# PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONABLE FANCIES FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD

The Daily Story

"Call of the Red Gods"

dghed. The roar of the crowded street down below rose eternally, wearily. He

got up and closed the window. Then he

It brought great breaths of fragrant air

into the stuffy room. He could see the

open meadows and woodlands-the dash-

ing, overflowing brooks where the trout

were rising-the throbbing new life burst-

ing out into the sunshine. He felt it all

The story was signed simply M. B. Tur-

ner, with an address somewhere up in

a good angler and general sportsman."

ellp accepting the article, he picked up

It and how it took me back to my boy-

hood home. I, too, am an angler by

choice, though an editor by necessity. If

you have other stories I should be glad

The editor of the Twentieth Century

was still young and genial, and his outer

Then he went back to his work and for-

got the story. But sometimes in 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

One or two other MSS, came from the

same writer, but none was equal to the

"He ought to stick to nature," mused

tion which he could not explain until he

and the cessation of the click of the type-writer. "I did not catch that last sen-tence. Mr. Montelth." she said, looking

up. "Something about pines and a brook."

Monteith sat up and a flush deepened
on his face even through his tan. "Oh.

no." he said, politely. "You must have misunderstood me. But that will do for this morning. Miss Jones, thank you."

He had left word down stairs that al-though he was busy he would see Mr. Turner if he called. It was 10:45 o'clock when the office

boy, with a most perplexed and worried

nounced "Miss Turner."

Monteith 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

really should have told you before. I only realized it was quite wrong when

and would not believe that I was the

Monteith recovered himself sconer than he could have done otherwise 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"?

You really must forgive me for being so surprised, but you see I had always pic-

ured a man-a regular sportsman-and

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

are."

'On, I quite forgot," he said, smiling,
'that I had a business proposition for
you. It's all mixed up now, however,
because you are not a man. I was going to make you an offer to go through

spected person."
She looked so much embarrassed that

they almost refused to let me see

"I am Miss Turner." she said. "I-I

expression, threw open the door and an

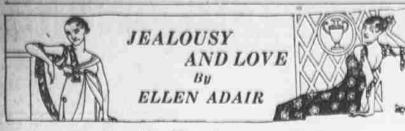
"JOHN MONTEITH."

to read them. Very truly yours,

shell had not yet hardened.

uppermost in his mind.

read the story again.



#### Are the Two Inseparable?

FIGHE prevalent idea appears to be that utterly filogical and childishly reckless I 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. Whether this idea is the right one or not is decidedly open to question. Ideal love affairs preclude jealousy altogether, and where absolute trust and confidence exist, there is no room at all for the greeneyed monster. It is only when the course of true love ceases to run smoothly, or where the passion is an unlawful one, that lealousy creeps in, like a canker at the root.

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 abdust another woman with whose husband she is said to have been infatuated. The fealous lady had inserted an advertisement in the paper calling for some one to "undertake a dangerous mission," and when an adventurous gentleman, who presumably wished to turn an honest penny, answered the same, she informed him by letter that he would need a revolver to undertake some "night work," which she planned to have carried out. The lady also indicated that she desired to have her in tended victim knocked senseless or shot if she should offer any resistance.

However, as Robert Burns assures us, "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley"-and the plot was very quickly laid bare to the police, who That the light is shining in your dear immediately placed the jealous woman under arrest.

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 onebut, as a matter of fact. It seldom does anything of the sort. In my opinion, jealousy makes women do the most stupid things in the world! Not only does it blunt all their finer feelings, but at the same time it causes a curious confusion of mind, which falls to take the proper grasp of consequences and which is

busy to more than glance around. Of

done after that. The house must have a

covering of soft down laid on the floor;

the door, which was a trifle too small,

must be gnawed a bit wider-oh there

new home as the Reddy Squirrels? Think

of the fun they had running up and down that smooth pole! Nobody but a clever squirrel like Reddy could do that

trick as well. And then the view of the park. "That alone was worth moving for." Mrs. Reddy said many times.

The days soon came, though, when everything was done. Then for the first time Mrs. Reddy found time to speak of

the queer little gray "bumpa" on the wall in the main room of their house. "I be-

lieve now that I think of it," she said to

Reddy, "that I think of it, she said to Reddy, "that I noticed those things when we first looked in here. I remember thinking that they looked very pretty. Now what do you suppose they are?" 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."

But aithough he looked very wise when he said it, Mrs. Reddy was not one bit im-pressed by his answer.

Before she had time to reply, however, a shadow crossed the doorway. Both squirrels whirled around to see who was there. "Oh, how do you do," said Reddy when he asw that their visitor was their neighbor Jonathan Blackbird; "so you've

come to call on us in our new quarters!

Did you ever see such a prety place?"

Jonathan Blackbird looked around care-

fully before replying. "Well enough, well enough!" he said, "but you'll have trouble-trouble enough!"
"Trouble?" asked Mrs. Reddy, "why

here more than anywhere else?"

The blackbird only shook his head dole-

fully and turned away without another word. Any other creature of the woods

THE WINTER REVIEW Being an A B C Book in Four Parts, This is Part Two.

By Bob Williams

A Girl you all know; For She is the Youngster Who kicks the Quilts so.

Where all of the Fun Enloyed by the Children Weighs more than a Ton!

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

G is for Gracie.

was a lot to do.

in its workings.

One has only to glance at the daily papers to see this fact practically lilus- keenly, for he had spent most of that traied. The shemes of the jealous woman happy boyhood of his up among the hills are the most childishly immature in the of Connecticut. Yes, the busiest editor world, and in almost every case fall to in New York sat there dreaming, while pieces and bring speedy retribution on below in the general office people with her own head. For not alone does the important business were being turned victim suffer. The worst suffering gener- away by the dozen.

ally comes upon the plotter herself.

Love very often does bring a certain Connecticut. "I never saw any one catch amount of Jealousy in its train. But at the real spring feeling as that man does," the same time it is entirely up to our- the editor said to himself. "He must be selves to curb those feelings and to keep them from outward and visible sign of Instead of sanding the usual printed expression.

Moreover, it is perfectly true that, al- his pen and wrote the following note: though love generally does admit of Jeal- "Mr. M. H. Turner. ousy, the latter can exist and flourish "Dear Sir-I have just read your manupretty successfully without love. A script, 'The Call of the Red Gods,' and woman may be desperately jealous of the I like it so much that I shall try to make attentions which a man pays to another room for it in the May number, which is woman without in the least loving that already made up. I want to tell you perparticular man. For jealousy may spring sonally how much I have enjoyed reading om hurt pride, or from balked hopes, r from the fear of what people may say te as frequently as it springs from

Therefore in the last analysis we may nost assuredly claim that jealousy and ove are two distinct and quite separable

#### A Love Song It is something, sweet, when the world

you are faithful and love me To feel, when the sunshine has left the midst of the rush and confusion of the

eyes-Beautiful eyes: More dear to me Than all the wealth of the world could

It is something, dearest, to feel you near, When life, with its sorrows, seems hard

To feel, when I falter, the clasp divine Of your tender and trusting hand in

Than the tenderest things of earth the editor one day in a leisure moment.

metimes, dearest, the world goes wrong, For God gives arief with His rift of song, And poverty, too! But your love is more To me than riches and golden store. Beautiful love! Until death shall part

But days went by and Reddy couldn't

find out what the blackbird meant. He wouldn't answer Reddy's questions, he would only shake his head and say, "The

others had to leave that house and so

Well enough, well enough!" he said,

"but you'll have trouble-trouble

enough!"

house, and they had nearly forgotten the

bad prediction, when one day a queer buxsing made them remember it: "It comes from those gray 'bumps' I have been so proud of!" cried Mrs. Reddy. Hefore she had time to say another word or to investigate, out from the gray

She always looks Wildi

It's what you can hear Vhenever you visit This Townful of Cheer.

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

L is for Laughter:

never to return!

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Reddy Squirrels Have Unpleasant Guests FOR several days after the Reddy would have explained, but not Jonathan

in the house on the pole, they were too | body if he could avoid it.

Squirrels moved into their new home Blackbird. He never would help any-

busy to more than glance around. Of course they had tidled up the little place when the blackbird had gone, "he's just an old creaker. I'll find out what he

the first day, but there was much to be means if I can. If I can't don't you

#### 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 crept into her face. "Oh," she breathed softly. "couldn't 1?"

"I wish I could see him and have a talk

on the subject."

Ite wrote a little note to Mr. M. B.
Turner and told him that when he was in town he would be glad to have him call at the office of the Twentieth Century. In reply came a little typewritten note thanking him for the invitation, but as M. B. Turner was setting out for a long summer trip through Canada he could not be in New York until the early fall. It made the office seem very hot and stuffy—the thought of that Canadian trip.

When the softly, "couldn't I?"

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

"I shouldn't mind the hardness. Perhaps I could persuade by 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. "What, 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."

's sister. I am glad." looked very boyish as he held out hand. "We must be very good to get a two weeks' vacation. When he returned from the Maine woods the city looked dirtier and more dingy than ever. "In fact, we are very old friends already, "In fact, we are very old friends already, because I remember you very well as a It was refreshing to find a note from hecause I remember you very well as a little girl when I visited Mart once years at the office on Wednesday morning at hefore."

10:30 o'clock if that would be convenient "How very, very funny and delightful."

at the office on Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock if that would be convenient to the editor. That was Montetth's busiest day, but without hesitation he sent a cordial invitation to the young author to come at the specified time.

When he went to the office on Wednes—
When he went to the office on Wednes—
Wednesday morning at the fore."

"How very, very funny and delightful."

"How very very funny and delightful."

author to come at the specified time.

When he went to the office on Wednesday, he had a strange feeling of expecta-"Will I come"" he said in a tone that

was a lot to do.

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 are home as the Reddy Squirrels. Think thoughts were called back by Miss Jones and the cessation of the day that the disciple of Izaak Walton was to call. Even while dictating letters to his type-writer his mind was wandering off to the woods and fields he loved so well. His thoughts were called back by Miss Jones and the cessation of the day that the disciple of Izaak Walton was to call. Will you?'

"Perhaps." she said, turning away. Then she looked back with a smile as she entered the elevator. "If the Red ods call you-you must go, you know. The next summer there was a series of

articles on Canadian fishing in the Twen-tieth Century Magazine signed "Mabel Turner Montelth."

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#### SWEARS CAMPBELL HEIRESS' MOTHER IS WIFE OF DUKE

Woman Testifies Mrs. Burkham Is

Not Child of Dead Millionaire. NEW YORK, April 23.-Testimony that Mrs. Lois Campbell Burkham, legatee of half the \$16,000,000 estate left by the late James Campbell, millionaire traction magnate, is the daughter of Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Hicks, and is not Campbell's hild, was given in the Circuit Court here today by Mrs. Edith Blair, of St. Louis, stepmether of Mrs. Hicks.

Relatives of the late millionaire are ndeavoring to establish among other things that Mrs. Burkham has no right o share in the estate. In her testimony Mrs. Blair said Mrs Hicks now is living in England and is the wife of a duke, but she refused to give her stepdaughter's exact where-

Reformed Church Collects \$105,000 Reformed Church Collects \$105,000
The Reformed Church has raised \$165,000 to pay off the indebtedness on its foreign mission work. This announcement was made today, following a two mouths' campaign, during which the church workers hoped to raise \$125,000, which would liquidate all the debt of the Board of Foreign Missions of the church. It is expected that additional contributions will be received, which will make up the required total.



A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss Nellie Treaver, 3209 Susquehanna avenue Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Hat 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.

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?"

"A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary E. Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphila, for the following suggestion:

When you are engaged in delicate needlework, a good plan is to have a little flour in a saucer beside you. Dipping the fingers in it from time to time will not only keep them dry, but your work will never become soiled.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary B. Daniel, 33 East Springfield avenue, Chestnut Hill, Pa., for the following sug-restlen:

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

prize of 50 cents has been awarded to McHale, 1221 West Susquehauna ave-Philadelphia, for the following sug-

When you are cutting bread have a box ready for the crumbs which are usually thrown away. They are better than you will find you have more than a pound.



'Faire was the dawne, and but e'en now

Steamed Dates
Cereal and Cream
Codfish Balls.
Rice Muffins. Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER. Salmon Loaf Lettuce Sandwiches Hot Chocolate.

Oxtail Soup Halibut Fillets Mashed Potatoes Cucumbers. Macaroni au Gratin. Celery Salad Strawberries

three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoon ful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat an egg light and add half s 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.

ver fork the contents of a large can or salmon and season it with cayenne pepper and sait. 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

**EMSTITCHING** Done While You Wait 10c Yd. All Materials. Pleating; Buttons Covered



### A Lovely Hand-Painted Gown

WELL, the very much abused Jimmy over the arms. The front was slied a would. He called me up and said in a was passed under the lace to give a rehighly dignified tone that if I cared to effect. The back was just like the tree go with him to the dance his club was giving, he would be glad to take me. All during the first half he was so obviously insulted that I was secretly con- tulle rosette took the place of the secretary vulsed with laughter. I have decided to reserve the news of my trip to New York | The waist line was high, of course and until later. Then he'll be furious, for I have three dates with him next week.

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. I guess-whatever they were, they looks Mother says they are exactly like the ones my grandmother wore. I wonder slippers and stockings to match . she'd admit it. I noticed a little southern beauty from Atlanta, and she had a wonderful gown on. The bodice was home, and kept on talking of the to made of Chantilly lace, laid in wide time we were going to have next folds on the shoulders, and falling down | Poor Jimmy!

The walst line was outlined with

wide ruffle of the canary colored takes of which the gown was made. A blan ventional corsage bouquet at the free three loose bands of taffets were last flat over the hip, holding the fulless daintily in place. The bottom of the co wide skirt was bound with a rope of ta feta, and hand painted birds followed the line of the hem. These were blackbled, charmingly bizarre. Canary yellow sails

Jimmy was most agreeable

## AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS.

Street Suits and Gowns

THE fact that this is a blue season has been demonstrated by the extraordinary number of navy, midnight and soldat blues seen in the fashionable suits. This also promises to continue in the fall, with the spring suitings, such as gabardine, woolen poplin, serges and mixed goods in vogue. Separate skirts of corduroy are fashionable just now.

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 \$5.50. This also comes in soldat or navy blue and fawn color.

Another store is showing a military suit of navy blue gabardine, with a decided flare at the bottom of the short coat and skirt, Corn-colored faille was used on the collar and cuffs, and a novelty belt outlined the high waist line. The price was \$25.

A severely tallored suit for the business woman is made of tan and brown tweed.

A severely tailored suit for the business woman is made of tan and brown tweed, with double breasted coat and side-

This also came with green taffets in the place of the navy blue. It was just the thing for the schoolgiri.

#### Tomorrow's Menu

the skies. Shew'd like to cream, enspir'd with straw-BREAKFAST. -Herrick.

Sweet Wafers DINNER

Rice muffins-Sift two cupfuls of flour,

Salmon loaf-Pick to pieces with a silver fork the contents of a large can of

minced parsley. White sauce can be used instead of whipped cream if desired

Halibut fillets-Cut halibut into nest strips and dip them in beaten ess and fine crumbs. Fry them in deep fat und they are brown. Serve with sliced methey are brown. Serve with glicel cumbers dressed with oil and vise The cucumbers can be split and the inite removed in neat dice and returned to the shells with French dressing

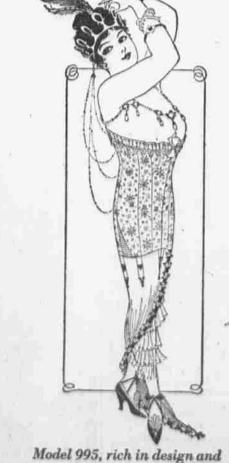


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