

WOMAN AND THE HOME, PRIZE SUGGESTIONS, VAGARIES OF FASHION, CHILDREN'S CORNER

WORK AND LOVE

By Ellen Adair

The Modern Woman's Restlessness

There is so much talk on every hand concerning the restlessness of women and so many solutions are offered that it is hard to find the real and the true among the number. That the modern woman is a restless, somewhat dissatisfied being admits of no denial. And what she really wants and most truly craves is self-expression. But her attempts toward this self-expression are futile and unavailing. For she really doesn't know what she wants—and this indecision is something very hard to contend with.

But the men and women who talk like this are ignoring nature and the very laws of the universe. For mankind was meant for love and happiness. Yet work plays as tremendously important a part in the building up of happiness as love. It has been freely admitted that success in love is not sufficient to satisfy the average man. He demands success in business, too. And if he is not successful in his work, he can take very little real happiness in love, for he regards success as a failure. And to be only a might-have-been in some chosen career is the hardest thing which a man has to face. No amount of love can quite compensate for that failure, for a man's work is his very life.

The Daily Story

Her Sandalwood Box

"This is the first one he wrote me after—after—"

"After he asked you to marry him," said Wilmot grimly. "I know," Elizabeth feathered a little. "If you would rather not—"

"If you would rather not?" said the man; so they read on.

There was no heading to the boyish scrawl—no date, and the paper was yellow with much handling.

"How did you do it, Little Girl?—I'm lord o' the earth tonight. It's only five hours since I left you? I'd wear it was five centuries. I'm in my room, working, but at what I don't know. Your face comes between me and the white paper—between me and the foothold, pounding keys—between me and all the world else. Ah, Dearest Beloved, your eyes when I kissed you! And the wondrous light of your hair! Pen and ink's but a poor thing, after all. I write down words that mean the world and all—and they come out black, bluish things on a shiny white sheet. I'd like to write to you, forcing lightning on a giant rose leaf. Good-night, my piece of the world!"

"What was his work?" asked Wilmot with husky irreverence.

"Stories and verse," wrote Elizabeth, both in the letter gently on the coils and drew out the next.

"There are not many," she explained. "It was only a month—and we saw each other so often—and I kept only the letters from that month."

Wilmot nodded in silence.

"You are the funniest child," said the next letter. "When I think of the way I love you—it seems absurd, and I ought to give you a good scolding. Well, I have given you my life for the one and my heart for the other. Haven't I? I'm not laughing, Littlest—at least, I'm only laughing that you don't know what a powerful spell you have on my heartstrings. I got a check this morning for a story I'd almost forgotten about. That's why I'm sending you a rose. It's the first thing I've bought with the money I've made this week. It's going to be a great thing some day—and you—no, I mean WE—are going to be proud of it. We'll go to the theatre tonight, Littlest, and burn up some of the new necks."

"How old were you then?" asked Wilmot.

"I was 18," Elizabeth answered, dreamily. "The next day, you know."

"The next day, you know," they read the next in silence.

"Sweetest," it said, "I've been ill the last two days, or I'd have seen you. I've been seeing you in my window curtains, and a lot of other silly places. I was out of my head, they tell me. Feel sort of crazy now." The letter was blotted, and the writing a high, wailing cry, as if it were where I dropped my head just now, because I was too tired to hold it up any longer. I must get back to the play tomorrow—looking too much time. Lord, how my heart aches—Oh, Littlest Girl, I want you."

"He was only a boy," said Elizabeth, "just a year older than I—"

"To you, said Wilmot, "insensibly. Elizabeth turned over the next letter and a withered rose fell into her lap from the enfolding leaf of a torn program.

"We went to the theatre," she explained, touching the flower gently with her fingers, "and wore the rose on my gown. It was red."

"You like the red roses best," said Wilmot, "and I don't want to see you any more. It was always so, or did you beg them then?"

"I suppose it was then," she admitted gently. "He always sent them to me."

Wilmot started up suddenly. "I can't stand any more of this," he said. "Did you ever care for me at all?"

"Don't be angry," Elizabeth laid a hand on his arm and drew him back. "I don't care much more, and I think if I didn't love you, could show the letters to you at all. Wait till the end—you will understand."

She laid the dead rose on the fire with the torn program. The next was only a line or two on a narrow card.

"Flowers he sent me," Elizabeth said, "because he wanted to come that night. And this—" She glanced over a half sheet of paper, closely covered—"he wrote to thank me for a book I sent him." She looked up at Wilmot. His eyes were dark and inscrutable, but he was white to the nose, and she hurried on.

"There's only one more to read—they are just cards that came with flowers or books."

She laid them on the fire and smoothed out the paper she had lain clenched in her hand so long.

"Is that the last?" asked Wilmot with dry lips. She nodded, and he bent to read.

"You are right," it said, "quite right to break with me. There are a thousand reasons why you should, and the one reason why you shouldn't—my love—is a very good one. I don't want to blame you for not considering it. I know it must be a mistake—you were not for me. You always gave me your cheek to kiss—and I didn't want your cheek. I don't blame you. You see," Elizabeth whispered with a little catch in her voice.

"You never really cared for me, Littlest—as you will care some day for the man who is true to you. I have had my jealousy of me, sweet, when he does come. Your love for me was a child's love that he will not want, and that you will not give him. I have had my divine day, and it is over. But no matter who comes—in spite of the man who is to win where I have lost—you will remember—I claim that, Littlest, for my right—you will remember when you love him that I taught you how. I should not write so perhaps, but there are times when a man must speak what he knows. Keep the few things that I have written. I don't send them back to me. Put them in the sandalwood box and shut their memories in with them. I shall keep your letters—God knows they're few and cold enough."

"Oh, Littlest Girl, I'd never let you go in this world—if—"

Elizabeth's hand slipped softly into Wilmot's, where it rested on the arm of her chair. They sat in silence while the last letter flared up, then sank and crumbled.

"I think," at last she said, softly, "that he was right. You need not be jealous of him. I was a child then. I am another self now. When you came in, I had been reading his letters, and somehow in the dusk and quiet, I slipped out of myself back into the little girl he used to love. My mind was full of him and of that little girl, and I couldn't readjust things at once. Then when you used his very words to read it was like a stab. You see—don't you, dear? I'm not disloyal to you. It was just that I remembered, as he said I would."

"I understand," said Wilmot, holding her close. "I was a jealous fool, but you must admit that it was disconcerting to come in and find you reading over another man's letters the night before our wedding."

"It was silly, I suppose," Elizabeth admitted, "but I couldn't help it—and you understand."

"Where is he now?" asked Wilmot, kissing the soft wave of her hair. "You won't grow to care for him again, will you?"

"Oh, Wil, hush," the girl whispered, her cheek against his coat sleeve. "he's dead, dear—he died that year—didn't I tell you at first? thought you understood."

"The sheet rattled angrily against the window pane, jarring the quiet of the shadowy room, and the fire sank and darkened."

"You will remember when you love him," quoted Wilmot softly, "that I taught you how—good-bye!"

(Copyright, 1915)



A SMART HAT FOR EARLY SUMMER

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

The very earliest summer suits are beginning to make their appearance. Conspicuously absent are the colored linens, rattans, and such favorites. Fashion has taken to the Palm Beach suit with proverbial suddenness. It is delightfully cool looking, and wears beautifully.

One of our largest Market street department stores is selling these suits for \$10. This is very reasonable indeed. They are plainly made, with a wide, flaring skirt with pocket, and a Norfolk jacket, also with pockets. Self-covered buttons are used as trimming, and in some cases, ball celluloid ones.

A great reduction in imported and special suits is going on in another store. All styles are selling rapidly, and the materials include imported and domestic gabardines, poplins, serges, alika, checked and striped weaves of every kind. One striking model is made of navy blue gabardine, with a short jacket, shawl collar, a high waist line, outlined by a narrow kid belt, and pockets. The skirt has the new cuff at the bottom instead of a hem, and is full. The price is \$17.50 from \$27.50.

Another handsome suit is made of imported gabardine, with a novelty vest of evening-striped silk, which extends in points at the front of the skirt. The coat is cutaway, and extremely plain. The skirt is very full indeed, with three folds of the material as the only trimming. The price is \$33.50.

A plain little poplin suit for everyday wear is made on most attractive lines. The jacket is full, and ends abruptly at the waist, with a binding of black silk braid. The color of the suit is, of course, navy blue. Small buttons and a row of braided frogs are used on the front of the jacket. The skirt is severely plain, with a flare at the bottom, and no trimming whatever. The price is \$22.50.

A novel summer gown is selling in another shop for \$5.95. It is made of striped voile, in any coloring desired, and has a wide border of black around the bottom of the skirt. The blouse is made in simple shirtwaist style with a black girde. Shirtings are used at the hips, like a yoke. The sleeves are long. Innumerable gowns of this kind and simple frocks of every kind, and at prices varying from \$5 to \$10, are selling at the same shop.

A SMART GIRLS DIARY

An Imported Hat

HATS are prettier this season than they ever were before. There is an unlimited variety of them, too, with colorings enough to match every gown, trying to make up my mind what to choose, but it is almost impossible, they are all so attractive.

Leghorns come first in popularity for summer wear. They are ideal for the seashore, with their wide, sheltering brims, and lovely Gainsborough lines. I think nothing is more becoming than a wide, floppy garden hat, trimmed with a garland of flowers, or a single glorious rose. It gives a softness and faintness to the face that nothing else can.

Strange to say, there is a great predominance of black velvet on the very newest hats. This is used in various ways—as a covering for the crown, as streamers on a leghorn or Panama, or in many cases, as a foundation for the hat itself. Black velvet combined with white kid is also widely used, and makes, moirs, tailored bows, jet ornaments of odd shapes, or a single rose form the trimmings.

One most picturesque hat was copied directly from an imported model. The effect was decidedly airy, and it was very practical as well. While the brim was made of changeable blue and gold marine, like an evening hat, the rough straw crown is quite appropriate for street wear. The maine was very dark, so that the gold only showed in a certain light, and was wired out with invisible milliner's wire, giving it a delightfully bouffant look. The crown was navy blue banyard straw, with two wonderfully shaded yellow roses at the front. A knot of midnight blue velvet hung loosely from the back. It was a very pretty hat, indeed, and lost none of its beauty in the American version.

IN THE GARDEN

Some Practical Hints

THE enthusiastic gardener has a great many difficulties to face in the number of enemies to plants, flowers and vegetables which spring up on every hand. A particularly sharp lookout must be kept for these, or else all the previous pains that have been taken in the cultivation of the various growing things will be entirely wasted.

It does seem strange that a plant can survive at all, when one thinks of the numerous disadvantages it is struggling against. Plants are just like human beings, however—there is a survival of the fittest. And the gardener must do everything possible to ward off pests, and to help the development of the tender roots which are so busily growing just now.

Among the arch enemies of all growing things come the insects, and in particular those designated under the heads of "biters" and "suckers." The sure way to rid oneself of the pests which bite is to carefully poison their food, but it is a harder matter to kill the insect which sucks the juices and ignores the poison on the outside of the plant. These caterpillars are dreadfully destructive creatures. It seems a shame to destroy them when they will later develop into such exquisite butterflies, but if one is truly interested in one's garden and the growth thereof, there isn't any choice. The resin-lime mixture should be combined with Paris green and the plants likely to be affected, such as the cabbage, should be carefully sprayed with this. Maggots and May beetles should be looked for and quickly destroyed.

Youth and Love

Though thy constant love I share,  
Yet thy gift is rarer;  
In my youth I thought thee fair,  
Thou art older, fairer!

Full of more than young delight  
Now day and night are,  
For the presence, then so bright,  
Is closer, brighter.

In the haste of youth we miss  
Its best of blisses;  
Sweeter than the stolen kiss  
Are granted kisses.

Dearer than the words that hide  
The love abiding,  
Are the words that fondly chide  
When love needs chiding.

Higher than the perfect song  
For which love lengthens,  
Is the tender fear of wrong  
That never wrongs.

She whom youth alone makes dear,  
May awhile seem many a year,  
Thou art mine so many a year,  
The older, the dearer!

—Bayard Taylor.

ASKS SUPPORT FOR PRESIDENT

John Wanamaker in Advertisements Tells Americans to Stake All. American citizens are urged to pledge "lives, fortunes and honor" to support the President, in an appeal made by John Wanamaker today, through advertisements in morning newspapers in the city and New York. This support, pledged in the language of a passage of the Declaration of Independence, is to be offered "in any decision or action he may find it necessary to take in the present state of national and international affairs, in defense of and for the protection of the lives of all or any of our fellow-citizens."

Mr. Wanamaker declares in his statement that the American flag "must be nailed up." He appeals to citizens, both native and foreign-born, to back up the "strong terms" in which President Wilson spoke in the note to Germany.

DANCING

Wagner Entrance, 1750 N. Broad Street. Private Lessons Day or Eve. Phon. Dia. 25. OSE-STEP CONTEST Wednesday, May 19. DANCE. Scholastic Country Dance Thursday, May 20. Private Lessons Day or Eve. Phon. Dia. 25. Scholastic Country Dance Friday, May 21. Private Lessons Day or Eve. Phon. Dia. 25. Scholastic Country Dance Saturday, May 22. Private Lessons Day or Eve. Phon. Dia. 25. Scholastic Country Dance Sunday, May 23. Private Lessons Day or Eve. Phon. Dia. 25.

The Cortisoso School

1820 CHESTNUT ST. Phone, Locust 3180. THE C. ELLWOOD CARPENTER STUDIO, 318 Chestnut St. Open Summer Hours. Exact instructions under personal supervision. Phon.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Oak Tree Fairies in Their New Home

THE very first thing the oak tree fairies did after they got partly settled in their new tree home was to look around and see who they had for neighbors. You know yourself how important it is to live near people you like, and of course, it is even more important with fairies, because they can't travel round very far as people do.

"I think we can let the rest of our settling go," the fairy queen had said, "while we visit around a bit. We decided to move in such a dreadful hurry that we can hardly be sure we want to stay here. You, biggest fairies, climb up to the top of the tree and see the lay of the land. You, middle-sized fairies, make the acquaintance of the spiders on this tree and see if they will help us with our dress making as the old oak tree spiders did. You, little fairies, climb down to the ground and see if there are any friendly creatures in the garden."

Thus instructed, all the fairies went to work.

The biggest fairies climbed to the very top of the tree (which wasn't much of a job, the tree was so little) and looked around to see what they could see.

The middle-sized fairies went up and down the tree trunk and hunted out all the spider holes. "Good morning!" they said to each and every spider they saw; "we are oak tree fairies and we have come to live on this tree." And the spiders all made a fine, spidery bow and replied, "Indeed we are honored to have you live near us!" "Dear me! such polite spiders," the fairies said to themselves. "Then aloud they replied to the spiders' greeting like this: "Thank you kindly for those nice words, and may we count on you to help us with our spring sewing?" "Indeed!" exclaimed the spiders each and every one, "we ask nothing better than to make fairy clothes!" So the fairies felt quite relieved and very happy.

The littlest fairies climbed down to the ground (which wasn't a very long way to be sure) and hunted around for friends. The very first creature they saw was Billy Robin. "My what a nice, pleasant-looking robin!" they whispered to each other. "I dare say he's the very robin we've often heard from the old oak tree! Let's speak to him." So the fairies gathered all their courage and held it tight in their hand where they could get it quickly; then they stepped out to where Billy Robin was digging worms. "Good morning, Friend Robin," they said pleasantly, "and would you please tell us your name?" "That I will gladly," replied Billy with a grand flourish of a bow. "I'm Billy Robin." Then he looked at them and said, "Who are you?" "We're the oak tree fairies who lived in the big, old oak tree over here," responded the fairies, "but we've come to live in the little oak tree because—well, because—that old oak tree got pretty crowded!"

At that Billy Robin stopped his worm hunting and laughed—oh how he did laugh! "I fancy it is crowded about as this garden was a while ago!" Then he laughs some more. "But anyway, you'll be glad you've moved," he said kindly, "for this garden is the very nicest place of all the earth to live in!" Which was good news to the tree fairies you may be sure!

So the biggest fairies, and the middle-sized fairies and the littlest fairies of all, went back to the fairy queen and reported that the new home was much better than the old.

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Oh, how he did laugh!

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE RESTLESS RAKES

By Bob Williams

When the Harrows finished harrowing the Funny Garden lots, The Restless Rakes would go to work And even up the Spots.

Where Harrows got too finicky And jumped so very high, The Ground was left uneven—like De-molished Custard Pie!

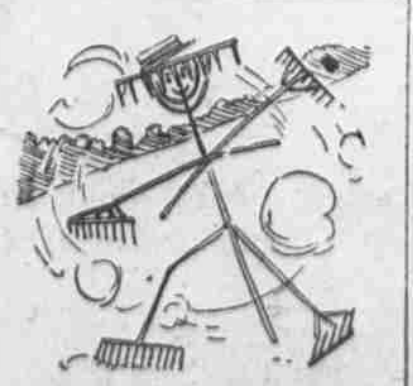
These Strips of Caseless Exercise Were made of Wonder Wood; And on the Funny Raking Part The Steel was just as good.

As Steel you see on Brooklyn Brides, To sell New Yorkers Corn and Oats To feed their Trolley Horses.

Man-hat-in's quite a Monstrous Town, It laughs at Country Japs; But West Street sports a Hoop-Car Line That brightens Cloudy Days!

We're getting off the Track again— Just like the West Street Nags; The Restless Rakes of Funytown Would sometimes play at Tag.

My Brother John saw Ninety Nakes To Sling 'round a Track; They made for John, but Jack made 'em 'bust' his Blankets back!



PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

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For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and \$20 cents are offered. 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 Mrs. E. W. Kerr, 5719 Pemberton street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

While ironing, have a little common salt on a piece of paper at the end of the ironing board. By rubbing the iron on the salt, the starch, which sometimes collects on the iron, will immediately be removed. This eliminates the necessity of wax.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Harry Reedy, Parkersburg, Pa., for the following suggestion:

If you have a pet summer gown which has become faded, you can boll it white by using one ounce of chloride of lime, one and a half ounces of soda, and two gallons of water. You will find that you have a new white dress.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. M. E. G. 5635 Lansdowne avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

To remove chewing gum from any kind of cloth, put a few drops of gasoline on the spot and the gum will crumble instantly, and can be rubbed out. Wash in soapuds and rinse the spot in warm water.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Frank Hennessee, 108 North Church street, Waynesboro, Pa., for the following suggestion:

If you have a very small clothes closet and yet sometimes have to share it with one of the family, you can utilize it to the best advantage by purchasing three towel racks and inserting them from the shelf of the closet to form three rods. Screw them well to the shelf, then buy cheaply a number of inexpensive coat hangers and allow so many to each rack. This enables each garment to hang separately, and at a glance into the closet one can see at once where the garment desired is hanging.

Tomorrow's Menu

—Dickens.

BREAKFAST  
Baked Apples  
Rice and Eggs  
Raised Biscuit Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER  
Meat Turnovers  
Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
Boiled Custard Cake

DINNER  
Cream of Salmon Soup  
Corned Beef  
Baked Potatoes  
Mixed Salad  
Lemon Meringue Pie

Rice and eggs—To six well-beaten eggs add three-quarters of a cupful of cold boiled rice and a little milk to moisten. Season with salt and pepper and cook like scrambled eggs.

Meat turnovers—Chop fine any left-over meat, removing all bones and gristle. With it mix twice as much hot mashed potato, and add a minced green tomato pickle to each cupful of the mixture. Season and moisten with a little gravy or stock. Shape in flat cakes, and brown in hot fat on both sides.

Why She is Always "In Demand"

At the office. Because her employer knows he can place absolute reliance on Mary Smith. She works with her thoughts on her work—and not straying to the new blouse she's making at home, or the hat that took her fancy, or the party she is going to have on Saturday.

You see, Mary Smith is a thoroughly conscientious girl, and she'd scorn to waste her employer's time—even in day-dreams.

But then she works—not because she is paid so much for so many hours, but because she takes a real interest in her work, and is anxious to do it to the best of her ability.

And Mary Smith is no clock-watcher, either. She never minds staying half an hour over her time if there is press of business. And you'd never find her rushing just to lunch, leaving an important matter unattended, because it happened to be just 1 o'clock!

She has plenty of common sense, too. She doesn't bother her employer with silly questions; on the other hand, she never hesitates to ask the right question, if she finds herself at a loss. But once told, she never forgets.

And she doesn't discuss her employer's business with all and sundry outside the office. She would consider this a dreadful breach of confidence—for trustworthiness is one of her great points. And that's why Mary Smith is always "in demand" for her employer simply couldn't do without her!

SHE IS ALWAYS IN DEMAND

At home. Because, even though she is a business girl, Mary doesn't forget what she owes the home-people.

It is Mary who plans all the birthday things goes wrong with the domestic machinery; when she wants a new hat trimmed; when she feels like staying in bed for breakfast on a Sunday morning; when particular Aunt Selma is coming on a visit.

It is Mary that relies on for a game of cards on wet evenings; for sympathy when he is bothered about business; for his goat foot is giving him bad twinges; for company if he feels like a couple of hours at the picture show and mother can't go; for the business girl's quick, clear brain when his accounts get in a muddle!

It is to Mary that the boys come when they get into a scrape; when they want some one to coax an extra dollar out of father for a coveted baseball suit; when they want a corner of their own for some secret enterprise, and know that "Mary's room" is safe sanctuary!

And that's why Mary is always "in demand" at home.

Did You Ever Hear the Woodrow Wilson Glee Club?

Perhaps you didn't even know the President had ever organized such a club! But he did, and one of the features of the installation of the new President of Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore this week will be a reunion of this selfsame glee club. Get the details and see some remarkable photographs of Mr. Wilson and his associates in Sunday's Public Ledger.

Our Navy Gets a New Boss

He's well known to all Philadelphians—so readers of Sunday's Public Ledger will be particularly interested in the story and pictures of Rear Admiral Benson at work as Chief of Operations of the nation's navy. His powers, duties and labors are completely and interestingly set forth.

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