

LUCREZ A BOR'S TALK ON ARRANGEMENT OF THE COIFFURE—FASHIONS—THE HOUSEHOLD

ABOUT THE MARRIED WOMAN WHO WORKS—IN AN OFFICE

Why Should She Not Lend Her Efforts Toward Increasing the Nest Egg?—High Price of Foodstuffs Not Without Its Advantages

PROPOS of married women holding positions comes the following communication from Beatrice S.:

"Why, my dear, there's Mary Randall! I thought she was married."

"So she is, but she is still working. Can you imagine it?"

"You don't mean it? What a pity?"

"This is the conversation which I clearly overheard as I sat in the office of the real estate broker whom I was waiting to interview."

The secretary passed from the outer to an inner office, a bright, happy smile playing on her face as she pursued her duties, blissfully unconscious of the unkind criticisms and insinuations of her two 'friends.'

"Why will women assume the attitude of the ancient patrician when discussing the working married women? Wherein does the disgrace lie for a young woman in the business world to marry and instead of immediately laying down all business responsibilities and assuming the role of 'Lady of Leisure,' keep her position and add her weekly earnings to those of her husband, thus lessening the anxiety of household finances and increasing the nest egg? There are innumerable cases in which small but daily groundings arise over the increasing household expenses and slowly develop into an inevitable 'flare-up,' and 'dear wife' returns to her mother with a tale of the mean and stingy qualities of her husband. If, on the other hand, she would continue to hold the position she had when she married him there would exist, subconsciously, a mutual feeling of peace and contentment, and life's daily obstacles and responsibilities would be more easily met and overcome."

"Many women have the idea that the business woman is 'looked down upon' by the business men with whom she associates. As a matter of fact, in these days of educational aggressiveness, the business woman, the woman with active interests and intellect, is upheld and respected by people of the social as well as of the business world, and until the nest is well and comfortably feathered let the wife be the real, true helpmate in every sense of the word."

That the present high cost of living is not without its advantages is proved by this optimistic letter written by Mrs. E., who (very efficiently, one would judge) presides over a household on Cynwyd-way. She writes:

"With food prices soaring ever higher, the yearly quota of suffering dyspeptics should proportionately decrease. Those juicy steaks and delicately browned chops that we were wont to feast on 'ad nauseum' having disappeared from our view forever, we should look with favor on the lowly lentil and the benevolent bean. The benefits derived are twofold: we do not consume nearly as much bicarbonate of soda after meals and we save enough money to pay June bills at least by September."

"Seriously, though, we have found that we really do not need meat every night for dinner, but we must have it every other night. This brings the price of the dear departed steaks and chops down to about nineteen cents per pound, at which price we devour them with a clear conscience. Could anything be simpler, I ask you? Every other night we eat of thick pea and bean soup (very filling) or milk and cheese pudding, or lentils in tomato sauce, corn pudding or other 'complete foods,' with a green vegetable and a hasty dessert. Our digestion has improved, thereby improving our general health, and the old sock that holds our savings is growing to be 'some sock.'"



HERE'S A 14-FOOT DAHLIA Mrs. Jonathan McMinis has what is probably a record dahlia in the rear of her home, 2208 South Felton street. The plant is at least fourteen feet high and has overgrown the porch covering along which it trails.

MARRY A CHILD, JAMES URGES, AS DIVORCE CURE

Lampighter Very, Very Happy With Girl Wife, Who Wed at Fourteen

If you want to train a wife in the way that wives should go, marry her when she is very young.

James Kinnaman's recipe for marital happiness is to marry a girl when she is a child, and a lampighter, "fell in love" with juvenile May de Giacomo, outside of whose home on Agate street there was a lamp to which he applied his torch every night. May was then twelve. It was her custom to watch the ceremony. With her straight little nose protruding out of all semblance of its classic shape and her soft pink little mouth—which is still the mouth of a child—pursed hard against the wind-draw pane, she would watch for the arrival of the lampighter. It was this picture which James was smitten.

Street Car Etiquette

Dear Madam—The other day on entering a car a man offered me a seat, which I accepted politely. When I noted an old gentleman standing up near me, and instead of sitting down I offered him the seat. The man who had offered me the seat when I came in scowled at me and said under his breath, "What an ass well he kept it!" Was I right in offering it to the old man, or should I have taken it myself?

Yes, Ask a Man to Go With You

Dear Madam—I have had two tickets given to me recently for a dance which will take place in a fortnight. I have always been told that a girl should not go to a dance without a man, but I have never been given to you and you would like to have him go with you.

Dance Cutting

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me if it is proper for a girl to dance with a man for another before she has had her first dance with him? This happened at a party on Saturday night last week. A girl told me that she was going to have a dance with a man, and she would like to have him go with you.

No, Write on Note Paper

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me if it is proper for a girl to write on note paper to a man? I have seen a girl do this, and I am sure the old man's appreciation was more valued than many a younger man's smile.

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

Sleepless Hours of Waiting Are Lonely Hours Indeed

LIFE looked very dark to me as I sat before the glowing gas grate in our living room after Dicky had indulged in his temper fit and gone out, presumably to Lillian Gale's party.

I contrasted the little leaping flames, trying so hard to imitate an honest wood fire, with the heavy shadows upon my married life. Mine was only an imitation of happiness. I could myself through a course of severe self-analysis. Was mine the fault that so much of bickering had been crowded into the first few weeks of our marriage?

I remembered my old cynicism about married happiness. I had not believed that there could be such a thing until Dicky swept me off my feet with his love. Now I asked myself if ever man and wife had so much bitterness and quarreling packed in such a short space of time as Dicky and I had experienced in the past week.

"Thank you for reminding me," I said gratefully. "I am not going to let my chair, I evidently intended to stay while I talked."

"That will be all, Katie," I said gently, as I took down the coat which I had unconsciously slipped into the kitchen and shut the door.

"Is that you, Mrs. Graham? Good. Your husband has just told us how bully you were to insist upon his coming alone—what on earth had Dicky been saying?"

"I don't know," I said. "I only dared I would be with you now. But I have things on hand this week that absolutely must be attended to. If I do not rest after one of these headaches of mine I am apt to have a cold, and I am going to bed now, and please tell Dicky that there is no reason why he shouldn't stay as late as he likes. I am so glad he could go, and you may be right if you'll forgive me this time and invite me again, I will surely come to you."

"There was a note of admiration in her voice when she spoke again. Real or feigned, it gratified my vanity."

"You're a dear girl, little sport, anyway," she said, "and I appreciate your letting Dicky come. It wouldn't seem like one of my parties without Dicky here. You can wager anything you like I'll invite you again, and make sure you come, too. Good night."

"I did not offer to have Dicky come to the telephone, for which I was devoutly grateful. I was not so dense either. I did not grasp her Partisan shot concerning Dicky's constant attendance upon her."

"Unless I was greatly mistaken, Lillian Gale would never give up my husband's friendship unless Dicky himself banished her from his life."

Quince Honey

Peel and grate the quinces and cook until tender. Cook a pound of sugar with a pint of water and allow to simmer until there is a clear syrup. Then add the grated quince and allow to simmer for twenty minutes, stirring constantly.

Smoked Beef Rabbit

One-quarter pound smoked beef, shredded, one can tomato juice, one-third cup grated cheese, two tablespoons melted butter, two eggs, a very little onion juice.

Makes Home Baking Easy

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The Evening Ledger will print, free of charge, notices of recent births sent in through proper channels. Address: "Brand-New Babies," Evening Ledger, 606 Chestnut Street. Name and address and when possible, telephone number of sender must accompany each notice so sent.

BOND, Mr. and Mrs. Harry, 2236 Edgely street, a son. Eight pounds five ounces.

MARGOLIS, Mr. and Mrs. William, 125 Church street, a son. Seven pounds eight ounces.

PATTERSON, Mr. and Mrs. James, 2524 Collins street, a son. Eight pounds two ounces.

RIDGLEY, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, 3064 Memphis street, a son. Eight pounds eight ounces.

THOMAS, Mr. and Mrs. Albert, 3157 Weymouth street, a son. Seven pounds five ounces.

WILSON, Mr. and Mrs. Earl, 6028 Locust street, a son, six pounds three ounces.

On an Island You've plucked a curlew, drawn a hen, Wash'd the skirts of seven men, You've stuff'd my pillow, stretch'd the sheet, And fill'd the pan to wash your feet, And rinsed the bullet, wound the clock, And now we'll dance to jigs and reels, Naid' boots chasing girls' naked heels.

THE DIPLOMATIC REPLY A cold determination took possession of me. This woman should learn nothing from me of my real feelings. Dicky was evidently playing the game. Certainly would not lay down my cards. My voice was as cordial as her own as I answered her.

"Dear Mrs. Underwood, if I only dared I would be with you now. But I have things on hand this week that absolutely must be attended to. If I do not rest after one of these headaches of mine I am apt to have a cold, and I am going to bed now, and please tell Dicky that there is no reason why he shouldn't stay as late as he likes. I am so glad he could go, and you may be right if you'll forgive me this time and invite me again, I will surely come to you."

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