

PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONABLE FANCIES FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD

JEALOUSY AND LOVE By ELLEN ADAIR

Are the Two Inseparable?

THE prevalent idea appears to be that there can be no love without a pretty large admixture of jealousy, and that, conversely, almost every case of jealousy springs from some misguided love affair.

A recent newspaper case illustrates this point when a woman of assured social status and the mother of three children was arraigned on a charge of being the instigator of a plot to abduct another woman with whose husband she is said to have been infatuated.

One curious attribute of the jealous woman who plans to sweep her rivals out of the way is that she generally shows a marked lack of brains in her methods. Jealousy is popularly supposed to arouse a diabolically clever ingenuity in the breast of the jealous fair one—but, as a matter of fact, it seldom does anything of the sort.

A Love Song

It is something, sweet, when the world goes ill, To know you are faithful and love me still, To feel, when the sunshine has left the skies, That the light is shining in your dear eyes.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Reddy Squirrels Have Unpleasant Guests

FOR several days after the Reddy Squirrels moved into their new home in the house on the pole, they were too busy to more than glance around.

Reddy would have explained, but not Jonathan Blackbird. He never would help anybody if he could avoid it.



"Well enough, well enough" he said, "but you'll have trouble—trouble enough!"

But Reddy and his little mate didn't mind working, not they! They were naturally industrious; and then, who wouldn't work when they had as lovely a new home as the Reddy Squirrels? Think of the fun they had running up and down that smooth pole!

Reddy always hated to admit that there was anything he didn't know about, so he looked at the gray "bumps" solemnly and said, "Maybe they are the trimming to the house. Maybe places as pretty as this house always are made that way."

Jonathan Blackbird looked around carefully before replying, "Well enough, well enough" he said, "but you'll have trouble—trouble enough!"

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE WINTER REVIEW

Being an A, B, C Book in Four Parts.

By Bob Williams

G is for Gracie, A Girl you all know; For She is the Youngster Who kicks the Quills so.

H is for Hilltop, The Place they begin The Funnytown Races—To see who will win!

I is for Ice-Pond, Where all of the Fun Enjoyed by the Children Weighs more than a Ton!

J is for John Frost, The Man who just blows On the Tree-Tops and Houses, And frosts them with Snows.

K is for Katharine, A Funnytown Child; Altho' she is Gentle, She always looks Wild!

L is for Laughter, It's what you can hear Whenever you visit This Townful of Cheer.

M is for Magic, The Name of the Man Who keeps you all guessing—His First Name is Dan. (Chapter Three Tomorrow.)

spent a happy springtime in the new house, and they had nearly forgotten the bad prediction, when one day a queer buzzing made them remember it.

"I am rather fond of fishing," she confessed rather apologetically. "I go out constantly with my brother and sister, and thought I would try to write up one of my experiences. I was more surprised than any one else when you accepted it."

"I did not know that girls ever cared much for that sort of thing, or if they did I fancied they were different from you—more masculine, I mean."

"Lots of girls care," she said, "only you don't know them. Now, I am never so happy as when fishing or tramping through the woods."

"That is true happiness," said Monteth thoughtfully, looking down into the crowded street. "There is nothing so to be desired in our complex life of today as simplicity. The craving for excitement is killing the best that is in us—the childlike love of simple things."

"I am afraid I am keeping you," she said anxiously. "I know how busy editors are."

The Daily Story

"Call of the Red Gods"

The editor leaned back in his chair and sighed. The roar of the crowded street down below rose eternally, wearily. He got up and closed the window. Then he read the story again.

It brought great breaths of fragrant air into the stuffy room. He could see the open meadows and woodlands—the dashing, overflowing brooks where the trout were rising—the throbbing new life bursting out into the sunshine. He felt it all keenly, for he had spent most of that happy boyhood of his up among the hills of Connecticut.

The story was signed simply M. B. Turner, with an address somewhere up in Connecticut. "I never saw any one catch the real spring feeling as that man does," the editor said to himself. "He must be a good angler and general sportsman."

"Dear Sir—I have just read your manuscript, 'The Call of the Red Gods,' and I like it so much that I shall try to make room for it in the May number, which is already made up. I want to tell you personally how much I have enjoyed reading it and how it took me back to my boyhood home. I, too, am an angler by choice, though an editor by necessity. If you have other stories I should be glad to read them. Very truly yours, 'JOHN MONTEITH'"

The editor of the Twentieth Century was still young and genial, and his outer shell had not yet hardened.

Then he went back to his work and forgot the story. But sometimes in the midst of the rush and confusion of the great magazine office there came a faint sweet scent of violets and damp spring earth and the roar of the city streets was confused with the rush and roar of the brooks overflowing with the spring floods. It was then that the story was uppermost in his mind.

One of two other MSS. came from the same writer, but none was equal to the first.

"He ought to stick to nature," mused the editor one day in a leisure moment. "I wish I could see him and have a talk on the subject."

The last of August Monteth managed to get a few weeks' vacation. Then he returned from the Maine woods, the city looked dirtier and more dingy than ever. It was refreshing to find a note from Mr. Turner, stating that he would call at the office on Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock if that would be convenient to the editor.

When he went to the office on Wednesday, he had a strange feeling of expectation which he could not explain until he remembered that this was the day the disciple of Isak Walton was to call. Even while dictating letters to his typewriter his mind was wandering off to the office on Wednesday morning. His thoughts were called back by Miss Jones and the cessation of the click of the typewriter. "I did not catch that last sentence," Mr. Monteth said, looking up. "Something about mines and a brook?"

Monteth sat up and a flush deepened on his face even through his tan. "Oh, no," he said, politely. "You must be misunderstanding me. I do not do for this morning, Miss Jones, thank you. He had left word down stairs that although he was busy he would see Mr. Turner if it could be arranged."

It was 10:45 o'clock when the office boy, with a most perplexed and worried expression, threw open the door and announced "Miss Turner."

Monteth rose to his feet. There on the threshold, hesitating, flushed, stood a slight girl in a trim tailor gown. The faint perfume of violets floated into the room.

"I am Miss Turner," she said. "I really should have told you before, I only realized it was quite wrong when they almost refused to let me see you, and would not believe that I was the expected person."

"She looked so much embarrassed that Monteth recovered himself sooner than he could have expected. In order to put her at ease, but he, too, flushed. "I am very glad to see you, Miss Turner," he said, shaking hands with her in his cordial way. "So you are the author of 'The Call of the Red Gods'?"

"I am rather fond of fishing," she confessed rather apologetically. "I go out constantly with my brother and sister, and thought I would try to write up one of my experiences. I was more surprised than any one else when you accepted it."

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A FROCK OF TAFFETA ON SIMPLE LINES

the fishing grounds of Canada and write them up, I'm sorry."

"The girl leaned forward eagerly and the color came into her face. "Oh," she breathed softly, "couldn't I?"

"I am afraid you couldn't very well," he said, doubtfully. "It would be a hard trip and you couldn't go alone."

"I shouldn't mind the hardship. Perhaps I could persuade my brother to go with me. That reminds me," she said, smiling back at him, "you know my brother—he was in your class at Yale."

"What, Martin Turner?" he cried. "Why, we used to be great pals at college, but I haven't seen him for five years. Lost track of him completely. So you are Mart's sister. I am glad."

"He looked very boyish as he held out his hand. "We must be very close friends indeed," he cried enthusiastically. "In fact, we are very old friends already, because I remember you very well as a little girl when I visited Mart once or twice before."

"How very, very funny and delightful," cried the girl, laughing a delicious rippling laugh. "I must make Martin ask you to visit us again. We will take you fishing and tramping, and you need not even bring a dress coat. Will you come?"

"Will I come?" he said in a tone that sent the warm blood up into her cheeks. "Just try it and see."

"Perhaps," he said, as he held her hand a moment longer than necessary as she left him. "Perhaps you will let me join you and Martin on your Canadian trip. Will you?"

"Perhaps," she said, turning away. Then she looked back with a smile as she entered the elevator. "If the Red Gods call you—you must go, you know."

The next summer there was a series of articles on Canadian fishing in the Twentieth Century Magazine signed "Mabel Turner Monteth."

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Woman Testifies Mrs. Burkhaw Is Not Child of Dead Millionaire.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

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

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss Nellie Treater, 2209 Susquehanna avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

That bows that have been crushed in the rain can be renovated in an easy and practical way without untrimming the hat. Take a tablespoon, warm it over a gas stove or a lamp, with the concave side toward the heat. When the spoon is sufficiently hot, slip it carefully under the bows that need refreshing and pass the damp parts of the ribbon over the arched side of the tablespoon.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. McFate, 121 West Susquehanna avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

When you are polishing the range, and find that some parts of it are too hot to make the polish stick, sprinkle a little sugar on the hot part and quickly spread the polish on. You will find that it sticks very well.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. McFate, 121 West Susquehanna avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

When you are cutting bread have a box ready for the crumbs which are usually thrown away. They are better than cracker dust, and at the end of a week you will find you have more than a pound.

Reformed Church Collects \$105,000

A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Lovely Hand-Painted Gown

WELL, the very much abused Jimmy has turned up again, as I knew he would. He called me up and said in a highly dignified tone that if I cared to go with him to the dance his club was giving, he would be glad to take me.

Some of the girls at the dance looked charming. No, I don't mean to be catty. I think nothing is sweeter than the wide, flaring skirts, and the full, flower-trimmed blouses the girls are wearing nowadays.

One large Market street department store is selling a very good-looking corduroy skirt in rose color, with pearl buttons all the way down the front, and side pockets, for \$8.50.

A severely tailored suit for the business woman is made of tan and brown tweed, with double breasted coat and side-plaited skirt. It reminds one of the country tramp, as the skirt is well above the ankles. The price is \$38.50.

Tomorrow's Menu

Faire was the dawne, and but e'en now the skies, Show'd like to cream, enspir'd with straw-berries. BREAKFAST.—Herrick, Steamed Dates, Cereal and Cream, Coffee Balls, Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER. Salmon Loaf, Lettuce Sandwiches, Hot Chocolate, Sweet Wafers.

DINNER. Oxtail Soup, Halibut Filets, Mashed Potatoes, Cucumbers, Macaroni au Gratin, Celery Salad, Strawberries.

Rice muffins—Sift two cupfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat an egg light and add half a cupful of cooked rice and three-quarters of a cupful of milk. Beat well and then add the dry ingredients, and at the last four tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake in a hot oven.

Salmon loaf—Pick to pieces with a silver fork the contents of a large can of salmon and season it with cayenne pepper and salt. Add a cupful of whipped cream and pour into a mold. The salmon should be very fine and well mixed through the cream. Steam until firm and serve with little balls of boiled white potato, garnished with lemon juice and

Distinctive Millinery

Not a mere bit of straw ribbons and a few flowers, but a charming combination of originality that adds grace to the face.

Mawson and De Many 1115 Chestnut Street MILLINERY AND FURS



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