

WOMEN'S CLUB NEWS: BARGAIN HINTS: PRIZE SUGGESTIONS: IDEAS FOR MAID AND MATRON

IDLE DRIFTING By ELLEN ADAIR

The Life Without a Purpose

Although many a woman would indignantly deny the statement, too many to-day might be classed as nothing more nor less than "drifters" on the sea of life.

A life without a purpose never can be a happy one. For, after all, the enthusiasms of life are what bring happiness to us—provided, of course, that the enthusiasms tend toward the right direction.

"I have made shipwreck of my life through idle drifting," said a woman only the other day, "and at the same time I have ruined two happy homes, broken up two families, and taken the joy from a very kindly husband's heart!"

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The Daily Story

Girl of the Shorn Locks

The slight figure standing outside the doctor's door was strangely appealing. Not only physical weakness was evident there, but a forlorn, urgent need was plainly written in the white, delicate face.

The manservant of the eminent surgeon found himself opening the door wider and permitting the little figure to enter the waiting room that connected with the doctor's operating room.

"It might have been 10 minutes later, or even an hour, before Doctor Wilde entered the waiting room. It was not his hour at home and he at first supposed the room to be empty.

"The delicate face against the cushions might have been that of a woman, yet the attire proclaimed the opposite. Doctor Wilde picked the unconscious figure up in his arms. A thrill swept him from head to foot.

"A woman!" he whispered with unconscious tenderness. "A woman in this garb? He gazed down at the face upturned against his shoulder. "And yet not a woman—only a child."

When Diana opened her eyes she thought just for a moment that she had lost the dear life she prized so highly, and that the wonderfully compassionate face bending over her was one of the angels.

"So! You have weakened," a voice reached her ears. She then glanced wonderingly from the man to the white surgeon's jacket that he wore. A smile of infinite relief followed her inspection.



AN EVENING GOWN ON SIMPLE LINES

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to A. J. Keizer, 127 Spruce street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Occasionally one finds oneself with a postage stamp having insufficient glue for immediate use, and the mullage pot not handy.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. C. Bilbo, 6723 Terredale avenue, Tacoma, Pa., for the following suggestion: To clean the side walls of a room, where the long-handled wall brush is often unobtainable, try this: Make a bag of cotton flannel a little longer than your broom.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Helen Goldman, 3145 Clifford street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: After washing and ironing my first embroidered centerpiece, I was very much disappointed to find that the centre bulged out. Thinking that my ironing was at fault, I ironed it again, with the same result.

Tomorrow's Menu

BREAKFAST. Dates. Cereal and Cream. Creamed Fried Beef. Bread Fritters. Coffee.

LUNCHEON. Tomatoes on Toast. Cold Ham. Water. Orange Marmalade.

DINNER. Cream Corn Soup. Roast Lamb. Mashed Potatoes. Spinach Salad. Succotash. Bread and Jam Pudding.

Bread Fritters—Cut bread dough into pieces the size of an egg and let it rise. Then cook it in deep hot fat and sprinkle with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

I was all ready to go off to bed last night, and get my much needed beauty sleep, when the telephone rang, and, as luck would have it, I answered.

"Hello, Dorothy, would you like to take a chance with me on a charity dance?" said Jimmy Carter, in his lively way. "I didn't get the tickets until dinner time, so excuse the impromptu invitation. Just put on any old thing and come along. If we don't like it, we can go to the movies."

Of course, it was a perfectly silly invitation, but Jimmy's high spirits are so infectious and his dancing so divine that I decided to forego the beauty sleep until next week.

We got down there about 10, and I had certainly followed Jimmy's directions and put on my old thing, thinking that as it was a charity affair nobody would look particularly well. The first girl I saw was Doris Moore, and she had on one of the prettiest gowns I have seen this season.

and gold dress accentuated this to a point of distraction, to judge by some of her admirers. The bodice of the gown was made of white pussy willow taffeta on the simplest lines you can imagine.

The skirt was caught up in front by another cluster of the daisies, forming a sort of pointed tunic, so popular in Lucille's newest models. A little portion of taffeta hung in back, and the bottom of the skirt was kept in place by a heavy cord of metallic gold.

We had a pretty good time, although charity seems to mangle a multitude of shins. In spite of Jimmy's dancing, my feet were sore, and I was glad I had followed his purely masculine advice and worn an ancient gown.

Advertisement for Centemeri Gloves, featuring an illustration of a woman's hands and text describing the quality and price of the gloves.

At the Women's Clubs

The College Club will give a reception to President and Mrs. H. M. MacCracken, of Vassar College, on Saturday evening.

The Democracy of Education and Vocational Training will be the subject of a discussion at the Hathaway Shakespeare Club on Friday afternoon.

The Woman's Club, Morton and Rutledge will hold a meeting on Friday, March 26, at 3 o'clock, when Mrs. George A. Pierson, vice president of the State Federation, will address the members of the club.

A lecture on Japan will be given by Mrs. Elizabeth R. Coleman, of Yokohama, to members of the Woman Writers' Club, on Friday night, March 26. A dance has been arranged by this club, to be given at the New Century Drawing Rooms on Friday evening, April 2.

In the Kitchen

The girl who is starting to keep house nowadays has the advantage over her grandmother in many ways, particularly in the excellent equipment which she can get for her kitchen.

The amateur cake baker can get a set of molds which have been gotten up by some skillful manufacturer, to simplify the labor of baking day. The entire set consists of one loaf and two layer molds, either round or square, as fancy dictates, a measuring cup and an egg whip.

The doctor laughed and handed the girl over to his sister. "Feed her as you would a prize lamb," he said. "I want to cut up that tip-titled nose of hers about Friday."

"She?" Alice Wilde cast a quick glance at Diana. Diana rewarded her with a vivid blush, the second one since her chance of costume.

Hints for the Home Dressmaker

How to Make the Peasant Blouse The lowly peasants of the countries now at war have given to American women a fashion which is absolutely unique—that is, the peasant blouse.

The apron is shaped from 10 inches at the top to 15 at the bottom. It is attached to the bodice by means of a regulation waistband, which extends out from under the V-point at the front of the bodice.

Smart gowns in this most attractive and novel style are made in taffeta and lace combinations. One seen recently had a skirt of heavy faille in Prussian blue, with an apron of Chantilly lace, bonnet with a rope of the faille.

The Serviceable Apron Most convenient work aprons are made by turning up the bottom on the right side to form a generous pocket, stitching once up the centre to hold in place. When setting the house in order in the morning, these aprons save many steps.

CHILDREN'S CORNER JACK FROST FORGETS SOMETHING

JACK FROST stopped on his journey northward and looked around him. "I have a funny feeling," he said to himself, "a very funny feeling."

"What's that you are saying?" asked the north wind, who was traveling with him. "Seems to me I heard you talking."

"Oh, I was just talking to myself," replied Jack Frost coolly. "I said I felt as though I had forgotten something."

"I often feel that way," said the north wind by way of comfort, "and generally when I feel that way, I find I have really forgotten something. I expect we better go back and look before we go any further north."

"Oh, do you think so?" asked Jack Frost, "well, maybe we had, but I was looking forward to resting up in your nice cool home by the north pole." He switched himself about and headed southward.

"That's one trouble about this change-of-season business. We so soon start north than something makes us turn around and go back south again. I'm sorry I said anything about my feelings. I do want to get to where I'm sure that horrid south wind can't find me."

He spluttered and snorted, but he turned south just the same and the old north wind paid no attention to his fussing—he was used to Jack Frost.

"Together they traveled southward many a mile. They blew along as fast as ever they could, so fast that the people turned up their collars and locked their doors and shut their eyes on their feet, and after they had gone a long way