PRIZE SUGGESTIONS, GARDERING'S HINTS AND SPRING FASHIONS FOR EVERY WOMAN



Living Happily Ever After

ers, there is something enchanting about the old-time romances with the cheerful termination, "and they lived happy ever after." For all the ancient fairy tales end that way. And the pity of it is that old bachelor. we many people do firmly regard that particular ending as nothing more nor affairs, but at the same time they are less than a fairy tale!

In these days of everlasting problemnovels, and the perpetual stirring up of the protracted period of single blessedcertain muddy waters which can do no ness. Each has learnt not to demand too good but can only achieve a great deal of to the old books in which the souls of our grandmothers reveled (in their early days, careless rapture" to which earlier affairs had please be it understood-they like something much more convincing nowadays), and which always possessed the same erthedox conclusion. If they didn't happen to possess the cheerful ending and the grass was growing green over the grave of the hero or heroine, and the wind and the rain and the reader were all sighing and sobbing together, then the same. For it had a touch of the Real further to be desired in a love tale.

swept through the very gates of hymen right on to the divorce, or the final reconciliation or the legal separation or whatever it may happen to be.

The question as to the expediency of late marriages is engrossing at the present time. For opinion differs so widely that no special criterion can be set up. The passing of the years frequently leaves people younger and sprightlier than they ever were before, and sometimes there is a rejuvenation after the half-century limit which leads to matrimony and happiness.

One of the happiest marriages within

world I will do if this strong wind

blows over me much longer," said a

am so tired blowing back and forth,

hack and forth, back and forth! I

haven't one bit of strength left for

of big and strong, how do you think

I must feel? I, when I'm only a bit of

"Think of me!" exclaimed a bleeding

w are so hard and brulsed by

heart plant, "here I thought spring had

come! I sent up my tender pink shoots,

this cruel wind that I can hardly make

"And I? Won't somebody please feel

sorry for me?" mourned a violet plant at the snowball's feet. "I was sure that growing time had come. I sent up leaves and buds. And now this cruel dry wind

makes them hard and shriveled before I can open them to the sunshine! O, dear! Here comes another blast!" And

the violet hid its buds down tight under

the green leaves of the plant while the dry wind blew and whirled through the

For awhile there was no sound but the whine of the wind. Then, as that died sway in the distance, the plants and shrubs drew a long breath of relief. "Oh

if he would but sive us a little rest!" cried the snowball bush, "but I'm so thirsty and tired I dread to hear him

come back!"
"Inn't there anything we can do about it?" asked the bleeding heart plant, "seems to me it's very silly for us to

stay right here, doing nothing, till that old Mr. Wind comes back to bother us again! I'd at least feel better if we

tried to stop him."
"Stop him!" exclaimed the sweet almond bush, "what could we do? The enly thing that will stop a spring wind is rain, and all the raindrops are in the

"What's that?" asked a new voice, "den't be too sure about that!"

them grow! Whatever will I do?"

growing!"

smowball bush one windy spring day, "I

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE VOLUNTEER BRIGADE

In spite of the pessimism of the cynics ; as they possibly can be. For they have and the skeptical smiles of modern read- settled down into the ways and habits of each other in a surprisingly intuitive manner. And this seems all the more remarkable in that they hitherto had both been strong in the ways of old maid and

Late marriages are, of course, risky frequently very successful. For each has learnt many lessons from life during much, nor to be too much downcast by harm, it is delightfully refreshing to turn | the ups and downs of fortune. True, late marriages do not bring the "first fine lay claim. But they can bring a very permanent satisfaction, and a feeling which is more staid, easy-going and generally soporific than the eager intense ups and downs of love's young dream.

For leve's young dream always does hold a great measure of ups and downs. our grandmothers enjoyed the story all There is no getting away from that fact. It is only in youth that the deepest Romance—than which there is nothing measures of feeling are gauged. It is had yielded up the money, they couldn't only in youth that we touch the very permit anything bordering on the frolicheights, and, correspondingly, it is only But to return to the matrimonial endings. The altar newadays proves merely the beginning instead of the ending of the tale. And all modern stories deal to youth. But during the periods when with the course of true love after it has the bottom is touched, the whole world in black and pittless and the sun seems to set hold of any such rot?"

"In the newspapers. You them when we get to camp."

Late marriages very, very seldom are founded on intense passion. How could they be, when the days for that sort of thing are gone by? But at the same time, they may be founded on things which are more comfortable and decidedly more entry them when we get to camp."

"Well, you are a lot of fools. I have been swelling around some, and have perhaps given a false impression, but it's all been done on cheek. I'll tell you straight that I'm from Meriden, Conn., they may be founded on things which are more comfortable and decidedly more entry. during. Esteem, affection, congeniasity, suitability of interests, a certain likeness here to introduce eight-day clocks, and in tastes and viewpoint sound tame and I have hardly money enough to pay my uninteresting as a basis of marriage to hotel bill and get out of town. If you've got hold of me thinking to raise a stake, Sweet and Twenty. But they are very excellent substitutes for the youthful inwho, at the samewhat mature age of 52, entered the bonds of matrimony with an old flame who was two years her senior. They have now been married for three years and are just as happy after."

so apt to wear itself out even before the passing of the years. For in late marriages as in early marriages there is every chance of a happy ending, and the verification of the old fairy-tale benediction to the story—"living happily ever in a lonely spot. Some black bread and roasted goat's flesh consider that the passing of the years. For in late work off old stock on him.

After a five-hour tramp they reached headquarters in the hill. Headquarters was a disapidated but and a campline in a lonely spot. Some black bread and roasted goat's flesh consider that the passing of the years. For in late work off old stock on him. tensity of enthusiasm which after all is

"No, there are not many," replied the

"Oh, will you help us?" exclaimed the

can we do for you, please?"

The Daily Story

Muggs and His Luck

Colonel Muggs, U. S. A., was primarily o blame for his capture by Grecian origands. He was pempous and portly. He wrote his name in big letters on hotel registers, and talked about his mines and ranches. When he reached Corinth he strutted a little more than usual. He found there an English lord, and, wanting to show him that he wasn't the only prominent personage about he cut a swath as wide as he could. Unknown to him, there was an article in a Greek paper about him. He was eald to be worth \$50,000,000 and piling up millions more, and that he talked of buying up more, and that he talked of buying up all the ruins in Greece and shipping them to New York as a free gift to the city. Your true Greek brigand takes his dally

newspaper and pays special attention to the society column. It was on account of that newspaper article that Colonel Muggs was taken in. He hired a carriage and driver and guide and two finales, and driver and guide and two funities, and drove out into the country from Corinth to "do" some interesting ruins; but before he was half finished sightseeing he found that the brigands had "done" him.

had "done" him.

As soon as they had made the Colonel understand that he was at their mercy they turned to and ate up the rest of his luncheon, and wanted to punch his head because he hadn't left more. When they had finished cating and drinking they set out for the mountains. they set out for the mountains

The Colonel exhibited a reluctance to o with them, but they caused a change f heart by pricking him with the points of their knives. One of them could speak English fairly well, and he explained that, while it was the intention to treat the ome in hts conduct.

"Fifty million nothings! Where did you

You shall see

I'm simply Joseph J. Muggs, traveling salesman for a clock factory. I am over

you are going to get left."
"We shall see," replied the leader,
while the smile on his face showed that

nd their captive, and the leader

"You shall have the freedom of the camp as long as you are with us, but some one will have an eye on you all the time. The first move you make to escape will bring a bullet. In the morning you may write a letter to your banker, and it will be sent to the town by messagger. T'M SURE I don't know what in the antly, "for I'm a raindrop myself! I'm the only raindrop left on the earth just What in the devil shall I write to "Well, I know there weren't many of

you around!" said the snowball bush bitterly. my banker about?" demanded the Colonel, who was tired and disgusted.

That he shall send us a sum equal to what you would call half a million raindrop pleasantly, "but one is plenty to take a message to the others. What dellars in your American money as your ransom."

Jupiter Jewkins, but you are crazy! Have the whole five of you just escaped from some lunatic asylum? If you want any further chat with me tonight, then don't talk through the top of your hat." plants and bushes in delight, "we'll be so pleased!"
"To be sure we will," replied the raina shrub?" asked a little sweet almond bush nearby.

drop cordially, "tell me what you want."
So the bushes and the plants told all about how thirsty they were and You will write in the morning," said a leader, while the others muttered

inder their breath. from America. He will use the cable and in three days it will be here, and you will be free."
"Say, old man," remarked the Colonel.

after a hearty laugh, "this will be one on me when I get back to Meriden. You seem to have got the idea that there are millions in the clock business. Let me tell you that if we show four per cent, clean profit a year we are tickled to death. My bank balance in the First National of Meriden is about \$7." "The papers say that you are worth

\$50,000,000. "The papers be hanged! If you run this brigand business by what the papers say you'll die in the poorhouse." The Colonel was ordered into the but to

out of a big ransom, and they didn't mean to be caught again. When morning came there was another elim breakfast. Then the leader said: "If you wish to be free in two days, then write to your bank in Corinth." "But I told you I had none." replied

"Then to your country's consul!"

"He could be of no use whatever."
"Listen to me," said the man, as his omrades fingered their knives menacingly. "We give you one week in which to raise the ransom. After that you are a dead man. Don't trifle with us. You cannot deceive us, and you cannot hope Nothing further was said to the Colonel

for two days. He made himself believe that he was out on a buckleberry excursion and tried to enjoy it. On the third day he noticed that the brigands began to exhibit signs of impatience and feel the edges of their knives. On the morning of the fifth writing materials were placed efore him, and the leader said:
"Perhaps you will write to your banker

"With the greatest of pleasure, if you will only tell me who he is."
"Oh, very well. There are two days

"Oh, very well. There are two days left to you."

Colonel Muggs hadn't been taking things as easy as appeared. He was in a hole and couldn't see his way out. He couldn't raise \$200 just them to save his life, and he realized that he had put himself into a false position and that the brigands would hold him to it. For four days he had had an eye out for any chance to make a break, but he had been under strict watch.

Soon after noon on that fifth day a big thundercloud came sweeping up from

big thundercloud came sweeping up from the south and brought a torrent of rain and terrific thunder and lightning. Every one crowded into the but for shelter, and the brigands were cursing and praying alternately when something oc-curried big enough to make a sensation in America for a few minutes. What it was the Colonel didn't know until haif was the Colonel didn't know until hair an hour later, when he woke up. Then he found himself and the brigands lying in the midst of the ruins of the old hut. His fellow lodgers seemed very quite, and he decided not to disturb them. He gathered up their knives and carbines, and retaining one of the latter he chucked the rest into a ravins and then set out for Corinth. If the brigands woke up after he denarted they did not woke up after he departed they did not

'A-h-h, Colonel, but my heart was rent with sorrow when I heard of your cap-ture" exclaimed the inndierd at Corinth as the Colonel walked in on him.
"Well. I dunno," was the reply.
"You've got to get up pretty early to beat a Yankee and an eight-day clock combined."

(Copyright, 1915.)



A WEDDING GOWN OF OYSTER WHITE SATIN AND LACE



There was plenty of the material from which great concerts are made in the program of the Philadelphia Orchestra yesterday afternoon. The soloist was Pablo Casals, the incomparable violoncellist; the symphony was Beethoven's herole third; the conductor and orchestra "Hut I have no banker in Corinth."
"Then to the American Consul. He were those from whom Philadelphia has learned to expect the highest and the best, will help you to get the ransom money And yet, in review, the soloist and the were those from whom Philadelphia has And yet, in review, the soloist and the symphony remain splendld; the orchestra and its conductor appear, for once, insufficient and faulty.

The "Eroica"

When the "Erolca" symphony was last played in this city, the present writer said of the performance that it seemed finally to settle all disputes concerning the meaning of that noble work. The significance of the schergo and the mad. dashing finale, placed after the funeral march (an audacity of genius if ever there was one), is that in the midst of death we are in life, and that is a far more important truth than that in the midst of life we are in death. It is almost pass the night and the brigands went into caucus. They believed the American to be lying. Once they had captured a wealthy Frenchman, who had lied them seever. Mr. Stokowski's fault lay in the pression, left hardly any impression what-soever. Mr. Stokowski's fault lay in the disintegration which he allowed to obtain in the first movement, and in the un-distinguished conception of the funeral march. After that, when in the schergo and finale he seemed to come to himself, he was hampered by two of the most serious defects in his orchestra, a string choir which never rose above a dull level of tone, and a brass choir which was almost appalling in its wretched tone-production. Possibly, with proper re-sponse, Mr. Stokowski could have redeemed the symphony; but not he nor any other conductor, could have prevailed against his men.

It is particularly distressing to note such playing so near to the end of the season, and the reporter wishes to make every allowance. Once before, in the playing of a Beethoven symphony, the afternoon performance was bad, and the Saturday evening repetition was glorious. It must be fervently hoped that tonight will cancel all memories of yesterday for those who are lucky enough to hear both.

And there will be many who went yesterday and will come again tonight hear the extraordinary playing of Pablo Casals. In the Dvorak concerto he played, the orchestra behind him found tone to perfection, and Mr. Stokowski gave of the great riches of his intuition without fault. Of the people, as was the excel-lently played Roumanian Rhapsody of Enesco before it, the concerto fell in with the peculiarly apt powers of Mr. Stokowski's interpretation, and he and his men were worthy of the great artist who played with them. There can be no exaggeration of Mr. Casals' talents. Im-passive and detached to an extraordinary degree, he gives to his instrument such a technical control as is in the power of few artists, in whatever medium. He could extend the range of the 'cello until it took in the rich depth of the bass tone, and reached the expressiveness of the violin as Kreisler knows to make it expressive. To speak of trilled harmonics, of controlled vibrato, of any or all of the technical exploits of this master, is a vain thing. Those are the things which he alone seems to understand. But his art every man may understand. It is, in all simplicity, the art of one who has devoted himself to the highest. And in finding that, has found himself.

Mr. McCormack's Recital John McCormack stage last night at the Academy of Music for the second time this season. He sang much better than he did several months ago. On that occasion he sang nothing well. Last night he sang nothing hadly. Then his voice hooks on each separate occasion when he seasyed transition from chest to head tones or to falsello. Last night

it broke precisely every other time. He sang the "Once Again" with a dramatic fervor almost singular in his repertoire of emotions. He sang "The Low-Back'd Car" with the fine simplicity and grace which is, after all, his most precious asset. He was uproariously received. Mr. McCormack has sung in more than 70 recitals this season, something near once every three days. His voice is sad, tired, haggard, worn and hoarse. What a pity! What a desperate, crying pity!

"The Musical Glasses"

Further comment will appear, when necessary, and at the appropriate time, concerning the events scheduled below. The following uncritical calendar is in-tended merely as a guide for the musically perplexed:

MONDAY, April 12-Only local recital of Evan Williams, the Weish tenor, in a wide

Evan Williams, the Weish tenor, in a wide variety of songs. Witherspoon Hall.
WEDNESDAY, April 14—Joint recital of Mme. Coline Verkerk, sorano, and Miss Louise Hookins, pianist, 3 p. m., at The Little Theatre.
WEDNESDAY, April 14—Gilchrist testimonial concert of the Mendelseohn Cub, with the assistance of the Philisdelphia Orchestra; 8-15 p. m., at the Academy.
FRIDAY, April 16—Final afternoon concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, in a Tschaikowsky program, embracing the "1812" overture, the "Nut-cracker Suite" and the 6th ("Pathetique") symphony. 3 p. m., at the Academy.
Saturday, April 15—Joint registal of Maille.

Academy.

SATURDAY, April 17—Joint recital of Molile and Maurice Cutler, in their first Philadelphia appearance, Witherspoon Hall. The final concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, with the program noted above. Si15 p. m. at the Academy.

MONDAY, April 19—The Philadelphia Operatio Society in Gounod's "Faust." Academy of Music.

Society in Gounod's "Faust."

Additional Company of the ecasion, Mines Farrar and Aids, MM. Marthelli, Amato, in "Carmen," with Toscanini conducting, At the Metropolitan.

Tomorrow's Menu

Of all the dishes that the ingenuity of man has invented, the truffled turkey or capon is the most delicious. On this point there is no difference of opinion-Dr. Austin Flint.

> BREAKFAST. Prunes Cereal and Cream Hamburg Steak Egg Muffins

DINNER. Celery Soup Roast Capon Mashed Potatoes Bolled Onlone

Cranberry Sauce Green Pepper Salad Chocolate Ice Cream Lady SUPPER. Sandwiches Hot Chocolate Sii Cruilers

Sliced Oranges

Egg Muffins-Sift together four cupfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of sugar, a tea-spoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. With a fork rub in a big tablespoonful of butter. Then add three eggs, beaten well with two and a quarter cupfuls of milk. Mix smooth and pour into greased muffin pans, about two-thirds full. Bake for a quarter of an

thirds full. Bake for a quarter of an hour in a hot oven.

Truffled Stuffing—Add four truffles, chopped fine, to a good plain bread or chestnut stuffing.

Sandwiches—Make a paste of cooked chicken livers, and add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, the same amount of melted butter, and salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Spread between thin slices of bread and serve.



A Wedding Gown

it was one of the prettlest ceremonies net. This robe was simply used without I have seen for a long time. Mollie drapery, leaving the exquisite pattern us. looked stunning, as usual, and poor Jim touched, except for a slight fulness at was as red as a beet. They had a love- the front of the skirt. ly reception afterward, and in the midto California. I certainly envy them.

dark, and her all-white gown accentuated both. I remember Jim declaring he'd never marry any other type of girl! To return to Mollie's gown. First of all,

it was made by one of the most fashionable importers in the city. The foun- face and held in place by the convadation was oyster white satin, of the tional wreath of orange blossoms. She most wonderful texture. It was extreme- carried a huge bouquet of lilies of the ly heavy, yet soft enough to be crushed valley and maidenhair fern, tied with in your two hands. Over this there was | white satin ribbon and chantilly lace.

Well, Mollie and Jim are married, and an opalescent robe, beaded on white an

The neck of the bodice was low and dle of it all Mollie and Jim slipped off outlined with white tulle. A most unique feature was a panel of the white satis. Elinor and I had a splendid time at the which hung loosely from the front et wedding. You may imagine that our the bodice in a graduated point below feminine soule were greatly thrilled over the waist line. This was bended with Mollie's wedding gown. She is tall and crystal ropes. The skirt was softly draped, with a small slit at the front Mollie's veil was charming. It was

made of duchess lace which has been in the family for years, I believe. It fave a wonderfully soft look to her eyes and hair by being ruffled around the

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Evening Gowns and Afternoon Frocks

has made its appearance in the spring fashions. These will continue their popularity long through the summer months, especially at the seashere, according to the buyer in one of the large stores.

A etunningly plain little evening gown, shown in one of the department stores, is made of white pussy willow taffeta. The bodice is full, with straps over the shoulders, and moss roses are caught here and there among the shirrings at the high waist line. The sleeves are little wisps of white shadow-lace also caught with resebuds. The skirt falls in a wide flare, with a quilling at the bottom. The price was \$25.

A most unique and fashionable costume for the very young miss was seen the other day. This little dress, by the way, for the very young miss was seen the other day. This little dress, by the way, was greatly reduced, owing to the fact that it had been used as a model in a recent fashion show. It was a charming adoptation of the 1830 styles, made of pink and white Dolly Varden silk, with a wide girdle of black velvet, and a wide transparent fichu around the shoulders, also outlined with the velvet. A chick street was regal.

A lovely hand-embroidered net afternoon irock was shown in a Chestnut street shop. The embroidery was done in the new wheat pattern, on soft batists was simple, with a V-neck and filet less and a pink satin ribbon camisole effect was regal. transparent fichu around the shoulders, also outlined with the velvet. A chic little apron with two side pockets of the

Sample evening gowns are going for a pink-and-white braid edging. This hung mere song in many of the shops nowa-days, and the pussy willow dance frock has made its appearance in the spring Thu price was only \$25.

The price was only \$25.

A wonderful evening gown for an older woman—or a debuntante, for that matter—was made of an odd shade of greenish blue chiffon, brocaded with dull gold. This was also a sample and sold for \$3. It was a marvel of graceful drapery, from the full, tapering blouse to the rather narrow skirt. The bodice was made on a plain deep V-line, both front and back, with no trimming but a fringed edging with no trimming but a fringed edging of antique gold. The sleeves were almost invisible, and were made of white net The skirt was draped, with the fringe to weight it down, and a white satin founda-tion showed from underneath. The whole effect was regal.

also outlined with the velvet. A chic little apron with two side pockets of the same transparent material—a sort of a sort of Russian tunic. The price was white silk net—was trimmed with a quaint \$29.75.



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

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledges, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Anna Krakoff, 1638 North Marshall street, Phila-delphia, for the following suggestion:

If your Oriental rug is soiled and dull looking, make a thick lather of naphtha soap and tepid water. Then take a soft, heavy cloth, and soak it in the suds. Rub this over the rug, going with the nap. Rinse this out and repeat the process until the dirt comes out. Then go over the rug with clean, warm water until no ing it fine like sand, and start in as soon soap appears. Finally, hang in the open as the frost has gone to arrange your air and sunlight. Do not be afraid that the sun will fade an Oriental rug. An occasional sun bath will keep away moths, and seems to bring out the colors. Never beat an Oriental rug. It tears the fringe and wears it out.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. P. D. Miliholland, 1907 North 63d street, Philadelphia, for the following sug-gestion:

When you find you have a foreign body in your eye, try putting a drop of castor oil in it. This will not only remove the thing which is in the eye, but it will also prevent the eye from becoming sore and inflamed.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. B. B. Lyndell, 1726 North 25th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the ends of each one in old newspapers. Also, when froning, if you wear old kid gloves, with the fingers cut out, your hands will never get callous spots.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary E. Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadel-phia, for the following suggestion: If there is an invalid in the house, at

tach a mirror to the window in his room, in such a position that it reflects the street and can be looked into comfortably from the bed. In this way time will fly for the invalid, as many interesting hap-penings will be reflected in the mirror.

The Rivals Of all the torments, all the cares, With which our lives are curst, Of all the plagues a lover bears, Sure rivals are the worst!

By partners of each other kind, Afflictions easier grow; In love alone we hate to find, Companions in our wee!

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see Are laboring in my breast, I beg you would not favor me, Would you but slight the rest.

How great soe'er your rigors are, With them alone I'll cope,

I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

-William Walsh, 1708. Southern Peach Crop Not Hurt

WASHINGTON, April 10.—The peach crop in South Carolina, Georgia and Ala-bama has suffered no material damage since the freeze of March 22, according to telegraphic reports to the Department of Agriculture announced today.

The first step is to select your spot and decide what you will grow.

If you are a beginner and this is one of your first attempts at having a garden,

A Garden of Annuals By JULE KING

April is the time to plant your garden.

I would suggest a few of the free blooming annuals. These plants have a limited time to live and are raised from seeds, sending forth

abundance of blossoms a few weeks after planting. The seeds of some, however, the winds

scatter broadcast, and another year you will have the joy of seeing a few of these little friends bobbing here and there throughout your garden, having taken for themselves a spot to grow in other than where we had planned to have them. And

so year after year our garden grows with new and old favorites. Prepare your soil—by spading and makgarden There is no recreation to con pare to that of planning and planting a garden and to see it grow, and there are so many of the most beautiful varieties that seem to need very little care if you start them right.

Don't plant seeds too deep or too closs together; pat the earth down firm after covering. I lay out small squares of circles and sow my seeds in these; this gives a mass effect when in blossom. Flowers grown from cheap seed are of no beauty in our gardens. So try when selecting to give careful thought to the varieties. As a rule the large-flowered double sorts are always more beautiful in color and, while these may cost a little more, I am sure you will be better pleased

with your results.

I always try and plan to have enough of bloom so that after carrying many of bloom so that after carrying many indoors there are left plenty to keep the garden gay—so when buying your seeds buy a few by the ounce. There are many sorts that can be had at the small price of 25 and 30 cents per ounce, buy one quarter or half an ounce, and if seeds are good, you will be overjoyed at the glory of seeing these masses of color. A few well grown annuals of the right sorts will yield a harvest of blossoms all summer, and you can make much of a small space by choosing suitable plans and giving them time in the treatment of

Farm and Garden

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SUSANNA COCROFT THE WOMAN WORTH WHILE Monday, April 12, 11 A. M. On Sale Byan's Ticket Office



THE FUNNY TROLLEYS By Bob Williams

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

Here's to the Funny Old Trolleys That snalled down the Funny Old Streets In the Funny Old Village of Dreaming, Where Cops seldom slept on their Beats

These Cars were as shaky as Chiliblains, Or Frost-Bitten Fingers that jump When you rub on the Snow that will thaw

And take out the Frost-Billing thump. You know how the Trolleys you ride on Each day when you're in such a rush Flave a way of just analling-not sailing-



Well, these Funnptown Cars were exactly. The same-only not quite as soon; They'd start from their Wood-Shed at And reach Funny Village at noon.

The Motorman slept on the Journey. And turned on the Force in his sleep; And while the Conductor was enoring

The Riders their Nickels would keep. These Trolleys were made of Molasses. All-hardened by Winter-Time's sting; Now, how would you like to be riding These Cars on a Scorcher in Spring?

You know Alice Brown, the Slow Scholar, Who reaches her School when it's out? Well, she hopped on a Funnytown Trolley In June-the result in in doubtl

