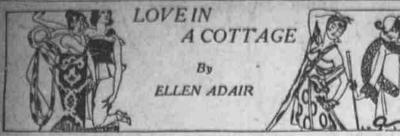
EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1915.

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



Marriage and the Little Things That Bring Happiness

the door ---- '' begins the cynic solemnly, "then you know what happens to Cupid."

10.5

Hut just why Cupid should fly out of the window on the entrance of hard times sufprises me exceedingly. If he was a genuine Cupid, would he not stay and set to work hard to make matters right this, I am sure of it.

Love in a cottage-or to be more accurste-in a cute little apartment house, can surely be made very attractive. For after all, happiness in life cannot be bought with money. Conversely, if there is little money, there may still be a great deal of happiness.

I am convinced that many a wealthy woman today would be infinitely happler If she were living in some quiet little me away from the rush and vexation and the eternal striving of social life. "If we lived in a tiny little house on a tiny little income, then I would have my

husband and my home all to myself," declared such a one pathetically. "But as it is, my thousand-and-one social engagements take me one road, while his thousand-and-one business engagements take him another. We scarcely ever see each other nowadays."

Many husbands and wives who are toiny the owners of magnificent homes look back with a keen regret to the old happy days when they started housekeeping in a home no bigger or grander than the proverbial cottage.

For after all, it is the little things of life that really bring content and happiness. I think that so many people nowadays have no time for happiness. They are "rushed" from morning to night. In spite of their wealth and luxurious homes, they are really carrying the burden and heat of the day.

"I wish we were back to the old times when I was the very light of my husband's eyes, and we were poor, and happy, and together." said the wife of a millionaire, recently. "I just can't keep up with these new, grand ways, and these haughty visitors who swarm everywhere in the house, and the army of haughty servants I am supposed to manage. Manage, indeed! Why, I'm positively afraid of them! And my busband doesn't belong to me any more. His time is taken up with a million affairs. I am really vary lonely!"

It is too often the case that wealth only causes the husband to "grow away" from his wife. For while he is working his way up in the world, meeting clever peo-ing which comes in white, tan and black pie, learning new things daily, and edu-for \$1 a pair. cating himself to held a high position, cating himself to hold a high position, his wife is working in the home and is ordinarily \$2.50 a yard, comes in all colors, and just now a sale is going on and you can buy it for just half.

The joys of love in a cottage have for | finally it often happens that after the ages been held up as absurd and even goal has been reached, and great finanmythical. "When poverty comes in at cial means and a high position are attained, the wife is quite unable to cope with the situation, and matrimonial unhappiness creeps in to mar enjoyment of what has been achieved.

. . .

Although love in a cottage has been sneered at and sconned, it is a very true again? The right sort of Cupid does do sort of love all the same, and the envy of many a wealthy man and woman. For it is real and genuine. There is nothing mercenary about it, and no ulterior motives mar its happiness. The poor man can rest assured that his wife has married him for himself, not for the sake of a fine position, or fine clothes, or social prestige, or to make her fine friends jealous of her luck.

The higher qualities that go to make a marriage happy are called into play, and consideration for each other is the first essential. It is an open question whether a woman is not made happier I in chilled salted water. Third, it must be by the small dally attentions of her husband that cost so little and yet are so often omitted in wealthy homes than by the possession of unlimited means and magnificent surroundings.

The bride in the new little house welcomes her husband's homecoming with the keenest eagerness, and if he brings her a bunch of violets is as delighted as the millionaire's wife would be over a diamond necklace-probably more so, for the humble little bride has not had a surfeit of gifts to satiate or spoil her pleasure.

Love in a cottage is a testing of the very quality of love. If happiness dwells there, then the love is pure gold.

Across the Counter

A pretty box of handkerchiefs for the kiddles contains three colored linen hankles with hand embroidery and a fancy border and costs 45 cents. You can get six in a box for 90 cents.

get six in a box for 90 cents. A lovely variety of Madeira handker-chiefs can be seen in a large Chestnut street store. They are beautifully em-broidered and the edges are scalloped. They sell for 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1, \$1.25 and \$16 anice. and \$1.50 apiece.

and \$1.50 apiece. The vogue for taffeta has evidently not gone out, for most of the shops are show-ing it in their windows. The plain pussyow taffeta, in almost any shade, sells for \$2.25 a yard. Neckwear is incredibly cheap just at

present. You can get a very heat collar and cuff set in all embroidery or lace at 50 cents. A collar of organdle or Swiss embroid-

ery is only 25 cents and will prove just the right touch when you renovate an old

gown. The young daughter wears white kid gloves now, and one of the stores has a neat style in glace kid with fancy stitch-A new silk called Faille Francaise, which

CABBAGES AND COOKS By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Author of "The New Housekeeping." Is cabbage a piebeian vegetable? Is it outside the pale of asparagus, artichokes and green peas? Is it fit only for free lunches and boarding house dinners? The case against the cabbage seems almost one by prejudiced housewives who say that "cabbage is hard to digest," that it is "strong" or who think of it as a coarse, triangular, brownish wedge which accompanies "bolled dinner."

But I have a case to make against the cook and not the cabbage. In the first place, cabbage is a vegetable containing a great many of the most valuable mineral salts, sulphur, etc., especially needed by the body. If it is unwholesome brownish, coarse or plebelan, that is the fault of the cook, and not the humble cabbage. Well do I remember several New England boiled dinners in which large chunks of cabbage were dished up, olly, strong and almost bitter. But go back of the scene and we find that the method of cooking was to cut the cabbage in quarters, plump it in boiling water and boll, boll, boll for several hours. Small wonder the cabbage was coarse!

The first thing to learn about cooking cabbage is that the leaves must be pulled apart or shredded, and as much as possi-ble separated from the fibrous, tough, mid-rib. Next, it must soak until crisp dropped quickly into rapidly bolling wa-ter and last and most important, it must not boll very long. Prepared in this way, cabbage takes from 30 to 30 minutes, when it should be at once removed from the water and dressed with whatever sauce or seasoning desired.

Another point, it is preferable to cook it in an uncovered vessel. This permits the sulphur and other gases which render it coarse to escape, and not to be con-densed back and boiled into the vegetable. The old iron pot with its close-fitting cover and two-hour boiling is to blame for the coarseness of cabbage. Quick uncovered cooking, pulling apart of the leaves, this is all that is needed to make cabbage delicious and retain its white

ppearance. The great quantities of cabbage or "kraut" consumed in foreign countries are justified on a health basis. But these countries do not serve it tastelessly boiled. They offer us numbers of piquant cabbage dishes. There is the Hungarian dish, fairly familiar here of a forcement skewered into separate cabbage leaves, and all these small portions gently simmered in an appetizing tomato sauce Then there is the Turkish dish of cabbage stuffed with rice and raisins, or a stuffed cabbage filled with meat, bread crumba and accompanied by a good sauce, is, in itself, an entire economical meal. Creamed cabbage, scalloped cabbage, all are satisfying ways of cooking this winter veg-etable. Almost any recipe suitable for cauliflower is suitable for cabbage, and cheese sauces au gratin, or tomato sauces are ways in which cabbage can be gar nished, but so seldom is.

Housewives wall over the high cost of eveything, but in the same moment pur-chase cans of exotic summer vegetables at 20 cents for a small amount. A large, sound head of cabbage costs 10 cents. Half of this at 5 cents would go as far as a 20-cent can, besides offering the freshness, medicinal value that cabbage Despise not the plebelan vegcan give. etable, but educate the cook





The New Suit

The coat is in the Russian style.

well over the hips and belted ice

front. It is no comfortable, for its

buttons give a distinctive touch, and

I do like the style of skirt that a

Great care is being devoted to the

tails of the tollette just now, and in t

gloves to be kept entirely for wear

So I purchased a smart pair of p

leather boots, in gaiter style, the m

part being of sand-colored covert

and an exact match to my suit The

down the side in the newest style.

Sand-colored gloves of suede I ale

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions set a readers of the Evening Lasons prime and 50 cents are awarded. All suggestions should be addressed to Adair. Editor of Women's Pars, Independence Square, Philaton

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to M. L., 6805 York road, Oak Lane

The kitchen table, ordinarily the di

of much scouring and scrubbing, be

a timesaver in the day's work if on

with a piece of sheet zine. This she

be lapped firmly over the edges a tacked neatly on the under side. It

for the following suggestion:

We are all preparing for the coming os fairly light and cosl. But they of the spring, of course. And really, I | the better, as spring will be here think the new styles in suits are most now. It would be absurd to buy an attractive. New things are cropping up | heavy." We ordered just the right suit every day now, and the wise girl will of sand-colored covert cloth, on -

keep her eyes open to changes. As for myself, I am overcome with joy smartly and with excellent lines. and anticipation just now, for I have skirt is short and full, of course. just received an invitation to go down fold down the front and some place to Palm Beach for a two weaks' visit. I back to give extra width and spinhave nover been South before, and the idea sounds perfect.

I owe the invitation to my friend Ellnor, who is at present visiting some cut allows of free movement. Large friends in St. Augustine. "I have just had a letter from a grandaunt of mine, high collar is particularly smart. Dorothy," she wrote, "and she wants me to come and stay with her at her hotel ranged with pressed plaits at bad. at Paim Beach. It seems that she is is more chic than the one with lonely without any of her own people, nous folds, and infinitely more he and the doctor assures her that she cannot return home till April, at least! So she wants me to go and cheer her up, ing a new suit one selects boots and suggests that I bring a friend along to support me in the task! Do come that particular costume. right away, Dorothy, for I know that we shall have a glorious time!"

Needless to say, I wasn't long in answering the invitation! And now the problem of suitable clothes is obseasing mamma and myself.

lected, and I am delighted with the w "You will need a new suit, Dorothy," said mamma. "And, of course, it must effect of this tollette.

Remember the Birds

The humanitarian who thinks of the birds on these cold wintry days will be glad to learn that there are many ways in which they can be fed and sheltered. Keep on hand all the old crumbs and food particles which birds like, and you will find that many feathered songsters will be your friends.

The chickadee is a bird which is seen even more frequently in winter than in summer. He comes of a very friendly species, and you will find he will hop to your window very readily if you leave a few crumbs around. The nuthatches and kinglets may often be seen in company with the chickadee. Another well-known resident is the woodpecker. He can be seen on the coldest day peck-ing at a hollow limb, working for his food. Incidentally, he is taking off your trees all the obnoxious grubs, worms and other insects which would do them harm in summer. The sharp and vibrant notes of the blue-

jay and the crow may be heard any morning as you go to your work. There is something so comforting in the thought

easily kept clean, absorbs no grants is ever ready to hold the hottest of u sils and dishes. I have found it h uable. that the birds come to greet you that it will prove payment enough when you feed A prize of 50 cents has been awards Mrs. H. E. Miller, 701 Clifton area them every day. Collingdale, Pa., for the folloiwag

tion: Ever since last summer I have be utilizing my husband's cast-off shirts the children's wear. These shirts a worn at the collarband and cuffs after they could no longer be men selected those with the prettiest m and pleats down the front and a them for my little boy's Dickens' and The fronts of the waist pattern a placed on the fronts of the shirt, enough down to avoid using the parts of the shirt, but using the b

and buttonhole piece of the shirt, as saves some labor on the little wait

collars and cuffs of the waist I us

A prize of 60 cents has been ave to A Jersey Reader, Merchantville, S

stitch it around a wide underskirt.

highly pleased with the result and

O woman! whose form and whose Are the spell and the light of an

Lovely Woman

for the following suggestion:

cheap.

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER A Gripping Story of Love, Mystery and Kidnapping By CLAVER MORRIS

Ice Caves

CHIEDREN'S CORNER

T GUESS I've got that fairy business settled for once!" exclaimed Jack Frost, as he looked out over the icecovered lake, "I'm sick of fairies, anyway, and I've frozen them all up!" He "What you doing?" asked Mr. North Wind, who happened to come by just

"I'm being sure that I've frozen all the fairies!" answered Jack Frost. "Do

the fairles!" answered Jack Frost. "Do you see any around?" Mr. North Wind looked over the ice-covered lake, "No fairy could live on ice like this!" he exclaimed, "you very well know that, Jack Frost, but why do you hate the fairles so? They never bury you!" Burt you!'

"That's all you know about it!" answered Jack Frost crossly, "nobody, un-



"We thank you for making us such fine Bomes."

iers maybe South Wind, hurts me as much as do the fairles. I want to get them off the earth!" "So-n-o!" exclaimed Mr. North Wind,

"So-m-of" exclaimed Mr. North Wind, "and how do they hurt you?" "Tou'd know well enough if you'd stop to think!" replied Jack Frost. "Who starts the flowers to growing? Who makes people think of spring? Who calls the south breeses back from the south-iant? Who coaxes the birds northward? Who tages you to take a summer vaca-tion?" "Tell ms that?"

Teil nue that?" North Wind looked sheenish. "Of is the fairing usually do may some-to me about my taking a rest for ainminer, but I'm always giad to a hit and they know it, so don't them?"

them!" not blaming them!" creaked Jack "I'm freening them!" He laughed y at his little joks and started over the for again. "I'm as said in a estimited voice. Fing are fore! There's no place for in starting.

in Wind Inughed and sincled i hefere he had gume even a density he heard voices. "Bld printing" he asked Jack Frost, pitning" septied Jack Frost,

ht i hantd semandedy dalatas." furth Wind, "Listen a minute

Zack Press Distanced and what

mood a loke to herp!"

Jack Frost could stand no more. "Who are you?" he cried. "and where are you hiding? Come out here and talk to me!" Out from the tiny ice caves along the edge of the lake a host of pretty fairies trooped. "Here we are, Jack Frost," they called to him, "and we thank you for making us such fine homes." "I make you homes!" exclaimed the

"I make you homes." exclaimed the amazed Jack Frost. "Yes, thank you," replied the fairies. "We would surely perish in the wintry cold but for the fine caves you make for us along the edges of the water. There we can live the winter through in warmth and safety." Jack Frost looked at the fairies and he looked at the ice caves and he couldn't

he looked at the ice caves, and he couldn't think of a word to say-so he hopped on Mr. North Wind's back and blew away! Copyright, 1915, Clara Ingram Judson.

Kid's Chronicle ME and my cuzzin Artie was feeding the berds in the frunt street this

aftirnoon by leening out the 3d steary windows and throwing down crumbs awf peces of bred, and aftir a wile I sed, Lets pertend peepil are berds, heer kums wun now.

Wich wun was, beeing a skinny mar with an umbreller, not having the umbreller up awn akkount of it wasent raneng, and Artie sed. Its a stork, we bettir feed him big peeces. Wich we did, estch throwing down a big

peece of crust wen the stork was wawk-ing undiraceth the windows, and my peece hit the paveninit in frunt of him and Arties peece hit the pavemint in back and Arties peece hit the pavemint in back of him, and the stork quick looked up but he dident see enyboddy awn akkount of me and Artie having ducked in out of the winodws jest in time. And wen we looked out agen the stork was way up the street and a big fat man with a brown derby hat was kuming up. G, heer kums a ostritch, sed Artie. Hes 2 big for a ostritch, hes 2 ostritches. I sed.

sed. 2 ostritches can eet enything, Im going

2 ostritches can eet enything, im going to throw my hole peece down, med Artis. So am I, I sed. Wich we hoth did, my peece hitting him rite awa top of the hat and Arties hitting him awn the shouldir, and the ostritches looked up and saw us ducking in out of the windows and wat did he do but wawk up the frunt steps and ring the bell, and me and Artis ran and lineseed down the stares and pop went to the doar and we hard him saying. I thaw they had zone out but if you will went to the oper and we need him saying. I thawt they had gone out, but if you will wate a moment wile I run up states and find out, you mits have the pleasure of helping me to inflickt a littel corporal wondshrint.

unishmins. Declighted, sed the fat man. And we

The alighted, wed the fat man. And we here one kuming up starses and we quick for a man we want to be clouit in Gladdiase to be an and hid in the clouit in Gladdiase to be an and him the clouit in the frank your of the stars and the stars a

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchion-eas of Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchion-east of Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchion-ber term that I know was a good deal of him, it as and we saw a good deal of him, it was not until the middle of the Octo-ber term that I know what had happened ford in some woods outside Oxford and Erfeigh killed the man who had betrayed his stated rule is softer. Tavers denies all know? Wimberley, and betrayed his stated rule is softer of his crime. Yerligan alone knows this was then east of dire softer were forward of the cost of Spain. A day later an attack is made of Spain. A day later an attack is made of Spain. A day later an attack is made of Erfeigh, after making sure that is the past. Erfeigh, after making sure that is the past.

Lord Arthur Meriet, who is next in the suc-cession. Trielish, after making sure that his past will not be disclosed, prevails on Anne Wim-berley to marry him. A year passes. Join Erieigh has been com-pelled by Lord Arthur to break his engage-ment to Annay Wimberley. Lord Arthur sub-ceeds to the estates. Joan is still in love with James Travers. James has composed a great opera. Verligan blackmails Erisigh and demands 1000 pounds. Lord Arthur goes to Spain to unravel the mystery of Guy's death. The finds a clue through Roderigo Lopes, who has seen a boy disquised as a girl being taken on a train. Lord Arthur suspects a brother of plok Meriet of being implicated. He returns to England to find Lady Anne married. Verligan blackmails Erisigh to Anne.

CHAPTER XXXI-Continued. WAS only a boy at the time," he I began. "It was my first year at Oxford. My sister, who was little more

than a child, came up for 'Commem,' and I introduced her to Bob Rochford, who was then in his second year. She there was my mother.' took a great fancy to him and I chaffed



Wee, modest pomelet, rhythmic flower, Inspired of a luckless hour, Now but a come-back, crushed and dour-

55

I must confess:

To place thee seemeth past my power, Rejected MS.

That sterile stuff the Monthlies flaunt-Mechanical, poetic vaunt, Did not my lyric spirit daunt

When I wrote thee . And read thee to my maiden aunt,

dron that was near the path. Vertigan was a man who had come up to Oxford late in life, and was then nearly 30. He was not much liked and was looked upon as a rather queer card. I asked Vertigan

as a rather quer card. I asked vertigan to go for help, but he persuaded me to leave the body where it was and make my way back to college as soon as pos-sible. I was weak enough to give in, and it was not until the next day that I knew that Talbot had been found stand-ing close to the body of Bob Bochford ing close to the body of Bob Rochford by Vertigan and another man of the name of Little. Talbot was arrested and was unable to prove an allbi, as he had been away from college for three hours. It transpired at the inquest that Talbot and Roghford hated each other, and that Talbot that very morning had threatened, in the presence of several other men, to give Rochford a thrashing that he would remember all his life. I-I behaved like the coward I was. But I think that I should have told the truth if it had not been for my sister's sake-and then

(Beseems the censor deemed you

Since you too sombre are, and dull To raise a grin-

Why need he flatteringly mull?

Why rub it in?

With courteous note though he annul,

"Tis plain you'll ne'er dent critic's skull.

Than my last rhyme).

erson to take charge of boys as I was.

That was true." "And you were afraid of him," she con-tinued, "and although you knew that you had to be more than ordinarily careful about the masters you engaged, as it was about the masters you engaged, as it was possible an attempt might be made-to carry off my son-you let him into the school." She paused and rose to her feet. "Is it that," she continued slowly, "which I can never forgive-that which must stand between us-always." John Erleigh bowed his head and stood

there motionless. He was afraid to look

there motionless. He was afraid to look his wife in the face. "When you engaged this man," she continued, "you had just come from me--we had just told each other of our love--you knew that my boy was very, very dear to me-you must have been thinking of me so soon after you left me. Yet you admitted this scoundrel into the school, knowing nothing of him except that he was a scoundrel. Any man might have

was a scoundrel. Any man might have struck the man who had dishonored his sister—and struck him so hard that he died. I could have forgiven you what fol-lowed—your cowardice in allowing an in-nocent man to be punished in your place. You had some for five two words of the source o You had gone so far that you could not turn back, and even then you were think-ing of your sister's good name. But I cannot forgive you-the loss of my son."

"Anne," he cried bitterly, "you must be reasonable. It is not even known that Vertigan had anything to do-with that-" "He was here for that purpose. You did not know that, but you knew that Vertigan was a scoundrel, and that an attempt had already been made to-to take away my boy. Guy was placed in your charge and you should not have run the alightest risk." "I did not dream-for a moment-that

"I did not dream-for a moment-that there was any risk." He spoke more firmly now, and looked his wife in the face. He felt more condence now that the lasue had been narrowed down to this one point. He had been afraid that his wife would feel most deeply about his allowing an innecent man to suffer for his crime. But, womanilike, she had solsed, quite ir-rationally, on something for which he could not reasonably be held responsible. Of course it was natural that the death of her son should cast a shadow ever all her thoughts. But in time she could be made to understand that he had not in any way contributed to the tragedy by enaging Vertigan as a science master. "If Vertigan had never come here," she went on in a trembling voice, "my dear son-"

"Anne!" he broke in flercely. "Tou how that Doctor Anderson took the boy from here-" "I do not believe it. They do not know. All that we do know is that Vertigan came here to harm my son. But why should we argue, Jack? You know inter on for certain that Vertigan was here as an accomplice of Dick Merist's. And you hept him here-not as you told me, be-cause there was no least evidence against int, in bocause you were afraid to dis-miss him. Jack, my dead sun, must al-ways stand herween us-siways."

made from new material, lines or j gingham or pique of a color to loca with the other material. The plain-bosomed shirts were a into rompers for baby. The fronts of shirts serve as the backs of the bar

and of course, the backs of the s for the fronts of the rompers. Again buttons and buttonholes of the old s "really loyed a man, she would go on lov-ing him, whatever happened." "Yes-I said that-I remember it well -we had been talking of your sister and Bob Rochford-you had that in your were used. The little square cut (for summer) and sleeves were the with button-heled edging, which is

mind. I remember well what I answered.

after dishonor, but that it breaks the woman's heart."

She turned and walked slowly toward the door. He stole after her and caught In the present styles of volu skirts, instead of burdening onsail numerous stiffly starched undershift is a good plan to get featherbons

the door. He stole after her and caught her by the arm. "Anne," he said, "what will this mean to us? What are you going to do? How -how can things go on as they were-when you-you hate me?"

rows of the featherbone around the part of the skirt will form a very stiffening and yet be pliable enoug to look stiff. If it gets out of a molstening and measure with a b "I do not know what I shall do, Jack," she replied, wearlly. "Please do not keep me here any longer-my strength has nearly gone. I-I shall break down altorether.

moistening and pressing with a bit will restore it to its original shap He let go of her arm, and she left the oom. He returned to the fire and A prize of 50 cents has been to Mrs. H. Craft, Oak avenue, Heights, Pa., for the following a there looking down at a single flickering tion:

And as he looked at it it went out, and There being no wardrobe or clease son's room, I took an old inexpe-chiffonier. I removed the drawer cross pieces which unhold the day and sandpapered chiffonier and pa two coats of gloss white pain, if fastened a rod in the inside canirs hold coat hangers. The bottom skill shoes. Then I fastened another is the outside on which I hung a blue curtain by small white how As this piece of furniture now ma-his room, which is blue and white highly pleased with the result an the room was in darkness.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Owing to ill-health, Lady Wimberley has been advised by her doctor to spend the rest of the winter in the south of France. She left yesterday for Nice and was accompanied by her daughter, Lady Joan Meriet."

Joan Meriet." Mr. Murray read the paragraph through twice, and then cut it out of the news-paper with a pair of acissors and placed it in his pocketbook. An hour later he was in the train on his way down to Harptree, and he arrived at Russell's little house about 16 o'clock in the evening. The inspector himself opened the door to him. "Hello, Murray, you here again?"

"Hello, Murray, you here again?" "Yes, I'm here all right, and jolly cold, too. The heating apparatus of the car-riage was out of order."

CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

we pursue; Whether sunned in the tropics, c at the pole; If woman be there, there is ha too. —Thomas Copyright, 1914, by the Associated Newspapers



