

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS, PRACTICAL FASHIONS AND SHOPPING BARGAINS FOR EVERY WOMAN



CUPID AND CUPIDITY

By Ellen Adair

Are Women Mercenary?

A MAN need give a woman nought but love, she'll help herself to the rest!

work! Luxury and a life not merely free from financial anxiety, but surrounded with every sort of comfort are what the average girl has set her heart on.

The man who talks like this must have had some unfortunate experiences himself—else how could he be so cynical?

It is natural that young women should like to have a good time, and as long as men are willing to give them that good time, one cannot blame the women for enjoying the situation.

The Rose

If I might choose the sweetest flower The wide world knows.

The cupid of women has been very greatly exaggerated. It will be pretty generally found that the average woman looks considerably farther than mere money as a suitable foundation for matrimonial happiness.

Love's Ecstasy

Oh, cease to affirm that man from his birth, From Adam till now has with wretchedness strove.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Mr. Bluey Blackbird Makes His Home

AS soon as Tommy Sparrow and Billy Robin learned that Bluey Blackbird and his mate had decided to live in the pine tree on the edge of the garden, they knew that trouble was likely to come—and indeed it did!

With a flit of his perky tail he darted down into the garden and began to eat!

Tommy Sparrow gave a desperate call for help and flew down into the garden, where he landed on the ground.

"The thing I can't bare," Tommy confided to Billy as soon as they knew Bluey Blackbird meant to stay, "is this—he will fuss so much that I will be tired of fussing and I won't get to do one bit of quarreling myself!"

"You needn't ask him about the worms in this garden, Mr. Tommy Sparrow," he said, haughtily, "for those worms belong to me! You get yours somewhere else!"

For a minute Tommy Sparrow couldn't say a word—he was so surprised!

Then he found a scrap of his voice and answered, "What a rude way for you to talk, Bluey Blackbird! I should think you'd be ashamed! Those worms belong to whoever gets them first."

Bluey Blackbird laughed his meanest laugh and said saucily, "Ho, ho! Well, Tommy Sparrow, I'll have you know that I'm not one bit ashamed, nor do I care

savagely, "but you keep off this garden!" and he flew toward Bluey Blackbird in a threatening fashion.

"What a rude way for you to talk, Bluey Blackbird! I should think you'd be ashamed! Those worms belong to whoever gets them first."

School began at Nine o'clock; Got the Adage mixed; Sort of thought it tried to mock Time when Coats are fixed!

Wish we lived in Fanny Town; Then we'd never fret When we ripped a Coat or Gown; Magic Ned would get

Something that would do the job Quite before you knew You were just about to sob 'Cause the Tears were Dew!

Mollie Smith she tore her Dress On a Funny Rose; Magic Needle slipped, I guess— Cat had scratched her Nose!

The Daily Story

When Betty Spoke

Betty peeped out cautiously. She would not have them see her for a fortune! Yes, there was Bert, the centre of the jolly crowd, and Addie at his elbow.

"And that's the truth, Betty Brown!" she apostrophized now. "Why did I do such a ridiculous thing? I might just have said I'd never speak to him again; girls always say that! And I ought to have stopped there; but when he grinned, so knowingly, as if there was nothing in that, as there isn't usually, I let it

provoke me into declaring that if I ever did speak to him again it would be because I had made up my mind to marry him! Why, it will be the same as proposing if I ever speak to him now—when I've availed—I can never do it!" she sighed.

Bert had not been greatly crushed by her ultimatum. He spoke to her cordially at every opportunity, in spite of her nonresponse, with something like elated expectancy in his manner that led Betty to a more determined stubbornness.

"I suppose he thinks I will! But he'll see," she said, firmly.

She had persisted in ignoring him till, until at length he seemed to conclude that it was hopeless and avoided meeting her. All the time, of course, Betty had been hoping he would, somehow, make her speak, though she would not have confessed it, nor the disappointment she felt at not doing so.

She flirted desperately, which gave her small satisfaction, as it apparently did not disturb him in the least. He flirted, too, and so fervidly that it began to look serious in Betty's eyes.

"Tagging!" Ned chaffed. But he made no objection, for Betty was as good as cooing as any boy of them, fully as fearless and as feet-footed, and now she strutted with them down alleys, through back yards and over fences, going across lots the nearest way.

Thus when the crowd arrived, Miss Betty was triumphantly sailing down the long, low, steeply sloping hill, the boys, cheered by the mob of town youths usually on the hill.

Most of the girls confined themselves to the short, easy slope at the side, under the name of "The Follies," and the boys, cheered by the mob of town youths usually on the hill.

"It is dangerous, just with those boys, Betty," remonstrated her friend, Alice Hoover.

"And is unadvisable for a girl to go fooling down 'The Follies' with those fellows," commented Addie Stark, superciliously.

"You don't dare to, that's all," Betty retorted.

"Bert's appearance cut short the speech, and laughing shrilly, Betty ran away to the boys, and coaxed them over to a still steeper spot, where only the more skillful and daring were to be seen.

"So Bert had been criticizing her to Addie! It seemed the boldest treachery! As for Addie—the little cat!—she was envious because she had not the courage to undertake the long descent. She looked scornfully over at Bert taking tiny little flights, with Addie clinging to him, shrieking in exaggerated fear.

"Look out, Ned!" some of the boys called, as Betty flew across the bottom. They had taken it together many times. Now it was unadvisable of her, was it?—and she with her own brother!

Her indignation grew, and with it her recklessness. Little by little she drew the boys toward the post that bore a danger sign, which marked the limit of the coasting ground. Beyond the post the hill was fine, but at the foot the railroad swung up against it as it curved to cross the river, and it was not easy to see a train till it was close at hand.

"You're getting too close there! Better come back!"

"You're so close now a little bump would throw you on the track. Don't you see that, Betty?" Alice interposed, anxiously.

"Oh, Betty wants to show off!" Addie sneered, and unfortunately, at the same instant Bert commanded:

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A CREATION OF FLAME-COLORED CHIFFON

WOMAN'S CONGRESS FIASCO, SAYS CHRISTOBAL PANKHURST

English Suffragette Leader, Favoring War, Is Glad of It.

LONDON, May 5. "I am most pleased that the congress proved to be a fiasco, because it was too much dominated by the suffrage movement, which by its nature cannot be of international scope," says Miss Christobal Pankhurst.

"English women insist that the war be carried on to its bitter end. This is simply shown by the large proportion of married men who are enlisting with their wives' approval. The only women who want peace are Americans, and they want it because their nation is not at war with the Kaiser, and cannot, therefore, understand what a war with the Germans involves."

Miss Fay Compton

"Yes, I like America immensely," said Miss Fay Compton, the popular young English actress who is making such a success here in "Tonight's the Night."

"This is my very first visit, and if it weren't for the war I should be quite happy! Isn't the war too dreadful for words? Yes, I have relations in the war, of course. I think that every Englishwoman has. And the dreadful thing is that it all seems so useless, so purposeless! The war goes on and on, and no sort of decision is reached! The loss of life is so terrible, too!"

"What do you think of American audiences?"

"They are delightful," said Miss Compton, "and so appreciative! Every actress is immensely sensitive to atmosphere, you know, and can tell right away in a good audience is going to be in a good humor or not."

The career of this pretty actress has been a most interesting one. The daughter of a famous English actor, she was married at the age of 15 to Pellissier, the celebrated head of "The Follies," and two years after was left a widow with a little boy. She is now married to another very popular English actor, Lauri de Prez, and is having a very successful stage career.

"No, I have never had a singing lesson or a dancing lesson in my life," continued Miss Compton, "these things just seemed to come naturally. I love the stage, but, of course, it is awfully hard work! It is, in fact, the very hardest profession one could undertake. For all the time one is 'living on one's nerves,' so to speak, and the strain is very great. Rehearsals are such hard work, too! Then a very great deal of success depends on sheer luck. A girl may have lots of talent, but if she doesn't have a fair chance to display it in a good part, she will never become known at all. The old idea that the talented girl will always come to the front is a fallacy. Yet, in spite of that fact, I would strongly recommend the stage as a profession for the ambitious girl who wants to make a success and who has lots of energy and untiring patience."

Your Corsage Rose

The fad of wearing a single artificial bloom, or tiny bouquet, is more marked than ever this spring.

The single rose should be of satin and delicately scented, and you can make a most exquisite specimen for yourself with little trouble. Indeed, a clever-fingered girl would find them most profitable and saleable articles.

Buy three-quarters of a yard of soft rose-crimson satin ribbon about three inches wide. Cut the ribbon into five equal lengths. Seam each length of ribbon together on the wrong side, leaving long ends of thread instead of fastening off.

Turn the five-inch tube thus obtained inside out, and folding in the edge of the tube at one end, run a gathering thread around. Draw it tight and the puckered end will form the heart of your rose. Now gather up each seam and push back the ribbon on the long ends of the thread to form the rose. Before fastening off the threads, take a needleful of yellow silk floss and work some French knots in the puckered heart of the rose to represent the pistil of the flower.

Finally mount the rose on a small spray of artificial green leaves, and your dainty corsage flower is complete.



MISS FAY COMPTON

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 Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss A. F. Hoop, 21 North Passon street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Here is a good way to take care of your shirtwaists. Take a piece of tape or half-inch-wide ribbon, and tie each end to the hooks in the extreme ends of your closet. Catch them up here and there on the other hooks. Bring the shoulders of your waists together, and, taking care that the pin marks will not show, fasten the sleeves together with a large safety pin, and pin the waist on the extended tape. In doing this you will find the waists do not muss as they do in drawers, and your closet space will be doubled.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to M. M. W., Shadeland avenue, Lansdowne, Pa., for the following suggestion:

To prevent a shoe or oxford from slipping on the heel, take a piece of adhesive plaster and cover the inside of the heel of your shoe. This will prevent any soreness whatever.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to G. H. H., 1118 South 4th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

A home-made closet for putting away furs and winter clothing was made in the following manner: Get a large shipping case or packing box and line it with tar paper. Put a padlock on it, and put two rods across the top, on which you can hang all your coat hangers. This will hold a great deal, and will last indefinitely. Besides this, it will be no trouble to get your coat out on the first cold day.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to G. H. H., 1118 South 4th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

If your brass inkstand has become spotted with hard inkstains, they may be easily removed by gently rubbing them with a piece of blotting paper dipped in fresh ink.

REDUCTION SALES WEEK

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Table Linens, Towels, Ladies' Waists, Laces and Embroideries, Madeira Embroidered Lunch Sets, Ladies' Underwear

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A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Firefly Gown

THIS afternoon Mrs. Dallas took us all to the Keith Fashion Show. The gowns were simply exquisite, and, being shown on living models, their charms were naturally doubled.

The beauty of some of the evening gowns was wonderful, for our most famous designers were represented. For instance, one creation by Lucille was called "A Discouraged Hesitancy," in true futuristic style.

Another Firefly gown, shown in the picture was a vivid creation of flame-colored chiffon on simple lines. It gave us the impression of a brilliant insect with its flaring, bouffant skirt and pointed bodice.

Evening gowns this season are more fascinating than ever, and at the same time, strangely alike in line and material. Wide, flaring skirts, suggestive of the

crinoline era; diminutive, puffed sleeves, or no sleeves at all—flimsy draperies of tulle or chiffon in wigglike effects constitute the chief characteristics of the season's styles.

Vivid shades are entirely passé, and the fashionable woman must content herself with distinction of line, rather than a riot of color, to attract attention to her gown.

Trained gowns are seen, though not so frequently as the bouffant skirt. These trains are chiefly made of tiny pointed pieces of velvet or satin, or an artistic continuation of the Watteau plait which is so much in vogue.

Jewel-studded straps, maline bands, wreaths of blossoms and such are used as shoulder straps this spring.

I am very busy just at present and there is still plenty to be said about the suits, sport costumes and the innumerable other necessities which go to make up a lady's toilette, so I shall have to "continue in our next."

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Shoes for Children and Grown-ups

IT IS astonishing to see how closely the little folk's shoes are modeled on the styles their elders wear. In many cases they are exact reproductions, black and white effects being most fashionable.

Prices differ, of course, according to the size of the shoe, but a glance into the shop window will show how attractive the different styles are.

White-topped shoes for children, with patent leather vamps and black pipings at the top, front seam and black buttons, are selling in one of our large Market street department stores at \$2.50 for the sizes from 6 to 8 years, \$3 for 8 to 11 years, and misser sizes sell for \$3.50.

Strap boots with low heels, made like the comfortable sandals the kiddies wear at the seashore, only in dressy style, are \$1 a pair.

The cutest little slippers are shown in another shop. They have three straps in front and a fancy little buckle at the front. They come in black and white or all black and cost \$2.50.

Real summery sandals in patent leather, with low heels and made for hard wear, are selling just at present for \$2.25. The price will be lower, of course, for the tan ones.

Some wonderfully cheap bargains in women's footwear are being shown in another store. For instance, \$3 champagne-colored pumps, with brocaded inserts, sell for \$1 a pair.

Another style at the same price is made of patent leather, with plain or brocaded tops, and cut steel buckles at the front. Some of them have inserts of black broadcloth in the sides, and are cut on French lasts.

A Chestnut street shop which is continuously selling the most fashionable novelties at the lowest possible price now has gray leather oxfords, almost boots, as they are cut higher than the regular oxford which lace up each side with black laces. The price is \$3.

A very handsome dressy shoe is made of calf and goat leather, with an enameled buckle in tan and a long tip, for \$7.

The newest thing in silk gloves this season is called the "Queen Elizabeth" glove. It comes just above the wrist, and has a plaited ruffle all around the edge. The price is \$1 a pair.

SCHOOLGIRLS TO CAPITAL

Penn High Graduates Will Be Guests at White House.

The graduate class of the William Penn High School will leave Philadelphia tomorrow morning for a sightseeing tour of Washington, D. C. A special train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will carry the party to the capital.

Automobiles will carry the girls on a personally conducted tour of the city, and in the afternoon the class will board the steamship Charles McAlester for a 16-mile trip down the Potomac River to Mount Vernon. The evening will be spent in the Congressional Library. Friday the party will be conducted through the public buildings and on Saturday the White House and the Corcoran Art Gallery will be visited. The tour will be under the direction of William D. Lewis, principal of the school.

Mrs. John Hay Left \$2,000,000 NEW YORK, May 5.—Mrs. Clara B. Hay, widow of the former Secretary of State, John Hay, left an estate of \$2,067,835, according to an appraisal filed yesterday with Surrogate Ketcham. Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., wife of a United States Senator from New York; Mrs. Payne Whitney and a son, Clarence Leonard Hay, share equally in \$2,000,000. Bequests of \$10,000 are made to churches and charities.

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