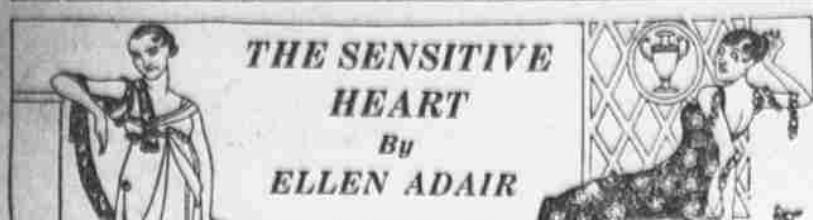


## HAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—NEW FASHIONS AND PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS



## On Mistaken Bluntness

An extraordinary number of otherwise quite sane and normal people imagine that to be rude and blunt in manner is the outward and visible sign of an independent mind and enlightened viewpoint. How educated people can fall into any such delusion is a positive mystery! For rudeness and bluntness are very, very far from being recommendations. Upon the contrary, they come perilously near being vices.

"I always say just what I think, my dear, so don't be offended," is the prelude to many an impertinent remark. But it certainly doesn't remove or excuse the impertinence.

The officious woman who is forever setting the whole world aright and who has nothing to learn but everything to teach in a universe so blinded as this, is always with us. We can't get rid of her and we haven't the heart to put her in her place. In a vague, annoyed way we cannot help admiring her for her impertinence. For, although her position is more to be interpreted as officious than official, she certainly has the courage of her convictions.

"You know I am a firm believer in speaking my mind on all and every occasion," she will assert proudly, as if lack of self-control were a virtue.

Yes, indeed, we know it, and know it only too well, too. And the knowledge is not conducive to any sort of affection toward the blunt and outspoken lady who has so little regard for our feelings.

For we are all very, very human. No man or woman on earth likes to have his or her faults pointed out. It is decidedly disconcerting, and we feel no yearning of gratitude or spontaneous affection toward the one who so ruthlessly tears the last shred from our illusions.

The woman who prides herself on her bluntness will never in this world be popular. She may imagine that she is, she may have a long list of acquaintances. But they are nothing more than mere acquaintances. They never will be friends. For friendship never yet flourished on the soil of a rude and unthinking bluntness. And friendship is a matter so important that it takes time and attention and proper treatment, and requires lots of care and thought. A chance remark, an unkind speech, a misjudged

phrase or the unhappy turn of a sentence may prove the death blow to friendship. And most assuredly are rudeness and bluntness of speech the first nails in its coffin.

The woman who prides herself on her bluntness of speech is seldom cultured or even well educated, and most assuredly is lacking in sensitiveness. And sensitiveness is a quality to be prized in these careless, rough-and-ready days.

"But it doesn't do to be sensitive," declared a skeptical individual the other day. "Long years ago, I used to have a sensitive sort of disposition myself, strange as it may now seem. I felt things very keenly, indeed I did. Chance phrases and casual remarks would mean a great deal in my interpretation, and altogether it was very unpleasant and uncomfortable. So I decided to have no more of it, and to assume a bluntness if I had it not, as a sort of armor against the stings and arrows of my friends' criticisms."

"And you succeeded?" inquired an interested hearer.

"Oh, yes, I succeeded quite thoroughly," said the speaker. But she sighed as she spoke. For involuntarily she was thinking of the early days when the world was to her the freshest and most glorious place, and although one was rather sensitive to pain, that only meant that conversely one had a very deep capacity for pleasure, too. For the sensitive heart always feels very, very keenly. Life runs quicker, emotions are deeper, the current of youth—glorious, enthusiastic youth—is running in our veins. To those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand, the gift of sensitiveness is the greatest this world or the next can offer. "One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name." And only those whose perceptions are keen, whose feelings are sensitive to the glory and the wonder of the world can ever really live.

The man or woman whose heart is dulled to feeling has lost the whole secret of the universe. "Tis a poor heart that never rejoices," and the sensitive heart is the one that can most truly rejoice. Capacity for pleasure will always include capacity for pain—but the glory and the wonder in the heights and depths of both will make matters worth while! For the finest natures are the sensitive ones.

## THE DAILY STORY

## Robin's Lane

It wound in from Main street, a little crooked lane shaded by cherry trees and locusts, leading from the hill thoroughfare to Polly Carew's house.

"Can any one use it who likes?" Polly had asked the first night when she drove up in the station hack and caught her first impression of the town. "I don't like that. I thought the house was perfectly private."

"It is private," Tony assured her, warmly. Tony was 12 and drove the livery hack in Taunton Cove. "It's the path to your front door."

"Then why isn't it fenced in?" "Well, Mr. Farrington, he wasn't so particular as all that. He was more neighborly, don't you know, and he said if folks wanted to use the lane for a short cut, why, he didn't mind."

"Well, I mind," said Polly, haughtily. So Taunton Cove had its first shock of surprise two days later when it beheld its new fair visitor saunter forth from the lane and calmly hail a sign upon the side fence.

## Private. No thoroughfare

It kept out strangers, but not the regular denizens of the region beyond Polly's new house. Night and morning they took the short cut with cheerful disregard of the sign and its owner.

She did want to be left alone. She had chosen the Cove solely because of its isolation from the beaten track. Here she could rest and work for two or three months in secret on the picture wonderful. It was ordered, and meant a thousand dollars to her. Certainly Polly did not have the true artistic temperament, for as she worked she would pause, and dream awhile, not of how ideal it would be to have a child of her brain hung in the new white marble library back home, but of what she would do with the prize when it was paid over.

She had won in the competition held that spring. The library was to have an art gallery. This was stipulated in old Mrs. Batterson's will. She had left \$200,000 to the town for its library on condition that it build an art gallery annex, and fill it with treasures. The first picture she was willing to donate. It must be a portrait of herself, done in oil.

"I can paint her," Polly had declared, vigorously. "Haven't I seen her every day since I was a baby?"

"Go to it, Polly," urged her brother, cheerfully. So Polly had entered for the Batterson thousand, and out of five sketches submitted, the old lady had decided on hers. A few sittings up at the great, lonely, old mansion, and Polly felt fairly started when one morning Dan had startled her by saying Mrs. Batterson had died during the night.

"Well, I'm glad she waited for me to get the sittings anyway," said Polly, meditatively. "Poor, lonesome old dear. I know just the way every little gray curl goes on her forehead. I shall tell father I want to go away down on the shore and rent a little bungalow, don't you know, Dan, and paint all by myself."

"Where?" asked Dan. "I think around Taunton Cove. I've heard Mrs. Batterson speak of the Cove, and it's beyond New London, right near the art colony there, so I shall feel the atmosphere."

"You'll feel the atmosphere all right if you try roughing it down there alone," said Dan. "One of the fellows from college went there."

"What's his name?"

"Wait Farrington. He had some sort of a little place there."

"Write and offer to rent it at once for the summer."

Dan had written to Mr. Farrington, and the response had been immediate and joyous.

Every day she carried out the tall easel and the half-finished canvas and set them up under the apple tree. Old Mrs. Batterson was pictured luxuriously on the orchard side of the lane.

Every day about 4:30 a person on horseback would ride slowly through Robin's lane and seemed to glance at her. The picture was hidden from the curiously inclined, but Polly was fully revealed in a large dark-brown apron over a pink ruddy blouse.

One day when Tony brought her up some things from the village she asked who the stranger was.

"That's Mr. Farrington," said Tony, delightedly. Polly frowned. It was not meet that she should rent Mr. Farrington's whole place and crowd him out to board.

He had gathered from Dan that he was a young person of private income who wandered where he pleased. Why did he roam through Robin's lane and gaze at her in silence instead of coming forward as a landlord should and getting acquainted?

"Tell him," said Polly, delicately deepening the tint on Mrs. Batterson's ear lobe, "tell him that the roof leaks in the kitchen, and I wish he'd come and see it at once."

The following morning early Mr. Farrington called. "He seems a nice sort of fellow," Dan had written to her. Polly indulged the opinion. As she expressed it later in a letter back to Dan. "It did seem good to have somebody who could talk about something besides babies and the run of the mill, and how much Sy Bassett had paid for his catboat."

Every day at 5 Mr. Farrington called to set how his tenant was progressing. She never permitted him to look at the picture on the easel.

After the fourth week Polly had somehow fallen into the habit of walking down to the end of Robin's lane with him. "I wish you lived here all the time," he said one sunset hour. "It's a dear old place. I shall hate to lose it."

"Lose it?" she echoed. "Why?" "Fortunes of war, I guess. My aunt always intended it for me because she knew I liked it. I used to live here when I was a little chap, you know, Miss Carew. She was awfully queer. She left her money scattered all around to different places, homes for indigent old feeble-minded cats and canaries and medals for horse doctors, and I don't know what. Why, she even left \$100 for an oil painting of herself to hang in the new public library, but I guess I'll get that all right, if I break the will."

Polly stood still, the little face scarf falling back from her face. For a moment she felt too horrified to speak. Why hadn't Dan told her that Wait Farrington was Mrs. Batterson's nephew?

She felt a sudden rising of rebellion in her heart. Here was the only man she had ever taken the least interest in, and she knew he liked her—as yet she had not even dared express it stronger than he was trying to break Mrs. Batterson's will, trying to do her out of that prize that was to give her a year in Italy.

"Mr. Farrington, I'm so sorry, I am painting that portrait of your aunt for the library, and of course, of course, we can't be friends."

He wheeled about, and took her hands in his.

"Why not? I didn't know what you were painting, and I don't care. I'm glad if you can get the old lady's picture right."

"But if you want to break the will—"

"I'll omit that clause about the oil painting." She felt sure he was laughing at her. "Now listen, dear. Don't go away. I may call you dear if I like. If you saw cats and indignant females—"

"Indignant," corrected Polly, in a stifled tone.

"Wouldn't you put up a fight, too? When you knew the old lady meant you to have it all, only she got huffy. Of course you would. Now, you go ahead and finish the painting, and after we're married and have had a good year in Europe you're going to paint another one to hang in the library."

"Wait Farrington!"

"Well, dear?"

"You take everything for granted. I haven't said I would marry you."

She pushed him away, but Robin's lane held its own spell of romance.

Copyright, 1915.



A MILITARY SUIT OF NEW DESIGN



## PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestion sent to by readers of the Evening Ledger prize of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen E. P. M., Editor of Women's Page, EVENING LEDGER, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. N. E. P. M., 21 Pelham street, Newton Centre, Mass., for the following suggestion: I took a common pine box with a hinge lid and made a splendid fireless cooker. The box happened to be 20 by 16 by 15 inches. I lined the bottom, sides and ends with newspapers until the centre measured only a nine-inch cubic cavity. Into this I put a handleless flatiron, set a two-quart bean pot top of it, put other hot bottoms about it, looked it up very tight and after 10 hours it was too hot to hold, while the beans were excellent. It takes an eight-pound hard coal also, and cooks whatever can be put into it.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. H. H. Herr, 207 Market street, Monro, Pa., for the following suggestion:

A handy ironing board cover may be made in the following manner: Take about 14 yards of unleached muslin and cut it the shape of your board, allowing about 3 inches over on each side. Hem it, and attach brass rings 5 or 6 inches apart, on the very edge of the hem all around the cover.

Lace your cover to your ironing board as you would a shoe, using strong tape as the lacer. Attach the rings to the hem in buttonhole stitch, with coarse thread. This cover is very neat and easily removed.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to J. S. Kenworthy, 4 North Broadway, Gloucester City, N. J., for the following suggestion:

When the handle comes off your good umbrella, a carving knife or cooking utensil, here is a good way to mend it: Fill the hollow part of the handle full of powdered rosin and heat the rod, which is to be inserted in the hollow until it becomes very hot. This will melt the rosin, which will adhere to the rod very tightly after it cools.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. T. W. Read, 390 Main st., Atlantic City, N. J., for the following suggestion:

If you find when preparing eggplant, or any thing which is breaded, that one egg is not enough, while two eggs would be too much, try adding a little milk to the beaten egg. It will last longer and proves just as effective as the plain egg.

**Centmeri Gloves**

FOR THE NEW SUIT

The Spring styles with full-length sleeves call for our fashionable genuine French Kid.

"ROBERTA" with beautiful contrasting embroidery and stitching \$2.25

1223 Chestnut Street GLOVES EXCLUSIVELY

**OSTEOPATHY**

Dr. George D. Noeling.  
Dr. Katharine L. Noeling.  
Registered Osteopathic Physicians.  
1197 Chestnut St. Bell Phone, Wagon 22-41.

## At the Women's Clubs

The subject to be discussed by Mr. Warwick James Price at the regular meeting of the Class of Current Events, which meets at the New Century Club on Friday morning during March and April, will be "England's New Problems in Egypt."

The program for March 31 at the Woman's Club of Cynwyd will be devoted to sociology. Current events will occupy the early part of the afternoon, and Mrs. Wilbur F. Hamilton will talk on "Immigration." Mrs. George E. Bean will discuss "Wage Laws and Juvenile Delinquents," and an address will be made by Mrs. Marsha Falconer, of Sleighton Farms.

The regular monthly meeting of the Executive Board of the Pennsylvania Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations will be held at the Franklin School Building, 5th and Franklin streets, Chester, on Monday, March 22, at 10:30 a. m. The members of the board will be entertained at luncheon by the Domestic Class of the Franklin School. An open meeting will be held at 3 o'clock in the high school auditorium, where many prominent speakers will address the board.

The club supper of the Philomusian Club was held last evening at 5:30 and was followed by a musical play, "The Vigil," by L. Eastwood-Siebold. The Eastwood Players assisted in the interpretation of the play, and a small dance for the young people followed.

## TOMORROW'S MENU

"You can make whipt cream! Pray what relief will that be to a sailor who wants beef?"—W. Kings.

**BREAKFAST**  
Stewed Egg  
Hot Ham and Cream  
Ham Omelet  
Corn Cake Coffee

**LUNCHEON OR SUPPER**  
Saratoga Chips  
Dropt Biscuit  
Cocoanut Cake

**DINNER**  
Cream Spinach Soup  
Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes  
Cream Cabbage Stewed Cranberries  
Lima Bean Salad Bread Pudding

Sour Milk Corn Cake—Mix a cupful of flour, half a cupful of yellow cornmeal and a quarter of a cupful of sugar. Add half a teaspoonful each of salt and soda and sift all together. Add a cupful of sour milk, then a beaten egg, then a tablespoonful of melted butter and beat thoroughly. Pour quickly into a buttered shallow pan and bake for 25 minutes in a hot oven.

Dropt Biscuit—One pint of sour milk, one tablespoonful of drippings, a pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water and flour enough to make a stiff batter which will stand up when dropped by spoonfuls on a dripping pan. Bake 15 minutes.

Lima Bean Salad—Chill some canned lima beans and mix them with a sixth of their own measure of chopped celery, then mix with mayonnaise and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

## Dodge Portrait Wins Medal

Leopold G. Seyffert's portrait of Miss Josephine Dodge has been awarded the gold medal by the special art jury which passed upon the 101 pictures at the 21st annual exhibition of the Art Clubs. Charles S. Corson's "August Morning" was awarded honorable mention. Mr. Seyffert is represented in the exhibition by two studies of Spanish peasants, in addition to his portrait of Miss Dodge.



## For the Jeune Fille

I understand that this is to be chiefly a suit season. There are three types of suits, and all are popular. First comes the dressy suit, with tailored lines. Plenty of trimming and ornamentation are allowed on this.

Next comes the semitailored suit, with softened lines. The color schemes may be daringly grouped. For instance, the new blue, known as "bleu soldat," may be joined with putty color. Touches of hand embroidery are frequently seen.

Thirdly comes the strictly tailored field suit, English in ideal and severe in line. Where the coat length is concerned, it may be as short as the old Eton jacket, or it may be as long as the finger tips can reach down. In every case the length of the coat depends on and must be adapted to the length and character of the skirt.

This really is the day of the tailored suit, and the tailored girl certainly has come into her own again. She wears the wider skirt and numerous pockets, and leans toward the masculine in braids and military touches.

The popular waist line is the normal, and coats are decidedly shorter than of yore, many of them having the double-breasted effect.

The collar effects are all new and varied. Buttons are used in every way, of possible and impossible way, and skirts show a great variety of ornament in plaits and folds.

The average woman is very curious to learn exactly what the popular materials will be. Serges, faille silks, wool poplins, mixtures, covers, poplins, linens will all be greatly in demand, while gabardines will hold their own.

As far as color is concerned, fashions favor the new grays and blues and tans. Black and white checks and plaids always look smart, and at the present moment they are very popular and will become even more so as the spring opens.

I am very pleased to hear it, as last year's plaid coat can be altered a little and will then be quite in the present mode.

I saw such a smart suit today. The skirt was short and made with layers of plaits, while the coat was finished with a soft satin ash in browns and yellows. The color of the suit was tan, and the smart collar gave a very chic effect to the whole.

## Economical Dishes

## For the Housewife

The economical housewife will do well to take into consideration the many uses of dried beans when she is ordering her weekly supplies. These can be made into very palatable dishes when they are properly prepared. The best way to do this is to soak them over night, rinse them in clear water and then simmer slowly with a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking soda in the water. Fresh vegetables are liable to be more or less of a luxury in the small household at this time of the year. Dried vegetables are good as a change in the regular family diet. The trouble with most housekeepers is that they consider succotash, baked beans and porridge the only dishes which may be prepared from dried vegetables.

Sweet dried corn is a good thing to have on hand, for it is far superior to the tinned variety, and can hardly be distinguished from the fresh vegetable if you soak it over night. One delicious recipe for dried corn is corn mock oysters. Soak the corn over night and in the morning boil it with a pinch of baking soda. Press out the pulp with a sharp knife and to a pint of the pulp add 2 beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of butter and salt, a dash of pepper and enough flour to bind. Roll into small cakes and saute in butter or drop into hot fat and make into fritters.

Good pure soups may be made from dried beans and peas, but they must be soaked and boiled for a sufficiently long time beforehand or the result will be failure. When they have become tender, mash them through a sieve. Place again in a saucepan and stir in enough milk, pepper and salt to make seasoning. Add butter before serving.

A very good hash for the impromptu meal is made of lentils and potatoes. Just take one and one-half cupfuls of cold cooked potatoes, two cupfuls of boiled lentils, salt and pepper to taste, and a dash of onion juice. Cook this hash until brown and serve with tomato sauce.

## SUFFRAGE SENTIMENT HERE

## TESTED BY STRAW VOTE

Slender Majority Against It in City. Favored in Rural Districts.

An indication of public sentiment regarding woman suffrage was obtained by a straw vote taken in three wards of the city, and the result today showed that out of a total of 519 votes there was a majority of 10 votes against a woman suffrage amendment.

The Legislature this week voted to submit the question to the people at the November election. The vote at Harrisburg was unopposed, Senator McElhenny voting against the suffrage amendment and Senator Vane voting for it.

For the test vote, the wards chosen were the 26th, 22d and 11th. The names of names chosen was graded according to the voting strength of the ward.

Should the straw vote be an indication of the city's attitude toward a suffrage amendment next November, and a majority of 19 votes out of every 519 be cast against it, the proposed amendment would be defeated by 9999 majority in this city.

**DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP**

will not injure the finest fabrics or chap the hands

It was all soap—old-fashioned good soap—now on wash-day. Ask your grocer.

## "Fire Away!" Said Billy Sunday

and his friend did. He asked the famous evangelist, face to face, just those questions that every man and woman who has ever heard the man would like to ask him:

Why he uses slang.  
Why he tears off his collar.  
Does he think himself sensational?  
Why he hits the preachers.  
Why he is immune to criticism.  
What are the real effects of his revivals.  
Why he keeps it up when the doctors tell him he's killing himself.  
And the answers constitute the best article on Billy Sunday that has ever appeared.

## "The Why of My Methods"

In the April

## LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

On Sale Tomorrow

Fifteen Cents a Copy, of All News Agents

Or, \$1.50 a Year (12 issues) by Mail, Ordered Through Our Subscription Agents or Direct

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania