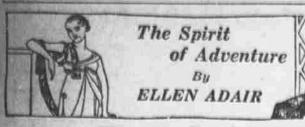
# PRACTICAL ARTICLES, PRIZE SUGGESTIONS AND IDEAS FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOME



#### When the Heart Is Young

adventure always do go together somehow. They don't depend in the least on the number of years you may lay claim to-in fact, as the years pass on, the spirit of adventure may grow and grow and grow within you, and at the same time a certain youthful zest for life and for enjoyment may spring up whose latent possibilities you have never even suspected. For age really doesn't matter in the least so long as the heart is young! And some of the youngest people have the oldest hearts, while some of the great - grandmothers and grandfathers are people whom force of circumstance have a sporting spirit before which that of their youngest grandchild is dull and

It mn't such a very hard matter to keep the heart young. But so few people seem traveling, roaming around the world, to know how to set about it in the right storing their minds and memories with way. And that is why everywhere there are so many young-old, tired faces, with an oddly disillusioned look about them that shows "the early bloom of life has fled ere youth itself be past." For they For the man or woman who has no ambihave nothing new to learn in a world that for them has already become stale, earth where they are contented to live flat and unprofitable. And why? Because they have lived too hard, have tasted tainly sadly destitute of the spirit of adlive not as a connoisseur who lingers over the game, but with a feverish, heetic zest lacking in their make-up. that kills and destroys instead of satisfics. And therefore, although in years they are still young, their hearts have long since grown desperately old.

Youthfulness of heart is the greatest possession this world ofters and at the same time it forms an armor which successfully wards off the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. For youthfulness of heart implies a certain bounding of the pulses, a certain elasticity of mind that refuses to be crushed and that springs back into the old point of view every

too often regarded as something menacing and very dreadful. For the years are supposed to deaden feeling, to dull emotion and to kill the spirit of adventure.

small hat is seen in all the fashionable | the hat.

stores, and the large, floppy brims, with

pressed flowers in between, are rapidly

making their exit. Wings, quills, cabuchons, streamers and feather fancies

are being used as trimming on the small

hats, and the large, tailored sailor shapes

have kid belts or a grosgrain ribbon bow

a smoked-pearl buckle. The price was

But with the passing of the years the heart need not grow old, for if the plan of life is well balanced, if the viewpoint Is keen and if real interest is taken in life as an absorbing game, then the heart must always be young. And youthfulness of heart means keenness of sympathy, We must keep giving, giving, giving all the

The spirit of adventure is something that keeps the heart very young. There compels to remain in the same place. Yet there are nevertheless many thousands who deliberately choose to remain in the same little corner when they could be wonderful impressions and life-giving inhomely wits," so the saying goes. And it carries a good deal of truth with it, too. For the man or woman who has no ambitions beyond the little corner of the saying goes. And it have to wait awhile.

"What tools may I use in opening it?" "That's the point, John. You may use your own two good hands and any instrument which doesn't weigh over 50 grains." terests. 'Home-staying minds have ever and move and have their being are cerventure. There is something strangely

The men and women of history who have become immortal through the eterthing worth while; or, as the French

When the heart is young, the outward appearance keeps a certain air of youthfulness, too. The radiance of the perenalally young heart seems to shine through with a physical attraction and magnetism. The celebrated Similar States of the professor of the perenalally young heart seems to shine through with a physical attraction and magnetism. The celebrated Similar States of the perenalal young heart seems to shine through with a physical attraction and magnetism. of heart implies a certain bounding of the pulses, a certain elasticity of mind that prings back into the old point of view every time!

The gradual creeping on of age has been the gradual creeping the gradual creeping on of age has been the gradual creeping the gradual creeping on of age has been the gradual creeping the gr possessed the eternal spirit of youthful-

For when the heart is young, the passing of the years really doesn't matter at

This was made into a stiffly wired bow in the back, and a cluster of different

colored fruits accentuated the piquant

line at the front of the hat. The price

was \$1.95.
A stunning hat for a child was seen in

a small shop the other day. It was made

plain and a narrow band of wine-red

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Bargains in the Millinery Shops

#### The Daily Story

#### The Golden Egg

When Buckley asked the sanction of his mployer, Professor Rudolph Kinfein, to the marriage of that young man and Kinfein's niece Donns, he expected that there would be extraordinary conditions attached to Kinfein's approval. Kinfein was a wealthy and eccentric scientist, metallurgist and physician, who dabbled in various strange matters for his amuse-ment. Buckley, his assistant, had grown n time to understand the old man's od dities, and to have a profound respect for the intellect which had already made several valuable scientific discoveries.

Kinfein smiled benevolently and combed his long, white beard with his fingers when the younger man spoke. "Well, John," he began, "Donna is 22, and of course she will marry some time, I suppose you are no worse than other men. Now, if I impose a task proper you before Now, if I impose a task upon you before I give my consent, you will agree to per-

"If I can," replied Buckley, cautiously The old gentleman chuckled, "It won't be very hard, John," From a private partment beneath the laboratory shelf he drew out a box and handed it to Buckley, "Open it," he said. John did so, and revealed an oval yel-

low object nearly the mize of a football, and virtually of the same shape. It seemed to be of metal.

seemed to be of metal.

"Now, John, there's your golden egg,"
went on the scientist. "I fixed it up for
you in my leisure moments. If you open
it inside of a mouth you get Donna and

"Fifty grains!" repeated John, amazed "Why, that's less than a quarter of an

Exactly. John stared first at the egg and then at the scientist, "But, professor," he ex-postulated, "an instrument weighing 50 grains will be practically useless. Why, nal youthfulness of their hearts are le-gion. And they all have achieved some-thing worth while; or, as the French

confidence in himself, and a certain deli-cate manual dexterity which almost sur-passed that of his employer, clever as the older man was. It was very natural that he should accept the challenge and bear away the egg

He found Miss Donna In the parlor and explained the situation. It is hardly ger-mane to mention that when the girl placed her chows on the table and set-tled her chin in her pink palms to listen, that she looked distressingly pretty-so pretty, in fact, that John was to interrupt his narrative while he kissed

The unchallenged popularity of the lighter blue at the upturned side of the conditions, she rose. "You are to go right to your room, John," she commanded, "and epen that egg. I'm dying to see what's in it. No, you can't stay here with me and work on it; I would disturb you." With the wariness of long experience she dodged around the table at this moment, anticipating by the frac-A tiny poke bonnet for the ingenue was made of Antwerp blue straw, with a silk ribbon to match around the crown. at this moment, anticipating by the fraction of a second a lunge on the part of John. From a place of safety beh chair, she pointed to the door. "As One of these tailored shapes was seen blue streamers hanging far down the back. The poke shape was outlined And tell me tomorrow morning what you found." John reluctantly gave up a chase which premised to be fruitless, and

is a large Market street department store. It was made of smooth straw in tete de negre shade, and the crown was encircled by a band of natural pongee colored silk. This formed a severely plain bow on one side and fastened with a smoked-pearl buckle. The price was plain and a narrow band of wine-red Settled in the easy chair in his own rdom, he paid the professor the compli-ment of examining the egg very carefully before beginning operations. He went over it with his fingers, but could feel no joints beneath the yellow paint which covered the metal. There was no depression on the surface. It was his theory velvet encircled it and stood out in huge that a hidden spring would open the vening in searching for it. At midnight the secret was still undiscovered, and he gave it up for the time being

The egg was rather light than otherwise for its size, but John felt certain that machinery of some description, hidden within it, controlled the situation. By shaking it persistently, he was finally rewarded by the sound of a very faint clicking. That evening he made a sort of cat's cradle of string, and placed the egg therein. With the contrivance he was able to whiri the egg over and over, in this way hoping to start the machinery. Occasionally he reversed the motion, but he tired his arms with the monotonous labor to no purpose.

he tired his arms with the monotonous labor to no purpose.

Next he cssayed to saw his way through the metal. He secured a burglar's saw of the finest steel, but was compelled to dispense with the handle, as it brought the weight of the little instrument up to nearly 199 grains.

Intermittent labor for the next three evenings with the saw, a bit of cloth serving as a handle, resulted in some badly blistered fingers and the scratching of the paint in several places. That was all, if the fact that the egg was proven to be steel as fine and hard as the saw, to be steel as fine and hard as the saw, is expected. In desperation Buckley attempted to crush the obstinate oval between his hands and falled again.

"I've made up my mind to get the paint off," he announced to Donna. "Then I can tell where we're at." "We're at sea," she replied dolefully, tenderly kissing one of the blistered fin-

Buckley secretly agreed with her, but

The young man took his penantis apart, sharpened the lightest blade to a razor edge, and attacked the paint. Although it clung exasperatingly, in time he had cleared it from the surface. This revealed the presence of thousands of little holes in the metal, each closed by a minute fleck of the paint which the blade would not distort.

It was well into the fourth week when this was done. "Just look at those con-founded needle holes!" he exclaimed in Under the stress of a brilliant inspiration, Donna jumped up and clapped her hands delightedly. "That's it, John-a needle!"

One was brought, and John set himself

One was brought, and John set himself to the task of thrusting it carefully as far as it would go into each of the little holes. This removed the fleck of paint, and as the absence of paint showed that a hole had been tested, no time was lost in subsequent explorations.

"Foxy old gentleman, your uncle," smiled John, "but he overlooked that point if he'd thought about it, I know he'd fixed it to keep the paint out of these wretched holes."

It was the evening of the last day of the allotted month that the busy needle, penetrating further than usual produced the hoped-for result. There was a whire of clockwork and a heavy suring, the pressure upon it suddenly removed, thrust itself through the side of the egg.

John fished a metal cylinder from the broken shall, opened it, and with his arm around Donna's neck, read the paper which it contained. It was a check for 1500 signed by Professor Kinfeln, and payable to "Mr. and Mrs. John Buckley."

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A FROCK FOR A YOUNG GIRL

Dog's Trip Cost \$257 NEW YORK, April 8 .- A dog and a

baby proved to be costly members of the | year, says the report. The various items family of the late Allen Wallace, an incompetent, who died in Europe recently, according to an annual report filed in the Supreme Court by his guardians. A include: Cook for dog's trip to Ireland, \$111.20; dog's trip from Ireland to Viterbo, \$1146; socks for baby, \$17; storing furs and muffs and collar for baby, \$267.

total of \$26,660 was spent in support of Wallace and his family during the last



### A Dainty Dance Gown

to next week, so we lunched in town and Jacket. coured the shops afterward.

winter's dance frocks and the new mod- the taffeta, exquisitely embroidered with els, except that the skirts were a bit wider. Another very significant characteristic of the spring fashions is the popter of the spring fashions in the popter of the spring fashions is the popter of the spring fashions in the popter of the spring fashions is the popter of the spring fashions in the spring ularity of pointed tunics. Points are seen on everything from Piccadilly collars, with embroidered points, to pointed vests, sleeves and bodices. Lucille was the originator of this fashion, I understand, and, of course, her creations are always elegant.

I got a telephone call from Ellnor to- Well, I must tell you about my sown. day, and she is actually back in town. It was made of ciel blue pussy willow I couldn't imagine what brought her taffets, of course. The bodice was cut home in the middle of a house party, un- in a deep V, filled in with soft white til I happened to see a small notice in chiffon. The V itself was outlined with one of the New York papers. It said a row of tiny French rosebuds and a that George Dallas was back in the city. ruffle of Chantilly lace in Bertha effect. Of course, I didn't say a word to Elinor. The unfinished edge of the lace was used and we talked about our neighbors in- at one side and the pointed edge on the stead when we met. I wanted a little other. There were no sleaves. The rest dance frock for a frat dance I am going of the bodice was folded in like a small

The skirt was completely made of twa-At first I was rather discouraged, as i pointed tunics, one above the other. The couldn't see any difference between last upper one was made of a lighter shade of eis, except that the skirts were a bit a small conventional design in white and made of the ciel blue material, the same as the bodice, with a rope to correspond

## CHILDREN'S CORNER

### REDDY SQUIRREL AND HIS FAMILY

plump and so jolly that he had many friends among the boys and girls (and among the grown folks, too), who came and went under the big trees of that park.
Many of these friends learned to watch
for Reddy and to save for him their choicest nuts and goodies.

But among all these good friends, Red-dy had no trouble in picking his favorite and who do you suppose his choice was? A sweet little curly-haired girl? Or a strong, generous big boy? No, you will have to guess again! His favorite was a dear little gray-haired old lady who came every week to see him. And why do you suppose he liked her the best of all? Well, if Reddy could have talked, he would have told you that he liked her quiet ways, her patience and her sociableness. For every time she came to see him, she sat down as though she had all the whole day just for him, then she laid the nuts she brought for him on the ground beside her and took out her book (she always had a book) and began to read.

That was the signal for Reddy to come As soon as she began reading he started down from the tree overhead. Down he crept, till he reached her side; she would look up and smile at him, but she didn't move towards him or make him jump, as the boys and girls usually did. She just read on till he had eaten and was ready for play. When that time came. Reddy crept up on her shoulder and kissed her ear with his softest kiss. Then she put up her book and played with him as lower as he wished. Oh she with him as long as he wished. Oh, she and Mr. Reddy were great friends!

One day it occurred to Reddy that he would like to know where she lived. So when the time came for her to go home, he followed her to the edge of the park.

Tried their babies out of the park and over to the old lady's doorstep.

She saw them coming and ran to the She was so pleased by that devotion that always afterwards he took her as far as the edge of the park. Then one day, when he was feeling braver than usual, he stood at the edge of the park and watched to see where she went. Why she didn't live far at all. She lived in that big gray tent. And Mr. and Mrs. Reddy (elt well

REDDY SQUIRREL was a cunning able and safe to know that his best friend lived so near him!

But in the cold winter time, the little old lady didn't come to see him-perhaps the winds among the boys and girls (and snow too deep-and Reddy missed her "I'll tell you," he said to Mr sorely.



Reddy one day, "as soon as I can, I mean to go over and call on my friend!"

Spring came, and still she didn't come,
and Reddy had three wonderful new bables ready to show her, too! At last he could wait no longer. "You help me," he said to Mrs, Reddy, "and we'll take the badles to see her!" So with infinite work and pains, the parent squirrels carto the old lady's doorstep.

She saw them coming and ran to the door. "You dear Reddy Squirrel!" she

exclaimed delightedly, "you've come all the way to show me your lovely bables!" She was so happy-just as happy as Redhouse right across the street from the regald for their work in making the visit, park entrance! Reddy felt so comfort- Copyright, 1915—Clara Ingram Judson.

#### A table full of 33 hats showed some pleasing little creations, and looked as if they cost double the money. A neat turtae was made of navy-blue lemonade atraw, with a feather fancy in tan and where to find them. ling professor readily allowed her to try Tomorrow's Menu hand, she spent an hour and broke GOLD DUST two hairpins in an equally fruitless effort. The egg was rather light than other-"O'er our parched tongue the rich metheglin glides. And the red, dainty trout the knife di-vides." -Gay. BREAKFAST

# For every brightening and cleaning purpose in every home

Gold Dust is used at least three times a day in millions of homes everywhere.

Yet there are many thousands of housewives who think Gold Dust is only for one or two uses—

They would not use anything else but Gold Dust for washing dishes, for example—

Or for scrubbing floors and woodwork, washing windows, etc.

Gold Dust should be used for cleaning and brightening everything.

It is most economical: it is most satisfactory and it is most sanitary.

Cannot scratch or harm any surface, and it will dissolve and remove all dirt and grease

The active principle of Gold Dust is so remarkably thorough that you rinse away the dirt and grease, leaving a newness, a cleanness and a brightness which delights.

Gold Dust forces its way into the corners and crevices where

> neither fingers nor washcloth can reach. It truly works for you. Any woman who has washed dishes with Gold Dust knows what that means.

> Gold Dust is the leading washing and cleaning powder in the world; it is indispensable once you know it.

> > 5c and larger packages sold everywhere THE R.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"



cents are awarded.
nexestions should be addressed to Ellen
Editor of Woman's Page, Evening,
Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs G. Stevenson, 7014 Hagerman street cony, Pa., for the following suggestion: A good way to keep the overshoes of a large family sorted is the following: Purchase as many spring clothes pins as there are pairs of rubbers, and mark the initials of each owner on the pins Suspend these from separate nails by heavy twine in the back kitchen or from a closet door. When the overshoes are not in use, there they are, snapped in the clothes pin and always in pairs.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Mary C. Williams, 208 South 13th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Leave a thick slice of raw potato on the end of your knife when you are cutting onlons. Your eyes will never become

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to G. H. B. Box 729, Haddon Heights, N. J., for the following suggestion: Very simple and wholesome cakes for the children may be made from graham crackers put together with a layer of chocolate icing or any preferred flavor.

Every one likes them, and they are a nice dessert for children's parties. A-prize of 50 cents has been awarded to line L. Mas Nordon, 1220 Durfor street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Never throw away old white kid gloves aspecially long ones. If cut into convanient pieces the bits can be used instend of a powder puff, either to put on a auspicion of powder or to merely wips the face before starting for a the-

atre, dinner or dance. Many people use outton wool for the purpose, but these musics of fine white kid (used, of course, in the wrong side) are far nicer, and can us inrown away when soiled. Sir Walter Raleigh Lectures Eir Walter Raleigh, professor of Engnon at Cambridge University, addressed a tree preeting in Roberts Hall, Haverford Juliege, on "Baccatual" last night. Ho

edern writers and said others had used Dance Given for School Fund som than 500 persons attended a dance soutert given last night at Meccan-Hall Broad and Master streats, for hemset at the children of the Holy are nelsed, formantown. The Review Menters, who is in charge of the streats in the formation of the new in-

lactured Baccatual the first of the great

Grapefruit Cereal Pancakes Fish Cakes Baking Powder Biscuits

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER Oyster Soup Crackers Canned Fruit and Cake Tea

DINNER Vermicelli Soup Brook Trout French Fried Potatoes Lima Bean Salad Chow Chow Apple Tapioca

Cereal Pancakes-Mix two beaten eggs. two cupfuls of milk, half a teaspoonful of sale and a big teaspoonful of baking powder, with equal parts of flour and cooked cereal, enough to make a thin patter. Fry like pancakes.

Canned Fruit and Cake-Line a glass dish with slices of stale sponge cake or any other plain cake. Drain almost all the juice from a quart can of fruit and put the drained fruit in the dish lined with cake. Beat the whites of three eggs very stiff, add three level tablespoonfuls of powdered augar, beat in well, add any other plain cake. Drain almost all of powdered augar, beat in well, add enough of the fruit juice to flavor and color, and heap on the dessert. Serve at

once.
Fiageolets Soak dried flageolets in water over night. Drain them and put them into boiling water with half a teaspoonful of salt, and boil until they are tender. Drain and season generously with meited butter, pepper and salt.

The Lover

Good night! I have to say good night To such a host of peerless things. Good night unto the slender hand All queenly with its weight of rings; Good night to fond uplifted eyes, Good night to chestnut braids of hair, Good night unto the perfect mouth And all the sweetness nestled there-

The snowy hand detains me, then I'll have to say good night again.

But there will come a time, my love, When, if I read our store aright, shall not linger by this porch With my farewells. Till then, goodnight; You wish the time were now? And L You do not blush to wish it so? You would have blushed yourself to

To own so much a year ago-What, both these snowy hands! ah

death

I'll have to say good night again!
—Thomas Balley Aldrich.