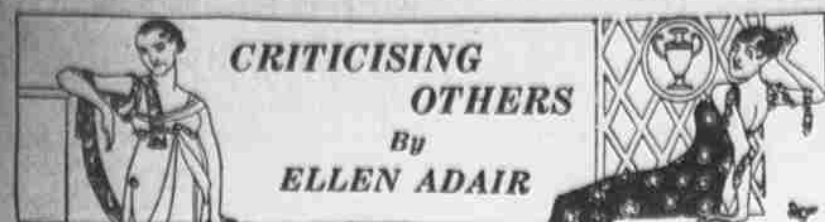


## WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—NEW FASHIONS AND PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS



## CRITICISING OTHERS

By ELLEN ADAIR

## Idle Gossip About One's Neighbors

While it is true that gossip can be a very delightful and interesting thing, quite harmless and innocent, this rule does not always hold good, and will be found to be the exception rather than the rule. For, on investigation, it will be discovered that the piece of gossip which is related with the greatest gusto, listened to with the keenest relish and, generally speaking, triumphantly trumpeted around the houses of our best friends, isn't the simple, harmless little tale that it ought to be, but something quite spiteful and altogether uncharitable. For charity and the best bits of gossip don't go hand in hand. Upon the contrary, they haven't even a bowing acquaintance with each other. And small wonder, either, that it should be so, when one hears the gossip! For envy, malice and all uncharitableness lie therein.

The best-hearted people do love to hear gossip, too; that is the curious part of it. One would imagine that they are above such petty things, that their broad-mindedness would rise superior to such trivialities. But nothing of the sort. They may be charitable in their judgments, they may decline to believe a gossip story—but at the same time they take the keenest interest in the recital thereof.

Another curious thing about the circulation of gossip is its lightning growth. Why, the proverbial beetle of the old fairy tales, which grew to such heights in a single night, was nothing compared to the tall stories one frequently hears.

And oh, how these stories do grow! They don't need one single night in which to assume gigantic proportions. One single hour is enough. I have even known record cases of lightning growth in 10 minutes. And that is certainly "going some."

For instance, Mrs. Smith is new to a certain neighborhood. She is therefore the cynosure of all eyes therein. It behooves the aforementioned neighborhood to keep an eagle watch on Mrs. Smith, the newcomer, and also on her timid little husband, the worthy Mr. Smith. It is a mystery why this should be the case, and why each and every neighborhood should constitute itself a small detective agency, suspecting the worst of every newcomer. But such appears to be the rule.

One morning Mr. Smith does not appear in his usual wild dash to catch the 8:30 train into town. Nor does he make any effort over the later trains either. The feminine portion of the neighborhood is greatly exercised in mind as to what can have happened to the peaceful, law-abiding Smith family.

## "MOVING DAY"

## Helpful Hints From the Housekeeper

To most people moving day is a nightmare—a time when everything and everybody is dirty and bad temper the order of the day. And yet moving into a new home is like entering on the beginning of a new year. You always hope that better luck, greater happiness or perhaps better health is awaiting you. Then why let the actual moving upset you so? There is a lot in planning out a little program beforehand, which if adhered to should ease all annoyance, discomfort and difficulty in moving. I propose to do a little planning.

First, as soon as you have settled the date, fix on your mover. Most removal firms will give you an estimate free, and it is wise to get three or four estimates from various movers, but be warned by one who has had experience that the lowest estimate is not always the cheapest.

Take it as a golden rule that you must leave all your dirt, dust and rubbish behind and start with everything clean. Toward this end do your utmost to get every bit of linoleum or carpet laid down in your new home before your furniture is moved in. Many people object to this because of "the men's dirty boots," but at the worst it only means a washing of the carpet, and in the case of linoleum, a good brushing and a good mopping afterward. If the carpets are laid after you move in it means so much shifting of furniture that you despair of ever getting it straight.

Another helpful hint is to measure each room carefully, so that you can plan beforehand exactly where your big furniture is to go. This will save you endless trouble afterward.

Now a word about moving out. Scrub and clean every piece of furniture you own before you move. Take out every drawer and scrub it, as well as the frame-work. Then relime every drawer with clean brown paper, and they are ready to receive your clothes. If you have to do this when in the new home you will get that hopeless feeling again.

Clean all pictures before you move. Many people say "Don't," as the glasses have to be washed again after the move. True, but it is astonishing how much dirt will accumulate on pictures, even if they are dusted regularly. Brush and dust and scrub this off in the old house, and you will then have surface dust and finger prints to wash off in the new.

A number of removal firms will bring packing cases and pack the goods themselves, but if not, get some boxes yourself and pack all the smaller articles, including kitchen utensils. This will save time on moving-day. Also, as you pack each box, label it, describing its contents, such as "Dining room chairs," "Kitchen utensils," "Books," and so on.

On the day you move, order the men as early as possible. Eight o'clock is not too early if you have a fair distance to go and want to get nicely settled before nightfall.

When the men once arrive your work is far as moving out is over. When they have finished loading up, your best plan is to get straightway to your new house and there be in readiness to superintend the moving-in when the van arrives.

A tip to the men is money well spent and hard earned, for the men will work far more willingly and good-temperedly, and will save you a great deal of trouble by carrying out every little task as quickly as possible.

Stand at the door yourself and direct each man as he comes in with a piece of furniture, which room it is to go into, and have somebody inside the house mark the spot where to set down the various pieces of furniture in their allotted rooms.

I have endeavored to show that moving may be a very pleasant task, if not a pleasant one, if it is done in the right way.

Toward midday a man is seen to go into the modest abode of the Smiths. Descriptions concerning him vary as the enthusiasm of the neighborhood varies, but all are certain he was a fearsome-looking personage and that he boded ill to the unfortunate Smiths.

About an hour later, Mr. and Mrs. Smith come forth in company with the strange man, and Mr. Smith has a wild and hunted look. There is a bandage round part of his face, too. The neighborhood is thrilled to the core. Surely this is clear evidence of a struggle of some sort! A look of agonized sorrow, of anguish, is surely imprinted on the rather commonplace features of Mrs. Smith. There is a tragedy here.

The odd trio walk rapidly in the direction of the station. Mr. Smith in the center with his hand up to his face.

"Poor fellow, he doesn't want us to see him," the neighborhood decides. "It looks as if he had done something! Who can that strange man leading him by the arm be?"

And so the story grows and grows. By early afternoon it has assumed gigantic proportions. Poor Mr. Smith, there are few crimes he hasn't been accused of! For some declare that he is an escaped criminal, and that only after a dreadful struggle has the gallant plain-clothes detective man collared him, while others maintain that he is an escaped lunatic, whose keeper has just tracked him to his new abode.

All sorts of interesting additions and queer details come to light, until the story is so thrilling that it ought to be handed down to posterity in the form of a blood-and-thunder romance.

But at night, when Mr. and Mrs. Smith come home together arm in arm, smiling and apparently quite happy, the neighborhood stands at its doors and behind its windows perplexed. What can have happened to bring about this peaceful ending?

And when they learn that poor Mr. Smith had been suffering all the previous night with a dreadful toothache, and that Mrs. Smith had insisted on telephoning to a young doctor-friend to come around and diagnose the case, they are sadly disappointed. For the trip up to town in company with the doctor-friend was evidently only for the sole reason and intent of having the unruly member removed.

And many, many hectic tales end in this very prosaic way, proving the folly and the insanity of this incessant gossip about one's neighbors.



## 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 J. E. DeKath, 821 North 10th St., Norristown, Pa., for the following suggestion:  
In varnishing a stairway that has to be used continually, a good plan is to oil the alternate steps, allowing these to dry thoroughly before doing the others. It simply necessitates stepping on every other step and gives a good chance for the oil to become thoroughly dried out before doing the remaining alternate steps.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Charles E. Howard, 1434 8th St., Santa Monica, Cal., for the following suggestion:  
Here is a recipe for yeast: Take two marsh potatoes, one tablespoonful of flour, 4 cup sugar, 1/4 cups of boiling water and one yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water. Let this stand in a warm place 24 hours, then put it in a fruit jar. A half pint will make three loaves of bread, and your bread will be perfectly sweet.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. S. Casey, 3115 Spring street, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:  
Bonnet strings make a nice gift for the new baby. As they sell so easily, a half-dozen made of lawn, some hemstitched, others finished with narrow lace or embroidery, will be much appreciated by the baby's mother. These should be finished with snap fasteners, so they may be changed easily.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Gladys Barnett, P. O. Box 328, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:  
Begin about April 1 to put your fur away. Put each piece in the sun for two or three hours, and sprinkle with coarse black pepper. Wrap each fur separately in newspapers. Put the packages away in a box and scatter moth balls among them. The large tin cracker boxes are absolutely impregnable and are fine for muffs, gloves and neckpieces.

## Desire

O beauty, passing beauty! Sweetest sweet! How canst thou let me waste my youth in sighs?

I only ask to sit beside thy feet.

Thou knowest I dare not look into thine eyes.

Might I but kiss thy hand, I dare not fold.

My arms about thee, scarcely dare to speak.

And nothing seems to me so wild and bold,

As with one kiss to touch thy blessed cheek.

But were I loved, as I desire to be,

What is there in the great sphere of the earth,

And range of evil between death and birth,

That I should fear, were I loved by thee?

—Tennyson.

## Economy Hint

Make enough cornmeal mush one day to serve for three or four if fried.

## When Cooking Fruit

Winter fruits which need cooking are most wholesome cooked without sugar.

## The Daily Story

## Dollars and Sense

When Samuel Wexford departed this life by the aid of a disease with an over-long name and seven attending specialists, he left to his nephew and namesake his entire fortune, which, since Uncle Samuel was a prudent as well as a close-mouthed man, was far more than any one had ever dreamed he possessed.

Young Sam Wexford, sitting in a shabby little office, waiting for clients, which somehow seemed prone to overlook his legal ability, nearly fell over when he received the news. But, having picked up the ink bottle which he had overturned in his excitement, read the brief message once more, stuck the point of a paper knife into his arm to make sure this was not some absurd dream, and found from the pain of it that he was really awake, he took up his hat and rushed off to Margaret North.

Margaret lived in the suburbs, so Sam fished in his pockets, found he had just about enough to take a taxi out, hailed one, climbed in, and all the way out to Rosemont he made the chauffeur's life miserable by sticking his head out the window and begging for more speed.

It was a warm May afternoon. Margaret sat on the porch of the house embrodering, or maybe she was darning her father's socks.

"Why, Sammy Wexford!" she cried, dropping the embroidery—or the socks—and gazing at him with marked disapproval. "What on earth do you mean, coming out here at this time of day, and in a taxi?"

Sam lumbered up the steps, and, despite the fact that the taxi chauffeur as well as several of the neighbors on their front porches could see quite plainly, he caught Margaret in his arms.

"Hang the clients, hang the law, hang everything!" bawled Sam. "We don't have to wait any longer. We can be married today. My Uncle Sam has just died in Colorado, and left me millions and millions of dollars."

Margaret managed to wriggle from his too ardent embrace. Severely she smoothed down her hair, and severely she bade the exuberant Sammy sit down in a chair.

"Read this!" He handed out the telegram which was the cause of his seeming insanity.

Margaret read it and gasped. "Goodness, you're a rich man, Sammy," said she.

"I should worry now," said he. "Put on your bonnet and shawl and we'll go back in the taxi and be married."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," said she.

"Huh!" said Sammy, quite floored by her tone. "Well, why not?"

She did not answer at once. Before she finally spoke she took a deep breath. It came forth as a sigh.

"This may change your whole life, Sammy," said she. "This fortune may change your whole outlook on life. It has happened before. I want to be sure you know your mind and are not doing anything from impulse. Therefore, we'll let you try for a year being a rich man before we marry."

"Huh!" said Sammy again. "Oh, I say, Margaret—"

But Margaret was obdurate. Long and fluently did Sammy Wexford argue for immediate marriage.

"You try out your riches for a year first," she held out firmly. "You may have all these dollars, but I have sense. You wait and see."

At 8 that evening Sammy left her, angry, hurt, amazed at her attitude. He walked glumly back to town, muttering to himself all the way as he went.

"She says with all this money I may meet some other girl. She says she doesn't intend for me to make any mistakes I'm going to be sorry for," he complained bitterly to himself as he went along. "And I wanted to be married and go abroad at once. Darn it, who ever heard of such foolishness? Another girl, hey?"

Sammy stopped and caught his breath. Then he fell to slapping his knee and laughing immoderately.

"I should worry!" observed Sammy. "Sammy did not go to the North's again for some time. Indeed, it was a month before he appeared. In the meantime rumor was linking Sammy Wexford's name with the beautiful and wealthy Miss Carruthers, daughter of the street railway magnate. Strangely enough, Sammy himself seemed to enjoy the rumors; nor did he deny them; nor did he hesitate to be seen much in Miss Carruthers' society."

On this second afternoon Sammy went out to the North's again he did not go in a taxi. He went in his own six-cylinder car, with a liveried chauffeur on the front seat beside him.

He drew up with a flourish at the North's. Margaret was again plying the needle on the porch. Sammy got out of the car with great dignity. Also he walked sedately up the porch.

"What a long time since you've been here," said she.

Sammy said he had been very busy.

"At the Country Club?" she asked.

"Quite so," said Sammy with heavy portent.

"I—er—say, Margaret," said he at length. "I want to thank you for what you did for me when I was here last time. That little matter of not letting me lose my head, you know."

Margaret looked a little frightened.

"Er—hang it! I don't know just how to put it," said he, "but it was mighty fine of you to—make me realize what riches really meant, you know. I—er—"

Oh, yes, I knew you didn't know your own mind then," she said lightly. "I thought it would make a difference. Are you trying to tell me about Miss Carruthers and yourself?"

"Er—yes. Quite so," said Sammy ponderously. "We're engaged, you know. I thought you'd want to be the first to—er—congratulate me."

"I do," said she with forced warmth.

"Thank you," said Sammy. "I wanted you to know and to thank you—er—you understand. I must run along now. Good by."

The car whizzed away. But at the first corner it stopped and Sammy got out. He dodged through a yard, shot across an open field, and came by a flank movement to the porch. He tipped up to it. Behind the vines he heard unrestrained sobbing. It seemed to be a sound he desired, for he grinned broadly, and then bounded up the steps. In a minute he had her, struggling, in his arms.

"Cut it out, dear, cut it out," he was pleading. "I'm not engaged to Miss Carruthers. I never was and never will be. I wanted to throw a scare into you."

"You have," she sobbed.

"So you've got sense at last, have you? Well, will you marry me right away?" he urged.

"Any time, Sammy," she wept contritely on his shoulder.

## For Soft Vegetables

When a vegetable has lost its firmness, soak it in very cold water until it is crisp and plump.

## Firm Custard

If boiling milk is poured on the beaten eggs when making baked custard, it will bake very firm.

## Tender Meat

A pinch of baking soda put into the water when cooking tough meat or fowl will make it tender.



## A DEMI-TOILETTE OF UNIQUE DESIGN

## Tomorrow's Menu

"We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers and the melons and the leeks and the onions and the garlic."—Bible.

BREAKFAST.  
Baked Bananas.  
Cereal and Cream.  
Broiled Shad.  
Graham Bread. Coffee.

DINNER.  
Roast Beef.  
Browned Potatoes.  
Asparagus Tips.  
Cucumber Salad.  
Coffee Ice Cream.

LUNCHEON.  
Oyster Omelet.  
Graham Bread Sandwiches.  
Cream Cheese.  
Cocoanut Cake. Oranges and Apples.

Baked bananas—Remove the skin and all the fibre from ripe bananas and put them, one for each person, in a baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar and add a little water and bake for half an hour. When serving, pour the juice of an orange over a dishful of bananas.

Coffee ice cream—Two cupfuls of boiled custard, add half a cupful of strong coffee, half a cupful of rich milk and sugar to taste and freeze.

Oyster omelet—Beat five eggs, without separating, until they are light and creamy and then add half a cupful of cream. Pour into an omelet pan and add a dozen oysters, each cut in quarters, and seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown the omelet evenly and serve very hot.

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(Copyright 1915.)

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A PRETTY TAILORED BLOUSE

There are very few of the newest blouses which do not show a touch of black on them somewhere, whether it be on the collar and cuffs, at the throat or embroidered on the sleeves. The most attractive blouses are trimmed very simply. Novelty buttons and velvet bands at the neck take the place of the elaborately lace-trimmed creations of last season. The valencienne insertions and accordion plaited ruffings which used to worry the home laundress are gone forever. Sheerness of fabrics and elegance of line have successfully replaced all the unnecessary grandeur of those days.

One dainty little blouse is made of the season's favorite material—Georgette crepe. The embroidery is done in black floss in the attractive shadow stitch. This looks something like outline stitch on the outside, and shows through the thin blouse in a very pretty manner. Fleishpink embroidery is combined with this. The high collar is held in place by narrow soutache braid, which ties at the throat. This is finished off with two of the buttons which close the front of the blouse. A vest effect is given to the blouse by the small tucks which are to be seen in the front. The cuffs are fastened to the rest of the sleeve by means of a tiny row of hemstitching. The whole thing is so charmingly simple that it needs very little trimming.

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## A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

## An Attractive Frock

I stopped in to see Elinor today as I was returning from my morning tramp. I love to take a stroll of two or three miles these nice mornings, it makes you feel so fine. Imagine my surprise to see my blase friend sitting at the breakfast table, a letter in her hand, and weeping copiously.

"Why, Elinor, what in the world is the matter with you? What are you crying about?" I asked.

"I have just got an invitation from the Van Aldens to spend the Easter holidays with them at the shore. They are going to give a big house party, and that's not bad enough, but they've asked George Dallas for me, and I haven't a thing to wear," she wailed.

I was terribly tempted to laugh, but I finally succeeded in coaxing her into a street costume, and we started for the shops. The first gown we spied restored her spirits entirely. It was so handsome I wanted it myself, only I remembered

what a case Elinor and George had once, and decided not to be a cat.

It—the dress, I mean—was one of these transparent black things, which set off Elinor's lovely neck and shoulders to perfection. The bodice was formed by means of a wonderfully colored band of taffeta, in a dull gold shade, embroidered with cut-steel, purple, blue and deep red beads. Bands of jet outlined the sleeves and finished off the corsage.

The skirt was one of those attractive bird-cage models which every one is wearing this season. It was made entirely of coarse black net, laid on in sort of tiers, with hemstitching in between, flaring out for yards and yards around the bottom, and lined with soft black satin. It was very short, too, almost as much so, Elinor thought. But I reminded her of George, and she bought it on the spot. I don't know what happened between them before, but I'm sure he'll succumb this time. We are going to shop some more tomorrow.

## AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

## Street Suits and Sport Coats

The spring suits are already beginning to change in style, and differ so radically from the advance models that the woman who has taken her time about making her decision will probably not regret it. For instance, there are a great many white suits being shown at this time. Corduroy, serges, gabardines, moires, etc., are seen in all styles in the stores, and even appear on the street.

A very attractive white polo cloth sports coat was made large enough to fit over the street suit, for auto wear. It had broad patch pockets on each side of the coat, which was cut three-quarter length, flaring out, of course, at the bottom. Revers finished off the shawl collar in front, and these were reversible, buttoning up close to the chin when necessary. The price was \$19.75. This also came in moss green, peau de chamois, and white corduroy at the same price.

Another handsome suit was made of battiship gray gabardine, with a deep blue collar and embroidered motifs on the pointed coat. This pointed effect, by the way, is seen on everything. The skirt was made with a panel of plaits in front and back, and it sold for \$45.

One good-looking suit was shown by a large Market street store, and attracted much attention. It was a Highland plaid, in navy blue and green, with a short coat of blue silk poplin. The coat was so abbreviated that it was scarcely visible, except for the beaded tussels which accented the drape at the back. A dainty collar of white chiffon was placed over the silk collar on the coat. The skirt was made of the plaid and very full, with a slit on each side showing the plaited blue material. Eylets and outions in bright green bone ornamented the skirt. A smart white satin vesting hung loosely from the inside of the coat, and the whole suit was stunning. The price was \$59.

A striking suit for seashore wear was made of navy blue poplin, with trimmings of Japanese silk, with a rather long coat, cut on very plain lines, and plaited in the back. A rope of the poplin accentuated the high waistline, and the collars and cuffs of Japanese silk were very pretty. Large motifs in blue upon a white ground were the chief or-

nementation. The suit was plain and elegant and the price was \$45.

A mannish-looking street suit for the mannish type of girl sold for \$39.75. The coat was the new Prince Chap style, in a very large black-and-white check material. The bottom of the coat, cuffs, lapels and collar were outlined with binding of black silk braid. The skirt was wide, with a decided flare at the bottom. For country wear this would be excellent.

A Chestnut street shop is showing one of the handsomest suits seen this season. It is made of dark solid blue gabardine, with embroideries in silver. The high military collar, flared cuffs, long coat and pockets on the skirt are all outlined with silver. The price was \$42.50.

## Special Little Pig Easter Hams

Sweet, tender hams, medium size. Delicious for roasting or broiling. 18c lb.

## GENUINE IRISH BACON

From the most noted curer in Ireland. By the whole strip 40c lb. Sliced 43c lb.

## SPECIAL EASTER BACON

Prepared for Mitchell, Fletcher & Co. Just fat enough to cook deliciously crisp. 25c lb.

## EASTER NOVELTIES

Chocolate eggs with rich creamy centers and imported chocolate covering. No extra charge for writing names. 5c to 50c each. Decorated eggs, 7c to \$1.00 each.

## HOT CROSS BUNS.

Fresh daily at each of our stores. Per doz. 12c.

## CHEESE IN PRIME CONDITION

This highly nutritious food should be on the menu of every household.

Your particular Cheese—Foreign or Domestic—you will find in prime condition—our Cheese counters.

PARK FARM (very rich—mild) .....30c lb.