NGS EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT FASHIONS—BEAUTY—CARE OF THE HOME

HE WOMAN WITH A GROWN SON OFTEN PROVES A PHARISEE

Many Mothers Hold an Unreasoning Resentment Against Their Future Daughters-in-Law-Jealous of Their Sons' Affections

All "mothers of men" always so A wifish? I personally know muny remen, nice comfortable souls who glory is the fact of having secrificed this or has for someys sake, but who, when the appears test comes, and these big, strong mus, new full-grown men, choose to marry, fall utterly, and either by pleadings and cajolings seek to hold them ack or size make life unendurable for be new daughters.

One little woman I know whose son as announced his determination to arry, although she is naturally surrous, kind and considerate, has cally ignored her boy's flances, much to is bumiliation.

et cannot face the thought of him with some one else, and even she professes to love him dearer a Haelf she is not willing that he

and have this happiness. and yet for years he has been devoted her, and has worked and planned for striving to repay her, in part, for

nd it isn't only when their children A girl I know who won a fellowship at

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. There are no conditions. Every day a letter will be chosen from the number sent in, whether it contains information of value to the readers of the page or asks a question, and the prize will be awarded to the writer. Be sure to sign your name and address so that checks may be forwarded.

treated like a three-year-old and "not al lowed" to go by her mother, who just couldn't bear to have her so far away

Yet these parents will pharisaically beat their breasts and call the world to witness what good, devoted, long-suffer ing parents they have been. Bernard Shaw says of this type, "such a good wife and mother that all of her sons run e, which would give her a year of away from home," if not actually, and travel abroad, was actually least their hearts take them.

8. The hostess always leads the way into the

Girls Who Are Man Crazy

Unkind Remarks About People

Calling With Soiled Collar

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

today's prize is Mrs. D. Rogers, of Wilmington, Del., whose let

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES 1. Floor mixed with diluted ammonia to a of pink or red; certain shades of hrilliant green of pink or red; certain shades of hrilliant green blues, black brown and maure will bring out the golden that

Picking Over Fruit and Vegetables

e perfectly right, Mrs. A., in your to the practice of breaking the uits and vegetables with the finger-unnecessary and a source of great hrough infection. Hut it is also too much stress cannot be laid on ugh washing which should be given its and vegetables before they are

cokies Which Keep for Weeks

Yes, It is Perfectly Proper
To the Schitter of Wemon's Page:
Dear Moda my Westled you be so kied as to ad
you me whether wher loss, so to a club in the
constity with a men to transf her to ten or son
such harmless beverage?

Yes, it is perfectly proper in the afts
moon, provided you att in the part of to
club set aside for men and women bot
and be sure the boverage is harmless a
wayn, as it does not look well for a girl
partaks of anything stronger than tea of
fruitade, especially if she is unchaperon

Yes, It Is Perfectly Proper

By ADELE GARRISON

A Night of Watching and Waiting

EXTOR set still, Missis Oraham. I go."

Katle sprang from her chair to answer the telephone, the ringing of which had so worried me as we sat wondering what would happen next. Dicky, plainly intoxionted, had just left after scoming back at midnight to take me to Lillian Gale's. We had had a scene an distressing to me as the one earlier in the evening, and as he dejarted he had announced his intention of acquiring a "good jag" before I saw him again. Katle, awakened by the noise, had arisen to take care of me, despite my protects, and the alacrity with which she sprang to the telephone signified her willingness to stand between me and any trouble.

I heard Katle rattling dishes in the kitchen, and went cout there, Mly curious.

"What are you doing Katle T I asked." "Getting ready for Meester Graham when he come home, she replied. "See, I get the come home, she replied. "See, I get with little coid water in pot. let beem sonk till Meenter Graham come, den make strong black coffee queeck as I can, give Meester Graham from the bear one, and the water in pot. let beem sonk till Meenter Graham come, den make strong black coffee queeck as I can, give Meester Graham for the will feel on seeck!" Katle gread her hands expressively.

DICKY HEARD FROM

"Where did you learn all this, Katle?" The question slipped out before I could check it. I really did not mean to question a servant concerning her proficiency in car-

trouble.

Katie's method of answering a telephone is to stand as far away from it as possible and shout into it. She answered this call in her usual way, and her "Hello" almost shook the room.

Her next words startled me. "Oh! Missis Underwood, dot you? Don't you remember me? I Katie."

Evidently Mrs. Underwood was in no mood to renew any acquaintance with

mood to renew any acquaintance with Katle she might have had, for Katle's next answer was short and to the point. "Oh, yes, she right there. I call her

I went to the telephone with curiously mixed feelings, terror for fear some accident had happened to Dicky, and deep annoyance at Lillian Gale. I felt as if I could not bear to listen to her voice

"Mra. Graham, I fear you will never for-"Mra Graham, I fear you will never forgive me for bothering you at this unearthily hour"—her voice held more than the
conventional apology—"but I was so afraid
you would think I had anything to do with
that crazy scheme of those two idiots to
wake you up and bring you back here at
this hour that I could not help telephoning
you. Have they been there yet?"

LIL'S FRANK APOLOGY "Do you mean our two erring husbands?"
Purposely I made my voice as gay as possible. "They were here a few moments ago, that is, Mr. Oraham came upstairs and said Mr. Underwood was in the taxicab below, but they went away again. I think they are on their way back to your house; at least Dicky announced his intention of acquiring a real jag by the time he came back home, so I suppose you will see him soon."

he came back home, so I suppose you will see him soon."

If any one had told me a week ago that I would ever be guilty of giving another woman a spiteful little jab such as the one hidden in my last remark. I would have said the idea was preposterous. I am afraid of my mental and moral fiber is getting a bit warped these days. I do not recognize some of the impulses that come to me.

But Mrs. Underwood appeared smoothly unconscious of any hidden meaning in my words. She countered easily:

words. She countered easily:

"Oh, I am so sorry they came there and awakened you. They had been threatening to do it for an hour before they went, but I kept an eye on them. Then some new people came in, and in greeting them I lost sight of Dicky and Harry for, a minute. When I turned to where I had left them they had gone. I wouldn't have had this happen for worlds. Were they much under the weather when they reached your house, and were you frightened."

I feel I am getting to be an accomplished evader of the truth. I flatter myeelf my voice did not hold a single tremor as I answered:

answered:

"Why, you see I didn't see Mr. Underwood at all, so I don't know what state he was in, and it would be rather silly to be frightened by one's own husband, wouldn't it? Besides. I didn't notice anything about Dicky except that he was in unusually high spirits and determined that I should return with them. And I think he was a trifle annoyed because I refused. Then he went away."

"How long ago did they leave?" Lillian's voice held a note of sharpness.

"Oh, perhaps twenty minutes or less," I replied.

"Thon's yes think Dick is a wonderful dancer?"

"Yes. Inck goes out to Penn now. Don't yeu think he is perfectly stunning?"

"I got a darling bunch of flowers from Tommy, last night, and the darlings in between Tommy. And all the little things in between about what he said and she said, and that she and had weren't on speaking terms because she had split a dance with Mr. Not a hint of a conversation on anything but men during an hour's ride. Both of them wrapped up in their one world—"men."

What kind of wives will they make? What kind of a man would marry such a gir?

Living for men, both of them.

Does it were enter their heads that there is lots to learn in this world. lots to read, to give and millions to help?

E. K. II. I do hope nothing has happened to them; they are such reckless scatter-brains when they are together."

"PLEASE TELEPHONE ME" I felt something clutch at my heart. This woman might simply be paying me back in my own coin; this might be only a little stinging dart which she meant should stick in my brain, but I did not think so. I gave her an unwilling mental tribute. She seemed too big a woman to frighten another woman needlessiy. Besides, her voice held real anxiety.

frighten another woman needlessiy. Besides, her voice held real anxiety.

My common sense told me that of all the silly things in the world this worrying over a few minutes unexplained delay of two full-grown men was the silliest. But here was Lillian Gale, experienced woman of the world, plainly anxieus, while I, who had always prided myself upon my poise, was really frightened. But I made up my mind that Mrs. Underwood should never guess I was disturbed.

"Oh. I am sure they are perfectly all right," I said lightly. "They are certainly big enough and old enough to take care of themselves."

"They are nothing but overgrown boys, both of them, with not a morsel of common sense to divide between them," retorted Lillian Gale acidly, "but, unfortunately, there is nothing we can do. By the way, if they turn up there again before morning, or you hear from them, would you mind telephoning me? And if they come back here. I'll phone you, of course, providing you want ms to do so."

My pride urged me to say that it would be unnecessary for her to let me know about the wanderers, but instead I found myself saying:

"Thank you; I shall be giad to do as you

about the wanderers, but instead I found myself saying:

"Thank you; I shall be giad to do as you suggest."

"All right, then. Try to get some sleep," and a click told me that she had hung up the receiver.

The irony of her parting admonition made me smile. Sleep, indeed, with the prospect of telephone calls, the chance of another visit from Dicky and his companion, and the anxiety which she had given me concerning their safety.

MY MARRIED LIFE

"Where did you learn all this, Katie?"
The question slipped out before I could check it. I really did not mean to question a servant concerning her proficiency in caring for "mornings after," but Katie was only too giad to air her knowledge.

"Oh, when I keep house for Meester Graham and does odder men, Meester Graham he not so mooch, but sometimes once, twice cach week when I come in de morning. Meester Atwood or de odders, dey come in after I do, so seeck, and I feex black coffee for heem. I get me nice dress with tips I get for feexing black coffee." Katie's face held a shrewd look, even as she giggled. I made a mental note of a tip which must be given as I turned away.

"Very well, Katie. I am going to read

"Very well, Katis. I am going to read for a while, and you had better go to bed."
"Oh, please, Missis Graham, I no lie down.
I have me Polish paper girl gave me; read about war, out here?"
"Nonsense." I returned. "It is too cold out here. If you must stay up, come into the living room until Mr. Graham comes home."

"All right; tank you; joost as soon as I

feex here."

I returned to the living room and settled myself in the big chair with a book. A few minutes later Katie stole in quietly and sat down near ms, with her Polish paper. She read it intently, lost to everything about her, but I could not fix my mind on the words in front of ms. I read a paragraph over and over in the vain attempt to glean some idea of what it meant. Always the same thought came to ms. "Where was Dicky? Was he hurt, perhaps killed?" There was no possibility of accident which did not come into my mind.

When after an hour of waiting which

When, after an hour of waiting, which seemed four to my mind, the telephone rang again. I did not wait for Katle to answer it, but sprang to take the receiver down myself. It was Dicky's voice that came to

Madge is a spoiled child, and has never had to practice self-denial in her life. But lately she's been so extravagant with her dad's income that he had to call a halt. Now she thinks she's terribly abused, and that her dad is nothing less than unreasonable for expecting her to economise.

Madge came over and asked me to go shopping with her. I promised to check all impulses of undue extravagance. She stopped at the furrier's and asked to see the latest muff and scarf set. After trying on collarettes of moleskin, sealskin and beaver, and stoles and scarfs of chinchilla, fox, sable and skunk, she announced that nothing pleased her fancy but a set of ermine. my ears.

"Hello, sweetheart," I heard; "have you changed your mind yet? We can't go back without you; they wouldn't let us in. Are you ready to go?" emine.

The neckplece was a huge scarflike affair of tailleas ermine, and the medium large muff was barrel-shaped. I saw that Madge was impressed with the set, and unless I set my wits to working quickly she would order it sent home.

I remembered the wide band of ermine, the shawl collar and the broad cuffs of her last year's evening coat of sapphire blue velvet. There was almost enough fur there to duplicate a set such as this one. I pointed out to her how much less expensive it would be to have her fur made into a scarf and muff. She laughed at the idea—Madge has never had "made-overs" in her life—but finally I managed to convince her that it was really a shame to pay out so much money if her fur could be utilized.

We went to her home, ripped the ermine

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Table Covers

Table Covers

Queer indeed are the things chosen by some persons for table coverings. In houses where the floors are spread with rich rugs one will sometimes notice table coverings utterly out of keeping with the surroundings. It is by no means unusual to see a handsome polished mahogany table in the living room with a jarring note in the way of a starched runner of Mexican drawn work linen, or possibly a round cluny lace and linen piece, under the standard lamp. This seems like desecration.

Wash doilles or washable lace affairs, unless unusually rare, odd or interesting, are far from being the correct things to use in living rooms and halls or in any formal room as table covers. Otherwise attractive and artistic effects may be altogether apolied by just such inappropriate things. In general it may be said that white coverings are not suitable for the table in the living room and that it is not necessary to cover the whole table, unless a handsome rug is used.

There are many attractive materials which can be utilized as covers for table tops. Pieces of old brocade or embroidery can occasionally be picked up at uphoistery shops, and if bound with heavy silk or satin in a plain color or with a firm gold braid they make charming table covers. They may be lined with felt or canton fannel. If the cover is meant to hang down over the ends, weights may be used to keep the corners from curling up. Heavy gitt tassels will be an additional touch. keep the corners from curling up. Heavy gitt tassels will be an additional touch.

In the living room of a certain country house the table cover is always remarked on account of its beauty. It is made of a Persian shawl. Moths played havoc with one corner of it, but the rest was turned into the handsomest sort of cover. The rich Persian colorings, with the deep blue border, could not have been found in any other combination of materials.

DIARY OF A WELL-DRESSED GIRL Transforming the Trimmings of an Evening Coat Into a

Smart Muff and Scarf

the lining, and made a few minor changes in the stole. The original had square ends, I suggested that Madge have here pointed and fringed with ermine tails. She liked the idea, and ordered the must trimmed to When the set was finished the furrier sent word for us to come down and see that it was all right. It was far prettier than the original. The furrier agreed with me on this, and Madge was delighted. She says that she will never huy another titus unless I am right at her elbow to keep her from spending too much money.

I wonder what some girls would do if they really had to somemiss?

(Copyright.)

Swiss Protect Goats

In Switzerland the goat is placed ahead of all other animals. If a boy plagues a goat he can be fined and sent to prison. If a person meets a goat on a path and drives him saids he can be arrested. If a goat enters the yard of a person not his owner, and is hit with a club or stone, the person guilty of the offense must pay a fine.

Ban on Carrots

At one period in Holland there was a ban on the sale of oranges and carrots.

The reason was the heatile feeling toward the Stadtholder's family, whose favorite color was orange.

Advice to Newlyweds

It is not paying for the necessaries of life that keeps many people poor; it is paying for the luxuries.

sat all alone on a vast treeless

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Then smackfrom the Cosmos a thought hit my brain!

Beauty Seen of Humble Eyes

We see the clear untroubled skies,
We see the glory of the rose,
And laugh, nor grieve that clouds will rise
And wax with every wind that blows,
Nor that the blossoming time will close,
For beauty seen of humble eyes
Immortal habitation has
Though beauty's form may pale and pass
—John Drinkwater,

Cream of Tartar

is derived from grapes. This means a healthful fruit origin, a natural food, as distinguished from mineral substitutes such as Alum and Phosphate used in cheaper baking powders.

BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar Absolutely Pure

No Alum

No Phosphate

utilized.

We went to her home, ripped the ermine from her coat and looked it over well. The pleces were large, but very much soiled. I assured Madge that they would be as white as swan's down after they had paid a visit to the cleaner. She answered in a resigned manner that she would leave everything to me.

Back we went to the furrier's. I spread the ermine out and asked him how many more skins would be needed to copy the set we had been looking at. He said not more than ten. I told him to go ahead with it and to have it finished as soon as possible. We selected the white brocaded silk for BRAIDING, BEADING, EMBROIDERY

Smart ermine set fringed with tails.

THERE'S one thing I'm going to have this winter if I've got to do without everything else, and that's a real handsome set of furn." Madge Compton said this as we looked through the catalogue of our

Madge is a spoiled child, and has never

Scalloping, Initialing, Buttonholing, Plats-ing, Have you seen our new NECO EDGE? Hemstitching, 5c Yard NOVELTY EMBROIDERY CO.









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and make everybody happy and

satisfied.

Six Kinds 10c Fine

"The Cake That Made Mother Stop Baking"

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In high favor, both because of its dashing, mannish lines and the comfort and support it yields the foot. We have this model in all-tan, all-black gun-metal and in all combinations.

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