INFORMATION AND HELP FOR THE WOMAN IN THE HOME OR IN BUSINE

DAILY PROBLEMS INTERESTING TO MAID, WIFE AND WIDOW

Correspondence Invited on Matters Pertaining to the Home, Etiquette, Dress and Other Subjects Dear to the Feminine Heart

rel, enter a drawing room with quite the proper poise, and even delve into the es of the kitchen with never a ar of cakes that will not rise or of jelly that won't "jell"; but there is always a time when we may want to have our nds set aright on some particular matter, something which to us seems too trifling about which to inquire or, on the other hand, some subject on which no literature is available.

lieving, as we do, that there is a tronent given over to answering questions of any and all kinds which may come your daily life in the home, the studio, effice or factory, this department ter's coming out tea. The information will be conducted for your benefit.

HAVE you any perplexing problems? We shall try to answer in open letters any query you may wish to ask concerning of us could lay claim to infallibility! We your family, your clothes; in fact, any may wear our clothes with the air of a affair which may perplex you. These columns will also be the medium for an exchange of ideas, and you are invited to contribute any interesting household discoveries you have made - information which is frequently of much more practical value than that gleaned from books on household economy.

We shall be glad to have any of our readers make auggestions looking toward the improvement of the service being given, as it is only by keeping in close touch with the needs of women readers us field of usefulness for a depart- that we can plan to meet those needs. Come to us with your problems, be it the

To Clean White Fox Furs

In Need of Clothing

Some of the readers of these columns may be able to give the things needed.

Making Over Velvet Frock

Veil at House Wedding

stom, however, and a very pretty am

Supper After the Theater

Addressing a Widow To the Editor of the Woman's Page;
Dear Madam—To settle an argument,
you kindly sinth which is the correct for
use in writing to a widow. Mrs. Emma
or Mrs. John Jones?

Dear Medum—To settle an argument, will read thindir sints which is the correct form to use in writing to a wislow. Mrs. Emma Jones or Mrs. John Jones or Mrs. John Jones — C. R. Always address a wislow by her husband's name—Mrs. John Jones—unless she is a divorces, when she calls heraelf Mrs. Emma Jones, or she may, and frequently does, resume her maiden name of Smith and may be addressed as Mrs. Smith-Jones.

Covering on Unsightly Door

He Asks to Call

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

latest "Eat-and-Grow-Thin" diet or the proper mode of conducting your daugh-

THE WOMAN'S CABINET TODAY'S INQUIRIES

Overtions submitted to this department will be answered, when possible, on the following way. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE CABINET. Evening League, Philadelphia, Pa.1

2. What is the most pronomical bed elethbur 1. What causes brown spots on the skin?

2. What is the best method of removing paint 2. Will a wool velours suit in a check dre successfully?

3. Are grapes a good food? Why?

6. Are grapes a good food? Why?

Boiling Corn on Cob

Fo the Editor of the Woman's Paga:

Dear Madam—Before my marriage a short time saw i had never kept house, and although i mahase fairly well. there are some dishes with which I do not seem to have encoses. For one thins, my hashand is very fond of corn, the same of the same than the per pinniful I have encoded it requestly, had been pinniful I have coded it to the period of the milking of the period built in addition out the milking of the period of the period

boiled longer than five minutes. As soon as it is husked and the silk removed it should be thrown in rapidly boiling water and allowed to remain only this length of time. I am sure that you will find the grains tender and sweet.

Recipe for Graham Bread

e Helicor of the Woman's Pape:

or Madam—Can any of your readers give
tipe for graham broad? I am told it is
more digestible than white bread.

C. M. E.

The following recipe has been tried with very good results: One and one-half cups of sour milk, half-teaspoonful of salt, quarter-cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of soda, quarter-cup of molasses, half-cup of wheat flour and two cups of sifted graham flour. Mix thoroughly and bake forty minutes in a slow oven. Perhaps some reader knows of another recipe.

Shine on Skirt

Fo the Editor of the Woman's Poge: Dear Madam—Is there any successful method of removing the shine from a cloth skirt! My last winter's swill looks very well, with the ex-ception of litis.

Spongo the skirt with hot vinegar. Fine amery paper can also be used. This raises the nap for a time, although the shine will reappuar after a week's wearing.

Onion Souffle

Fo the Aditor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you give me a recipe to enion south?

M. S. enion southe?

One cupful of onlons, bolied and pressed through a colander; one cupful of creamy white sauce, three eggs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, dash of sait. Add the white sauce to the onlons then the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten, and the sensoning. Finally, fold in the stiffly beaten whites, pour finto a buttered baking dish or individual ramikin dishes and bake for ten or fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Removing Coffee Stains

Every housekeeper, I take it, knows enough to pour boiling water through table linen when it is stained with coffee, but have you ever tried stretching the article in an embroidery frame? It is so much more easily handled by one person in this manner, without the danger of scalding one's hand in so doing.

Convenient Stool for Kitchen

A new use for the passe piano stool, the eld-fushioned plush-covered revolving kind, is found when it is covered with white oil-cloth and relegated to the kitchen, where it proves almost as indispensable as the office revolving chair, and when not in use it can be shoved out of the way under the

Frested Drinks

dians drink is made in the follower: Make one pint of strong, clear
dd one pint of milk, one heaping
nful of sugar and a dash of cinstand away to cool. When ready
half fill load tea glasses with vacream, pouring over it the coffee
und whipping slightly. This makes
ful drink to serve in place of tea
afternoons or as dessert at lundinner. Chocolate may be used
of coffee, if preferred, or a fruit
t care must be taken that the latnot curdle.

Keeping Floors in Condition

Potato Knife

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like to be alone so much That people think I'm strange I guess—
They don't know that
I spend the time
Conversing with my
Consciousness

SHOULD A WOMAN USE ROUGE

By LUCREZIA BORI Donna of the Metropolitan Opera

THERE Is a question puzzling the mind I of a prominent social leader in one of our smaller cities. "Is it ever considered good taste for a woman of refinement to use cosmetics?" she asks me in a letter. "Every feminine member of our set freely uses powder and rouge, while many color their lps and darken their eyebrows. I am the only one who does not use any artificial beautifiers, and I am frank to say that the there appear much more attractive than I.

"I have always believed that no woman of good breeding would 'paint' her face.
Am I wrong? Kindly discuss this problem
in your colum, for there are many others,
I know, who are confronted with the same
puzzling question."

The prevalence of the "make-up" habit-Shake your furs thoroughly, then heat a quantity of dry white corn meal (be sure the meal is not the yellow variety) and rub it well into the fur. Fold them in and lay them away in tissue paper for forty-eight hours. At the end of this time shake the meal out (the open air is the best for this) and your furs should be beautifully clean and fluffy. to berrow stage parlance—brings up a sub-ject worthy of very serious discussion. In the majority of instances the use of make-up is very bad taste, while there are cases where it is perfectly permissible to remedy the defects of nature.

It is my personal opinion that it is the duty of every woman to improve her appearance as much as she can. This does not mean, however, that I approve of "painting the lily."

It shows wretched taste for a woman whose complexion is blemishless to resort to the rouge pot. It is an inexcusable breach of good breeding for a young girl to paint and powder her fresh, young face like an actress ready to make her bow before the footights. Mothers are seriously To the Editor of the Woman's Poge:

Dear Madam—I am the mather of aix children, four bors and two girls: the oldest is eleven years old. The boys need mains and pleuses and the girls droses. My husband got mark very indig velore he worked. It is fourten days now and I have not received a penny, and as achoed is going to open the children for are mine of us in the family—six children are mine for may make and husband and I. It has been went for my maker and husband and I. It has been went for my maker and husband and I. It has been went for my maker and husband and got his children. However, we will do something for my my children. I sm. sincerely your MRE. F. D. O.

Some of the readers of these columns at fault for this state of affairs in our larger cities. Of course, I am not prudish enough to object to the use of a harmless face powder to remove the "shine" from your nose and the surrounding skin. I protest against the wholesale use of heavy powders, whitening liquids, rouge, lip-sticks and black eyebrow pendis, where there is no excuse for calling such beautiflers to

DOESN'T IT "DEPEND"?

If my correspondent is young and good-looking, she is right in not following the example of the other women in her set. If, on the other hand, she is past the first flower of youth and wishes to appear at her best and not suffer by comparison with others, a judicious use of "make-up" will be countenanced by the world in general,

Making Over Velvet Frock

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a velvet dreas which I have not wom for several years, as it is made with one of the very narrow draped skirts. Can you suspeat any way of altering it? It has a affect train. Hoping you can assist me, I amyours very truly.

Velvet in combination with either satin or tulle promises to be very fashionable during the cotning season. You can have a planel of the velvet down the front, bringing the material to a point on the bodice and letting it hang in loose folds, and the same treatment can be given in the back, allowing one end of the velvet for the pointed train, with possibly an ornament on it. Flounces of tulle in bouffant effect can be used to fill in over the hips. I should suggest flesh-colored maline in folds to outline the decolletage and long angel sleeves of the maline. First, it is necessary to learn the art of naking up, for it is an art. This artificial outh must be applied so that it does not betray itself. Your self-respect must never be offended, and only delicacy and restraint in the use of "make-up" will promote beauty. Any bungling in its application and beauty. Any bungling in its you will appear ridiculous.

I can readily understand why cultured women consider the use of make-up "the brand of Cain." In aristocratic commu-To the Hiditor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is it necessary for a bride to wear a vell at a house wedding?

No, a vell is by no means a necessary adjunct to the wedding gown. It is an old

and keeps her outward appearance severely natural.

Where physical defects are pronounced, such as a misshapen eyebrow, coloriess eye-lashes, or a deathlike pallor of the com-plexion, artificial means should be employed He Asks to Call

To the Editor of the Weman's Page:

Dear Madam—Soveral weeks see I met a young man at a dance and he asked whether he could call on ms. I told him I would be gisd to have him do so, and since then he has called me twice on the phone, the second time leaving a message saking me to call him at his office, I did not set the message until too late to call him the same day, and, too. I have always had scruples about calling a man at his plane of business. What do you think I should do This happened about a week ago. R. W.

As you were not at home both times the young man telephoned, and as he asked that you call him, it would have been entirely within the demands of good form to have done so. Since you have allowed a week to pass, why not write a letter and explain your ellence and say you will be giad to see him any time he wishes to call? o correct them. The anemic girl should tint her colorless cheeks with rouge, so that the world and his wife will not get the impress on that she is "dying on her feet," but at the same time she must build up her but at the same time she must build up her general health by taking plenty of exer-cise in the open air, eat good, wholesome food and take a blood-building tonic, pre-scribed by her physician, and thus woo back the roses to her cheeks, when she can then throw the rouge pot away.

USE "GOOD SENSE."

The home woman can use "make-up" when such instances as the above make it necessary. In other cases, it will depend entirely upon the community in which she lives and the friends with whom she mingles. Your own good sense will tell you where to draw the line. If you need to improve your appearance and "make-up" will help you, use it; but if nature has endowed you so richly that you do not need any artificial aid, never for one instant think of daubing your face with rouge and penciling eyebrows. USE "GOOD SENSE."

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MY MARRIED LIFE By ADELE GARRISON

FOREWORD

Making You Acquainted With the New Story of Married Life and Its Author

DROBABLY it is true that no two persons entertain precisely the same view of marriage. If any two did, and one happened to be a man and the other a woman

I marriage. If any two did, and one happened to be a man and the other a waman, there would be many advantages in their exemplifying the harmony by marrying each other—unless they had already married some one else. Sour-minded critics of life have said that the only persons who are likely to understand what marriage ought to be are those who have found it to be something else. Of course, most of the foolish criticisms of marriage are made by those who would find the same fault with life itself. One man who was asked whether life was worth living answered that it depended on the liver. Thus, it has been pointed out that marriage can be only as good as the persons who marry. This is simply to say that a partnership is only as good as the partners.

"My Married Life" is a scoman's con-"My Married Life" is a woman's confession. Marriage is so vital a matter to a
woman that when she writes about it she
is always likely to be in earnest. In this instance the likelihood to borne out. Adde
Garrison has listened to the whieperings
of her own heart. She has done more.
She has caught the wireless from a man's
heart. And she has poured the record into
the story.

The teory.

The teorman of this story is only one kind of a woman, and the man is only one kind of a man. But their experiences will touch the consciousness—I was going to say the consciousness—of every man or woman who has either married or measured marriage, and we've all done one or the other

PIERRE RAVILLE.

Adele Garrison knows life. And the life she knows is not merely the half-real, half-imaginary existence the usual novelled portrays. It is the wholly real life of the men and women of teday, who de things and who stamp what they do with the magic of their stamp what they do with the magic of their sersonality. Her romance is not nevel-romance. It is the romance of reality.

Like the James M. Barries, Richard Harding Davis and Mark Twain, and many other writers of romance, Adele Garrison entered the realm of fiction through the door of fact—the newspaper. For years there was not a great "stary" within her reach in which she did not have her part. Some of the news stories that have been the sensations of the time became national news by her ped.

Some of the news stories that have been the sensations of the news and devoted herself too fee peon. Then Adele Gurrison married. She retired from newspaper work and devoted herself too detion. But through it all—back of the stories that new came from her pen—she felt what she rails—sier nove? feroing and growing of years, not the work of passing hours. Into it Adele Carrison has journed the wealth of her intimate knowledge of life. This is why it leats with the pulse of reality. This is why those who read it write to her as to one who—understands.

PART I "I Will Be Happy! I Will! I Will!"

/TODAY we were married.

I have said these words over and over to myself, and now I have written them, and the written characters seem as strange to me as the uttered words did.
1 cannot believe that I, Margaret

Spencer, twenty-seven years old, I who have laughed and sneered at marriage, justifying myself by the tragedies and unhappiness of scores of my friends, I who have made for myself a place in the world's work with an assured comfortable income, have suddenly thrown all my theories to the winds and given my self in marriage in as impetuous, unreasoning fashion as any foolish schoolgirl.

I shall have to change a word in that last paragraph. I forgot that I am no longer Margaret Spencer, but Margaret Graham, Mrs. Richard Graham, or more probably, Mrs. "Dicky" Graham. I don't believe anybody in the world ever called Richard anything but "Dicky."

On the other hand, nobody but Richard ever called me anything shorter than my own dignified name. I have been "Madge to him almost ever since I knew him. Dear, dear "Dicky!" If I talked a hun

dred years I could not express the differ ence between us in any better fashion. He is "Dicky" and I am "Margaret."

He is downstairs now in the smoking room, impatiently humoring this lifelong habit of mine to have one hour of the day all to myself.

My mother taught me that when I was a tiny girl. My "thinking hour," she called it, a time when I solved my small problems or pondered my baby sins. All life I have kept up the practice And now I am going to devote it to another request of the little mother who went away from me forever last year.

"Margaret, darling," she said to me on the last day we ever talked together, some time you are going to marryyou do not think so now, but you willand how I wish I had time to warn you of all the hidden rocks in your course! If I only had kept a record of those days of my own unhappiness, you might learn to avoid the wretchedness that was mine. Promise me that if you ever marry you will write down the problems that con-

that when your own baby girl comes to you and grows into womanhood she may be helped by your experience." Poor little mother! Her marriage with

my father had been one of those wretched tragedies, the knowledge of which frightens so many people away from the altar. I have no memory of my father. I do not know today whether he be living or dead. When I was four years old he ran away with the woman who had been my mother's most intimate friend. All my life has been warped by the knowledge. Even now, worshiping "Dicky" as I do, I am wondering as I sit here, obeying my mother's last request, whether or not an experience like hers will come to me.

A very fine augury for our happiness when such thoughts as this can come to me on my wedding day! "Dicky" is an artist, with all the faults

and all the lovable virtues of his kind. A week ago I was a teacher, holding one of the most desirable positions in the city schools. We met just six months ago, two of the most unsuited people who could be thrown together. And now we are married! Next week we begin housekeeping in a dear little apartment near Dick's studio.

Dick has insisted that I give up my work, and against my convictions I have yielded to his wishes. But on my part I have stipulated that I must be permitted to do the housework of our nest, with the occasional help of a laundress. I will be no parasite wife who neither helps her husband in or out of the home But the little devils must be busy laugh ing just now. I, who have hardly hung up my own nightgown for years, and whose knowledge of housekeeping is mightily near zero, am to try to make home happy and comfortable for an artist! Poor "Dicky!"

I do not know what has come to me. I worship Dick. He sweeps me off my feet with his love, his vivid personality overpowers my more commonplace self; but through all the bewildering intoxication of my engagement and marriage s little, mocking devil, a cool, cynical little devil, is constantly whispering in front you and your solution of them, so my ear: "You fool, you fool, to imagine

no such thing as a happy marriage!"
"Dicky" has just phoned up from the

smoking room to ask me if my hour isn't up. How his voice clears away all the miastra of my miserable thoughts. Please God, "Dicky," I am going to lock up all my old ideas in the most unused closet of my brain and try my best to be a good wife to you! I will be happy I will! I

(Continued Tomorrow.) (Copgright)

Song

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee freely, as men strive for right height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of
sight
For the ends of Being an ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight. I love thee freely, as men strive for Right: I love thee purely, as they turn from

praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints. I love thee with the

Smiles, tears, of all my life !- and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.

breath.

prop six rips tomatoss into benifor a moment. Remove the adia halves, squeeze out the seeds seach half into five or six parts ready a quart of stale breadous into half-inch cubes and put a the bottom of the casserole of dish, then a layer of tomatose spoonful of chopped onion, a deal spoonful of a hickorynut. Cominus layers until the tomatoes and brea have been used up, having a breadcrumba on top. Det with butter and bake in a quick oven to minutes.

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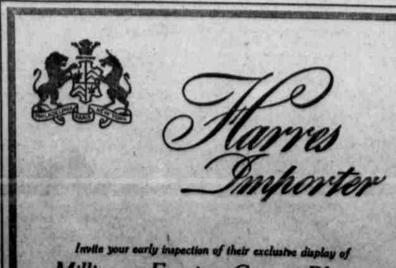
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