

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS, PRACTICAL FASHIONS AND SHOPPING BARGAINS FOR EVERY WOMAN



THE GIFT OF TACT

By Ellen Adair

On Saying the Wrong Thing

It is a strange and curious fact that many really well-intentioned people have a wonderful capacity for eternally saying the wrong thing and getting themselves into endless trouble through lack of the due exercise of a little kindly tact.

The woman who possesses the kindest heart in the world and who would be utterly miserable were she to adequately realize the extent of her blunders is often and quite unwittingly most tactless.

These remarks can scarcely come under the category of tactfulness, and are very far from being conducive of a pleasant atmosphere. For no woman under the sun likes to be assured of the passing of the years, nor does she like to have it borne in upon her that her beauty is a fleeting affair.

The reason of this lies in the growth of the tactless habit. For tactlessness is never static, it must either increase or decrease. And unfortunately it generally exhibits the former tendency.

We are all familiar with the candid friend, as she loves to style herself. "I don't think you look well," she proudly declares, as if that were the hallmark of a fine character.

But if the good lady only knew it, there is nothing in the least to rejoice over in this mental attitude.

ness and bluntness of manner never yet did win friends. Without in the least wishing to depreciate the value of candor and sincerity, at the same time these may, to a very great extent, be combined with tact.

And just because she is sensitive herself, she has learned that others may be equally sensitive, and that, after all, kindness implies tact, and tact means the affection of one's friends and the liking of every one with whom one comes in contact.



PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of 10 and 50 cents are awarded.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to F. E. K., 2023 North 13th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: An artist's method of cleaning oil paintings is to use lukewarm water and good white soap, with a drop of ammonia.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. S. Kuser, 538 South 32d street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Flowers of sulphur, the old reliable spring remedy for the blood, can really be made "palatable" by putting the dose into a stewed prune turned inside out.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. French, 317 Vine street, Camden, N. J., for the following suggestion: A handy disinfectant may be made by simply folding a cloth and putting it over the drainpipe of your sink.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Norman Stager, 123 North 53d street, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: A good way to mend small tears in a raincoat is by using adhesive plaster.

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The Daily Story

On Wings of Steel

"Ow! Ough!" Dorton gave a gasp of pain as his skate struck something snaggy in the snowy ice, then staggeringly recovered his balance, aided by a timely grasp from the fur-gloved hand of Doctor Melford, who had been doing a neat outer edge alongside and grumbling heartily the while.

"What rotten luck!" he had been saying every five minutes, as the merry skaters whizzed by, always in satisfying pairs. "And we have had our shingles up a whole month in this confounded burg, and still don't know a single solitary girl in all this giddy phantasmagoria of whirling skaters."

Then he was interrupted by Dorton's fall. "Are you hurt, old man? What've you hit?" he demanded anxiously peering through his frosted glasses at his disabled friend, who stooped painfully to pick up something from the chipped ice before hobbling slowly shoreward.

"Struck!" echoed Dorton, sinking onto a bench under a lamppost and nursing his ankle. "The United States Steel Trust, I think, by the feel of my foot! Here it is!" And he held up to view the obstruction which had interrupted his fantastic gyrations in the centre of the lake where the figure skaters had been performing.

It was a good sized number ten, boy's skate, of the club variety, and its polished nickel blade shone like frozen moonbeams as he surveyed it critically. Melford glanced at it with interest and put the laconic query: "Gender masculine, feminine or neuter?"

"Feminine," promptly decided Dorton, holding it closer. "It's got some initials engraved on it—H. J. M. P. No boy was ever so sentimental as that. And no chappie ever wore clubs, so by the process of elimination we arrive at the remaining and only possible sex of Justice, its owner. And, by Jove! from the size of it, she's no Cinderella, either—it fits a number five foot, or I'll eat my hat. Girls are so emancipated these days," he went on whimsically. "Even their feet are throwing off trammels and spreading out of all—"

"If you have quite finished Sherlock-Holmesing my skate," broke in a high, cool voice out of the black region beyond the rim of light rays from the arc lamp, "will you be kind enough to return it to me?"

"The devil," ejaculated Dorton under his breath, starting guiltily and dropping the unlucky skate to the ground. It fell clattering under the bench and the doctor dived after it with ostentatious haste.

"Will you be so good as to bring it to me?" Her tone was as silvery and distant as the strains from the bandstand on the other side of the lake. He took a step forward and suddenly measured his full length at her maligning feet, with the skate still clutched in his hand.

"My ankle," he moaned, when she bent over him all womanly solicitude, her momentary frown gone. Only anxiety and pity were visible in her lovely face—quite the loveliest he had ever seen, Dorton thought as he closed his eyes.

"Oh, I'm afraid he's fainted!" he's hurt, and it's my fault, cried the girl, tearing off her mittens to rub snow on the cheeks that looked so pale in the white light. "Can't you do something for him? He wouldn't have been hurt if it hadn't been for my skates. I've quavered, feeling in some way to blame. 'Please go for a doctor.'"

"I am a doctor—a recent arrival in the city," replied Melford, as if he could get him somewhere and cut his shoe off and bandage his foot— "Yes, yes," put in the girl eagerly, "Call a cab and take him to my home—it's just around the lake, you know."

"Janet Tuttle, where are you? We've been looking for you—and your skate—everywhere! Did you find it?" The girl was still explaining amid furious blushes to her friends who had gathered in a curious circle around her, when to her relief the doctor approached and announced that a cabman was waiting.

At the door of the big house where they drew up, her mother greeted, with consternation, her early appearance with two strange men, but this quickly turned to motherly concern when she heard of the accident.

"Now, Doc, do be careful," they heard Dorton groan as the door closed, but they could not hear the rather curious dialogue which began a moment later. Melford got up from his task and faced his friend with accusing eyes.

"Paul! You aren't really hurt at all! Say, what's your game anyway?" And he stared at his pseudo patient, who sat in state propped in pillows. That young man's audacious gray eyes closed gently while an ingenuous smile wreathed his smooth countenance.

"Call a cab and take him to my home—it's just around the lake, you know." But I always said that when you did get it, you'd have it bad— "She'll have to forgive me and marry me—I'll love her so she can't help it! And anyway," he added innocently, his face clearing, "I don't believe that her shoe is more than a four-and-a-half—though she's no Cinderella, I admit, even at that."

"You'll do," granted the doctor. "Guess you'll get the girl." All of which rash statements were verified in the course of time. Copyright 1915.



A CHIFFON COSTUME IN RADIUM STRIPES

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Afternoon and Graduation Frocks

AS THE time for June commencements grows nearer, many anxious mammae begin to scour the shops in the hopes of finding something which will be suitable for the most exacting of convents.

A gown which is ideal for the convent school commencement is all white. The blouse is very simple, with shirred neck for the most part as trimming. The skirt is made with three pointed tunics over a white foundation. Shirrings of the net were draped over the shoulders, and the bottom of the sleeves, skirt and girdle was outlined with white satin ribbon.

A little cascade of square meshed shadow lace showed through the bodice. The price was \$22.50. Hand embroidered net is exquisite for the young girl, and the same shop is showing some lovely gowns in this style. One is made with a deep V-neck, crossed in front and back of the bodice with a foundation of flesh colored chiffon. Small rows of accordion plaited net were used as the only trimming. These were placed at the bottom of the skirt and long sleeves, around the neck and at the wide girdle, giving the fashionable rope effect. A gracefully knotted corsage ornament of pink satin ribbon was placed at the left side of the bodice. The price was \$19.75. A stunning country club skirt, in blue and white striped corduroy and navy blue bone buttons, sells for \$9.50.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

An Afternoon Gown in Black and White

I AM scribbling wabbly little notes in my diary as we speed toward Philadelphia. George had to ride over with Elnor, and they are so busy with their pathetic parting that I haven't the heart to watch them. We had a great "send off." Every one thought we were a bridal party, to judge by the flowers, candy, telegrams and the crowd of people who saw us to our train. There was Mrs. Dallas, and Mr. Ingersoll, whose deep red roses are scenting the whole drawing room as I write, and Jean and little Doris, and I can't tell how many others. Anyhow, I'm thoroughly convinced that New Yorkers are the jolliest and the most hospitable people on earth.

Just another short note about Mrs. Dallas' frock. Unfortunately I am feminine enough to see an attractive gown on the most solemn occasion, and this one I refer to was a dream. It was admirably chosen for the afternoon (for Mrs. Dallas was going to an informal bridge afterwards), and the color scheme was the fashionable black and white.

The blouse was made with a soft V-neck in front, and the lovely design on the shadow lace of which it was made was brought out by a foundation of white chiffon. The sleeves were long and closely fitted, although they ruffled loosely on the under seam. Right across the front was a band of black satin, with an overdrapery of chiffon, embroidered in French blue and old gold motifs. An odd arrangement of ribbons gave an unique line to the rest of the bodice.

The normal waist line was outlined by a black satin girde, crushed in to give a sort of "hour glass figure" effect. The whole skirt was made of black and white radium striped chiffon, with a deep scalloped edge of black. The pretty touch about this edging was that the scal-

loped side was used on the top, instead of the bottom of the hem. The wide bouffant effect at the bottom of the skirt was held in at the waist by a plaiting, which made the upper part look as if it was all black. With this costume I noticed that she wore a black Belgian split straw turban, trimmed with French blue wings, and tan edges. Well, we are very near home, and I must plan my answer to Mr. Ingersoll's first letter, as George and Elnor seem to think we are still at Trenton.

Fire Drives 12 Persons to Street A slight fire at 315 Federal street early today drove 12 persons into the street in their night clothing. Firemen easily extinguished the blaze. The loss was about \$200. The first floor is occupied by Mrs. Sarah Steinberg, who has six children; the second floor by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Mendelsohn, with two children, and the third by a boarder. Pedestrians discovered the fire and aroused the occupants of the house.

Advertisement for Centemeri Gloves, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the gloves' quality and availability.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Queen Nell's New Doll

WHEN spring came after Emma's long winter indoors with her hurt ankle, the poor little girl looked white and thin, so unlike the gay, plump little daughter who had delighted both father and mother that they decided to send her to the country.

"A summer there will put her in fine shape again," said father. "I know just the place," added mother, "we'll send her to visit my sister. There she can run and play to her heart's content and she will be well and strong in no time."

So letters were written, trunks and bags were packed and before Emma realized what was happening she was on the train going to the country.

When she reached her aunt's Jennie's, she was too tired and sleepy to do anything but eat her good hot supper and go to bed. But after a fine sleep, she was up bright and early and was ready to see every thing in the world.

"You just wait till you've had some breakfast, young lady," said her uncle, "then will be time enough to talk about going over the farm. You eat a lot and fill out your thin cheeks and I will promise to show you all the sights!"

So Emma ate a good breakfast (which wasn't a bit hard to do, let me tell you) and then picked up her doll to go with her uncle. "Going to have her here?" asked uncle, with a twinkle in his kind eyes. "No, indeed!" exclaimed Emma, and she hugged the doll tightly to her. "Where I go my dolly goes, too!" So uncle, Emma and the dolly started out to inspect the farm.

I couldn't pretend to tell you all the fun they had! If you have ever been on a farm you know all about it. But Emma, Emma and the dolly were there to tell all the nice things there are to do and to see!

Emma saw the cows, the pigs, the roosters and the tiny yellow chickens. She smelled the blossoms in the orchard; she peaked round the hives where the bees were at work; she saw the ducks waddling off toward the brook and she pulled fresh lettuce in the coldframes. But of everything on the farm, the little bran new bossy cow in the barn pleased her the most. "I'd just like to

stay and watch it all the time!" she said to uncle, and, indeed, he had hard work to persuade her to leave it long enough to come in to her dinner!

In the afternoon she was back in the barn again. She named the bossy



She got a tiny little toy cow!

Queen Nell and got so well acquainted that she could help feed her! Can you imagine anything more fun?

When night came, she could hardly bear to leave her new friend. "She'll be so lonesome without me," she told uncle, "you see, she hasn't a dolly for company like I have!" And without thinking what he was saying, uncle replied, "Then we'll have to get her one."

"Oh, will you really, uncle?" exclaimed Emma in delight, "then let's go tomorrow and buy it!"

Uncle agreed, and bright and early the next morning he and Emma drove into town to get Queen Nell her doll. And what do you suppose Emma bought? She got a tiny little toy cow! Bought it, took it home with her and presented it to Queen Nell! "Now she won't be lonesome when I have to leave her alone," she declared with satisfaction, and uncle agreed that the new doll was the best of company! Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE GANDER GOOSE

By BOB WILLIAMS

So many times you hear folks say, "That fellow's just a Gander Goose!" Of course, they mean his Thinker shakes. "Cause all the Bolts are loose!"

A Goose looks full of Fool-lah-ness; At least it's often said; That when you feed one it will act As tho' it HAD been fed.

And so the Name just clings to Boys, And Little Girls, too; Who act as tho' they didn't know Just what on Earth to do.

You'd be Sur-prised if you could see The Goose of Funny Town; And talk about your Cheer-ful-ness— It won his Great Renown.

He'd never lay a Golden Egg, Or shed the Golden Fleeces; For Rooster Geese just eat and sleep— And Sing for Lady Geese.



This Goblin Goose would Gobble Food Until his Sides would crack; And then he'd Waddle to the Woods, And Sleep About a Week.

One gorgeous morning Tibbie Smith, She heard this Gander cry, "I ate so much of 'Conscience' aches"— She'd eaten too much Pie!



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