MRS. WILSON ADVISES WELL-BALANCED DESSERTS

A Rich One Should Follow a Light Meal, While a Heavier Meal Cannot Have a Pudding, Pie or Custard After It. Some Delicious Recipes

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE dessert gives the finishing touch to the meal and is served with both the luncheon and dinner. The appetite usually requires a sweet dish to complete the meal. This gives the thrifty housewife a real opportunity to round out a scanty meal so that it will satisfy the family in every way.

The usual rule of a light and delicate dessert with a heavy meal and a rich dessert with a light meal will keep the balance in the menu. Serve fruits, junkets and water ices with dinners, planned with a heavy protein, such as beef, pork, veal. When the menu has little or no meat and the made dishes are served in place of the meat, then we can serve puddings, pies, custards, soufflés to balance it.

In arranging and grouping your desserts consider the food values of each and then plan the balance of the menu. Avoid serving large portions. The new school of serving prefers a small and medium portion to the old-time generous helping.

Following are some attractive desserts.

Apricot Pudding

Wash four ounces of evaporated apricots in warm water and then turn into a china bowl and cover with just sufficient warm water to cover the fruit. Let stand for four hours and then place in a saucepan and add one-half small orange, sliced thin. Simmer slowly until the fruit is tender. Toast very lightly some slices of sponge cake and then lay on the fruit saucer and cover with the prepared apricots. Garnish with the fruit whip, which is made by placing in a bowl

White of one egg,
One-third glass of apple jelly.

Beat with a dover eggbeater until the mixture holds its shape.

Apricot Raisin and Rice Compote

Wash one-half cup of rice in plenty of cold water and then place two and one-half cups of boiling water in a saucepan and add the rice. Cook until the rice is soft and the water absorbed. Now place in a bowl

One and one-half cups of milk,
One-half cup of sugar,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One whole egg,
Yolk of one egg.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then add the rice and blend. Now divide into individual custard cups. Place the custard cups in a slow oven and bake for twenty-five minutes. Remove and then cool.

Prepare four ounces of apricots as directed for the apricot pudding and add one-third of a package of seeded raisins just before cooking. When cool divide over the rice pudding and garnish with fruit whip. Serve ice cold.

Banana Coconut and Rice Mold

Prepare the rice as directed for rice compote and then turn the rice, when tender, into the mixing bowl and add

One-half cup of sugar,
One-half cup of coconut,
Two thinly sliced bananas.

Mix well with a fork and then grease the custard cups and fill with the mixture. Set aside to chill. Serve. Turn on a fruit saucer and cover with either stewed or canned fruit. Garnish with marshmallow whip and a maraschino cherry.

Fruit Fritters

Wash four ounces of evaporated peaches and place in a bowl and add the juice of one-half lemon and just sufficient water to cover. Let stand for two hours and then turn into a saucepan and cook slowly until the fruit is tender. Turn in a sieve and drain. Now place in a mixing bowl

One cup of liquid from the peaches,
One egg,
One tablespoon of shortening,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of cinnamon,
One and one-half cups of flour,
Two teaspoons of baking powder.

And the well-drained evaporated peaches. Drop by the spoonful in a pan containing sufficient hot fat to float the fritter. Turn to a brown on both sides. Serve with custard and garnish with hard sauce.

Peach Congress Pie

Prepare four ounces of peaches as directed for peach fritters, and when the fruit is cooked rub through a sieve and add to the pulp

Two-thirds cup of brown sugar,
One teaspoon of cinnamon,
One egg,
One cup of bread crumbs,
One-half cup of flour,
Three tablespoons of melted butter.

Beat to mix and then turn into an oblong pan which has been lined with plain pastry and cover with crumbs made as follows: Place in a bowl

One-half cup of flour,
Five tablespoons of brown sugar,
One teaspoon of cinnamon,
Two and one-half tablespoons of shortening.

Rub together lightly with the tips of the fingers. Spread over the Congress pie and then bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

Fruit Mold

Rub one cup of either cooked evaporated peaches or apricots through a sieve and then place in a saucepan and add

Two level tablespoons of cornstarch,
One-half cup of brown sugar,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg extract.

Let stand to soften for one-half hour and then heat slowly to the boiling point and again rub through a sieve, turn in a bowl and let cool. Just as soon as it begins to stiffen fold in a fruit whip made as directed from the apricot pudding. Rinse the mold with cold water and then turn in the prepared mixture. Chill. Turn from the mold and serve with custard sauce made as follows:

One cup of milk,
Yolk of one egg,
Two tablespoons of cornstarch,
Five tablespoons of sugar,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.

Stir to dissolve the starch, then bring to a boil and cook for three minutes. Cool and then add the juice of one-half orange. Beat to blend and then serve.

The Best Dinner

costing $1.50 for four people wins a prize of $2.50 in the

PRIZE MENU CONTEST

Two other prizes of $1 each are awarded for the next best menus.

Address all menus to

Mrs. Wilson's Menu Contest
Evening Public Ledger
Independence Square

Your full name must be given and correct address on the menu. Also the date of sending it. The foods used must be staples and in season, and a sales slip giving the cost of all materials must be included.

Fried meats are not accepted.

Menu Contest Honor List

Mildred W. Mattern
(Age fifteen years)
4405 North Fourth Street

Menu
Hunter's Stew
Browned Potatoes Stuffed Peppers
Chocolate
Bread and Butter
Cake Pears

SALES SLIP

Three-quarters pound chopped beef	$ .30
One small can tomatoes	.12
Two large onions	.03
One quart of potatoes	.06
Two large green sweet peppers	.06
Pepperhash	.10
Bread and butter	.12
Milk, cocoa, sugar, etc.	.25
One pint pears (home canned)	.15
Total	$1.19

Mrs. Joseph Graves
Sewell, N. J.

Menu
Fried Eggplant
Succotash Mashed Potatoes
Sliced Tomatoes on Lettuce Leaves
Mayonnaise With Dressing
Bread Butter Coffee
Sugared Peaches

SALES SLIP

Eggplant	$ .05
Lard	.07
Bread	.10
Coffee	.06
Condensed milk	.07
Sugar	.14
Corn	.20
Lima beans	.15
Milk	.05
Tomatoes	.10
Mustard, flour	.01
Vinegar	.02
Olive oil	.03
Egg	.06
Lettuce	.07
Potatoes	.15
Butter	.10
Peaches	.07
Total	$1.50

Minna B. Straubel
Upland, Pa.

Menu
Tomato Soup
Beef Loaf With Spaghetti
Baked Potatoes
Cauliflower Cream Sauce
Vanilla Cornstarch Whip With Apple Jelly
Coffee, Sugar and Evaporated Milk

SALES SLIP

One quart tomatoes	$ .05
One pound ground beef	.45
One package spaghetti	.10
Two quarts potatoes	.10
Head cauliflower	.25
Cornstarch, milk, eggs, sugar, extract apple jelly	.40
Coffee, sugar, milk	.15
Total	$1.50

Mrs. W. S. Musser
Middletown, Pa.

Menu
Celery Soup
Beef Loaf
Boiled Potatoes
String Beans
Tomato Salad
Almond Puff Pudding
Sand Tarts
Coffee

SALES SLIP

One pound round steak (boil tender and then grind)	$ .32
One boiled potato, green pepper	.04
One egg (beaten stiff), salt, pepper	.05
One pint stock (left from steak); one bunch celery, salt, pepper	.12
Potatoes	.07
One cup rice	.06
String beans	.12
Four sliced tomatoes	.05
One apple, diced; heart of celery, left from soup	.02
Four tablespoons home-made mayonnaise	.10
Coffee and cream	.12
One-half box almond pudding	.06
One quart of milk	.12
Four tablespoons of sugar	.04
Home-made sand tarts	.20
Total	$1.49

Mrs. Wilson's Answers

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Kindly let me know through your column what will keep potatoes white while I am peeling them. They are very white, but after I add my butter and milk to mash them they get darkened. Also how to cook steak. MRS. M. K.

Place the potatoes at once in sufficient water to cover. Old potatoes are apt to do this at this season. The proper way to cook beefsteak is to broil it.

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON

LONG-THUMB SATURNIAN

The strong will of the long thumb emphasizes the sober qualities of the Saturnian

XLIII

Sober and full of determination by nature, the Saturnians (see Article 2, "Chart of Types"), is made still stronger in these characteristics if his thumb is big. If he is of the good sort and not spoiled by bad training or environment or made "grouchy" and unbearable by biliousness—the usual health defect of this type—the Saturnian with the big thumb will excel in whatever calling he engages in. If the first phalanx of the Saturn finger (middle finger) is longest, he is likely to be engaged in a calling requiring the exercise of a quick wit. Abraham Lincoln was that sort of Saturnian. If the second phalanx is longest, he is apt to go in for some scientific pursuit. If the third is longest, some mining or agricultural venture will probably keep him occupied. Strange to say, nature has whimsically decreed that some of the world's best comedians should be recruited from the ranks of this sober, melancholy type, whereas some of the best tragedians belong to the Venusian, the most cheerful type.

(To be continued)

The Unwelcome Wife

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Anthony Harriman marries Charlotte Graves, a little country girl, and brings her to the city, where she does not fit in at all. Although she is fitted with clothes suitable to her position, Tony's mother treats her with such coldness that the girl is in constant terror lest she betray her ignorance.

Old-Fashioned Ideas

IT WAS with a sigh of relief that Charlotte saw the last guest leave and turned with a little sigh toward her room. She had stood by Mrs. Harriman a pathetically tired little figure in a silver gown holding a feather fan against her slender bare neck to hide somewhat the expanse of neck that the generous cut revealed, and as her mother-in-law looked down at her she could think of nothing but the fact that Charlotte looked like a wilted flower.

Tony and Edith Comstock had carried on a rather eager conversation while the guests were leaving. Edith had come down the wide curving stairs in a huge white fur cape looking as fresh and animated as she had all evening. Her dark head showed satin smooth under the lights, and Tony had pounced on her eagerly, Charlotte looking on from a distance that prevented her from hearing what they said.

Now as she turned to go upstairs, she heard Mrs. Harriman say eagerly:

"I hope you and Edith are going to keep up your riding."

She saw Tony's face light up, and she did not wait to hear what he said, but climbed wearily upstairs. When he finally came in after stopping for a good-night smoke he found Charlotte curled up in bed. She was a very different Charlotte from the girl who had slept in the little bed at the farm. Above the rose and blue satin of the comforter, her pale gold hair framed her small colorless face. Her blue eyes met his unsmilingly. She knew that he was displeased with her.

"Well" he said, sitting down on the bed, "did you have a good time?"

She forced a smile. "Well, you see I don't dance and I'm afraid your friends found me rather stupid. You see, Tony, I didn't know any one, and it was hard to talk."

"Nonsense," he returned quickly, "any one can talk."

"But I didn't know anything to talk about. I haven't read any of the books they have, and I don't know about games, and I've only seen two plays."

"And you showed that you weren't interested. That's the one thing a woman can never afford to do with a man. She must be interested or pretend that she is. You didn't even try to listen, because I watched you."

"I felt so uncomfortable in that dress. It made me feel so naked." And she shuddered.

"That's absurd. All the girls wore low necked dresses and a great deal lower than yours. Why don't you fix up a little, too? You looked as white as a ghost tonight."

"Oh, Tony, don't ask me to rouge. I can't do that! Janice wanted to put some on my cheeks tonight, and I wouldn't let her."

He got up abruptly and went into his dressing room. When he returned muffled up in his big white bathrobe, he looked like a boy. Charlotte, watching him, felt her heart yearn toward him and it was then that she remembered Edith Comstock.

"Tony," she began timidly.

"Yes?"

"Are you going to ride with Edith Comstock? I heard your mother ask you."

He turned toward her. "Why, yes. We used to ride every morning in the park, and, of course, there's no reason why we should stop."

Charlotte had it on the tip of her tongue to cry out, "But you're married now," only she kept the words back.

"You'll have to take riding lessons and come with us," Tony said, good humoredly. "Would you like that?"

"Oh, no," she said shrinking. "I'm terrified of horses; I couldn't ride."

"Terrified of horses and you a country girl?" his tone was scoffing.

"But I am. I always have been. I don't mind driving behind them, but I could never ride."

"Well, we won't worry about it tonight," Tony said kindly, and when he stooped and kissed her, his kiss was the platonic caress that a brother might have given his sister.

Tomorrow, the Suggestion That Was Scorned)

Instead of a Shoe Brush

Dorothy was going away—oh, it was an overnight trip, but Dorothy is the kind of girl who always likes to look just right, from tip to toe. So after she had stowed away nail file, buffer and a box of hairpins, among the other things in the little bag she was to take, there wasn't one bit of spare room. It was just at this moment that the shoe brush popped into her head. How was she to get it in? She couldn't, that was all, so what do you think she did? She took a bit of soft, colored flannel, an oblong piece, and folded and sewed it together on two sides so that she could use it by placing her hand inside. When she had finished this, she had a soft cloth that would brighten up her shoes just as nicely as ever the shoe brush would.

Women's Colleges

Miss Nettie C. Burleigh, a Mount Holyoke College graduate, is the owner and operator of a model farm of 115 acres near Waterville, Me. All of the employes on the farm, from business agent to "hired hands," are women.

Many of the leading women's colleges in America will be represented at the annual conference of the Women's Intercollegiate Association for Student Government, which is to be held at Elmira College November 11 to 13.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Who is Pauline Buenzle, of Sacramento, Calif?
2. How can dainty flowers be made for hat trimmings?
3. Describe a novel shower for the bride-to-be.
4. In what convenient way is a disinfectant kept in a garbage can?
5. Which is correct: "Those kind of things," or "That kind of things"?
6. How can a touch of lightness be given to a black dress that has been worn during a period of mourning?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Mrs. H. J. Lutcher, of Orange, Tex., who is seventy-nine, recently made a trip of over 300,000 miles in an automobile.
2. Many new sport hats are trimmed with rows of tiny wool loops in contrasting shades.
3. The dyeing consists in winding string around material that is to be dyed so that the tied parts remain the original color.
4. A new make of floor mop that is soft and pliable is attached to a triangle of metal, without the wooden plate in the center.
5. Some of the light-colored afternoon dresses for winter have a striking band of dark fur on the lower edge of the deep girdle.
6. A hostess who wishes all her guests to wear the same kind of costume at her masquerade should write "Colonial costume or "ghost costume," etc., in the lower lefthand corner of her invitations.

SHORT-HAIRED FUR IS FASHIONABLE

By CORINNE LOWE

If Mary hasn't already a little lamb she is very apt to get some. Those crinkly, short-haired furs are all extremely smart this fall, and among them the newest is the South American lamb. This is used extensively by one of the most famous designers of Fifth avenue and it appears here on a cape of navy bolivia cloth. Let it not be thought for an instant that the dolman shape has perished from the earth. It is still smart, particularly when treated to some novel trimming or arrangement such as is found in today's model.

The hat worn with this is one of those fashionable little affairs that prove a hat doesn't need any more variety of trimming than a May pole, for it is made up entirely of loops of velvet ribbon, two toned, and ending in dashing loops at the side.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "A Sorrowful Sinner"

Write to this young lady whose good name you have injured and tell her just what you wrote to me. Also seek out each individual to whom you told these untruths and take them all back.

If the girl is a very unusual woman she may forgive it, and trust you again, but personally I doubt she will feel any trust.

To Four Lonesome Young Men

Dear Cynthia—I am writing this for the benefit of "four lonesome young men." You, F. S. Y. M., probably do feel mighty lonesome, but if you are "good fellas," as the boys say, when "rushing season" arrives you will be initiated into a fraternity, and your "brothers" will see to it that you meet a great many nice girls. Of course, it remains with you whether you get a "bid" or not. And remember that it only takes one man's "no" to keep you out of a "frat." Class spirit helps a great deal. Wishing you all the luck in the world, if you are the right kind of boys.

NOTA COLD.

Will Give Matinee Party

Dear Cynthia—Will you please give me some advice? I want to take some girl friends of mine to a matinee. What other entertainment should I provide? Should I take them to lunch before or tea afterward? Will you tell me all about whichever is better? Where should I take them to eat? Who should order and what should be ordered? I have a rather limited purse but want to do it correctly. With many thanks.

A FAITHFUL AND INTERESTED READER.

Take your friends to a hotel for tea after the matinee. You should do the ordering, asking your guests what they prefer. Say: "Do you prefer tea and toast or French pastry or an ice?" Any of those things will be sufficient refreshment after the theatre, whereas luncheon before the play would be very expensive.

He's for "Mickey"

Dear Cynthia—Will you please publish these few lines in order that our dear friend "Mickey" may read them:

Dear old Mickey—Why in the world don't you come upon the screen again with some of your valuable information? We all sure did enjoy your paragraph and must say you have the right idea beyond doubt. I have been waiting patiently for the past week or so to hear from you again, but you never appear. I am not the only one who is anxiously waiting to hear from you, but all of my friends who read your little letter.

Perhaps you are waiting for a favorable reply. Well, I don't blame you, for you certainly deserve one. Won't some kind person answer Mickey so that we may hear from her again? I'm sure you are all as much interested as I.

Hurrah for Mickey! My congratulations to her. Here's hoping that we may hear from her soon again.

DELIGHTED.

Oh, Naughty Betty!

Dear Cynthia — A question: Recently my partner and I were in quite a hurry during the noon hour. Incidentally, we were just as hungry as we were busy. Consequently we entered the first hash joint we passed instead of joining the more deliberate members of the "Round Table."

The tables were fairly well filled. Across from us sat two girls, one of whom was extremely pretty and, as we soon learned from their conversation, known as "Betty." They arose before we did. My partner looked up and bid Betty "Good-by." Betty smiled and returned the compliment.

Now, here's my question: Which of the two parties involved gave conventionality the greater jolt. My partner in speaking or Betty in answering?

THE BUCK PRIVATE.

I should say "both of them." Why don't you ask Billie?

She Spanked Him

Dear Cynthia—In reply to "Just Me Again," let me speak to her, please. I read your kind advice, miss, but it will not change my hatred for big women. You did not say you were proud of being tall, which shows you would rather be short. I am a good husband, I've made my wife happy, I've been true to her and love her, but I have not got the liberty I wish to have.

She does not let me go out anywhere alone. I like married life, and I'll admit I could not live without a wife. I hate bachelors and old maids. My wife never spoke of my size when we were keeping company, but the first little quarrel we had after marriage, she spanked me and said she would not be bossed by a little runt. I give her all my money, and let her have her own way. If you, "Just Me Again," were in my place you would be sometimes mad and depressed. Big women, in most cases, boast about their size and laugh at short people and call them runts, and yet they know it is not any one's fault to be so. The world would be better if all women were short. I would like to be tall because I'm a man. The great majority of our good American girls are short, that is a consolation. Now, dear miss, you see I am right, so admit you love short men and would like to be short yourself.

UNHAPPY SHORTY.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Slipping the Stones Out of Place

WE HEAR it said every now and then that, let the chips fall where they may, we Americans deserve exactly the government we get.

The implication, which, by the way, contains a Woolworth Building high grain of truth, is that proportionately few of us take our civic duties seriously; that far from considering participation and vigilant interest in politics and government a personal privilege and obligation, we look upon the whole thing as either something we are "to busy to bother about" or an occasional day off to take in the football game!

An incident I learned of the other day was a rather forcible illustration of this more or less average American point of view, which, now that women have the vote, should be brought home.

They were four people—a middle-aged woman and her son of twenty-three, and an elderly man and his wife—all Americans born and bred.

It was a warm summer's night, and they were sitting on a high roof in New York from which they could see down the bay and over to the Jersey shore.

The mother had been boasting of her three boys—their success, their virtues. And underneath it all was a very natural and pretty pride as of a gardener telling of his roses and their freedom from the worm in the bud.

As seems to be natural in most discussions, the talk somehow turned to politics, and the older woman said to the young man:

"So, you're twenty-three. You must have cast your vote two or three times. It marks an epoch in a man's life, second only to marriage, doesn't it? To take one's part, though small, in the making of history—that is fine!"

The mother laughed.

"My son has never voted and says he never will—he hates politics. And I don't wonder!"

"You see," added her son tolerantly, "we men know what a dirty mess it all is!"

There was silence for a few moments, during which hot fires flamed within the older woman. Then——

"Will you take me over there, where I can see the light on the Statue of Liberty?" she said calmly and quietly, and she and the young man walked away.

"Don't laugh! Don't laugh!" she began, suddenly, turning her face in the direction of Bedloe's Island. "You have admitted a crime! Don't you know, haven't you been taught, don't you see that every time a thinking man in the United States fails to vote he is slyly slipping the stones out of place in the foundations of that great statue over there—the foundations of our government? Upon your vote rests the security of the whole complicated structure of republicanism and democracy, as we Americans are now testing it before the eyes of the entire world! Every time a thinking man doesn't exercise his privilege and obligation of the ballot he invites the political self-seekers to have their own way, to do their insidious will. Whatever you do, don't laugh!"

It took this old lady about twenty minutes to do the work, and years have passed, but that man has voted ever since!

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

A young woman traveling alone across our vast continent is apt to become lonesome after flying landscapes have begun to weary the vision and periodical literature has exhausted its interest. It is then that she would find the companionship of a chaperon most comforting, and since neither mother nor aunt has been able to accompany her, she is likely to respond graciously to any advances made to her by an older woman whose quality she has proved in an exchange of small courtesies en route. If hailing from the same city, the new acquaintance probably knows some of the young woman's circle, and this leads to more assured intimacy. If the elder passenger is accompanied by her sons, these can be introduced, and in this way the long journey soon loses its tedium for the young people.

Excepting in a case as favorable as that outlined, a well-bred young woman never encourages the overtures of unknown fellow travelers. When travelling alone she should provide herself with two or three interesting books and a bag of fancy work as safeguards against ennui and intrusion.

FASHION BRIEFS

The ribbon counter is certainly a counter-irritant to anything that is passe. Oh, the things that one may do with ribbon this autumn! A girdle of narrow black cire ribbon will bring your chemise frock of blue serge right up to the minute. So will appliqued motifs of ribbon—preferably cire. By binding the cloth panels of your old frock with cire ribbon you will also avail yourself of one of the latest resources of the Paris designer.

Empire shoulder yokes are found on many of the new crepe de chines and georgettes for afternoon wear, while the frock of the heavier material, such as serge or duvetyn, generally restricts its yoke activities to a piece in the back that reminds you of a man's shirt.

Gold and silver embroideries are given a great deal of play on the autumn costumes, and so are those of the familiar wool. Among the most startling manifestations of the latter is the white wool embroidery used occasionally on black velvet foundations. This startling contrast is also effected on black serge.

CORINNE LOWE.

"IT'S A PRETTY LITTLE RING; OF COURSE MINE'S LARGER"

Said Leonora When the Newly Engaged Girl Showed Off the Diamond That Was So Wonderful to Her. Are All Women Catty?

SHE was wearing her ring to work for the first time, and she thought it was the most wonderful, beautiful ring she had ever seen.

"It's only a small diamond," she would say, each time. "But it's a very good one, and I like a small one much better than these great big things—of course, that sounds like sour grapes, but it really isn't at all. I've always liked a little stone better."

And so on, dreadfully happy and proud over it all, but just a little apologetic for fear some one would think she wasn't pleased with her ring.

All of which was totally unnecessary, for if she had just thrust out her hand, and let her face beam as it wanted to, the whole story would have been told without a word from her.

Then she showed it to Leonora, whose sewing machine is just opposite hers in the workroom.

"Yes, it's a very sweet little ring," said Leonora in a kindly tone. "Of course," she went on, raising a flashing left hand to arrange her hair, "mine's larger!"

WAS it a sound that came in the open windows, was it imagination, or was it really Echo, who answered "Miaou"?

Whatever its source, it was timely.

Why are girls so catty?—there's no other word for it.

Could it have given Leonora any pleasure to watch the brightness fade from that happy face across the table, as the pain caused by her snub took its place?

Was she so small so mean, that her spirits were lifted or her soul refreshed by the effect of her scratchy words?

What a petty, nasty, little triumph to work for!

Surely she must have felt just a tiny, human little pang of remorse at the hurt she had given.

Yet there are many girls who take cold, hard joy in giving those slaps in the face with their words.

They know beforehand what effect their retorts will have, but they make them in cold blood with a desire to hurt.

They cannot endure seeing another girl in possession of something that may be better than the thing that they have.

If they feel that there is any possibility of her thinking for one moment that her ring, her hat, her beau, or her ability to cook a good dinner is better than theirs, the catty instinct rises uppermost in their natures.

They deliberately plan the most disagreeable, cutting remark they can think of and then drawl it out with great effectiveness.

They gloat over it just as you imagine that the villain in a duel used to gloat, withdrawing his dripping blade, slowly, grinning over his cruel victory.

MEN like to say sometimes when they can think of nothing better to say that all women are catty, instinctively.

We deny this with all the emphasis we can put upon our "No!"

We refuse to be put into a class that is branded with this hateful name.

But we must admit sometimes that men have reason for their belief, for the women who are catty have spite enough in their systems to make up for the lack of several other women.

We don't like them any more than men do, we avoid them as much as possible, and we are ashamed to call them sisters.

Our only weapon against them is indifference.

But there are times when we would give anything in the world to have their power of thinking up spiteful things to say—so that we could pay them back in their own coin!

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Fresh Sausage 31c lb. | Sugar-Cured Regular Hams 35c lb.

Try Our Special-Made Farm Scrapple, 2 lbs. for 25c

EXTRA FINE QUALITY BEEF

Finest Rump, Round and Sirloin STEAK or ROAST 25c lb Finest Cut Rib, Bolar and Pin Bone Roasts

Lean Boneless Stewing Beef 18c lb. | Finest Fresh Ground Hamburg 15c lb.
OUR HAMBURG IS EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD—TRY IT

REAL YEARLING LAMB
Legs 28c lb. | Shoulders 18c lb.
Best Rib and Loin Chops 28c lb.
Lean End of Rack 2 lbs. for 25c
Stewing Lamb 3 lbs. for 25c

SPECIAL VEAL PRICES
Cutlets 40c lb. | Best Chops 38c lb.
Rack 22c lb. | Breast 20c lb.

GENUINE SPRING LAMB
Legs 35c lb. | Shoulders 24c lb.
Lean End of Rack 25c lb.
Best Rib and Loin Chops 40c lb.
Breast Lamb 10c lb.

SPECIAL PORK PRICES
Finest City Dressed Pork Shoulders 32c lb.
Finest City Dressed Fresh Hams 32c lb.
Finest Cut Pork Chops 38c lb.

Extra-Fine Milk-Fed Calf Liver, 43c lb.

We Slice All Popular Brands of Highest Quality Sugar-Cured Hams, 40c to 50c Per Slice

Come in today or Saturday and see the fine quality of meats we sell. If you can't conveniently call yourself have your husband stop in on his way home or have him bring you in the machine THIS EVENING—when we are OPEN UNTIL 9 P. M. Other days we open at 8 A. M. and close 6 P. M. Bring this price list with you. Mistakes. Our location is conveniently reached from every section of Phila.

It'll warm your heart—

and give you a nice pleasant glow all over, on a cold blustery day! Of course, we're referring to a steaming cup of freshly made, fragrant, Tetley's Orange Pekoe Tea.

TETLEY'S TEA

Makes Good Tea a Certainty

Heigh-ho, it's a great tea, Tetley's. Been around these parts for over 100 years. That's pretty good proof it's all right, isn't it?

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., Inc.
New York, N. Y.