

WOMAN'S REALM—CONTAINING A VARIETY OF USEFUL INFORMATION—HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

IS LUCK ALWAYS RUNNING AGAINST YOU IN BUSINESS?

The People Who Seem to Have Been Born Under an Unlucky Star—How Many of Them Do You Know?

IF YOU feel that you have had a fair measure of success in your business ventures, possibly this is not for you. But if, on the other hand, you are one of those to whom fate has dealt an ill-assorted hand you may be interested.

I know so many girls, and men, too, for that matter, who have been "unlucky" in this respect. Almost invariably they are very "talky," otherwise how should the world know how badly they have been treated? How, indeed?

One man of my acquaintance is like this. As a boy, he was always getting into trouble and just as surely getting out of it with the help of his dotting mother. At school Willie was always the "goat" when things went wrong. While all the "fellows" used ponies, it had to be Willie who was caught.

He went out for the team at college, but although he sat on the sidelines wrapped in a blanket for three years he never got his letter. Of course the others had pulls, it was easy to see. For the same reason he was kept out of the fraternity he was dead anxious to make.

When Willie entered business he very unaccountably consented to accept anything small—at the start. Just beginning at the bottom, you know. Of course in a few months they would see that he was really fitted for big things.

But somehow, although he has never been absent—well, once or twice perhaps, and is rarely late except when the trains delay him, other men, mere boys, have come in and been promoted right over his head.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'm never unselfish I know But sometimes I almost believe When I look at what's handed to me It's more blessed to give than receive.



No, Willie NEVER had been given a square deal.

His friends wonder why any one with his ability should not get along. For he is attractive, has plenty of that intangible thing called personality and is a good talker. In fact, so interesting a talker is he that he is invariably "up stage."

One leaves him with a full knowledge of his ideas and his opinions. He is a source of information. But what, I have often wondered, does Willie gain from his monologues?

There is a comedy running in New York this winter, and in it one of the characters is made to say to another, "Say, don't you know that you were given one month and two ears for a purpose?"

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

Why Madge Dreaded the Dinner With Jack

LEVERN o'clock! I looked at my watch again to make sure that I was right. It was time for me to telephone Jack's old apartment to see if he had yet arrived.

I moved toward the telephone, then remembered that I had forgotten the number of the Hotel Alfred, the old-fashioned Greenwich "village" tenement where Jack had established bachelor quarters years before when things began to go well with him in his profession. The rooms were always kept for him, that when he returned from any of his long trips he had at least the semblance of a home to welcome him.

I stopped short as I realized that I had forgotten the number. Nothing could have brought home to me so vividly the strength of my feeling for my husband as did the simple failure to remember a telephone number.

I had called that number literally hundreds of times. My distant cousin, Jack Hickett, the only brother I had ever known, was the one person besides myself that my invalid mother trusted and loved most in the world. It was one of her pleasures, during her short last year, to talk to him over the telephone. I had called his number for her daily for months before she died.

And now in one short year my mother had died and Jack had gone for a year's trip to the wilds of South America. In his absence I had met and married Dicky. Until I received Jack's letter announcing his return I had almost forgotten his existence, so absorbed had I been in Dicky. No wonder the telephone number had fled my memory.

The telephone directory lay upon a stand near me. I picked it up and turned to the A's.

What a bulky thing the directory was! I carried it to the table, laid it down and drew up a chair that I might hunt for the number comfortably.

But no Alfred Hotel met my gaze. I ran my finger down the column "H. H. Alfred, Mrs. H. H. Alfred, the Alfred Apartments," but no hotel.

I was about to ask "central" for the information desk, when with an exclamation of "stupidity," I turned to the "C's." Of course, here it was under the heading "Hotel Alfred, Stuyvesant 4689."

How familiar it looked when the printed page recalled to me my own name. I shut the book and moved toward the telephone, when its familiar ring started me.

Jack must be calling me! Hurrying to the telephone, I took down the receiver.

"Hello!" I did not know my own voice, it was so strained. No wonder, for I had been at the other end of the wire did not recognize it.

"Hello!" It was Jack's voice; the heavy tones, with a suggestion of hoarseness, were so strange. No wonder, for I had been at the other end of the wire did not recognize it.

"This is Margaret Spencer here." So Mrs. Stewart had kept her word! He did not yet know that I was married! I breathed a little sign of thankfulness. I wanted to tell him that news myself.

"This is Margaret, Jack," I said quietly. "Margaret! You? Why, what's the matter with your voice, dear? I would have sworn 'til now it was as clear as a bell. I don't recognize it at all. Is anything the matter?"

"THE OLD PLACE" "The same old, lonely old-time 'brother' I had known all my life. How good it seemed to hear his voice again. 'Nothing at all is the matter. I am perfectly well and everything is all right. I don't think I need to ask how you are. You sound provokingly healthy.'"

I heard him laugh, the deep-throated rattle which had so often cheered my mother's sickroom.

"Go, but it seems good to hear you again," he exclaimed. "How soon can I see you?"

"Why, at any time," I answered. "I have saved today for you."

"Good! Shall I come for you, or will you meet me? I see you have moved. I telephoned the old place and Mrs. Stewart gave me your new number. What's the matter with her, anyway? I started to ask her

about you, and she cut me off as if she were angry at something."

"Shall I answer your questions in the order they are asked?" I inquired lightly, in order to gain time to think. Of one thing I am certain—Jack must not come to the apartment after me. It would mean Dicky's anger if he found it out, and of course I would not think of keeping the knowledge from him.

"Any way you like," Jack returned, "just so I see you as soon as possible."

"Well, then, first, I will meet you. I'll be ready to start in a few minutes, so we would only waste time if you came after me. Second, yes, I have moved. Third, I think Mrs. Stewart is cross because I moved away from her home. I will tell you about it when I see you."

"All right, where do you want to eat, the old place?"

"By all means."

"Let me see, the Trovingham is just across the corner from Brown's. Suppose on a nice evening to the ladies' parlor of the Trovingham, the Thirty-eighth street entrance, and I'll be there. How long will it take you to get there?"

I made a rapid mental calculation. "About half an hour."

"All right. That's an awful long time to wait to see you, but I suppose it can't be helped. Good-by."

"Good-by!" I hung up the receiver and walked to my room. I was all ready for Mrs. O'Haffery, the woman who cleans his offices, who "opened his eyes." She told him, straight from the shoulder, that she wouldn't work for him any longer, even though she had scrubbed his floors for eleven years, unless he doubled her wages, as it cost twice as much to live as it did last year.

I knew that it must have taken a pretty wild shock to turn his thoughts toward such things. I finally managed to "worm" it out of him. He confessed that it was Mrs. O'Haffery, the woman who cleans his offices, who "opened his eyes." She told him, straight from the shoulder, that she wouldn't work for him any longer, even though she had scrubbed his floors for eleven years, unless he doubled her wages, as it cost twice as much to live as it did last year.

Blessings on the head of Mrs. O'Haffery, for I have her to thank for all my pretty new frocks and fur-bows, the latest of which is the hat I bought to wear to the Fagion-Glenn wedding. Mother insisted that not any of my cheapest were dressy enough for formal afternoon wear.

I put it on and fastened it, then adjusted my hat, a small black velvet affair, and put on my coat, a three-quarter-sleeved wrap of fresh white gingham and drew them on. I fastened them slowly. I was beginning to have an unaccountable dread of this dinner with Jack.

(Copyright.) (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Ham Toast

Grind or chop cooked ham until you have one cup, using a little of the fat, as that improves the flavor. Melt one tablespoon flour; stir, and add soon as blended add one cup sweet milk. Thicken slightly, then add the ham and the white of two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over round slices of toast, which have been placed on a platter. Grate or chop the yolks of the eggs and sprinkle over the top. Garnish with parsley. Children, oysters or roast beef may be used instead of the ham.

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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. Charles Thompson, of Ridley Park, whose letter appeared in yesterday's paper.

- TODAY'S INQUIRIES 1. What spice can be used as a substitute for mustard in preparing a "mustard" plaster? 2. How can rust stains be removed from fabric? 3. What is the best way to scrape cake or bread if it has browned too much?

- ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES 1. A tough breakfast can be made more tender by hanging it up for a time and washing it over with vinegar. Then after taking it down wipe with a clean, dry cloth and pour over it four or five spoonfuls of olive oil and the juice of a lemon. Set in a cold place for several hours before cooking. 2. The color of green vegetables can be retained when cooking by adding a pinch of baking soda to the water or by keeping the lid off while boiling. 3. If potatoes are to be baked they should first be scrubbed clean, then rubbed with olive oil; this will keep the skins thin and soft.

Care of Gas Range To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I have had many persons who have trouble with their gas ranges and do not know the cause. I have found that the pipes and burners become clogged with dirt and never have a particle of trouble with it. This is the way I do it: 1. Almost all ranges come apart, therefore take the burners out and put them in a solution of soda water, about a heaping cup of soda to two pails of water. Allow to boil about fifteen minutes. 2. Remove the burners from the water and you will find that the grease has been burned off. 3. Wash the burners with a brush and soap. 4. If the burner is clogged with dirt, take a long stout wire and run it through the burner pipe to remove what is clogging it. 5. Run and oil thoroughly to prevent rusting. Afterward, if you prefer to clean the range, it will keep the best for being clean. You will often find that grease accumulates on the sides of the burner pipes. Rub this with a little of the solution by applying with a brush and scrape off with a knife. After you have finished you will find that your range burns almost like a new one. B. S. S.

Weekly Expenditure for Food To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I saw an inquiry in your column the other day regarding an allowance of \$15 for table expenses for three adults and your answer that some people live on \$10. Now I would be greatly obliged to you or if some older and more experienced housekeeper than I am could help me. I have a family of three adults and a baby one year old, and I do all my own washing and scrubbing, which costs me \$1.00. I also clean, scrub and polish my furniture. My girl refuses to wash them. This averages with \$1.00. I have a small stove, and I use a lot of fuel. With the present price of coal and butter and the general advance, there still remains only \$1.00 on less than \$10 every week, and I cannot possibly afford to live on this. I would like to know what you would advise me to do. I have a very grateful and kind heart and would be glad to hear how others manage. NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

Box With Lid Useful To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I keep a wooden box on my back stove with a lid for a door fastened to the front with strips of leather for hinges and a latch on it. When I am cooking a piece of candy, a bowl of fruit or a pie in a hurry for dinner I set it in the box, and the heat of the stove keeps it warm. The lid is made of small boards and is held in place by the sides of the box. The lid is made of small boards and is held in place by the sides of the box. The lid is made of small boards and is held in place by the sides of the box.

Directions for Whipping Cream To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Kindly print a recipe for whipped cream. It is best to buy the special whipping cream, as this is thicker than the ordinary kind. I have found that it can be whipped more readily in a deep bowl, using a patent egg beater. First, have the cream cold. As the thick whipped portion of the cream rises skim it off and place it in a shallow bowl. Some cooks advocate using a shallow dish and an old-fashioned wire egg beater, whipping until the cream is a rich mass and not skimming it off. One or two spoonfuls of powdered sugar will give it more stiffness. The quantity usually doubles itself in the whipping.

Delicious Vegetable Dish To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Following is a recipe for what we think a very nice vegetable dish. Heat one quart of water and add one or two carrots and one onion and season. Cover with water and boil until done, add a little salt and a few drops of butter. Season to taste. Finish boiling, then thicken a little with corn and water. Potatoes cooked in this way are also very nice. Mrs. A. M. L.

To Cleanse the Hair To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Can you please tell me what you use to clean the hair? I have tried many things and have not found one that I like. I would like to know what you use. I have tried many things and have not found one that I like. I would like to know what you use.

Tartar From the Teeth To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Some time ago you printed directions for removing tartar from the teeth. Will you please give me the name of the medicine you used? I have tried many things and have not found one that I like. I would like to know what you use.

Marriage License in New York To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Kindly advise me as to the following: At what age can a girl and boy obtain a marriage license in New York? Are there any persons concerned by residents of the State of New York? There is no established age limit for either sex under which the consent of parents is required in New York. It is not necessary to be residents of the State nor is identification required.

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DIARY OF A WELL-DRESSED GIRL

A Hat for Afternoon Wear

"THE Lord be with a cheerful giver," quoted mother when dad announced that he was going to increase our allowance. "John and I were just thinking about striking for higher wages since the price of everything wearable has climbed so high."

What puzzled me was to know what prompted dad to give us such a handsome "raise." For years we've "worried along" on the same amount. Dad is so worried in his by his wavy old law books that he never thinks about the high cost of dressing. "The prices of millinery and footwear are Greek to him."

I knew that it must have taken a pretty wild shock to turn his thoughts toward such things. I finally managed to "worm" it out of him. He confessed that it was Mrs. O'Haffery, the woman who cleans his offices, who "opened his eyes." She told him, straight from the shoulder, that she wouldn't work for him any longer, even though she had scrubbed his floors for eleven years, unless he doubled her wages, as it cost twice as much to live as it did last year.

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(Copyright.) (CONTINUED TOMORROW)



A picture hat of silver lace.

One of the smart milliners is having a pair of imported models. Mother and I decided that it was wise to look them over. There are rumors about that Elanor Glenn and Lester Woodworth will be married next month.

(Copyright.)



Are your children up to this standard? There is nothing that tells so accurately—so inevitably—how well a child is thriving—what its physical condition is—as its weight. Compare the weights of your children with this table. It is from the work of the greatest American authority on the care and feeding of children.

Table with columns for Boys and Girls, age in years, and weight in pounds. Data points range from 1 year of age (20-25 lbs) to 14 years of age (98-100 lbs).

If your children do not come up to this standard—and you ask your doctor about it—the first thing he will ask you is "What do you give them to eat?" Every child should have delicious, sustaining, tissue-building, energy-giving, digestible food. The food which combines these in the highest degree—the food you should get for tomorrow's breakfast is Cream of Barley—buy it from your grocer today. Cream of Barley The Energy Food