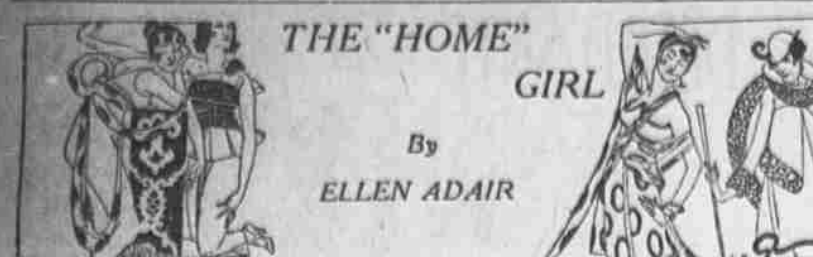


## FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOME-PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS



THE "HOME"

GIRL

By  
ELLEN ADAIR

## How She Gets the Heavy End of the Load

The girl who goes into the work-a-day world and earns her own living is a remarkably fortunate young woman, whether she realizes the fact or not. If she doesn't realize it, she is very foolish, and the sooner she does realize her own good luck, the better.

For the girl who works outside the home is independent and there is little in this old world that can compare with the glorious feeling that independence always brings.

The average stay-at-home girl, of the middle class, really has a pretty poor time of it. It isn't exactly a case of all work and no pay, but it's a case of something very much like that. For the stay-at-home daughter, in addition to all the work she is supposed to do regularly in the house, has the fag ends and the trifles and the left overs to attend to into the bargain.

In most large families where there are several daughters, there will always be found one stay-at-home girl upon whom the heavy end of the load really falls. Her sisters are all engaged in some interesting and lucrative employment that takes them daily among interesting, live people. Their minds are growing, their ideas are being formed and they are being educated on modern lines, they are gaining in culture and they are filling a thoroughly satisfying and successful niche in the world of work.

They are happy and satisfied. For in addition to the new breadth of view they are gaining, each night they come home with the glorious feeling of "something attempted, something done," which has earned them the right to repose in various recumbent attitudes around the parlor, while the little stay-at-home sister bustles around and gets supper ready for them.

In addition to this feeling of work accomplished, these business girls have the added satisfaction of receiving their pay envelope as regularly as clock-work every week.

This regular salary is delightful, there is no doubt of that, and puts a woman into harmony with all the world. But the stay-at-home girl experiences no such interesting and stimulating sensation. Upon the contrary, she has to go to her father for every cent she spends—and he probably gives it to her with a bad grace, which makes the asking doubly hard.

For no girl on earth likes to have to "ask" for money. It is unpleasant, to say the least of it. Yet the stay-at-home girl ought not to feel that it is unpleasant, for if any one has earned a full right to money, it is she. She works harder in the home than do her sisters in their offices, and her reward is as nothing compared with theirs.

There is a curious idea prevalent that the stay-at-home member of the family has an easy and pleasant life, sheltered from the ups and downs that beset the business world, and free of the worries that business always brings. Nothing of the sort! She has just as many cares and worries as her business sisters, and doesn't get half the sympathy they do.

For work done in the home generally goes unnoticed. Yet in every home there is a tremendous amount of work to be done, and the person who attends to the hundred and one extra odds and ends has a pretty thin time of it.

A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done. And this applies to the stay-at-home girl. Yet so many people imagine that her life is just a bed of roses. I have frequently heard girls profess to envy her. "You lucky girl!" they will say. "Able to lie in bed till ten in the morning, if you want to! Able to keep all social engagements and have a perpetual easy time! You don't know your own luck!"

And the stay-at-home girl doesn't contradict them. She realizes that it would be useless. But deep in her heart of hearts she is envying these business girls their independence, their satisfying careers and their assured salaries.

PINK SILK AND WHITE CREPE NEGLIGEE, WHITE LACE AND BLUE RIBBON

## JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING, By CLAUDE MORRIS

Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor"

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the daughter of Wimberley, and heir to the vast Wimberley estate, is in danger of death from two groups of conspirators. One group is led by Dick Merlet, a cousin of Guy's, and Vertigan, a seaman at Hartree School, is engaged to Anne Wimberley. The other group is led by a Doctor Anderson, also of the school. Vertigan alone knows this, and is withdrawing from the plot, because her crime, if she is caught, would be too great for her. She is withdrawing from the plot, because her crime, if she is caught, would be too great for her. She is withdrawing from the plot, because her crime, if she is caught, would be too great for her.

Erleigh, after making sure that his name was not connected with the plot, went to the house of the doctor, and there he found the doctor's daughter, who was in love with him. He found her in a room where she was alone, and he found her in a room where she was alone, and he found her in a room where she was alone.

CHAPTER XXIX (Continued)

He hurried him along the deck to the cabin—the finest in the ship. Lord Wimberley was willing enough to rough it in the wilds of Africa, but when he traveled by sea he liked as much comfort as he could get. He closed the door, seated himself in a chair, pointed to another and rang.

"What'll you have?" he queried when one of the stewards appeared.

"Oh, not your whiskey, I beg of you. A wine of Spain, if you can find it. If not, a wine of France."

"Now about champagne," said Lord Wimberley. He had no wish to sample the vintage of Spain, of which he had unpleasant recollections.

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room there for myself. For two days I waited, and then I heard the news from Malaga.

"And the people were still there when you heard of the bodies coming ashore?"

"Yes, so that was an end of that. I left at once. There was no need for me to stay."

"Him?" said Lord Wimberley thoughtfully. "I think I should have stayed until I had known that the bodies had been identified."

"Perhaps it would have been wise, my Lord. But I wanted to get to Malaga and see if I could not work from there and find out something. I knew there was no time to be lost, that others would be on the trail."

He leaned back in his chair and lit his cigar. Lord Wimberley drank a little champagne.

"Was this girl anything like the photographs of my nephew?"

"Yes—so it seemed to me—it was that which first attracted my attention to the young lady. I said to myself, 'This is surely a sister of the missing young gentleman.'"

"And the other man—the man who was not William Merlet? What was he like?"

"Tall and big—with a false beard. I thought then that it might have been Mr. Ricardo Merlet, but, of course, I afterward knew that was impossible.

"Certainly it was impossible. But the story interests me—because I am sure that the little man was William Merlet."

"And may I ask precisely who is Mr. Ricardo Merlet?"

"He is the youngest of these brothers—of whom Dick Merlet is the eldest."

"I see, my lord, so that he is what you would call an interested party."

"Yes, if he could get rid of me and his brother, he would inherit the title and estates."

"And you know him, eh?"

"Only very slightly."

"You do not care for him?"

"He is a rotter, like his brothers."

"A rotter, eh? You mean he is no good?"

"Precisely."

Lord Wimberley lit a cigarette, and for a minute the two men smoked in silence. Then Lopez said:

"I was a fool not to have stayed on at that hotel where I was. I might have learnt something of importance."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that this was a clever plot to put people off the scent. They wished me to think that this girl was the young Lord Wimberley. They hoped I would go to the police and that they would lead us to a dance all over the continent. If the little boat had not been wrecked that day, the plot would have succeeded."

"And the young Lord Wimberley and Mr. Ricardo Merlet would have escaped."

"By Jove," said Lord Wimberley, "there is something in that. Perhaps all the three brothers were in the scheme. There was an attempt on my life—that could not have been made by Dick Merlet. I wish you had come to me at once. Now it is too late. Lopez slipped his champagne."

"Not for one with brains," he said. "What is a year—to one who has eyes and brains? I thought that I could earn 10,000 pounds."

He paused and stroked his black mustache. His dark eyes twinkled and there was a flush under his swarthy skin.

"You did not find gold in Australia?"

"No, my lord, I did not. I found a little more than I expected."

"And you are content with that?"

"No, my lord, I am not. I found a little more than I expected."

Spaniard, and then, thinking of his aged mother who had "the rheumatism" and his five sisters whom no one would marry, he wept.

"A coward," said Lord Wimberley coldly. "That's about what you are."

John Erleigh, white faced, his hands clenched, his lips pressed tightly together, moved a pace forward, as though the insult were too much for him to bear. Then he controlled himself, and taking his pipe out of his pocket looked at it and put it back again.

"A pitiful coward," Lord Wimberley continued, "to shelter yourself behind a woman. I thought I was dealing with an honorable man or I would not have left England."

"I gave you no promise," said Erleigh fiercely. "You said that if I married your sister-in-law you would tell every one about Vertigan and my sister."

"Pshaw! That is the argument of a man who has nothing to say in his own defense. You knew that when you had once married Lady Wimberley you were safe."

"I told my wife all that you could have told her. When I had done that I considered I had done all that was expected of me."

"Well, there's no need to discuss it. You know now what I think of you."

Erleigh moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

"I wish you would understand," he said slowly, "that Lady Wimberley—my wife—was in a position to judge for herself. She knew exactly how matters stood, and it was not for you—or for any one else—to interfere."

Lord Wimberley laughed. "Upon my word," he said, "I believe it would do you good if I gave you a thrashing. I should feel all the better for it myself. You're a contemptible scoundrel, Erleigh, to take advantage of a woman's weakness and her love for you. You say you have told her all that I know about you. Well, perhaps one of these days I may know more than I do at present. Certain things may come to light that will make your wife hate and despise you. She may no longer wish to protect you, and when that day comes, by Jove, I'll do my best to ruin you—smash you up and your school as well."

He strode out of the room, and the door closed behind him with a crash. Erleigh stood motionless for nearly a minute. Then he seated himself in the chair at the writing table and taking out his pipe began to fill it with tobacco.

Then the door opened and his wife entered the room.

"Jack, dear," she said, "I wanted to see Arthur, but he would not stop to speak to me. I'm afraid you have not made friends with him."

"I'm afraid not, Anne," he answered with a smile.

"I shall go up to Monk'silver and see him. He will come round. You don't know Arthur—he's all abashed one moment and the next he is as gentle as a child. Jack, dear, I'm afraid you're dreadfully upset."

She seated herself on the arm of his chair and touched his hair gently with her fingers.

"Jack, dear," she whispered, "you've got me. You will always have me, even if all the world is against you."

He caught hold of her hand and pressed it against his cheek, gripping her fingers hard.

(Continued tomorrow.)

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To Critics

When I was seventeen I heard from each censorious tongue, "I'd not do that if I were you; You see, you're rather young."

Now that I number forty years, I'm quite as often told, "Of this or that I shouldn't do because I'm quite too old."

O, carping world! If there's an age Where youth and manhood meet An equal pole, alas! I must Have passed it in my sleep.

—Walter Larned.

Ingenious Duchess

The Duchess of Marlborough has fortified her London home against Zeppelin attacks by having a slow wire netting stretched across the roof of her house at the height of several feet.



## A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

The New Negligees

Yesterday I was at a little theatre party, and after the party was over, I spent the night at the house of my hostess. She had three other girls staying at the house, and after we all had gone upstairs, one by one we slipped into her room for a chat.

"Is that you, Dorothy?" she cried, when I tapped on the door. "Come right in! The more the merrier!"

So in I walked. There sat the other three girls, rocking peacefully by the fire, and all arrayed in the loveliest negligees imaginable.

I was so thankful that I had bothered to bring my newest negligee with me. It was a Christmas gift, and I had laid it aside for special visits.

"What a pretty wrap you are wearing, Dorothy!" exclaimed Jane. Jane is an old friend of mine who was also spending the night with these friends. "The coloring is really perfect."

I do think myself that it is rather pretty.

The negligee is of palest pink silk and white lace, with a little loose jacket of crepe de chine in exactly the same shade of pink. It is edged at bottom with a blue satin ribbon, and a large blue satin bow finishes the opening at the neck.

The collar and the tiny little sleeves are of white flax lace, and I wear a little boudoir cap tied with blue ribbon.

The negligee that Jane wore was exceedingly handsome. Jane is not a slim—no, to tell the truth, she is of a solid build, and is so tall that she can't rather difficult to get things to suit her style. "I know I'm immensely fat," she will say in her good-natured way. "It's good nature that does it, so I must care!"

She really has a lovely disposition, and I don't know when I saw her look so handsome as in that exquisite negligee. For it was nothing more nor less than Chinese robe of heavy silk in a carnation shade, embroidered in every crease of the rainbow. The long, loose sleeves were gold embroidered, and butterfly designs were carried out in gold thread.

"Wherever did you get that lovely negligee, Jane?" I cried at once. "It is beautiful!"

"Yes, I think it is rather nice," Jane complacently. "You know I have an uncle in China? He brought this home with him last fall, to give mamma. But I told her that she was much too small and slim to wear it, and that it would just suit my peculiar type of beauty! Mamma said that the 'peculiar' was well chosen, and that she would let me have it on account of her smallness and slenderness and because she didn't think that shade of deep emerald would go with her red hair! Was I lucky? Never before was I so thankful that my hair is a hideous color!"

Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the EVENING LEDGER prices 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 Anna T. Bunker, 480 Fairmount avenue, for the following suggestion:

My room is furnished as a sitting room, but it serves as a bedroom also. One of the things that is very handy is a sectional bookcase which I turned into a china cabinet.

I have three sections, two high and the top section is low, in the early English finish. The glass is divided by wooden strips into smaller panes, and this is very pleasing with the china and cut glass showing through.

I screwed large brass screws about three inches long and three inches apart into the back of the cabinet, and placed three inches from the top of each section except the top one. Then I tacked strips of wood, which I had stained, along the back and sides to keep the plates from falling. Large tacks would answer this purpose.

This arrangement enabled the plates to show with the cups hanging just above them. Before making the holes for the hooks I soaked the gimlet well and also rubbed soap on the screw part of the hooks so that the hard wood would not split.

My friends regard this as a very clever and original idea, as it is both useful and a very attractive piece of furniture; and it is a virtually dustproof.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. A. Hopkins, 68 Hobbs avenue, Fox Chase, Pa., for the following suggestion:

In making a bolero for a cake it is a little cream of tartar is used it will give it a glossy surface.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Kitty Harwood, 2355 Brown street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

To save laundry bills I have made for mother what I call "cart-wheel" tablecloths to use at breakfast and luncheon. I bought blue and white Japanese towels and sewed it together to form a sort of large cross. When this is laid on the table it looks like two runners crossed, without, of course, the two thick masses of cloth in the middle. We use Japanese napkins with these. They wash very easily and are so cheap.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Margaret Whelan, 2355 Brown street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Many people think that gas mantles are useless after they fail to throw a good light, but this is a mistake. I make old mantles and save them. Instead of using silver polish I always use the old mantles. The pulverized gas mantle cleans jewelry, silver and other things without scratching them.

Across the Counter

A favorite collar for the coat suit is the cutch feathered one. This is made on a flat band, and sells for \$8.

An extra evening gown is always necessary between seasons, and a very pretty selection of satin ones are on sale at a Chestnut street shop at \$45.

A good suggestion for the middlewoman is the scissors case. This will sheathe the dangerous weapon, and only costs 50 cents.

Beautiful 15-button glove kid gloves, made in the popular mousquetaire fashion and made in France, are at \$1.25.

Pure are selling for a half of their original prices now. A set of monkey fur, with a wonderful long barrel muff and stole to match, costs only \$155.

Smoker sets, in mahogany, and tobacco jars, in the attractive English Doulton ware, can be had from \$1 up.

W.A. Bender

ONLY THE BEST—BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY—READING TERMINAL MARKET

Stalls 008-009-010

Philbert 2356-2357

HEINZ Spaghetti

COOKED READY TO SERVE

Meat may be high, but Spaghetti is just as tasty and has all the food value of meat and one-fifth the cost. Heinz has made it delicious with cheese and tomato sauce. Put the can in boiling water fifteen minutes before serving.

ONE OF THE 57

## U. S. ATTORNEY KANE KEEPING WATCH ON BREAD PROBLEM

His Office May Proceed Independently if Price Increase Violates Federal Law.

If the reduction of the size of a loaf of bread or the boosting of the cost of the loaf violates the Federal laws, United States Attorney Francis Fisher Kane has the power to proceed at once against the offending bakers and grocers. In this regard Mr. Kane said today:

"This office may proceed independently if I discover that the increase in the price of bread violates the Federal laws, but I shall not take any action without previously availing myself of the counsel of the chief of this department in Washington. It seems to me that if any one ought to take action in this matter at this time it surely is the Government, but I have not studied the matter to that end."

MR. KANE'S PLANS.

Mr. Kane was asked if he had begun any investigation into the cause of the rise in the price of grain. He said that he had read in the newspapers that an investigation had been begun by the Department of Justice at Washington into conditions in the Chicago wheat pit with a view to the prosecution of the wheat gamblers if the Federal laws were being violated. In regard to his own office here, Mr. Kane said:

"I have no knowledge that there is anything being done here in regard to the grain market. I am doing nothing, my office has received no communication from Washington in that regard, but I am not in a position to say what, if anything, the investigating department may be doing. If it is active here, I have no information to that effect."

"FRESHENING" OLD BREAD.

Universal 5-cent bread will make the stale loaf come into its own. Housewives who heretofore have regarded the "5-cent loaf" bread as quite without the pale, it is expected, will be only too glad to get acquainted with it, if the price of "bread lines" which form daily outside the bakeries of the city, where loaves left

over from the day before are dispensed at half price, are beginning to show an increase and the memory of 10-cent breads are being extolled on all sides.

This bread, according to Louis Kohb, of the Kohb Bakeries, sells at exactly half price, and the demand for two loaves for 5 cents is steadily growing.

"As long as bread continues at 5 cents," said he, "we shall continue selling this stale bread at 2½ cents the loaf; but, of course, a rise may be expected at any time. Just as soon as we have to buy flour at the present quotations we shall have to raise our prices; but, fortunately, we have a large supply on hand."

At the Freihofer Bakery it was said that the time might soon arrive when the bakeries, in order to safeguard themselves, would regulate their output to accommodate only a known demand, and in this case the supply of stale bread would be greatly diminished and this resource denied consumers.

William Maehler, president of the Maehler Baking Company, of Camden, suggested that the wholesale bakers unite in a determination not to take back the stale loaves from the grocer. If this measure were carried out consistently, it is his belief that the price of bread might be kept down, because the small dealer would order more carefully and the usual waste of an over-supply would be avoided for the wholesale baker.

Women's Club News

An Emerson recital will be held at the home of Mrs. Mary Carroll Dowell, 3303 Arch street, Saturday morning, from 10:30 to noon. The object of the affair is to raise funds for the Congressional Union, to further the equal suffrage cause. Mrs. L. M. Mitchell will preside at the meeting.

The peace drama is attracting much attention in women's club circles just now and the well-known work of Atherton Brownell, "The Unseen Empire," is being widely read. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Jacob R. Goldbaum read it before the open meeting of the Century Club.

Bertha Kuntz Baker, of New York, on February 14, under the auspices of the Drama Section of the New Century Club, a mass-meeting for peace will also be held by the Twentieth Century Club of Lansdowne on Monday evening, February 7. Many prominent speakers will be present and the affair will have the co-operation of the Pennsylvania Arbitration and Peace Society.

The regular Saturday afternoon dances will continue to be held at the New Century Club during February, with the exception of Saturday the day of the midwinter dance. Nothing could be more delightful than these affairs—the floor is excellent, the music, tea and surroundings all contribute to a pleasant evening.

There is an innovation in the club, and a most acceptable one.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER

Making Stars

NINE little water fairies called through the wintry sky on a great white cloud.

"How do you like to ride through the sky?" asked one.

"Oh, I don't know," replied his playmate, doubtfully. "At first I liked it pretty well, but I'm tired of it now. I wish we had something new to do!"

"So do I," chimed in a third. "This 'floating around on a cloud' may sound very jolly. But I for one am tired of it. Let's get something new to do!"

"All right, let's," said all nine water fairies together, and they started in search of their fairy queen.

"They found her at the very farthest corner of the farthest cloud; she had a long, long, long, but they didn't mind that—nobody minds a long hunt when they get something at the end, and the water fairies were sure they would get a nice treat."

When they finally found the queen, they said to her, "Oh, please, dear queen, we are so tired riding round and round on these great white clouds. Won't you please do us something new to do?"

"Now, because they were so sure their queen would do as they asked, they just sat down and waited."

"Well, I am surprised!" exclaimed the queen, and she looked at them.

"The water fairies were so sure they would get something new to do, that they just sat down and waited."

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"I know you do," replied the queen, "you water fairies are the hardest to take care of of any fairies in my kingdom. I no more than get you settled on earth than you want to come up in the sky! Then as soon as you are here, you want to do something new! Well, what is it you want to do now?"

The water fairies looked at each other. They hadn't really thought of what they would like to do, they just wanted to do something!

"But the biggest of the nine thought his very quickest and said, 'If you please, dear queen, we'd like to make stars!'"

"Make stars?" exclaimed the queen, "what would you make them of?"

"We'd make them of—of—of—of all the other fairies listened their hardest, for they couldn't even guess what he might say?—we'd make them of clouds, white clouds! Wouldn't that be pretty?"

"Wouldn't it though?" exclaimed the queen, quite taken with the idea. "Very well, I give you my permission. You may make white stars of the clouds."

So the water fairies set to work. They made stars and they made stars, till the heavens were so full of white cloud-stars that some spilled over and fell to the earth.

Down they dropped, more and more, and still the water fairies kept on making. They were so busy and happy they never thought of stopping!

The night earth people called it the snowstorm of the season. They didn't even guess about the water fairies and their stars.

"The water fairies were so sure they would get something new to do, that they just sat down and waited."