

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM WOMEN READERS—FASHION HINTS—HOUSEHOLD HELPS

WHY IS THE TACTLESS WOMAN? FOR HER NAME IS LEGION

She Who Always Manages to "Put Her Foot in It" Given Half the Opportunity—No Amount of Training Overcomes It

HAVEN'T you all known her—the tactless woman? The woman who goes out of her way, one almost believes, to say the wrong thing at the wrong time or the right thing at the wrong time—if you will.

Who while entertaining one of the nouveau riche will insist on holding forth on the subject of heredity, or when in the presence of a divorcee causes the conversation to veer around to the recent discussion of the divorce question by the Episcopal convention in St. Louis? She invariably calls the Confederate soldiers "rebels," when talking to a Southerner, or speaks disparagingly of the "Middle West" to a woman hailing from Ohio.

Women of this type are frequently good-natured creatures; in fact, their very good nature often makes them fall to realize the sensitiveness of others.

They are just clumsy—reminding one of the little girl who when giving a birthday party and much impressed with the importance of her duties as a hostess said, when another child presented her with a box of candy, remarking that she knew she had everything, and so she didn't know what to give her. "Oh, that's all right; that's better than nothing."

There are many older and wiser people than this child who never fail to let a donor know that they already have "three boxes of candy."

All of us at some time or other have

Two Dollars Given for a Letter Every Day

PRIZE of Two Dollars (\$2) will be given each day to a reader of the Women's Page of the Evening Ledger. There are no conditions. Every day a letter will be chosen from the number sent in, whether it contains information of value to the readers of the page or asks a question, and the prize will be awarded to the writer. Be sure to sign your name and address so that checks may be forwarded.

been guilty of some extremely tactless remark—how the memory of it stings one!

Of course, some women run to the other extreme. Have you never been asked whether you had seen some particular play which you knew the one who invited you wanted to see? And then to save her feelings want and sat through three or four acts, trying to conceal your knowledge of "what was going to happen next," only to have the fact of your having been there before leak out in the end?

But, after all, tact is something with which or without which one is born, and through no amount of training can it be achieved.

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

Madge Makes the Best of the Situation

I KNOW of nothing more exasperating to a hostess than to have her guests come to her home too early. It is bad enough to wait a meal for a belated guest, but to have some critical woman casually stroll in before one is dressed or has put the final touches so dear to every housewife upon all the preparations is simply maddening.

I am no exception to the rule. As I heard the voices of Lillian Gale and her husband and I realized that they had arrived at half-past three in the afternoon when they had been invited for an evening chafing-dish supper, I was both disheartened and angry. With a gasp of thankfulness I remembered that Katie had swept up the nut shells from the living room rug, but I also knew that the dust must have settled again upon everything. Katie had gone over the furniture the day before, but I had planned to have her give things a few finishing touches before the guests came. Any such plan was now an impossibility. The rooms would have to remain as they were.

Another problem confronted me. I had planned to arrange my table for the evening as soon as I finished making up the beds, and to have a light lunch for Dicky and myself, picnic-like, at the kitchen table. The unexpected coming of these guests meant that I would have to do, much as I hated to do it, I must go into the living room and cordially welcome these people. As I slipped off my kitchen apron I thought of the hypocrisy which marks most social intercourse. What I really wanted to say to my early guests was this:

"Please go home and come again at the proper time. I am not ready to receive you now."

I had a sudden whimsical vision of the faces of Dicky and the Underwoods if I should thus speak my real thoughts. The thought in some curious fashion made me think of the room to Lillian Gale's side, extended my hand and said coolly:

"How good of you to come this afternoon!"

"I know it is unparadise," Lillian's high-pitched voice said. "You invited us for the evening, not the afternoon, but I told Harry that I was going to crucify the conventions and come over early so I would have a chance to see you before two words to you before the rest got here. If Bess Marsden ever started upon some of those pet theories of hers, nobody else would get a word in."

"She's the most rabid anarchist out of jail."

"What HARRY SAID" "Bess won't come here," broke in Dicky. "Her brother is seriously ill in Chicago and she had to go to him."

"Of course that's Paul out, also," Lillian commented in the most matter-of-fact manner. "But the Lesters are about as bad," she turned to me again. "They have a six-month-old baby, their first, and you'd think it was the first in the universe for them to talk about it. So I determined to get ahead of everybody and have a little visit with you."

"It was so good of you," I murmured again. It was banal, I knew, but the presence of Lillian Gale always seems to deaden my wits.

"I am good, too, just as good as Lill, but is there any charming hostess telling me so? There is not."

Harry Underwood elbowed his wife away from my side with a playful push, and held out his hand, his brilliant black eyes looking down into mine with the same lazy approving expression that I had resented when Dicky introduced me to him between the acts of "Rosemary."

I judged my brain in vain for some airy nothing with which to answer his noncommittal "I never have had the gift of repartee. I can talk well enough about subjects that interest me when I am conversing with some one whom I know well, but the frothy, frothy, frothy light banter that forms the conversational stock-in-trade of so many women, is an alien tongue to me."

"You are just as welcome as Mrs. Underwood is," I said heartily at last. I threw a sop to my conscience with the realization that I had spoken the exact truth. He was exactly as welcome as his wife and neither of them was in the least welcome. Fortunately, he did not read any hidden meaning into my words.

"That's always the way," he said plaintively, dropping my hand as if he were repelled.



"How good of you to come this afternoon!"

came over here today for a little visit, and tonight will sit on either the water wagon or the beer wagon, just as Mrs. Graham says. But you boys won't start any of these special drinks, or I'll know the reason why."

"Oh, cut it out, Lill," her husband said, not crossly, but mechanically, as if it were a phrase he often used. But Dicky laughed down at her, although I knew by the look in his eyes that he was much annoyed.

"All right, Lill," he said easily. "I suppose Madge will be glad to see you into the seclusion of her room. You haven't any objection to our having a twenty-twenty little smoke, do you, mamma dear?"

"Go as far as you like," she returned, ignoring the sneer.

As I turned and led the way to my room, I was conscious of curiously mingled emotions. Relief at the elimination of the special bottle with its inevitable consequences and resentment that Dicky should so meekly obey the dictum of another woman, battled with each other. But stronger than either was a dawning wonder. From the conversation I had overheard in the theater dressing room, and from trifling things in Mrs. Underwood's own conduct I had been led to believe that she was sentimentally interested in Dicky, and that some time in the future I might have to battle with her for his affections. But her speech to him which I had just heard savored more of the mother laying down the law to a refractory child than it did of anything approaching sentiment. Could it be, I asked myself, that I had been mistaken?

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Oh, may I keep the common touch— All through this life of toil and fuss I want to have the feeling that I'm simply one of all of us.



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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Hot Lobster Chops

Take two lobsters weighing together four or five pounds, boil and remove the meat. Reserve one shell for serving later. Chop the meat fine and mince with a roll soaked in one cupful cream, beaten with two eggs, so meekly obey the dictum of another woman, battled with each other. But stronger than either was a dawning wonder. From the conversation I had overheard in the theater dressing room, and from trifling things in Mrs. Underwood's own conduct I had been led to believe that she was sentimentally interested in Dicky, and that some time in the future I might have to battle with her for his affections. But her speech to him which I had just heard savored more of the mother laying down the law to a refractory child than it did of anything approaching sentiment. Could it be, I asked myself, that I had been mistaken?

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THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department will be printed 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 to THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

The winner of today's prize is Miss Madeleine Groshens, of Roslyn, Pa., whose letter appeared in yesterday's paper.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. What makes a good substitute for a pastry board?
2. How can the yolks of eggs be kept fresh after the whites are used?
3. When should steaks, chops, etc., be seasoned?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. A child between the age of one and six years should have twelve hours' sleep every night, with a nap in the afternoon.
2. A feverish baby can often be soothed by being given a sponge bath of elicit ounces of alcohol added to a quart of warm water.
3. Old-fashioned elder makes an excellent tooth wash.

Making Over Old Furs

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am a poor young girl and am most anxious to fix over my old set of square-cut fur. I have had the fur dyed, if possible—and then it your fur on, sewing it here and there, just enough to hold it. You could buy some inexpensive ribbon and attach it to the front, at the ends place a small bit of the fur to finish it. If you have any fur left you might make a small turban, as these are being worn so much these days. A shape in most inexpensive and it could either have a fur crown or a fur brim, finishing off with velvet. This would be stunning and would cost you a very small amount.

Evil of Young Girls Drinking

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Your article in Monday's Evening Ledger, "The Evil of the Cocktail," is a most interesting and instructive one. It is especially so in referring to the root of the matter, and the fact that many of these places and amusements are all right in themselves, but when girls in their teens are admitted in numbers, as they are here, with their parents, it is time to call the attention of the authorities as well as respectable thinking persons, who see the ruin of these youthful patrons.

Feed the Brute

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Many women do not stop to think how tired, harassed and perhaps hungry they are when they get into bed at 10 o'clock. It is a mistake to go to bed with a very good dinner at 10 o'clock. It is a mistake to go to bed with a very good dinner at 10 o'clock. It is a mistake to go to bed with a very good dinner at 10 o'clock.

Original Household Devices

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I have a very simple and useful device for cleaning windows. It is made of a window-shade pole unnecessary stopping when sweeping with the sides of a broom and placing one across the top, then throwing a piece of dark cloth over all, a line across for sweeping out light from the window will be the result.

Violet Layer Cake

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—A delicious cake may be prepared from the following recipe: Warm four tablespoons of butter and four of powdered sugar, beat and mix what is to be the frosting, mix together six to one-quarter pound of vanilla, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt, a dash of cream, and a dash of vanilla. Beat the mixture in the remainder of the flour, beat in the eggs, and beat in the white chocolate, decorate with crystallized sugar and use the cake around with three or four slices.

Re-covering a Lamp Shade

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I have a very simple method in my mind and want to know what you would suggest. First, the shade is to be re-covered with a material which will give you a better light than the present material on very faded and worn shades. This you can obtain in a very small amount.

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Good Stores Everywhere

A Favorite Soup: Heat one cupful minced cold roast chicken in a saucepan with one pint chicken stock, seasoning with salt and pepper. Add one cupful light cream and the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, chopped. Let come to a boil and serve. Diet for the Lean: Though the lean individual may be the more agile and vigorous, leanness is also associated with those of a nervous temperament. It is not always a desirable condition, since it prematurely ages the face by its early appearance of wrinkles.

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