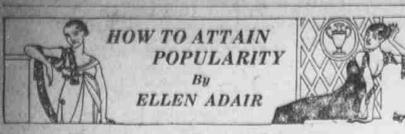
PRIZE SUGGESTIONS, HOUSEKEEPING HINTS AND SPRING FASHIONS FOR EVERY WOMAN



The Woman Whom All-Men Like

She need not overdo the thing and be-

The woman who talks too much will

only succeed in becoming a thorough bore,

For it is impossible that gems of wit can

flow all the time from her active brain-

and most of the time she is talking about

From the point of view of popularity it.

The popular woman never "runs down"

The woman whom all men like need not

Shyness often leads a woman into little

awkwardnesses and stiffnesses of manner

The woman whom all men like is a thor-

ough sportsman where misfortune is con-

cerned. She doesn't whine over her trials

and troubles. On the contrary, she picks

herself up cheerfully after each reverse

and bravely starts all over again. Men do

admire a sporting and courageous heart in a woman. And a woman of this type

A Sunny Smile

They reached the roof of the factory, they passed the high smokestack-up and

up to the sky they sailed, twisting and

twirling and dancing nearer and nearer

"No," replied the other little steam fairy gravely, "I'm not afraid—I like to go higher and higher."

So on they danced upward—till they were just a little white patch of happy fairles against the hig blue sixe.

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The Kids' Chronicle

I WAS wawking erround yestidday to

peece of red crayon, and I was wawking

alawng looking at it wundiring how big

it ust to be wen it was awl there, and

who did I see wawking alawng in the

saim direckshin but Puds Simkinses sis-

I'm going erround to set awn Mary Watkinses frunt steps, sed Persey.

And we both wawked alawng, and after

a wile I sed, Do you want to no how to

How, sed Persey, and I sed, Let me

this red crayon, and then she will think

yure funny and laff at you, and if the

wunts thinks yure funny you can make a hit with her easy, thats the way I

made a hit with her.

And Persey sed awl rite, and I took the crayon and made so meny red dots swi over his fase he looked as if he had a red yale awn like a lady, and then we kepp awn wawking erround to Mary Watkinses, and she was setting out awn the front steps awl rite, and we caim up and I sed, Helo, Mary, did you heer about Persey having the meesils, thare contaylus.

contayjus.

Persey Jenkins, you get rite away frum

heer with those meenls, sed Mary. And she ran in the vesterbule and lest peeped out the dear, saying, Go away, do you

heer, I wont kum out till you go away,

you look erfili.

Thare not meesils, look, I can wipe them awf, sed Persey. And he started to rub his sleeve ovir his fase, but the red spots lest smeered insted of kuming awf, making him look worse than avvir, and Mary Watkins sed, Benny, make him

away, I dont wunt to ketch them aw!

Go awn away, I sed. You tell her there not meezile, sed

She wordent bleeve me, go awn away, you don't think its verry pullite to keep a lady in her ewn vesterbule, do you, I

But thats wat Im going to do, I sed.

Then we can both do it, sed Persey.

make a big hit with Mary Watkins.

sey cuzzin Persey.

Helo, Benny, sed Persey.

Ware are you going, I sed.

see if Mary Watkins was setting awn

her frunt steps, and I found a littel

fairles against the big blue sky.

Do you feel afraid to leave the earth,"

is worthy of all admiration.

necessarily be good-looking, nor clever,

ures a jealous woman.

The woman whom all nien like has an , the phrase. But all the same, although inexhaustible fund of common sense and it is harder for the busy woman to ata thoroughly well-balanced, rational out- tain popularity than the woman of leisure, look on life. No man likes the hysterical, she has a wider sphere for cultivating excitable type of woman. She is too friendships and gaining popularity than uncertain, too unaccountable in her ways. her stay-at-home sister, And there is nothing more irritating to The woman whom all men like is not the average man than never to be quite a gossip. Men don't care to hear all the sure what attitude of mind a woman petty little details in which the souls of is going to take or what she intends to so many women revel. They regard such talk as trivial. And so the popular woman

Although much has been written on the is broad in her interests. In order to subject of the evergreen attraction of be a companion to a man she must culuncertainty in women, when one comes tivate an interesting and intelligent mind. right down to hard, common everyday facts of life, it is the sensible woman come a blue-stocking to achieve this who comes out on top every time. The end. But she should try to be an interattractive woman has been labeled by the esting conversationalist, and, what is even phrase "uncertain, coy, and hard to better, an interested listener. please"-and no greater error of judgment has ever been made than any such description. For the woman who is hard never in this life be popular. She will to please is not popular with men, and never will be, unless she cultivates a more placid, easy-going and unselfish

temperament. matters on which she had better be silent. As far as coyness goes, the overcoy woman is never attractive, either. Nothis better to be a good listener than a good ing is more disliked by the average man taiker. than a playful simper or the aping of artless airs and graces.

What men like in a woman more than anything else and what, unfortunately, they seldom find is naturalness. Women seem to think that artificiality is attrac-

If they only realized how men dislike the artificial and the unnatural they nor accomplished. The main points to would surely refrain from assuming the cultivate are sincerity, simplicity, symairs and graces that become them not and pathy and a pleasant, interested manner. turn once more to what is natural and

Sincerity is a virtue really rare to find, and one which men admire in women which mislead mankind as to her dispotremendously. It is not easy to be sin- sition. Therefore shyness should be overcere: it is in fact rather hard. But it is worth while from every point of view,

The woman whom all men like is not only natural and free from foolish affectation, but at the same time she is sympathetic. "A heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize" brings a greater popularity than anything else in this world ever could.

"Popularity takes up so much time." complained a business woman the other day, "for to be really popular you have to listen to the long-winded stories and troubles and tales of everybody. I really haven't got the time to be popular nowadays, for business takes up all my time.

"If you want to be liked by everybody you have to be so very polite. You can't may 'Please stop tell ing that stupid story, I've no time for you today,' or you can't cut people short over the telephone, or you can't break an engagement or do joys for them, any of the things a busy woman must

It is quite true that popularity does at the same time. The world is a mirror take time in the most literal meaning of and reflects our mood back again.

By the way, did you ever see a steam

Then some cold day walk by a fac-

tory and watch till the pipes from the

boller are opened. Immediately the steam

fairles come rushing out-helter, skelter,

pell-mell. Their dainty white dresses and

filmy wings rub and tumble together in

the cool air as they hurry off for a play.

have lived for days in the big black

Sometimes, though, the fairles have

great sport in the boiler before they even

One day, a whole boiler full of fairles

were behaving very nicely, pumping the

big machinery and working their very

hardest, when suddenly one fairy said,

"I'm too hot and crowded in here, I want

"Oh dear, don't push so hard," said s

Now I am going to sail up to the sky and

explore!

brather fairy, "you crowd me so I can

'tiet out of my way," shouted another,

We are all crowded," exclaimed an

elder fairy, and we don't make it any better by pushing and shoving; let's all take a deep breath and blow-maybe we

"Inat's a fine idea," shouted all the fairles, good humpred again because there was work to be done. "ready new one-

and the fairles straightened their skirts

the fairles straightened their skirts
their wings, book a deep breath and
and hiew till pept off went the esvaive and the fairles rushed out
the dark heller to the coef fresh air
the telling is pizasant," said one
lairy as she shook herself free of
cound from to real living! Now i
coing to sail up to the sky and ex-

Yes, those are the steam fairles who

fairy? No?

factory boller.

see daylight.

to get out!"

hardly work.

"I sm crowded!"

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE STEAM FAIRIES

ONCE upon a time, some steam fairles their way-always going a little higher and a little higher.

THE DAILY STORY

THE TELLTALE RECORD Young Mrs. Pell was bending above her miniature pansy bed when the crunching sound of gravel beneath somebody's firm-stepping feet brought her head around

"Cary! My goodness! Did you go to the front door and ring the bell?" "Never approached anybody's house in that conventional manner," laughed the young man, in natty blue serge and a rakish Panama hat. "But why that particular question in greeting?"
"S-sh! I know it sounded funny, but

my first thought—why, Minna's here! She's upstairs now. I thought if you had rang the bell—" "The deuce, Harriet! If I'd known-well, there's a train back to little old New York in about 20 minutes."

New York in about 30 minutes."
Young Alvord retreated with his face solemn and drawn into wrinkles of annoyance. His cousin followed him to the steps of the back porch, dusting her hands lightly, one against the other. "I'm so sorry, Cary, I had no idea you would spring in on us in this way. And Minna came yesterday most unexpectedly."

Mrs. Pell spoke in suppressed tones and Cary lowered his own voice to a

whisper when he answered.

Don't worry. You couldn't help it.

It's a bit awkward; but we shan't meet. She needn't know I came here at all. Harriet."

"I know you don't want to see her." "And she isn't pining for my society. "Oh, no: Minna's very bitter. She won't even speak of you; and once, when your name was mentioned by chance, name was mentioned by chance, she positively froze. Cary. I believe she hates you! She's alwully intense, you know."
"I know." The young man's lips twisted in a smile, slightly mocking. The memory of that last interview with Minna in a rage was still fresh. Intense seemed the proper word for his former sweetheart's temperament. Yet-in her softer moods-how lovely, how alluring she could be!

her own sex in the hearing of men. For Mrs. Pell, looking into her cousin's darkened face, gave a little sigh. How she realizes that by so doing she will only bring upon her head the masculine these two young persons, once such dotaccusation of "cattiness," and be reing lovers, had grown into fierce, chilling garded as that most lamentable of failenmity!

"Harriet! Harriet!" A full, musical voice came from the

upper hall. "Goodness! She's coming down! You can't go round the house now," whispered breathlessly. "In here, Cary. I'll coax her into the garden and then-" She pushed her visitor into a shallow loset under the stairs and slipped into the living room. Through the door, which refused to close, Cary could see the white-gowned figure that fluttered down the stairs and across the hallway. The main entrance of the living room was in line with his hiding place; and his eager eyes followed every motion of his onetime sweetheart.

She carried something in her hand, and she went to the cabinet that stood between the windows.

"I want you to hear the new record I brought with me." she said. "It is a great favorite of mine."

To conceal her nervous agitation Mrs. Pell was stepping around the room rearranging bits of bric-a-brac and draper-les. Then she slipped into the adjoining dining room.

"I'll give Dicky bird his morning bath while you play for us, Minna," she said The value of 4 sunny smile is something that can scarcely be calculated. It carelessly.

Minna slipped the new record into place, and the next instant the soft, sweet phodispels gloom and brightens up all those nographic music stirred the air. Behind the closet door there was an uneasy movement as the young man in hiding It is strange that people should be so stingy about smiles. The average man recognized the opening bars of Strelezki's "Happy Days." Minna's favorite? Why, that was his favorite! He had always and woman walk around as if the troubles of the world were weighting them down. They look as if life held no asked her to sing it for him, and she had always sung it with appealing fervor. Cary's heart leaped now at the old fa-Keep smiling, even if you don't feel like it. For you will bring happiness to others and you will cheer yourself up at the same time. The world is a mirror and reflects our mood back again.

millar strains. Why had Minna brought that record here? Why should she even wish to hear the song again—the favor-lite song of the man she hated? Be-wildered and racked by conflicting emotions, he pressed his face to the narrow consider and peered out into the room. miliar strains. Why had Minna brought opening and peered out into the room

Minna was standing beside the cabinet with drooping shoulders and bowed head. shaft of light shot across her white draperies and warm-tinted brown b Her profile looked sad: and, as watched, she raised her hands and

ressed them tragically together.
"Awfully sweet. What is it?" called
frs. Pell. "I've heard it before, but I Arrange of the search of the second of the can't place it. Do you sing it, Minna?"

A moment's silence, and the record began a second round of melody, "Happy Days"—what a mockery, thought Cary, more upset by the unexpected entertainment than he would have cared to admit the second of the second Then, Minna's rich voice softly took up the refrain and blended with the so-prano tones that rose above the plain-tive strains of the violin and the throbtive strains of the violin and the sang a hing means of the 'cello. She sang a few bars, and her voice broke suddenly. Minna crying—playing and singing his favorite song and crying! It was the most perplexing thing that had ever happened to him. A sudden light seemed to fill the stuffy, dark little closet under the stairs. Then, Mrs. Pell's voice broke stairs.

"I want you to see my pansies, Minna. "I want you to see my pansies, Minna. They're coming along splendidly."
The two women passed out into the little garden. Cary knew that he had been given the signal for departure. This was his chance to disappear. The way was clear. He would have just time to

catch his train. The closet door swung open cautiously.
In the garden Mrs. Pell was leading her guest from the house. She looked at Minna furtively. How very lovely the girl was in that tender, reflective mood, with her brilliant eyes softened to vel-

vety blue tints.

Suddenly the white-gowned figure stood stiffly erect, with head uplifted and startled gaze. "What's that?" The quesstartled gaze. "What's that?" The ques-tion came sharply. It was the opening strains of the Strelezki melody that trem-bled upon the air. "Some one is playing make littel marks awn yure fase with

my record. How strange!"

Mrs. Pell looked guiltly at the windows, but she made no move to accompany her guest to the house. As though hypnotized by the mysterious music, Minna passed along the narrow path, up

the porch steps, over the threshold, and out of sight.

Cary looked up as the girl entered alone, wondering, perturbed, but scarcely prepared for this meeting. She drew back, flushing and stammering:

"Your you! But how Mr. Alvord, how

"You-you! But how-Mr. Alvord, how long have you been here?" "Long enough to make up my about a very important matter. Miss Mot-fat." He bowed ceremoniously and stepped toward her, white the soprane voice trilied and the violin walled and the 'cello meaned all in unison. "Happy days, Minna-for us! Let's make up. Now that I know you still care for me, I'll go down on my knees and make any apology you wish. Forget that wretched quarrel you wish. Forget that pride nearly broke My jealousy and your pride nearly broke

a pair of loving hearts. Minos-sweet-heart! Dearest!"

She had sought feebly to retreat, to ward off his extended arms; but the arder of his stance, the entreaty of his smile overcame her. The title smile overcame her. The tide of love rose, and, with a fluttering breath, half sobbling, half laughter, she acknowledged her vanquishment. (Obsertight, 1915.

THE MESSAGE

Deep in a ross's glowing beart
I dropped a stoule king.
And then I hade it quick depart.
And tall my lady this:
"The love thy lover tried to send
O'sridges my fraction tow!
But my soft leaves would brank and bend
Should be saud half the whole!" reject. This is real living! Now I seed, and provide the sky and expected the sky and expected the sky and expected the sky and expected the sky and the seed forces. And he want away and Mary Wathing calm out agen and us I set there awn the steps tawking to enth utility and Persey dident kum back agen, provide he must of had to slay in the house awn akknown of cetting his face realing like that





PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

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

All suggestions should be addressed to Elien Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Evening Ledgers, Independence Square. Philadelphis.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to H. DeB. Strickler, 608 North 32d street, West Phila-delphia, for the following suggestion: Flannels, after they are laundered, fre

quently become yellow. If they are soaked for three hours in a lather made of a half cake of Ivory soap, two tablespoonfuls of borax and the same amount of carbonate of ammonia, they will become white again, These ingredients should be dissolved

in five gallons of soft water.

Boil the soap in the water until thoroughly dissolved, then add the remainder of the mixture.

Rinse the flannels several times and hang up to dry. You will find your flannels restored to their original whitethis process will not injure them in the least.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Geneva Swift, Box 503, Pocomoke City, Md., for the following suggestion: Placing a watch under a tumbler near

the bed of a sick person will give him relief from the ticking, which is often very trying to sensitive nerves. If there is no timeplece near, a sense of lonliness may be felt, but if a watch is laid under a tumbler, no matter how close to the bed, the ticking is almost inaudible.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. J. Trefz, 2739 Poplar street, Philadel-phia, for the following suggestion: A good mop may be made from old

stockings. Cut them into strips, about two to three inches wide, and when you have a goodly pile, tie them with string around the middle. Fold these over, trim the edges and attach them to a mop handle. Then dip them in kerosene oil, or prepared floor oil—for hardwood floors —and you will find the stockings make a splendld mop.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. J. I. Black, 3833 Fairmount avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following sug-gestion:

When your iceman leaves your ice on the porch or step, take about two yards of strong twine or fine rope (window cord is the most serviceable), and knot the two ends tightly together. Put the double rope around the ice, slip the end in the loop. You can thus carry the ice easily through the house, rinse under the spigot, and lower it into your icebox without touching it with the hands.

Tomorrow's Menu

BREAKFART Grapefrult.
Cereal and Cream.
Serambled Eggs.
Graham Gems.
Coffee.
LUNCHEON OR SUPPER Lamb Cutlets Hot biscuit, Sliced Oranges. DINNER Chicken Scup. Mashed Potatoes. Roast Pork. Apple Sauce.

Celery au Gratin.

Cottage Fudding and Egg Sauce.

Scrambled eggs—Mince some ripe olives

"The sauces is costly."

and effr them into some scrambled eggs. Lamb cutlets-Cut and trim some rare slices from a leg of lamb. Dip them in beaten egg and then in fine bread crumbs, seasoned with sait and pepper. Then dip again in egg and again in crumbs, and then fry brown in deep fat.

Celery au gratin-Cut into small pieces a head of celery and boil until tender. Drain and mix with half a cupful of grated cheese and a cupful of drawn butter. Season with sall and pepper and put in a shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bits of butter and lake flux in the chapter.

For the Engaged Girl The engaged girl has many things that she must guard against if the pathway of affection is to be all roses unmixed with

The old saying that the course of true ove never did run smooth is quite fallacious. There is no reason why the time of engagement should be anything but blissfully happy—if proper wisdom is displayed on the part of both man and maid. Jealousy kills love sooner than anything

else. More engagements are broker through the ridiculous and ill-founded

ealousy of lovers than through any other Ill temper is another thing that kills love quickly. Perpetual little disagree-ments are the death blow to affection.

Some foolish girls imagine that small quarrels only endear them to their flances. Nothing could be more absurd. For small quarrels are as the constant dripping of water which effectually wears away the The wise girl will keep the flame of her

lover's affection burning brightly and will her horny hand wiped away a tear which in every way seek to strengthen the chains of love by kindliness and, above all, tact.

Bargain Counter Hints Blouses are very reasonable in price just

now, if you know the proper place to find them. A very pretty model on sale in the window of a Chestnut street shop had a top of gold lace, with a tan chiffen foundation. The high collar had a V-neck in front, and sold for \$3.98.

Another neat-looking style was made of

a good quality of white crepe de chine. This was plainly cut, except for a touch of embroidery and medallion or two, which were the only ornaments. The price was only \$2.25. Severely plain was the tallored waist of

penges, which buttoned all the way up the front of the high collar, It cost \$4.90. A charming silk crepe blouse is being shown in the window of one of the department stores. It is a rather deep flesh color, and the real attraction of the waist lies in the silky sheen of the material. It sells for \$3.45.

Dance petticoats may sound like a para-

dox in these days of bloomers and pantalettes, but the new spring samples are made of accordion plaited chiffon. The body of the skirt is pale tan or green and fantastic birds and flowers are used as decorations. They are held in at the waist line by an elastic band. The price

The vogue for accordion-plaited lingerie showing itself in the spring fashions. One exclusive Chestnut street shop has a lovely flesh pink combination on sale. This is very plain, indeed, with an elastic band bust. The original price was \$5, but it sells for \$3.95. around the waist and another about the

Milady's stockings are getting more and more extraordinary as the seasons advance. Stripes of all kinds are in vogue, coin dots, changeable effects and black-and-white combinations. They are not expensive, however; most of them can be bought for \$1 a pair.

A neat little hat for everyday wear is made of black straw, with a brim of soft maline. The trimming consists of a wreath of colored flowers, velled in maline and laid around the crown. The price was only \$4.96.

Anti-Suffragists to Give Tea According to Miss Laura M. Sloan, general secretary of the Society for Women Opposed to Woman Suffrage, 500 signatures in support of the movement were obtained in York County last week. An anti-suffrage tea will be given on March 18 at the home of Mrs. Charles Bingham Penrose, 1739 Spruce street.

Library's Funds Curtailed

The annual appropriation of \$300 will not be awarded this year to the Abington-Library Association. The matter was referred to a committee of Councilmen, and at a mosting yesterday the members reported adversely.





Some New Negligees

given by an old school friend of Elinor's, and stayed the night there.

Our hostess, Mrs. Van Auken, was a very charming woman, and quite young, with a big, good-hearted husband posseased of loads of money. They gave us both a very warm welcome, and after dinner we assembled in the big ballroom for the concert.

The place was crowded with Palm Beach people, and, in addition to these. Elinor's friends had quite a number of visitors staying in the house with them. The concert was quite entertaining. I think that most of the performers were professionals, as the show had no ama-

teurish traces about it at all. We didn't have a dance after the concert, as the ballroom was much too crowded for anything of the sort. However, some of the more adventurous spirits, including Elinor and myself, danced its, including Elinor and myself, danced out on the lawn in front of the house site and make one long to own a wide to the strains of a victrola.

Last night we motored out to a big | It was long after midnight when we country house about five miles from Palm thought of getting back to our hotel, and country house about five miles from Paint so Mrs. Van Auken insisted that we stay the night with her. She declared that she had sent a phone message over to minor's grand-aunt earlier in the evening,

foretelling this move, so that everything was all right.

We had the most glorious chat up in her room after the guests were gone. I don't know when I met a more amusing woman or one with a greater fund of anecdote. We must have sat there tailing till after 3 o'clock.

The negliges our hostess were was of palest pink creps de chine, cut in Empire style, and the skidt was slashed to display style, and the skild was sinched to display an underskirt of very fine rose-point lace. A plaited ruching of chiffon outlined the V-shaped openings at the bottom, and the little bodice was of lace and chiffen adorned with little clusters of rosebuds. It certainly looked exceedingly dainty. The negligee Mrs. Van Auken lent me the accordion was also nuits her becaused with the accordion was also nuits be re-

The negliges Mrs. Van Auken lent me for the occasion was also quite new in style. It was of pale blue satin and lass with very short sleeves of delicate blue chiffon. A design of mauve orchids was embroidered on the blue satin, and a wide girdle of soft mauve satin was attached.

HAVE YOU A RIGHT TO YOUR HOUSEHOLD EARNINGS?

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK Author "The New Housekeeping."

band, and that you have no legal right to it. In a decision handed down last week, the Judge said, in turning over to week, the Judge said, in turning over to a certain husband \$518.12 which his wife had saved from her household allowance, "No matter how careful and prudent the wife, if the money originally belonged to the husband, it is still his property unless the evidence shows that it was a gift to the wife."

What do you think of this, you tired housewife, who have saved and scrimped, worn last year's hats, patched little Wil-lie's trousers, cooked meat substitutes and ironed your own laundry to help save

noney. Is this fair?
From the legal viewpoint, the wife is a hired housekeeper for her husband. She is given a certain monthly sum for household expenses. By careful managing, she was enabled to save part of this sum. To whom does this sum legally belong? To her employer (the husband), or to hereif? Imagine the case as if you to herself? Imagine the case as if you,

Does your husband let you keep, as permit her, at the end of the year, to re-Does your husband let you keep, as your own property, the money you save from your household allowance?

A Brooklyn Supreme Court Judge says that money which you have saved by economy and thrift belongs to your husband let you keep the dollar or do you in sist on her returning it to you? The Brooklyn Judge says both you and Many are not legally entitled to the re-

brings up the whole subject of the adjustment of household finances between the partners in homemaking. What is the best and fairest arrangement and division of the husband's income? Is the wife entitled to a personal allowance of her very own? Are their savings his money (and legal property), or her money, or the money of both of them?

The old-fashioned plan was for the husband to pay all the bills and have foil

band to pay all the bills and have full control of the money, handing to his wifes weekly dolings-out whenever he felt like it. She teased for or pilfered the reat from his trouser's pockets. The modern plan is for the husband and wife making some dignified arrangement, by which each shall mutually share in income and savings. Do you think that you are legally entitled to a personal allowance which should not be subject to your hus-band's criticism? Have you a right to your househeld

Mrs. Homemaker, hired a housekeeper Have yunder similar circumstances. Would you savings?

AGED WOMAN BRAVELY SEEKS TO KEEP WOLF FROM DOOR

Mrs. Barbara Bastian, Despite Her 71 Years, Takes Civil Service Examination for Janitress-Destitution Faces Mother and Idiot Son.

You really wanted to cry about it all the time—that was the only proper thing to do—but her face wrinkled up so pleas-dded, and Philip was hungry too."

"T've come for work, Miss,' I said, 'I'm not a-begging.'
"But I hadn't had anything to eat," she added, and Philip was hungry too." antly as she told about it, and even when she simply couldn't keep back, her blue

eves smiled so bravely that your sense of the pathos of it all was completely lost in the admiration she evoked. "She" is Mrs. Barbara Bastian, of 500 North American street, a woman of 71 years, who, despite the seamy lines of toll in her face and the horny crookedness of her hands, went to the City Hall

on Saturday morning to take a civil arevice examination for janitress.

ice examination for janitress.

It's been a long while since Mrs. Bastian took an examination. So long, in fact, that a less courageous person than she might have been pardoned for looking forward with some pessimism to the ordeal. But not she. The terrific grind of a winter of destitution, when there were days in which there was neither food nor heat, has failed to daunt her spirit. At 71 all she asks for is work.

"There'll be plenty of time for me to rest up," she said, smilingly, "when I get on the other side, but it does seem mighty n the other side, but it does seem mighty

strange to me that in this world a willing person can't get work to do."

Of the thousands of cases that have come to the notice of the Emergency Aid Society, Mrs. Bastian's is perhaps one of the most pathetic. Too proud to beg, she not only has to face the problem of look-

ing after herself, but there is an idiot son who, since he was born, some 40 years ago, has hever been able to do a stroke of work and never will be able.

The two rooms in which she lives are scrupulously clean, but from the tin cup

on the unclothed table to the few sticks of wood in the corner, poverty is written over everything. "When I went down to the Emergency Aid to see if the good people there couldn't find work for me to do," she said

raftily, "a kind lady there asked me if I'd had anything to eat.

Philip, the idlet son, all unmindful a the sacrifices his aged mother is making for him, sat at the window and whistled

a blithe tune. 'I thought for a time that I couldn't pay the rent as quick as I used old woman continued, "and that almost broke my heart, for we've been living in these rooms for nigh onto 30 years, and Philip knows his way around and the pro-ple don't make fun of him like they might do if we had to move into some atrange place. Every night before I go to bed I pray that God will take him before he takes me. I'd hate to go and leave him alone in the world. He's all I've got, and it would break my heart to see him but it would break my heart to see him put

BETTER THAN BROKEN HEART.

It isn't a pleasant thing to think of this dear old woman waiting anxiously for a job, which, if she gets it, is going to make her poor old back ache with the strenuousness of it, but it's worse to think of her not getting it, or some other employment. For then Philip will have to be put away, and every sane person knows that a tired back is infinitely more to be desired than a broken heart.

At the present time, while waiting to hear the result of the examination, she is making buttonholes—work provided by the Emergency Ald—but the proceeds won't keep two persons alive, and she knows it; therefore she's looking for a tob.

job.
This is but the amplification of one of the many advertisements appearing in the Situation Wanted columns of the Evening Ledora and Public Ledora in this brief, Mrs. Bastian's story reads in this

SCRUBBING AND CLEANING—WOMAN, Il years old, widow of former policement of aires work as houseleaner or caretainer in the support of herself and feeble-minded extended operary old. Worked for 16 years as caretain in Wanamaker store, E. A., 193,



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