

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

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

By ELLEN ADAIR

How the Jealous Woman Wrecks Home and Happiness

There is a certain type of woman who must always investigate the whys and wherefores of everything. She is not content with things as they seem, but always digs beneath the surface to get at the root of the matter.

Such a woman is rarely happy. Her mind is too active for happiness. It is built too much after the Paul Fry pattern. Her great failing lies in being too suspicious. And the suspicious woman never is happy. She keeps looking for slights, and fancying slights everywhere, for she is over-sensitive.

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 conjugal felicity, to say the least of it, and naturally her husband resents her attitude very much.

steno-graphers since last fall! For they will not stand her perpetual interference and questionings."

A man who has to endure a wife of this type is greatly to be pitied. And the wife herself is to be pitied even more, for the unhappiness which she causes others is only exceeded by the misery she brings upon herself.

When a woman marries, she ought to have sufficient confidence in the man of her choice to refrain from any questionings. 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 trouble.

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 respecter 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 fiancée or wife, but it will make him positively 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 malady. For she always puts the worst construction on all the information she glean.

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 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."

Fruit Hint. Sterilize raisins, currents, figs and dates before using, by putting in a strainer over a steaming kettle.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Even the Flowers Pretend

WHO wants to make a window garden? asked Dorothy's mother 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.

"Crocuses," 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 crumpled the dirt up fine. Their mother 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 all!"

"She put on her hat and went to the greenhouse. "Your crocus bulbs don't come up!" exclaimed the florist when she had told him all about it; "have you given them a pretend winter?"

"A pretend winter!" exclaimed the mother. "What is that?"

"That's the way to get a crocus bulb to grow. 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!"

"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!"

"The mother took the bulbs home and she hid them in the dark cold basement. After four weeks there, the bulbs began to sprout. The children brought them up to the sunshine, where they blossomed beautifully."

"The children," said the florist, "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!"



A NEW BLOUSE

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

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

Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, and heir to the vast Wimberley 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 major at Hartree School, where Guy is studying. The other group is led by a Doctor Anderson, also of the school. John Erleigh, head of Hartree School, is engaged to Anne Wimberley. His sister, Mrs. Travers, is involved in the first plot, fears her husband has killed the man who had betrayed his sister and let another suffer for his crime.

attempt had been made to break in. Are those windows shuttered at night, my lord?"

"I implore you to be very careful, my lord, and keep your eyes open. I fancy that you are in danger."

CHAPTER XXXIII. "Mother, dear."

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

Lady Wimberley smiled, and traced a wavy pattern on the ground with the point of her parasol. Joan flushed.

"I will make inquiries," said Wimberley, and he left the room. Ten minutes later he returned.

"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 man."

"I must think of something better. I want a thousand pounds."

"I don't know how it came here, my lord. It is certainly not one of mine. One of the servants must have put it here."

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Attractive New Blouses

The new blouses are very pretty, and I have been busy purchasing and ordering ever since my invitation for a visit to the South came.

A pale shade, in tucked into the front of the little jacket, and the whole effect is very chic.

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.

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

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 prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. Lizzie Brogan, 2530 North Orleans street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

With this costume I wear an chiffon blouse 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.

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

CHAPTER XXXIII. "Mother, dear."

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to L. C. 239 Richmond street, for the following suggestion:

Milady Talked

Milady talked of everything. As over hill and down the valley; I had you and love to sing. But all my tender thoughts took wing.

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

Odds and Ends

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.

Here are a few things which it will prove useful to know when the occasion comes along: When you are doing your summer sewing 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.

Has Every Woman

The Queen of Spain. Queen Victoria of Spain spends over \$10,000 a year for costumes.

a good figure in Philadelphia that wears a good corset? Not three in ten. No 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.

A Strange Country

Malatwacha, on the borders of Russia, in Asia, is womanless.

THE IVY CORSET. "INCOMPARABLE". FAULTLESSLY designed for grace and beauty. Eliminates matronly lines, back curves and other imperfections. Ivy Corsets are perfectly fitting, always cling to the figure and retain their youthful contour indefinitely.

DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP. Your mother and your grandmother used it every day. THE BEAUTY SHOP. 1217 WALNUT STREET. To make the home beautiful, you must beautify yourself.