

FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOME-PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTION

BEAUTY AND THE WOMAN

By ELLEN ADAIR

How the Pretty Girl Succeeds or Fails

In these days of paint and powder, eyebrow-penciling and a multitude of artificial "aids" to beauty, it is really hard to tell whether a girl is pretty or otherwise, and almost impossible to discover the natural beauty underneath the artificial.

"That this should be so is a real pity. 'Painting the lily' does not add to the beauty of the flower, as so many foolish damsels fondly imagine. Upon the contrary, it only takes away its beauty and its freshness. But you simply could not convince the devotee of paint and powder of that wholesome fact. No, indeed! Little Miss Modernity would only laugh at you."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," goes the old saying. Yes, this is true, but with reservations! If the beauty is natural and fresh, then the old saying is delightfully true. But it scarcely applies to the artificial.

The girl who is genuinely pretty has much to be thankful for—although it will bring her many small trials and vexations, too. For the people who fondly imagine that beauty in woman is the only thing that really matters are laboring under a sad delusion.

An exceedingly pretty girl was bewailing her fate only the other day: "The men I meet don't seem to care two pins whether I am clever or interesting or intelligent," said she dolefully. "They only want to tell me how pretty I am! I would infinitely rather be thought amusing, or witty, or a fine conversationalist than just be classed as a sweet little doll! And I am classed as a sweet little doll, that is the tragedy of it! Yes, I am convinced that the average man likes a woman to be a fool! He doesn't want brains in a woman, not he! That would be usurping his lordly prerogative! Oh, yes, I have lots of so-called admirers. At first I was pleased, and took their adulation as a compliment. But now I value it at its true worth! For it's only transient admiration for what they are pleased to call my beauty! It doesn't include admiration for anything else—neither my disposition, nor my mentality, nor my powers of conversation."

I noticed a very homely-looking girl eagerly drinking in every word the pretty girl pointedly uttered. There was an expression of intense, hungry wishfulness on the face of the homely girl. I knew that she was envying her attractive companion to the very depths of her soul. Granting that the words of the pretty girl were decidedly exaggerated, what would the homely girl not have given for that half-loaf of admiration which is better than no bread at all! For the homely girl in this particular instance had neither brains, nor beauty, nor a particularly fine disposition to recommend her.

The girl who declares that men only care for mere outward beauty in woman has surely some lack within herself. For if such has been her experience the fault must be largely her own. She can have had little to offer these men beyond the charm of her beauty.

"But men don't want anything else," she will declare. "Men want a girl to be merely a pretty little mindless fool! Yes, the foolish, vacuous, empty men want this—never, never do the best, the worth-while men want anything of this sort. To attract the 'worth-while' man a girl must have sterling qualities to recommend her. Beauty is not essential, although it is a valuable asset. But only an asset, remember that. It must be backed by an intelligent, interesting mind, a sweet personality and a kindly disposition."

One has only to glance through the annals of history to see that many of the plainest women imaginable have been the objects of the deepest love and most

lasting passion on the part of men of the highest intellectual rank and ability. In cases where great beauty was added to this magnetic personality, tragedy has often resulted. Mary, Queen of Scots, was one of the loveliest and most bewitching women who ever lived, both mentally and physically—and a most unhappy lady.

But to every picture there is a reverse side, and the pretty girl should be thankful for her gift of beauty. But she must overcome the very great temptation which comes to every pretty girl to rest on her laurels, so to speak, and allow her beauty to be the only attraction she has to offer. She must cultivate her good qualities quite as assiduously as the girl who has been less favored by nature. For many men shun the pretty girl as being conceited or brainless, or uninteresting. Why plainness of face should be taken as a sign of intelligence strikes me as extraordinary, but some men do actually think so!

The pretty girl is always sure of a certain amount of homage from men. But the quality of that homage depends entirely upon herself. Beauty brings admiration and adulation, and a "good time" in the way of masculine attention—but beauty, to arouse and keep deep and lasting love, should be backed by qualities that endure and endear.



PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

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

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. P. C. Jones, 3441 Walnut street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: A clothespin makes an admirable apple corer when the housewife does not possess one of the latter. Insert the clothespin at the stem end of the apple about an inch and twist it around. Then push it clear through the other end and the core drops out. This works just as neatly as any corer one can buy.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Anne B. Rogers, Jefferson, N. H., Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When cooking new pod peas do not pod, but throw into boiling water and cook until tender. The pods will rise to top of water and peas will go to bottom. Strain the pods off top. Peas are better flavor and saves much labor.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. Bohem, 339 North 65th street, for the following suggestion: An excellent way to clean white enamel furniture is take a desiccated spoon of bicarbonate of soda, a half pint of warm water and a few drops of ammonia. Saturate a sponge or white rag well with this solution and carefully go over the furniture. As the water becomes soiled renew the solution; then wipe dry with a clean rag; lastly rub with a soft flannel cloth to restore the polish. Never use soap, as it makes it yellow. I have just cleaned a bedroom suite and it looks like new.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Peasey, 4636 Sansom street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To purify grease and fat drippings, such as are left in the pan after frying anything, add an amount of water equal to the amount of grease; allow to come to a boil and then cook. The undesirable parts sink to the bottom and the nice white lard which has separated comes to the top. Strain this part off and save it. It can be used again for anything at all that lard is used for and effects a very great saving in the amount of new lard you have to purchase.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

MARY, Mary, quite contrary, was a little girl who lived in a certain big city. I won't tell you which city, for then you might think you knew Mary, and that would make her feel badly—she don't like people to tell things about her contrariness, you see. That is, sometimes she don't. Other times, she laughs about her funny ways as much as you or I would. But, being contrary, you never can quite tell which way you will find her.

Her real name was just plain Mary, but so often she was contrary that her family had named her after the Mary of Mother Goose Village.

Like the Mary in the book, this Mary had a garden. She was very proud of it and liked to pick the flowers, though I fancy she didn't do any more weed pulling than most other little girls do—maybe not as much.

When the winter time came, Mary's garden died and she missed it very much. "I do wish that old Jack Frost had let me keep my garden," she said to her mother one day. "I like gardens and I think it was real unkind of him to freeze mine all up."

"He couldn't help it, dear," said her mother, comfortingly. "He couldn't pick out your garden and save it, he had to freeze them all. If you like gardens so well, why don't you make a winter garden?"

"A winter garden?" asked Mary. "What is a winter garden?"

Her mother explained about the garden of bulbs that people have in their windows in the winter time and Mary was delighted with the idea.

"That's just the very thing I want to have, mother," exclaimed Mary in delight. "Think what fun it will be to watch things grow! And having them shut in the window, I won't have to get down on the ground to watch them. But I don't want bulbs and things that other people have," added Mary quite seriously. "I want nasturtiums!"

"Nasturtiums?" exclaimed her mother. "Nasturtiums? Well, I guess you can have those. Nasturtiums grow in a window garden. Mary? I must have something that no flower will grow. Nasturtiums!"



"Now see my nasturtiums!" cried Mary.

"Now see my nasturtiums!" cried Mary. "Who says they won't grow! Just see them!"

And grow they did—for a while. They sent up cunning green leaves, they began to make vines, and then, all of a sudden, they stopped. Just when they were all covered with tiny leaves, they suddenly leaped over toward the window and died!

"No use trying," said the florist Mary had called on. "Nasturtiums grow in the house; they want the outdoors!"

So Mary had to give up. "I guess flowers are one thing a person can't be contrary about," she said to her mother. "And I believe that's the reason the Mary in the book had a garden!"

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THE LATEST STYLES IN MILLINERY

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

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

Author of "John Hreden, Solicitor"

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness 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, science master at Hartree School, where Guy is studying. The other group is led by a doctor, Anderson, also of the school. Travers, a friend of Guy's, is in the hands of the conspirators. Guy is in a desperate struggle to save his life and the lives of his friends.

When he had finished writing he packed his leather trunk, paid his bill, and took his departure. An hour later he was in the train from Paris, and he intended to go on from Paris to England.

"I must find out all about this William Merlet," he thought. "Lord Wimberley has promised to say nothing of him to any of the English detectives."

He leant back in the corner of his carriage and had pleasant visions of £10,000. It was a large sum—in Spain almost a big fortune. There would be plenty left for a little honest enjoyment when the castle had been restored and new dresses purchased for his five sisters. He liked to think of the new dresses. It was possible that they might help the wearers of them to find husbands.

Autumn passed into winter so quickly that the year in England that one week it was warm and sunny enough for John Erleigh to row his wife up the river and have tea out of doors, and the next week saw snow on the ground and a hard frost that promised skating.

On the day term ended, however, it was damp and chilly, and the fog lay over the land like a yellow pall. John Erleigh, sitting at the table in his study, could hardly see the towering mass of the abbey through the curtain of mist.

A leafless tree, close to the window, stretched out long black arms and fingers that dripped with moisture. The fire in the grate was dull and lifeless, and a haze of smoke hung across the room.

It was very quiet. The school buildings and quadrangle were like a body from which life had departed. The last of the boys had gone, waving his cap gleefully out of the window of an ancient cab. There seemed to be no sound anywhere in the schoolhouse, though the servants must have been about as usual. Even the clock had stopped. For some reason or other John Erleigh had forgotten to wind it up on its appointed day. Such a thing had never happened before since he had been at the school. But his mind was so engrossed with other matters that he did not notice it until he turned in his chair to see the time.

"I'm going to pieces," he muttered, rising to his feet and taking out the key from a china vase. He wound up the clock and set it by his watch. Then he seated himself in his chair again. His face was pale and haggard. That stopping of the clock seemed to be an evil omen. It was as though something had gone wrong with the workings of his brain, as though he himself had run down and was no more use in the world.

It was 3 o'clock, and during the next half hour he turned and looked round at half a dozen times at the timepiece that he had reset to life again. In his

eyes was the look of a man who is waiting and waiting for something to happen—that will mean the end of all his happiness. That was in fact, exactly how matters stood.

His wife and Joan had been in London since the previous night—had gone there on such prosaic business as seeing the dentist. Vertigan had left Hartree that morning and had announced his intention of seeing Lady Wimberley before she returned to Hartree. Vertigan had drained John Erleigh dry. The headmaster, forcing matters to a crisis, had refused to borrow any more money from his wife. So Vertigan had laughed and said that it was easier and simpler to go to the source of the stream.

John Erleigh had let him go. Weeks before he had come to this decision—that if Vertigan asked for any more money he would not give it to the man. His decision had been arrived at suddenly as he had caught a curious expression of pain and fear in his wife's eyes when he had asked her for the last thousand pounds. It was better for her to know the truth than to look at him like that—out of the anguish of her soul. Besides, he felt that he was breaking to pieces under the strain. He ought to have told the woman he loved before he married her. It was late now—perhaps not too late. She might have pity on him; she might be able to understand. On the other hand, the confession of his failure—of his inability to do more from his own lips—might mean the end of all happiness.

And now he was waiting with fear in his eyes for his wife to return. The train had not yet arrived at a quarter to four. Anne had announced her intention of returning by that train.

The clock struck the half-hour—half-past three—and after that the minutes dragged even more wearily. John Erleigh could not concentrate his mind on anything. For more than an hour, a half-written letter had lain before him—a letter of no importance, such as any one could write without effort. But John Erleigh did not finish it. When he was not looking at the clock his eyes were fixed on the window, where the yellow light was changing to a dull gray. The abbey disappeared altogether and then the dark arms and fingers of the tree. And then it grew so dark that he could not see the face of the clock. The ticking of it seemed very loud and very slow.

Then the great abbey clock chimed out 4 o'clock and the whole room seemed to vibrate. After that there was silence for a few minutes, and then the purr of a motor and the crunching of wheels on the gravel drive. John Erleigh shuddered and blinked his eyes like a man awakening from sleep. He heard the distinct tinkle of a bell, and then the opening and closing of the hall doors, and the sound of footsteps and voices in the hall.

John Erleigh rose to his feet, walked to the table. It was impossible to go out into the hall and greet his wife just as if nothing had happened. He would wait until she came to him. She should find him there, hiding his shame in the darkness.

The sound of voices died away, and again there was silence. Perhaps Vertigan had not strayed so far after all. Or perhaps the servants had told him that he was out. He had not rung the bell for tea; he had gone out at 2 o'clock and no one had seen him return. At any rate there would be a respite for a few hours, perhaps for a few days. His breathers more freely.

Five minutes passed and then he heard his wife ask a servant where he was. A few moments later the door opened and she entered the room.

"Are you here, Jack?" she queried, as she peered into the darkness.

"Yes, dear," he answered, rising to his feet. "I am here."

She did not ask him why he had not come out into the hall to greet her, or why he was sitting in the dark. She closed the door and made her way across the room to the red glow of the fire. Stopping, she broke up some of the coal with the poker, and there was the flicker of a few feeble flames. The light showed her face, but not very clearly.

"I'm afraid you've had a wretched journey," said Erleigh, nervously. His wife did not reply, and then he knew, for certain, that Vertigan had carried out his threat. He walked slowly toward the fireplace. His wife was standing motionless, looking down at the flickering flames. One of her hands was resting on the mantelpiece.

"The fog has nearly put the fire out," he said.

She looked at him with dull, weary eyes, opened her lips as if to speak and then stared down at the fire again.

"It is no use my pretending that I don't know," he said abruptly and almost fiercely. "Vertigan has told you. He threatened to tell you if I did not come to you for more money. That could not go on—I have been a coward long enough—I wished him to tell you—I would have told you myself if you had not been in London."

"Then it is true?" she said mechanically.

"I do not know what he told you, but I expect it was the truth. There was no need for him to lie. The truth was evil enough—Anne, I—if I had thought that this was likely to happen I would have told you before I asked you to marry me. But I lived in a fool's paradise. Vertigan had never asked me for money until that day—when he came down into Devonshire. I did not know it—until he had been mad."

For nearly a minute there was silence. Then she looked at him again.

"What is to happen now?" she said slowly.

"I do not know, Anne. I will not ask you to pay the money. Perhaps, on the whole, it would be better to make a firm stand—now—and for all—the man do his worst."

"I was not thinking of the money," she continued in the same dull, even voice. "The money shall be paid—all my money if it is necessary. I was thinking of ourselves."

"You—you mean," he stammered. "Anne—you must not decide anything until I have told you the story. Perhaps it will sound different when I tell it to you. Anne, dear, for pity sake, do not decide anything yet—sit down and listen to what I have to say—I will not plead with you—do anything to warp your judgment. You shall hear the plain facts."

She seated herself in a chair by the fire and listened as if she were cold. Erleigh remained standing. It was easier for him to talk thus than if they had sat face to face.

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Some Pretty Styles in Hats

As far as millinery goes, I think that this forcing of the seasons is absurd! Here we are with the icest of icy winds blowing, and everything as cold and as wintry as possible, yet if you aren't wearing a straw hat you are "out of style."

Yes, it is absurd. Why, the beginning of last September, when the weather was so hot and one longed for coolness, all the straw hats suddenly vanished, and women everywhere appeared with heavy millinery of black velvet or something similar.

Well do I remember setting forth on a broiling hot morning under one of these close-fitting velvet "chapeaux." I had a tremendous amount of shopping to do and I don't know when I felt more heated.

Now here come all the spring hats, and we simply must have one, unless we wish to be entirely demode—and that would never do, would it?

I must confess that I started out with two friends of mine this morning in a far from cheerful frame of mind. For I didn't want to buy a straw hat, yet as they were going to make millinery purchases I didn't want to be left out of the fun.

However, when we reached the millinery place to which my two friends pin their faith, a sudden change came o'er the

spirit of my dream. For really the hats that were set forth there were exquisite. My friend Jane, who, as I have said before, is a large and buxom dame, selected a sailor-shaped hat that exactly suited her style. (There's a genuine snigger knowing what suits you, by the way, wish I was sure I had that special myself.)

I wandered round the place, trying every sort of shape and style. The variety in coloring of the new spring models is wonderful. I really couldn't make up my mind.

There was one rather large hat in a barnyard straw that took my wandering fancy. But Jane persuaded me against it. "You want something more 'dressed-up' looking than that, Dorothy," said she.

So I gave in. Jane always is right in the buying of hats, somehow. "Here is something that ought to suit you," she cried later.

In her hand was a lovely little hat of milan straw, entirely covered with pink rosebuds.

"It will be the very thing for that new gray suit of yours, Dorothy," said Jane.

And when I had tried on the little hat, I was delighted with it. For it suited me to perfection. It wasn't long before the purchase was made, and the little hat in my proud possession.

Kid's Chronicle

WROTE a poem about babies today, being this:

BABYS
A baby is a bald headed person
With specks in forin sounds,
It crawls around like sum kind of a bug
And nevver leeps or bounds.

No man was evvir a littel girl
And no lady was evvir a boy,
But both of them wen they began,
Was wunts a baby, O Joy.

They sleep awl day and cry awl nite
And raw milk is awl they eet,
And nevvervir they wunt amusemint,
They start to play with three feet.

Its quite a trubbl to have a baby around
And its feare to have 5 or 6,
Because they wawk like daws awn thare
hands and feet
But you cant teetch them how to do
tricks.

Its awl rite to like yure naybors daws,
Or evn thare cat, maybe,
But nobuddy is espeshilly fond
Of enybody elses baby.

O a Chinnermans baby is yello
And a savidges baby is black,
But no mattir wat langwidge you tawk
to them in,
Baby tawk is awl they tawk back.

Its grate to see a baby laff,
And its feare to see wun cry,
But weathir they cry or weathir they laff,
Thares nevver eny reason why.

O awlways be kind to babies
And treat them tenderly,
Because no mattir how funny they look,
Thats how you ust to be.

Hints for the Spring Toilette
The early spring styles are making their appearance and the straw hat is not at all unusual on the street. Here are a few advance notes on the edicts of fashion:

Most of the new shoes have straps over the instep. These are cool and comfortable for warm days, and rich beading and embroidery on the straps add a touch of splendor.

All kinds of boleros are coming in again. The old-fashioned and highly artistic ostrich feather fan has made its appearance.

Dance frocks are made of sheerest organdie.

The early straw hats are made with a trimming of satin and resemble military turbans.

Buckles will be worn on all slippers, even those for street wear, and the high boot, made of brown or bronze leather, will remain in favor.

Make your wide skirt short—a narrow one is out of the question.

White petticoats have deep, full ruffles of soft lace.

The newest gloves are trimmed with all kinds of gaudy stitchings. If you can wear brown, do so by all means; this promises to be a brown season.

The Gift

From friend to friend, the choicest gift
That ever love can give,
Is that which comes the heart to lift,
Or helps the soul to live.
Of all fair bounties ever sought,
Of gems or jewels rare,
What treasure like a lovely thought,
Or love's far-reaching prayer.

MARY MAPES DODGE.



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