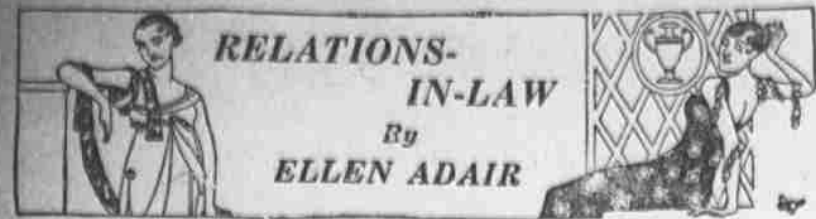


PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONABLE FANCIES FOR THE WOMAN AND HOUSEHOLD



RELATIONS-IN-LAW By ELLEN ADAIR

The Rift Within the Lute

ACCORDING to current information in the daily papers, relations-in-law are indeed responsible for many, many ups and downs and many strange vicissitudes in the life matrimonial.

allowed to pass by without carefully pointing it out to her son. "You really must speak to Mary about this dear John," the fond but interfering mamma will murmur into the ear of her harassed offspring; or, "Isn't it unfortunate that dear Mary should dress in that old-fashioned" and a hundred and one other observations of a similar character.

The average set of relations-in-law do seem somehow to maintain a critical attitude. In the general run of things this attitude can hardly be given such a strong term as antagonistic, but all the same it is not conducive to making the path of true love run smoothly.

The Girl Who Looks Nice The well-groomed girl is not always the most expensively dressed girl, nor does she dress her hair in the most extreme fashion.

The Daily Story A Fair Advantage

The steamer Glenmont, in tow of a double raft, was churning its way down the Mississippi, Leslie Barnett was the pilot, and we, Barnett and I, were alone in the pilot house.

"That mate a fool?" Barnett reflected. "Well, maybe, and maybe not."

"Barnett leaned over to the window for some tobacco, then began to fill his pipe. There was no sound but the regular breathing of the steamer and the wash-wash-wash of the big wheel at the stern.

"It's a common, uninteresting way folks got nowadays of getting married," the pilot began. "Don't you know it? Common old pros from the beginning."

"Do you know—well, it was back in '99, I was pulling on an oar on an old floating raft—we didn't have steamers to push 'em then."

"Well, sir, there was another fellow on that raft, sort of a clerk and mate, or steersman when the captain wanted to be lazy—sort of a general boss, and important."

"You know, he figured on the same girl, poor devil. I don't know what became of him! We were going down the river, spring of '99—May—no wind—easy floating. The water was all like that—out there, Barnett pointed to a broken bay of crimson and green in the water that ran from the boat to the bank. The sunset was above the hill beyond."

"The middle of the next morning we were coming to that only town I was telling you about. You know that night I didn't sleep—no work to do, either. I dropped down between two big logs, comfortable, and listened to that raft purr—the waves, you know, rattled around soft between the logs. Hear that tree toad then? That 'Chi-wa, chi-wa.' Well, I heard them that night."

"Next morning the wind was blowing a gale to eastward across the channel. I didn't sleep—no work to do, either. I dropped down between two big logs, comfortable, and listened to that raft purr—the waves, you know, rattled around soft between the logs. Hear that tree toad then? That 'Chi-wa, chi-wa.' Well, I heard them that night."

"No breakfast that morning," he went on. "I don't know how the cook had to take a hand at the oars. That happened sometimes. Well, there was that town coming in sight and I was working to keep the wind from blowing us right in with the other fellows. Pretty soon I see the girl—wore a white dress—no hat. Same time I saw that clerk I was telling you about. We had that clerk with a white collar on, making for to shove ashore in that boat."

"Right—right," I heard the captain. "Lord, he had a commanding voice. I see the clerk in full again with the other fellows about 30 feet from me. Pretty soon I see the captain coming down to the bow where I was. He was whittling a stick. The clerk was just about to shove off. Well, that clerk with a white collar on—there ain't any more like him now on the river—he came down to me and stood a minute, cutting that stick."

"Leslie," he says, "what town's this we're coming to?" "Let me see," I says, beginning to look around. "Never mind," he returned. "I see you don't know. The wind's getting in. He says, 'Leslie,' he says, 'don't be afraid of getting wet.'"

"That captain didn't say another word. He went off whittling that stick. I see the clerk with a white collar on, making back and shove off in the boat. I didn't have time to wave—I jumped in and swam for it. The other fellows didn't make a sound. I thought they hadn't noticed me."

"Pretty soon I see the clerk and the girl shaking hands. Then she was looking at me—the clerk was. I told you it was May and the water hadn't heated up yet for the summer. Next thing I was on the bank, shivering too much to talk. That girl came over and extended her hand to me."

"No," says I. "I'm too wet to touch you." "You're fool enough to half drown and lose your job, too," put in the clerk. "I didn't have much to say, waiting developments, you know. He says, 'I'll give you the boat's oar if you can get back to the raft and save your job.' He started for the boat. He knew we were going to lay in a mile below as the captain said. I'd be doing him a double take for taking the boat back and getting myself out of the way, too."

"Well," says I, "I came ashore to say a word with this girl and—I could hardly talk—I ain't said quite all of it yet."

"That clerk, well, he went over and started to take the girl by the arm to walk off. His shoes were shined. You know, she wasn't in any hurry."

"Look a here, I didn't come ashore for nothing, as I explained, I says, 'Lord! I was hungry and beginning to get mean inside like the clerk.'"

"This man—she began saying to the clerk—'my brother's not in dry clothes,' she went on, 'and I'm going to take him up to the house and have him put 'em on. He'll catch cold. You,' she went on to the clerk, 'you can see me some other time.'"



AN EVENING CAPE OF ASHES OF ROSE TAFFETA

What's Doing Tonight?

United Business Men's Association annual dinner, Scottish Rite Hall, Broad and 15th streets, 7:30 o'clock. Antisuffrage meeting, Germantown Cricket Club, 8 o'clock. Free. Entertainment Sons of Jove, Hotel Adelphia, 8:30 o'clock. Free. Freeing County dinner, Hotel Adelphia, 7 o'clock. Drexel Middle Bible classes, fourth annual service, Holy Trinity Church, 8 o'clock. Free. Lecture, "Karl's Proposal for Perpetual Peace," Dr. Morris Jastrow, Houston Hall, 8 o'clock. Free. Suffrage open-air meeting, 9th street and Lancaster avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. Emma Goldman, lecture on "The Birth Struggle," Royal Hall, 7th and Morris streets, 8 o'clock. Free. Jinye drivers' meeting, Broad and Diamond streets, 8 o'clock. Free. President's National Historical Society, churchhouse. Play, "Eve's Man," Noy College students, News Century building, 8 o'clock. Free. Synoptic Exhibition, Starr Garden Playground.

SUFFRAGE EVENTS TODAY

EQUAL FRANCHISE SOCIETY. 9:30 a. m.—Singing service at the society's headquarters, 35 South 9th street, to inaugurate the Equal Franchise League section in the suffrage parade on Saturday next. Miss Clara Mitchell is in charge of the choir. The members will see throughout the day. Noon—Open-air meeting on the Postoffice plaza, 9th and Chestnut streets. Speaker, Miss Hertha Sappelt. WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARTY. 2 p. m.—Campaign rally for the 10th Legislative District at 1022 Clinton street. Ways and means discussed and decided to carry on the party's campaign in this district during the coming month. 3 p. m.—Open-air meeting at 40th street and Lancaster avenue, under the auspices of the Woman Suffrage party, branch in the 10th Legislative District. Speaker, Mrs. Harry Lewis. Mrs. M. C. Howell will be in charge of the choir. Like meetings at the same time and place held weekly by suffragists in that district as part of their spring and summer campaign. EQUAL FRANCHISE LEAGUE OF LANCASTER. 11 a. m.—A reciprocity day observed by the league and the Twentieth Century Clubhouse. Landmark, Mrs. Ethel Austin Shirley presides. Addressed by Mrs. Samuel Temple and Mrs. S. Blair Luchie, president of the Delaware Association of Clubs; her topic being "Some Pennsylvania Laws."

Tomorrow's Menu

"There was pastry upon a dish; he selected an apricot-puff and a damson tart."—Charlotte Bronte. BREAKFAST. Grapefruit. Cereal and Cream. Ham and Eggs. Pancakes. Coffee. LUNCHEON OR SUPPER. Cold Ham. Creamed Baked Macaroni. Lemon Jelly. DINNER. Spinach Cream Soup. Veal Cutlet. Browned Sweet Potatoes. Creamed Carrots. Cucumber Salad. Plum Tart. Broiled Ham—Cut ham in very thin slices, pour boiling water over it, and if very salt repeat, drain and dry and broil quickly. Lemon Jelly—Make lemon jelly in a large mold or in individual molds in small glasses. Turn out and surround with custard, made by beating the yolks of two eggs to a cream with two table-spoonsful of sugar, and adding a cupful of scalding milk, and cooking until it thickens slightly. Flavor lightly with vanilla.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

WE HAD a wonderful time at the dance last night. I wasn't quite so late as I had expected, because my gown was one of the full, simple styles which you fasten up the back and find yourself dressed. No more will the intricacies of the draped skirt and the tunic worry the woman who goes without a maid.

Everybody looked so very well that it would be quite impossible to tell who was the prettiest. Effie and George hardly exchanged a glance, they were so terribly interested in each other, and I had my friend, Mr. Ingersoll, to take me. Mrs. Dallas wore a wonderful cloak. I could hardly keep my eyes off it all the way out in the limousine.

It was made of taffeta, of course, in a lovely shade of rose shade. Just at the present time it is rather hard to select a becoming cloak, because they are so undecided in style, wavering between the

creation seen in another shop. This is large, and decidedly floppy in shape. It is made of smooth straw, with a flange of rose corded silk. At the top of the rather high crown there are small bunches of daisies, in a sort of grayish color, with huge black centers, tied here and there by narrow rose ribbon. The price is \$5.

Poke shapes are almost as fashionable as the large Gainsboroughs, and this same store is showing some very pretty ones. One small gray hat, with a quaint turned-up brim and trimmed with old-fashioned flowers and fruits, just reminds you of lavender and old lace. It has a very modern wired bow flying from the back, however, and the price is \$5.

One of our Market street shops is showing some most reasonably priced styles in dress hats. The majority of them are large and flaring, with a bouquet of flowers and a velvet bandeau for the only trimming. One attractive hat had a soft band of French blue velvet around the crown, with a bouquet of dark daisies and moss roses at the front. A corresponding band of velvet was drawn across the crown. The price was \$5.

Another hat at the same price, and very much on the same order, had a wreath of purple and yellow pinks around the crown, and the soft blue ribbon showed through underneath, ending in a loose bow-knot at the back.

A most fascinating little hat is a rose-and-tan of the most exquisite models seen in Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: All suggestions should be addressed to Miss Adair, Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. W. S. Kuser, 535 South 32d street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Do not throw away an old hot-water bag because it leaks. Fasten over the leak a strong piece of adhesive plaster. Fill the bag with sand or salt and cover with a flannel bag. It will hold heat for a long time and can be used instead of the water bottle.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss S. D. Tazew, 1108 Pennsylvania Building, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: If cracked dishes are boiled in enough sweet milk to cover them for about 20 minutes, the cracks will glue together and become invisible and the dishes will stand almost as much usage as when new.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss E. Blair, Coatesville, Pa., for the following suggestion: In making a skirt, I have found that by chalking a window sill, one that just "bits" below the hips, and turning around until one's skirt is completely marked, then measure evenly all around, adding as many inches as desired off the door, that my skirt hangs very evenly.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss E. Blair, Coatesville, Pa., for the following suggestion: Mix a tawny can of cocoa with cold water and boil in a double boiler until it becomes an even paste. Place this paste in a glass and keep in a cool place, and whenever a glass of food cocoa is desired, add a teaspoonful of the prepared mixture and sugar to taste, to a glass of cold milk. This makes a delicious summer drink.

Anti-suffragist Meeting Tonight A public meeting will be held in the ballroom of the Germantown Cricket Club tonight at 8 o'clock under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. The principal speaker will be Miss Minnie Bronson, general secretary of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. No admission will be charged.

Does Love Win Love? Does the warmth of a great love inevitably kindle a love in the heart of the beloved? Alas! this cannot be so, or why so many unreciprocated attachments?

No, it is not true that love begets love. Many a man has worshipped for years, and not been able to win more than the most casual affection in return. And their name is legion of those who have married with but a one-sided affection between them.

And does the other side never respond to, never return this depth of feeling? Very seldom, if ever, in time a placid tenderness may be evoked, but not love. A great amount of human pain and misery would be spared if love could always win love, but while human hearts are under the mysterious sway of Master Dan Cupid this can never be the case, for as the wind bloweth where it listeth, so love loves just how and when he chooses.

There are 21 carefully blended ingredients in the sauce that gives

HEINZ Spaghetti COOKED READY TO SERVE its appetizing flavor. Even though you knew the recipe and could get all these delicate things, you would still lack the expert knowledge of our Italian chef who puts them together. Most housewives are glad to get such a delicious food, cooked ready to serve. At all grocers. 10 Cents and up H. J. HEINZ COMPANY 57 Varieties

CHILDREN'S CORNER

When the Circus Came to Town

SUCH a bustle! Such a hurry! Such a rush! For hadn't mother said that not one boy or girl should go one step to the circus parade till all the work was done?

Jack volunteered to sweep the porch. Susan dusted the living room. Ellen tidied the playroom and Ned was general helper—mother didn't have to speak twice to get helpers that morning; she hardly had to speak once!

And so, thanks to everybody, at half-past 3 they were off to see the parade. "Oh, Ellen, dear," said mother, as they turned the corner, "did you feed and look up Kitty Lou?"

"I fed her and gave her some fresh water, mother, but I didn't lock her up. Why should she be locked up before we go?" asked Ellen.

"You know she is always into mischief," replied mother, "and I think we'd better lock her up before we go."

"Oh, don't bother," said Jack, "she won't do any harm. Come on, we're just in time!"

"So they all hurried off, mother as gay as her boys and girls and all bent on a good time. Not another thought did they give to Kitty Lou. And indeed, why should they think of her? Was she not well fed? Did she not have a nice place to stay? And didn't she know she ought to stay in that home?"

Oh yes, all of that, but Kitty Lou could always be counted on to do the thing she shouldn't think of doing. Left alone, she began to explore all the places she was never allowed to visit. The study, the work basket, and the guestroom bed were all carefully investigated.

"Now, I guess I'll go outdoors," she decided, but how to get out was somewhat of a question. Kitty Lou inspected every door and found them all shut tight. Then she tried the windows—all locked. "Never mind," she told herself, "there'll be one open somewhere, just keep hunting!" And sure enough! Upstairs, in Ellen's room there was a window open. To be sure it was only open a crack for the burglar lock was fastened, but



Right in among the elephants!

At last she came in sight of the big tent. She knew them at once from what she had heard the children say. In and out among the crowd she slipped; through the heaps of straw she made her way; clear up to the tent where the big animals were kept. Under the tent she crawled, right in among the elephants!

And when, later in the afternoon, Susan and Ellen, Jack and Ned, and mother visited the elephants and tigers what do you suppose they saw?

Their own Kitty Lou perched up on the back of the biggest elephant! And she didn't seem half as excited or as frightened as her mistress!

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TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL By Bob Williams Ever hear a Whip-Poor-Will Calling from the Hills. Making People quite forget Store and Coal-Yard Bills? Ever see one right up close. With its Legs and Toes Cuddled underneath its Wings. Like as if 'twas frose? Ever notice how its Song Shortens when the space Between the Bird and you is stretched—Like a Funny Face?



Right up close he seems to sing: "Whip-poor-Will—do!" Further off, it's "Whip-poor-Will"—short, and not so big. On Happy Hill, near Funny Town, A Whip-Poor-Will would call, And cheer the People as they came From More-Fun-Funny-Hill. Each Moonlight Night, when Stars were Bright, And all was Calm and Still, His Funny Song would float along From out that Funny Hill. Miss Jennie Jones was out one Night, And heard the Rascal yell, "I wish you'd who young Jennie Jones!" 'Twas just the Misker's Bell!