PRIZES OFFERED DAILY FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTION—WOMAN AND THE HOME

THE BASHFUL LOVER
By ELLEN ADAIR

The Trials and Tribulations of the Shy Man

The shy man, like the ugly woman, has a pretty poor time of it in this hard, cynical old world! For he is held up as an object of ridicule, he is ignored and overlooked at parties and social gatherings and he always seems so dreadfully ill at ease that one feels really sorry for him, although at the same time one wishes that he wouldn't be quite so awkward, quite so gauche, for his nervousness is communicable, and we ourselves begin to feel "jumpy" in his presence.

It is a very true fact that people do take us at our own valuation. Nothing succeeds like success, and if we assume a successful, prosperous manner and calm, easy demeanor, then people are going to grant us a certain measure of attention and respect. While at the same time we may rest assured that if we are nervous, ill at ease, bashful and retiring we are just as surely going to be overlooked and neglected.

In human relationship so much depends upon the character of the individual. It literally does not do to follow out the injunction: "You in your small corner and I in mine." If we retire into that selfsame small corner, rest assured that we will get leave to stay there. For nobody is so important as to be indispensable to the rest of humanity.

* * *

If the shy man has a pretty poor time of it, then what about the shy lover? For the shy man generally has some secret attachment hidden away in his bashful breast—his very shyness makes him turn from an unappreciative world to some maiden in whom he sees the crowning perfection of womanhood and feminine sympathy.

But he hasn't the heart to tell her so! No, indeed, he is much too shy. His very ears grow hot at her approach, his heart thumps in unpleasant palpitations against his waistcoat and he wishes that the earth would open up and swallow him and his confusion together. He curses himself for a fool—but he is powerless to control his awkwardness. Yes, it is altogether very disconcerting and confusing, this bashfulness of his.

But all the same it is seldom the boldest wooer who makes the best husband. The lionhearted man who is so utterly charming and whose love-making leaves nothing under the sun or moon or stars to be desired or expatiated upon is not at bottom the sincere, honest, faithful swain that the bashful lover is. For where the bashful lover is concerned, rest assured that you are the only girl he has ever loved. Indeed, it has taken months and months of gentle encouragement on your part to tune him up to the point of proposing. Be very certain that he never before has had the courage to lay bare his heart to any woman—until he met you!

* * *

The bold lover, the ideal lover, on the contrary, has such an extraordinary flow of love phrases, exquisite metaphors, tender similes, and such a bewildering vocabulary in love-making that you really wonder where he has learnt it all—until you inadvertently hear about some of his past "affaires-de-coeur", and then all that wonderful flow of tender talk doesn't seem just quite so freshly fascinating as it did of yore! For only too painfully do you realize that you are not the first, nor the second, nor the twentieth person who has listened to these same honeyed phrases.

The bashful lover has this decided advantage over the bold suitor. Never, never before has he screwed up his courage sufficiently to tell a girl that he loves her. His shy stammering tells a truer tale than all the exquisite metaphors in the world. Once, and once only in a lifetime could he ever have overcome that dreadful bashfulness of his in order to tell a girl that she was the one woman on earth for him.

* * *

The girl who has a bashful lover should cease lamenting the inconveniences of the situation and thank Providence for him. For he will be very, very faithful. No need for heart-burnings, no cause for jealousies will arise in this connection. For not only have the other girls no time for him—a fact which, taken alone, is hardly a recommendation to the average woman, by the way,)—but he, himself—oh, joy of joys!—will have no time for the other girls!

And so the maiden who has a very bashful lover should cease repining. Once she has secured that eminently suitable person, it is up to her to train him and educate him in the way he should go. And there is no fear that he will ever depart from her!

TOMORROW'S MENU

"A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook."—Beaumont.

BREAKFAST.
Baked Apples
Cereal and Cream
Rolls Omelet Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Cold Roast Pork
Potato Pie
Canned Peaches

DINNER
Oxtail Soup
Lamb Chops Sweet Potatoes
Peas
Cress Salad
Tapioca Cream

Baked apples—Remove the cores from apples and push about a third of a banana into each core cavity. Bake and serve with cream.

Potato pie—Butter a pudding dish and into it put a layer of thinly sliced cold boiled potatoes. Sprinkle over this pepper, salt, chopped onion and chopped parsley and a few slices of hard boiled egg. Repeat until the dish is full, cover with a good crust, and bake for an hour. One onion and two hard boiled eggs are enough for the dish.

Watercress salad—Wash watercress thoroughly and shake until perfectly dry, then put it on ice and serve with French dressing and browned crackers.

THE SOCIAL GRAFTER

One Type of Girl

"There is a certain type of girl with whom I come in contact a great deal," said the principal of a large girls' school the other day, "and for want of a better name I call her the social grafter. Of course, many of these girls don't consider themselves in this light at all, but they are grafters of the deepest dye.

"In the first place, when they come to school they look around until they find a girl with money. This isn't hard, as the fashionable schools usually have the daughters of rich cattle owners from the west, and rich Spanish girls who want to learn English, and many other types of wealthy girls. The social grafter immediately makes a friend of one of these.

"Why, just recently I had a very wealthy girl girl leave school to go abroad with her father for his health. Her friend, the grafter, I was informed, was going, too, as this girl just couldn't get along without her. The girl was well repaid for her 'devotion.' She had a year abroad, and came home richer by several Paris gowns.

"A great many of these girls arrange their campaign with an eye to their summer vacations. If life on a western prairie, with plenty of sport and perhaps a dashing young brother, has any attractions for her the clever girl plans accordingly. You will see her soliciting the western girl's attention, waiting on her wants, inviting her to tea, or introducing her to some men in the city. You see, a girl who comes from out of town will often be a total stranger to the young men in the city. This is a great boon to the social grafter, because she can keep the stranger at her mercy by indebtedness, if she introduces her to some young men."

"But don't you think the private school is the real cause of the social grafter's existence?" she was asked.

"Perhaps; but it is an open question. In the meantime, many of this type flourish in all our schools. Human nature is the real cause, and as long as there is something to be gained by flattery, there are girls who will flatter. But it all usually ends disastrously. The parents of a wealthy girl see through her friend's game right away. And sooner or later she finds out herself that it doesn't pay in the long run, by any means."

IF YOU WANT TO WEAR HIS RING

Don't expect too much. Many a girl has scared off a possible suitor on account of her grand ideas. Because a young man asks you out don't think he must necessarily be able to afford flowers and candy ad lib., always the best seats at the theatre and meals at a chic cafe, where everything is just twice as expensive as at ordinary restaurants.

It is naturally a man's pleasure and privilege to "pay the piper" when out with a girl, but very few young fellows can afford to be as generous as their inclinations.

Knowing this, any nice-minded girl takes very good care that the "tune she calls" be not too high.

In your own tactful way show him that an evening spent in your company doesn't necessarily mean a big hole in his pocket. A man is quick to appreciate the nice feeling which prompts a girl, of her own accord, to suggest a modest entertainment and an inexpensive meal: an appreciation which grows into something deeper as he realizes his need of just such a helpmate "for better, for worse, in sickness and in health."

On the other hand, a girl who has such grand ideas that she simply can't do things "on the cheap" proves too expensive a luxury for the average young man. Sooner or later he comes to the conclusion that, as he is already spending too much, a wife is a luxury he could certainly never afford.

So, mistaking the dross for the gold, the girl loses his friendship and with it all chances of wearing his ring.

MEMORY

Heart, we will forget him,
You and I, tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim,
Haste, lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

—Emily Dickinson.

A GOWN OF PUSSY-WILLOW TAFFETA

A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Pretty Evening Gown

I have spent a cheerful morning shopping with my Irish friend, Eileen Fitzgerald. It was pretty hard work persuading her into getting the right sort of clothes, for she hasn't an atom of taste and would come forth in Joseph's coat of many colors if I allowed her to do anything of the sort.

"I want something striking looking, Dorothy," she insisted in her rich but by no means gentle brogue. "Sure, it's handsome I mean to look—and here's something that would make me look fine!"

I groaned in despair, for she had seized upon a dreadful and impossible garment that would have made her look twice the size she already is. It was of a nasty mustard shade, with wide suede collar and cuffs of geranium red, and a plaid belt that hung in a depressed way around Eileen's none-too-slender waist.

"Please, don't!" I murmured weakly, for she had almost made the awesome purchase, and my heart quite failed me.

"Don't you think I look stylish in it, Dorothy?" said Eileen, pausing half-way in a coy pirouette before a large mirror, an anxious, hunted look coming over her placid features.

"Eileen, take it off at once, and choose something simple and less gaudy," I said quickly—for no time was to be lost.

At length I did manage to divert her attention, and skilfully turned the subject to a pretty coat of silver-grey corduroy. Its lines were excellent, and finally she made the purchase.

"I want an evening gown, too, Dorothy," she remarked, "and since you are here I may just as well get the benefit of your good taste."

Naturally, I felt very much flattered. Eileen isn't at all easy to advise, but when you do succeed in persuading her she will be eternally grateful.

We soon found a suitable evening gown for her. It was of peach-colored panne, willow taffeta, draped in Grecian style, with a high-waisted girdle of silver ribbon, caught with a large purple peony.

The bodice was decidedly abbreviated, and shouldrer straps of silver ribbon completed the toilette.

"I shall wear a silver bandeau in my hair with this dress, the pretty one set with rhinestones," said Eileen, cheerfully, "and sure my latest young man will quite lose his heart to me!"

How to Treat "His" People

By AN ENGAGED GIRL

They do say that open confession is good for the soul, so I will start right away by saying that when John and I were first engaged I was just as horrid as possible to his people. Somehow—like many engaged girls—I regarded my fiance's people as being my natural enemies, and thought it necessary to adopt a defensive attitude towards them from the outset. What it was that made me realize my foolishness I can't say precisely; anyway, I did realize that my behavior was all on a wrong basis, and I set to work to try and remedy things.

Of course, any engaged girl ought to see that the fact that people belong to the dearest man in the world should be sufficient reason for her trying to win their approval and affection, and, instead of trying to alienate "his" people from her, she should make every possible effort to make them like her. It may mean some sinking of personal inclination, some putting aside of "dignity," and so on.

I know that John's people—his mother, father, sisters and all of them—scrutinized me very keenly whenever we came into contact; but it took me quite a long time to understand that their scrutiny was not due to any personal bias—it was just their natural anxiety to see if I was worthy of the boy whom they loved so much. Since we have learnt to love each other, John's mother and I had a little talk upon this very matter, that made me see that what I hastily called "suspicion," and other hard names, was nothing more than acute, loving anxiety for John's welfare.

It seems to me that it is well for an engaged girl to try to put herself in the place of his people, and to adjust her attitude towards them accordingly. It is quite possible that their tastes run in entirely different grooves in many things, but there is nothing to prevent a girl taking an interest in their interests. It is a bit selfish, isn't it, to think people are not worth cultivating because they do not like exactly the things which you like? Anyway, I know I have learnt a lot about things of which I was utterly ignorant before, since I have chummed up with John's people, and taken an interest in their work and hobbies.

When we are married—which won't be very long now—John will naturally spend most of his time at his own home, as I am encouraging him to spend a good part of his spare time with his people now. When he is married he will never be on quite the same footing again with them. Moreover, I am not making all the arrangements for the wedding and only consulting my own people about them. I did begin to get into the habit of talking about "MY wedding," but now I talk about "OUR wedding." And I go to John's people for bits of help and advice.

One thing is certain. Any girl who is wise, will go out of her way, if necessary, to put herself upon a good footing with "his" people. It may not be easy to do so—probably it will be a quite difficult matter—but it is worth trying hard, especially when there is the best of reasons for trying—the fact that getting on well with "his" people will increase the happiness of the best man in the world. He may say that it doesn't matter if his mother and yourself can't agree, but it will hurt him keenly, nevertheless—I know, because John told me so!

THE DAILY STORY

AUDREY'S APHASIA

It had been rubbing it in to ask Dick Fitzgerald to act as one of the ushers at the Craven-Mountford wedding. Dick had been in love with Audrey Craven long before Sir Henry Mountford had come across the water in search of a bride and a bank account.

Mrs. Craven had shrewdly argued that with Dick acting as one of the ushers she would put a stop to the last shred of gossip. For several years their friends had looked for the announcement of Dick's engagement to Audrey, and the new turn of affairs had not met with popular approval. If Dick was an usher he might seem to give countenance to the alliance.

No one blamed Audrey for the engagement. Mrs. Craven, had she been a man, would have achieved credit as a ward boss. In her feminine sphere she hectored her family, the charitable societies of which she was invariably the president, and even the rector of St. Jude's recognized God, Mrs. Craven and the Bishop in that order.

When Sir Henry was graciously pleased to accept Mrs. Craven's diplomatic overtures their set had regarded Dick's fate as sealed and, with a murmured "Poor Audrey," gave their attention to other affairs. The announcement that Dick was to be one of the ushers brought forth an additional "Poor Dick," but he rather enjoyed his duties, as, standing on the steps of St. Jude's, he explained to the wedding guests that the service was postponed owing to the absence of Miss Craven.

"We only know what word was sent up from the house," he assured Mrs. Ponders. "Miss Craven went out to visit Nell Testra last night. She left so early that no escort seemed necessary, but she did not return home. No one knows what happened. Mrs. Craven is prostrated. Sir Henry? I understand he is taking it very badly."

He bowed her away and turned to the next comer. There had been no time to recall the invitations, and the six ushers were too busy to give more than passing attention to any one person.

Sir Henry was taking it very badly indeed. He was storming up and down the long hall of the Craven home, and between disappointment and wounded pride the floodgates of speech were opened and his language would have done credit to a stable boy.

Mrs. Craven shut herself into the library long before he had concluded his remarks, and the stolid butler, aided by the coachman, ejected Sir Henry from the house, to the huge delight of the reporters who had vainly besieged the front door for the last hour or so.

Then Mrs. Craven took to her bed and vowed that daughter of hers should never marry into the British nobility, while Carver Craven hurried down to the police station to ask that a general alarm be sent out.

Nothing came of this action, and, after a couple of days, the papers dropped the sensation. Dick was distracted. Two days before the ceremony Audrey had assured him that things would turn out all right and had told him not to worry, but her long silence argued that she had not been able to make things go as she had planned, and that she had killed herself rather than marry a man she did not love.

In the hope of distracting his mind the senior Fitzgerald intrusted him with a commission in Chicago, and Dick, glad to get away for a few days, took the train, after exacting a promise that he should be informed by wire of any development.

The trip seemed interminable, but at last he reached town and established himself at a hotel. He could not see the people he wanted until the following morning, and to dispel his loneliness he hunted up Jim Dalton.

Dalton and he had been chums in the college days before Dalton had gone West to study medicine. He was interne in one of the hospitals now, and after dinner Dick and he went out.

"Want to see the animals?" asked his chum after the first flood of questions had been asked and answered. Dick shook his head.

"I'd rather talk," he said. "I'm in no mood to look upon suffering."

"We've got the celebrated case," said Dalton proudly. "Been in the papers almost a week now. A rippling pretty girl with aphasia. Doesn't know who she is or where she came from or where she wants to go. The funny part is that she suffers from none of the causes of the disease."

Dick smiled. "It must be pleasant to forget everything sometimes," he said. "You couldn't inoculate me, could you?"

"I never knew that it was infectious," said Dalton. "Still, you might try it in the interest of science. She usually comes in for a chat in the evening. She likes to talk about her case. She knows as much about the disease as I do."

He rang the bell and a trim nurse appeared. "Will you ask Miss Smith to come in if she has not yet retired," he said, and he turned to Dick.

"I'll have to introduce you as a reporter," he said. "She's not like the average charity patient in a clinic, you know. It's evident that she is gently bred and she might resent being on exhibition."

Dick nodded, but when the door opened to admit the patient he scandalized the physician by jumping up and clasping the girl in his arms.

To Dalton's further amazement the patient did not appear to resent the caress, and it was not until he stood beside them that they appeared to remember his presence. Then they separated, the girl blushing a rosy red.

"The sight of Mr. Fitzgerald has recalled me," she said in explanation. "I am Audrey—Audrey Craven, am I not?" she asked. Dick nodded.

"I remember now," she went on. "I was to be married to Sir Henry. Where is Sir Henry, Dick?"

"Home," said Fitzgerald, beamingly. "Sailed the other day. He was kicked out of the house for cursing at your mother."

"But you said you lived here in Chicago?" interrupted Dalton. "We never thought of inquiring in New York."

"I thought I did," she answered, innocently. "What a lot of trouble I must have made. Was mother much worried, Dick?"

Dick smiled grimly. She was more angry than worried; angry that the best match of the season (from her point of view) was spoiled.

"She is very anxious," he admitted. "She thought you were a runaway. The detectives trailed me for a couple of days."

"The idea," she said with a laugh, "and here I was all the time trying to find out who I was."

Dalton produced a stack of press clippings about her case. "We were going to make a scrap book," he explained. "I suppose Miss Carver will want to take them home now."

"If you could spare them," she said sweetly. "I should love to have them."

"And I'll telegraph your mother," went on the physician. "What is the address? It's funny that you were a friend of Dick's. We were in the same class in college."

"It is odd," agreed Audrey. "Dick will wire mother. I suppose I shall have to wait until she comes on."

"I'm going back tomorrow night," he suggested. "What's the matter with getting married and making it a honeymoon trip?"

Dalton, scenting a romance, seconded the suggestion, and presently a minister, visiting a patient, read the marriage service to them in the doctor's office, with Dalton and the head nurse acting as witnesses.

The following evening they sat in the stateroom of the Pullman eastbound. "It was very nice of mother to take it so well," said Audrey comfortably.

"How could she do otherwise when every paper had the story of our marriage?" he laughed. "She had to make the best of it."

Audrey patted the bulky envelope of clippings that lay on the seat beside her. "Don't you think that was better than simply running away from home?" she asked. "It avoided all scandal."

"You mean that you didn't have aphasia?" he gasped.

Audrey nodded. "I had to do something," she explained, "and a mere runaway seemed so vulgar. I think I did it very well."

"Blessed child," said Dick tenderly. "You are the most wonderful wife ever bestowed upon man."

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PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

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 Millie McCormick, 5547 Catherine street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

I had a small flour barrel, which I decided to make into a clothes hamper. I covered the outside of the barrel with cretonne, tacked on the sides of the barrel in plaits. The top of the barrel was covered with a box-plaited ruffle, also tacked on.

I made what is called a sunburst on the lid; that is, the cretonne was laid on in plaits radiating from the centre. A stitched piece of cretonne attached to the centre formed a handle. This is not only a serviceable article, but a pretty one also.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Charles S. Cook, 707 Hoffnagle street, Fox Chase, for the following suggestion:

When you are shoveling snow, if you put a bit of tallow from a candle on your shovel, the snow will not stick to the shovel. This will do away with a lot of unnecessary jarring, as well as loss of time in cleaning the shovel.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. Herbert, 4220 Federal street, Merchantville, N. J., for the following suggestion:

To keep an oil-heater from smelling, put a tablespoonful of salt in the oil and shake it a little bit. This takes away all odors and can be used in any oil stove.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to M. H. Gordon, 582 East Main street, Coatesville, Pa., for the following suggestion:

When baby's woolen stockings wear out, instead of throwing them away you can utilize them in this way: Cut off the feet, and make a narrow hem for a drawing-string at the top. Sew up the bottom, and you will find you have an excellent bottle cover. This will keep his milk warm, and will prevent baby from breaking his bottle by throwing it out of bed. By the time his first stockings wear out, he will be old enough to smash his bottle on the crib or floor. By using this cover you can avoid all this.

IF GIVING A CHILDREN'S PARTY

Pleasing Decorations

For a small party in one's own home it is easy enough to decorate prettily, but it is a much more difficult matter to give a big, bare schoolroom or hall a really festive appearance. One of the nicest ways of doing it is to make a thicket in the middle of the room if it is a large one, or against the wall at one end if space is precious.

Begin by laying a piece of old oilcloth on the floor, then edge it all around with a beading of wood secured to the oilcloth with putty. Flat blind sticks make an excellent beading, but whatever wood is used must be painted green.

Next you will want a number of branches of trees, not too thick and heavy, which must be tied or nailed together, so as to form a kind of cage over the foundation. Leave plenty of small gaps between the branches and let the highest part of the cage be in the centre for a middle decoration, or at the back for a wall one.

The next step is to throw some thin muslin or an old sheet right over the cage. Color it either brown or green with a dye tint. Four this dye gently all over the sheet before it has time to settle, taking care that every part of the cage is wet. A little sand sprinkled over the oilcloth will absorb any moisture that runs through.

The next day when the dye has dried, your erection will look just like a "rockery," for the sheet will dry in a stiff and quite "rocky" manner and the gaps will have the appearance of cavities in the rocks. Fill all these spaces with little ferns, covering the tell-tale spots carefully with moss, and you will have the most charming of decorations to delight the children's eyes.

LAUGHING IN HER SLEEP

I caught my love reclining,
Beside the ingle warm,
Her silken tresses twining,
About her snowy arm,
A silver rippling murmur,
A dimple half a-peep,
Proclaimed my little sweetheart,
Laughing in her sleep.

As she lay there a-dreaming,
Had Cupid crept a-near,
Beside the embers gleaming,
To whisper in her ear
Some plan for man's confusion?
Some plot for heartaches deep?
It filled her soul with rapture,
Laughing in her sleep.

Ah, woe betide the morrow,
When she shall come to wake,
My soul is wrung with sorrow,
To think how hearts will ache,
For gallant beaux may tremble,
And pitying seraphs weep,
When Cupid talks with Beauty,
Laughing in her sleep!

Popularity Contest Ends Today

All the votes in the popularity contest at the Academy of the Fine Arts must be in today, which is the last opportunity for Philadelphia to decide which of the paintings on exhibition entitles its creator to the Edward Bok prize of $250. Half of the prize money is to go to the winning artist and the rest toward a scholarship in the academy schools.

BARGAIN HINTS

Seen at the Stores

A plain little lace waist for every day affairs was made with a high collar and V-neck in front. The mesh of the lace was filet style, and pink ribbons added a touch of color. It sold for $1.95.

Dainty little hand-embroidered handkerchiefs with an initial in the corner are selling for 10 cents apiece in one of our large stores.

A flesh-pink crepe combination of bodice and underskirt, with a pretty Valenciennes lace edge is selling for $1.95. This is just the thing for use under a light gown in the summer.

Filet mesh veilings, in silk thread, are most attractive when worn with a little hat. You can get veilings with broad borders of bold design-squares, diamonds, scrolls, etc. They are 75 cents a yard.

A serviceable tailored shirt for office wear is made of a good quality of striped silk, in blue, mauve and black. It has long sleeves and a stock collar and sells for $2.

Shut-In Society Meets Today

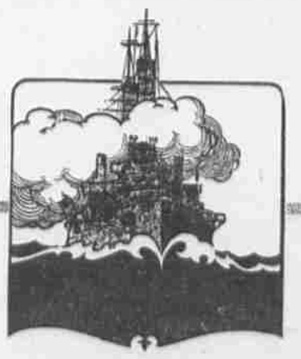
The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Branch of the Shut-in Society will be held at 2:30 this afternoon at the Church House, 12th and Walnut streets.

Employes Attend Dinner

More than 200 employes of the several companies represented in the Philadelphia Stationers' Association attended a banquet given in connection with the celebration of employers' night, last night, in the Bellevue-Stratford. Walter Stringer, of the Dixon Pencil Company, made an address on the cost of paper production, and told how this could be reduced by the use of modern economies.

Lamb Sauce

A good sauce for lamb is made of current jelly broken up and mixed with finely chopped mint leaves and a few shavings of orange rind.



The Most Remarkable Photo of a Battleship at Full Speed Ever Taken

The photographer stood in a launch, ENGINE STOPPED, just 75 feet in front of the onrushing giant! Then his motor wouldn't crank—and he barely escaped being run down. But he got it—a photo of the big super-dreadnought New York—28,000 tons of steel rushing through the water at over 26 miles per hour!

Be sure you get this great picture! It's well worth framing. Printed on the front page of the Intaglio Section, March 14th issue of the

SUNDAY
PUBLIC LEDGER

SPRING MILLINERY

Centemeri Easter Gloves
FOR WOMEN
Put them on and wash as you would your hands. Something new in Tans and Fawns.
Centemeri Washable Walking Gloves $1.75
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