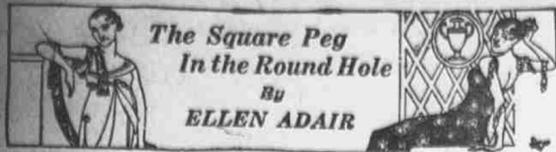


WOMAN AND THE HOME—FASHIONABLE FANCIES, NEW IDEAS, PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS



The Square Peg In the Round Hole By ELLEN ADAIR

Uncongenial Work

It's a comparatively easy matter to preach time-worn platitudes to others when we are secure in the knowledge that, after all, life has dealt pretty kindly with us, and that the work we are doing in the world is something that is very soul-satisfying and so congenial that we would miss it dreadfully if we had to relinquish it. But what of the men and women who today might be numbered not by hundreds or by thousands, but literally by millions, who are seeking more or less than the proverbial square peg in the round hole, and who are fighting a harder fight than we could ever quite fathom—unless we had to go through it ourselves?

For uncongenial work can prove an affair that is almost soul-killing in its crushing weight. It can blot out the sunlight so successfully that the whole world seems a place haunted with hopes that have died before they ever saw the light of day. And yet the man or woman who has daily to toil at an uncongenial task must face this burden of life, and their only hope is that resignation—a resignation that is not happiness, but merely an opiate which dulls feeling and obliterates regret—will come to them.

"Forgetfulness" they cry. "We only want to forget! We dare not, cannot, ask for happiness, we long for strength to face the work, to carry us through the long years which bring nothing but uncongenial toil in their train!" And these are the square pegs in the round hole who have no hope of ever being anything else.

"But why, why should any human being continue toiling at an uncongenial occupation when his whole soul is turning elsewhere?" one asks, surprised. And indeed at first thought it does seem strange that a man should let fate or untoward circumstance or the unfortunate selection of an uncongenial profession cut the very heart and soul out of him.

But they cannot quit. For there is one desperate fear tugging at their heart-strings, a fear that keeps them plodding, plodding with a grim determination that is trying to outdo fate and outdo unhappiness and that rises as a specter to haunt them at quiet times—the fear of losing their job. "There are hundreds and millions waiting, waiting to fill my place," such an one will say desperately.

"And if I lose this job, what lies before me? What lies before my family? What lies before those I care for most in the whole world?" It is an extraordinary but true fact that so many people one daily moans seem to have deliberately chosen the wrong profession in life, have set their feet irrevocably on the one pathway and the one career that of all others they regard have particularly avoided. Then regret for past miscalculations is added to the sum-total of their mistakes.

A blind adherence to old family traditions has a very great deal to do with this. In one family, for instance, the youngest son has always gone into the Navy. For hundreds of years this has always happened. It is a foregone conclusion. And so, when the youngest boy is old enough to understand the meaning of words, he is imbued with the idea that he is to be a sailor. He grows up with the idea. Sometimes he has a vague feeling that the sea has no attraction for him, but his family talk him down. And so he gets his commission and his career is fixed.

But after a year or two he begins to rebel bitterly. The loneliness of the life, the lack of society when one is out at sea, the work, the monotony, the isolation, begin to prey on his mind. He feels that by choosing that particular profession he has cut himself off from his fel-



The Daily Story CUPID IN TOWN

It was a warm morning in midsummer. The sky was intensely blue and the air rife with the smell of dust and heat-parched pavements. Fifth avenue seemed as arid as a desert. Houses were closed, their blinds drawn, and the gossiped areaways. Instead of the pageantry of carriages which graced the street on winter afternoons there were occasional cabs, lumbering automobiles and buses filled with tourists.

I was strolling along toward the club, and devoutly wishing I was any place but in town, when suddenly I espied Honoria Landman. She had come in from a house party on Long Island, and our meeting was the merest accident. I at once suggested the little Casino in Central Park as a cool and inviting place for luncheon. Honoria agreed. "Aunt Myra, consider you such a safe companion," she said demurely.

"One of the compensations of being ineligible," said I. "For I was ineligible, there was no doubt about that. My income of a few paltry thousands barely sufficed to keep me on the social side of the street. And I had added indignities to poverty by falling in love with Honoria. Of course, no one could have guessed it. Even Honoria's aunt would have scoffed at the idea of my being a probable squire. In fact, the very dimness of my prospects enabled me to see more of Honoria than I otherwise could have done. I was considered perfectly safe, for Honoria's circumstances demanded that she make a brilliant match, and I was the least brilliant man of her acquaintance. It was the old story of the moth and the star. If the moon were out, I am sure that the worse for the moth! And as for the star—Honoria and I had long since decided that love was out of the question. So, on the way to the Casino our conversation was strictly confined to platonic platitudes.

We had luncheon at one of the little tables close by an open window, through which the green reaches of the park were visible to the sea. Sunshine dappled the leaves with the light and shadow. Squirrels frisked across the grass. The hum of the city sounded far away and indistinct. Now and then a breeze stole in, carrying with it a faint, half-woody perfume. The mirror across from us reflected Honoria's frills and furbelows, her clear, delicate profile and every turn of her graceful head. There was a gleam in her tall, thin glasses, and a ray of festivity and laughter from some of the other tables. Honoria's eyes met mine.

"There are worse places than New York," I observed. "Oh, what is so rare as a day in town," murmured Honoria. "It bless the fate which prompted you to leave the seashore and let me have a glimpse of you," said I. "It wasn't fate, it was dressmakers," said Honoria. She put back her veil with an adorable gesture. "Am I very much burned?" she demanded. "You're a bit brown yourself, Dick," she observed. "People who make hay while the sun shines—" I began.

"Ah," said Honoria, "that's just what I was going to say. Are you progressing well with the helms?" "Modesty forbids me to say," I answered. "How's old Croesus?" "Doing nicely, thanks," laughed Honoria. Then her face grew serious. "Dick," she said, "do you realize that this is the last luncheon we'll have together year after year?" "I know," said I, "that our year of camaraderie is over. And it was fun while it lasted, wasn't it, Honoria?" All our little talks and talks and drivel. And I tried to end because we're afraid of poverty."

"We do love luxury," sighed Honoria. "We'd be miserable without it," I agreed. "You," went on Honoria, "must marry the helms in order to obtain a yacht, and all the other things you can't possibly have with a good deal of amusement and some regret. Don't you think so, Honoria?" "But Honoria was engaged in speaking and I had not time to hear her. "I've often wondered," she said musingly, "how it would seem to be poor. I suppose I'd make my own hat, and live in a little box of an apartment. "But even a box of an apartment can be made attractive," said I. "I know of some dinky shops on the East Side which sell the most beautiful things. The prints and brasses for almost nothing, and furniture that is a joy to discover. There's a Tuscan lamp that's waiting to send the backs of one's favorite books, and there are curious androns made solely to reflect the gleam of a small hearthstone—such a hearthstone as flannel, and with a hot iron, while the snow falls without, and—" "Some of our friends would give us up," said Honoria hastily.

"We'd find better ones to take their places." "Our greatest diversion," said Honoria, "would be the theatre, and we could go so seldom that it would take us a long time to reach the play we really wanted most to see." "We'd enjoy it all the more," I declared. "And after it was over we'd go off together to some quaint cafe—oh, I know of places that you've never even dreamed of, Honoria—places where struggling poets and artists have carved their names on the tables, and where a Hungarian violinist plays the catchiest music of the concert halls, but things that are heartbreak and rapture and longing all in one. And the people we know will be supping at Sherry's or Delmonico's—all the wealthy, wealthy people who in secret found out that life is ashes and faces but a picture gallery and talk a tinkling cymbal, where no love is. Are you listening to me, Honoria, very low." "Yes," answered Honoria, very low. "I know it's sheer folly," said I, "this dream of mine. We've talked of it so often, and decided that it was impossible. But now that we've come to the parting of the ways, do you think that the other things of life really matter, so long as we miss the exquisite joy of being together?" Honoria. "I know it's madness—worse than madness to ask it—but could you care enough to give up luxury for a poor duffer of a fellow who is not worthy of you, and loves you with his whole heart?" "But the helms—" "Oh, d—hang the helms!" "Dick!" "I mean confound her! Honoria, for the last time, will you marry me?" Honoria's answer was so low that I had to lean across the table to catch it. "Honoria," I cried, "is it true—do you really mean it?" "Don't, Dick," said Honoria. "Those people at the other table are watching us. They'll think we are engaged!" "But so we are!" I cried, exultantly, "so we are!"

Gasoline Explosion Burns Woman Mrs. Mary Montrose is at her home, 4604 Lancaster avenue, severely burned, as a result of cleaning a dress with gasoline near a light. Her nightgown caught fire to her clothing and before her husband succeeded in extinguishing the flames most of her dress had been burned off. A blaze also started in the house and caused a loss of about \$200.



A NOVEL STREET COSTUME

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Dark colorings, plain materials and simplicity of line are evident in the new spring street suits. There was, perhaps, never a season when the smart woman wore such conservative and yet such becoming costumes, and it is safe to say that the fall styles will reflect the same tendencies. Navy blue serge, gabardine and woolen poplins are already being purchased by wholesale outfitmakers for the fashionable fall styles.

White serge and gabardine are being shown in all the shops now for wear in early summer. These are most becoming to the average woman, and most reasonably priced. One large department store is selling a neat suit of cream-colored serge, with a high-waisted coat, pointed in the front. The front of the coat is simply trimmed with two triple patch pockets and pearl buttons, with a narrow black-and-white belt at the high waist line. The skirt has wide flare and pockets also. The price is \$23.50. Silk poplin and moire suits are also seen, but the prices are rather prohibitive at present. A stunning navy blue poplin suit was seen in a small Chestnut street shop the other day. The coat was short and pointed, like many models seen this season. The points were outlined in a Chinese embroidery, also done in navy blue. The skirt had three ropes at the hips.

Tomorrow's Menu

- Have you this spring eaten any 'sparagus yet?—Brome. BREAKFAST Baked Apples Cereal and Cream Baked Eggs Currant Buns Coffee LUNCHEON OR SUPPER Vegetable Soup Baked Potatoes Pineapple Cake DINNER Baked Mutton with Capers Sauce Baked Potatoes Asparagus Lettuce Salad with Cream Cheese Balls Brown Betty Currant Buns—Sift two cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and soda, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, all together. Add half a cupful of dried currants to this and then add half a cupful of sour milk. Form into buns or bake in muffin pans. Pineapple Cake—Bake a white cake in shallow tins. Have two layers. Cover the lower one with shredded fresh pineapple or canned pineapple cut in dice. Put on the second layer and cover with sweetened whipped cream. Capers Sauce—Mix two tablespoonfuls of butter with one of flour and add to a cupful of the stock in which the mutton was boiled. Season with salt and pepper, bring to the boiling point, add two level tablespoonfuls of capers, and serve very hot.

To Wash Blouses and Laces First make a lather of a good pure soap and wash water. Hot water will shrink the net and lace hopelessly out of shape. Rinse the blouse in the lather several times, squeezing and patting it, but never rubbing it. Rinse it in cold water and dry it in a moderate temperature. Never peg out a lace blouse. Put it over a clothes horse, and change its position constantly, or you will ruin it. If you are lucky enough to possess any bits of real old lace, don't, whatever you do, try to clean them by ordinary washing. Pin them out on a shirt-board, or a flat surface covered with a thick piece of flannel, and shake over them some powdered French chalk, or magnesia powder, and leave them for a day. Then shake out all the powder. If the laces are very much discolored, you can often bleach them by damping and leaving them out in the sun. All laces should be ironed between cloths, on a thickness of flannel, and with a hot iron. If they are thoroughly dry, when you work, they ought to be damp, and you must pull them gently into position as you work, otherwise you will find it impossible to shape them afterward. The best way to clean a length of insertion or edging when you want to keep its shape, is to wrap it carefully round a bottle, and cover the whole with muslin. Then rub it over with soap and boil the bottle in a deep pan of water for 20 minutes. Afterward rinse it in cold water and leave it out in the sunshine, but do not remove the lace until you are quite sure it is thoroughly dry, when you will find it comes off the bottle perfectly clean and in shape. Collars, ties and the various ruffles of lace should be pinned down to a flannel board while they are wet. In this way you can gently pull a bit of lace into the proper shape. For all woolen blouses, whether flannel, wool or voile, prepare a liberal amount of soap-suds by rubbing soap in clean water and boiling it. Add sufficient of a bath of warm water to make a good lather which will stay on the surface of the water. Into this plunge the blouse previously steeped. If the garment is new, in cold water to remove the dressing, and remove the creases, and hang to dry. Then turn on the right. Thorough rinsing is most important; quite three waters should be used. Wring tightly, shake to remove the creases, and hang to dry. If hung out-of-doors, be careful to hang in the shade, as sunshine will destroy delicate materials. If dried indoors, do not hang too near a fire, or of the heat will stiffen the dress and perhaps cause the color to run, shrinking, etc., very much.

SUSANNA COCROFT IN HER LECTURE "THE WOMAN WORTH WHILE" BELLEVUE-STRATFORD Monday, April 12, 11 A. M. ON SALE BY RYAN TICKET OFFICE OR SALE BY RYAN TICKET OFFICE



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Novel Street Costume

These wonderful days are just made for wrinkling the garment underneath. Smart riding in the open, and the other day Tommy Carroll came around with his big roadster and we went for a long run in the country. I do love the park on a day when nature seems to be calling for beauty unadorned. Everything was so wild and so carelessly lovely that I fairly reveled in it all. We stopped at the dearest little inn for dinner. Tommy knows his country thoroughly; for he takes so many girls out in his car he ought to. The whole place had an appearance of ancient quaintness, and I found quite a few other motorists had found the same place when I got into the dining room. Motorists this season are wearing very sporty looking topcoats over their suits. These, naturally, have to come several sizes larger than the ordinary topcoat, as they are made to slip into place without

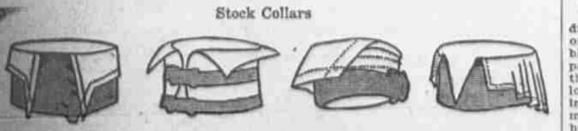
TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS A SERIES OF RHYMES ESPECIALLY FOR THE CHILDREN

THE FUNNY MOON By Bob Williams 'Way, 'way up in the Funny Sky, There hung a Funny Moon, With Sunny Smiles upon its Face— Like Workmen's Grins at Noon. 'Twas glued to Seven Magic Threads Of Glistening Silver Light, That kept it in its Place by Day, And swung it 'round at Night. This Funny Moon appeared each Eve At half-past six o'clock, And so 'till five or six next Morn, 'Twould twist and smile and rock. It had a most Amusing Face, That changed from Care to Joy; One Night 'twould look like Father's Pa; The next like Father's Boy. Each Night it looked about the Sky, To watch the Funny Stars, And see they didn't fly away And join their Sister Mars. Sometimes 'twould watch the Funny Town, And smile at Grown-Up Men; But if it saw a Tot run out, 'Twould scare him back again. One evening, Agnes Harcourt stayed On Funny Pond 'till Nine; She heard the Moon begin to cry— The Quiltz were on the Pine!

CHILDREN'S CORNER PAPER CUT-OUTS FOR A RAINY DAY

THIS is the month when every one is talking garden. What to plant, how to plant and where to plant it are the main things people think about apparently. And, funny thing, the city people who can't have gardens are sometimes the greatest talkers. I suppose they are so sure of not having a garden that they feel perfectly safe when they say what they would do and plant and grow if they had one! That's the way things go sometimes, you know! Even you boys and girls have your own little patch, if you can; and you are planning just what you will grow on it and how faithfully you will keep down the troublesome weeds. But some days in April it has to rain. But while you are waiting, why don't you make a paper garden? Wouldn't that be fun? You say you don't know how? Well, you'll know in a minute! Listen! Collect as many pieces of clean white paper as you can find—letter paper or tablet paper is the best kind, for it is stiff enough to hold its shape nicely. Then get some small sharp scissors, and you are ready to begin. Now spread out your paper on the table in front of you. Sort the sheets into different piles according to size. Perhaps you have used envelopes (the inside of an envelope is clean and can be used, you know), or some pieces of business paper that are clean at the bottom, or perhaps your paper is just fresh tablet paper. Whatever it may be, sort into sizes and cut the pieces into squares. Take up one square. Fold it into halves, then into quarters, then into eighths. Then cut the folded outside edge in a pretty curving shape. Unfold it and see what a flower-like shape you have! Isn't it pretty? Now fold and cut another piece and open it out. You must make each one a little different; cut the curving edges in a little different design, so that it will be different from the others, just as each flower is unlike its mates. As you fold and cut think of all the flowers you have ever seen. Can you remember the shapes of their petals? If you can, you will have little patterns in your mind that will be splendid to cut by. And if you can't remember, don't mind! Just make up some pretty shapes. Or, if you don't like to make up things, look in a picture and see some pictured flowers—you can cut by them. When you have all the paper cut into flowers, open them up nicely; spread them out neatly on the table. Don't they look pretty? And now they must be arranged into flower beds. Sort them into piles according to the pattern they were cut by. Put the ones that look like roses together, and the daisies, they go in another pile. Sort them all out. Then arrange your rainy day garden out on the table. Isn't it fun? Copyright, 1915—Clara Ingram Judson.

SPRING STYLES IN NECKWEAR



Each new season's neckwear is largely a matter of conjecture until the aesthetic models come out. The following are some of the best styles seen this spring, and will without doubt interest the girl who makes things for herself or those for those of them are hard to come by. In fact, it is the simplicity of the line and collar nowadays which constitutes their real charm. Stock collars of all descriptions are fashion's favorites. No matter how old your blouse is, a modern touch may be given enough to take away the old-fashioned look. Black and white color combinations predominate in the prettiest neckwear. In the different varieties of the stock collar shown here, black satin, and dull gold or gunmetal buttons are used as the foundation, and sheer mull, gauzettes, linen, batiste or scrim is used as trimmings. Flare effects are noticeable, and dull gold or gunmetal buttons are seen on some of the models, outlining the edge of the white collars with black in a pretty novelty. More than a dozen styles are shown, and the most important fact to remember when you buy your neckwear is that stock collars are popular and black satin the favorite, and oddly shaped laces, turn-downs, frills and ruffles are used as trimmings.

50 FREE TRIPS to the California Expositions 50 persons are going to the Panama-Pacific and San Diego Expositions as guests of the Public Ledger-Evening Ledger. Not one of them need spend a cent. They will see everything, travel first-class and stop at the best hotels. If you would like to be included in the party, send for particulars. Fill Out This Coupon and Mail TODAY CONTESTANTS' ENTRY BLANK Public Ledger Evening Ledger Independence Square, Philadelphia Please enter my name as a contestant for the Panama-Pacific Exposition Ticket.