

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

WOMEN IN WARTIME

By Ellen Adair

Sorrow as the Great Leveler

ONLY the other day a case appeared in the papers in which a French woman residing on Long Island was so crushed by the death of her nearest relatives in the war that her mind became deranged, grief brought on violent mania and she had to be removed to the insane asylum.

Her case strikes one as exceptional—and yet it has a parallel in hundreds of others which remain more or less in obscurity, but which are none the less terrible. News came to this French woman from her old home in Alsace that her two brothers had been killed, then her brother-in-law, and finally her nephew.

Shortly after the reception of this news more information came. It appeared that her father, aged 80, and her mother, aged 78, had got in the line of fire and been shot down, and that her old home had been riddled with shot and burned with all its contents. Small wonder then that the mind of the unhappy woman should give way under the terrible load!

Another case appeared recently where a mother, a Russian woman, had lost five sons, one after the other, in the war. She did not go mad with grief, though her heart was well nigh broken. Instead she set to work with redoubled energy on behalf of the poor soldiers in the trenches. "My sons would be glad to know that I am doing what I can," she said simply, and with the outward stoical calm which the Russian peasant woman, accustomed to terrible hardships and poverty all her life, has cultivated from childhood.

And so she sits all day long, knitting, knitting, sewing and stitching for the troops. When I hear of all these heart-broken, anxious mothers and sisters and wives knitting with feverish zeal, I think of Sir James Barrie's famous play, "What Every Woman Knows," where Maggie Kittle, the Scotch heroine, declares that knitting is a woman's salvation. "Why must you always have

knitting in your hands, Maggie?" asks one of her brothers. And Maggie looks at him, wondering that he should know so little of women. "If we women didn't knit, we would go mad!" she says. "Knitting is what prevents us!"

The women of the world have taken upon themselves the very hardest sort of work, so that their men can go off to the front and fight for home and country. In London, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade declares that the total number of women registered for special war service up to April 16 was approximately 47,000, of whom over 8000 had entered their names as willing to undertake armament work. In connection with the production of armaments, some of the principal factories had informed the Board of Trade that they would need during the next few months an additional number of women amounting to 13,000.

It is a great and wonderful thing that the women of England have such avenues of work open to them. Without work to do, the mental strain of idle waiting would be too much and they would break down under the load of suspense. For idle waiting is the hardest thing in the whole world to bear.

The wealthy Edinburgh lady who is running one of the street trolley cars, thereby allowing the driver to go off to the front with the knowledge that his weekly salary is going to his wife and family as usual, has solved a problem for herself as well as for the driver. For in hard work she will have less time for brooding over the mischances of war which may come to those she loves.

War-time is a great leveler. For war means devastation and sorrow—and sorrow is the greatest leveler of all. When it comes to the loss of husbands, brothers, and sweethearts, it is true that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are not in common work for the common cause will find their only salvation.

The Daily Story Silas of Hebron Valley

John G. Davidson, with his cleanly shaven, comely face, cleft chin, blue eyes and firm jaw, might have been from appearances an actor. He might have been mistaken for a popular preacher or a professional baseball player. His age was, apparently, anywhere between 30 and 40 years.

He had the air of good living and prosperity which the man of the world is supposed to wear. All guesses as to his profession, however, would probably have gone wide of the mark. He was a senior member of the firm of Davidson & Cole, of Wall Street, a firm which bore a rather shady reputation. Even now he was hurrying home from a hunting trip in Maine, which had been cut short by the tip, irregularly received, of a big "killing" to be made the next day on the stock exchange.

Despite the suspicion which attached to his name, Silas Davidson's face was one people instinctively liked and trusted. When at a remote junction point, Silas Ashlar entered the smoker of the train, shaking the snowflakes from his ultraviolet microscope and returning—he took the seat beside the broker.

Ashlar was 25, and his good-natured face, uncheerful by the stress of city life, was round and immature, yet without there was native shrewdness in his eyes and frank honesty.

Davidson was a man to inspire not only confidence, but "confidences"; besides, he was in the mood for conversation. In the course of half an hour the country youth was unbending himself to this agreeable stranger as he had never talked to his closest friend. "I live over in Hebron Valley, in Vermont," he said. "I'm clerk in old man Briggs' general store. Been working there since I was 14. The old man wants to retire now, and I'd like to buy his business."

"I see," rejoined Davidson, politely. Silas had a tattoo with clumsy fingers on the window sill and smiled with embarrassment before he proceeded. "There's—there's a girl, out in the country."

"Indeed, Briggs' daughter, I suppose?" "No; Jennie Gardner. We're—we're engaged, you see. That's why I want the store."

Davidson's interest quickened. "Why don't you run away with the girl?" he asked.

"She won't do it; she's afraid of her father. So is her mother, for that matter. He's a hard man."

"He'd be satisfied to let you marry if you owned the store?"

"Yes, and that's just some more of his meanness," returned Silas. "He thinks it's impossible for me to buy it or he wouldn't say so. All I got's five hundred dollars, and I'd like to buy the store. I'm goin' down to New York to see if I can't raise it. I've heard of money being made pretty quick on Wall Street."

"They'd get your hay in about 30 minutes," said Wall Street, "responding Davidson decisively. "I know, because that's where I hang out. But see here, Ashlar, I've got a little sporting blood in my veins, and I've been under dog myself. Suppose I help you down this tu-penny banker?"

"Say, if you only would!" "Very well. Let's have your five hundred. There's something on for tomorrow, and maybe I can clean up your little pile for you during the excitement. Are you willing to trust me and take the chance?"

Ashlar's answer was to draw, with trembling fingers, a bulky envelope from his inner pocket and pass it over to the broker, who tore it open and counted the contents dexterously. There was five hundred dollars in the package in well-thumbed tens and twenties.

The broker stowed the money away and produced a bit of pastebord. "There's my address," he said, handing the card to Ashlar. "You come to that number day after tomorrow at 10, and I'll have some news for you."

When at dusk Ashlar, bewildered by the appalling noise and confusion of the big city, adventured from the railway station in the direction of the hotel, he felt that he had done a foolish thing in trusting all his money to a perfect stranger. But the remembrance of Davidson's face with its defensible attraction reassured him. "I'll be there for ever thinkin' of this thing," he muttered. "They'd surely beat me if I tried speculating by myself. I guess Davidson is square."

The New York & Western episode on the stock exchange next day was merely a skirmish in the great industrial warfare which goes on ceaselessly in that city in the granite walls of Wall Street. Before Davidson & Cole had loaded up irretrievably with the stock, Davidson smelled danger, and had begun to let go. His suspicions proved to be a clever fake which had already caught many small firms. It developed that the Silvers and the Hillmans had long since come to an amicable agreement in regard to the road.

"Then we're out about 65 thousand," said Lucius Cole, the morning after the skirmish, sitting at his partner in their private office. "About 65 thousand," agreed Davidson, "and if I hadn't got wise until a half hour later, we'd be down and out today."

A clerk unshined in Silas Ashlar. The country youth was haggard with anxiety. "The morning paper says you were hit hard," he began. "My money—"

"Your money's all right," interrupted Davidson. "I had your little old two thousand salted before the balloon ascension. Here's your check." He handed Ashlar a slip of paper.

Silas, for a few moments, was dazed by the good news. Then he began to stammer his thanks, but Davidson waved them aside. "Not a word now, Silas. I want just two promises of you. That you'll never monkey with the stock exchange again; and that you will go home and fix up a wedding within two weeks. Do you agree?"

There were tears in the young man's eyes. "If Jennie says the word, we'll be married inside 24 hours. This money shuts her father up. I don't want any more stock exchange business either, you bet. I've been too worried the last two days. God bless you, Mr. Davidson. If you ever come to Hebron Valley, I'll try to show how much you've done for us."

A dark flush mounted Cole's thick neck and overspread his face as the grateful Ashlar left the office. "Are you crazy, Davidson?" he demanded angrily. "What the devil did you give up that money for? The fool haysess would have believed anything you told him." Although meant as sarcasm, a note of anxiety crept into his high, excited voice at the next question. "You ain't turning honest, are you?"

There was more bitterness than humor in Davidson's smile as he replied: "It's a little late in the day for that, isn't it? But I'll tell you why I did it, if you want to know. Did you ever stop to think why I want married?"

"Oh, a girl away back, probably." "Dead right, Ducky. Her folks thought I didn't have money enough, so they sold her off to a tight-fisted grubber with a few hundred dollars and a heart like a hickory nut. It's her daughter Ashlar wants to marry. Her husband don't like him, and he put the same stumbling block up to the boy that was laid in my path—money."

"Well, I ain't kicking, am I?" snarled Cole, with a change of front which would have puzzled any one but his partner. "You're senior member of this firm, and you can make an ass of yourself if you want to. But while I was about it, I'd got the boy more than a measly two thousand."



A CHILD'S SUMMER OUTING SUIT

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Newest Bargains in Blouses

BLouses are getting more and more elaborate, in some cases, as the season advances. It is a regular evolution to watch the styles change, and to note the difference between the strictly tailored styles which opened the season, with their high collars and pockets, and the frilly adaptations of the same which are seen in all the shops now.

One large department store is actually selling George's crepe blouses for \$2. Any woman who has paid five will realize what a real bargain this is. The style is a good one, although it has short sleeves. The front of the blouse has a deep V neck, with frills at either side of it. The sleeves are also trimmed with frills, which cover the elbow. This comes in flesh pink.

A batiste blouse in the same store is made with a low flat collar at the back, with revers in front. A lacing of wide black ribbon moire encircles the neck, passing through eyelets on the front of the blouse. A frill is used with this. The price is also \$2.

Another large Chestnut street shop is selling out some of its most exclusive styles in sheer lingerie blouses at \$2.50 apiece. This is indeed a moderate price, as some of the models are worth more. One striking blouse was made with a high, close fitting collar, and touches of embroidery on either side of the front. A black moire ribbon is threaded through the collar in a bizarre fashion, giving a charmingly French appearance to the blouse.

A large Chestnut street store is showing a lovely colored linen blouse for \$2.50. It comes in almost any shade, including the favorite green, mauve, tan and lemon yellow, which are seen so much on the heavier weight styles. The lines of this blouse are extremely plain, with a low neck, long sleeves, and a few tucks at the shoulder to give fullness. Pearl buttons of a larger size than the usual blouse buttons form the only trimming.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss A. Travis, 1405 South 11th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When an article which has been cleaned with gasoline has a ring around the spot, take a cloth and dip it in water and go all over the circle. The ring will immediately disappear. This applies to a woolen or cloth article of any kind.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To work buttonholes in lace, baste a small square of lawn underneath the place where you wish to put the buttonhole, then cut the holes and work them. Cut away the surplus lawn, leaving them firm and durable. The same may be done with buttons.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss A. Travis, 1405 South 11th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When an article which has been cleaned with gasoline has a ring around the spot, take a cloth and dip it in water and go all over the circle. The ring will immediately disappear. This applies to a woolen or cloth article of any kind.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To work buttonholes in lace, baste a small square of lawn underneath the place where you wish to put the buttonhole, then cut the holes and work them. Cut away the surplus lawn, leaving them firm and durable. The same may be done with buttons.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss A. Travis, 1405 South 11th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When an article which has been cleaned with gasoline has a ring around the spot, take a cloth and dip it in water and go all over the circle. The ring will immediately disappear. This applies to a woolen or cloth article of any kind.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To work buttonholes in lace, baste a small square of lawn underneath the place where you wish to put the buttonhole, then cut the holes and work them. Cut away the surplus lawn, leaving them firm and durable. The same may be done with buttons.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss A. Travis, 1405 South 11th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When an article which has been cleaned with gasoline has a ring around the spot, take a cloth and dip it in water and go all over the circle. The ring will immediately disappear. This applies to a woolen or cloth article of any kind.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To work buttonholes in lace, baste a small square of lawn underneath the place where you wish to put the buttonhole, then cut the holes and work them. Cut away the surplus lawn, leaving them firm and durable. The same may be done with buttons.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss A. Travis, 1405 South 11th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When an article which has been cleaned with gasoline has a ring around the spot, take a cloth and dip it in water and go all over the circle. The ring will immediately disappear. This applies to a woolen or cloth article of any kind.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To work buttonholes in lace, baste a small square of lawn underneath the place where you wish to put the buttonhole, then cut the holes and work them. Cut away the surplus lawn, leaving them firm and durable. The same may be done with buttons.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss A. Travis, 1405 South 11th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When an article which has been cleaned with gasoline has a ring around the spot, take a cloth and dip it in water and go all over the circle. The ring will immediately disappear. This applies to a woolen or cloth article of any kind.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To work buttonholes in lace, baste a small square of lawn underneath the place where you wish to put the buttonhole, then cut the holes and work them. Cut away the surplus lawn, leaving them firm and durable. The same may be done with buttons.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss A. Travis, 1405 South 11th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When an article which has been cleaned with gasoline has a ring around the spot, take a cloth and dip it in water and go all over the circle. The ring will immediately disappear. This applies to a woolen or cloth article of any kind.

A price of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To work buttonholes in lace, baste a small square of lawn underneath the place where you wish to put the buttonhole, then cut the holes and work them. Cut away the surplus lawn, leaving them firm and durable. The same may be done with buttons.



Children's Clothes

THIS is the time when the little folks begin to clamor for the seashore, and anxious mamma's are busily engaged sorting out the summer wardrobe and considering its possibilities. Children's clothing wears out very quickly, especially if their garments are made of soft mull or batiste. The French shops sell numerous dresses of this kind, beautifully embroidered, and practically useless after the first season—if they last even as long as that.

The strenuous American youngster requires something becomingly practical, and the only garment which answers this description accurately is the cunning little costume of bloomers and blouse, known as the Dickens suit. These look charming, and will stand any reasonable amount of wear—that is, as compared with other fabrics.

The square-necked blouse is made of striped cotton crepe, which sells for almost nothing in any store. It is made with short sleeves, allowing perfect freedom to the arms by having no restraining cuff—just a wide kimono sleeve to allow free play for the high spirits of a child.

The bloomers are separate, so that they may be fastened on with the large buttons, which are seen on the legs. They come in almost any color combination, blue or pink-and-white being the most popular. This completes the costume, and it is a most picturesque one, too.

The striking thing about these children's clothing is the fact that in many cases little boys and little girls wear the same kind of a suit. The bloomers are so practical and comfortable, that many children wear them until they are quite old. Striped socks of all descriptions are worn, and those shown in the picture have a plaid lining, with the stripes on the outside. Children, like flowers, show the effects of all the attention given them, and it is so easy to dress them becomingly that it seems wrong to do otherwise.

Tomorrow's Menu

"Then came a kind of gruel, and when the repast had lasted an hour or more some hashed meat highly peppered."—Reade.

BREAKFAST: Almond Apple Sauce, Oatmeal and Cream, Boiled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: Hashed Lamb on Toast, Brown Sweet Potatoes, Sliced Oranges, Cookies.

DINNER: Clear Soup, Roast Beef, Browned Potatoes, Parsnip Fritters, Lettuce Salad, Lemon Meringue Pie.

Almond Apple Sauce—Sprinkle finely chopped almonds mixed with cinnamon over sweetened apple sauce.

Browned Sweet Potatoes—Line a buttered baking dish with slices of cold boiled sweet potatoes. Season with salt, pepper, and three tablespoons of brown sugar and a tablespoonful of butter broken in small pieces. Repeat and sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Bake brown.

War Aids Fowl Market: With Russia Cut Off, England Swamps U. S. With Orders. Poultry exporters are finding difficulty in keeping up with the demands for English and small-sized chickens from England, which has lost its supply from Russia since the war closed the Russian ports. Two hundred thousand boxes of chickens, 40 pounds to the box, valued at \$1,400,000, have gone from this country. At present there are several large orders in the hands of exporters who are unable to fill them.

The English markets demand the smaller chickens, which are not so desirable in this market. More than half the exports thus far have been sent directly from Western markets. The latter are reported to be preparing to milk-feed and fatten an unusual amount of the smaller grades of fowl to export in the fall.

Oaklyn Celebrates Tenth Birthday: The 10th anniversary celebration of the founding of Oaklyn will begin next week, and preparations for it are now in order. An elaborate program has been arranged for the entire week, and Mayor Edgar and Council have stated the affair will be the most pretentious yet held.

The Kids' Chronicle

THIS afternoon I was waiting for ma to get three darning wun of pops socks so she could put sum buttins awn my pants, and after I had wated a wile I sed, Im going out, ma, you can fix my pants sum uthir.

You bettir not go out till Ive mendid you, yung man, youve out got 2 butt ns left to fassen yure sispindirs to, sed ma.

Which was awl I had, but I went out anyhow, and ma sed how much per-recklessin wun sispindir buttin wood be.

Dont you no its not pullite to wawk awnizng the street with a lady that wawk sed Mary Watkins.

Wat way, I sed. Nohng wat way, awl rite, only not wanting to take them out awn akkunt of wat mite happin.

My, with yure hands in yure pockits, sed Mary Watkins.

Oh, thats the new stile, thats awl rite, I sed.

No its not awl rite eethir, and you jest take them out agen, sed ma.

Its awl rite for me, I sed. Wyls it, sed Mary Watkins.

Beakuse Im independint, I sed.

Well you cant wawk awnizng with me with yure hands in yure pockits, sed ma.

Awl rite, then Ill go home, Im independint, I sed. I startid to wawk hoam and Mary Watkins called after me. You can keep them in if you wunt.

I no I can, I sed. And I did, and kepp awn wawking hoam.

At the Women's Clubs

RECEPTION will be held at the Alpectic Club tomorrow afternoon to welcome the new members. Miss Harriett Sartain, the president of the club, will receive; Florence B. Fulton and Mrs. T. P. Farrell will assist. This affair will last from 4 until 6 o'clock.

Today is Inauguration Day at the Saturday Club of Wayne.

The luncheon of the New Century Club, 124 South 12th street, will close for the present season on Saturday, May 23. The next opening will be on October 1.

Mrs. John M. Shrigley and Miss Shrigley will be at home to members of the New Century Guild next Saturday afternoon after 3 o'clock, at 436 Lansdowne street.

Mrs. Robert Steele will have "An Afternoon in the Country" at her home in Bryn Mawr next Friday, for the benefit of the baby hygiene activity.

A most interesting campaign in the interests of peace has been endorsed by the Daughters of the American Revolution, Pennsylvania Congress of Mothers, National Congress of Mothers, National Council of Jewish Women, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association, Home and Social League, Congress of Clubs of Western Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania State Federation of Women's Clubs, colored, and the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women.

A "drop in" luncheon for students and graduates of Smith College will be held at the College Club, 1250 Spruce street, next Friday afternoon. The regular Monday afternoon tea yesterday was given in honor of medical students and graduates, the hostesses included Dr. Frances C. Van Gasken, Dr. Martha Tracy, Dr. Sarah H. Loughrey and Dr. Caroline Crossdale, all of the Women's Medical College. Tea was served in the new garden of the club.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Reddy and Frisky Learn Something

THE way to Frisky Cottontail's new home in the city seemed very long to little Reddy Squirrel. He was used to going long journeys, but not to taking journeys of just that kind. Usually he traveled in the woods where the ground was soft and leafy under foot and where he could stop and rest and nibble some tender roots any time he wished. But Billy Robin went so fast that Reddy didn't dare risk stopping a minute—he had to watch closely and keep steadily at his running lest he lose his guide.

So when he finally reached the garden where Frisky lived he was quite out of breath. Fortunately Billy Robin didn't expect any "Thank you"; he saw how breathless Reddy was, so he said, "You don't think that golden glow bed is Frisky's home. But you had better stay in the woods where there's rest before you talk to him. Have no fear about going back to your home. I will come before night and escort you back. Good-bye for now! And away he flew. Isn't Billy Robin just the nicest, kindest bird?"

Left alone in the orange hedge, Reddy got his breath and began to look around.

But before he had had time to more than glance about, a soft stir on the side of the thicket made him crouch back into the leaves for shelter. Somebody was coming!

Not a move did Reddy make except with his head black eyes—they looked right and left in search of danger. Closer came the soft sound and Reddy was just beginning to wish he had never left the woods where he knew what sounds to be afraid of, when—who should slip into the heart of the thicket but—Frisky Cottontail himself!

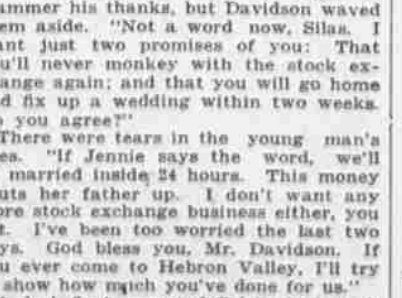
"Was that you making that noise?" asked Reddy; breathlessly (there would be time for a real greeting when he knew he was safe).

"Reddy Squirrel!" exclaimed Frisky in delighted tones. "Was it you I heard in the hedge just now?"

"I guess maybe it was," laughed Reddy in relief. "I'm not used to these city hedges and I was afraid an enemy was coming. May you have a safe home all your life?"

"And may you never know danger?" rejoined Frisky earnestly; "but how do you choose to be here? I never thought to see that in my friend, Mr. Small, and he carries his home on his back!"

Reddy told him all about how he and



It was moving!

They hadn't gone but a few steps till they both stopped short in dismay. Right there in front of them was a dainty little shell and it was moving. Yes, they were sure it moved.

Reddy rubbed his eyes and looked again and Frisky stared his hardest—but there wasn't a move! "That's funny," said Reddy shamefacedly. "I was sure that shell moved—but of course, it didn't!"

"I was sure it did, too," said Frisky in perplexity. "That's queer now, isn't it?" "Just then Mr. Garden Toad hopped by. "Oh, Mr. Garden Toad," called Frisky, "this is my friend, Reddy Squirrel, and we both think we saw that shell move. Did it? Shells don't usually move, you know."

"Oh, yes, they do—sometimes," replied Mr. Garden Toad, nodding politely to Reddy; "you have learned something, you see. That is my friend, Mr. Small, and he carries his home on his back!"

Copyright—Clara Ingram Johnson.

Sleeplessness

We all experience from time to time the feeling of sleeplessness; the head falls upon the pillow, but it may be a few hours before you actually go to sleep, and even then with a readiness to wake up at the slightest sound.

You may not exactly realize how serious is the outcome of this condition if allowed to go on. It is a form of nervousness which may prove to be the forerunner of many complaints.

To use your brain power until a late hour at night is a certain "anti-sleeping" draught. Let it be remembered that sleep is the next important item to food in keeping the body in a healthy condition.

You may find the following simple exercise helpful; it has certainly proved a good corrective in many cases of sleeplessness. When ready for bed lie flat on your back, removing the pillow so that the head is on the same level; place the hands under the back, take a deep breath, hold it for a few seconds and then exhale. Keep the eyes partly closed and think about nothing but the slow breathing; counting to a certain number for each breath taken may help you in this respect. Repeat the exercise two or three times, and you will shortly fall into a sound sleep.

Love Unsought: They tell me that I must not love. That thou wilt spurn the free. And unbought tenderness that gives its hidden wealth to thee.

It may be so; I heed it not. Nor would I change my blissful lot, While thus I am allowed to make My heart a bankrupt for thy sake.

They tell me when the fleeting charm Of novelty is o'er, Thou'll turn away with careless brow And think of me no more.

It may be so! Enough for me If sunny smiles will smile o'er thee, Or I can trace, when thou art far, Thy pathway like a distant star. —Emma Embury.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

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 Alfred, 722 Pine street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: If you want to clean your brass candlesticks, try the following method: Use common blackboard chalk—white and scrape it down with a knife. Add water until it becomes a paste and then apply with a cloth or fine brush. Rub all black places hard and they will soon disappear. Then wipe dry with a damp cloth and polish with a dry one.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss A. Travis, 1405 South 11th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: When an article which has been cleaned with gasoline has a ring around the spot, take a cloth and dip it in water and go all over the circle. The ring will immediately disappear. This applies to a woolen or cloth article of any kind.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: To work buttonholes in lace, baste a small square of lawn underneath the place where you wish to put the buttonhole, then cut the holes and work them. Cut away the surplus lawn, leaving them firm and durable. The same may be done with buttons.

Centemeri Gloves

"Merge Art, Fashion and Quality"

Equally true regarding "Centemeri" Silk Gloves for they are made by "Centemeri" from guaranteed pure silk, free from cotton mixtures to increase weight. Every glove double tipped.

SOME OF OUR STYLES

Milanais Silk—2-clasp length 50c

Milanais Silk—Extra heavy quality made in many exclusive Centemeri designs and embroideries \$1.00

16-Button Length—plain arms with self or contrasting embroideries at \$1.00 & \$1.25

16-Button Length—in white with lace arms \$1.75

16-Button Length—embroidered arms—Centemeri patterns \$2.00

"Fielder" Style—a most popular until "West Point" came. Military style sacque wrist with strap \$1.50

"West Point"—New and exclusive. Full military style with wrist ornamented with buttons \$1.75