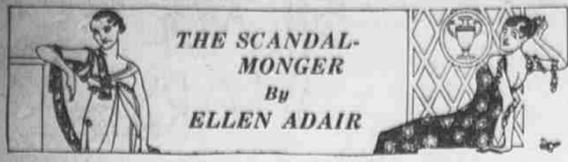


WOMAN IN HER WORK AND LEISURE—SPRING FASHIONS, PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND IDEAS



THE SCANDAL-MONGER  
By ELLEN ADAIR

The Harm Done by Malicious Gossip

Yes, it is perfectly true, the average woman enjoys gossip. So does the average man, for the matter of that. There isn't any reason why they shouldn't. But between harmless gossip, which diverts the mind and entertains one's friends, and the real out-and-out scandal, that ruins reputations and kills characters at one fell swoop, there lies a wide gulf. Unfortunately there are too many scandal-mongers around nowadays. They don't intend to work mischief, they would resent any such imputation most strongly, but none the less do they succeed in achieving real harm.



A SPRING OVERCOAT

THE DAILY STORY

"PETE"

Pete Duffy ran crouching across the freight yards, scrambling under the cars on all-fours. Then ascending to the top of a boxcar with the agility of a cat, he lay panting beside the footboard.

The city rose from the yards as from an amphitheatre. They were bathed in dust, though a red gash still showed in the West where the hostile air withdrew after a day that had filled the hospitals. The heat was intensified by reflection from the labyrinth of rails and the metal of the rolling stock. A switch engine coughed unseen far down the yards where harsh, jarring sounds accompanied the shunting and coupling of cars. Lanterns danced and flickered in jerky undulations.

Pete was saturated with perspiration. He pressed his chest against the slope of the car roof, where it fell away from the footboard, to still the pounding of his heart. His temples throbbed, his mouth was dry as ashes, and he breathed with wheezy sobs. Yet, in the midst of his torture, he listened with a sense so sharpened by predatory habit and present danger that the physical consciousness of it added to his pain.

At last he dared not move. Voices floated to him, muffled and indistinct, and he strained his ears to catch what was being said, or falling that to gather from their tones some clue to the identity of the speakers. A burst of laughter relieved him. The police would not touch him.

The revolver, thrust into the light-tipped trousers that he wore in common with his type, pressed against his ribs as he lay on it. He drew it out and placed it under the footboard, within easy reach. There were still three cartridges in it. The other two had done their work—done it well, he hoped, with a grim tightening of his thin lips.

Mulligan had been looking for it since the section men's down-the-river picnic, when Pete proved himself the better man, as everybody had declared. Mulligan deserved it, too. Couldn't he have taken a beating without making such a rumpus about it, and then spinning Old Man Leary a whole string of lies? And Leary was just on the point of adding his consent to Norah's and letting them hit it off together on the next picnic down the river. Even the priest had been spoken to with Leary's knowledge.

Oh, well; there was no use whining about it now. Mulligan was soft on Norah, too, as everybody knew, and that was the real bone of contention; and Mulligan was brother-in-law to the section boss, who was supposed to have a pull with the division superintendent himself. The end was as plain now as if pronounced in the crisp tones of a judge's sentence. Mulligan was in the doctor's hands and good for at least a month in the hospital. When he came out he would marry Norah, who would be mad through the lies told her, and—well, he, Pete, would either have to skulk around in hiding or give himself up and take his medicine. And, of course, he had forever lost all chance of a job on the road with Mulligan.

Pete dug his nails into his palms and writhed. Remorse he had none. He would have done it all over again. What had happened was, from his viewpoint, inevitable, the one honorable thing. He would resist to the last, of course. Now that Norah was lost to him, what was the use of living?

They searched the freight yards, though they seemed to have lost the scent. The growing darkness favored him. Perhaps he might venture now on a change of position.

He raised his head. The switch engine still puffed, and the uneasy reflection of lanterns glimmered in spots, their bearers shaken by the vibration of trains passing on the main line. To the north a massive bridge overhung the yard where it narrowed. Under the arc light that snapped and flickered above it two policemen were posted, their faces blue-black under the shadow of their summer helmets.

He was about to descend between the cars when the sound of approaching feet arrested him, even as his hand closed upon the top rung of the iron ladder to swing off. He noiselessly cocked the revolver.

The car door rolled open, there was a scramble and the crack of a match within. Pete lowered his weapon and peered downward just as a dark form emerged from the interior, closely followed by a second. There was that in each shambling figure which needed no more than outline to declare the tramp. They stood leaning with their backs against the sill.

"He's goin' to croak," asserted one of them. "Me for Beertown."

"You've lost your nerve. Its nothin' but the devil. I seen kids like that before."

"I tell ye he's goin' to croak," reiterated the first voice. "Listen to 'im breathe."

There was a short silence.

"You're a chump," the other struck in presently. "Didn't we find him lost near the yards, an' lock him in the car for safe keepin'?"

"Nothin'—only took care of 'im. An' won't his folks make good when we write 'em 'now we rescued little Willie from hoboes up the line?" It ought to



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

Spring Overcoats

I found it so chilly in town that the very first thing I did on my return from Palm Beach was to buy a new spring overcoat. It is of plaid, in a large check, and looks very smart. The length is three-quarters, two large patch pockets are set on, and a wide, loose girde comes at the normal waist-line.

Spring coats are seen everywhere just now. Today mamma and I went to call on the Fitzgerald family and quite a number of other people were there. I saw ever so many coats, and they all had the same tendencies. The sleeve set in at the normal armhole is popular, and is cut quite large and roomy so that the coat can be slipped on and off with the greatest ease. Comfort in dress is the great thing after all, isn't it?

The three-quarter length coat is the popular one for the spring. Some shorter models are seen, but for general wear the new coats reach somewhere near the level of the knees.

The people at the Fitzgerald home were decidedly smart. As for the family themselves, they are a wild, Irish, harmonious set. There are three unmarried daughters who are the despair of their parents and who will not take the slightest interest in their clothes. Whenever I look at them I always think that some

be good for 50 apiece, the way he's rigged out. An' you want to weaken."

A thin, querulous cry sounded from the driver's seat. The second tramp stuck his head into the door and growled a ferocious threat.

"I won't stand for it," protested the other. "It's plain kidnappin'."

"Fuh!" The only takes 'im up the line a hundred miles or so. This train pulls out at 11. It's a cinch."

"Stay with it, then, if you want to. I ain't takin' no chances with a dead kid."

The speaker dived under the rods and disappeared. His companion swore, looked into the car and hesitated. A sight of the officers on the bridge decided him, and he followed the other.

Again the cry sounded faintly from the interior. Pete hung motionless, his hand still clutching the rung of the ladder. The sound haunted him. Possibly something in the helplessness of the child dimly suggested an analogy with his own situation.

He descended the ladder and swung himself lightly into the car. It was pitch dark there, and the air was like an oven. He heard a panting, fluttering respiration, and struck a match, masking the flame with his hands.

Bred in the tenements, he had seen enough of heat prostration to recognize the symptom which preceded the final collapse. A moment later he leaped down, bearing a little boy across his left arm. The child had been subjected to the terrible heat of the closed car perhaps for hours. Terrified into silence at first by the threats of his captors, and then, after a little, incapable of effective outcry, only this chance stood between him and death.

Pete laid him upon the road balustrade and stood at bay. Between the two loomed the prison. Let the boy die, it was every one for himself. Did any one ever help him, Pete, when his back was at the wall?

A great gush of flame from a tall chimney beyond the yards threw a blood-red reflection upon the upturned face of the gasping child. The man drew his hands across his eyes. In that moment, from the depths of his being, the soul of his ancestors enjoined upon him that atonement which was the law of their forgotten sept. He lifted the boy across his shoulder, drew himself over the fence with his free arm, and presently stood under the lights of the street outside the yards. From the bridge two officers ran toward him.

"Look out or you'll hurt the boy," he growled, as they closed in upon him. "I ain't goin' to make no fight."

Two hours later the cell occupied by the prisoner was unlocked.

"By who?" incredulously queried Pete. "The superintendent—Mr. Wheatley. That was his kid you brought out of the yards. He was near wild. Say, you're all right."

Then he stood back to make room for some one behind him. It was Norah, blushing and sobbing. (Copyright, 1915.)

WOMAN'S INTERESTS

**Around the Clubs**  
This evening at 8 o'clock an illustrated lecture on Robert Burns will be given at the Philomathean Club, by Mr. John Dennis Mahoney. Mr. Mahoney is best known as the head of the English department of the West Philadelphia High School, and is a gifted speaker.

NEW FOOTWEAR

**Smart Spring Styles**  
After the many strange styles of footwear which appeared in the fall and winter, nobody is surprised at the new spring models. A season or so ago they might have astonished the most blasé follower of fashion, but not today. Speckled silk stockings, stripes, changeable effects and such have prepared us for the worst. And the new footwear is not the worst, by any means. In fact, it is very attractive and alluring.

SUFFRAGE CHAT

**Some Interesting Functions**  
Organizations throughout Delaware County continue to include suffrage talks in their program. The "Sewing Class" of Sharon Hill heard Mrs. Isaac Rhodes, of Landowne, on March 5, and the Garrettford Fire Company is looking forward to hearing Miss Ruth Verelnden, at its meeting on March 12.

FASHION FORECAST

**What Milady Wears**  
Velvets and mullins are used with equal impartiality, when the season comes in, but serge seems to be popular the whole year around. A serge gown may be worn at any time, and it will look well.

ATTRACTIVE MILLINERY

The season's openings in spring hats showed many interesting novelties. A Belgian split, hairie, leghorn and the rough straw are in vogue. Barnyard straw is seen on the cheaper grade of hats.

TOMORROW'S MENU

- Breakfast: Sliced Bananas, Cereal and Cream, Coffee, Rolls
- Luncheon or Supper: Oyster Patties, Brown Bread Sandwiches, Apple Sauce, Crullers
- Dinner: Cream of Pea Soup, Baked Shad, Spinach, Baked Potatoes, Lettuce Salad, Suet Pudding



SPRING STYLES IN FOOTWEAR

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

**PRIZES OFFERED DAILY**  
For the following suggestions, with names of readers of the Evening Ledger printed in bold type, will be addressed to the Editor of Women's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. P. Angle, 112 Pine street, Drexel Block, for the following suggestion: Desiring to have my sleeping apartment present the appearance of a room, I pressed into service an old-fashioned secretary, which did admirably service as a dressing-case. A row of small drawers held trinkets, pins, etc. A face powder, etc. The top drawer was lined with cotton and cotton wadding and a piece of poetry quilted together, which is ideal for pins, belts, stockings, gold studs, etc. For sticking their points in the quilting prevents them from being mixed up. Pigeon-holes contain combs, talcum powder, hairpins, ornaments, jars of cold cream, etc. The lid is dropped it affords a convenient place for the brush, and everything is out of sight and out of dust.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded Mrs. Stewart, 2548 South Junior street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: By putting a few drops of glycerin in the fruit jars and tumblers before putting on the covers, you will prevent mold from forming there.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded A. G. B., 502 Walnut street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Three strips of black webbing one wide securely tacked across the top of a cellar door, about eight inches apart, make a fine place for keeping his kitchen pots. The knobs on the lid prevent them from slipping through, they are not only kept in good condition but are out of sight.

**THE PLEDGE**  
From this hour the pledge is given. From this hour my soul is thine. Come what will from earth or heaven. Wear or woe, thy fate be mine. —MORSE

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