MRS. WILSON ADVISES A NICE-LOOKING TABLE

This Counts as Much in a Good Meal as the Quality and Quantity of the Food—A Russian Service

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

(Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.)

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please give me a few hints on correct table arrangements and service?

A READER.

THE little amenities of correct dining should be part of each household and part of the housewife's daily plan. To permit careless or indifferent manners at the table, or a haphazard method of table service, though one must do one's own work, is surely the way to bring embarrassment on yourself when you have guests. Little irregularities will creep out, no matter how you may try to hide them, and thus plainly show the guest that you are unaccustomed to the niceties of the dinner table.

Make it a rule to prepare the food, set the table and serve correctly. It will require but very few minutes longer and you will soon acquire it as to the manner born; then adhere to this arrangement.

The table is usually laid by the following rules:

For breakfast cover the table with a silence cloth or table pad and then over this lay a clean white linen cloth. A low centerpiece of ferns or flowers is always nice. Now on a nice tray arrange the percolator, the sugar, cream and the coffee cups and saucers. This is usually placed before the housewife or eldest daughter. If you wish to use a toaster and chafing dish, these, too, must be placed on trays or a large flat platter.

Arrange the service at each place as follows: A fruit spoon, cereal spoon, coffee spoon, butter knife, silver knife at the right-hand side of the place about one inch in from the edge of the table. The table knife should have the blade turned toward the plate. Place a fork at the left-hand side and place the napkin beside the fork. A glass of water at the tip end of the table knife. Now either the butter chip or the bread and butter plate can be used, as it is largely a matter of choice. The cereal is served from a covered dish.

The cooked dishes are usually set on the table in a convenient position, and if toast is prepared in the kitchen it is then placed in a folded napkin before serving, and, as this meal is informal, there are no set rules for serving breakfast.

Luncheon, when informal, is usually served in a manner similar to the breakfast. Frequently doilies are used for both breakfast and luncheon. This is a matter of choice with the housewife.

Dinner

The table is laid with a silence cloth and white linen table cloth, spotlessly clean. The dinner napkin should be about twenty-eight inches; it should be folded three times to form a square. Keep in mind the fact that the appearance of the table at this meal does not depend upon the expensive quality of the food, but rather upon the cleanliness and neatness and the well-studied arrangements of the whole table.

The little housewife with an artistic taste may plan and serve a meal which will be the envy of her wealthy sister. The arrangement of each individual place is as follows: Oyster fork, if oysters are to be served; soup spoon, bread and butter knife, table knife, at the right-hand side; two forks and a napkin at the left. The butter plate and glass at the tip end of the knife. Many of the old formal requirements of the dinner table of twenty years ago are today obsolete, and this is partially due to our present manner of living and also to the fact that much of the service of those days is no longer good form.

The housewife who must do her own work can plan a service a la Russe, that will make her the envy of her friends. Place to serve either an appetizer or a relish at the beginning of the meal. This may be either a salpicon of fruit, fruit cocktail, oysters or clam cocktail, shrimp or fish cocktail, a canape of fish, vegetable, meat or cheese canape. A soup in a bouillon cup and for a change, oyster or small clams on half shell or an entree of fish with potato balls, and parsley butter. Tiny patties of chicken, liver, mushrooms or sweet breads; tiny cheese or egg cutlets, and then meat, starchy foods such as potatoes, rice or macaroni. One green cooked vegetable and a salad on a plate. Remove this plate before serving the dessert, and finally coffee.

Now it is possible to serve the entire meal without a maid or without the need of the housewife rising from the table.

Arrange the appetizer just in front of each place and then set the soup or entree, if you intend serving this directly, at each place. Place the meat and vegetables on the table with the salad, which has been prepared. Have the percolator, cups and saucers with sugar and cream and also the dessert on the tea cart, near the housewife, and on the lower shelf a tray containing a bowl to receive the soiled silver and dishes. If an outlet to the electric current is placed in a convenient location, where the cord can be plugged in, when the tea cart is conveniently located near the housewife, she may start the coffee at the proper time.

The use of large platters especially designed for serving a platter meal makes it very easy for the home table service. The European habit of serving the salad at the same time, so that it may be eaten with the meat, makes for less dishes and a more uniform table. Individual pepper and salt containers are very dainty and well worth the extra time and trouble that are required to keep them in condition. If celery trays and bread plates are placed so as to serve either two or three people this will entirely eliminate passing them around the table.

To the epicure, dainty and neat table appointments are the first requisite for a good meal and this makes the humblest food a repast fit for the gods. Do not use broken or cracked or chipped china. Select thin and inexpensive dishes of a dainty pattern. The housewife who serves food on dishes that show wear and tear surely lacks the refinements of an epicure.

An English Custom

is that of serving goose instead of turkey for Christmas dinner. In case you want to try it this year,

MRS. WILSON TELLS

just how to cook it and what to have with it. The tempting recipes for these appetizing dishes handed down from long ago will appear

Thursday, December 23

MAKE YOUR OWN BAG

WHILE Christmas is not far away, it is still enough in the distance to have time to make gifts. And many of us are so busy that we cannot always have all our gifts finished weeks before the day.

Of course, there is really no end to the variety of beaded bags shown; but to make one of these is too long a piece of work to begin at this time. Velvet in every color is popular for bags—and many of these are made up quite unadorned, while others show some design wrought in beads, silks or wool. Many of these bags are cut rather deep and rounding, and set into a curving instead of a square cornered frame.

Moire silk is seen a great deal, and these bags are extremely good-looking. They are set in the straight and also the rounding frames, and are plaited into them. The plaits are about one inch wide, and laid close together—going toward the middle and meeting there. These bags are usually curved at the bottom and are prettier than the ones straight across the bottom. The picture shows one of these.

It is a good idea not always to depend on a pattern. Try to get accustomed to cutting things like these for yourself. Take old cloth or soft paper, and see if you can't cut one of these plaited bags. Decide on the depth and size across the bottom, then mark the cloth off at the top (at the right depth), draw a line straight across for a considerable distance, and then lay the side plaits, making the laid plaits match the distance across the frame.

Then shape your pattern to fit the frame as it nears the ends at each side, mark clearly there, and then shape from the bottom up to the point where the frame ends. If your first attempt doesn't please you, try again, and you will be surprised how easy it will become to copy many attractive articles.

Try a piece of paper eighteen or twenty inches wide by ten deep. Fold it through the middle on the length of it, then lay three plaits each side of the middle, and toward the middle, lapping them more than half over each other. Then measure down from the top at the ends six inches, and begin here to slope or round off the bag down to the ten-inch point in the middle. The lining can be cut the shape of the bag after the plaits are laid, being sure to give it the full size of the outside from the place where the sloping begins.

The lining, with its pockets, and the outside, should both be finished, and the lining slipped into the outside, and the top edges of both turned in toward the wrong side of each. These turned-in edges must be basted carefully together and the little finishing braid, ribbon, ruching or whatever you choose to have, sewed on; then the bag is attached to the frame.

It is easier to do this by taking an over-and-over stitch, putting the needle through the hole in the frame from the outside, and letting it go through the two edges of the bag and lining. Have silk twist or double silk thread, waxed, and take two stitches in each hole. You can easily avoid the finishing braid by letting the needle come out beneath it, and in sewing the braid on let its upper edge extend a little bit above the edge of the bag.

Some bags are made with a small round bottom, to which the bottom of the bag is sewed. A circular piece measuring four inches across is a good size. Cut a piece of thin pasteboard this size and cover it with the bag material. Then the material for the bag is cut the desired depth, and it can be put on plain or fulled, depending on the weight of the material. It is seamed together, the lower edge turned up toward the wrong side, and then sewed to the bag bottom.

The lining is made in the same fashion, and after both are finished the lining is put inside the bag, and the top is finished with a casing, through which the ribbon or cords are put. Of course, there is a heading left above the cord casing.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Cannot Show Affection

Dear Cynthia—Kindly answer these questions for me as I would like to know what to do. You are the only one to whom I can turn for advice. I am a girl sixteen years of age and I have a great sorrow. I am not affectionate and sometimes my temper gets ahead of me.

My greatest worry is that my mother believes that I don't love her and many a time she would throw up to me that I'm her enemy. Now, Cynthia, I love my mother as any child should, in fact I love her more than some children do their mothers. The thing is I cannot show her my love. It is not in me, and I can't force it in me. Many a time my mother would confide in her other children, but she hardly ever confides in me. My other sisters are not affectionate either, yet she doesn't seem to consider me in the same way as she does them. Now Cynthia, what can I do to make my mother believe in me and trust me?

How can I be sweet-tempered, improve my personality and make people like me?

IN NEED OF ADVICE.

My dear, start by always thinking pleasant thoughts and half your trouble will be conquered right in the beginning.

"T. B. P." Writes

Dear Cynthia—Some of the letters in your column recently have struck home with emphasis. I refer, of course, to the strangers in the city who want friends and can't find the real sort. It wasn't so long ago that I was in the same position, and, believe me, there are few worse feelings in this world.

Methinks that most of your correspondents recognize full well why it is an impossibility for you to permit the growth of friendships through the column, and yet, can't we, all of us, with you as sort of a chairman, do something? I'd be right glad to give some one a real Christmas dinner in a real home, but I don't just know where to go. I'd like to help toward the foundation of such an organization, one where my character can be investigated before my invitations are placed, and the same done necessarily I suppose with any one who might be sent out.

It was a little over a year ago, incidentally, when some one offered to help make me less lonely through your column. If you still have their name will you not tell them that their offer has not been forgotten, and that today it is as much appreciated as it was when you first passed it on to

THE BUCK PRIVATE

Your suggestion is fine, T. B. P., but Cynthia is not in a position to take it up at the present time. If you want to give a dinner to some one, why not do so through the Home Relief or the Red Cross or Emergency Aid?

Hope you have a happy Christmas. Perhaps in time we can work out some plan for the lonely ones, but it's a very dangerous thing, unfortunately.

Denies There Is Love

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl aged seventeen and even though I am considered beautiful by every one it seems as though I shall never get out with other girls and fellows. I go with a girl of the same age and she is neither beautiful nor good looking by any means, but even though she lacks these two, she has a date for every night in the week.

I always heard that a fellow likes a good-looking girl, but I don't find it so in my case do you, Cynthia?

Of course, I go out with fellows, but I haven't a date for every night in the week. Cynthia, why do all the fellows hate to go around with a young girl of sixteen or seventeen? When my brother brings his friends to the house I find them all very nice, but it seems they never make a date with me. Do you suppose it is because my brother is around? Fellows of around nineteen term the younger girls as "kids." Will some of your male correspondents tell me why they call a girl of that age a "kid," when she is just as much of a woman as a girl of eighteen or nineteen?

Cynthia, some one in your paper asks if there is such a thing as love. I say "No." There is no such thing on this earth as love. Some people imagine they are in love, but no such thing exists today, and I am sure there are many others (who are not narrow-minded as to such a silly thing) who will agree with me.

Nothing exists now in life except fresh fellows and men and painted-up "dolls." If people were more decent we would have a nicer place to live in than we have, but for me, give me a home in the country and a good, kind husband who does not run out with others.

Will some of the opposite sex please answer this letter, as once in a while a girl can really get lonesome and enjoys reading a good letter giving her some advice.

Here's hoping I hear from "some one" real soon.

"Is it necessary to have the right name and address of a correspondent to Cynthia? Also the correct address?"

"CLEO."

Never mind, dear; you'll grow up some day and find a big, beautiful love in this world and will be a happy woman. Be thankful you do not have a date, as you express it, every evening. That is overmuch pleasure. Every girl should be at home more than she is out.

Yes, your name and address should be signed to all letters addressed to Cynthia.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

It is one thing to be an epicure and another to be a glutton. The ravenous eater who "wolfs" his food at every meal as though he had had nothing to eat for a week is an extreme case, seldom encountered in polite circles. But there are other varieties of the genus glutton, who display their overfondness for "eats" in different ways. For instance, there's the man or woman whose enjoyment of the pleasures of the table is made too evident in an eager attack upon certain favorite dishes, or in an unseemly gloating over the deliciousness of the food.

Gluttons of any type take no interest in the other diners, nor in the current table talk. Their manners verge upon grossness, since by their behavior they proclaim that they have come to a social gathering solely for the purpose of appeasing their appetite.

Adventures With a Purse

DOROTHEA has a pair of them, and they are very fetching. I speak of the little satin bloomers—as smart and pert as anything you ever saw, and incidentally warmer than the ordinary sheer underthings one buys. Personally, I think it a very good idea to wear knickers in the cold weather. Well, anyhow, these I am trying to tell you about are of pale pink washable satin, are neatly trimmed with hemstitched bands, and are remarkably priced at $3.85 a pair. And this represents quite a saving.

Now I know full well that there will not be many of them left, but I do think that if you see about them the minute you read this, you may be able to find a few. It might even be a good plan to call the shop first to make sure there are some. For unquestionably a bargain in turkish towels such as this cannot last very long. The towels are a full forty inches in length, I should say, without having actually measured them. And they are nice heavy, spongy towels—the sort that make a bath so invigorating, because—oh, well—what is the use of my telling you what a joy it is to have big, thick bath towels? My duty is obviously to tell you where they can be had at a saving. Only in this case I am afraid that if I tell you the price you will be unable to believe that such good ones could be bought for fifty cents. There, I have told you—that's all they cost. I bought some myself, and think they are perfectly splendid.

A cunning little gift for the children's room is a most unusual laundry bag. The painted top will remind you of a little hanger with a painted baby's head—the sort that come for children's sweaters and clothes. And attached to this—which is finished off in a sort of ring—is the bag, made of blue or pink—you may take your choice.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3000.

TWILIGHT MAKES "THE KIDS" BEGIN TO THINK OF GHOSTS

When You Remember the Monsters That Lived in the Shadows of Your Childhood Home You're Glad You've Grown Up

THE street was almost dark, and lights were beginning to show in some of the houses.

People were coming home from work from both directions, hurrying up the street or down the street, and going gladly into warm houses.

It was getting pretty late.

But the "kids" were still playing, still pushing their express wagon up and down the pavement, coming around the corner of the little alley that cut into the street, with reckless speed.

They stopped once, when the wagon lost itself and floundered into the mud at the side of the walk.

One of them looked up and down the street, where the arc lights, just spluttering on, made mysterious shadows under the trees.

He hesitated.

"If a great big ghost came walking down the street, now," he finally remarked, diffidently, "What would you do?"

He giggled in an embarrassed, apologetic tone.

His companion considered the question in silence.

"Nothing," he replied, logically, after a moment.

And, setting his knee on the express wagon, his other foot on the ground ready to push, he said, "Get out the way," and progress was resumed.

THOSE ghosts that infested the shadows of twilight in your childhood—weren't they terrible!

Don't you remember the one that always used to climb up on your porch as soon as it got dark?

He stayed right behind the post, in the shadow of the big tree, until the street lights came on.

And then after that you didn't know when he'd jump out, or come crawling after you.

Sometimes you thought it was just the shadow of the big tree, but then it seemed to grow darker, or come nearer or something, until you just couldn't stand it another minute; you had to go in and have somebody light the light inside.

Then there was a certain corner of the upstairs hall that you didn't trust any too much; it had a triangular shadow, partly on the ceiling, a colossal thing!

Mother could say what she liked, but when it was necessary to pass that place after dark, you weren't taking any chances; you crowded over to the other side of the hall and scurried by without looking.

AND as for the back yard, why, that dark, terrible path, from the gate to the kitchen door, was filled with horrors!

As soon as you got inside the gate the darkness stood up on its hind legs and came stalking after you as fast as it could come.

You wouldn't admit that you were scared enough to run, but you made pretty good time just walking—and that kitchen door made enough bang to startle anything that might be at your heels.

That big, crooked old apple tree over in the corner of the yard, that little nook beside the kitchen steps, that weird shadow down by the gate! Can't you see them, even now?

THERE really are some things about childhood which make you glad that at last you have grown up out of them.

The ghosts at twilight were such fearsome monsters!

Things You'll Love to Make

To make the stunning stationery shown, take any good grade envelopes and, if you can, paint the design on the paper; if you cannot, then buy a roll of fancy pinwheel paper. Cut pieces to fit into the envelopes as shown. Paste along the edges of the decorated paper and slip into the envelopes. When dry fold down the flaps to get the crease in the paper. Most people like original stationery and would, therefore, appreciate a box like this.

FLORA.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

About Cats

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would like to put in application for one of the kittens offered recently in the column. We recently built and moved into a new home, but are annoyed with mice, presumably from the field, and sadly miss a dear pet cat who was a good mouser and who died some time ago.

The present owners can be assured it will have the best of care, as well as a good home, where there are no children to annoy it, and the adults are all fond of animals. If this arrives too late for one of those cats, can you tell me if I could obtain a nice one by applying to one of the institutions that look after stray animals that I believe exist in Philadelphia? I also would like the address of same.

L. H.

I am sorry to disappoint you, but your letter came after owners had been provided for the cats. I would suggest that you go to the Animal Rescue League, at 22 South Eighteenth street. You will be able to get a cat there.

For a Club

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—We are a group of boys and girls still in our teens, and have organized a social club. We are in doubt as to what name to give it. Will you please suggest a name that will do no matter how large the club becomes?

Also, please state how meetings should be conducted, and the suitable time for meetings to come to order and to adjourn?

A FAITHFUL READER.

Call your club the Fun and Frolic Club, and hold the meetings from eight to ten o'clock in the evening. The regular method of procedure is for the meeting to be called to order by the president, who then requests the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting. This is followed by reports from the treasurer and the chairmen of the various committees. Old and new business is then discussed, after which the social part of your evening may commence.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Who is Miss Jessie Burral, of Washington, D. C.?
2. What will disinfect and whiten the kitchen sink?
3. Describe a gift that would be suitable for a man to give a girl at Christmas.
4. How can the "lost" space in the corner of a bedroom that is under a sloping roof be utilized?
5. What dainty gift for the baby can be made out of an ordinary pair of men's bicycle trouser clips and some embroidered linen?
6. In what easy way is the finishing made of the end of a piece of embroidery used to make a stole collar on a dress?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Miss Grace Wolf, a stenographer, of Tokepa, Kan., works in the morning for a Methodist minister who performs many marriages, and in the afternoon for a law office where most of the letters are about divorces and alimonies.
2. If an ordinary pencil clip is forced through the lid of an eye-glass case, and fastened tight, the case can be held firmly in place in a pocket, just like a fountain pen or a pencil.
3. The owner of an imitation ivory toilet set should be careful never to allow her perfume to fall on any of the articles, as alcohol is injurious to the artificiel ivory.
4. A pretty top for a child can be made by gluing two large button molds together, with a matchstick run through the center, and painting them in bright colors.
5. The woman who crochets will find it easy to make a filet band, stiffen it with glue, turn it into a circle, and present it as a napkin ring for Christmas.
6. Wider skirts for dresses are predicted for spring.

THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.

Jean Northrup, who has been brought up in wealth, is suddenly left penniless by the death of her father shortly after his failure in business. An unknown man named Mark Brand has been appointed her guardian, and from the first there is enmity between the two.

The Lion and the Mouse

NEVER in his life before had Mark Brand met so utterly disdainful a creature as this woman before him. All his life he had given orders and had been unquestioningly obeyed. He was master of his ranch and of the men on it, and this girl, slim and tall and white, showed in every line of her that she despised him, that she felt him beneath her. It was like a white kitten flying in the face of a jungle lion.

Looking at him defiantly, Jean saw his mouth tighten, and then suddenly he laughed.

"What a spitfire it is!" he mocked. "Used to having your own way, aren't you? Well now, we might as well look at this thing fairly. There's no need of quarreling with existing circumstances now is there? We might as well be friends."

Jean was silent.

"It's quite true that you haven't any money; you're helpless, dependent on me or any of your friends."

"I can work," Jean flamed out.

"Can you? Well, what would you like to do? You can get a job as a saleslady no doubt, or perhaps work as a telephone girl. The young woman in the lobby downstairs might help you out."

Jean thought of Mamie with her frizzled blond head showing dark at the roots, of her mocking eyes. It was true she was at the mercy of people like that unless she made the best of things and met this man half way. It wasn't that Jean shirked work, it was simply that she had no idea of how to go about it. She had been carried around all her life by other people, everything had been made easy for her and reality terrified her even more than this man did whom she despised.

"What is it you want me to do?" she asked suddenly.

She raised her gray eyes to his blue ones and met there suddenly a look that terrified her. It was like a flash of light on steel, but it was gone in an instant.

Mark Brand had had suddenly the idea of marrying this girl, of taking her away with him. What a splendid thing to tame and what a mate she would make once she was tamed. What a creature of fire and blood, the woman he had always dreamed of!

"Do you want to stay here in the city?" he asked.

"Yes, of course."

"But don't you see how impossible that is? I can't stay here, my work is in the west. I am going to take you back with me."

Jean laughed. "That is impossible," she returned. "I am not a child, to have my destiny marked out by a stranger. What do you propose, that I live with you at your ranch?"

"It might be a good idea."

"And I suppose such a thing as conventions never occurred to you."

"If we needn't offend the conventions," he said coolly, "there is another way, you know."

"What other way?"

"You might marry me."

"Marry you, marry you!" her tone was incredulous. And then she laughed. She threw back her head and laughed and laughed. Silvery laughter, cutting, wounding, bitter laughter that stung and goaded. Mark Brand heard it and his hands tightened on the chair, but he did not move. He waited. Finally she stopped and looked at him.

"I marry you!" she said evenly. "Don't you think that's rather funny?"

He rose, standing over her tall and commanding. "I'll leave you to think it over," he said smoothly. "In the meantime, I'm staying quite near you." He mentioned the name of a well-known hotel. "Have you any money? I guess I'd better leave you some," and he counted out some bills which he left on the table. "Be a sensible girl and don't act like a child," were his last admonishing words before he left her weak and quivering with impotent fury.

Tomorrow—A Woman at Bay

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON

LINE OF INTUITION

A—It is extremely rare. Those possessing it are usually highly intuitional and psychical, such as spiritualistic mediums.

LXIV

One rarely sees a hand with a line of intuition in it. The position of this line is similar to that of the line of Mercury, but it differs from the latter in that it is gracefully curved, whereas the line of Mercury is straight.

Those who have a line of intuition are unusually gifted with some sort of occult power. They are primarily, as the very name of the line suggests, intuitive. That is, they get instinctive feelings, impulses or ideas concerning other persons or events; and, as a rule, those intuitions are correct. Many persons who receive instinctive "messages" or ideas sort reject them as absurd or superstitious. Often, however, the event proves that if they had been acted upon the course pursued would have been more advantageous. It has been suggested that those to whom intuitions come should try to cultivate them as they would their memory, their reasoning or any other faculty. In time, it is said, the intuitive faculty becomes stronger by this cultivation and is capable of achieving the most astounding results.

(To be continued)

Bright Sayings of Children

We had a fire in our city last night. A wildcat whistle was blown to give the alarm. While the whistle was shrieking its loudest and weirdest Doris suddenly awoke, sat up in her bed and said, "Daddy, don't sing it so loud; I want to sleep."

I. R. B.

I took my niece to the riding academy for her first lesson. Every one being busy for the moment, I assisted her to mount and considered giving her a little start on a lesson myself. She sat up motionless, silent. The horse waited patiently. A friend approached and spoke to me. A moment later I was horrified to hear Mildred say: "Unky, crank him up, please, so I can ride."

L. M. M.

I was talking to my son one afternoon.

"John Henry," I said, "shall mamma buy you a nice baby sister?"

"O, no, Mommie; I got enough toys," he answered.

F. G. C.

"If you don't know what to get to vary the monotony of the daily diet --- try Ancre Cheese."

ANCRE
With the Genuine Roquefort Flavor
CHEESE
MADE BY SHARPLESS, PHILA.

Always a crisp, crunchy, flavorful taste. Their oven freshness make them so

KEEBLER
Oven-fresh
Soda Crackers

Buy by the Pound and Save
Keebler-Weyl Baking Co., Philadelphia

ATLANTIC MEAT STORES
1824 RIDGE AVE.

Big Special
For Friday & Saturday
STEAKS & ROASTS

1000's Come to This Store Because of High Quality Meat and Very Low Prices.

Rump, Round, Sirloin, Porterhouse, Bolar, Pinbone, Butcher's, Top or Bottom Round — 20c

City-Dressed Pork
Shoulders, Fresh Hams, Pork for Crout, Pork Chops, Legs Yearling, Lamb Chops — 22c

Ham and Bacon, 28c
Finest Hamburg Steak, 2 lbs. for 25c
Pure Lard in Pound Print, 1 lb. 20c

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE OPEN FRIDAY UNTIL 9 P. M.

BUY YOUR MEATS WHOLESALE

Rump Roast, Butcher Roast, Chuck Roast — 16c — Hamburg Steak, Shoulder Veal, Roasting Veal

FOUR POUNDS REAL SHARP CHEESE, 95c

Headquarters for Maurice River Cove Oysters
NORWAY MACKEREL, $1.50 A KIT

Mitchell's Market, Inc. 10 & 12 S. Delaware Av. Philadelphia, Pa.

Phone—Lombard 5110; Main 3209. This is Our Only Store

You never get enough muffins or delicious cakes served with original Karo

THERE'S something that just "touches the right spot"—with crisp Karo ginger cakes or cookies.

Everybody that *knows* syrup relishes the thick richness of original Karo—on pancakes, waffles, hot biscuits—or as a spread for bread. Or else instead of preserves, which are so high in price just now.

Karo is pure and wholesome—a true energy food for growing children, as well as for grown ups.

For Your Protection

Do not accept for Karo any syrup that does not bear this mark: This is your protection for original Karo quality and *full weight* cans.

There are three kinds. Order by full name: Blue Karo, Red Karo and Green Karo.

FREE *Send for the wonderful 64-page handsomely illustrated Corn Products Cook Book. All carefully tested recipes—and easy to follow. It is free. Write today. Corn Products Refining Company, P. O. Box 161, New York City.*

Selling Representatives
NATIONAL STARCH CO.
135 South 2d Street, Philadelphia