

SHOPPING SUGGESTIONS, STUNNING FASHIONS AND NEW IDEAS FOR EVERY WOMAN

THE GLORY OF IMAGINATION

By ELLEN ADAIR

"When the Heart Is Young"

"The only reason that I wish for a great deal of money is that it would enable me to travel," said a woman the other day. "I do envy those people who are able to roam where and when the spirit moves them!"

day, "for you see I have so much more time to think about them and to read about them and to look at pictures of them than other people have. Just now I imagine that I am staying in London, and oh, I am having such a lovely time! I am spending weeks there and doing it thoroughly, which is more than the ordinary tourist does."

I know an invalid who for years has been unable to move from her bed. She suffers a great deal of pain, but she is always cheerful, always bright. And why? Because she is possessed of this wonderful spirit of adventure, this great faculty of imagination that can transform the dullest surroundings into a veritable City of Beautiful Romance. For the would-be traveler is always intensely imaginative.

"Then the organ began to play. What a wonderful organ it is! And the service for Evensong began. It was exquisite. The music seemed to express all the richness in coloring of the drifting light, the harmony of proportions and the stately beauty of the marble columns. It was like a poem to me. I couldn't have enjoyed it more if I had actually been there."

"This invalid has quite a library of guide-books and travelers' catalogues. And she knows them all by heart. She has read them so often that she can describe the scenery of most parts of the world accurately. Her powers of description are brilliant. The first time I heard her talk I was positively delighted. "What a wonderful life you have had!" I could not help exclaiming. "You must have visited every corner of Europe!"

"When the sun went down in the West, and the shadows lengthened, and the nursemaids took the little boys and girls home for tea, I motored back to the Hotel Cecil. In the Strand, where the footmen in their blue velvet knee breeches and satin stockings hurried to get my tea. Yes, I am having a lovely time in London—in imagination!"

But her heart was young. And when that is the case nothing else really matters. For it implies and includes so many delightful and wonderful things that one really could not pity her. She had learned the great secret of life, had caught the immortal spark from heaven itself, the secret of Perpetual Youthfulness. Her mind was traveling, traveling over wonderful countries and snow-clad peaks. She was living a life of Adventure, a life of Romance, and one that neither pain nor suffering could take away from her.

"The woman who has a mind like this is to be truly envied. For she has learned the greatest secret of life. She has conquered pain, conquered imprisonment, conquered even life itself. Her mind has broken the bars, and borne on the wings of imagination, has found a deep peace and a deep happiness that neither pain nor suffering nor ill-fortune can ever take from her."

Tantalizing

Her lips were so near That—what else could I do? You'll be angry, I fear, But her lips were so near— Well, I can't make it clear, Or explain it to you, But—her lips were so near That—what else could I do? —WALTER LEARNED.



A GOWN OF CHIFFON AND SATIN

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river And the rivers with the ocean, The winds of heaven mix forever With a sweet emotion: Nothing in the world is single, All things by a law divine In another's being mingle— Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven And the waves clasping one another; No sister-flower would be forgotten If it disdained its brother; And the sunlight clasps the earth, And the moonbeams kiss the sea— What are all these kissings worth, If thou kiss not me? —P. B. SHELLEY.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY For the following suggestions in by readers of the EVENING LEDGER prices of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded. All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, EVENING LEDGER, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mary A. Ewing, 5951 Norwood street, Germantown, Pa., for the following suggestion: I have found a splendid way to finish the bottom of chiffon sleeves. I get one yard of round elastic cut in four strips, two for each sleeve. Slip sleeve about two inches from lower edge in a small tuck effect over the cord. Insert the other cord about 1/4 inch above the first. This makes a dainty, pretty finish for chiffon sleeves. They fit tightly on the wrist without the bother of using snap fasteners or hooks and eyes. Using the selvage for edge of the sleeves of ruffle makes a prettier finish than a hem.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Harry W. Seaber, 210 North Robinson street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: If you want to keep paste—any kind of paste—for a long time put in a few drops of formaldehyde—say about five drops to the pint or even ten drops—and stir it well. Of course the paste must be kept in a covered bottle or tin. I have kept paste in this way for four years without having it turn sour or mold.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to F. R. G., 210 New street, Spring City, Pa., for the following suggestion: If a screw in a lock becomes loose, put a few drops of vinegar on screw and tighten. This will cause it to rust fast and never loosen again.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Minnie Fisher, 210 North Robinson street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Get real fuzzy cotton flannel, make a bag and tie on broom. Sweep down doors, window sills, surfaces and around rugs. It is a clean and easy way to dust pants.

The Newest Coiffure

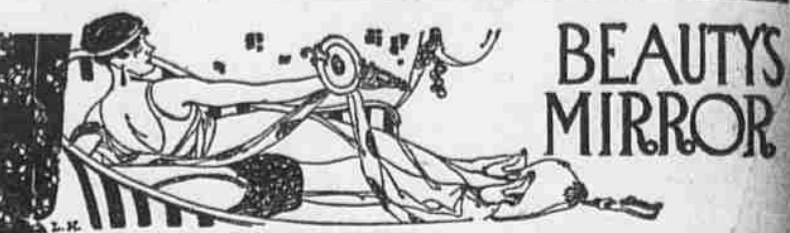
Milady has worn a high, tight coiffure long enough. It is time for fickle fashion to change. A rumor was heard that Mrs. Vernon Castle's extraordinary and extreme style of boxing the hair would become universal. Just when the ultra-modern girl had reconciled herself to having her tresses cut off short as a sacrifice on the altar of fashion, along came another mandate to save the day. Milady will not only save what hair she already possesses, but she will wear curls and puffs as well. If you have kept the puffs you used to wear, and the tiny curls that you had in the back of your neck, you can consider yourself fortunate, for the high cost of living has forced even the hair market to rise. The hairdressers say the little curls are twisted in and out of the chignon, which is just a soft knot of hair at the back of the head.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Pretty Evening Gown

The hotel here had its biweekly ball last night, and some of the gowns were really lovely. It was altogether quite a gorgeous scene, and every one enjoyed it immensely. Elinor wore a perfectly bewitching frock of crepe meteor, in a shade of palest blue-gray. The skirt was bordered with beaded lace, which extended half way up the wide flounce at the bottom. The little bodice was sleeveless, and the shoulder-straps were of beaded lace, caught on top with a small spray of chiffon rosebuds. The girle was also of beaded lace, finished with more pink rosebuds. My own gown was quite pretty. It was in a very pale shade of pink chiffon over pink satin, in empire style. The sleeves were very tiny, and were ornamented with large chiffon bows on each shoulder, which gave a very light touch to the whole. The skirt hung straight and severe from a black chiffon choux which ornamented the V-shaped opening at the back of the shoulders, and a narrow line of black jet trimming ran round the bodice and under the arms, coming above the bust line.



BEAUTY'S MIRROR

Excessive thinness can't be hidden in these days of revealing fashions. The reasons for lack of weight are varied. For instance, a woman who is in the habit of worrying herself day and night over nothing at all seldom gives herself a chance to gain weight. Then, too, it often happens that a girl who is always dancing, running around and eating at odd hours will be deplorably thin. This is very obviously curable, if she is only willing to take the necessary measures. As long as Lent is here, and a godly number of amusements are curtailed, why not put on a little weight if you are too thin? In the first place, you can't afford to have nerves if you are a thin girl. Don't rush; try to remember that there are so very few things which are worth rushing for, that it is not worth while to risk your health over them. Nervousness, worry and excitement have a definite and decided action on the digestive fluids. Take your food slowly, masticate each particle thoroughly. Once you have learned to do this you will never hurry. Eat at the same time every day, and don't eat between meals. This is just the reason that most of our young high school misses look so anemic. They dash out without breakfast, they don't carry a lunch because of a foolish pride, and they won't eat their supper because they have spoiled their appetite by eating candy or a chocolate sundae down town after school. The result is very evident on their faces. Their eyes are dull, their skin muddy and sallow. This is by far a less attractive picture than that of a fresh, healthy looking girl with a lunch under her arm. If they could only be brought to realize it. If this little schoolgirl's mother would only see that her daughter finished her breakfast before leaving, and that she got to bed in time to get at least eight hours rest, and that her lunch was plain and filling, her daughter's health and spirits would be different. There would be no more cross answers and unpleasant scenes when a correction was made. If the thin girl would follow the simple directions for her diet which any physician will give her—such as eating plenty of starch and sugar compounds—and sleep, eat and exercise regularly, her weight will increase. This won't happen all at once. If you are run down, you will have to wait until the body catches up to the normal standard before any improvement begins, but if you keep at it faithfully you are bound to get fat, unless some serious illness prevents.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Pussy Willows

"I DO wish you would get out of my way," exclaimed the sun one morning in the late winter, "I want to shine down on the earth, and I can't when you are in the way!" "Where shall we go?" asked the clouds he had spoken to; "we don't care about moving; we would rather stay right here!"

alongside the brook stood out plainly in the sunshine. Then he looked again to find what made the spring feeling. "Now I see!" he exclaimed; "why didn't I know before? Of course, it is the pussy willows that make the spring!" Sure enough! All along the edge of the brook there bloomed rows and rows of lovely pussy willows—each a promise of a coming spring.

He shone his very hardest (as the sun can shine when he tries) and the clouds got smaller and smaller, till they were at last all gone—every one!

Sum kids has got nerve, awl site, sed Puds Simkins. Maybe they aint, sed Sid Hunt. Wat do you want, I sed. Im wa going for Shiny, sed Skinny Martins kid bruthr. And he kepp awn seting there making his baloon go up and down by pulling the string, and aftr a wile Puds Simkins sed to him, let go of the string, wy dont you, and the baloon will go way up in the air and youd have fun watching it.

The Kids' Chronicle

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Now this particular day he looked down to the earth and he saw dirty snow and muddy roads, mussy back yards and huge trash piles, dinky meadows and gray, dismal woods. "Dear me," he exclaimed to himself, "it's about time I set to work! This anybody ever see such a looking world? I'm ashamed of myself to think I have neglected my duty so long!"

And I started to run aftr the baloon and Puds and Sid and Skinny Martins kid bruthr started to run aftr me, and we ran about 4 blocks and the baloon went up over a roof and stayed there. And I rang the bell of the house and asked the lady if I ood go up awn her roof and get it and the lady sed, Wen of you can go up, but not awl 4 of you. And I went up, and the baloon was awn the roof against the chimney, and I took it down and gese it back to Skinny Martins kid bruthr, saying, Now aftr this you kepp awn of awr frunt steps.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

Washington's Birthday favors are being shown in the window of one of the large Chestnut street shops. A red satin box, hatchet shaped, with stripes of red, white and blue, is 10 cents. Candle shades of red, white and blue crepe paper, with a tiny holder to grip the candle, is 5 cents. Red candles, cherries, hatchets, and such symbolic things, sell for 40 cents a pound. Quite the cutest favor for the informal dinner is a very much undressed Kewpie, with an Uncle Sam hat and patriotic ribbon belt, for 40 cents. China statues of George Washington, with fluffy bows of red, white and blue ribbon, are 30 cents apiece. A historic cherry tree, filled with candied cherries and tied with red satin ribbon, costs 25 cents. A black satin tricorne hat, with red, white and blue band, is very attractive, indeed. It costs 30 cents. The newest thing for traveling is a utility case. This is a compact little arrangement, with powder, toothbrush, nail enamel and soap inside, and sells for 50 cents. A tiny cretonne "first aid" case is a good substitute for the doctor if anything should happen. It has gauze bandages in a handy roll, adhesive plaster to stick them on with, antiseptic soap, absorbent cotton and various other necessities, all for 50 cents. A great bargain is to be had in a large Chestnut street store for the woman who likes a nice negligee for the mornings. These come in Delit and pale blue, lavender and orange crepe. They have a rubber band over the waist line and fit very snugly, and the front is finished off with a touch of embroidery. The price is \$1.50. The kiddie will just love one of the little boxes of hankkerchiefs, done up in wooden express wagons, camels, boats, etc. They are only 50 cents a box. A plainly tailored powder shirtwaist had pearl buttons up the front. It is the daintiest thing you could imagine for the morning. They cost \$5. Manicure cases are very attractive this season. One large Market street store has a display of them, and a particularly useful case had implements of tortoise shell, set in a very handsome satin-lined box. It sold for \$7.50. Silver mesh bags are lined and furnished now, and those who have had while gloves soiled by the metal will welcome the improvement. A pale pink moire-lined model, with a tiny purse of the silk, and powder case with holders for hairpins, rouge and extract costs \$15. A lovely art nouveau pin, of jet enamel and rhinestones, shaped like the favored friendship pin, will look charming with a sheer blouse. It costs \$15.00. Earrings of all kinds are making their appearance, and most of them are black and white combinations. Seed pearls with a black enamel border, or hoops hanging

Every Wife in Philadelphia Wants Her Husband To Make More Money To live in a better house: to wear better clothes—to dress her children better: to educate them. And she can tell him how. Fifty other wives did by new ideas—not theories, but actual ideas, and all as simple as A, B, C. These wives are telling how they did it in the great series, "How I Helped My Husband to Make More Money": six of them in the March LADIES' HOME JOURNAL On Sale Tomorrow Fifteen Cents a Copy, of All News Agents Or, \$1.50 a Year (12 issues) by Mail, Ordered Through Our Subscription Agents or Direct THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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