

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

THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS

By ELLEN ADAIR

How the Selfish Man or Woman Acts

In these assertive days when everywhere we hear the talk turn to the question of "Rights," and "Personal Liberty" and "Self Development," it is curiously strange to note how many people do utterly ignore the rights of others.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

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

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. M. E. 781 South 31st street, for the following suggestion: When separating eggs—if a funnel is placed over a tumbler and the egg broken into it one at a time, it is easy to keep yolk and white apart, as the white runs down in the glass and the yolk may be tilted out of the top.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Lucia Noble, Ocean City, N. J., for the following suggestion: To break ice in a sinkroom simply put a piece of ice in a towel (or napkin) and press a flower or smooth and clean, without particle of trouble. Keep it covered afterwards. Never break ice by pounding it in a napkin or towel with a hammer. It wastes ice and cuts the material.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. E. Tilton, 1523 North 13th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Before putting new ticking on feather pillows, take a piece of white soap, dip it in water, then rub the soap over the wrong side of the ticking. You will then never be bothered by the feathers working out through the ticking.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. Culp, 824 Clifton avenue, Collingsdale, Pa., for the following suggestion: I saved many steps since my husband put castors on my kitchen table. I can move it easily wherever I want it. In dishwashing I put it near the sink and underneath in taking and washing, and putting up fruit, near the stove and so on.

Evening

How calm—how beautiful comes on The stillly hour, when storms have gone, When warring winds have died away And clouds beneath the dancing rain Melt out and leave the land and sea Sleeping in light tranquillity.

The Shadow Rose

A noisette on my garden path An ever-swaying shadow throws; But if I pluck it strolling by, I pluck the shadow with the rose.

Just near enough my heart you stood To shadow it—but was it fair In him, who plucked and bore you off, To leave your shadow lingering there?

Moving Pictures

Mrs. F. E. Lowrey has sailed for Liberia, where she will take a trip into the wilds of Darkest Africa, taking moving pictures as she goes.



A GOWN OF SATIN AND CHIFFON

Delicious Tomatoes

Scop out fresh tomatoes, break an egg into each and season well. Strain with crumbs and a bit of butter and bake a few minutes.

For the Stepladder

If the stepladder slips, paste a piece of old rubber over each support; this will not only prevent a fall, but it will protect the floors.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Pretty Frock

I have just been to my Literary Luncheon, which meets once every three weeks and heard all the news of the neighborhood. Just why we style these luncheons literary is somewhat of a mystery!

At first I was really afraid that it was going to be too dreadfully highbrow, so I told them they must never call upon me for a speech or an essay or anything of that sort.

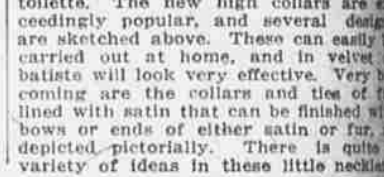
I needn't have been so unduly alarmed, for these luncheons are only excuses for meeting together and talking endlessly on every sort of subject under the sun.

The latest engagement, the last word in French millinery, the new styles in gowns, the flirtatious propensities of Bobby So-and-So, and the matrimonial troubles of Mrs. Somebody Else are leading themes.

But I must confess that I enjoy these little luncheons. Apart from the interesting gossip (and every woman is interested in gossip, whether she pretends to the contrary or not), I always like to hear about the new styles in clothes and to see what the girls wear.

"You are the luckiest girl under the sun to be going South just now, Dorothy," said Jane, "and I'm coming round to you to make a perfectly stunning gown."

Accessories of Dress



The accessories, or the lack of them at the right time, go to make or mar the toilette. The new high collars are exceedingly popular, and several designs are sketched above.

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPING

By CLAVER MORRIS, Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor"

CHAPTER XXXIII—(Continued)

He bowed and walked away. Lady Wimberley watched him until he had disappeared in a crowd of people, and then, looking round, she saw that a tall, shabby man with a white face, was standing a few yards away from her and regarding her with interest.

It had been a quarrel between these two—something so serious that her mother could not live in the same house as her husband. Well, it would be her duty to bring them together again.

It was wrong—so that I can help you—I do want you to be happy—and you—you look as if you would never be happy again.

"No, no—but still—the news of his death—one is rather upset. Are you one of the police?" "I am a detective, madame. My name is Valois. I am in authority. You will please answer my questions."

Then I came and listened outside the door, and hearing no voices, I thought I could come in. What is the matter?" "Mr. Vertigan has been killed, dear," Lady Wimberley replied.

There were dark shadows in the woman's eyes as she looked out across the sunlit sea.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Duffy's Tumble

Duffy was a cunning little dog. So white was his hair and so duffy and curly that he looked like nothing in the world but a great white snowball.

She started to play with him as she usually did; but Duffy had no charm for Duffy that day! "I want to go out doors," he growled, and he climbed back up on the window sill.

"We are sorry to trouble madame," he said, "but there has been a fracas outside the Casino and an English gentleman has been killed."

"If the letter is still there waiting for me," Mr. Vertigan said, "I will fall into the hands of the police."

"I am a detective, madame. My name is Valois. I am in authority. You will please answer my questions."

"The murderer has been caught," "Yes," she told me that.

Advertisement for Heinz Spaghetti, featuring an illustration of a smiling man and the text: HEINZ Spaghetti COOKED READY TO SERVE Spaghetti is good the way the Italians make it—but it is even better the way Heinz makes it.