

IS THE REALLY HAPPY WOMAN SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE?

Does the Greatest Satisfaction Come to a Mother in the Reflected Glory of Her Son's Achievements?

A YOUNG matron, presumably happy, writes to her one-time dearest chum, upon hearing of the latter's rise in the business world...

Two Dollars Given for a Letter Every Day

APRIZE of Two Dollars (\$2) will be given each day to a reader of the Woman's Page of the Evening Ledger...

for her and for one of her classmates, and the autumn after they were graduated they married.

Of course, she assured every one, she wouldn't dream of letting her marriage interfere with her artistic work...

But, after all, when she gazes at the chubby, healthy little specimens of humanity which slip "muvver" at her door...

This young mother of whom I speak was one of the brilliant members of her class in a co-educational university out West...

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Questions submitted to this department will be answered, when possible, on the following day. Special queries like those given for this department should be addressed as follows...

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. How can sandwiches be kept from drying out if prepared several hours before they are to be eaten?
2. How does buttermilk compare with milk as regards its nutritive value?
3. What plants are best for a north window?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. If beef's liver is freed from the stringy substance and fried in butter, will it be as good as tender and quite as fine in flavor as the more expensive calves' liver?
2. Clean sweaters with soap water and the sand; shake until clean, then rinse with fresh water, finally with cold water...

Sweet Potato Compote

To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Sweet potatoes are a plentiful household item and the following recipe useful: Spread a layer of butter on a shallow baking dish; sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter...

Chili Con Carne

To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am sending you a recipe for a Mexican dip which is very popular. It is a delicious dip made of ground beef, onion, green chilies, and tomatoes...

Darning Silk Stockings Neatly

To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Would your readers care to hear of a way to darn stockings? I have the local darning machine, and when a hole appears in a silk stocking I cut out a piece of the stocking...

Threading Needles

To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—The following suggestion may be of value to some of your readers. My mother likes to sew, but is very near-sighted and experiences difficulty in threading the needle...

Use for Old Clocks

To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—If you have any old watches or clocks which are beyond repair, have them for use in the sick room, where they can be used to indicate the time...

Plan for Clothing

To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am writing this letter to you if you have or know some person having some of the following items...

Delicious Corn Pudding

To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—If these directions are followed they will result in a very tasty dish, corn pudding. It is a delicious pudding, and is very easy to make...

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

A Gem of a Maid

THE maid whom I had liked so well at first sight held her single reference out to me with pride shining in her eyes...

"The bearer of this, Katie Slovinsky, has been in my employ as general housekeeper for a year. She leaves me only because I am compelled to go South on account of illness...

"Right here," I opened the door of an unusual closet. "You may keep your things here. I shall want you to sleep at home. I have no room here."

"What wages do you wish?" "Twenty-five dollars a month." Then she looked at me shrewdly.

"Perhaps, bimby, if I suit you, you give me \$25?" "Perhaps," I returned noncommittally. "You wish every other Sunday and Thursday off, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, missis, if you please, missis." "When can you come?" She laughed gleefully, displaying a set of beautiful white teeth.

"Right now, this meant. See, I brought my work dress, my apron, my cap, right here." She lifted a bundle wrapped in paper, which I had seen in her lap. "You like me to wear cap? I look nice in cap."

As I preceded her into the kitchen I had a sudden quail. I knew Dicky's fastidious taste, and that underneath all his good-natured unworldliness he had rigid ideas of his own upon some topics...

"Yes, and I hope you will keep it looking nice." Her face clouded a little. "If I always keep my kitchen nice," she said seriously, "I had read her correctly. I said that she would be like a child in her resentment of criticism or suggestions."

"Please call me that." "Oh, yes, missis, I find 'em all. You just say, 'Katie, here kitchen, here looking things, here dishes, here dining room, here meat, veg-à-la-bless-à-dessert to cook.' I find everything. I fix. If I no find, I ask."

Her enthusiasm was grateful, but her manner held something of shaming me out of my own kitchen. She was evidently of most energetic person. She had undone her bundle while we were talking and produced a very neat striped gingham working dress, a starched work apron and a white apron and cap.

"See, Missis Graham, I put on first my dress, then my white apron and cap, then my gingham apron over all. I then parlor maid. Put on apron, kitchen maid. Where I change?" She laughed slyly.

OFF TO MARKET "Right here," I opened the door of an unusual closet. "You may keep your things here. I shall want you to sleep at home. I have no room here."

"No, I shall have to order them. I did not see the marketman this morning, for I was ill. We will have a small pot roast of beef—Mr. Graham is very fond of that—with a horseradish sauce, potatoes cooked with the meat, some spinach, not creamed, simply chopped with plenty of butter and seasonings of lettuce and green peas salad. Mr. Graham will make the dressing at the table."

"What for dessert?" "No dessert tonight, just cheese and coffee. You do not want too much to do your first dinner. I will telephone for the things now." I turned away.

But she plucked at my sleeve. "No telephone. Wait. Where the market?" "No telephone. Wait. Where the market?" "No telephone. Wait. Where the market?"

Right there I decided to keep Katie if Dicky was possibly standing there. I could not see her down. I had heard so much of the lazy, uninterested, extravagant maid with whom some of my friends had been obliged to contend, that Katie's enthusiastic interest charmed me.

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Kahan's Outer Garment Shop From Maker to Wearer This Week Only Tailored Suits, a few Fur and Velvet Suits, Very chic models. \$22.50 to \$45.00. Imported Sweaters, reg. \$18.50, for \$6.50. 253 S. 13th St. Importer and Tailor

DEWEES Quality and Standard Famous Over Half a Century The New Grey Salon and Ready-to-Wear Department Discriminating women have been quick to sense the exquisite style distinction and the unusual price values in our New Department. Fascinating Smart Blouses, \$10.00 to \$35.00. B. F. Dewees, 1122 Chestnut St.

J. B. Sheppard & Sons 1008 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia Handkerchiefs Despite the notably decreasing linen supply, we are able to show a finely assorted collection of linen handkerchiefs. A Wonderful Variety at 25c & 50c Each. Order Embroidery Work Early

Orange Charlotte a la Russe

Required: About a dozen lady fingers, three-quarter ounce of leaf gelatin, half a pint of orange juice, the grated rind of half an orange, sugar to taste (about two ounces), a little orange or other clear jelly, half a pint of whipped double cream.

Oyster Omelet

Oysters at this time of year can be used for luncheon to advantage. There is little danger, nowadays, from typhoid oysters, for public opinion and agitation have done so much that dealers are afraid to buy any but oysters from clean beds.

On a Child Child of a day, thou knowest not The tears that overflow thine eyes. Nor, if thou knowest, couldst thou tell And why the wish? the pure and true Watch like thy mother over thy bed O, peaceful night! O, sweetest rest! Thou wilt not ever see her again. -Walter Savage Landau

Wheat without Chaff Some thirty years ago, when we were young and had but one store, we issued a circular for general distribution, and the headline above was the headline of that bill. We went on to say that those three words flatly meant "FACTS WITHOUT FANCIES—SENSE WITHOUT NONSENSE—THE TRUTH ITSELF ENTIRELY DEVOID OF ANYTHING PERTAINING TO EXAGGERATION" Continuing, we added: "We have always endeavored to give the Buyer the full benefit of our Experience in the best manner possible, and find that it pays from a standpoint of policy alone; without mentioning Principle." Those vigorous lines from our early advertising were indelibly impressed—for they've come down through the long years of our business career and are to-day the very conditions under which we sell you goods. "No one has a future bigger than his belief in it." Our belief was steadfastly large; and by persistently continuing to give WHEAT WITHOUT CHAFF, we now have a business far bigger than we ever reckoned on. During thirty-four years of wonderful prosperity we've firmly established a high standard within common reach. In face of the present High Cost of living we're straining every point to give you a more normal sort of living at the least possible cost. Our stores make no sorry masquerade for what they are not—just plain, practical shops. But when dealing over a Childs counter, remember you're facing the actualities of Grocery buying, that—CHILDS QUALITY IS ALWAYS DEPENDABLE and that CHILDS PRICES ARE EXCLUSIVELY LOW. This is plainly a matter of dollars and sense, and it ought to awaken your interest. We're engaged in a concerted welfare movement against extortionate prices, and your household expenses will reach a comfortable and reasonable basis when you buy your WHEAT WITHOUT CHAFF at a Childs Store. You shouldn't be satisfied with merely making the ends meet—you should tie them together; and to-morrow offers more chances than yesterday. Childs & Company Stores Everywhere "Where Your Money Goes the Farthest"