

FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOME-PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS



FINE FEATHERS

The ancient proverb assures us half-contemptuously that "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds." Why there should be any suggestion of contempt attached to the saying is a mystery! For every woman at heart likes fine feathers, and fine feathers are becoming to every woman. The trouble is that we cannot all afford their possession.

Yes, it is perfectly true that nice clothes do make a tremendous difference in a woman's appearance. If she is pretty, they enhance her beauty ten-fold, and if she is homely looking, they will turn her into quite a good-looking, attractive personage.

Many women imagine that if they happen to be born with a fair share of good looks, the choice of attractive clothes is more or less immaterial to them. "We don't really depend on our clothes for our beauty," is their inward thought. And so they grow untidy and sloped in their dress.

Nothing could be more foolish or ill-advised. For a large proportion of people are firmly convinced that a homely woman, well dressed and carefully groomed in every detail of toilette, is infinitely more attractive and pleasing to the eye than a pretty woman badly dressed and untidy.

The moral effect of pretty clothes upon their wearer is really remarkable. For not only do they shed a pleasing effect on others, but they impart a stimulating effect upon the woman who wears them.

"It is perfectly true that our clothes do affect us in different ways," said one matron the other day to another. "When I was in mourning my black garments really doubled my sorrows. They filled me with melancholy thoughts. Every time I was just beginning to forget my troubles, I would catch sight of myself in some mirror, arrayed in these sombre clothes, and the day would be darkened for me again. I think the custom of wearing black for mourning is dreadful! Why on earth can't we adopt the custom of the Chinese and wear white instead?"

This view is a very sensible one. For women are by nature more sensitive than men, and more easily affected by things that at first would seem trifling.

"I was recovering from a bad attack of influenza and rheumatism," said a very charming woman recently, "and my friends were all so good to me. They used to come in laden with flowers and fruit and candy, until my room resembled a florist's store more than anything else. But I was dreadfully depressed! You know how depressing the after-effects of a bad attack of influenza and rheumatism can really be! Well, I had the blues very badly. And all these flowers only made me worse. They made me think of deaths and funerals and green graves."

"My husband got awfully worried over me. Then one evening he came home carrying an enormous package. I was sitting up for the first time, and the nurse had dressed my hair rather prettily. Now, what do you think was in that huge package? Two perfectly stunning hats! You can't imagine anything prettier! I was so delighted that I felt better at once, and spent quite half an hour trying them on. Nurse said that no tonic or medicine could have done me as much good as these two hats did!"

By the way, "fine feathers" do not necessarily mean extravagant or foolish dressing, as is so often the interpretation of the term. The woman who buys her clothes extravagantly, indiscriminately, and without proper planning will never be well dressed. For the well-dressed woman is not the woman who spends a great deal on clothes. The average Frenchwoman, for instance, is always smartly gowned—yet she does not devote overmuch money to her toilette. She spends what is more essential than money, and that is time and thought. Great care is bestowed by her on all the little accessories that go to the making or marring of the toilette.

The woman who "puts up a bluff" in the matter of dress, and out of a diminutive income always appears smart and well gowned, has frequently been censured. "How can that woman dress so smartly?" her intimates will ask. "She is as poor as the proverbial church mouse! Why, she must often go actually hungry in order to put up a good appearance!"

But this putting up of "bluff" is sometimes an excellent policy. The woman who is seeking employment must appear well gowned. Prospective employers are always favorably impressed by the smart-looking woman. Conversely, the shabbily clad woman has infinitely less chance of employment than her better-gowned sister. All honor to the woman who has sufficient strength of mind and resource to make a good appearance, however poor she be. She has the true fighting spirit and is bound to succeed.



A LACE FROCK FOR THE SOUTH

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING, By CLAVER MORRIS

Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

Have you been keeping an eye on that gentleman lately? "He's left the school—for good."

"Given up his job?" "Yes—so they tell me. He's in bad health."

"Like her ladyship, eh?" laughed the detective. "Upon my word, Harpreet seems to be a very unhealthy spot."

"The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Russell, and half an hour later Murray retired to bed."

The next morning he made some inquiries, and having ascertained the name of Lady Wimberley's doctor called to see him.

"I am Detective-Inspector Murray," he said when he was shown into the consulting-room, "and I've had charge of the Wimberley case. Some rather unpleasant facts have come to light during the last few days—facts that I'm afraid will open old wounds. I have heard that Lady Wimberley is ill and has gone abroad."

"That is so," said the doctor coldly. He was a gray-haired, hard-faced, elderly man with shrewd blue eyes.

"On your advice?" queried Murray. "A general breakdown, I suppose?" "I'm afraid I can't answer questions of that sort, Mr. Murray."

"Oh, it's not idle curiosity, Doctor Benson. You see, it is my duty to see her ladyship and communicate some rather painful news to her."

"Well, that depends, Mr. Murray. She is not at all well."

"Lung trouble? I hope not; but as she has been ordered to the south of France—"

"Oh, nothing of that sort. She is run down and wants a change. I recommended the south of France because it's warm and bright there at this time of the year."

"Quite so, Doctor Benson, quite so. I understand. Of course, her son's death must have weighed heavily on her mind. Do you think if I waited for a fortnight and then went south to see her—"

"Yes, that would be kind of you, if the matter is not very urgent."

Murray thanked the doctor and took his departure. He made his way to the schoolhouse and asked for Mr. Erleigh. He was shown into the study, and five minutes later Erleigh entered the room.

The detective almost gave a start as he saw him, so terribly had the man changed. His face was livid and haggard, his eyes sunken, his whole appearance of some one who is worn to the bone by grief and sorrow.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, sir," said Murray, "but I heard your science master, Mr. Vertigan, had left you."

"Yes—yes, that is so. He can't stand his work."

"Nothing else against him, sir? I thought that perhaps you had found out something, and got rid of him."

John Erleigh shook his head. "Merely ill health," he replied, speaking with an effort. "I suppose there is no news of any kind?"

"Well, sir, I did want to see her ladyship; but I know she is ill and has gone to the south of France."

"Yes—yes, that is so. But I can send her a message."

"Oh, it doesn't matter, sir, if you'll give me her address."

"Erleigh gave him the address and then said: "I'd rather you didn't worry her with business—at any rate just yet."

"No, sir; I quite understand. Now, about Mr. Vertigan. I think we should like to have his address. We don't wish to lose sight of him."



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

Certainly the wardrobe for the South must include a lace frock. There is such a variety offered just now that it is hard to choose.

This morning mamma and I went out, intent on buying one. We had a delightful time and saw some exquisite models.

The one we chose is quite simple in style, but exceedingly pretty. Needless to say, it is very full as to skirt, uneven as to hem and high as to waist.

The skirt is cut in tunic style, and the hem of both skirt and tunic is finished with a deep flounce of lace. A heavy line of embroidery comes above each flounce. The design is floral and worked in heavy silks.

The little bodice is very simple and girlish, and has quite an old-fashioned look. It is curious how old-fashioned the very newest styles do look! This sounds Irish, but it is true, nevertheless.

The sleeves of the frock just reach the elbow, and finish with a narrow band of lace. An underskirt of ivory colored tulle is worn.

With this frock I intend to wear a simple little hat of lace over a frame of tulle. A tiny bunch of wild roses is fastened under the brim at the left side, and another bunch rests lightly on the upper brim at the right. It is a very pretty.

I saw some other perfectly lovely frocks, but I prefer mine best. Mamma wanted me to choose a frock of embroidery and I chose a skirt of pale pink chiffon, for all the world like a ball of thistle-down. "It is pretty," I said, "but really not all practical. My other frock can be washed—but this one would have to be dry-cleaned. No, I want something more serviceable."

I expect to see a great many lovely frocks at Palm Beach. One model wanted to be sent there was of net and lace, a skirt having eight tiers. The wearer would really be slender, I imagine, for only slender figures suit such an extravagant style.

Mamma and I have "done up" two of lace frocks of mine and added a few fashionable touches that have brought them quite up-to-date. In one case we raised the waistline three inches, and shortened the length of the skirt. In the latter I merely wide, so it needs no further alteration.

The alteration of the other gown was made by adding four net flounces to the skirt. The effect is very pretty.

Around the Clubs

A benefit concert will be given this evening at the Philomusian Clubhouse for the benefit of the Business Woman's Co-operative Club, under the direction of Perley Dunn Aldrich. Mr. Aldrich will present two acts of Traviata and the garden scene from Faust. A short concert program will be given between the acts, consisting of operatic arias. A number of prominent singers will be heard, including Miss Viola Brodbeck, Miss Mary Barrett, Miss Anna Laura Johnson, Miss Marie Carl, of Troy, N. Y.; Miss Elizabeth Krueger, of Albany, N. Y.; Miss Evelyn Estes Carbutt, Miss Jean Currie, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Hannah Bubb, Lewisburg, Pa.; Charles Schabinger, J. Burnett Holland and Henry Rowley, of New York; Mr. Clifford Vaughn will be the pianist.

An open discussion will be held by the current events class tomorrow evening, under the leadership of Miss Sara C. Collins.

A lecture on art and the municipality will be given by Dr. Leslie W. Miller, of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, at 3 o'clock today, under the auspices of the literature and art section of the Philomusian Club. Mrs. William Potter Davis is chairman of this committee.

Today is "at home day" at the New Century Club of Lansdowne. The members will have quite an informal afternoon, sewing for the Emergency Aid, with readings, music and tea to follow. Mrs. H. V. Kent is chairman of this affair.

Today the junior section tea will be held at the New Century Club at 3:30. The Music Committee will have a concert on Thursday afternoon at 3, at which the club chorus will sing. Miss Bertha Harding will be at the piano and Miss Stewart will sing a cycle of 18th century songs in costume.

One of the most interesting events of the season will be held on Wednesday afternoon, when the new peace drama, "The Unseen Empire," will be read before the drama section of the New Century Club. Mrs. Bertha Kuntz Baker will give the readings and it is the first time this stirring piece has been read in Philadelphia. The author, Atherton Brownell, will also be present.

A monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Council of Jewish Women will be held today at Maranatha Hall at 5:30. An address will be given by Miss May Stille, Pennsylvania State historian, on "Historic Philadelphia." Vocal solos and a social hour complete the program.

The Philadelphia Mothers has arranged a meeting to be held this afternoon at 3 at 1307 Locust street. The Mothers' Council of Germantown and the Franklin Mothers' Club will also be present, and they will be addressed on the subject of the "Family Budget" by Mrs. Robert Brown, of New York.

The annual meeting of the Advisory Council of the Bureau of Occupations for Trained Women will be held at the College Club, 1500 Spruce street, at 4 o'clock. "Opportunities for Women Trained in Home Economics" will be discussed by Miss Jean Jane Foulke, and Miss Georgeanna Hale will speak on "Book Salesmanship for Women." Tea and a social hour will follow.

"No, I haven't. I forgot all about it."

"Would you like anything, sir?" "That's uncommonly kind of you—yes, anything that's going—bread and cheese and beer."

The servant retired, and a few minutes later Mr. Murray was sitting down to one of the best meals he had enjoyed for a long time. When he had finished he was told that Lord Wimberley would like to see him, and he was shown into the library.

"Hello, Murray," said Wimberley, "what brings you up here? Have a chair."

"Thank you, my lord, the detective replied, taking one from the case that was held out to him. "I hope you are well, my lord."

"Yes, I'm all right. What's the news?" "Oh, nothing, my lord. I was in the neighborhood and I thought I'd just like to see you. I know her ladyship had gone abroad."

"I mean to stay here always!" declared the snow man to himself, "there is no sense at all in snowflakes melting and changing and drifting about. I have found what I like to do and mean to be a snow man forever!"

Now that was all very well for the snow man to plan, for of course snow men can't know very much about things. If he had known very well he would have known that nothing on earth stays always the same.

But he didn't pretend to be wise—he was only snow.

A big pine tree near by heard the snow man talking and chuckled to himself. "He thinks he can last forever," laughed the pine. "I guess I'll tell him that he'll be lucky to live three days!"

"Oh, I won't tell him after all," the tree decided on second thought, "for he won't mind so much if he just finds out himself."

"(Which shows that trees are sometimes wiser than people.)"

So the snow man lived three happy days.

The morning of the fourth day dawned warm and sunny.

By noon the roofs and trees dripped with water and the yards were muddy and soft.

"Look here," said Lord Wimberley, "I don't believe this part of the world is at all healthy."

Lord Wimberley looked steadily at Murray's face for a few seconds. Then he burst into a laugh.

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PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are offered:

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, 12th and Locust, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to M. F. K. 2023 North 12th street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

A good and economical way to dye a white crepe de chine waist flesh color is to put it in a basin of boiling hot water into which you have poured a little red ink, keeping it there until you have the desired shade.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. H. McGarry, 4925 Fairmount avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: I used to be annoyed at night by my room windows rattling. Not wishing to sleep with closed windows, and after trying a number of ways to tighten them, I finally tried a broken clothespin. One half in each side of each window prevented the least rattling.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to R. A. Bacon, 12th and Locust, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: An exceedingly handy cloth for brushing off the kitchen stove is quickly made from two old stocking legs. Fold one to about the size of the hand; fold the second end to end with the pad between and catch in place with thread, leaving the top fold free. To use, slip the hands into the free fold, and the thick pad protects the hands from the heat of the stove. Stocking legs are good for many kinds of cleaning because they are soft, leave no lint and may be wrung dry with greatest ease.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Jeffrey Stewart, 2344 Cleveland avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Just use oranges as cheap as you can buy a dozen for 10 to 15 cents (navels). I peel the oranges very thinly, being careful not to take any of the white pith on the skin, shred very fine in about half a cup, then take all the pith off the oranges and slice the fruit very thin; then cut crosswise, put the peel and fruit in an enamel saucepan with very little water, about half a cupful, and simmer for about two hours, stirring frequently to prevent burning; then measure the fruit pulp in cups and allow a cup of granulated sugar to a cup of pulp. It takes about four cups or two pounds of sugar. Put all back into saucepan and simmer for another two hours or more, or until quite transparent. Pour in fully glassed and cover with paraffin wax. Oranges, 10 to 15 cents; sugar, 10 to 12 cents. About 25 cents.

Beauty's Mirror

Dr. Elvira Rosenthal, of Paris, has made herself famous as the discoverer of a means to whiten discolored teeth. The ultraviolet rays of the spectrum when directed on yellowish teeth, bleach them to a dazzling whiteness.

The rays of a very powerful mercury lamp are thrown on the patient's teeth. This is kept on for about a quarter of an hour. With this, of course, goes a washing apparatus, and oxygenated water is used to maintain the teeth during the operation.

The patient's eyes and skin are protected by means of a heavy linen mask. The illumination of the treatment is by means of the ultraviolet rays. This treatment has been used in the United States, and has been found to be of great benefit.

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Across the Counter

Milady's powder puff must be very fine in evidence nowadays, and the new successor to the bracelet style is the puff, mirror and powder case, which hangs from a ring on the finger, and is silver, costs \$1; in gold plated ware, \$1.50. The smartest gaiters selling at present recall Palm Beach. They are made of broadcloth, with black piping, and sell for \$2.50 a pair.

The silk sweater has come to stay, and lovely two-tone models can be had for \$15.00 up.

A clever idea for the school child is a little raincoat, with a close-fitting hat, and they only cost \$1.75.

If you are giving a valentine luncheon next week, the candy novelties will be the talk of the party. They are so good, get lovely pink hearts for 15 cents a pound, chocolate hearts for 15 cents a pound, and glass hearts for 50 cents a pound.

Another dainty luncheon accessory is the nut or bonnet cups of crepe paper, the form of tripod, with a small cup with red hearts, cupid and arrows, \$1.75 and \$2 a dozen.

Summer materials are being shown at all the large department stores now, and quite the prettiest ones show soft flounces of voile, batiste, etc., at 10 cents a yard up.

The Chafing Dish

If you are so fortunate as to possess a chafing dish, you can give delightful parties with very little expense, and as important—with very little trouble to the hostess. The easiest way to do so is to have your cooking material on hand, and to let your guests take care of themselves. The atmosphere of a chafing dish is something friendly and congenial in itself, and the most quiet of sedate of visitors will inevitably succumb to it.

There are a few tried and true recipes for the chafing dish, and they are so important that they are worth repeating. One of the most difficult to prepare. The most rare is a favorite everywhere, and many a girl's popularity could be plained by her peculiar talent for making this highly seasoned dish.

Try this rarebit the next time you give one: Melt one tablespoonful of butter in the chafin, add a half-pound of cheese and a pinch of salt, a dash of paprika, and stir until melted. Then the beaten yolks of two eggs, diluted with a half-cupful of cream, and stir until smooth and slightly thickened. Serve on crackers, topped on one side, or but take care not to pour the melted cheese on the toasted side.

The Past

Thou unrelenting Past! Strong are the barriers round thy domain. And fetters, sure and fast, Hold that enter thy unbreast realm.

My spirit yearns to bring The lost years back—years with thee in the distance. And struggles hard to bring Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy empire hence. —William Cullen Bryant

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The End of a Snow Man

A SNOW MAN once lived in a big front yard and had the jolliest time!

You see he was the centre of a big fox and goose game and every noon and every night the neighborhood children came and played around him and made him feel so nicely comfortable and important.

Then sometimes hide and seek was the game they played, and he was the home base. Such fun it was to have the boys and girls rush to him and pound him on the shoulder and shout "one! two! three for me!" just as if he was a really truly person!

"I mean to stay here always!" declared the snow man to himself, "there is no sense at all in snowflakes melting and changing and drifting about. I have found what I like to do and mean to be a snow man forever!"

Now that was all very well for the snow man to plan, for of course snow men can't know very much about things. If he had known very well he would have known that nothing on earth stays always the same.

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