

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS, HOUSEKEEPING HINTS AND SPRING FASHIONS FOR EVERY WOMAN



THE EXTRA-VAGANT WIFE By ELLEN ADAIR

How She Ruins the Home

The man of moderate means who is married to an extravagant woman is to be pitied more than any other creature under the sun.

"Not long after that conversation new arrivals came to the neighborhood. They proved to be a young couple, the wife somewhere about my own age.

"For a long time we were quite wrapped up in each other. Any small pleasures we could afford—and we only could afford simple little affairs—were enjoyed by me with as keen a relish as that felt by any millionaire's wife.

"By a strange coincidence, John came home that night with a beaming face. I've splendid news, Mary," he cried.

"Things went along very happily for a long time. You are the best wife a poor man ever had, Mary," my husband used to say to me proudly.

"There isn't much to tell after this. For from that night I became suddenly launched in a sea of extravagance. The spending of money, wild spending, reckless spending, any sort of mad spending so long as it was spending, became my ruling passion.

"Not long after the above conversation my husband got a raise in salary. It wasn't a very big raise, but still, in view of our limited means, every little bit counted.

"Of course, John left me. There was nothing else for him to do. He couldn't cure me—and I was ruining him, had ruined him completely before he left me, for the matter of that.

"I remember we had a long talk the night he came home and told me about his good fortune. And although he wanted to make me a present of this extra money every week to use for the buying of pretty odds and ends for my own personal pleasure, I refused to accept it, and insisted that we lay it aside for the proverbial rainy day.

"Of course, I was pleased—what woman would not be at such words of praise from the lips of a husband she idolized?

My Love

Perchance you have met my love A-wandering down some country lane, When all the sky was blue above, And sunlight fell in golden rain.

Perchance you looked into her eyes, Like violets, all purple deep, And tender as the twilight skies, So luminous with thoughts they keep.

My love, perchance, you may have met; I have but seen her in a dream— A face with eyes of violet. Ah! still to me most real they seem.

E. B. PECK



A PRETTY GOWN IN PAINTED CHIFFON



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Gown of Painted Chiffon

I have just seen such a quaint, old-fashioned gown of painted chiffon, and I don't know when I admired anything so much.

The bodice was very simple, and a wide fichu was worn with it.

"The women of Paris," writes Marie, "realizing the business situation, have laid their mourning aside, and in order to improve trade conditions are wearing as smart clothes as ever.

the shop windows is much earlier than we have ever known it to be.

The prevailing element in color and design is the military, of course. The drab blue shade of the new French army uniform is very popular.

The Belgian colors are also exceedingly popular, and deservedly so, for they are very becoming.

"As far as millinery is concerned here the craze of the moment is for extremely plainness in style. I have just bought a very chic little toque, oval-shaped, trimmed solely with one cord containing three Belgian colors, red, yellow and black.

"Military orders and Red Cross decorations are formed from these colors, and also in jet."

I was so pleased to get this first-hand information from Marie, for what she says is always reliable.

Milady's Perfume

Milady has a most attractive new perfume. It is a rather expensive one, to be sure, but she manages that part of the affair very cleverly.

One fastidious lady keeps an atomizer of her perfume on the glass shelf of her bathroom, and another on the dressing table.

Not content with this, the much-perfumed lady places sachets in the bandbox of her hat, and even in her satin slippers.

The tiny ones are secreted in among lace, lingerie, satins, etc., and on the edge of her corsets. The morning hood which has a sachet sewed in the inside of the cap can't imagine anything more fascinating than the faint odor of woodruff blossoms on a very pretty girl.

Bargain Counter Hints

Some new arrivals in the Litchfield department of a large Market street store are sure to be a help to the busy housewife, whose time is valuable on all occasions.

For instance, a home knife sharpener will save time and temper if you have a set of knives which need sharpening at the last minute. It is a simple arrangement, like a meat chopper, which screws on to the kitchen table and has a narrow slot in which the blades of the knives are placed.

A nice gift for the practical woman is the new knife set. This comes in a small case, and contains six useful knives— a large one for bread or cold meats, a spatula, a vegetable cutter, a grapefruit knife and a long-handled fork to complete the set.

The last word in mayonnaise mixers is being shown in this store. It has just arrived, and has no resemblance to the mechanical means. The sanitary advantages of this model are evident—the body is made of glass, like a fruit jar, and the oil is dropped in and the salad dressing is mixed by pure mechanical means.

Another sanitary precaution is the use of a private milkcap. This fits on the top of the milk bottle by means of a rubber seal, and can be made to go on any bottle easily. When you wish to use the milk, you have only to tip the up, and it flows out, remaining covered while not in use.

A pineapple siph takes the sections out of the fruit in a second and does away with all the trouble of struggling with the stubborn fibre. It is also 25 cents.

TOMORROW'S MENU

"We'll try whether Matthew or I shall get the largest cut of apple pie today."—Charlotte Bronte.

BREAKFAST. Sliced Bananas, Cereal and Cream, Ham and Eggs, Roll.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER. Pork and Beans, Graham Bread, Apple Sauce, Tea.

DINNER. Clear Tomato Soup, Hamburg Steak, Mashed Potatoes, Creamed Carrots, Asparagus Salad, Cheese.

Sliced bananas—Be sure to scrape the bananas free of all fibres before slicing. It is the fibres which make them indigestible to some persons.

Ginger bread—One cupful of molasses, one of sugar, half a cupful of melted butter and one cupful of water stirred together. Sift salt a teaspoonful each of ginger and soda into four cupfuls of flour and add to the liquid mixtures. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan.

Hamburg steak—Have a couple of pounds of beef from the round run through the meat grinder and spread it out into a cake an inch and a half thick, the shape of a small steak. A strip of suet may be arranged in it like the bone of a steak. Then cook it in a very hot frying pan without other grease than that made by the melting suet.

Miss Eileen Molyneux

Miss Eileen Molyneux, the pretty English girl who has made quite a name for herself through her delightful dancing, thinks that Philadelphia is one of the most charming cities she has ever visited.

"The people are so exceedingly kind and hospitable and extend such a warm welcome to the stranger within their gates," she declares in her bright, breezy way.

"Of course, I love England, and London is my home and first love; but, all the same, that doesn't prevent me appreciating America and Americans immensely. "It wasn't for the war and all the dreadful things I hear about the fighting on the other side I would be perfectly happy. So many of my friends have been killed and I am constantly hearing of more. I should love to take a run over just now to London, but traveling isn't a bit safe, so I must just wait till things are a bit quieter.

"I love dancing, and ever since I was a tiny tot have devoted a good deal of time to it. I've only been two years on the stage, you know.

"Yes, I think that American audiences are very appreciative. They encourage one so."

Miss Molyneux is a typical English girl, fond of outdoor life, active, enthusiastic and, above all, in love with her profession. She is making a very great success, too, and has a big future in prospect.

Meeting

I shall see you again in the spring. When the maynae wisteria blows In a mass with the pink of the rose, And the thrushes are waiting to sing, I shall meet you, once more, in the spring!

We are older, I know, but each day Makes the time seem much nearer to me! And, in dreams o'er a warm dreamland sea, I am calling to you! While the may Makes the maydays so sweet all the way!

Ah! how can I wait for the spring? Can I see you before? Shall we meet? Is it only in dreamland, my sweet, Where the thrush is beginning to sing, I may kiss you again in the spring!



PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes 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 Mrs. Helen D. Bley, Narberth, Pa., for the following suggestion: Here is a suggestion that will produce a marvelous lightness of texture in baking-powder biscuits, and at the same time will lessen the last-minute hurry incident to preparing a meal.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Hester M. Goldstein, 1418 Race street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: For Motorists—When side lamps refuse to burn, try rolling them in water, adding a little washing soda, then inserting new wickens. This also prevents smoking.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Irene Smith, 331 Penn street, Camden, N. J., for the following suggestion: To clean meat chopper put a piece of bread through it after you have been chopping raisins, meat or anything that is hard to wash out of a chopper. You will find that there will be no difficulty in washing it afterward.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to M. H. Shindel, East Shawmont avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Directly after buying lettuce wash the leaves thoroughly and put in a Mason jar with the lid on. You will find the leaves will remain fresh for days. Parsley can also be kept fresh in the same manner.

Plastic Art Club Exhibition The Plastic Art Club will open its 15th annual exhibition this evening. Among the paintings which will be placed on exhibition are "La Chaise Rouge," by Gertrude Lambert, and "The Shower Cloud," by Lucile Howard.



MISS EILEEN MOLYNEUX

THE DAILY STORY

The Lay of the Land

The novel was interesting; the hammock was comfortable; there was just enough breeze, coming clear and cool across the lake and through the gorge, to rustle the leaves of the Indian pipe vine, climbing over the porch.

Felicia March, turning a page of that interesting novel, felt at peace with all the world. Never was there a better combination of hammock tale and afternoon.

She had not read a paragraph when somewhere in the distance there arose a low, throbbing hum. It grew in volume. The peace of the early September afternoon was rudely shattered by the panting of a whirling motor. Nearer it came. Some one plainly was driving at a pace which set at naught all the speed laws of the community.

Felicia lifted her eyes from the page, to view a dust-covered and plainly hard-driven road car, out of which a perturbed young giant was just stepping.

Felicia scrambled hastily out of the hammock. "Why, Peter!" she said in surprise. "What on earth brings you here and at such a pace?"

Peter Gray came up the steps. "Trouble," said he succinctly. "Felicia, tell me, did I propose to you last night at the boat club's hop?"

"Did you what?" said she sharply. "Propose to me? Most certainly not!"

Peter Gray collapsed into a nearby wicker chair. "I was afraid I hadn't," said he miserably.

"What on earth do you mean?" said Felicia. Peter coughed. He pretended to be picking threads from his coat.

"You see, it was awfully dark on the boathouse piazza last night. The wind had blown out all the Japanese lanterns. As I say, it was dark, and I was awfully hurried and then some one came poking out there right in the midst of it and—so it wasn't you!"

Felicia began to smile comprehendingly. "Ah," said she, "I think I begin to see. You've blundered again, as usual, haven't you?"

Peter Gray did not look in the least relieved. "Say, this is dreadful," said he, "really dreadful." He wiped his forehead and sadly shook his head. "Who on earth was it?"

"Well, do you expect me to find her for you?" she asked. "No," said Peter; "no, of course not. I couldn't expect anything like that. I'm dreadfully upset. You see, I thought it was you, Felicia. I was sure it was you. Why, I could have sworn it was you until you let Jimmy Reed take you home in his car afterward instead of me. That made me begin to think that what with the darkness and the way I was flustered up and all, there might have been a mistake."

Felicia said nothing. Peter proceeded to mop his dripping forehead. The corners of his mouth were drawn down lugubriously. He looked at the moment, Felicia could not help thinking, amazingly like some sadly disappointed little boy who was about to burst into tears.

CHILDREN'S CORNER CHIRP'S WINDOW GARDEN

Of course, you remember the hungry little sparrow whose name was Chirp and who was fed by some children when the snow covered the ground.

Chirp hung around that old bare Christmas tree that the children decorated with food till every bit of popcorn and grain and crumbs was eaten up. Fortunately, by that time the weather got much warmer and the snow melted enough to show spots of ground through the gray whiteness, and Chirp had no trouble in finding something to eat.



But he was a grateful little sparrow, and he didn't forget how the children fed him when he was so very hungry.

"I think I'll fly up close to the window some time," he said to himself, "and show them that I like them."

So he watched carefully to see which was their window. After many days of reconnoitering he decided that the third window on the second story was the one where the children were the oftentest to be seen.

Now it happened that at that very minute 3-year-old Helen finished her "home work" and strolled over to the window to see if she could think of anything to do. And what should she see but a cunning little sparrow fly straight toward her own window!

Flying as if he really meant to come to that particular place and pay her a visit!

I have anything he would like? She thought a minute and then she remembered the pot of English ivy which grew in the nursery window on the other side of the house.

"Wait a minute, little sparrow," she called to Chirp, "and I'll show you something that you haven't seen in many a day, something green and summery looking."

Chirp didn't understand why she had gone, but she had looked at him so pleasantly that he decided to wait a minute and see if she wouldn't come back—and, of course, she did.

She came back so quickly he didn't have time to get lonesome. And she brought with her what looked to Chirp like a whole garden! It was a great crock of English ivy growing over some of the wires stuck in the earth beside it. If you have seen such a window garden yourself you know exactly how Chirp liked to see it, too!

He hopped up close to the glass and chirped and sang as best he could. It made him happy to see so much green. After that Helen left the ivy in that window and Chirp came every day to see it.

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The Kids' Chronicle I wrote the following poems about feet-chirps today.

If it wassent for our eyes and nose and mouth We wood be funny crotchchirs, For if it wassent for our eyes and nose and mouth We woodnt have any feetchirs.

The eyes are the feetchirs you see with, Wun awn etch side of yure nose, And if it wassent for-yure eyelids Yure eyes woodnt have any close.

Awnt top of etch eye is a eyebrow, But noboddy nos wat its for, For evvrydoo etch thing it tells us to stay.

O the eyes are importint feetchirs, And without them you woodnt have any fun, So ge down awn yure nose and be thank-ful.

The nose is anuthir feetchir, Wich we use to smell with and blow, Wen downters smell sweetly it tells us to stay, But uthirwise it tells us to go.

The nose shoed be blew very gently, And not with a terribil blast, For if you blow it so cridilly fearfully, How lawing do you think it to last?

The mouth is yure biggest feetchir, It holds awn yure teeth and yure tung, Yure tung is awlways in there, But not yure teeth wen yure yung.

O the mouth is a importint feetchir, We use it to wisel and eat, A big mouth is most usefull than a littel.

But not quite usefull as best.

DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP. 50 YEARS IN USE and More Popular than Ever. Makes paint look like new and clothes as white as snow. Ask your grocer.

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Contestant's Entry Blank. Public Ledger Evening Ledger. Please enter my name as a contestant for the Panama-Pacific Exposition Tour.