

PERSTITIOUS GIRL—HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD HINTS—EXCHANGE OF LETTERS—BEAUTY TALKS

THE MANY WOMEN WHO ARE PREY TO SOME ABSURD SUPERSTITION

One Sees Them Every Day—The Girl Who Will Not Walk Under a Ladder or Considers It "Bad Luck" to Sit Thirteen at Table

NO, I'M not superstitious, but I don't care to walk under that ladder. True, it may be, the girl who said this had a genuine fear of the ladder falling on her, but ten to one she is sneakingly afraid of bad luck.



Vyvettes

The top of this hat has been tilted very rakishly upward to display a wonderful crop of winter roses. The lady tries to look unconcerned under this wealth of hothouse flowers by focusing her gaze on her beauty spot.

would not be divided, and if by chance they were, the correct thing I believe was to cross the fingers or murmur "bread and butter," or something equally nonsensical. Then there is the thirteen-at-table scare, or cutting in through a funeral cortege—breaking a mirror—turning back after one has left the house, and, oh, ever so many more.

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

KATIE opened the door of the gas oven to look at the potatoes which were baking in it. I knew by the look on her face as she shut the door that they were browning satisfactorily. I hated to disturb the content which I knew was hers, but my mother-in-law's wish made it imperative that I do so.

"Oh, Missis Graham," Katie's voice was full of a pretty pride. "Those potatoes foot bawking lovely. Now I feex dot steak. You feint lunched too late, may come Katie queeck. Meester Graham, he not say so soon."

"I know, Katie," I soothed, "but you need not broil the steak for a while. Mr. Graham's mother is feeling ill and cannot eat any luncheon now, so we will wait until she has had a little nap. Will you be able to keep the potatoes hot, do you think, or had we better bake more?"

"Now not you think of dot?" Katie addressed the kitchen walls with vehemence. "Dot lunch no good after awhile." Then she evidently thought of my question about the potatoes, for she opened the oven door and looked at them critically.

"Why, that will be very nice, Katie," I said. "The luncheon will not be spoiled after all. I am so glad you have not yet started to broil the steak. Now will you please go to Mrs. Graham's room? She wishes you to help her; she is not very well, you know, so you will help her whenever she wishes you to do so."

"I no like to help old sick vimmens," she muttered. "I fead."

Across my mind flashed the remembrance of the day when I had first told Katie Dicky's mother was coming to live with us. She had threatened to leave and I had finally dragged the reason from her. A curious old-world superstition that old women sometimes turned into witches and killed people oppressed her. Lillian Gale had finally reduced her to the plainness she had remained. But here was her superstition rearing its head again.

"Is it safe?" I had to think quickly, and the whole problem went through my brain in an instant. I simply could not lose Katie in the combination of circumstances confronting me. In a week I was to take the club position which offered me the prospect of becoming my very own. I could see that my mother-in-law's whims would be unbearable if I were alone with her all day.

"On the other hand, I could not antagonize Mrs. Graham further by refusing her Katie's services. I spoke quickly, sternly: "Katie, I thought you had put that sense out of your head. Mrs. Underwood and Mr. Graham and I all have told you that was a silly and wicked idea. Besides, Katie—I purposely made my voice very significant—"I tried to be very kind to you about that la valiere of mine. I expect you to try to please me."

"The ruse worked. Katie looked up quickly. "I feex dot you say," she said humbly. "That is right, Katie," I laid my hand kindly on her shoulder. "Now hurry in to Mrs. Graham."

"I feex my potatoes fead," she said, rebelliously. "No, no, Katie," I knew just how impatient the imperious woman in the front bedroom must be waiting to attend to the potatoes. "Hurry, please."

"All right, den," And Katie hurried out. I turned out the gas in the oven and opened the drawer where Katie kept a pile of clean clothes to relieve its plainness save a strip of embroidery at the base of the neckline and side plaits that are extended well over the shoulders. The sleeves are of the cloth I laid them in a hot roasting pan and put them back in the oven.

"There," I thought to myself, "when Katie broils the steak she can take off the clothes and the potatoes can finish baking." As I closed the oven door, the kitchen softly opened and Dicky put his head into the room.

"Is it safe to enter?" he queried innocently. "Why not?" "I thought perhaps the mater might have gotten on your nerves."

"Oh, no, she hasn't bothered me at all," I returned airily and untruthfully. "Katie is making a splendid impression. I smiled understandingly. "Dicky grinned back at me, although there was a worried look in his eyes. "I do hope mother likes Katie." His tone intimated that this was a question of the utmost importance.

"Why?" "For the life of me I could not help the boy little monochromatic. Dicky hesitated a moment before answering. "Because, Madge," he said finally, "I am afraid if mother doesn't like her we will have to get rid of Katie. Mother is awfully particular about the personality of any one who waits upon her. When we were all keeping house together I have known her to change maids seven or eight times in a month until she got one to suit. Used to cost her a bit too. Each girl, of course, was entitled to her week's wages, and mother never waited till the week was up, just packed her off whenever she did anything that didn't come up to her standard."

"Are you in earnest?" I faced him in astonishment. "Why, of course, I am not talking for fun. Do you realize what you are saying? What are you implying? Have you thought your mother here to be mistress of this establishment? Do you expect me to be treated as a child or one of the maids? If you—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Madge," Dicky interrupted, "please spare me one of your lectures. I simply speak you to consider my mother a warden in engaging a maid and you immediately go up in the air over it. Gee! I can see where I'm going to have a nice, pleasant time trying to be a buffer between a funny mother and a cranky wife."

And Dicky strode from the room with the air of a martyr, leaving me shocked at his selfishness and with a very lively dread of what was coming.

(Copyright.) (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

TODAY'S FASHIONS



This frock is of midnight blue silk. A china blue satin frock.

ALL dress roads at present seem to lead to Japan. The weavers of fabric reproduce the colorful designs from ancient Japanese porcelain; the milliner creates wonderful bits of headgear built about a single medallion of Japanese embroidery or a tassel, while the modiste finds an endless source of inspiration in the graceful garments native to Japan and trims them with gorgeous embroideries and Oriental beads. Many of the evening gowns and simpler frocks for morning wear show the Japanese influence now predominating in the world of fashion.

There is an infinite variety of practical one-piece frocks of silk or light-weight worsted materials, with trimming-touches of Japanese embroidery, that will occupy a very prominent position in every well-bedecorated wardrobe.

China-blue satin, of a dark tone, was used for the charming frock, with strapings of blue and white Japanese embroidery. The bodice is unusually simple, having nothing to relieve its plainness save a strip of embroidery at the base of the neckline and side plaits that are extended well over the shoulders. The sleeves are of the cloth I laid them in a hot roasting pan and put them back in the oven.

The skirt is full and gathered about the waist line. Two bands of the embroidery are arranged about the top to produce a shallow yoke effect. Loose panels of the satin, trimmed with bands of the embroidery, ornament each side of the front.

A smart frock for street wear is fashioned of midnight blue tussah silk. The bodice has a rounded neckline, finished with a picot-edged frill of the silk. A rounded medallion of Japanese embroidery, in which dull red, blue, yellow and black are artistically blended, trims the bodice front. The long sleeves have deep cuffs of the embroidery, and two rows of embroidered buttons extend from the base of the waist line at the back over the shoulders and well into the skirt in the front.

The skirt flares wide at the hem, but fits snugly over the hips. Pockets outlined with bands of the Japanese embroidery ornament the front panel.

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS

How to Make a "Perfect" Pie Crust

THERE are nine and ninety ways of making pie crust, and every single one of them is right, provided the cook knows exactly how to manipulate her particular recipe. But, although the great American pie is consumed so much more often than any other one dessert—there is even a superstition that in some sections of the country pie is served regularly for breakfast—nevertheless, the pie crust that is really crust, not paste, and perfectly edible without any remorseful effects at all, is no common thing. In fact, I have known many restaurant habitués of both sexes to expose the kinds of pie they were used to by not even touching the crust at all, but consuming only the filling of the pie.

Too often the pie we eat have moist, pasty crusts. But if you want pie at its best, be sure the crust is crisp and rather dry. It should taste more like a shortbread than a French pastry. Once the dough for the pie is formed it should be handled as little as possible, and not rolled too frequently.

Also, while the board should be floured, be careful not to use too much flour. The less flour absorbed by the dough after it is rolled from the mixing bowl on to the board the better the crust. There are several modern helps for pie-making in the shape of special boards and rollers. There is the glass rolling pin, always cold, and which does not adhere to the crust mixture as the old-time wooden rolling pin did unless it was very much floured.

Other helps are the various boards or substitutes for boards. Until the war cut down the number of aluminum articles manufactured due to shortage of aluminum, a very excellent aluminum plate for rolling dough was made. Some of these are still available at stores, and they prevent sticking. Perhaps you are fortunate enough to have a kitchen cabinet or a table with aluminum top that can be used for the same purpose.

Here is a recipe for pie crust: One and one-half cupsful of flour, one-third cupful of butter and lard mixed, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder together. Add the butter and lard, and mix shortening are covered with flour. Add cold water sufficient to make a stiff dough. Toss on a lightly floured board. Roll out lightly tablespoonful. Fold over once. Roll out one to size of pie plate. Fit in pie plate and cover the edge of the plate well.

Below you will find another pie crust recipe: One and one-half cupsful of flour, one-third cupful of lard, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift the dry ingredients. Flour the blade of a case knife and with it chop the lard into the flour. As soon as all particles of fat are covered with flour add water enough gradually to make a paste. It should be crumbly, but should stick together, and no particles should adhere to the sides of the bowl. Then toss on the board, roll in the flour with the knife, and roll into the shape and size desired.

Incidentally, it may be added that the new casserole—either the earthen or the glass types—come in pie-plate shape and are excellent aids to pie making, as well as making their service easier.

(Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB Along the street the candy stores And toy shops cast alluring spells But best of all I like to pass The baker's with its gorgeous smells.



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.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. What kind of material should be used in making pillow slips for invalids?
2. Can rubber erasers be cleaned?
3. When eggs have been broken and are not to be used immediately, what will help to keep them?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. Vegetables should never be served in individual side dishes, but should be placed on the dinner plate with the meat.
2. The napkin should be unfolded and placed in the lap immediately after sitting down to the table. The hostess usually gives the cue by unfolding hers.
3. A fork should be used when eating a chocolate relish.

Heart Problems

Dear Madam—I have been in love with a girl of nineteen years since November of 1915. In June of last year she proposed to me. I was in a hurry to accept her because I had just finished my term, however, she has given me no opportunity to spend an evening with her. She says she has no time. I know she is obliged to me, but I am sure she could manage to spend an evening with me. I would like to be better to break with her, or wait until she can give me some time.

It seemed to me, my dear C. J. G., if you contemplated matrimony in January you are a bit late about it. If you were both in earnest, I think you would have found a way to meet if not in the evening, at some time during the day. If the young woman promised to marry you in January I should say it was "up to you," so to speak, to go to it, and if she is not willing to be held to it, then, as she has evidently changed her mind, you should release her from her promise, as she cannot care for you enough to marry you. The only thing to do is to have a plain talk with the girl about it. This matter is for life, remember, not a matter of a few weeks or months, so go to her and tell her your feelings about it and either win her or make the break final.

Would Earn Money

Anxious.—Beyond the information already given, I am afraid I can give you little help. The safest and surest way of earning money is to take a regular position. As I know nothing of your capabilities, I can make no suggestions regarding work at home. This you must seek for yourself through the advertising columns of the newspapers or through your friends. I am sorry I cannot help you, and will be glad to be of assistance in any other way if I can.

Persistent Cough

Dear Madam—Please let me know through your good cough medicine. My daughter is troubled with a cough. I have tried different things and their medicines help only a while. I hope you will be able to let me know a good remedy. My daughter is in her teens. Also, can you give me a remedy for cold in the head?

I am sorry, Mrs. W., but I can give you no medical advice. If your little daughter's cough is persistent she should have the attention of a reliable physician.

Living Alone in New York

Dear Madam—My sister is very talented and has always longed to be an actress. She is twenty years old, with the "come hither" look in her eye, but is as innocent as a baby. She has read much and when twelve years old in detail how a young girl can live in New York. She has \$1000 a month of her own, but knows no one there. How can she approach the managers? Do you consider it safe for her to apply to the managers and go to the rooms of their offices, or should she hire a chaperone? Should she be permitted to receive guests in her room? How can she manage to live alone in a hotel?

With a settled income, your sister should be able to manage quite nicely in New York. There is a hotel in the metropolis exclusively for women, and a young girl could make her home there. If she has determined on the stage as a career, I should think she would be sufficiently independent to dispense with the services of a chaperone. It would be better to seek the advice of some one who is familiar with the theatrical world in regard to the necessary steps to take in obtaining a position.

Significance of Valentines

Dear Madam—Kindly inform me what a red valentine means. I love you, or I hate you? Also, please publish in your valentine column how to read fortunes by cards—what each card means. ODDY HEAD.

A valentine cannot be taken seriously; it is merely intended as a compliment. A heart, however, would be more significant of love than hats. Books on telling fortunes are available at stores.

Snow on Rugs

Dear Madam—Whenever there is snow on the rug I make it a point to gather some, especially if it is from a certain rug. I have heard that it will bring good luck.

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