

MERCY ON US! M'LISS SAYS WAR'S RUINING BRIDGE PARTIES

Poor Distressed Girls Can Scarcely Play Their Cards for Discussing the Altitudinous Prices of Persian Rugs and Wire Hairpins

IT WAS at that quietest period at the afternoon bridge—if an afternoon bridge may be said to have a quietest period—in the interval of the awarding of the prizes and the serving of the collation, when Mary S., who has never had to make a penny in her life, having sat in the lap of luxury for as long as the memory in her blond little head runneth back, started the assemblage with the following announcement:

"I had an opportunity of making \$200 this morning and turned it down."

"Of course, we gasped, and, of course, we gasped, and, of course, we queried with one accord:

"In the name of Heaven, how?"

"Oh," said Mary slyly, "the man from whom I bought my touseau rugs six months ago called me up and offered me \$300 for my Serapi Persian—the one that I have in the living room, you know. It only cost me \$400. Just think of it having increased \$200 in value in that short time. If I keep it long enough, maybe it'll be worth a thousand."

"In fact, it may be worth that much now, for, of course, he was going to sell it over again at a profit, but I don't know how much."

"Isn't it frightful to think of what this war may do to us if it keeps up much longer?" a sweet young thing in a Georgette crepe queried. "White stockings make my ankles look so piteous."

"And even now the black ones cannot be depended on not to run," a plaintive voice chirped from out the chorus, "and the boot hose that we used to pay 50 cents for have now gone up to 75 cents."

"And tell me honestly what you think of the quality of hair nets we are getting. We simply cannot make them in America. We're not as deft as the German women. Mine—even the expensive 25-cent kind—split if you look at them."

"And gray crepe de chine! I did so want a gray crepe de chine frock this spring. At Smith's, where I have an account, they tell me that it will be impossible to get any. The dyes have given out, you know, and Smith's usually have everything."

"And Jack wanted to have a party the other night; for his boss, you know. He drinks nothing but the imported kind—Pilsener or something like that. And it can't be had. Frightful situation for Jack. He had to apologize for the domestic; and nobody drank it."

"My exquisite set of Haviland china. It was guaranteed to be an 'open' set. New maid broke the tureen and three plates. When I went to the shop to duplicate them the man said he was very sorry, but he could do nothing for me. Chinaware industry disorganized by the war. What am I going to do with my big anniversary dinner party on hand? I think Uncle Sam or somebody ought to step in and put a stop to this fearful slaughter."

"You know that blue voile with the white pin stripe? Why I went from South street to Kensington to match it. I thought it would be so sweet with a new bouffant over drapery. The saleswoman looked at me as though I had asked for pink pearls instead of simple 39 cents per yard voile. 'Blue voile,' they said, superciliously: 'why there isn't a bit in the city.' And I wore out a pair of perfectly good pumps proving that what they said was true."

"If you had a fiance who was a doctor you'd get tired of hearing about the war. Why they're even cutting down the doses of the poor sick people and John says that after a while they'll begin to raise the price for operations, the funny little steel instruments have gone up so. It's quite possible that we won't even be able to get rid of our appendices, or is it appendices, girls?"

"Yes, I had to change to lilac, though its perfume is not nearly so delicate, but you simply can't get attar of roses any more. Because of those hateful Dardanelles, you know."

Just when the dirge was mounting ceiling high, the hostess threw open the dining room doors.

"I'm so sorry, girls," she said, "but I simply couldn't get any of the Camembert you're so fond of. The horrid man wanted to charge me a dollar for the quantity I usually get for 50 cents and I simply wouldn't let him take advantage of me. Though, of course, he blamed it on the war. As if war in Europe could affect cheese in America!"

But the war in Europe is affecting many things in America, including cheese. One might go further and mention umbrella handles, electric wire, woollens of all kinds, leathers, olive oil, carpets, spring tonics, peroxide of hydrogen and mercy me! of all serious things this is the most—bridge parties.

M'LISS.

Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Address all communications to M'Liss, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.

Dear M'Liss—I have a copy of picture entitled "Hope," the subject being a girl blindfolded, seated on a globe with a lyre with broken strings. Will you kindly state in your column what the same is intended to symbolize?

My interpretation of this popular picture is that although all but one of the strings of the lyre are broken, that one constitutes hope. Perhaps some of my readers see a different symbolism.

Dear M'Liss—Will you please be kind enough to publish the recipes for perfume you speak of in Saturday's Evening Ledger? See yesterday's column for the same. Mrs. J. W. I. will do the same for her answer.

Dear M'Liss—Will you please print information in regard to the women's military training camp to be held near Washington, or the name of some one to whom I can write to find out same.

Address Miss Elizabeth E. Poe, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

"OPEN" SEASON FOR COLDS PASSES; PUT CURES AWAY IN MOTH BALLS

NOW that people are coming out of their caves and getting a breath of open air once more, the season of coughs, "colds," coryza, and catarrh is passing. The perennial "cold" is shelved till next fall. The alluring cough syrup is canned, or relabeled for the fall trade. The essential "grippe tablet" is shoved back to the rear to make room for the soda fountain. Summer approaches.

Whenever you find a thousand and one different remedies highly recommended for a simple ailment—like an ordinary "cold" or coryza—you may expect, unless you are very redulous indeed, that none of the alleged remedies is really worth trying. That is eminently true of coryza, or rhinitis, as a head "cold" is variously called. There are too many different pills, tablets, coryza tablets and cold cures advertised and sold to the Grand Old Public, that it is impossible to count them in an ordinary busy lifetime. And for a simple ailment some of these alleged remedies are remarkably powerful. For instance, one anti-cold tablet contains a dash of strychnin, morphin, arsenic, atropin and camphor.

That, to our unimpaired view, is quite a mouthful for such a very simple ailment. Yet it is no more ridiculous than the average cold cure, cough mixture or rhinitis tablet. The principle in vogue in the prosecution of the very profitable business of curing (?) these trivial complaints is something like this: Mix up a little, just a wee pinch, of every cheap drug you have in stock, roll it into tablets and coat with chocolate or pink sugar and place the product in pretty cartons. Then place them in the window, with a card saying:

GERMAN MEN NO BRAVER THAN THE WOMEN AT HOME

THE spirit of heroism and sacrifice which actuates Germany is shown in the attitude of its women. The German woman has stood for the sterling qualities of her sex for many years. She has always been the epitome of domesticity. The loving wife, mother and housewife that she is today.

Some of the noblest names in Germany's social life are to be seen in the foremost ranks of the "Deutsche Frauenbund," the president of which is the Baroness von Trofin-Sole. The league is composed of approximately 18,000 women's organizations of all purposes, creeds and fields of endeavor. According to a recent speech of Countess von Schwerin-Lewis, wife of the president of the Prussian House of Representatives, the object of the league is "to express the gratitude which comes from the heart of every German woman by a testimony which will last for all time."

This testimonial takes the form of relief work—not the ordinary relief work which is well taken care of by the numerous organizations for this purpose, like the Relief Work for the Injured and the National Organization for the Aid of the Widows of Those Who Have Fallen in War. The work of the league is directed, translated, in like none of these. It is an extension of relief, the carrying on personal side of relief work as only

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



CHARMING FLAPPER OUTFIT

YOUTHFULNESS is the keynote of this dainty frock of rose-colored crepe. The collar and cuffs are of white crepe, hemstitched in color. The yoke is entirely formed of smocking, hand-done. The sleeve is three-quarters long with a very wide cuff. A black velvet bow and giraffe afford contrast to the daintiness of the unrelieved pink and white.

An air of distinction is given to the "double-tucked" skirt by the pockets. These are very full pouch affairs, placed at either side of the skirt, apron fashion. A touch of smocking in black silk to match the yoke is cleverly introduced at the top of the pockets. In various colors, the price of the frock is \$15. Sizes include 12 to 15 years. A garden hat of navy satin apron, braided faced with rose-colored grosgrain silk, is worn with the frock. The only trimming in a flat arrangement of roses around the broad, mushroom-shaped brim. In any color, the price is \$12.50.

The name of the shop where these articles may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

FOOD VALUES

Coffee Versus Cereals

By VIRGINIA E. KIFT

HAVE you ever heard of some poor starving family in the midst of winter with nothing in the kitchen cupboard but a bit of tea or coffee?

A social worker will tell you that this frequently occurs; and yet the money spent for that coffee would have bought that starving family enough cornmeal to "keep the wolf from the door" for a week. Cornmeal may make monotonous meal hours, but "it attacks the ribs," and "beggars mustn't be choosers" when starvation knocks outside.

If you get coffee for 15 cents a pound (which is about as cheap as you can buy it) there will be in that pound two measuring cups of coffee. There are 16 tablespoons (measured level) in a measuring cup, 32 tablespoons of coffee (measured level) for 15 cents, one tablespoon (measured level) for one-half cent. Since most people take their coffee strong it requires one heaping or two level tablespoons to a cup, which makes the cost 1 cent a cup.

This same penny spent for cornmeal or other fine cereal at 2 cents a pound will give you one-half of a measuring cupful of uncooked cornmeal for one-third of a cent.

When cooked with water this one-half measuring cupful will swell to six times its original measure, making three full cups of cooked cornmeal, enough to give three people each a generous serving of cooked cornmeal for the original one-third of a cent. In serving the cornmeal the person gets good muscle-building, heat-giving food.

Coffee, on the contrary, has no real food value, is bad for the heart and eventually weakens the kidneys. Its popularity and use is due to a false feeling of strength which it produces when insufficient food has been eaten. Therefore, it is termed "stimulating." It will not help to build muscles nor generate heat for the body on cold winter days. Even if it should grow to be a necessity to you, you should take it WITH your breakfast, NOT FOR IT. Make it a part, and a very small part, of your morning meal, the same as a glass of water.

If while doing any private charitable work this winter you happen upon a family where there is "nothing but coffee in the house," start them on a new road by getting them some good, cheap heat-producing food (dried peas, beans, cornmeal) and see if the "wolf" doesn't remain further away from their door in the future.

Copyright 1915 by Virginia E. Kift.

About Belts

Girls are very important this season. On the tailored suit they are no longer severe. They are trimmed with small buttons, and vary in width from three inches at the front and back to deep panels on the sides. A smart belt which simply covers the back of the skirt is designed to wear with the slightly shirred backs which have been so fashionable for the last two seasons. The upper belt is placed at the top of the skirt, while the lower one falls loosely over the shirring, wide enough apart to disclose the fullness underneath.

On the summer frock of soft batiste, dimity and like materials, a belt of old-fashioned grosgrain ribbon is used. These have an edge of different colors, such as blue with black, rose and tan, blue and white, peach with white, etc. Others have edges of gold or silver on pastel-shaded ground.

Something New

A practical minded woman always puts the frosting on her layer cakes with a paint brush. She buys the simplest kind of a soft brush, keeps it spotlessly clean for the purpose, and finds that her time is saved by half and a smoother effect achieved.

Mothless Furs

If you want a sure way to keep moths out of your furs when you put them away this spring, sprinkle tansy leaves over them. These are just as good as the popular black pepper, and hardly as trying to the sprinkler. They may also be used on woollens.

Advertisement for Baby Milk, featuring 'The Bradley Policy' and 'M. Meriano'.

CANADA'S SONS PROUD OF PART IN HEROIC FIGHTS

Wounded Canadians Present Tragic But Inspiring Figures

EAGER TO TELL STORIES

Written Specially for the Evening Ledger. By ELLEN ADAIR

CANADIAN CAMP, SOMEWHERE-IN-ENGLAND, MARCH 24.

These valiant Canadians! Here they are again, but many of them so broken that it seems as if "not all the king's horses nor all the king's men" could ever mend them again! For in this camp are the men who fought so magnificently and against such terrible odds in the first fierce fighting of the war.

It's a real spring day, and the buds are bursting in the English hedgerows. How green the fields look, starred with yellow primroses! Violets and daffodils are opening in the sunlight, and there's such a peace-fulness over the country side that one can hardly think of war. Yet walk along the windmill lane where the violets grow in dusky profusion, turn to the left—and the sadness and the pain and the heartbreak of war are with you!

Here they come, those limping Canadians. The first is from Winnipeg, a fine, stalwart fellow, but with eyes that cannot see the sunlight. He wears the gullant uniform of the Cameron Highlanders, and his knees are bandaged. Hoping that his sight will come back to me some day," he says, "the doctors tell me there's a little hope. I'm longing to see the greenness of the English fields."

Away in the distance comes the bleating of the new-born lambs. It wakes old memories in the camp and brings a homesick longing for the farms of Canada. "It's hard to be so far from home in the lambing season," says a young rancher from Alberta, "but I'm afraid my prairie days are done." Shouldering his crutches he limps off by himself, for there are times when human companionship and even human sympathy are very hard to bear.

In one of the huts lay a boy of 20 who had fought heroically with the first Canadian division. His leg and his right hand had been amputated, and his sight was almost gone. "The last thing I saw clearly is something that I never shall forget," said he, "the wide sweep of the hills near Ypres which overlooks the graves of 100,000 men."

Such curious tales these wounded have to tell! Scarcely about their own exploits, but always about their friends. The Canadian soldier is a bashful fellow when it comes to actual personalities. Always does he make light of his own value. "I have you heard of Sergeant William Taberville?" said one man, eagerly. "He's a great friend of mine, and the finest bomb thrower in the world! His home's 'way back in Ontario, but now he's 'somewhere in France' in a little dugout that's just hung with the materials and tools of his trade. It's a sight to see Bill fondle his pot specimens of British, French, and even German bombs. Just as his old gran-mother used to fondle him when he was a kid!"

"Bill lives today for the explosion of tomorrow. Before he came to France he didn't understand what a bomb was—but now he's crazy about them. Some folks say he's a little peculiar—he has his favorites among the bombs, and gets mad if you dare criticize the fuse, the detonating charge or the explosive quality of any of them."

I understand that Bill has lived so long in cramped quarters, alternating five days and nights of narrow trenches and low dugouts, with five days and nights of tiny huts in the reserve lines, that he's quite forgotten what a dry, comfortable house looks like, or the feel of the old-fashioned four-poster he left behind in Canada. But Bill is happy. He's a man of science now. He loves every variety of explosive. From the moment that the first enemy hand-grenade came hurtling into his trench, he rushed to his work like a man who has the magnet! Quickly examining the exploded invader, he found the stick, and fitting it to a cone-shaped bomb of his own, hurled it against the enemy's loopholes, with disastrous effect to the latter.

Now he's the great bomber of the Canadians, the accepted authority on that subject. To him the inexperienced look up with awe.

In one of the huts here in this camp lies a crippled Canadian. He is young and good-looking, but physically a wreck. On a big sheet of paper pinned to the wall above his bed he has written something like a shagreened list. Drawing nearer I read the famous message from Canada, delivered by Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister:

"For those who have fallen in this struggle we shall not cease to mourn; for the cause which they have consecrated their lives, we shall not cease to strive. We are supremely confident that that cause will assuredly triumph, and for that great purpose we are inspired with inflexible determination to do our part."

ASK FOR and GET HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK Cheap substitute cost YOU same price

Mist Low-anchored cloud, Newfoundland air, Fountain-head and source of rivers, Dew-cloth, dream-drapery, And napkin spread by fays; Drifting meadow of the air, Where bloom the daisied banks and violets, And in whose fenny labyrinth The bitter booms and heron wades; Spirits of lakes and seas and rivers, Bear only perfume and the scent Of healing herbs to just men's fields. —Henry David Thoreau.

Advertisement for Bradley Market, featuring 'The Bradley Policy' and 'M. Meriano'.

Marion Harland's Corner

Would Borrow Patterns "H"AS any one old cross stitch or can-vas patterns to spare? I will gladly pay postage, and return them if desired. "MAY E. C."

Nothing could be more reasonable than your proposition. Fancy workers are never backward in sharing their tools and materials with sister craftswomen. Don't throw away or hoard patterns you have worked. Send to us for names of those who would be only too happy to get them.

He Is Collecting Stamps "I read in your Corner that E. L. W. has offered 50 foreign stamps to the readers of the Corner. I am collecting stamps. I will be pleased to receive the same. Will you please give me the address. "HARRY B."

It is a boy collector who appeals to fellow stamp gatherers. His name and wish are registered. The fad is innocent enough and wholesome. We like to encourage it in our junior members. Those he refers to were given away.

Wants Reading Matter "I noticed that some generous person would kindly donate some magazines to somebody who would appreciate them. Reading is one of the greatest joys of life to me. I would so much like to have an old second-hand book store than any other place, dealing among one many volumes. And I have always thought one of the grandest things in a home is the library. I will gladly pass them on to some one else when read, and will pay express charges. "PHILIP D."

As a book lover you will find much and hearty sympathy among the best class of Cornerites. In the effort to satisfy your hunger for mental food, "ten times one is ten" is a rule that works well. If ten sympathizing members get this man's address from us, and each contributes a book, our Cornerites will soon be supplied with other reading than his daily paper. When he has run it through he may at once pass it on to the neighbor who cannot afford the purchase price. The Corner may be depended upon to lend ear and hand to a petition of this kind.

Not One Rug "I should like to know if any members of the Corner would be so kind as to send me some kind of a carpet rug? I have a lot of children, and the house is cold. We have not one rug upon the floor, neither have I money to buy one. I should be thankful to anybody who would help me out of this matter. I will gladly send you my address and a stamp too. "MRS. S. D."

Let no housemother withhold a donation of faded or shabby rug from this other mother because "the winter is over and gone." One cannot rejoice with certainty over the weather unless it rains to come. One old man I knew years ago used to boast that he was prudent enough to lay off heavy flannels on the Fourth of July. And I mean to do it, whether it rains on the fifth," he added. He lived in northern New England. Think of him in sending to me for the address of the member who has not one rug in a cold house.

Request for a Truss "I saw in the Corner that a truss will be given to some one. It was 4 1/2 inches and for the right side, signed S. W. T. "CHARLES V."

The truss to which you refer was bestowed elsewhere before we had your letter. We hope the gift of one expressly for your use will follow the publication of your need.

Washing Compound "I notice a query from one of your Cornerites for directions for a washing compound containing saler or tartar. Get 5 cents' worth of lump ammonia, 5 cents' worth of tartar, and a can of patent potash dissolved in one gallon of rain water. Put away in glass jars or a jug, and use one cup of the compound to two-thirds of a boiler full of water. "C. T. T."

Please accept the thanks of the person who asked for the formula and those of the Corner for your prompt and satisfactory reply.

Sick Most of the Time "I am one of the partly shut-ins. Most of my time is spent in sickness and pain or in a hospital, and when one has not means to make such a life easier, it's pretty hard. I've tried to make the best of mine by always looking on the brighter side and helping those I could help, and doing all I could by sending in such recipes as I have at hand to the Corner. I am a great sufferer from sick headache and chronic neuritis, so I stay at home and try to make the best of my life and not make others miserable. Has any Cornerite more reading matter than she knows what to do with, or any bright calico or worsted pieces, or any sheet music that he or she would give one who can only enjoy inside life? I love beautiful things, especially flowers, and have a few nice ones. If I am asking for too much, chop some of it out. But it is not hard to want so little and not have the means to get it, or go to see or enjoy even



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Advertisement for 'The sub-contractor who installs plumbing fixtures appreciates values. He knows the wherever he uses Fleck Bros. Co. Plumbing Materials give absolutely satisfactory results. Technically and artistically they are designed to give the most perfect and the finest guarantee is an iron-clad insurance against disappointment.'