

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE COMING CHRISTMAS SEASON—BEAUTY TALKS—FASHION HINTS

EDUCATE PARENTS TO VALUE OF EDUCATION, WRITER SUGGESTS

Are the Children of Foreign-Born Parents Sadly Cheated in Amount of Schooling They Receive Due to Parents' Acquisitiveness?

A LETTER from a young woman, presumably a teacher in the public schools, asks, "What can we do to enlighten the foreign parent regarding education?"

"Many of them," she says, "come to this great land with the determined purpose to acquire money, and in their great desire for wealth, education is rarely given a thought."

"The Department of Compulsory Education compels the child to go to school until sixteen years of age, or until he has reached the seventh grade. As foreign children generally begin school at a late date, they know virtually nothing at the age of sixteen, and the few who do reach the seventh grade know very little."

"The attitude of many foreign parents is to let the children go to school until they are sixteen, and then put them to work. And pray, for what kind of work is such a child fitted? Messenger boys, cash boys, domestic service, menial factory work and other unskilled labor."

"Generally, these children develop into the undesirable citizens, and they, in turn, rear children like unto themselves. Of course, there are exceptions, and once in a generation we hear or read of a great man who began as an errand boy. Can you imagine what he might have been had he been given a real start in life? So much vital energy, youth and hope are expended in crawling out of the abyss of ignorance and illiteracy that oftentimes one falls back out of sheer disgust and exhaustion. If all the foreign parents were given to understand that education, culture and refinement are the only requisites for success, a great benefit would be entailed this land, for then our young would be filled with an earnestness of thought and desire, the desire to grow up into clean, upright and well-informed men and women."

The late George C. Boldt was a shining example of the successful man who began at the very bottom and by sheer determination won his place in the sun.

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 endorse 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 Mrs. Leon B. Neff, of 2321 North Twenty-second street, whose letter appeared in yesterday's paper.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is safe as a hair? 2. How can curtains be made to hang evenly? 3. How can a frame for an electric-light shade be made?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. If a cork is fitted into the spout of a teacup the water will come to a boil more rapidly. 2. Some of the many uses to which wooden spoons can be put in a kitchen are: To open milk bottles, to roll up curtains, to hold "piles-in-blankets" together and to wash the crevices in fancy china or glass. 3. A hot-water bag which leaks can be mended temporarily with a piece of adhesive plaster.

Cranberry Recipes

To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Cranberries are at their best now, and a good standby during the winter here are not beyond the average purse. Here are a few good recipes.

Cranberry Jelly—One quart of cranberries, one cup of water, one quart of sugar, one quart of fruit, one quart of cranberries, one quart of fruit, one quart of cranberries, one quart of fruit.

Rice Water for Starching To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—On washday hot rice, allowing three parts of water to each part of rice, is used. The rice is washed until the water is clear. When the water is clear, the rice is added in small quantities and the water is stirred until the rice is thoroughly wet. The rice is then drained off through a colander and the rice is dried in a warm place. The rice is then washed in a colander and the water is stirred until the rice is thoroughly wet. The rice is then drained off through a colander and the rice is dried in a warm place.

Keeping White Silk Waists White To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I find that there are very few who know the simple method of keeping white silk and crepe de chine from becoming yellowed when washed. I shall give it here. When the dress or waist is washed, just be sure to use a dash of lemon juice as a preservative. If this is done one can keep silk and crepe de chine white and as good as new.

Oysters with Mushrooms To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Here is another oyster recipe: Boil two dozen oysters in their own liquor for two minutes. Drain them and add a dash of lemon juice. Then add a dash of butter for five minutes, season with salt and white pepper, and add the oysters. A dash of lemon juice will add the zest. You can use a small amount of butter and a small amount of lemon juice. Serves four. MRS. W. W. B. B.

Orange Charlotte To the Editor of the Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Can you give me a recipe for orange charlotte that will prove satisfactory? HELENOR D. P.

One envelope instant gelatin, one cup boiling water, three egg whites, one cup orange juice, one cup sugar. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water, add the sugar and orange juice, then mix all well together. When fully combined add the whites of the eggs, which have been beaten with very stiff beat for ten minutes, then pour into a mold which has been lined with white paper. When set, cut and serve with cream.

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

What Would You Do?

I HAD walked a long way from the door of my apartment before I recovered from the shock of my neighbor's insolence.

Of course, I realized that she had no idea I could overhear her words when she had said to her maid: "Oh! that woman from across the hall, I suppose I shall have to see her."

Upon thinking it over, I was a trifle ashamed of the childish rage that had made me walk away from my neighbor's door without waiting for the maid to come back with the grudging invitation to come in.

I should have waited in a dignified manner and declined the invitation, saying that I only wished to inquire after the baby's welfare—which was the truth.

But the incident, drawing words had made me so angry that I could not have controlled my feelings if I had met the woman who uttered them.

To think that the woman, whose baby had been brought almost dying into my apartment the night before, when she was alone, should consider it a bore to meet me!

Why, if it had not been for the skill and promptness of Lillian Gale and the assistance all of us had given her, the baby might now be dead!

I felt that I had read her and her husband correctly the night before when I thought them unshakable and ill-bred.

"Look out, lady! Why don't you look where you are going?"

A policeman's hand grasped my arm and swung me out of the path of an automobile bus. I looked around, startled. I had been so absorbed in my angry thoughts that I had not noticed in the least where I was walking. Here I was in the middle of Fifth avenue, its many vehicles of all kinds darting up and down!

"Don't you ever do that again. You might have been killed!"

The officer's voice held a note of anger, for which I did not blame him. If anything had happened to me he probably would have had to bear part of the blame.

"Where do you want to go, anyway?" he grumbled. Evidently he did not intend to lose sight of me until I should be started safely on my way.

I searched my brain wildly for an answer. Where did I want to go? If I should tell this insolent policeman the truth, "Anywhere for a walk," I felt that he would rock upon me with suspicion.

The sight of another automobile bus lumbering up the avenue gave me an inspiration.

"I want to take a bus," I said. "All right, lady, I'll take you over to it. You want to remember next time that they stop on this side of the street."

He still grasped my arm firmly as if he suspected me of an intention to run away from him. I entered the bus and sat down. Then I had a sudden thought. Why not ride outside? It is one of my favorite summer diversions, the ride on the top of the big bus, although I had never ridden there in the winter time. But the day was unusually mild, almost like spring, although it was January, and I was warmly clad.

Indeed, I had found my heavy long coat very oppressive in my walk. It would be just the thing for a ride.

As I paid my fare, I spoke to the conductor. "Is there room on the top?"

He grinned widely. "Plenty of room, lady."

When I climbed the winding stairs to the top, I found his words were only too true. One man, enveloped in a big fur coat and smoking vigorously, sat in a rear seat. The rest of the seats were empty.

I would have turned and gone down again but I did not like to face the conductor's

doctor's wild grin, so I walked calmly to the front seat of the bus, always my favorite when I can get it, and settled down to enjoy my ride.

All the while and his wife appeared to be on the avenue. My seat on the front of the bus was like a box seat in a theatre. From it I could look down on the people below. I could see beautifully costumed women in automobiles and on foot, and bustling them closely came numbers of other women in the cheapest kind of clothing, yet all of it carefully imitating the costlier styles.

The men whom I saw looked prosperous, too. Some of them hurried by with the preoccupied air that belongs to the city business man. Others strolled along as if the morning's walk was the only thing to occupy their minds.

My thoughts came to a stop opposite the great public library building, blocked by one of the frequent "Forty-second street jams." I saw one of these strollers lift his head and look toward the top of the bus where I sat. I recognized him with a queer little sinking feeling at my heart. It was Harry Underwood.

My doubts for this man was becoming almost an obsession. It was not lessened by the unreasoning little fear that crept over me whenever I saw him.

As he raised his face I looked up with a smile which, even in the face of my aversion to him, I had to admit was charming. He took off his hat and bowed to me; then, with a swift measuring glance at the distance between him and the door of the omnibus, started toward it.

I had a feeling of panic. Evidently he meant to interrupt the steps of the bus and share my ride.

What should I do?

(Continued Tomorrow)

Walnut Flakes Clean one cupful butter, beat in one and one-half cupfuls granulated sugar, three egg-beaten eggs; then add one and one-half cupfuls flour sifted with one teaspoonful soda, half teaspoonful salt, two cupfuls raisins and one cupful of one-half cupfuls nuts. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased buttered tin, then spread out thin. Bake in moderate oven.

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WELL-DRESSED GIRL'S DIARY

Serge the Favorite of Fashion

THE serge frock earned for itself the reputation of being all that is practical and serviceable in dress. There has always been an "institution" air about the plain, neat serge frock. No one would have dared to attach the adjective "cosy" to any garment made of this material.

It was a fabric whose excellent wearing qualities recommended it to the uses of all who had to practice the rigid rules of economy. But things have changed since the favored fabric of fashion.

Frocks of serge are disguised by a lavish use of trimming or they are a delightful combination of two materials. They are "snappy" and "ravishing." To wear a serge frock nowadays means that you are keeping abreast with fashion and not that your dress allowances is small.

Quite the richest combination for a one-piece frock is serge and velvet. The very finest French serge of that smart shade called "corbeau blue" is used to fashion a stunning model trimmed with bands of velvet of the same tone, ermine and embroidery. It is one of the new fastened-down-the-back frocks, with a rather snugly fitted bodice and medium-wide skirt. The rounded yoke is a solid mass of chenille and tinsel embroidery. In antique tones of blue and red intermingled with gold. It is decidedly medieval in character. This attractive note of trimming is repeated in a wide grille.

Bands of ermine border the short cap sleeves, below which extend the tightly fitted, sottiseves. Three bands of velvet

border the skirt, and patch pockets of the same material ornament the front. The latest version of the "chemise" frock cannot help but win your approval. It is a charming combination of dark blue serge and black satin. The broad panel front of serge is effectively ornamented with metallic and silk embroidery in medieval coloring. The long satin sleeves

have cuffs of the embroidery, and a broad grille of satin defines the low waistline. The sides of the skirt are of black satin, and a shallow yoke and collar of white satin contribute the modish touch of contrast. The serge frock has come into its own at last! Copyright

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