# PRIZE SUGGESTIONS, PRACTICAL FASHIONS AND SHOPPING BARGAINS FOR EVERY WOMAN



### CUPID AND CUPIDITY

By Ellen Adair

### Are Women Mercenary?

tion of the eternal feminine. "Men are the fied. She doesn't care about making a themselves in the most innocent fashion having a family, or giving up any of the to the designs of womankind. They very luxuries and pleasures to which she has seldom see through the plotting and the always been accustomed. No, indeed! She scheming which form the very breath wants a rich husband and what she is of life to the average woman. And it is pleased to term a good time all the rest girls always say that! And I ought to my firm opinion that the average woman of her days." only cares for a man for what she can get out of him!"

The writer of this interesting piece of information most certainly was a misogynist, and one who held the other sex In poor esteem, too. It is quite untruethat the average woman is such an entirely scheming, cold-hearted sort of person. Yet, at the same time, it must be admitted that very many women are decidedly mercenary.

ing to take all they can get from a man." in general. declared a pretty girl recently-the young | It is natural that young women should in love with the man. For girls are too some one for whom they do not care. Money might ameliorate their unhappiness under the circumstances, but that's about all it could do! Certainly it would If I might choose the sweetest flower not make them really happy or contented if tied for life to some one they did not

The cupidity 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. Yet many men refuse to belive this and persist in thinking that the highest bidder generally can get just what he wants!

"The modern girl would do anything rather than marry a poor man," declared such an one bitterly, "for if there is anything a girl abhors it is poverty and hard

MAN need give a woman nought but | work! Luxury and a life not merely free A love, she'll help herself to the rest!" from financial anxiety, but surrounded declares an authority who professes to with every sort of comfort are what the have studied women closely. And he goes average girl has set her heart on. With on to inform us of the mercenary disposi- nothing less than that will she be satismost guilible creatures alive, and lend home comfortable for her husband, or

The man who talks like this must have had some unfortunate experiences himself-else how could be be so cynical? Probably his illusions concerning the weaker sex were ruthlessly destroyed by some young woman who in a measure answered to the above description. And that is the unfortunate part of it. For the average man is very apt to judge the whole of womankind by the standards which some probably quite unworthy example of that sex has shown in her attied do think that lots of girls are will- tinde toward him or toward the world

woman, by the way, is largely endowed like to have a good time, and as long as with common sense-"they go around men are willing to give them that good with lots of men simply for the sake of time, one cannot blame the women for having a good time at the men's expense. enjoying the situation. But when it comes But when it comes to a question of mar- to the serious question of lifelong comriage, I really am certain that the aver- panionship, the money question does not age girl thinks twice before she enters enter into things nearly so largely as matrimonial bonds without really being popularly supposed-and the eternal feminine is much more inclined to be governed sensible nowadays to tie themselves to by heart than by any mercenary calcula-

#### The Rose

The wide world knows.

Twould be what your white hand er folds-

A damask rose! For in its heart of fragrant fire

Love's mystery lies; The same sweet magic men adore -E. D. Farrar. In your blue eyes.

Love's Ecstasy Oh, cease to affirm that man from his

From Adam till now has with wretched-ness strove,
A portion of Paradise still is on earth,

And Eden revives in the first kiss of love! -Lord Byron.

### CHILDREN'S CORNER

### Mr. Bluev Blackbird Makes His Home

Billy Robin learned that Bluey Black-bird and his mate had decided to live GARDEN! Just remember that and keep in the pine tree on the edge of the garden, they knew that trouble was likely to come-and indeed it did! Nobody, not even a pleasant-tempered person like Billy, could live by Bluey Blackbird with-out a fuss. Bluey wouldn't let them! "I don't care how you talk," he said If they didn't like what he did, the way he bossed everything and the way he quarreled about that. And if they were too polite to let him know they didn't like him, he quarreled about that! Nothing suited him and he spent the best part of every day fussing and stewing

about something.

No wonder Tommy Sparrow and Billy
Robin hated to see him move near their

home.

"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!"

Billy Robin laughed. "That will be a good joke on you, then Tommy," he sald, "and think of the fun we can have instead of quarreling. If he makes you stop, I'll be glad he came. We'll have more time for fun!"

But slas! They little knew Bluey was the said and early the next morning, just as Tommy called over to Billy to ask

"You needn't sak him about the worms were good) Bluey Blackbird answered before Billy could say (you see, Billy rose earlier than Tommy and could always tell whether or not the worms were good) Bluey Blackbird answered before Billy could say a word. "You needn't ask him about the worms in this garden, Mr. Tommy Sparrow," he said, haughtily, "for those worms belong to mal. You rat yours somewhere she."

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. That's how it always has been in this garden and that's how it always will be!"

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 l

For as soon as Tommy Sparrow and a whit how things have been managed

And with a flirt of his perky tail he darted down into the garden and began Tommy Sparrow gave a desperate call



savagely, "but you keep off this garden! and he flew toward Bluey Blackbird in a threatening fashion. But threats did no good toward frightening Bluey Black-bird-he liked nothing so much as a fight! He flew at Tommy and he bit and he scratched. He scolded, he pecked, he bit and he tore at Tommy's feathers; till finally Tommy saw there was no use fighting and he made the best "get-away" that he could. Bluey Blackbird followed him to the

edge of the garden. "Now I guess you understand what I say," he squawked rudely, "this garden is going to be my home all summer. This is where I mean to eat. You and the old robins can just

to eat. For and the old robins can just stay away!"

Tommy flew to a tree to nurse his wounds. "Whatever will Billy Robin say," he wondered, "when I tell him what's happened today!" and he shook his head sadly and climbed on his nest.

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### TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE MAGIC NEEDLE By Bob Williams

When your Brand-New Coat is torn Does it make you bawl When you have to spend the Morn In your Mother's Shawi?

"Stitch in Time will save you Nine," So the Saying goes; Still it's never extra-fine Wearing Grown-Up Clothes.

Years ago I thought the Rule Meant, "You'd better skip: Eles you'll show up late to School-Never mind that rip!"





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 Funny 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 Nosel

### The Daily Story

When Betty Spoke

Betty peeped out vautiously. 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. That had been her, Betty's, place for so long that it had come to be considered-And it might have been hers yet if Bert had not- Oh, well, of course, she was some to blame! It was not all Bert's fault. She admitted that reluctantly, for Betty thought a great deal of her little self. He was dreadfully provoking, but they would have made up weeks ago if she had not gone to such lengths and reared an impassable barrier between

"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; have stopped there; but when he grinned, so knowingly, as if there was nothing in that, as there isn't osually, 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 evaded- I can never do it!" she

Bert had not been greatly crushed by her ultimatum. He spoke to her cordially at every opportunity, in spite of her honresponse, with something like elated expectancy in his manner that

'I suppose he thinks I will! But he'll

She had persisted in ignoring him icily, 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 his finally abandoning his efforts and accepting the situation. 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 regard to Addic Stark. Betty felt that she was losing all the fun of

life, and all the joys as well.

She had simulated successfully a galety of spirits almost boisterous at the moonlight skating party, but had really been so miserable at seeing those two, Bert and Addle, gliding about, always to-gether, that she had determined not to getner, that she had determined not to go to the coasting route. She had re-fused all offers of escort; but now, at the passing of the gay party, she sud-denly changed her mind, whipped on her suit, tucked the becoming cap on her curls, and darted after Ned and his chum, who had just started.

"Tagging!" Ned chaffed. But he made to objection, for Betty was as good at coasting as any boy of them, fully as fearless and as fleet-footed, and now she rushed with them down alloys, through back yards and over fences, going across lots the negrest way.

Thus when the crowd arrived. Miss Betty was triumphantly sailing down the longest, steepest course with the yelling boys, cheered by the mob of town youths isually on the hill.

Most of the girls confined themselves

to the short, easy slope at the side, unless in charge of a strong, capable escort, "It is dangerous, just with those boys, Betty," remonstrated her friend, Alice

"And it is unladylike for a girl to go floundering down with a gang of fel-lows," commented Addie Stark, super-

retorted.

"I'm not the only one. Bert said-" 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 skilful and daring ventured. Her blood was boil-ing! So Bert had been criticising her to It seemed the boldest treachery As for Addle-the little cat!-she was en-vious because she had not the courage to undertake the long descent. She looked scornfully over at Bert taking tame little flights, with Addle clinging to him, shricking in exaggerated fear. Betty knew how he loved the rush of the long knew how he loved the rush of the long hill with the bounce at the end that sent them flying across the bottom. They had taken it together many times. Now it was unladylike 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 here 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. It was

plainly no place for consting, though a few ventured at times, the spice of danger adding zest to the sport.

Betty had always wanted to swoop down and fly across the track, perhaps catching sight of an oncoming train. It would be thrilling! But she had no intention of undertaking it now, though in the most terms as passed to a possible. the mood to go as near it as possible.
"Look out, Ned!" some one called.
"You're getting too close there! Better ome back!"

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

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

"Ned, you boys bring your sleds ver here at once! You're foothardy!" With scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes, With scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes. Retty snatched a sled and ran to a point directly over the railroad and prepared for a downward flight alone. Command her, would he? Of course, he meant her! She'd show him! There was an uproar of warning shouts from the young men and shrieks from the girls, but Betty was too angry to heed. As she started another sled shot down diagonally and midway the hill ran into hers, throwing them both into the deeper snow, where they rolled over and over, and brought up at last in a tangle on the brink of a plunge just as a train swept along below.

White and shaking at the narrow escape, Betty took herself off the head of her teasuer, sobbing:

"Oh, Bert, Bert! Have I killed you?" At the instant of collision she had seen who it was attempting to stay her foolish flight at the risk of his life. She had been too angry and excited to understand that a train was coming—but she had been silly—so silly."

a train was coming-but she had been silly-so silly!
She covered her face as Bert sat up, saying as he brushed the snow from his

eyes.

"It's got to be soon, sweetheart, so I can take proper care of my wife!"

"But you called me unladylike to Addie, and this would be—"

"It's a mistake. When Addie called you unladylike I said you were just a good, sweet, wholesome girl, and no finicky lady." he explained, adding calmly: "They think we are about killed, we are so long stirring; they'll be on us in a minute; but we'll sit here till we understand there's no going back on what you said. Tou've spoken to me, you know."

"Y-yes." she admitted, faintly.
"And you'll fulfil your word soon?—

"And you'll fulfil your word soon?-They're most here!" "Y-yes," she said again, blushing hot-

And he swung her to her feet as the crowd surged about them.



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 flasco, because it was too much dominated by the suffrage movement, which by its nature cannot be of international scope," says Miss Christebal Pankburst. This is fortunate for the movement, for it it could become international the Germans would control and dominate it as they have socialism and use the cause to promote pan-Germanism.

"English women insist that the war be carried on to its bitter end. This is amply shown by the large proportion of married men who are culisting their wives approval. The only w who want peace are Americans, they want it because their nation is not at war with the Kalser, 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 au-

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

The arms of appreciative: Every actress is a delphia, for the following suggestion:

A home-made closet for putting away furs and winter clothing was made in the following manner: Get a large ship-

The career of this pactry actress has celebrated head of "The Follies," and two years after was left a widow with a little boy. She is now married to an-other very popular English actor, Lauri de Frece, and is having a very success-

de Frece, 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 could undertake For all the time one is "living on one's nervea," 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 likes that the tignted girl will above. 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





For the follow suggestions sent in by readers of the Eurning Labour prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are swarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Allair, Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Lebour, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

# A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss A. F. Heap, 24 North Passon street, Philadelphila, 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 slip ping on the heel, take a piece of adhesive plaster and cover the inside of the heel of your shoe. This will prevent any sore

## A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. H. K. Hoar, 200 North 53d street, Phila-delphia, for the following suggestion:

been a most interesting one. The daughter of a famous English actor, she was married at the age of 16 to Pelissier, the two rods across the top, on which you can hang all your coat hangers. This will hold a great deal, and will last adefinitely. Besides this, it will be no trouble to get your coat out on the first

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to G. B. L., 1018 South 47th 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

### 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

salable articles.

Buy three-quarters of a yard of soft rose-crimson satin ribbon about three 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 and tube at satisfactories. around. Draw it tight and the puckered 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 break is the 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.





### A Firefly Gown

were naturally doubled. Dance frocks. afternoon gowns, street sults, sport costumes and clothes for every occasion the fashionable woman must content herwere shown.

The beauty of some of the evening called "A Discouraged Hesitancy," in true futuristic style.

chiffon on simple lines. It gave you the Impression of a brilliant insect with its straps this spring. flaring, bouffant skirt and pointed bodice. Evening gowns this season are more fascinating than ever, and at the same

THIS afternoon Mrs Dallas took us crinoline era; diminutive, puffed sleeves. all to the Keith Fashion Show. The or no sleeves at all-filmy draperies of gowns were simply exquisite, and, being tulle or chiffon in winglike effects constishown on living models, their charms till the chief characteristics of the season's styles. Vivid shades are entirely passe, and

self with distinction of line, rather than a riot of color, to attract attention to gowns was wonderful, for our most fa- her gown. Trained gowns are seen mous designers were represented. For though not so frequently as the bouffant instance, one creation by Lucille was skirt. These trains are chiefly made of tiny pointed pieces of velvet or satia, or an artistic continuation of the Watteau Another Firefly gown, shown in the pic- plait which is so much in vogue, Jewel ture was a vivid creation of flame-colored studded straps, maline bands, wreaths of blossoms and such are used as shoulded

I am very busy just at present and there is still plenty to be said about the suits, sport costumes and the innumerfascinating than ever, and at the same time, strangely alike in line and material.

Wide, flaring skirts, suggestive of the "continue in our next."

### AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

I 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 misses' sizes sell for \$3.50. Strap boots with low heels, made like comfortable sandals the kiddles wear

#### Tomorrow's Menu

TOMORROW'S MENU. "And hence this halo lives about The waiters' hands that reach each his perfect pint of stout, His proper chop to each.

> BREAKFAST. Cereal and Cream Bacon French Toast Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER. Tomato Sauce Graham Bread Sliced Oranges

DINNER. Bean Soup Potato Balls Spinach Beef Salad Apple Betty.

French toast-Beat two eggs, add a cup ful of milk and a quarter of a teaspoon-ful of salt. Cut stale bread into slices and remove the crusts. Dip the slices brown them on both sides in hot olive oil.

Sprinkle with powdered sugar and cinna
D. Lewis, principal of the school mon and serve at once.

Lamb croquettes-Mix a cupful of cold cooked lamb cut into small pieces with half a cupful of cold cooked potatoes, diced. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter add a quarter of a cupful of flour and a cupful of stock, simmer until thick, season with sait and pepper, and add, with a teaspoonful of minced parsely, to the meat and potato. Shape into croquettes, dip in eggs and crumbs, fry in deep fat, drain, and serve with tomato sauce

Shoes for Children and Grown-ups TT IS astonishing to see how closely the | at the seashore, only in dressy style, are

at the seasore, 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 heals and made for heal leather, with low heals and made for heal.

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 Some wonderfully cheap bargains in

women's footgear are being shown in another store. For instance, \$3 champagnecolored 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

A Chestnut street shop which is con-

A Chesthut street snop which is con-tinuously 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 sids with black lacers. The price is \$3. A very handsome dressy shoe is made of cafe any lakt leather, with an expectaof cafe au lait 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 Guesta 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 Rallroad 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 Petomac River to Mount Vernon. The evening will be spent in the Congressional Library. Friday the party will be con-ducted 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

### Mrs. John Hay Left \$2,000,000

NEW YORK, May 5.—Mrs. Clara 8. Hay, widow of the former Secretary of State, John Hay, left an estate of \$2,067.-895, 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 \$40,000 are made to churches, and charities. and charities.



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