

WOMAN AND THE HOME-PRIZE SUGGESTIONS, FASHIONS AND THE CHILDRENS' CORNER



WOMAN AND DRESS

By Ellen Adair

The Vagaries of Fashion

MANNERS maketh man—but clothes maketh a woman. It is a foolish saying which yet has a certain amount of truth in it.

And this brings me to another point—the extravagance of women in matters of dress. For a slavish adherence to the wildest vagaries of fashion is a leading characteristic of the American woman.

This passion for a minute adherence to fashion's most foolish vagaries is not only confined to herself. No, indeed. The modern mother wants all her children to be equally up-to-date in matters sartorial.

This is the attitude of many a father and husband today. In many cases, of course, the man of the house rebels—and then a change is made, or, as an alternative, the home and happiness are wrecked through divorce.

It certainly would not be at all a bad idea if it did. For many parents simply cannot afford the elaborate gowns which their daughters demand for the graduation celebrations.

The Daily Story

Senatorial Charity

The Senator, who had been disposed at first to receive his caller with an scant politeness as the dictates of politics allowed, displayed a singular graciousness of manner.

"You see, I don't ask anything for myself, even if my father and brother do work for you at the primaries. It's just for Jack," she spoke in low tones, betraying a girlish awe of the important man.

"And who is Jack?" "The member of the Upper House brushed aside a pile of letters that awaited his signature, and gave the girl his attention, a compliment he did not extend to all who sought his help.

"He and I are engaged to be married," she said, and the announcement, or the frank bluntness accompanying it, charmed the big man. "We will be married as soon as he can get a position, and I know you can arrange it."

"But what does he want, and why doesn't he come himself?" "The legislator represented a Southern State, where women are put on a pedestal above the "business" of life, and he was genuinely puzzled.

"He was discharged for drinking too much," she admitted, simply, a little hesitant, her lips twitching the slightest bit. The glow from the open grate looked blurred and indistinct to her troubled gaze.

"I see," said the Senator. "He did not know how near she had come to his heart by her explanation. His thoughts went back to his son, whose dissipation was the one dark spot on his father's long career of political and private happiness. Maybe it was a sympathy bred of experience that softened his heart to her, and perhaps her young head before him a ray of the afternoon sunlight on her hair emphasizing its delicate fairness.

"But he has promised never to do it again," she explained, entirely argumentative, and fully trusting the promise.

"Such a promise," he smiled slightly, "is by no means a certified check; but I think I can help him."

He spoke this last in slow, gentle tones. She sprang to her feet intending to take his hand while she told him her gratitude. "But wait," he checked her quickly, and again the finger tips were mathematically adjusted. "He cannot have another position in the Government departments. I shall get him a place where he will have a chance to rise and make a record for himself. These departments take it out of a man so. I know, because I have had others there—others whom I wanted to see do great things."

"The Senator smiled regretfully. "He can go to work for the P. and O.," he concluded. "But is that a good place?" she asked, doubting the new proposition.

"It will make a man of him, and that is what we want, isn't it?" "The Senator passed his hand a trifle wearily across his brow, and smiled sadly at the young face before him.

"And to will have lots of chances to rise and get a promotion." "Most assuredly." And he smiled again, this time at the parted lips of the girl and her eyes big with question and speculation.

"And he can do all this soon, very soon." "Yes." "And he can have it right away?" "Tomorrow." The Senator somehow thought he was doing more good in the bestowal of that place than was possible in the forming of the highest legislation.

"Oh, it's grand," she cried, converted to the merits of the plan. "Just grand." She clasped her hands together for sheer pleasure, just like a child.

"The funny part of it is," she confided, "that Jack said he was coming to the Capitol to see his friends about the place, and now I've done it better than he could." She paused doubtfully. "He said he was afraid to come to you because you hated a man who drank, but I knew you could fix it for us."

"My dear child," laughed the august person, "the worst thing in Washington is to be considered a good manipulator of Federal patronage. But you haven't given me the young man's full name." "I'll have to let him take a letter from me to John."

"It's funny," she began, "that it is the same." "They looked around to the door, which had been thrown open by a young man. Surprised to find any one with the Senator, he stood still for a minute, his hand upon the knob of the half closed door. He was tall and imperious in his bearing, looking more than handsome.

"John," said the Senator. "Jack," cried the girl, her high voice drowning the sound of the Senator's greeting.

He, at the door, kept silence, a dull red mounting slowly to his cheeks and forehead. "Come in," suggested the Senator coldly. "This is Jack," explained the girl, glad to introduce him to his benefactor and disregarding the cool reception accorded him.

The Senator held out his hand. "Jack who?" he laughed, a trifle stiffly. "Oh," she laughed in return, "Jack Stanley," had forgotten to tell you his name all this time."

Mr. Stanley and the Senator shook hands cordially, and there ensued a repetition of the outline of the new plan, which was interlarded with the enthusiastic exclamations and question of the girl.

"And," she said, at the close of the interview, "how can I ever thank you?" "You can't," said the Senator, pronouncing the words with the mellow accent of the south and making it a compliment to the girl. "I am entirely in your debt."

When the couple had left the office he called his private secretary, who from the nature of things political, knew all his affairs, private and public. "Lorry," said the Senator, "when you have been doing things for other people, and find out that, after all, you've been helping your own son, you see somebody's something."



A FLOWERED TAFFETA GOWN

BECOMES REAL ACTRESS

Versatile Oak Lane Girl in Ingersoll Company Tonight.

The audience at the Walnut Street Theatre tonight will see Miss Margaret Lukes, a popular young Oak Lane girl, make her debut on the professional stage.

She has been engaged by the William Ingersoll Stock Company and will play the role of Elsie Davis in the "Rainbow."

Miss Lukes has been before the public in many amateur productions. She appeared recently in "Gringoirs" at the Bellevue-Stratford, and later in "Rosilinda" at the Academy.

In addition to her histrionic aspirations, she is extremely versatile. She has a remarkable mezzo-soprano voice, plays the violin and has been a regular contributor to the Philadelphia newspapers.

Hospital Finance Board Named

George W. Elkins, Jr., president of the board of trustees of the Abington Memorial Hospital, has appointed William M. Elkins, Percy C. Madeira, Captain Robert Sewell and George D. Videner, Jr., as members of the finance committee of the institution. This announcement was made today.



MISS MARGARET LUKES Oak Lane girl, who makes her stage debut here tonight.

Stone 1222 Walnut St. Ladies' and Misses' Spring Suits \$29.50 to \$75 \$15 & \$20 Our Entire Stock Included. No Reservations.

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.

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A prize of \$1 has been awarded to J. K. F., 232 Pine street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

If you have a large family and find you cannot get the stockings properly paired off when they come back from the washing, try the following plan. Each pair should be marked with the owner's initials, then take a narrow piece of tape and fasten each pair together. The best way to do this, by the way, is to make small eyelets at the top of each stocking, and pass the tape through this—then your stockings will never tear. They will wash just as well, and your trouble will be over.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Agnes Blyden, Kenneth apartments, 51st and Willow avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

To pick up tiny pieces of broken glass, wet a woolen cloth, lay it on the floor where the fragments are, and pat it gently. The small particles will adhere to the cloth.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss M. R. Carroll, 242 North 3d street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

In making kitchen curtains make both top and bottom hems the same width, so either one can be slipped into the rod at the top of the window, thereby lengthening the life of the curtains.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. S. Brownstein, 432 East street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

When wax paper is wanted quickly and none is at hand, melt some paraffin in a shallow pan and pull strips of paper (preferably tissue paper) through it; the result will be very nice paraffin paper.

Every bar cut a full pound Pearl Borax Soap Hard - White Pure It Does a Lot It will wash anything washable without injuring skin or fabric. SAVE THE WRAPPERS FOR GIFTS



A SMART GIRLS DIARY

A Gown of Dolly Vardon Taffeta

FASHION has taken its keynote from almost every conceivable source—the 20-year age, with its long waist-line and full skirt; the Empire style, with the waist-line up under the arms and the narrow skirt, the hobble of uncertain origin, and last, but not least becoming, the ermine era.

The bodice of this little gown was made with a chiffon frilling, held in place by narrow velvet ribbon, outlining the V-neck. The sleeves were split, showing an underleeve of white net, edged with the chiffon. A narrow plaited petticoat took the place of a girdle. Bows of black velvet were placed at the elbows and at the front of the bodice.

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Evening Gowns and Afternoon Frocks

THE two great problems for the shops just at present are the June bride and the sweet girl graduate. How to gown these appropriately and economically is indeed a test of efficiency.

Quaint and suggestive of the ermine era was another little gown, designed for evening wear. It was made of a corselet of flesh pink faille, trimmed with stencillings of roses and foliage. This was made with cut-out sleeves, and a full skirt of hand-embroidered net, trimmed with innumerable small ruffles, each one edged with narrow white satin ribbon. The effect was not unlike that of a hoop skirt, without the unsightly qualities of the same. The price was \$25.

MANUFACTURERS JOIN PROGRESS DAY RANKS

Great Impulse Given to Movement for Industrial Feature for National Fourth.

Adherents to the little army of manufacturers, who advocate a Progress Day in connection with the national Fourth of July celebration, are being gained daily. Among others who decided today to join in the proposed industrial demonstration was the John T. Bailey Company, whose cordage works at Delaware avenue and Tasker street, employ a large number of persons.

Tomorrow's Menu

- BREAKFAST: Cereal and Cream Sausage Cakes Coffee Orange and Rhubarb Marmalade LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: Cold Beef Loaf Potato Salad Baking Powder Biscuits Ginger Bread Cheese DINNER: Clear Beef Soup Cold Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Apple Pie Orange and rhubarb marmalade—This is delicious when first made, as well as months later. To make it, cut enough rhubarb to measure a quart in two-inch lengths. Remove the rind, the thin yellow part, from six oranges, and shred it. Add to the rhubarb. Then remove all the white from the oranges and cut the pulp into small pieces. Add, with a pound and a half of granulated sugar, to the rhubarb. Cook until it will thicken when cooled, and pack into glasses. Save out a little to eat now.

THE NEW Van Orden Corset

gives chic, grace and beauty of line. Our corsetieres know by long experience how to outfit smart women. \$3.50 to \$85

MRS. A. REICHARD Stamping and Embroidery Hemstitching, 10c per yard PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS 1113 CHESTNUT STREET

Special Reductions on Suits NOVELTY SWEATER-COATS MILLINERY, MODEL GOWNS, COATS, BLOUSES, SUITS. 1624 WALNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Mr. Garden Toad Turns Prophet

"GOOD morning, Billy Robin," said Mr. Garden Toad about a week after the fight with Bluey Blackbird, "what you hunting worms out in this dry alley for? Don't you know that the place for worms is the garden? I gave you credit for more sense than you show!"

every year," replied Mr. Garden Toad solemnly. "May be you have always been busy with your own affairs at this time of year and have never noticed before. Now, I don't have such a rush in the spring as you, with your nest building and everything, do. I can take things slower because I never forget that there is a great deal of time to come. So as I go about my daily business, I watch and learn a bit about my neighbors."



Billy Robin cocked his head and listened.

"So, so!" said Mr. Garden Toad thoughtfully. "Well, that's about like him. I'm not in the least surprised. But your turn will come soon." Billy Robin cocked his head and listened. "What's that you just said, Mr. Garden Toad?" he asked politely. "I'm so upset by this whole matter, that I guess I'm not hearing very well." "I said, 'Your turn will come soon,'" repeated Mr. Garden Toad.

"And one thing I have noticed about Bluey Blackbird is this—he never spends the summer where he first nests. So hide your time and he will go away." "Oh, goody!" exclaimed Billy, "but are you sure?" "That I am," said Mr. Garden Toad, "and I'll tell you why. Bluey Blackbird always goes to the highest green. Just now these pine trees are the highest, but wait a week, then the oak at the corner will be out and away he will fly and stay!" "Billy thanked the toad for the comfort and hurried off to tell Tommy the news.

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE DOWN-HEARTED DUCK

And How He Was Cheered By BOB WILLIAMS I wonder if you've ever seen A Duck that felt so blue That when it quack'd 'twould groan and sigh, And shed a tear or two?



Well, in the Town of Funny Dreams There lived a Funny Duck, Who always cried when he would hear A Lady Rooster cluck! It made him weep to think that he Could never be a Hen, And lay a dozen Eggs or so For Girls and Boys and Men.

He lived inside a Maple Box In back of Thompson's Shed; That is, until the Happy Day He called on Magic Ned. "O, Ned," said, "Hen, don't waste your tears; You'll need them by and by When June comes round to scorch your toes— For that's the time to cry!" The Duck-What-Was looked down and saw That both his Webs had skipped; Instead he noticed Six Hen-Toes— All new and shingle-tipped. I saw him-her one night at work, A-laying Eggs galore; I counted Sixty-seven Gross— And Quite were on the floor!