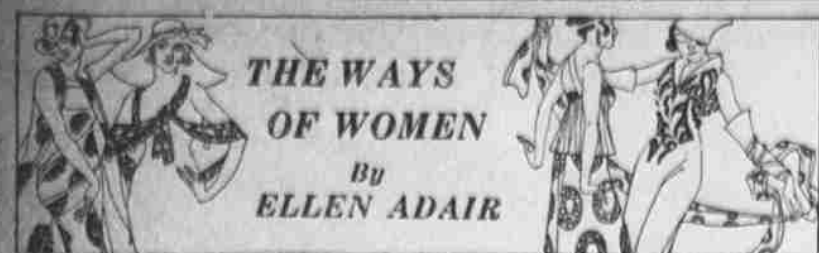


PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONABLE FANCIES FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD

THE WAYS OF WOMEN
By ELLEN ADAIR

Matrimonial and Otherwise

According to the cynics, the ways of women are more than passing strange! They are, in fact, incomprehensible. Particularly in the matrimonial game, both before and after the great event, is this the case. One never can be really certain what a woman wants. Most of all is she never herself certain what she is after, or what she is going to do.

But if men only knew it, it really is this quality of uncertainty in women which makes them charming. It must be conceded that there isn't any charm at all in the obvious. Far from it. A man simply does not and will not appreciate what he can obtain easily and above all what he can understand easily. It is far, far better to keep him guessing.

"I would you were a goldfish in a bowl," sighed some sentimental lady in print the other day to her lover, designated for the occasion by a row of asterisks—perhaps it was somewhere in France, perhaps he wasn't anywhere; women have been known to create lovers out of nothing, without even the foundation of a kiss to build upon—"I wish you were a goldfish in a bowl, that I might put my arms about your life."

The composer of this gentle ditty certainly was poetical, if at the same time a trifle impractical. And yet she was pretty near the mark, too. For a decided capacity for "putting her arms around his life" and at the same time a decided incapacity for ever under any circumstances letting a man go are well-known attributes of the gentler sex. Even when a woman is to all intents and purposes driving a lover from her side, she is skilfully tightening the chains which draw him all the nearer. And this not because she necessarily loves him. No, indeed! But she doesn't want him to entirely escape and become the property and adoring slave of some one else.

A very cynical writer informs us that "the more a woman loves a man, the worse it is for him." He will find it easier to escape death than the well-meant efforts of his lady-love to hold his hand at all times and in all sorts of inconvenient places.

"Women, it is pretty generally conceded, are tenacious beings. They look about as soft and harmless as a rainbow."

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Disagreeable Neighbors Settle Near Billy

O. H. BILLY ROBIN, Billy Robin," called Tommy Sparrow one fine morning, "come over, I want to talk to you."

No answer.

"I wonder where he is?" Tommy Sparrow asked himself in a puzzled voice, "I was so sure I heard him talking right over there in that tree!" Tommy cocked his head to one side and looked, but no Billy did he see. "Funny thing where he went to!" Then a thought occurred to him. "I'll wager he's just hiding from me! All right! I'll fool him! I'll just go on calling him as though I saw him! Then he will get discouraged and come out and talk to me!"

Tommy Sparrow climbed down to the next limb in his most indifferent fashion and then called pleasantly, "Billy Robin! Billy Robin! I see you there in the tree!"

No answer.

"Now that does make me tired!" exclaimed Tommy Sparrow crossly; for Tommy Sparrow, like the rest of his family, had very little patience—he always wanted things to happen quickly and according to his plans—and things don't go as you know! "I'd like you to know, Billy Robin," he shouted crossly, "that I know you're there in that tree, and there's not one bit of use in your trying to fool me by hiding! So there!"

At that Billy Robin good naturedly peeped out of the branches and when he saw Tommy and saw how worked up and temper he was, he flew over to the tree where Tommy sat.

"All right," he said pleasantly, "now that I'm here, what is so important?"

"Well, you were so long in answering that I've forgotten what I wanted to play," said Tommy Sparrow in his most disagreeable voice. "Why couldn't you come when I called?"

"Because I was hiding," answered Billy Robin pleasantly.

"I could see that for myself!" exclaimed Tommy Sparrow.

"Well, you couldn't see who I was hiding from," replied Billy Robin politely, "because you can't see him from this tree!"

"See him?" asked Tommy Sparrow in surprise, "see who? Weren't you hiding from me?"

"Indeed I was not!" said Billy Robin, and then when he saw how hurt and surprised Tommy Sparrow was, he said politely, "Of course I like to play hide with you, you know that, Tommy, but it wasn't you I was hiding from just then. It was a apology made Tommy feel in a better humor and he quickly smoothed down his ruffled feelings and asked, "Who were you hiding from?"

"Hill!" whispered Billy Robin, edging nearer, "don't speak so loud. There he is now!"



Tommy looked around just in time to see a great blackbird dart down from the tree on which Billy Robin had been sitting and pick up a fat juicy worm. "Oh, dear!" cried Tommy, "has he come back here?"

"Yes, he evidently has," replied Billy, "and I hoped that if he didn't see us, he would go away!"

But just at that minute, the blackbird alighted both Tommy and Billy. "Hello there! Glad to see you!" he called to them. "Mrs. Blue Blackbird and I have decided on this tree for our home, so I guess we'll be neighbors! And indeed they were!"

Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE TENDER-HEARTED OAKS

By Bob Williams

Along the Banks of Laughing Lake
There grew Three Dozen Oaks
With Branches like the Funny Arms
That grew on Funny Folks.

These Trees, when Panting People passed,
Would sway their Twisted Twigs,
And brush the Folks' Derbies off—
Then squeak like New-Born Pigs.

Now, after they had squeaked awhile,
And had their Little Fun,
They'd pick the Derbies from the Lake,
And dry them in the Sun.



And while the Foolish Headgear dried,
A Branch would reach below
And hand the victim of the Trick
Above—to soothe his woe.

They'd swing the Crying Kids so high
They'd nearly spill the Jives,
And when they saw the damaged Hats
They'd start to cry themselves!

But after Sol had done his Work,
The Trees would place the Kids
Upon the Funny Ground again,
And give them back their Lids.

One night Jack Jones he tried to jump
Across the Funny Lake;
A Tree reached out and grabbed his Hat—
"Twas Father's 'Get up' Shake!"

The Daily Story

At the Court of Rex

"I am lost!" said the Pretty Maiden, with a quaintly tragic air.

She stood back against the window of a big department store on Canal street and scanned the surging crowd before her. It was Mardi Gras Day in New Orleans, and the Pretty Maiden had been in town only three hours, two of which had been spent in a hotel.

"I have lost my mother," she said again, as if to impress the fact upon herself—"and my father!"—then she added, as an afterthought, "and my purse."

"I'm glad I'm lost," she said to herself; "they'll know I was separated from them by the crowd, and they'll be fearfully worried, but after a while they'll find me, and meantime I feel as if something were going to happen—a wild adventure, perhaps. Oh! I love carnival! I'm glad I came."

A drum throbbed subtly in the distance; the crowd surged to the edge of the banquet, then surged back again with easy laughter, for no parade appeared.

"Ah," said some one at the Pretty Maiden's elbow: "I beg your pardon, but I thought I was never going to find you. The crowd is so thick."

The Pretty Maiden stared. A young man, clean shaven and eminently presentable, was regarding her, hat in hand.

"I'm afraid you don't remember me," he suggested, a trifle crestfallen. "Isn't this Miss Preston?"

The Pretty Maiden's eyes widened. To herself she cried, "The adventure!" but aloud she said quite coolly:

"I'm afraid the advantage is yours."

"I'm sorry," he answered, stiffly. "But please don't think me an impertinent stranger. My cousin wrote me to meet you here, you and your sister. She asked me to show you around for the parade. I—my name is Robert Randolph."

"Oh," she said, with the friendliest smile imaginable, "you are Bobby Randolph?"

"Of course," he agreed, cheerfully. "It's been a great while since we saw each other, but still—"

"So it has," said the Pretty Maiden, curiously. "Let me see, just how long exactly?"

"Just ten years," said Mr. Randolph. "Ten years, three months, seven days, two hours, and, I think, twenty-seven minutes."

"Dear me," she murmured, breathlessly. "And, by the way, where's your sister; didn't she come?"

"My sister?" said the Pretty Maiden, quite astonished. "My sister? Oh—yes, of course, she came; but—she had a fearful headache, and she decided to stay at the hotel; and I hate to miss the parade, you see."

"Of course. Too bad she won't see it," said Mr. Randolph, regretfully.

"The trip was so long and tiresome," said the Pretty Maiden, looking at her watch.

"Two hours' long!" he said. "Why, it's only forty-eight miles between here and Pass Christian."

"Distance," said the Pretty Maiden, meditatively, "is not my idea of fun, with me, at least," she added, prudently.

"Well, we can have a jolly time by ourselves, anyhow," Mr. Randolph assured her.

"I'll have time to go and get some hot chocolate before Rex gets here," he calculated, cheerfully. "Look out there, will you?" This last to a line of college boys who were going through the crowd like an animated wedge.

The Pretty Maiden laughed deliciously. "You look so angry," she explained between gasps; then stopped suddenly, as a small red devil, with battered wheels, aimed a shower of confetti at her laughing face.

There was a blast of trumpets down the street and the long roll of a drum. The Pretty Maiden, used to shoulders and elbows with a skill that bespoke long experience on the football field, and the Pretty Maiden found herself in the front of the crowd.

"If ever I Cease to Love," and then Rex and his cohorts.

The Pretty Maiden dimpled and blushed from sheer delight at the gorgeous spectacle, and the capering maskers on the fantastic floats repaid her interest.

One threw her a great fragrant bunch of violets, which she clasped with both hands like an excited child; another tossed like an armlet of brass; a third a box of French sweets, until young Randolph was hugely proud of her. Then, when the last silver tower and shimmering veil had melted down the street, he swung her into the crowd again, her cheeks pink with excitement and the great purple violets nestling in the furs under her pretty chin.

"Now, let's have that chocolate," said Mr. Randolph. They found a corner in a pretty tearoom, and he dispatched a waiter for their order, while the room filled steadily.

"Do you know," he said, "you've changed somehow?"

The Pretty Maiden came back with a start to the fact that Mr. Randolph was not a life-long friend.

"Have I?" she asked safely.

"Yes," he repeated, "somehow, you've changed. You always were pretty, you know, and I always was your abject slave, but now—"

"I've changed?" asked the Pretty Maiden merrily.

"You're so—so much more so," he explained lucidly.

"You remember," asked Mr. Randolph presently, "how we used to love each other when you were 19 and I was 17?"

"We didn't," she said with a start.

"Oh, nonsense! You cried your eyes out when I left for school. And you said you'd marry me when you grew up—and when we said good-by—you kissed me."

"I did nothing of the sort," cried the Pretty Maiden, very pink and furious.

"You've forgotten," said Mr. Randolph. "There's no reason why you should be ashamed of it. A childish affection is the most sincere—and you certainly were fond of me," she finished tamely.

"I've changed very much," said the Pretty Maiden, thoughtfully selecting a macaroon from the plate of cakes.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Randolph simply, "because you're even nicer than you used to be."

"I want to tell you something," she said. "I'm not Miss Preston—I never saw you before. I'm here for the carnival, and I lost my people in the crowd this morning. And then you came and I knew it was horrid of me."

"Well," said Mr. Randolph stiffly. "Well, it was just a lark," she pleaded defiantly, "and won't you please go now—hurry, please." The Pretty Maiden had seen her mother and father across the room.

"If you wish it, of course," said Mr. Randolph with most unreasonable dignity.

"I think you better," she said, and fairly pushed him away, and in a moment she turned to her father and mother with indignation in her eye.

"Well, you lost me," she said with hypocritical anger. "For two whole hours, and I'm nearly starved."

The Pretty Maiden and her parents dined with friends that night, and the Pretty Maiden went to dinner with Mr. Randolph, to her unbounded surprise. Mr. Randolph looked a similar feeling. Then they both laughed.

"The world isn't so large after all," she said.

"My world," said Mr. Randolph, "comes only just up to my shoulders."

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AN EVENING GOWN OF TAFETTA AND CHIFFON
KEITH'S THEATRE FASHION PARADE.

The Garden in May

May is the month for the real garden. It is the time when the amateur gardener sees the fulfillment of his desires—the little green shoots which begin to peep through the earth, where he planted his seeds and bulbs before. One of our most famous gardening experts gives the following hints for the cultivation of an ideal garden during the month of May.

First, plant dahlias and asters in this month. Feed all the tender rose plants with manure water, giving them a final spraying. This is imperative, for if you are looking forward to having "the last rose of summer" late in September, this requires absolute fidelity to the rule.

On the first of May, you are supposed to set out bedding plants, geraniums, salvia, etc. Today looks far from promising for such a practice, but the air is warm.

The vegetable garden receives no less attention than its more impractical rival during May. This is the time to grow your own sweet potato plants, set out cantaloupes and squash plants, and to make a third planting of corn. Besides this, it is a good time to put a bug finish on the Irish potato plant.

Tomorrow's Menu

"The May pole is up, now give me the cup.
I'll drink to the garlands around it.
But first unto those, whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it."
—Henry Bold, 1637.

BREAKFAST.

Oranges
Honey and Cream
Hamburg Steak
Cinnamon Coffee Bread
Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER (Picnic).

Stuffed Eggs
Lemon Custard Sandwiches
Minced Meat Sandwiches
Bananas and Oranges
Cakes

DINNER.

Vegetable Soup
Pork and Beans
Graham Bread
Spring Salad
Homemade Charlotte Russe

A Sigh

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose.
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers,
With a hand as chill—
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills me still.

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Reception for New School Head

The Philadelphia Teachers' Association paid its compliments to Dr. William C. Jacobs, new superintendent of schools, at a reception in his honor last night in the Academy of Music. More than 5000 persons congratulated the superintendent. In the receiving line with Dr. and Mrs. Jacobs were Miss Louise Haesler, president of the Teachers' Association; Miss Gertrude H. McIntyre, supervising principal, the Lincoln School; Miss Helen Wilkinson, principal of the Barry School; Miss Marian K. Sproule, principal of the Rhoads School; Miss Ida V. Hart, principal of the Huey School; Mrs. Clara J. Morris, of the Girls' High School; and Albert H. Raub, one of the associate superintendents of schools.

Portuguese Killed by Mine

LISBON, May 1.—Six Portuguese soldiers were killed and two officers were wounded when a mine exploded prematurely during artillery practice at Tancos today.



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.

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

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Helen Farman, 3731 Manayunk avenue, Roxborough, Pa., for the following suggestion:

If your cake sticks to the pan, turn the pan upside down and lay a napkin wet with cold water on the bottom of the pan. The result will be that the cake comes out with little or no trouble.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. M. Hunter, 6046 Germantown avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

To clean smoke stains on ceiling above gas fixtures, use fresh bread. Rub the bread lightly over wallpaper and the soot will come off in a marvelous manner. Go over the edges of the space cleaned with a cloth and the contrast between the space cleaned and the rest of the ceiling will not be noticeable.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Leonard B. Nease, 221 North 24th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

If you find that your stair carpet has become worn on the edges of the steps, you will be able to cover them up in the following way: Get a 16-cent package of dye (wool dye) from the drugist, the color of your carpet, mix the contents in a little cold water, the stronger the solution the better. Then take a small brush and cover the worn places and you will find that they will never be noticed.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Leonard B. Nease, 221 North 24th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

If your house dog or cat is infested with fleas, buy some ordinary pulverized camphor and apply locally. The pests will soon disappear and the animal's skin will not suffer as is often the case with prepared remedies.

BOY SCOUTS MOURN COMRADE

Will Attend Funeral of Kenneth Heebner Rudraff Tomorrow.

Boy Scouts of Troop No. 1 and members of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, at the Bethesda Presbyterian Church, will perform the last offices for one of their most popular companions when they assemble at 307 East Girard avenue tomorrow at 1:30 o'clock to attend the funeral of Kenneth Heebner Rudraff.

The 13-year-old youth was killed on Thursday afternoon when struck by a locomotive on the Reading Railway tracks at High street and the 2d Street pike, where he had stopped to wash his hands at a spring near the tracks.

The deceased was a grandson of the Rev. Alfred Heebner, pastor of the Ridge Avenue M. E. Church, and son of Roland L. Rudraff, of 3240 North 15th street, well known to thousands of boys of this city as a teacher at the Central High School. The interment will be at Mount Moriah Cemetery.

Recreation Centre May 1 Fete

The annual May Day fete of the King's Recreation Centre will be held today at 50th street and Chester avenue. The affair, which will be under the supervision of the Philadelphia Board of Recreation, will mark the opening of the baseball season in the Recreation League. Director of Public Safety George D. Porter will pitch the first ball. Hundreds of school children celebrated May Day in their schools yesterday. Clad in white, the children gathered in the assembly room of the school buildings and observed the coming of the month of flowers with song and story.

Rose and Root

The Rose aloft in sunny air,
Beloved alike by bird and bee,
Takes for the dark Root little care,
That tolls below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower:
"Pride of the summer, garden queen,
Why livest thou thy little hour?"
And the Rose answered, "I am seen."

I put my question to the root,
"I mine the earth content," it said,
"A hidden mining underground."
I know a Rose is overhead."

—John James Wall.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Charming Frock for the Young Girl

ELINOR and George and Mr. Ingersoll and I went to the theatre last evening. We arrived terribly late, because the poor George was so busy picking out the proper flowers for Elinor to wear with her new gown that he forgot all about the time. He insisted on flying out after dinner to get them, but his taste is so exquisite that we all forgave him. Elinor looked charming in her pale yellow gown, with sweetest roses quite appropriately worn as a corsage.

After the play we selected Rector's as the best place to have a little dance. I sat out a great many of the dances, because I love to watch the crowds in New York—the women seem so gay. Besides this, all classes are represented—the frisky matron of uncertain years, the

debutante out for her first peep at the cafes, and all the other indefinable types of femininity.

One dear little girl was noticeable for her charming frock. She looked like an animated flower. Her gown was made of white taffeta, with a chiffon tulle skirt, embroidered with water lilies in the natural colorings. The skirt was of a length—which means very short these days—and was finished with a hand-made hem, like a narrow bow. The chief charm in the little gown was the exquisite color in the embroidery, for the dress itself was simple in the extreme.

A big butterfly bow of black tulle hid from the shoulders in the back, and the front of the corsage was decorated by a large artificial water lily. She wore no slippers and stockings with this costume. We had a very enjoyable evening, and it was easily "the wee small hours" when we got home.

VANISHED BOSTON MAN

FOUND IN ALASKA TOWN

"Here and in Good Health," Says Message From Fairbanks.

NEW YORK, May 1.—Henry Clarke Coe here and in good health.

This telegram, which came yesterday from Fairbanks, Alaska, on the heels of other dispatches from there, convinced Dr. Henry Clarke Coe, father of the young man who disappeared so mysteriously in Boston January 30, that his son at last has been found.

The first Fairbanks cable came to Robert Burns, in charge of the Boston office, last Tuesday.

"My only fear now is that his mental condition is not what it should be," said Doctor Coe. "However, I know nothing regarding this. My idea is now to get my son at home as soon as possible."

Coe's disappearance never could be explained in any way.

Leaving his wife, to whom he was devoted, Coe started for the office of the Standard Oil Company, where he was employed. He boarded a street car and has not been seen since.

Mrs. Coe became a mother March 22.

DIDN'T REALIZE INJURY

Two Days After Accident Finds Collar Bone Broken.

Two days after he was struck and injured by an automobile, although experiencing no great discomfort in the meantime, Gustav A. Clausen, 66 years old, 2129 Arch street, presented himself at the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital last night when it was found that he was suffering from a fracture and dislocation of the shoulder blade, an unusual accident. Clausen, who is a night watchman in the Real Estate Trust Building, was on his way to his midnight lunch last Wednesday when a large touring car struck him and knocked him down at 12th and Arch streets. The driver escaped with the car before Clausen, dazed, could note the number of the car, and with the assistance of pedestrians Clausen made his way to his home.

He was suffering excruciating pains last night when the X-ray was applied and the nature of the injury discovered. Dr. Ernest La Place, who will operate on Clausen today, declared that the shoulder blade is very rarely broken and dislocated at the same time, either one or the other injury generally resulting from an accident to the bone.

WOODSIDE PARK OPENS NEXT SATURDAY

Woodside Park will open one week from today. There is plenty of natural scenery around the resort that will not be different from that known to pleasure crowds last year, but a number of new attractions have been added. Besides many booths and stands selling everything between peanuts and pennants, the Park this year will run two scenic railways, two carousels, the gyroscope, the whirlpool rapids, the devil's slide, the humorous laundry, the whirlwind coaster, the tube, the teaser, the witching wanes, the mountain slide, the wonder slot machines and last, but not least, the Casino. The Park officials are planning this year to improve transit facilities and bring many more pleasures to the resort.

116 Graduate at Wanamaker School

A class of 116 boys and girls was graduated at the 55th annual commencement exercises of the John Wanamaker Commercial Institute, which were held last night in the Bethany Presbyterian church, 224 and Bainbridge streets.

The program included recitations and vocal selections by a number of the girl graduates. Robert M. Coyle, president of the class, delivered the valedictory. The Rev. Dr. George Pentecost, acting pastor of the Bethany Church, also spoke.

Home for Ex-Prisoners Asks Help

The Home of Industry for Discharged Prisoners, is issuing an appeal for financial contributions. At its quarters on Island road, West Philadelphia, the institution takes care of men following their discharge from the city's penal institutions.

"Please remember," the appeal reads, "these men would be preying on society, perhaps on you, if they were not taken care of. We are doing something for you. Please do something for us."

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TAYLOR BROS., 109 Market Street, Camden, N. J.

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