

RECREATION IN BENEVOLENCE PROFITS BENEFACTOR AND BENEFICIARY—MA SUNDAY'S TALK

ENGLISH SELF-SACRIFICE BAD FOR BOTH GIVER AND RECEIVER

Unselfish Women Often Spoil Those They Love, Giving All and Asking for No Return

WE GET what we give. That is almost a truism, but it is quite true. Have you not known the woman who devoted her every thought to her husband and children, who morning, noon and night considered their happiness and never attempted to realize her own existence, who giving, giving all the time never got anything at all but fresh calls on her patience and self-sacrifice? Or do you recall that daughter who snub her individuality and forgot herself and her claims on life in order to nurse and tend a hypochondriac mother who took all the devotion as her right without even a word of thanks? Did they get what they gave?



Milady evidently believes in keeping an eye open! Not for trouble, of course, but to see where she's going.

No. Just "as is" that statement is not true; we do not get what we give unless we give wisely, being unselfish and thoughtful, but not allowing the recipient of our kindness to grow selfish and thoughtless. A woman ought to be a helpmate to those of her own household, a prop for their weaknesses, a sure refuge when they are in need of love and sympathy, but not a doormat for them to walk over and dust their feet en route.

of ten it is had all round, because some day or another this foolishly fond woman wakes up and, finding that she has not gotten what she gave, is inclined to mount a grievance and endow herself with the martyr's halo and palm; or else to become embittered and hard in her outlook on life.

BUT, coming to look at it again, does not this prove that we do get what we give? This type of "unselfish" woman is really selfish; also has indulged her own love of self-sacrifice at the expense of the whole family and so, after all, is but reaping as she has sown; is being punished for the unpardonable sin of being a fool.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

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

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. How can ink be removed from a white silk blouse?
2. How can perspiration stains be removed from a blouse?
3. What is the best way to mend a torn net curtain?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. To attach paper labels to metal and a small quantity of carbonate of polish to the metal.
2. To remove a nitric acid stain from black cloth moisten the spots with permanganate of potash and rinse with water.
3. To clean nickel-plated objects dip them for a second or two in a 2 per cent solution of sulphuric acid, rinse in running water and equal parts of distilled water and alcohol. Dry in sawdust.

To Mend Man's Shirt

Dear Madam—My husband's shirts wear out at the backband, where his stiff collar rubs against them. Can you tell me what to mend them as the rest of the shirt is perfectly good? MRS. H. R. L.

Removal of Stitches Marks

Dear Madam—I had a green taffeta dress, the material of which was very good, but the style not. I remodeled it. There had been several marks in the skirt, which I opened, thinking that the marks of the stitches made by the sewing machine could easily be removed. But such was not the case. I tried to remove the marks of the stitches by means of a hot iron and damp cloth, but this only made the marks on this matter I would be very thankful.

Spots on Tan Bag

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me how to remove spots caused by water and removed from a light tan cowhide traveling bag. MADEIRA O. N.

Removal of Perspiration Stains

Dear Madam—Please tell me how to remove perspiration stains from a white dress. I am afraid that water will make it go into holes, as it has done before. M. E. H.

To Can Shrimps

Dear Madam—Please print in your daily column directions for putting shrimps up in jars.

Curried Lobster

Dear Madam—Kindly give me through your column a recipe for curried lobster. MARY S. W.

Delmonico Potatoes

Dear Madam—Will you please publish a good recipe for making Delmonico potatoes? E. S. D. M.

Remedy for Dandruff

Dear Madam—Please tell me what I can do for dandruff in the hair. Will the yolk of an egg darken the hair? CLARICE.

Safe Milk

Dear Madam—Can you tell me something to remove blackheads and pimples from the face? Liquid green soap, one part; distilled water, two parts. Leave this on the face for five or ten minutes; then wash off with clear water. If any blackheads remain, press out with an instrument for that purpose, or by squeezing with clean cloth, and afterward use an astringent to close the pores.

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Afternoon Frock of Navy Blue Men's Wear Serge



The whole world loves a lover, and the love of blue serge is just as universal with both sexes. There are seasons when there is a distinction between the woman's serge and the man's. This season, however, milady may have her husband's tailor cut off a few yards from the same bolt for her very own costume, or she may go to her favorite shop and purchase her own.

GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

By JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG, M. D., LL. D.

In answer to health questions, Doctor Kellogg in this space will daily give advice on preventive medicine, but in no case will he take the risk of making diagnosis or prescribing for ailments requiring urgent treatment or drugs. Health questions will be promptly answered by personal letters to inquirers who inclose stamped envelopes for reply.

Care of Baby in Hot Weather

MANY mothers are at a loss to know what to do to render babies comfortable in hot weather. The following suggestions will be found of benefit in this connection: Give him plenty of fresh air night and day. However, don't compel him to lie all the time tightly bundled up in his cashmere fluffy bedding pillows. Provide him with a comfortable mattress in some cool place where he can lie straight and stretch and kick at will.

Pain Under Breast

What is the cause of pain under the left breast at night? In this case your condition may be brought about by an accumulation of gas in some part of the intestinal tract. With prolapse of the stomach and intestines there is often a partial kinking of the bowel, which might be relieved by a change of position. We would advise you to wear an accurately fitted abdominal supporter and to strengthen the abdominal muscles in every way by exercise. The diet should be carefully regulated so as to secure two or three bowel movements daily.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like the trimmings of the world The sunset-colored skies, And night time all bespangled With stars and fireflies.



Golter

Will an application of ice to the chin and throat for the relief of a double chin cause throat trouble? Unless there is a decided tendency toward golter formation there is little likelihood that it would have any influence upon its growth. Cold applications to the chin and throat are decidedly helpful in reducing the flesh and toning up the muscles and the tissues. This should also be attended by massage and exercise to help in burning up these tissues. Bending the head backward, thus putting the muscles of the neck on a stretch, will be found helpful in this direction.

Ace

Is acne curable? Are X-ray treatments advisable for it? In the majority of cases acne is curable if properly treated. Where the services of a competent X-ray specialist can be secured we would advise you to consult him, as this

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Patsy Kildare, Outlaw

By JUDD RIMTNER LEWIS

The Adventure of the Cow

WHEN I woke up I saw the light glancing over the Green's barn and I knew it was the morning of the big day. I should have loved to go somewhere and climb a tree and holler, I was so happy. I wanted to go out to the river and swim, but that was such a long way when there was a bunch of new clothes waiting for me to put them on. So I filled the bathtub and got into that and washed my face and hair. Then I pulled on my new clothes with much as he likes a river. Neither do I, but I had new clothes and he didn't, so that made a difference about getting into the tub. After he got in it was not so bad and he barked and I hollered so loud that he did not hear my father come in.

He was standing looking at us and smiling and he said, "You will soon have more water on the floor than is in the tub." I said, "What's it to you?" And then we both laughed and Bowdy barked. I put on my father's shoes and then, while my mother went to bed to sleep after watching nights, I put on my new white frilly underthings, my silk stockings, my new shoes and my white dress and pink sash. I brushed my hair till it shone and then put on a pink ribbon and a new hat.

The looking glass would hardly let me go. I looked so fine. I woke my father and he felt the same as the glass did and he kissed me till I said, "For cats' sake, let up," which he did. Then away we went up the street and everybody came out to look and those who saw me hollered to those who did not, and they all came out and looked. Then Bowdy and I went to church and the man at the door shook my hand and told me he was very glad to see me and to send Bowdy home and come in. But I told him, "Nothing doing." For I said there are dogs in heaven and he should not keep them out of church. But he said there were no dogs in heaven and I couldn't prove that there were any. "Anything that he can't prove can come into the church, can it?" He said, "Certainly." So Bowdy and I rambled. But we did not lose as usual, for I loved to walk slow and feel the tassels on my shoes tickling softly against my legs.

When we got to Jim's house it was late in the afternoon. Jim was not at home, so we went in and had a bowl of bread and milk and then I went and put a rope on the cow's neck and away we went. Church had been going on a long time when I went leading the cow up the big stone steps, and into the church. The man at the door stopped me and said, "What in the world are you doing?" "You told me that anything that is in heaven is welcome to come to church, and there are cows in heaven, for it is a land of milk and honey."

The man grabbed me and shook me, but Bowdy came on the jump, kicking up her heels and waving her tail. Bowdy and I ran after her on the way back to Jim's. Jim came out with a lantern and his eyes were like saucers. He got a cloth and wiped the dust off my new shoes and gave me a bowl of some milk and put me and sugar and I told him all about it. He nearly laughed his head off.

So it was late when we got home and I put my new clothes away very carefully and got out my blue nightgown, for it is now blue nightgown, and knelt down beside Bowdy and prayed: "My dear mother which art in heaven, I do not seem to understand armpits very well, no matter how hard I try. If you and God would only get busy and make them try to understand me as hard as I do then I think it would help some. Everything is so darn onerous that my heart is aching tonight, and if I was safe in heaven and had a good little girl away off down here I would try to stay a little closer to her than you do to me. Of course, I know you are busy, but I don't think anything ought to be here but not even an angel than her little girl. If you and God will attend to your business a little better I will make it up to you both. Amen."

90 YEARS WITHOUT AN EGG

Oldest Woman in Georgetown, Del., Has Never Eaten One

GEORGETOWN, Del., Aug. 22.—Mrs. Lettie G. Witham, the oldest person in Georgetown, celebrated her ninetieth birthday today. She took occasion to deprecate the use of eggs, low-neck gowns and high dresses, and ascribed her long life to the fact that she always dressed warmly and did not attempt to resist her body out of its natural form.

The Last Show

The next Patsy Kildare adventure, appears in tomorrow's Evening Ledger.

"MA" SUNDAY'S INTIMATE TALKS

The wife of the famous evangelist discusses everyday topics in a helpful and wholesome way.

The Girl Who Was a Good Fellow

SHE had a room in a house where I was staying for a while, and I had an opportunity to study her closely. I had wanted for a long time to see that particular type of girl at close range, for I had a theory regarding her. Irene was a stenographer—a and a successful one. They said in the house that she drew a good salary and was always in demand. I knew that she had an alert, keen mind, for her glance was as direct as her whole manner confident and yet unassuming. My attention had been drawn to her before I saw her by a bit of conversation between two of the men.

"She's certainly a jolly little pal," one of them said warmly. "No nonsense about her," the other agreed heartily. "You can call her up at the last minute to go somewhere and to take the place of a girl you had asked and she'll say sure" just as pleasantly as you please."

Ma did not apologize to her when they allowed some offending word escape them. They usually laughed, and Irene laughed, and they said they knew she would understand. Irene's employer sometimes telephoned to her in the evenings. He was well known in the town and had a wife and two beautiful children and was considered a moral, upright business man.

Occasionally, in the twilight, he would drive up in his roadster and call out: "Oh, Irene!" Then, as she went running down the path, he would say, "Want to come out for a spin?" One evening Irene herself came bursting into my room very pale. I knew something was wrong.

"What is the matter, my dear child?" I asked. "I've come to you to tell me something," she said in a low voice. Whatever her agitation she was too strong-minded a girl to show much excitement. "Do you think that I am a bad girl?"

Startled, I looked deep into her large gray eyes, and then I shook my head. "No, I do not," I said with conviction, "but I will tell you something. I think you are on the road to be one."

She sprang up and started to leave the room, but I called her back. "Remember, you asked me for the truth," I reminded her. "She had a good mind, that girl. She saw the point."

"Pardon me," she said, sitting down again. I think I would like you to explain what you have just said. "The reason I came to you tonight," she continued in a low, troubled voice, "is because something very unpleasant has happened and I don't know what to do. You see, my employer and I have always been very good friends. He has often taken me to lunch or brought me flowers, but always in return for some favor I had done for him, such as staying late or doing extra work."

"Now, somebody has gone to his wife, and she has made a scene with him about me." "Here is my address," I concluded. "Write me if you feel I can ever be of assistance to you."

I did not think I would ever hear of her again. She avoided me during the remainder of our stay, but a short time ago I received a letter from her. She wrote: "I am so broken hearted that I am going to overcome my pride and write you of what has happened to me."

"A young mining engineer was introduced to me, and seemed to be different in a good many ways from the others, so I turned to him eagerly. "I was pleased with the attention and deference that he gave me. He never addressed me by my first name. He waited for my permission to sit down when he was with me. He drew back my chair for me at dinner and opened a door or shut a window according to my comfort, and in a thousand ways showed how much he valued my happiness and my opinions."

"I was happy for—I may as well admit it—I soon grew to love him. "And then he began to change. He was careless. He grew bolder. And one day, without saying a word, he suddenly kissed me. When I cried he laughed and said that

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