

PRIZES FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS—WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD

THE GIRL GRAFTER

By ELLEN ADAIR

The girl grafter is not to be confused with the girl vampire. For the vampire traffics in human hearts, just for the sake of the sport, and is altogether an undesirable young person, ethically speaking; while the girl grafter traffics in goods of a much more material and satisfactory character.

An engaged dame, who was a bit of a grafter, was talking the other day. "Oh, no, I don't intend to marry Jim for some time yet," said she, decidedly. "Long engagements are best, you know, for the sake of the presents! Jim is so infatuated just now that really he will give me anything. Not that I ask him for things, of course. But he can take a hint very quickly, and I manage that the hints come to him."

Another girl grafter then gave her view of the matter. "I quite agree," said she, "and the more expensive a girl can make herself to a man, the more indispensable does she become in his eyes. This is positively true. I've tested it ever so often. What a man gets easily he doesn't value. Correspondingly, what a man spends little on he doesn't value. So when I go out with men I see to it that I am a pretty expensive luxury. No cheap restaurants or trolley rides for me. No thanks, I know better. I walk right into taxis and on to the best hotels for dinner. It costs quite a lot to entertain me, and my value goes up with the money spent on my amusement. Believe me, girls, I know."

Thus speaks the typical grafter. Her theories are rather pleasing to herself, but rather disconcerting to her male acquaintances. We all know the type of girl who is forever celebrating anniversaries or "having birthdays." I knew a girl to have 12 birthdays in one year. On inquiring how she managed this feat she calmly said that a monthly celebration was as good as a yearly one, and more satisfactory to herself from the material point of view.

"You see, only the other day that

young tea planter who is home on furlough inquired artlessly when my next birthday was," she announced. "I knew he intended to give me a dog. I didn't like to dash his hopes by telling him it wasn't till the 20th of next November, so I decided to celebrate it on the 20th of this month instead. The dog duly arrived. I was pleased, he was pleased, the dog was pleased, so where's the harm?"

Another type of girl grafter leads her male acquaintances regularly around the stores. "What a beautiful dressing case that is, Jim!" she will exclaim rapturously. "Oh, I simply must have it! I'll manage it. Isn't it perfectly beautiful?" And Jim—infatuated, foolish Jim—immediately effects the purchase. His little friend is overcome with amazement and delight. Why, she'd never for a moment imagined—surely he didn't think that she was hinting—no, she really couldn't accept—it was far too kind, etc.

But she takes the dressing case all the same, in spite of her timid protestations. She always had intended to take it, if Jim could only be induced to make the purchase. And she knew that she could induce him, on any day, without his realizing it. Yes, the little feminine grafter is clever.

Round Christmas time the girl grafter is very busy trying to change some of her "changeable" Christmas gifts. She isn't a bit shy about walking into a strange store with a book she has received and doesn't want, and asking that it be taken back and some of the money returned that was sent on its purchase. Grafting needs a whole lot of nerve, but the girl grafter soon acquires that.

If her male acquaintances are poor or too hard up to be very useful she directs them or keeps them as a sort of reserve for between seasons or dull days when nothing better is available. Unfortunately, the girl grafter is sooner or later found out and left left alone. It takes a tremendously clever girl to play the game satisfactorily for any real length of time. She generally ends like the dog with the bone in his mouth, who, on looking in the water, saw reflected there another dog with a similar bone, and dropped the first to secure the second, thereby losing everything. Grafting is a pursuit that, sooner or later, ends disastrously, and the girl grafter should be warned in time.



NEW STYLES IN NEGLIGEEES



Attractive Negligees

I have just received a present of two delightful negligees, and am rejoicing over them. They are so suitable, too, for a person recovering from grip and at present confined to the house like myself. The first one is of pale pink crepe de chine, made in the kimono style, the neck in a deep V shape. The sleeves are cut short just above the elbow, and are finished with a deep frill of Valenciennes lace. The negligee is very short and round the bottom in a deep border of lace. A ribbon of delicate pink silk fastens in front in a loose bow, and the whole effect is as pretty as possible. The other negligee is in an exquisite shade of mauve silk. It comes just to the waist line, and a large collar of fine lace is worn. The lace is embroidered with tiny rosebuds in shades varying from palest pink to deepest mauve, and a larger choux of lavender satin forms the fastening at the base of the collar. "I don't think I have ever seen you wear anything that suited you better, Dorothy," said mamma, when she came into my room with some wretched medicine, and perceived me sitting up in bed, arrayed in the new negligee. "Certainly these styles are very becoming."

"It is a pity that it should waste its sweetness on the desert air," I said.

to the cleaners, it may be done very easily at home. All the blackening stains and the usual dirty footprints of some gallant youth can easily be removed. With warm water and pure soap, Ivory preferred, scrub the slippers with a small stiff brush, giving special attention to the worst spots. When all is covered with a lather wash off with the brush and dry with an old towel. Put shoe trees in them to prevent shrinking and hang them before the heater to dry. If the weather is favorable, they may be hung upon a line outside to dry.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Irving Dillon, 5716 Christian street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

To remove the stains that so persistently disfigure knives and spoons, rub the spots briskly with a typewriter rubber. These erasers are a mixture of soft rubber and fine emery and not only remove the stains and tarnish from all kinds of metal, but give the article treated a splendid lustre without scratching the surface.

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JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER A Gripping Story of Love, Mystery and Kidnapping By CLAVER MORRIS

Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, and heir to the vast Wimberley estates, had been for some time a member of a group of conspirators. One group is led by Dick Merlet, a cousin of Guy's, and Vertigan, science master at Harptree, and another group is studying. The other group is led by a doctor, Anderson, also of the school. John Erleigh, head of Harptree School, is engaged to Anne Wimberley. His sister, Mrs. Travers, is involved in the plot. Lord Arthur Merlet is watching over the boy, but his vigilance is broken by several unsuccessful attempts. Guy Wimberley is kidnapped. Mrs. Travers is in hiding. The story continues with the search for Guy and the unraveling of the conspiracy.

They were going to travel, and all letters were blank, and all over the countryside there was the promise of leaf and flower. "I well remember," said one old farmer on the outskirts of the wood, "how his young lordship came to our house one day to see me. 'Dollard,' he says, 'can you tell me why everything is so jolly in the spring?' and I says to him, 'No, my lord, I can't say as I do, but so it be,' and he says, 'Well, Dollard, it be because the days be gettin' longer, and we be lookin' forward 'stis of lookin' back to the winter.' 'Aye, the poor darlin', sobbed the wife, 'and that's what it be now. I reckon, with him. He is lookin' forward and we be lookin' back.' 'The crowd began to disperse, the humbler folk on foot or in their carts, the rich in their motor-cars and their carriages. An hour later the churchyard was empty and the two men who were filling in the grave. By their side a mountain of flowers rose almost as high as their heads. 'The new marks be one of the right sort, Bill,' said one of them. 'I've heard say that he be offerin' ten thousand pound to any one as bring them accourelts to the gallows.' 'Not gallowas, sure, but prison. Well, if he offered ten million he couldn't bring his little lordship to life again.' 'That be true for aartin', but if ten million would do it, he'd find the money.'

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued) He rejoined the others in the car. "Drawn blank," he said. "The fellow's there—has been there since 6 o'clock. We must look elsewhere, my lord, for the gentleman who is such a remarkably good shot." They drove to the station, and while Lord Arthur took the tickets the detective and the inspector walked to the far end of the platform. "You'll have to ferret out this, Russell," said Murray. "But do it quietly." "The chauffeur will talk, Murray. He will see the holes in the glass of the windows." "You must see to that—tell him to hold his tongue. The windows must be taken out and bent, and you must label them 'right' and 'left' and 'inside' and 'outside.' It seems to me, Russell, that the whole lot of us have been on the wrong tack all this time. I'll take the matter up directly I come back." "And you agree to going halves, Murray?" "I'll fix that up when we come back." "No, now—you've only got to give me your word." "Well, I give it to you, of course, subject to official approval."

CHAPTER XXIV. A year later Anne Wimberley sat before the fire in the drawing-room at Monk-silver and worked steadily at a piece of embroidery. By the window sat Lady Joan Merlet, her eyes fixed on the sunlit lawn. It had been raining all day and everything sparkled with drops like diamonds. The sky overhead was still black with clouds, but near to the horizon there was a level bar of clear sky, and the setting sun threw a warm yellow glow over the earth. It tinted the girl's face with gold and flooded the whole room with light. Her face was pale and there were tears in her eyes. Lord Arthur Merlet, now Lord Wimberley, had gone abroad on one of his "big" game shooting expeditions. He had particularly visited his niece and sister-in-law to remain in possession of Monk-silver, at any rate until he returned, and as long afterwards as they chose to stay in their old home. Before he had left he had had a stormy interview with John Erleigh, and had made it plain to the headmaster of Harptree that unless he at once broke off his engagement, Lady Wimberley and the whole of England should be held responsible for his death. For two days and two nights Erleigh had hesitated. Then, after a terrible mental struggle, he had given in. He had written a letter to the woman he loved, saying that he considered that the death of Lord Wimberley was entirely due to his own carelessness, that he had been warned to keep special watch over him, and had failed in his duty, and that, under the circumstances, he thought it would be better for the engagement to be broken off. Lady Wimberley, numbed with the pain of her terrible loss, had replied in very few words. "Perhaps you are right, Jack," she had written. "I do not blame you for what has happened, but I do not think that I could love any one or marry any one again. All power for love seems to be dead in me. You have your work in the world—a great work, and you must devote all your thoughts and energies to it. I have my little daughter and the memory of my dear, dear son."

CHAPTER XXV. Five minutes later the train steamed out of the station. Russell returned to the car which was to take him home. A tall, gaunt-featured tramp hastened to open the door. "Ad a bit of haccident, guv'nor, 'aint yer?" he said, when the inspector declined to give him a copper. "Some bloke 'as run 'is stick through your windows." Russell bent his head out of the window. "Police station," he said to the chauffeur. "Oh, lor," muttered the tramp, and he shuffled off into the dark.

From far and wide the great folk of the county came to the little churchyard in the grounds of Monk-silver to do their last homage to the young Marquess of Wimberley. And there were humbler folk in their hundreds—farmers, laborers, and servants, great masses of them, more than ever the church or even the churchyard could hold. They clustered round the gates, the men with bare heads, the women in black.

CHAPTER XXVI. "My dear child—you have only been back a week, and it has been raining most of the time; I thought you wanted to come back. You said so again and again." "Yes, mother, I thought I should like it, but now—I am here—oh, I can't bear it—I can't bear it—without Guy."

Lady Wimberley's lips moved as though she were going to speak, and a shadow seemed to pass across her pale, calm face. She paused for a moment in the work that she was doing, and then put another stitch into the embroidery. "It's all so different," the girl went on. "If we can't go abroad, couldn't we live in London? One thinks too much down here. I am to be presented in June. Couldn't we go to London now?"

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Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

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 Women's Page, EVENING LEDGER, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss Josephine C. Dever, 616 North 23d street, for the following suggestion:

A little economy can be practiced in the way of cleaning white or colored satin dance slippers. Instead of sending them

to the cleaners, it may be done very easily at home. All the blackening stains and the usual dirty footprints of some gallant youth can easily be removed. With warm water and pure soap, Ivory preferred, scrub the slippers with a small stiff brush, giving special attention to the worst spots. When all is covered with a lather wash off with the brush and dry with an old towel. Put shoe trees in them to prevent shrinking and hang them before the heater to dry. If the weather is favorable, they may be hung upon a line outside to dry.

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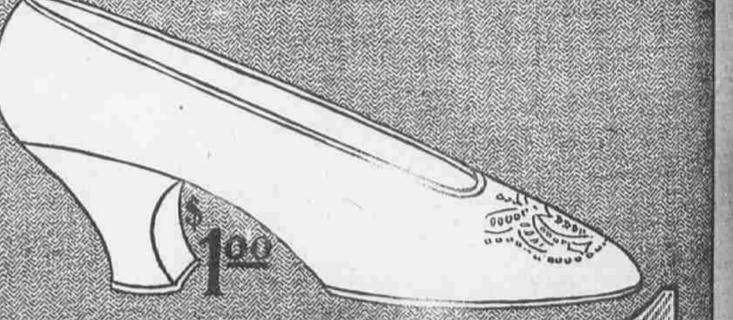
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HALLAHAN'S



Great Slipper Sale

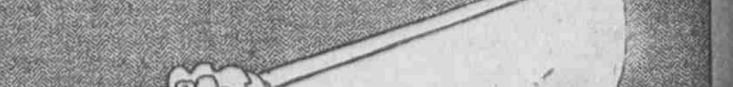
A Sale of 6250 Pairs of Women's \$4.00 and \$4.50 Satin Party Slippers

Some have beautifully beaded vamps; others plain vamps with chiffon rosettes; all have finest hand-turned soles, French heels and kid linings.

Absolutely correct in style and just what every woman needs to make her costume effective. All sizes are here and the fit is perfection.

This is the second half of the greatest slipper sale ever held in Philadelphia—the first lot sold out in a few days, so come early.

Mailed anywhere if you enclose 10c extra, in stamps or coin. Be sure to mention size wanted.



919-21 Market Street

DOMINIC 1302 WALNUT ST.

LAST WEEK JANUARY OFFER

Dominic models are truly fashion's forerunners. There's an individuality in these new spring modes that places them above all others. This week ends the opportunity for these special price concessions.

\$50 and \$55 New Spring Suitings of finest covert, gabardine covert, English and Cheruit checks.

\$45 \$50 and \$55 Golf and Sports Suits (of white serge, golfine and other popular cloths)

\$45 \$10 and \$12 Imported Linen Skirts

\$6



Ask your... Dominic cuts, fits and personally supervises the making of each and every garment.

THE "BRIGHT SPOT" IN HOUSEKEEPING DOBBINS ELECTRIC washes, cleanses, blanch, soap, etc. and woolens in a marvelous manner. No shaking. Makes them look like new. 12 years of success. Two trading stamps for each wrapper. Ask your...