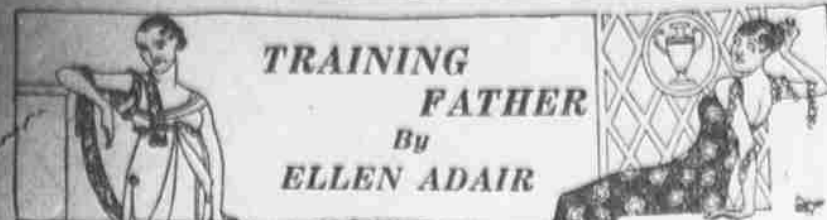


PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONABLE FANCIES FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD



TRAINING FATHER By ELLEN ADAIR

The New Parents' Clubs

IN THESE days of everlasting mothers' meetings, mothers' clubs, societies for the promotion of this, that and the next thing connected with child-welfare and child-study, one really seems to hear remarkably little about the educating of the father in parental duty and parental responsibility.

At the same time, there is no denying the fact that parental responsibility should always be mutual, and that the father should take as deep an interest in the welfare of his children as does the mother.

The average woman leaves the why and wherefore of her child's training too much to instinct, declares Doctor Wile. And instinct frequently sets one into sad mistakes and errors of judgment. Instinct isn't a safe guide for the suitable training of children.

This question of training the father for the duties of fatherhood is far from being foolish or impracticable. Upon the contrary, it is one that is going to come very much to the fore in the near future.

Woman's Love

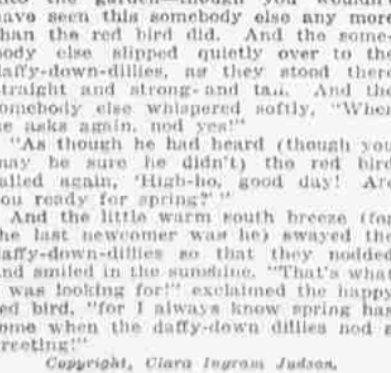
Oh, say not woman's heart is bought With vain and empty treasure; Oh, say not woman's heart is bought By every idle pleasure.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Nodding Daffodils

NINE little daffy-down-dillies peeped out from under their covers of green and looked at the world. "What do you see?" asked the roots away down under the ground.

"I very well remember," he mused to himself, as he began his toilette, "that last spring the garden smiled, the sparrows twittered, the cat bird called—and something else."



The red bird called again, "High-ho, good-day."

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE FUNNY BEAR

At the Other End of Funny Dale There lived, in a great big Shed, A Funny Bear as big as a Horse—His Name was Grizzly Ned.



His age was just exactly Ten; Not much for you or me; But for a Bear 'twas pretty old—They're different, you see.

The Daily Story

Visiting Philomela

"It is a restful, beautiful spot, Geraldine," said the bishop in a rebuking tone.

"I hate it, Uncle Ted," she flung back miserably. "I won't stay here. If you don't take me right straight back with you I'll run off to those horrible mountains and die."

The bishop smiled at her pleasantly and consulted his timetable.

"You'll grow to like it, my child, and your cousin Philomela is a charming woman when you—er—grow to know her. The change will do you good."

"Oh, I know why I'm being planted down here. You needn't try to gloss it over on me, Uncle Ted."

Geraldine stared down at him. For a whole week she had been trying to get used to the prospect, Cousin Philomela's home on the Virginia bank of the Potomac.

Geraldine stared down at him. For a whole week she had been trying to get used to the prospect, Cousin Philomela's home on the Virginia bank of the Potomac.

"You may visit Philomela indefinitely," said the bishop. "After the bishop had taken his departure, and Philomela had tried to comfort her, Geraldine opened the window wide to the night air and let the wind blow on her face and throat.

"What's he done?" asked Gerry, flatly. "Nothing, but he's not one of us. He's a very ultra sort of person, Gerry, and you won't get into his head."

"What's he done?" asked Gerry, flatly. "Nothing, but he's not one of us. He's a very ultra sort of person, Gerry, and you won't get into his head."

"I came from there, too," put in Gerry, mildly. "But, dear, he had been a cowboy, I believe, or something quite as uncontrolled and unbusinesslike."

Geraldine's eyes sparkled. Memories of some of the glorious old days at her father's ranch in New Mexico came back to her. "I like him," she declared, "and he's coming to see me, and you'd better allow it. Phil is the absolutely the only diversion I can see."

Philomela gave in hesitantly; but that afternoon, as the clouds broke over Stony Mount, Jack Carter set before the blazing fire in the long oil library, drinking tea and felling Gerry that he knew every ranch along the Belt Line and had been foreman once on old Jim Merritt's XOX outfit above Shelby.

"I know the way you rode you belonged out home," she said joyously. "And the way you fixed my girthing strap for me. Come often."

He did. Every day they rode together and every afternoon Miss Elliot played chaperon unwillingly over the tea table. And some way this faded away into a distant dream to Gerry, and all she longed for was a return to the dear old ranch that had laid idle since the death of her father, two years ago.

Then came one early morning when the big bay horse reined at the veranda. It was before breakfast and Gerry was out trimming off dead ally from the rose bushes. He looked more dazed and full of repressed energy than ever.

"I'm going back home," he said, without preliminaries. "The other chap's turned up."

"What other chap?" I don't understand," said Gerry. "Seabury Carteret, my cousin. He went to Japan eight years ago, straddled around the Orient and succeeded in losing himself so well that the report of his death was sent in and the location of his grave last night rode down to the notification letter. I left here, and he had a telegram for me. He's in New York, ready to take this whole thing off my hands, and I'm going back to Wyoming. We you come along, Gerry?"

It was asked quickly. He swung from the saddle and stood beside her, all his heart's love in eyes and voice, and Gerry, without even looking up at Cousin Philomela's windows, laughed softly, happily. She knew every blessed thing that he had meant to tell her, and she answered: "I'd love to, Jack."

"Back to the ranch life, dear?" "Back to everything, bless it," said Gerry.

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Woman

O women! in our hours of ease, Unrested, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade, By the heat of quivering aspen made, When pain and sorrow whirl the brow, A ministering angel be thou.



A WALKING SUIT OF SOLDAT BLEU GABARDINE

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Spring Millinery

WHATEVER style Milady's hat is to be this nowadays, one thing is certain, it must be light. The wide, stiff saloon, the big floppy bohemian, Napoleon, or garden hats—all must be tilted to a dangerous angle over the right ear.

Another charming sailor style is selling at another store. The brim is made of transparent black Georgette crepe, with a most striking crown of woven black and white satin ribbons.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

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

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to A. M. Hagen, 722 South 51st street, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When your azleas has finished blooming, if you send it to your florist, he will keep it for you until next Easter, and return it to you in full bloom.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Margaret Eleanor Wilson, 1603 Derry street, Harrisburg, Pa., for the following suggestion: Take ordinary snap fasteners and sew half on your dress and the other half on your dress shield.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. A. M. Hagen, 722 S. 51st St., Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: The envelopes which have transparent name spaces should be reserved for holding different kinds of buttons, tapes, etc., for the sewing room.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. A. M. Hagen, 722 S. 51st St., Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: A simple but very good way to make a fern look fresh is to pour boiling water into a dish under the pot containing the fern.

Tomorrow's Menu

"These procure quiet sleep: Violets, lettuce, especially boiled; syrup of dried roses, saffron, balm, apples, at our going to bed."—Bacon.

BREAKFAST Stewed Appricots Cereal and Cream Ham and Eggs Corn Meal Muffins Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER Cold Roast Pork Mashed Potato Mound Hot Biscuit Apple Sauce Gingerbread

DINNER Cream of Lettuce Soup Boiled Ham Battered Beets Lettuce Salad Apple Tapioca Pudding

Corn meal muffins—Sift together a cupful of corn meal, half a cupful of white flour, half a tablespoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat two eggs very light and add to a cupful and a half of milk and a tablespoonful of soft butter.

Mashed potato mound—Beat up, with hot milk, some mashed potatoes, and add half a cupful of grated cheese to three cupfuls of the potato. Mound on a baking dish, spread with butter, sprinkle with grated cheese, and bake brown.

Cream of lettuce soup—Wash two good-sized heads of lettuce and cook in as little water as possible until tender. Drain, chop very fine, and press through a sieve, then return to the water in which it was cooked. Add four cupfuls of milk, a tablespoonful of onion juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with one of butter and add to the soup; simmer until smooth and slightly thick.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Distinctive Walking Suit

I WAS just starting out for my morning constitutional when Ellnor called me up. She cheerfully announced that she had assured George Dallas and his friend—who had come to the city on the sleeper from Chicago, and were leaving the next day—that I didn't have anything to do, and would fill in for lunch this afternoon. I did have an engagement, but fortunately it was a charity affair and I called it off.

George's friend turned out to be awfully nice, and it was a good thing, for those two—Ellnor and George—hardly knew we were present. They gazed into each other's eyes, and looked as foolish as possible. Ellnor had bought a new suit for the occasion, at least, I suspect it was new, for I had never seen it before. She looked charming, even if she was in love.

Her suit was in the military style and distinctively so. The coat was extremely chic, and made of solid blue gabardine. It had two patch pockets on the sides, braided with bright silver and a small silver button in the middle. The front of the coat was single-breasted, with more buttons, extending to the collar line. The sleeves were plain and cut shorter than the usual sleeve with a narrow band of the braiding at the bottom, and a smaller sleeve of mustard colored fall underneath with a pointed cuff. The upstanding collar was also lined with this faille, with the braiding at the front.

The skirt was severely plain, and not as full as many of those I have seen this season. The stylish touch about it was the deep, upstanding cuff which gave the hem a very fashionable appearance. This had a narrow fold of the material at the top of the fold. Two wide side pockets, also outlined with silver braiding, finished off the sides, and the top of the skirt was shirred slightly to the waist band.

Ellnor wore a small barnyard straw turban with this, with long quills shooting up from the front. She looked very smart, indeed.

Realization of Development Plans of President M. Carey Thomas Will Put College in Class With Johns Hopkins and Oxford.

GARRETT MILLIONS TO BE USED FOR BENEFIT OF BRYN MAWR

Realization of Development Plans of President M. Carey Thomas Will Put College in Class With Johns Hopkins and Oxford.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.] BALTIMORE, April 15.—The bulk of the Garrett millions will go toward furthering the development of Bryn Mawr College and widening the scope of its activities.

This statement was made here today by Mrs. Elizabeth Garrett White, the deceased philanthropist's aunt and closest blood relative. John V. Garrett, the father of Bryn Mawr's benefactor, was the brother of Mrs. White.

At her home here on Mt. Vernon place she expressed the opinion that virtually all the money left to Miss M. Carey Thomas unconditionally by her niece, Mary Garrett, would be devoted to putting Bryn Mawr on a plane that would make the Main Line college without a peer among feminine institutions of learning in the world.

"The advancement of women," said Mrs. White, "was the thing above all others in the world that my niece was interested in. She not only believed in woman suffrage, but she thought that women should be so trained and so developed that they could take their place side by side with men in any line of work. She was a woman of modest tastes and simple tastes. I think her fortune will amount to more than \$4,000,000."

Mrs. White added further that she thought it had been Miss Garrett's aim to advance the cause of woman suffrage indirectly by providing for women a college which would offer to them every advantage and every avenue of development that the best man's college affords.

She has not met Miss Thomas yet, despite the fact that the latter is established in the Mary Garrett mansion, left to her along with the millions. Just a stone's throw from the White residence, and although Mrs. White said positively that the Garrett relatives would not contest the will, her voice was tinged with regret when she spoke of the house which her brother had bequeathed to his daughter passing out of Garrett hands.

From every point of view, she is in one of her books, "it is undesirable to have the problems of love and marriage presented for decision to a young girl during the four years when she ought to devote her energies to profiting by the only systematic intellectual training she is likely to receive during her life."

Miss Thomas' chapel talks are said to be minutes and always well attended. Religion seldom enters into them. Sometimes it is a disquisition on cold baths and again an address on suffrage, but, regardless of the topic, her talks always have the "pop."

Bryn Mawr and the higher education of women is her hobby. Just as it was Miss Garrett's, and a comprehensive course of study has already been planned. The rules are still in force. "The funny part of it," the student went on to explain, "is that, although we read for the time being at some of her mandates, she is very popular. It is perhaps because she inspires such intense respect."

There is no danger, however, or hope, according to the point of view, of the college becoming a conventional institution. For Miss Thomas seems to believe absolutely in separate education for women.

Those who know her say that to no one could a trust have been confided with more safety than to Miss Thomas, and whatever Miss Garrett, who, though never intimate with the students, was regarded by them as the good fairy of the college, desired should be done with her money that desire will now be fulfilled.

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