

THE GARRULOUS WOMAN
By ELLEN ADAIR

A Trying Proposition to Her Friends

The garrulous woman is indeed a trying proposition to her friends and to every one with whom she comes in contact. One can't be actually rude to her, and yet it is so dreadfully hard to get away from the perpetual flow of her talk. For she seldom has a breathing space in which one can gracefully retire from the embarrassing situation.

The curious thing about her garrulosity is that she seldom has anything of real import to communicate. From out the wordy flow of her eternal chatter one does not glean anything of value or a single point that one could consider worthy of remembrance. But the sweetest music on earth to the garrulous woman is the sound of her own voice, and it is a music that never ceases. Men may come and men may try to vain to go, but it goes on forever! And, oh, the sheer boredom of that endless flow of small, involved, complicated nothings!

"I am so glad to meet you, my dear," she will exclaim, "for I have heard so much about you! Only the other day I said to Mrs. Smith—of course, you know Mrs. Smith—dear me, how strange I thought everbody knew Mrs. Smith! But then one can't know everybody. It's better to have a few special friends than a great crowd, isn't it?" Not that I am about very much. It's like this, you see—my young brother had a threatening of consumption, so we had to send him to the Adirondacks for the winter. And, of course, that cost a good deal, so we cannot afford to keep a maid; so I am tied to the house pretty much, for father is so particular. He likes to have everything just so! He is apt to get rather cross unless he is perpetually humored. And you know he always will come home in the middle of the day for lunch, although I have repeatedly begged him to lunch in town! It does keep one at home so, this perpetual cooking. I guess I'll have to get married soon—when I'll marry a lottery, isn't it? When I look at my eldest sister's married life I always say that I'll think twice before entering any such affair."

One wonders if the garrulous woman who talks thus freely can possibly know how very successfully she is giving away family secrets which had better be kept in oblivion. For in one breathless flow

THE DAILY STORY

Taken Prisoner

The Third Brigade of the State troops was holding its annual encampment at Ferndale. A portion of two farms had been rented, and the white tents were pitched to make long streets, and the soldiers seemed to be scattered over the face of the earth.

One of the farmers who had leased his field was a Mr. Willets. He had known for a month when the soldiers would arrive and there had been much talk in the family. To Miss Beesie, the 15-year-old daughter, it promised to be a season of romance.

There would be tall soldier boys and short ones.

There would be blue eyes and black ones.

At least one out of three would be a hero and ready to remain here if the red calf broke his neck before the day.

There would be knights who would do their plumed hats to her, and chevaliers who would gently ask if she were a damsel in distress and offer to die in her service if she were.

While the grounds surrounding the house were to be held inviolate, this agreement held good only with the rank and file with a taste for tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce and cabbage. There was nothing whatever to prevent the commander of the brigade or any of his colonels or majors from calling at the house to say to Mr. Willets:

"Sir, but I have seen thy daughter Beesie looking over the fence that guards the onion beds, and I have been so overcome by the beauty of her face and the grace of her figure that I have come to ask thy fatherly permission to pay her my devours."

And Pa Willets would reply: "Noble sir, have a piece of green apple pie and a glass of last year's cider, and then win my daughter's maiden heart if thou canst."

It was a beautiful dream, but the days passed and the officer came not.

It was a lovely week, before the chevalier made his appearance, and the damsel's patience had been so sorely tried that she was out of temper. She was half asleep in her hammock on the side veranda overlooking the garden, when a suspicious noise aroused her. As she sat up a soldier dropped from the fence among the vegetables and began to help himself.

"Here—what does this mean?"

"Excuse me!" he stammered as he blushed guiltily.

"Has my father given you permission?"

"—o—"

"Just helping yourself, eh?"

"I thought—thought—"

"Yes, you thought!"

"I thought these things looked good to me, and had I seen any one around the house to ask I should have offered to pay for them."

"I don't think you looked for any one!"

"They looked into each other's eyes, and the girl said to herself: 'That's a queer fellow! He's not a bad-looking young man. Evidently holds a good position in civil life. I believe they call it 'gobbling' when they help themselves as he was about to do and they don't consider it as anything serious. Guess I have humiliated him enough.'"

And Burt Hamilton, assistant manager of a bank when at home, but as yet only a high private in the rear rank when wearing a uniform, said to himself: "Staying looking girl. Quite a find I've made. After camp breaks up I'm going to find some excuse to call. Wouldn't be surprised if I fell in love. I'm feeling symptoms of it right now."

Miss Beesie was looking him steadily in the face, and her eyes flashed and her cheeks burned as she read his thoughts. In judicial tones she demanded: "Sir, when one is caught in the act of doing what is done with him?"

"He is arrested!" was the raspy reply.

"And further?"

"Taken to court."

"And then?"

"Sent up."

"Correct, sir. I see that you have been to March ahead of me to the smoke house."

"But what's the sentence?"

"Two hours under lock and key!"

The soldier said no more, and a minute later was a prisoner behind brick walls.



SPRING SUIT OF NEW DESIGN

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger, \$1.00, \$0.50 and 25 cents are awarded.

All suggestions to be sent to Ellen W. White, Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Building, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. T. E. Curtis, York road and City line, Oak Lane, Pa., for the following suggestion:

The best way to wash blankets is to follow: "Take one piece of good white soap, shave it into small pieces and add two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, a quart of water and two tablespoonfuls of borax. Let this stand on the stove until it dissolves. Put enough cold water into a tub to cover two double blankets, add the soap mixture, and allow your blankets to soak overnight in this. Don't put your blankets on the board and rub them. Just work them up and down with the hands in the soapuds and rinse in cold water until the water is clear. Don't wring or press the water out of them, as the water serves to keep them straight. Hang them up on the line simply, do not double them. They will look as good as new after this treatment."

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Margaret, 406 North 21st Street, Camden, N. J., for the following suggestion:

An invalid's serving table may be made by opening up the cover of a drop-head machine and adding this board over the bed of your patient. This forms a perfect tray. A restful position may be secured for the patient by placing a chair or small stool flat against the headboard of the bed, and putting a pillow against the patient's back. This keeps him upright and comfortable while eating, and prevents spilling of the food.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. E. G., Box 114, Merchantville, N. J., for the following suggestion:

I have found that the sewing of my dish towels is lightened by sewing two of them together on a machine, and leaving the ends loose, as this lets the water out more easily when they are washed.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. E. G., Box 114, Merchantville, N. J., for the following suggestion:

When Spring comes home! How passing sweet it is to know Our spirits, like God's violets grow When Spring comes home! —William A. Quayle.

TOMORROW'S MENU

"It was a common saying among the Puritans, Brown bread and the gospel is good fare."—Matthew W. Henry.

BREAKFAST
Baked Apples and Coconut
Cereal and Cream
Ham and Eggs
Muffins
Coffee

DINNER
Bouillon with Whipped Cream
Roast Poultry
Browned Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Cauliflower
Lettuce Salad
Orange Water Ice and Vanilla Cream
Coconut Cake

SUPPER
Baked Beans
Brown Bread
Cup Custard
Tea

Baked apples and coconut—Sprinkle freshly grated coconut on baked apples just before serving.

Bouillon and whipped cream—To each cupful of steaming hot bouillon add a big teaspoonful of whipped cream, and sprinkle it with paprika and a little salt.

Baked beans—Soak a quart of beans that have been carefully picked over in cold water until they are swollen. Drain, and put them over the fire in boiling water, and simmer until soft. Be careful not to cook rapidly enough to break the skins. Then skim out the beans and put them into the earthen bean pot. Press into the beans half a pound of lean salt pork, the rind of which is slashed. Mix a teaspoonful of mustard, a tablespoonful of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of onion juice—which may be omitted—and pour over the beans. Then fill the pot to the top with hot water. Bake slowly for eight or nine hours.

Opportunity
They do me wrong who say I come no more, When once I knock and fail to find you in, For every day I stand outside your door, And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win. —Walter Malone.

Good Marmalade
In making orange marmalade remember to buy good fruit and use the oranges at once, before the skins become dry, or the marmalade will lack flavor and quality in consequence; also, if marmalade is overboiled, it destroys both color and flavor.

Centemeri Gloves
Introducing the fashionable "FIELDER" New strap wrist with cut-out lace. The Glove De Luxe.
THE VERY LATEST in all white or black and white. Also sand covert and tan shades... \$2.50
1223 Chestnut Street GLOVES EXCLUSIVELY

Around the Clubrooms

The Twentieth Century Club of Lansdowne will have an afternoon of refreshment, Mrs. Robert McLean is in charge of the program which will consist of a number of famous pictures, posed by members. Miss Marian Irwin will pose "A Gainsborough Lady" and "A Blaque," and Mrs. Culver Boyd and Miss Graves will pose for the well-known picture of "Madame Le Brun and Daughter."

The Oak Lane Social League has arranged for a special campaign in the 15th District for the suffrage cause. For this purpose study classes will be held in Oak Lane and Melrose one hour each week. All the fundamental principles will be taught at these meetings. The classes will meet at the home of Mrs. C. Howard Anthony, on 11th street, and at the home of the president, Mrs. William E. Groben, on 15th street, and city line. In Melrose the meetings will be held at the home of Mrs. A. T. Bruce, on Melrose avenue. After April 1 a series of 10-minute suffrage talks will be given by every church in the city and suburbs, and all denominations will give space on their calendars for this subject.

A big suffrage rally will be held on the evening of April 16 at Marshall Hall. The speaker will be Henry J. Jones, district director of the State League and Assistant District Attorney. Mrs. George Wolcott, Miss Avilla Foster, of New York, president of the Mrs. Williston E. Groben, president of the State League, Mrs. Charles W. Asher, treasurer, Mrs. Virginia Robertson, recording secretary, and Mrs. A. Rittenhouse Rubincam, corresponding secretary.

The Woman Who Hurries

By a Matron of Experience

"My dear, I haven't a moment to spare, from first thing in the morning to last thing at night I am 'on the go.' This is one of the favorite remarks of the woman who is always in a hurry. Most of us number among our acquaintances at least one "hurried" lady. I know one myself. She rushes downstairs for breakfast after a hurried toilet, and hurries her husband through his bacon and eggs. "In case he should miss his train."

She hardly gives the poor man time to put on his overcoat and receive her quick kiss before he is almost pushed out of the front door and told to "run to the station."

As a matter of fact, he is always too early for his train. He has time to have seen him off, his bustling wife hurries through the duties of the day, and has worked herself into a worried bundle of nerves by the time her husband returns in the evening for rest after his day's work. And he is lucky if he is not hurried into his dress clothes and shot off to a party. This "hurried" habit is bad for every one, and there is no doubt that the woman who hurries and gets into a state of nerves over everything she undertakes does far less work during the day than she who takes things quietly.

And another thing, it's ten chances to one that the "hurried" woman's husband is after a while none too keen on hurrying back to a home that is always in a state of nervous hurry and bustle.

A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

New Spring Suits

Where changes in suit styles are concerned, the chief interest centres around the skirt. And skirts are still very full, indeed. Whether one suits the style or not, to a certain extent one must adapt oneself to the prevailing mode, or, as an alternative, look very odd and out of place.

One very wealthy woman of my acquaintance insists on wearing tight skirts, in defiance of all fashion's most stringent decrees, and the result is that the uninitiated are pitying her as being poverty-stricken. This is the fate of almost every woman who defies prevailing styles.

Skirts just now have two pockets in front, and both are intended for use. Every sort of pocket is to be seen. Some are very large, some are very small, some are inserted in the material, while some are placed like a patch on the foundation. Some have ornamental flap-pockets, flat, square or oblong. They are either plain or braided. Buttons are also ornamental, gunmetal and dull silver being in demand.

Belts are very much in evidence on coats. This is yet another form of militarism. Few jackets are without this dividing line. The Empire line is quite popular, though many declare that it will not long survive, and that we shall soon have a complete return to the normal waist-line. Belts have also appeared on

skirts, although some are very minute. Many are placed across the middle of the front or back, in order to hold in the fulness.

Many of the most famous designers are quite opposed to fulness over the hips. Therefore, they are producing thousands of skirts which are held in very firmly until the level of the knees is reached, when they are allowed to flare out just as much as possible.

Plaids, are, of course, immensely popular. They are usually held down by straps of the material finished in some smart way, or they are attached to the foundation and allowed to flare at bottom. Since most of the new materials are soft and lend themselves to this style, the result is very effective.

Coat sleeves are long and rather narrow, ending generally in some kind of turn-over cuff.

I saw a charming model today in a dark blue gabardine. The skirt was decidedly full, and the coat was, of course, rather short. It was military in effect, cut as a severe line, with rows of braiding across the front and a long line of white kid buttons on coat and cuffs. A narrow belt of white kid was worn, and the collar was high at back, turning over to show a lining of white kid. A severely tailored hat was worn with it, and one could not wish for a smarter suit or one with more individual style.

selling at 50 cents a yard. This is ordinarily 85 cents a yard, at least.

A separate skirt of corduroy is very useful for everyday wear, and you can get one for \$1.50, which has been very greatly reduced, needless to remark.

A guaranteed correct imitation of a Southern Westphalian ham, which sells for 50 cents a pound, is selling in one of the stores for 22 cents a pound.

A quaint addition to the toilet is a bandeau of velvet around the neck, with an ornament of rhinestones hanging from the front. With the high-necked collar and a V-neck effect in front, they look charming. They cost \$1.00 up.

A full box of red crepe paper factors, with caps inside, and a little tin heart for the ladies, sells for 30 cents.

A silk and wool scarf is much warmer than an all-silk or an all-wool one. For men and women, they sell for \$1.50 up.

When Frying Fish
The frying fish in fat that has been saved from former frying; the flavor will be very much improved.

OSTEOPATHY

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Dr. Katharine L. Noeling,
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Exceptional quality at moderate prices—direct to you thru HALLAHAN Stores.

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