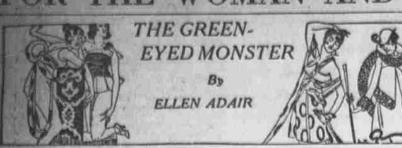
FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOME-PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS



How the Jealous Woman Wrecks Home and Happiness

wherefores of everything. She is not and questionings." centent with things as they seem, but at the root of the matter.

mind is too active for happiness. It is the unhappiness which she causes others built too much after the Paul Pry pat- is only exceeded by the misery she brings tern. Her great falling lies in being too upon herself. suspicious. And the suspicious woman never is happy. She keeps looking for have sufficient confidence in the man alights, and fancying slights everywhere, of her choice to refrain from any quesfor she is oversensitive.

Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise." There is lots of truth in the old saying. Too many modern Eves are today losing their Edens through the besetting sin of curiosity.

I have in mind one woman of my acquaintance who is of a particularly suspicious disposition. She never will accept any one's word, but runs around all the time, acting as a sort of domestic Sherlock Holmes. This behavior is scarcely conducive to conjugat felicity. to say the least of it, and naturally her husband resents her attitude very much.

It has had a peculiar moral effect upon him, too, for the constant detective work of his foolish wife has really driven him into small deceptions and subterfuges. Truly she has much to answer for.

"It's perfectly hopeless to tell Mary the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," declared this husband recently to a masculine friend and confidant, "for she literally won't believe a thing I or any one else says until she has investigated the matter for herself. For instance, the other night I rang her up and said that I would be working late at the office. The following morning when I was out for lunch-I always lunch between 12 and 1 o'clock, and Mary knows that-down she came to the office to question the stenographer as to whether I really had worked late the night before."

"Surely that was a little undignified," observed the candid friend.

"I should say it was," said the husband in a worrled way. "But that isn't the worst of it. For she asked the girl before, and was told that we stopped work at 9 o'clock. Now I wasn't home till 12, for I had to put through a deal with Smith, and you know how far out in the suburbs he lives. After the information she received, it was perfectly useless to try to convince my wife that I had been working all the time. She insists upon thinking I was out on some 'party.' Not that I really care what she does think, for her suspicious ways and her jealousy have quite killed my love for her. But I do hate the little subterfuges she drives me into. And as for questioning my stenographer, why, she before using, by putti has been the means of my losing four over a steaming kettle.

There is a certain type of woman who | stenographers since last fall! For they must siways investigate the whys and will not stand her perpetual interference

stwars dies beneath the surface to get | A man who has to endure a wife of this type is greatly to be pitled. And the Buch a woman is rarely happy. Her wife herself is to be pitled even more, for

When a woman marries, she ought to tionings. If she hasn't that confidence, then she is a fool to have married him at all, and ought to bear the results of her own folly quietly and without raising

Many women declare that their husbands interfere with them too much, and that they are not free agents. But there is a reverse side to the picture: For the suspicious wife is only too prevalent nowadays. She is no respector of her husband's liberty, and seeks to curtail it in every possible way.

. . .

A thousand homes are daily wrecked through this besetting sin of suspicion and jealousy. A thousand engagements are daily broken through a lack of trustfulness on the part of the girl. For no man that is a man in any real sense of the word will stand feminine interference for long. It will not only make him tired of his flancee or wife, but it will make him pritively dislike and despise her.

The jealous woman is capable of descending to the very depths in order to confirm her jealous suspicions. The putting of dictaphones in rooms for the purpose of overhearing conversations is as nothing compared to the lengths the suspicious woman will go. And all her investigations only bring her more misery. That is the curious part of her maiady. For she always puts the worst construction on all the information she gleans.

The woman who finds within herself even a tendency towards this decidedly feminine vice of jealousy should make every effort possible to cure herself. For she will wreck her own happiness what time I had left the office the night and also the happiness of every one with whom she comes in contact.

The Modest Maiden

She came across the gathering crowd, A maiden fair, without pretense. And when they asked her humble name, She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye, Her ample clouk, her shoes of leather, And, when they sneered, she simply said, "I dress according to the weather." -James Thomas Fields.

Fruit Hint.

Sterilize raisins, currents, figs and dates putting in a strainer

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Even the Flowers Pretend

er one winter morning. "I'm going to plant flowers and I need helpers!" Of course Dorothy dropped her play

and ran to help, and, her brother Tom came, too; they like to make indoor gardens just as you and I do! "What are you going to plant this

time?" they asked as they joined their mother in the sunny kitchen. "Orocuses," she replied; "we're going to have a tiny crocus bed right here

in our dining room window!" Tom found the tiny stones for the bottom of the crock, and Dorothy

Kid's Chronicle

EVVRYBODDY is glad theyve got feet, but the peepil wich are awl the time dansing are gladdir than enyboddy elts. The feat is as usefill in dansing as the mouth is in singing, altho if most peepil was asked which they wood rather lose. there feet or there mouth, they would proberly say there feet, awn akkount of evvryboddy has to est.

The peepil wich have the best time at a danse are the wuns that pay to get in. beeing the dansers. The wuns wich have the worst time are the wuns that are payed to be there, beeing the orkester. It must be fearse to set there awl nite blowing a horn wile everyboddy sits is tumping arround with sumboddy, unless you don't no how to danse, and then I goes it dont make env diffrents.

There woodent be eny sents to a danse if it wasnut for the orkester. If you see 3 peopli jumping up and down togethir without eny musick stround, you think thate krazy, wich they proberly are, but if you see I peepil jumping up and down to mustak, you no there just I peopli do-

Mag the fow trot. amount the folloing:

Peopli with roomathm, Peopli awn crutches. Quadraged peopli.

incingend peopli,
mpil with are not invited.
Sely peopli, inkinoding my sister Gladthink the gratest inventors in the
cla are the seepli that make up new
pe to de in sum dance. They proberly
no the next gratest inventor is Edison,
a akkeunt of him inventing the farst
regard for them to dance by.
The a principli kinds of dances are the
seasy, the waits and the fustrot.
In emercip looks as if I people are
the a goe with cotch uthir, the rule
the limit the wun that gots after has
the limit the wun that gots after has
the limit the wun that gots after has

egethir without soing him arround like that the

WHO wants to make a window crumpled the dirt up fine. Their mother garden?" asked Dorothy's moth- set the bulbs in the crock and put the dirt around them and the job was done

For weeks the crock stood on the dining room window sill and the children watched daily for the tiny green sprouts, but not a sign of life appeared.
Finally one day, after they had searched in vain for life, the children's mother said, "I think I'll go and see a florist about those bulbs, I don't believe they are good bulbs. I am afraid they are not going to come up at sil!"

She put on her hat and went to the greenhouse,

"Your crocus bulbs don't come up!" ex-claimed the florist when she had told him all about it; "have you given them a

"A pretend winter!" exclaimed the



The children watched daily for the tiny he said, after a pause, "Denham gave it to Russell. Of course, that is not it. But there is, as you say, a remarkable resemblance—the stem all bitten down on the left-hand side."

"And you don't know how it came here, green aprouts.

mother in a puzzled voice. "What is pretend winter? I never heard of such a thing!"

a thing!"
The florist laughed. "Lots of folks haven't." he said kindly; "that's the reason their bulbs don't grow. You see, bulbs and flowers are a good deal more mustek, you no there just I peepli doiike people than folks generally suppose.
They like to pretend sometimes just as
you do."
"That may be," said the mother, "but

you do."
"That may be," said the mother, "but what has that to do with crocus bulbs?"
"Everything!" laughed the florist, and then he explained. "You see, crocus bulbs are usually planted out of doors in the fall of the year. There they live down deep in the ground all the dark cold winter through. That is what they are used to. Now, if you plant them indoors and put them right in the warm sunshine, they don't know how to act! They aren't used to that kind of treatment and they don't know what to do!
"Take your bulbs home. Put them away some place where it is dark and cold, hay will think they are having an outdoor winter. Then bring them to the sunshine and the shifters hid them in the dark cold has builden hid them in the dark cold has builden hid them in the dark cold has builden hid them to the sunshine and the shifters hid them to the sunshine there up to the sunshine, where they bloomed heavifully.

"Who ever would have guessed." cred the children, "that flowers liked to prefer and that they list to play guess with themselves just as we do!"

Countries of the Olive Paymen Judges.



CHAPTER XXXII CONTINUED.

It was an old briar pipe, with a worn and blackened bowl, and a vulcanite mouthpiece very much bitten down on the left-hand side.

"Where did you get this, my lord?" queried the detective. "That? What is it? An old pipe? One

"I am quite sure I didn't keep the nine."

he said, after a pause, "Denham gave it to Russell. Of course, that is not it.

y lord?"
"I don't. It is certainly not one of sine. One of the servants must have put

Would you mind making inquiries, my

Lord Wimberley rang the bell and asked

Lord Wimberley rang the bell and asked the footman about the pipe.

"I found it in the sarden, my lord," the man replied, "and, thinking it was one of your lordship's, I put it in here."

"Thank you, Carter."

The man turned to go. "One moment," said the detective. "I should like to know where it was found, and to see the place."

"Well, Carter will show us."

They followed the man out into the garden, and he showed them the place were

den, and he showed them the place were he had found the pipe, close to some bushes near one of the dining room win-

"It was about here, my lord," Murray

"When did you find it?"
"This morning, my lord."
"Thank you, Carter—I don't think we need keep you."
The man took his departure, and Murray bean to examine the ground. He found a feetnernt in the soft mold of a bed, measured it carefully, and then made a drawing of it on a sheet of paper. Them he turned his attention to the windows of the house.
"What have you got in your mind?" queried Lord Windows, my lord, that an

wid.
"When did you find it?"

of mine, I expect. What about it?"

A NEW BLOUSE

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING, By CLAVER MORRIS Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchlon- | attempt had been made to brook in. Are , knows his work, either as servant or de

ess of Wimberley, and helr to the vast Wim-beries estates, is in danger of death from two groups of conspirators. One group is led by Dick Meriet, a cousin of Guys, and Vertigan. lord?" groups of conspirators. One group is the solid pick where a cousin of Guy s, and Vertigan, science master at Harptree School, where Guy is studying. The other group is led by a Doctor Anderson, also of the school. John Erleigh, head of Harptree School, is engaged to Anne Wimberley. His sister, Mrs. Travers, is involved in the first plot. Years ago John Erleigh killed the man who had betrayed his sister and let another suffer for his crime. Vertigan alone knows this, and hisckmalls Erleigh. Lord Arthur Merlet is watching over the boy, but his vigilance is ineffective. After several unsuccessful attempts, Guy Wimberley is kidnapped. Mrs. Travers denies all knowledge of his whereabouts. She is withdrawing from the plot, because her son James is in love with Guy's sister, Joan Wimberley. Preparing to pay a ransom, Lord Arthur walts on a desolate island, but, instead of the conspirators, he finds a dead man, Doctor Anderson. News comes that Guy Wimberley and Dick Merlet were drowned off the coast of Spain. A day later an attack is made on Lord Arthur Merlet, who is next in the succession.

Erleigh, after making sure that his past "Yea." The detective examined the sill of the one nearest to where the pipe had been found. Then he opened it and stepped into the dining room.

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

"The catch has gone, by lord," he said; "broken-"

"Oh, yes; that happened a week ago. I "On, yes; that happened a week ago. I gave orders for it to be repaired."

Lord Wimberley followed the detective into the dining room and Murray examined the shutters. Then he went down on his knees and scrutinized the floor.

"A burglar, eh?" queries Lord Wimberley.

berley.
"Oh, no, my lord. If any one got into at the school.

"Oh, no, my lord. If any one got into the house last night it was you they were after."
Wimberley laughed. "You still believe in that old theory, eh?" he queried.
"I have always said, my lord, that you ought to be careful."
"The detective had no further clues, and cersion.

Erleigh, after making sure that his past will not be disclosed, prevails on Anne Wimberley to marry him.

A year passes. John Erleigh has been compelled by Lord Arthur to break his engagement to Anne Wimberley. Lord Arthur succeds to the estates. Joan is still in love with James Travers.

James has composed a great opera.

Vertigan blackmails Erleigh and demands 1000 pounds. ment to Anne Wimberley. Lord actual acceds to the estates. Joan is still in love with James Travers.

James has composed a great opera.

Vertigan blackmails Erleigh and demands 1000 pounds.

Lord Arthur goes to Spain to unravel the mystery of Guy's death.

He finds a clue through Roderigo Lopes, who has seen a boy disguised as a girl being taken on a train. Lord Arthur suspects a brother of Dick Merlet of being implicated. He returns to England to find Lady Anne married.

Vertigan blackmails Erleigh to Anns.

The detective had no further clues, and the two men returned to the library.

"Fil take this pipe up to town with me," said Murray, "if I may, and I'll wavy pattern on the ground with the ham found on the Island. There is just a chance it may be the same man. I should like to know if any of the sershould like to know if any of the servants have seen any suspicious character about here the last day or two,"
"I will make inquiries," said Wimberley, and he left the room. Ten minutes

later he returned.
"No tramps have been up here," he said, "or any one of that sort." said. "or any one of that sort."
"Well, you'd better have the catch of that window mended, my lord, and I must urge on you the necessity of being

very careful. For a little while, if I were you, I would not go out at night."
"But, my dear fellow, Dick Merlet is "Yes, but his brothers are both alive."

yes, you do. You've been poking your nose into family affairs. You think there's been a row between Erleigh and his wife, and that we're all at loggerheads about something. Well, you're mistaken. Nothing has happened."
"Really, my lord," stammered the detective. "I meant no offence." But he chuckled to himself, as he played his part to perfection. It was certain now that there had been a serious quarrel between there had been a serious quarrel between Erleigh and his wife. Lord Wimberley's Lord Wimberley remembered Lopez. He nad promised Lopez that he would say had promised Lopez that he would say nothing of the people the Spaniard had encountered in the train, but he was sorely tempted to break his word.
"I suppose you don't know where either of them is?" he said after a pause.
"No, my lord. Do you?"
"I do not. Herbert Merlet is at present my heir, but I have not seen him for manner had clearly shown that.
"No offense at all, my lord," he continued, nervously fingering a pipe on the mantelplece as if to show his confusion. "I—we have put the whole of that terrible affair in the background now, my
lord. I never give it a thought. And, of
course, when Mr. Erieigh—" He paused
suddenly and, picking up the pipe he had
been fingering, examined it with real interest.

my heir, but I have not seen him for 'ears. Perhaps you could make a few nquiries?" "I will do so, my lord."

"Shall I send you down to Harptree in

a car?"
"That's very good of you, my lord."
Ten minutes later the detective left for
Harptree, and Lord Wimberley seated
himself in a chair by the fire and lit his "A good job something turned up to dis-

tract his attention," he said to himself; "he was asking some very unpleasant His thoughts turned to Erieigh and his

of mine, I expect. What about it?"

"It's remarkably like the one you picked up on Bartsea Island—in fact, I should say it is the same one. I had an idea we had it at Scotland Yard."

"Well, you have. That isn't it."

"Are you quite sure it is not, my lord—quite sure you didn't keep it?"

Lord Wimberley took the pipe from the detective and examined it.

"I am quite sure I didn't keep the pipe." vife, and his face darkened. He knew for certain that something serious had happened to separate Erleigh and his wife, but he knew nothing definite. He only suspected, as the detective has suspected, that in some way or other it was connected with the kidnaping of his nephew more than a year ago. A month later Lord Wimberley received

A month later Lord Wimberiey received the following letter from Detective-In-spector Murray:

"My lord:—The two pipes are almost precisely similar, and I should say that they had come from the same shop. They are bitten down in precisely the same way and are obviously the property of the same of the same man.

of the same man.

"The footprint found in your grounds is similar to those found on the island of Barisea, but there is no distinctive feature in either. They are merely the same length and width and shape.

"I am making inquiries, from which I hope to learn where those pipes were purchased, but this will necessarily be a long business. I can, so far, find no trace of Mr. William Meriet at all. He was last seen in London—at his club—more than a year ago. Herbert Meriet is believed to be abroad, but he was in London two months ago, in some lodgings in Westminster. We could not have ascertained those facts so quickly if we had not kept a watch over the movements of those two a watch over the movements of those two

a watch over the movements of those two gentlemen up to a certain point.

"I find that Mr. Vertigan has left London, and is now in the south of France. He seems, I may add, to have pienty of money, and has been seen gambling at the tables in Monte Cario and Nics.

"I have instructed Russell to have you and your house carefully watched, so if you find yourself being followed do not lump to the conclusion that the man means you any harm. It would really be better if you had a descrive living in the house, and with your permission, I will send you down an extra frontman.

those windows shuttered at night, my

"I implore you to be very careful, my lord, and keep your eyes open. I fancy that you are in danger.
"Your obedient servant. "ANDREW MURRAY." Lord Wimberley read the letter through twice, and then placed it on the fire. Then, leaving his breakfast, he lit a pipe,

and strolled out into the garden. His face was stern, and there was a grim look about the lines of his mouth and law. He was not thinking of any danger that might threaten him. He was thinking of Lady Wimberley, and Verti-gan's vielt to the south of France, and the apparent affluence of Vertigan, who, up to quite recent times, was believed to have little more than what he earned

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Mother, dear." "Yes, Joan."

"I get tired of all this sunshine, don't

point of her parasol. Joan flushed. "You like it, mother?" she queried

rather sharply. "This place-these people-this everlasting blue sea?" "All of which, Joan, means, I sup-

pose, that you want to go home." "Yes. mother, I do. I think you would be better at home. At first I thought the change was doing you good, but the last

few days-oh, there is that odious little "odious little man." was Vertigan. The He lifted his hat and seated himself by their side.
"Glorious weather," he said, "but too

much of it. Upon my word, I think I'd like to see a good shower of rain—that sort of rain that makes the streets run like rivers."

"Joan was saying very much the same," said Lady Wimberley pleasantly. Mr. Vertigan had made it quite clear from the outset that it would be in Lady Wimberley's interests to be pleasant to him-at any rate in public.

"Then she's a very sensible young lady. I hate the place, and I'm going to move on when I've won a fortune at the Casino." Joan laughed. "Or lost one," she said-"Yes. One would have to move then. By the by, Lady Wimberley, what about

that book you said you were going to lend me?"

"Oh. I'm so sorry. I've left it at the hotel, Joan, dear; you might just go to the hotel and bring that volume of peems."

The Lute of Science. Mr. Vertigan wishes to read it."

Joan, only too glad to come and to come the sorted in the sorted it." Joan, only too glad to escape, rose from

her seat and made her way along the sea-front. The smile died away from Lady Wimberley's lips. "You might be more original, Mr. Ver-tigan," she said, "the last time you wanted to get rid of Joan you said I had promised to lend you a book."

Vertigan laughed. "Oh, well," he said,
"I must think of something better, I want a thousand pounds."

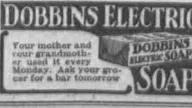
"To lose at the Casino?"

"To lose at the Casino?"
"My dear lady, I lose very little at the Casino, and I give out that I win large casino. That will account for my comsums. That will account for my comsums. parative wealth when I return to Eng-

"This cannot go on." said Lady Wimberley, her voice trembling with anger.
"You have had 11,000 pounds from me altogether, and 6000 from my husband.
If I give you this money today it shall

"Almost the last," said Vertigan, rising from his seat and taking off his hat. "Will you please send the money round to my hotel—in notes?" Continued Tomorrow.

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To make the home beautiful, you must beautify yourself.
THE HOUSE OF IDEAS

THE BEAUTY SHOP 1217 WALNUT STREET Specialists in every line.



Attractive New Blouses

The new blouses are very pretty, and I A tiny little pink rosebud, in a very have been busily purchasing and ordering pale shade, is tucked into the front of ever since my invitation for a visit to the

I only have a day or two left to com plete my outfit for the fortnight, and really the new waists are so distractingly pretty that it is hard to decide.

First of all, my dressmaker has made tleship gray, in a soft charmeuse, and the little sleeveless jacket is out short, ending | cuff. in a little frill just below the waist line. Three rows of shirring come just above the normal walst line.

The skirt has three rows of shirring over the hips and is very full.

With this costume I wear an underblouse of chiffon and lace, the chiffon matching the battleship gray of the charmeuse exactly. The lace is particularly pretty, in delicate ivory, and the high upstanding collar is double, of lace, lined with heavy ribbed silk. The sleeves of the walst are long and

narrow, coming well over the wrist, and finished with a narrow band of gray charmeuse.

Across the Counter

A very new arrival in the perfume world is a Hungarian extract. The bottle itself is attractive, made of gray heavy china, tied with a bright red ribbon. This is \$4.

Powder to match costs only \$1, and is in a large flat receptacle which is most convenient.

The rouge is also \$1, and a delicate sachet done up in a fat little jug is \$1. A tall bottle of toilet water is \$1.50. A very pretty novelty in leather goods

is the table plan-a circular arrangement, with open spaces for the names of each guest, indicating their places. A great time-saver for the busy hostess, and it comes in turquoise blue leather at \$2. The valentine luncheon can be given

with comparatively little expense for decorations nowadays. One large Chest-nut street shop has tiny red satin boxes, heart shaped, for 5, 10 and 15 cents.

A large fat Kewple doll for the centre of the table has a knowing smile and

supply \$1. Charming as favors are the valentine handkerchiefs. They have hearts em-broidered on them in red, and are useful

broidered on them in red, and are useful as well as ornamental—a rare thing in valentines. They sell at 25 cents apiece. Very extraordinary are the robes de nuit showing in one of the exclusive shops. Pale-colored chiffons, striking purple satin and startling striped effects are seen, all with a decidedly V-back and front, as well as sleeveless. The chiffon ones are \$35.50 and the satin ones \$22.50. A little bunch of flowers decorates the shoulders.

A striped blouse can be seen in one of the shops, in wash silk, tailored and

A striped blouse can be seen in one of the shops, in wash silk, tailored and ready for office wear in the warm weather. It only costs \$2.25.

Utility cases are just the thing to use when you go a-traveling. They are made of cretonne, chintz or satin, lined inside with rubber. There are compartments for a comb, toothbrush, soap, washelother necessities. They cost from 50. and other necessities. They cost from 50 cents up to \$3.

Plain mahogany candlesticks for the Colonial mantelplece are now to be had for 50 cents apiece,

Milady Talked

Milady talked of everything As over hill and dale we walked; I had prepared of love to sing, But all my tender thoughts took wing. Milady talked.

Milady spoke of this and that, And when I would her ear invoke She made me feel extremely flat; The cost of living was her chat; Milady spoke.

Milady chattered of her dad; I knew then it had never mattered; She told of losing all he had; My love grew cold, I felt less sad;

Milady chattered. Milady cost me quite a sum, Into the discard it is tossed; To buy her jewels I was dumb, Ere finding out—but she was mum;

Milady cost. Milady lost me on that walk; Alas! that love should meet a frost: I had no wealth, I had to balk; And she, although I tried, would talk;

Milady lost. Milady left, and strange to say, I did not feel at all bereft; But blithely went upon my way And wondered how the debts to pay Milady left.

The Queen of Spain Queen Victoria of Spain spends over \$40,000 a year for costumes.

A Strange Country Maiwatchin, on the borders of Russia, in Asia, is womanless

-Hartford Post

the little jacket, and the whole effect to very chic. The same clever dressmaker has also made a very pretty waist for me in pale pink Georgette crepe. It is cut in the shirtwaist style, with a square yoke and an upstanding collar, opening in a V h me a very pretty costume. It is of bat- front. The sleeves are long, and the cutest little pocket is set in on the len

> Another attractive blouse is in a thick creps de chine, buttoning all the way to to the chin, in that new fawn shade that is so becoming to the average person. The buttons are of mother-of-pearl, and there are quite three dozen on the walst.

I have also purchased a white chiffen walst to wear with white skirts. Mamma thinks I am taking too many clothes with me for a fortnight's visit, but I don't agree with her at all. The more clothes I take, the less do I need to worry about them. For it is so pleasant to know that you have something suitable for every occasion which may or may not arise.



For the following suggestions cant in by readers of the EVERING LENGER prizes of it and 50 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Elegant, Editor of Women's Page, Every Larger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. Lizzle Brogan, 2830 North Orianna street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: A suggestion to mend a raincoat which looks very neat: Buy a tube of rubbrecement such as is used for bicycle irea.

also a piece of rubberdam from the drugalso a piece of rubberdam from the drug-store, cut a piece of the rubberdam larger than the tear, nick the edges to stop from curling up, moisten thir well with the cement and apply on the wrong side of the garment, seeing that the edges are adjusted neatly and evenly together se that when dry the under piece can scarce-ly be seen. This same method can be used on rubbers also; if you cannot set the rubberdam use any strong material the rubberdam use any strong material that will not make a bulky or stiff place under the article mended.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded a Miss Grace M. Walker, Tennis ave., Ambier, Pa., for the following suggestion:

A simple way to make ice cream for the invalid that is tired of the ready-mais kind is to take an ordinary boiled custard, place a suincient amount in an ordinary cocoa tin. Place this in turn in a crock and pack around it ice and salt. Every 15 minutes remove lid and stiffrozen liquid from sides and bottom of tin. After repeating this three or four times allow the great times allow the great in the control of the country times allow the great in the country times allow the country times allowed the country times allowed times t times allow the cream to stand for a minutes that it may become solid.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to

In making the new circular skirts it is wise to hang them by the band unfaced for several days. Shake the skirt vigorously at times. At the end of this time the skirt will have sagged its limit and can be cut off at the proper length.

Mrs. E. French, 317 Vine street, Camdes, X. J., for the following suggestion: A good plan to prevent pictures from slipping and hanging unevenly, is to hang them first of all face to the wall, and then twist round, making a cross in the wire or cord.

Odds and Ends

Here are a few things which it will prove useful to know when the occasion comes along:

When you are doing your summer saw ing this year try this plan. Hooks to look neat must be sewed on so that they don't show on the right side of the material. To do this, just cut a piece of cardbard so that it will slip in the hem or plait. As you sew on each hook, slip the cardboard along, and your stitches won't come through.

Old muslin which is yellow with as should be boiled in atrong indigo water.
A piece of fresh cedarwood laid on the ironing board to run your iron over all save you much extra labor on Mondaya and you will always have a smooth true

Has Every Woman a good figure in Philadelphia that wears a good corset? Not three in ten. No fault of the corsets; fault of the fitting. When you buy your next corset let experienced fitters show you what can be done for your figure—it costs no more. 1816 Walnut St. MISS KATER



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