

PRACTICAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS—FASHIONABLE FANCIES AND SHOPPING BARGAINS



THE COMING OF SPRING By ELLEN ADAIR

Springtime and Happiness

April is here, and with it comes the spring. And, although volumes and volumes have been written about the wonder and the glory and the eternal thrill of each new spring, the story never seems to grow old.

And everybody is gloriously happy. For it is spring time, and how can you possibly be anything else than happy under the circumstances? Springtime in Scotland is an enchantment all its own. It is a very bracing, breezy, rainy, wind-swept and sometimes icy enchantment!

In every country of the world each spring arrives with the same sort of glory and wonder. And yet there is a difference, too. The English spring is glorious. Out in the country the hedges are a mass of vivid green, the birds are nesting in the trees and caroling their hearts out in an ecstasy of song.

In London, spring is very wonderful, too. There is something intoxicating about it. The days are long and the light is very clear. There is a sort of thrill in the air, a kind of electricity that is hard to define. The women are all wearing their smartest clothes.

Beside the Round Pond, the little boys are sailing their miniature yachts, and the little girls are feeding the ducks very carefully with crumbs of bread, and those delicious things known as cookies, and odd little cakes.

THE DAILY STORY

Her Little Plot

Half the people that attended the funeral of Deacon Gordon's wife were watching to see how he bore up under the trying circumstances. It is always that way at a village funeral.

The deacon shed no tears. His chin didn't quiver. He didn't look as if it was the end of all things with him. There were those who criticized him, but it was old Mrs. Goodhue who abashed them by saying:

"I dunno about that. A sasser of tea will stop over a heap quicker'n a wash-tub full of water."

"The deacon's daughter and her husband had come to the funeral. Between their getting home from the services and the evening meal very little was said, but at the table the daughter observed:

"Well, pa, you are going to feel awful lonesome."

"I shall, Hanner."

"Been married a long time."

"Over 20 years."

"And she was a good wife."

"The best in the world."

"But you'll have to marry again," put in the son-in-law.

"No, sir—never!"

"Yes, and I'll hire a housekeeper. Cephas, you and Hanner just listen while I say that I hope I may never go to heaven if I take another wife!"

In that same village of Dawson dwelt the Widow Hastings. She was past 40, well thought of, and the world had got through saying she would marry again if she got the chance. She had known the deacon and his wife for many years. She was sorry for his loss.

Mrs. Hastings had lost a good husband, a husband who, but after his death she hadn't said that if she ever took another she hoped never to go to heaven. A wise woman does not tie herself up in that uncalled-for manner. The most she will say is that it is a sad loss to her.

The first housekeeper had to go and another came. One day when the widow ran over she was told that the deacon drank a whole quart of milk every night with his supper. That evening, when the good man poured out his milk and took a swig of it, he shouted at the cook:

"By thunder, are you trying to poison me?"

Springtime in Paris! The words have an ecstatic ring! Dear, light-hearted, beautiful Paris! Out in the little cafes the tables are being laid for Monsieur and Madame, and there is no manner of doubt that Monsieur and Madame will turn up! For spring in Paris is very gay as well as very beautiful.

One cannot help being optimistic in the spring. Only the very bitter heart can keep from rejoicing. For when everything around is smiling and lovely, when everything is waiting to exquisite beauty and to new life and love, happiness springs afresh in the human heart.

The lighter side of life comes in with the spring, too. We feel childishly ready to be amused, foolishly glad over nothing at all. Things that would have passed unnoticed or that even might have annoyed us before are matters for entertainment now. They divert us.

Reminiscences are always delightful and mysterious and alluring. Therein lies the whole secret and charm of the spring. For to every one comes the idea of a fresh start, the need for putting forth one's strongest effort, the desire for doing one's best and particularly of seizing happiness for one's own. It isn't difficult to be happy in the springtime, somehow. And happiness is the very essence of life.



A SMART EVENING FROCK FOR THE YOUNG GIRL

A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Dainty Dance Frock

Elinor wrote me a long letter today, and told me all the gossip from Atlantic City. She seems to be having a wonderful time, and there can be no doubt as to the reason. George Dallas is more than attentive, and I know she is just crazy about him. I wonder how long it will be before he proposes?

The first night at the shore was rather quiet, Elinor says. Everybody in the house party sat around, played auction, roamed the boardwalk with a devoted slave, or cultivated one in case of a rainy day. The next evening the Van Aldens took all their guests to the Yacht Club to a little dance they had arranged.

Elinor wore her new peach blow gown, and while she didn't say so, I'm sure she was the belle of the evening.

The peach blow gown, as we call it, is made of satin finished charmeuse, in that lovely yellow-pink shade which early peaches have. Light pastel shades, such as Nile green, mauve, canary yellow and baby blue, are the rage this year, in evening gowns, especially. All the exclusive shops are showing the most exquisite models in these colorings, which nearly rival white in popularity.

This little dress of Elinor's is an imported gown, the first one she has had from Paris this year. It is in the old-fashioned style of our grandmothers, with a basque waist, and full skirt, only a rather modern version of the two.

The bodice falls low upon the shoulders, and the basque has two tiny points in front. A touch of fulness is given to the severely plain line of the blouse by a rope of the material, which extends down each side to the front. The skirt is French in every detail, and has just enough simplicity and elegance about it to be effective. A softly draped tulle of the peach blow charmeuse is caught up here and there by a large pink tulle rose, with a deeper centre of rose color, and a tinner one of gold tissue inside. The petticoat underneath is made of charmingly light, in a rich cream color with loops of palest blue satin ribbons on the foundation. The pretty thing about the skirt was the effect of careless grace in the drapery, as if it had been lightly picked up, and the tiny petticoat showed beneath it.

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Seasonable Hats

Hats are more or less conservative in design this season, and the popularity of the severely tailored sailor model seems to be growing, now that women are beginning to buy their second hats. First hats are seldom indicative of the season's fashion, and the newer fashions have begun to make their appearance.

A very attractive sailor shape in white satin is made with a triple brim of soft chiffon, quilled to give a touch of piquancy to the fair wearer's face. A black and white fancy is used on the front of the hat, and a black novelty ribbon encircles the rather deep crown. The price is \$5.

A neat sailor of lemonade straw—so-called because the hat is actually made of split lemonade straws, woven together—is made in midnight blue, with a gros-grain bandeau around the crown and a cockade in front. This is very tailored looking, and wears particularly well. The price is \$5.

Tricorne shapes are almost as common as sailors, and a striking model in black and white was seen in a small shop the other day. The straw of which the hat was made is called Pinafore straw, a sort of rough straw, with stripes on it, and a large white wing decorated one side. There was no other trimming on the hat, and the price was \$5.

One of the large stores was having a sale, at which some of the most extraordinary bargains in hats were to be seen. For \$2.50 you could get a large hat, with a wide brim of Georgette crepe, in ciel blue and a straw crown. The color of the crown was light tan, and small daisies to match this were veiled between the double brims of the transparent brim.

Another fetching hat at the same price was a close fitting toque in black smooth straw, with Copenhagen blue daisies placed at the top of the rather high crown, and a band of the new silk millinery ribbon encircling the crown. This turned up in front at a very quaint angle, and would be an ideal hat for ordinary or auto wear.

A tailored hat of rather unique design was made of Pinafore straw, in black and white with an emerald green moire facing. This was, like most of the tailored hats of this season, a variation of the sailor shape, and had pleasant feathers on the top and underneath, as if they had pierced the brim and come through. The price was \$15.

Advertisement for 'CELESTE' shoes by Niederman. The ad features an illustration of a high-heeled shoe and text describing its features: 'This chic little pump has created a sensation among smart women. It has the distinguished grace of line and the "good feel" that demand the highest skill in designing and making.' The price is listed as '\$4 to \$6'. The store is located at 930 Chestnut and Branches.

Auf Wiedersehen
The little gate was reached at last. Half hid in blades down the lane. She pushed it wide, and as she passed, A wistful look she backward cast. And said, "Auf wiedersehen."

With hand on latch, a violin white, Lingered reluctant, and again Half doubting if she did aright. Soft as the dew that fell that night, She said, "Auf wiedersehen."

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair, I linger in delicious pain. Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air, To breathe in thought I scarcely dare, Yet held us tenderly apart.

'Tis 12 years, since more I press The turf that alienates the lane, I hear the rustle of her dress, I smell the lilacs, and ah, yes, I hear, "Auf wiedersehen."

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art! The English words had seemed too faint, But these, they drew us heart to heart. Yet held us tenderly apart. She said, "Auf wiedersehen."

—James Russell Lowell.

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.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to E. E. W., 2022 North 12th street, for the following suggestion:
A suggestion to clean floors of oilcloth or linoleum. Use kerosene oil in the water. About a cupful in a bucket of water will clean, brighten, and preserve the flooring. The part to be cleaned should be wet thoroughly with the water and oil, wring the cloth tightly and dry well. It should be thoroughly dried, so as not to leave any streaks. This will save you labor, as well as protecting the hands.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. S. D. Tagge, 108 Pennsylvania Building, for the following suggestion:
For velvet that has become rain-spotted, steam the whole surface to make the shade even; do not brush before steaming. The velvet will look darker at first, but it will become lighter in the open air.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. G. W. A., 137 Manheim street, for the following suggestion:
Purchase two white linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, gentleman's size, and whip together by means of a strip of heading. This leaves the ends of the scarf partly trimmed, with the exception of the edges. Buy enough lace to full prettily down each end and down the front. Run ribbon through the heading, and you have a dainty bureau scarf.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. John F. Johnson, 509 Independence avenue, for the following suggestion:
In order to keep cheese in good condition for some time, put it in a stone crock and cover it with salt. It will not mold or grow hard, but will be fine for grating purposes for some time.



SOME GIRLS I HAVE KNOWN

By a Confirmed Bachelor

The "Jolly Good Fellow"

Yes, she was homely-looking, there was no doubt of that. I thought so then, and I think so still. But at one time I liked her immensely.

Her name was Wilhelmina, but her intimates called her "Bill." And somehow the name fitted her. For she was large, and generous, and good-natured, and she didn't care two pins about her dress or her appearance. Not she! She'd turn up at a party (she always hated parties, by the way) in some weather-beaten, manish suit and heavy boots. But then she was so bright and breezy that one didn't think about her clothes or her looks, somehow.

I remember the first time I met Bill. The occasion was one of those wretched afternoon receptions, when every one sits around aimlessly, drinks gallons of tea or coffee, and gossips.

"A detestable affair, isn't it?" said a deep voice at my elbow.

I turned sharply about, and beheld a large and decidedly plain-looking dame, consuming unlimited muffins with an air of utter boredom.

"A crowd of silly women makes me want to scream," she continued confidentially. "You don't mind my talking to you, do you? Any old port in a storm, you know! Oh, I beg your pardon! Somehow I always do put my foot in it. Curious, isn't it? But I really should like to talk to you."

I intimated that the pleasure was mutual, and we embarked in conversational waters.

Bill gave me a good many pointers about herself. She was 25 years of age, it transpired, and in no wise ashamed to admit the fact.

"Modern girls are so silly about their ages," she declared. "But then I haven't much time for the modern girl, have you?"

"No, I have not," I answered solemnly. And I meant it. For this meeting with the bright and breezy Bill followed close on the heels of some unfortunate love affairs. Where the modern maid was concerned, I was then a disillusioned man.

After that, Bill and I met quite frequently. She had no scruples about ping-pong me up on the telephone, and making numerous "dates" with me. There was nothing early-Victorian or bashful about Bill. Quite the reverse, in fact.

It appeared she was crazy about Sport (Sport with a capital S, please note). So I used to play up, and pretend that I was equally enthusiastic. Yes, I was deceitful—and deceit met with its own reward, too—unfortunately for me.

For Bill invited me out to her father's country home for a week-end. "You're so crazy about horses and sport in general, Old Top," she said, affectionately, "that I can promise you a corking time!" It was a corking time. Never shall I forget that awful week-end. The house was filled with a crowd of gay spirits, but Bill was the wisest of all. "Bright, Breezy and Bracing," her father called her. But those dreadful pranks of hers kept me in a constant ferment.

"John, you told me you were crazy about horses," said she, "so you and I will have a gallop across country this morning. I've an old racer that will suit you down to the ground."

It was a case of "down to the ground," of course. The wonder was that he didn't break my neck. And how Bill did laugh when he flung me at the very first fence! "I thought you were quite a horseman, John!" she gurgled delightedly.

Then she insisted that I play ice-hockey. "You told me that you loved to skate, John," she murmured, as she skinned the ice at lightning speed. "Can't you go a little faster than that? Try to catch me."

I did try, and of course it wasn't the very slightest use! Now, whether Bill really intended to lure me to that hole in the ice or not, I do not know. But I do suspect her.

"Look out for the hole!" she cried suddenly. "Lean to the left!"

But I was no adept on skates. I could not pull round in time, and the inevitable happened. I floundered right in. The water was only a foot deep, it's true—but it was quite enough to soak me from head to foot. I felt a fool—and what is worse, I looked a fool!

I never really liked Bill after that disastrous week-end. And somehow, the slinky, breezy, good-fellow type of girl no longer has any charms for me!

Advertisement for Centemeri Gloves. The ad features a logo and text: 'Centemeri Gloves. Acquire in the fullest sense of the word. The Sextette of Fashion. "Capitol" \$1.25, "Jesse" 1.50, "Alberta" 1.65, "Florine" 2.00, "Baudette" 2.25, "Felder" 2.50. 1223 Chestnut Street GLOVES EXCLUSIVELY.'

Large advertisement for HALLAHAN'S shoes. The ad features the brand name 'HALLAHAN'S' in large letters, an illustration of a walking club shoe and a challenge shoe, and text: 'If You Are Looking for Youngsters' Shoes That Will Give You Your Best Money's Worth— Shoes of good class, that fit well, that will stand the hardest knocks—here they are— Walking Club For Girls Challenge For Boys The very best workmanship is put into them. They are made of the very highest grade leathers. They are shaped for the correct fitting and proper development of growing feet. In sturdy gunmetal, dressy patent leather with cloth or kid tops, and the new tans. \$2 and \$2.50. A full stock of sizes ready again in the world-famous Boy Scout Shoes—\$2 and \$2.50. HALLAHAN'S 919-921 Market St. OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS 5604-06 Germantown Ave. Below Chelton Ave. 2746-48 Germantown Ave. Above Lehigh Ave. 4028-30 Lancaster Ave. Above 40th, Near Fairmount Ave. 60th and Chestnut Sts. New Crystal Corner BRANCH STORES OPEN EVERY EVENING'

Advertisement for 'Luxurious Box Springs' by Dougherty's 'Faultless' Bedding. The ad features text: 'Faultless Box Springs are to a bed what the air-filled tires are to an automobile—the finishing touch of luxury. We also make them to fit wooden bedsteads. Until you have used them, the gentle art of sleeping is only partly revealed to you. Faultless Box Springs are to a bed what the air-filled tires are to an automobile—the finishing touch of luxury. We also make them to fit wooden bedsteads. Dougherty's "Faultless" Bedding 1632 CHESTNUT STREET'