USEFUL HINTS FOR WOMAN—LETTERS FROM READERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

WE ARE AGAIN REMINDED OF WOMAN'S INDIRECT INFLUENCE

That "Her Place Is in the Home" and "Doubling Electoral Vote Will Bring No Good Results," the Belief of This Writer

"THE recent extremely close presidential election, in which, especially in the western States, many women participated, and the long delay in receiving authentic returns bring up strongly again the question of whether the woman's vote is of any practical advantage to the country at large or whether it does not only end in increasing the labor of counting the ballots by almost doubling the number of votes, without changing the result.

"It is reasonable to suppose that in the average family, or at least the majority of them, the husband, wife, brother and sister would naturally vote alike; for the obvious reason that their interests are in common. Although, of course, in some instances, there are cases where a father and son are of different political views in general—it is like patriotism—they all think alike, as they are brought up that way.

"Therefore, I contend in the case of woman suffrage as regarding the welfare of the Government and improving present conditions and without denying at all the rights of women (since we all know that there are numerous men and women who, in a number of ways, are totally unfit to vote), simply doubles the amount of ballots without any real good being accomplished in the end.

"By this I mean, especially in the case of married men, to quote the old saying, 'The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the throne.' In other words, in eighty per cent of the average families the wife naturally shares her husband's political opinions, and in some cases, perhaps, dominates them, since obviously their interests would or should lie in the same plane.

"In conclusion I would say that to my mind woman suffrage, while perfectly legitimate and just, is useless, and simply furnishes a hobby for a few idle women, as the average good housewife and mother has ample employment for her time, aside from any political activities."

The foregoing letter from E. A. St. C. seems to me to demonstrate the crying need there is for suffrage for women, the women who are entirely forgotten in the calculations of the domesticated members of their sex. For these latter I certainly believe that "woman's place is in the home," but what of the thousands of women who, whether earning their living or not, have no representation whatever?

If Mrs. St. C. will stop to reflect she can, no doubt, recall many cases of this kind—where there are two, three or four women taxpayers without a single near relative whom they can influence at the polls.

And, of course, there are any number of other reasons equally as good for giving women the ballot, one of these being that the percentage of illiteracy is much higher among men in this country. But why go on? The question is gradually but surely settling itself.

Two Dollars Given for a Letter Every Day

A PRIZE 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.

TODAY'S FASHION

A dainty evening frock of tulle and satin.

THIS charming evening frock is of shell-pink satin with an overdrapery of white tulle. The bodice has draped sleeves hanging from the garland of tiny French roses outlining the low-cut decolletage. The tunic overskirt is of tulle embroidered in silver. A broad girdle of nattier blue satin has a band of silver ribbon threaded through the center. Clusters of roses in tones of pink, yellow and mauve ornament the corsage and the tunic.

(Copyright)

Parting at Morning

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun look'd over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.
—Robert Browning.

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

What Happened Before the Evening Came

"THERE! Now what do you think of your kitchen crock?"

Dicky stepped back admiringly from the dining table, where he had just finished arranging the flowers he had bought in the coarse brown jar against which I had protested to no avail.

To my housewifely mind the idea of a piece of kitchen pottery as a receptacle for flowers was ridiculous, and I had felt much irritation at Dicky not only for putting aside my opinion with a careless quip, as if it were of no importance, but for persisting in carrying the unsightly thing into the dining room and putting the flowers into it.

But as I looked at the yellow daffodils, the white narcissi and the delicate ferns rising out of the dark brown earthen jar I realized the artistic sense that had led Dicky unerringly to select it. Placed carelessly within it, some of the blossoms standing proudly upright, others leaning lovingly over the side of the dish, they looked exactly as if they were rising from the earth where they were grown.

I love flowers so much that the very sight of them mellows me, no matter how upset I am. As I gazed at the exquisite blossoms I felt my irritation at Dicky leave me. After all, he had been right about the jar, and I could not believe he had meant to wound me.

I slipped my hand into his arm. "They are lovely, Dicky," I said softly. "I take it all back about the jar. It is the only thing for these blossoms, isn't it?"

"Of course," Dick replied laconically. "Queer, how some of the cheapest, coarsest pieces of pottery have colorings which are a delight to the eye."

"Dinner all served," announced Katie from the kitchen door. Then her eyes fell upon the table, where Dicky had jumbled dishes and silver in a heap to make room for his arrangement of the flowers, and her face grew dark with anger.

I hastened to avert the storm I knew was brewing.

"Never mind the dishes, Katie," I said soothingly. "Mr. Graham put them to one side when he arranged the flowers. We will put them all back again ourselves. Bring on the dinner."

Katie departed, grumbling under her breath, but I affected not to hear her. I rearranged the dishes and silver, and, when she brought in the oysters, she was serene again.

"Here, Katie." As Dicky finished a large slice of Katie's cream pie, he held out a half dollar to her. "That's in recognition of a mighty good dinner."

"Tank you," rejoined Katie. "I no care if you put dishes on the floor next time."

Dicky frowned slightly as she left the room.

"Too fresh, my dear, that girl," he commented. "Can't you tone her down a little?"

"I felt my old irritation at Dicky's inconsistency rising within me. When he had found that Katie, whom I had engaged as cook, was the girl who had formerly done the housework in the bachelor apartment which he had shared with three other artists, he had been delighted.

"Now I'll have the chance to finish that painting of Poland for which she was posing when she disappeared," he had said to me, and added: "For heaven's sake, Madge, keep her. Put up with anything from her until after I finish that painting."

I remembered the words as if he had just spoken them. The memory of them tinged my speech as I replied:

"You surely do not suppose I like her manner any better than you do? But you told me to put up with anything from her, so that she would stay until after you had finished that painting for which she was posing. There is no surer way of making her angry than to try to 'tone her down,' as you express it. She is positively irrepressible, and, to do the girl justice, I believe it is not freshness, but ignorance and high spirits."

"I suppose no man likes to be put in the wrong, and Dicky is a perfectly normal man. So I was not surprised when he took refuge in a shaft of irony.

"Really, this lecture is extraordinarily interesting. If there is any more coming you ought to charge a fee."

I thanked my stars for Katie's entrance at that moment with the coffee. I could not have trusted my voice to answer Dicky, and Katie's presence, of course, solved the difficulty.

"I am afraid you will have to excuse me now," I said quietly after hastily drinking my coffee. "I must get those sandwiches out of the way as early as possible. Can I do anything for you? You might as well have a comfortable time with your papers before Katie has to clear up the living room."

"Nothing to do for me, only to cut up that cheese Katie bought last night into small pieces. Then when you get your table fixed up I'll come out and put all the things for the rarebit on my end of the table. I understand they don't rarebit in our most recherche circle any more, the poor thing having degenerated into being served on the stage as typifying our middle class's entertainments, but I've never gotten over my liking for them, while Lil and Lester are perfect fiends. Harry rather looks askance at them, isn't quite sure he isn't being commonplace by indulging, but he likes them just the same."

I walked into the living room, and I turned to Katie.

"I'll help you clear the table, Katie, and then you may bring me the sandwich bread and all the things I asked you to get last night. I'll make the sandwiches right here. Bring me the can-opener and a sharp knife. Then you may do the dishes."

The table was soon spread with the things. I had opened two or three of the cans and put the contents into dishes when I heard the doorbell ring. Dicky went to the door, and I heard Lillian Gale's high voice and her husband's deeper tones.

I looked at the clock. It was only half-past 3 in the afternoon. Surely they had not come to stay through the evening at this time!

(Copyright.)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily indorse the sentiments expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows:
THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, *Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.*

The winner of today's prize is Miss Ella M. Gretzmacher, of 2555 North Thirtieth street, whose letter appeared in yesterday's paper.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. When is fresh pork in season?
2. What will remove egg stains from silver?
3. How can pans which have been scorched by food adhering to them be cleaned?

1. How should one address a lieutenant in the navy when speaking to him?
2. How can white felt hats be cleaned?
3. How can black lace be freshened?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. When mixing pastry the most important things to remember are that the dough must be handled as little as possible and that the ingredients must be kept cold.
2. A slice of raw potato rubbed on black cloth which has been stained with mud will remove the stains.
3. Kerosene is excellent for polishing tin.

1. The safest rule to observe, when attending a formal dinner and when puzzled by the array of knives, forks, etc., at each cover, is to begin at the outside and "work in"; if the table has been set correctly the implements which are to be used first are placed at the outer edge on each side.
2. A young girl should always rise from the table and remain standing when an older woman comes over to speak to her in a restaurant.
3. Cotton crepe for children's lighter underclothing will save a great deal of ironing. A fine quality looks very well.

Blankets Made of Paper

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Cut brown wrapping paper or old newspapers into strips about three-quarters of an inch wide and plait them, sewing the plaits together with the same stitch used in straw hats. When using newspapers fold into three thicknesses before cutting into strips for plaiting. These paper blankets may be used between other covers or inclosed between layers of calico or patchwork. They are best made by two persons, one working at each end and with the goods laid flat on a table. In this way a blanket can be made in an hour.

(Mrs.) J. J. O'C.

Cheaper Cuts of Meat Palatably Cooked

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—With the present high cost of living, when many of us find it necessary to resort to every expedient to make ends meet, the following recipes may prove of interest, as by their use the cheaper cuts of meat can be made as palatable and delicious as the higher-priced ones:

Recipe for baked beefsteak—Take round beefsteak, not too thick; cut it in three or small squares. Put in roaster a sufficient quantity to cover the bottom. Sprinkle liberally with flour, salt and pepper to taste, adding several small slices of butter. Then put in another layer of meat and proceed as before. Continue this process until the meat is all used, not forgetting to sprinkle last layer same as the rest. Cover well or more than cover with cold water. Put cover on roaster and place in oven for three and one-half or four hours, basting with hot water as it boils down. This will make a delicious rich gravy. Serve with soda biscuits made as follows: To every cupful of flour take one teaspoonful baking powder, one tablespoonful butter and lard mixed, a pinch of salt. Work all lightly into the flour. Add to this sufficient milk with a well-beaten egg to make a soft dough. Mold into small biscuits with the hand and bake in moderate oven. Serve warm.

Recipe for meat loaf—Two and one-half pounds beef, one-half pound lean fresh pork, ground together; one cup cracker dust, one egg; salt and pepper to taste. Some onion may be added if desired. Mix well and form into a loaf. Put in roaster; pour over the top one cupful of water and put on thin slices of butter. Place cover on roaster and bake about two hours, basting occasionally. Can be served either warm or cold.

(Mrs.) E. H. W.

Keeping the Sewing Room Orderly

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—This afternoon I decided to do some sewing after I had just cleaned my room. Every time I sewed before I always had to go over part of the rug, taking up ends of goods cut when finishing parts, threads, etc. So today, when I started to sew, I kept the top drawer on the right-hand side of the sewing machine half open, and as soon as I cut any threads or ends I put them in the drawer. When I was finished sewing I found the room just as clean as when I started. I trust others will try this, as I am quite sure they can save lots of extra work as well as time.

(Mrs.) D. K. C.

Several Useful Hints

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wrote to you once before; now I am writing again and am sending you some home hints. Although I am only sixteen, I have been married one year and two months, and I know a lot of things.

Please let me know through the paper whether a person may write more than once.

To preserve the life of shoes: Wash the shoes with a little soap on flannel before cleaning with any polish. By washing the shoe before applying polish the leather is prevented from cracking.

Silk dresses should never be brushed, but rubbed carefully with a small piece of velvet kept for that purpose.

Brass cleaning fluid: In one pint of soft water dissolve half ounce oxalic acid; shake well before using, and apply with a woolen cloth, wiping with a dry chamois.

For Thanksgiving—Turkey Preparedness. This means that the turkey may be ready for stuffing, the sweet potatoes boiled for further cooking, the other vegetables made ready and the dessert and cranberries prepared the day before. Thanksgiving morning the turkey must be stuffed, the potatoes fixed in the pan to bake, the squash, onions, cauliflower or other vegetables prepared for cooking.

A HAPPY YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.

Write whenever and as often as you can, Mrs. D. C. I shall always be glad to have suggestions from you.

New Way to Cook Oysters

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Oysters cooked in this way make a delicious dish: In a saucepan put one tablespoonful of butter. Melt and add one tablespoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a little white pepper. Mix smooth and stir in one cupful of milk until it thickens. Add a little anchovy sauce or Worcestershire if liked, put another small dabber of butter into the pan, put in a layer of sauce, then one of oysters, salt and pepper, more sauce and another layer of oysters, cover with small crackers, dot thickly with butter and bake in a quick oven. A half pound of oysters, one cupful of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter are enough for a dish.

(Mrs.) C. F. H.

An Englishwoman Finds Us Lacking

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—In the woman's page of your paper I find a very interesting assortment of articles. About a week ago there was one which I considered particularly good, entitled "Women Should Cultivate the Art of Conversation." I certainly do agree with Miss W. that "girls of today are singularly lacking in heavy stuff," and the advice given—to try to learn about things so that we may command a hearing on worth-while subjects—is the most valuable. Being English and only in this wonderful New World a couple of years, I notice a great difference in birds and trees to those in the old country, and I constantly start the subject to try to find out more about them. But I regret to say that I have been struck by the lack of interest except in a very few cases. Then astronomy is another subject which I think deserves more attention—in its simplest form at first, of course, so that our eyes might be opened to some of God's marvelous works in the heavens.

(Miss) S. F. T.

Pernicious Habit of Spitting

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Won't you please use your influence through your column to break up the ugly, dangerous and almost universal habit of car conductors, train conductors, postmen, salespeople, butchers, bakers, etc., spitting on their fingers while serving us?

Just today on one of the suburban trains I watched the conductor give a duplicate ticket to a woman, and when he was through I said to my friend sitting with me, "Five different places on that ticket are stamped with his saliva." Next time you go in the street car (if you are so unfortunate as to have to use them, especially for long rides), watch the conductor as he gives you and every one who asks for it a transfer. Watch the grocer's boy who wraps your articles; watch the butcher who handles your meats. There is a fine imposed for spitting on the sidewalk. Is it as bad as this habit? I should take my troubles to the Director of Health. I am afraid it would be, like the garbage collection, "outside of his jurisdiction." Dear Madam Whoever-you-are, don't you think this is a matter to be considered and the habit broken by a law, and a fine if necessary?

MARY LANNE.

Every right-thinking person must agree with you; the habit is a dangerous one, aside from the disgusting aspect of it, but I fail to see how a fine would remedy the matter. In spite of the law prohibiting spitting on sidewalks, thousands of men apparently pay no attention to it—witness the unsightly and unhealthy condition of the entrances to subway and elevated trains.

Letter of Appreciation

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wish to express my thanks and appreciation for your kind answer which appeared in this evening's Ledger and wish to add that your advice is the path which I have begun anew to follow.

HEARTBROKEN.

Laxity in Answering Letters

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—A very dear friend of mine recently removed to another city. She promised faithfully to write me long and frequent letters, and to continue the close and happy friendship we had built up. She has been gone two months now, and I have received just two letters and a postal card. They were nice, fat, interesting and chummy letters, just like a visit with the dear girl herself, but—. In each instance she answered my letter about three weeks after she received it.

Now, she does like me, as I like her; she's one of my dearest friends. She likes my letters—has told me so repeatedly, and yet almost a month elapses before she answers them. I mention her case simply because I have found it typical of so many persons I correspond with. Perhaps they are careless, perhaps merely thoughtless, but they are certainly negligent about what I consider their corresponding duties. So many persons write, "I haven't had time to answer sooner"——. That to me is ridiculous, inasmuch as ten or fifteen minutes suffice for an ordinary letter, and a rather big letter can be written in half an hour.

When I receive a letter from a friend of mine I feel it my duty to answer it at least within a week, don't you? I think it is positively rude to allow a friend's letter to go for weeks and even months unanswered. What is your opinion on the subject?

G. M. P.

I quite agree with your theories on the subject of letter-writing; but, on the other hand, like countless others, have often been guilty of letting weeks, or even months, pass before answering letters, even from "dearest friends." Upon receiving a letter one's first impulse is to answer it immediately; I have often thought it would be a good thing to do this and then wait several days before mailing it.

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Leadership counts very largely when the cause is good and is supported by wide-spread appreciation; and we're doing ***our very uttermost*** to keep ***down*** the cost of living, in every city and town, in the territory we cover. The modest income or hard-earned weekly wage is carelessly handled, ***even now,*** if it doesn't cover the necessities of ordinary comfortable living—and leave a snug something for the bank—IF ***you have the opportunity of dealing regularly at a Childs Store.***

Thousands and thousands of families, in four States, are depending on us for this very thing; ***and they're getting high-grade groceries at lowest possible cost.*** They've come to know the satisfaction of trading on sure ground, for they realize what "QUALITY, QUANTITY AND PRICE" mean to the weekly expense account, and they've learned to improve the golden moment of opportunity. Now, this is not "all talk and no cider." ***It's the absolute truth.***

You can cut great slices out of the grocery bill with care and good management, for carelessness is oftentimes the most costly item; and if you have a tendency, like an oyster, to stick fast to the particular spot in which you happen to be, you'll find it interestingly profitable to study the obvious possibilities of "QUALITY, QUANTITY AND PRICE." The highways and byways of grocery buying are very intricate; but there's a street called STRAIGHT, and if you follow along you're sure to come to a Childs Store—***"Where Your Money Goes the Farthest"*** and where exacting taste and every-day prudent economy demand and ***get*** ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION.

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"WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES THE FARTHEST"