

# GIFTS AND OTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON—REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

## SYMPATHY SHOULD GO OUT TO THE "SPOILED" CHILD

The Mother Frequently Will Not Sympathize With Her Daughter's Efforts to Assist Her in the Duties of the Household

WHENEVER a girl is described as "spoiled" I feel great sympathy for her.

It isn't always to be blamed on an excess of maternal solicitude. Frequently I find it is because the mother has followed the line of least resistance and with the bromide "I can do it myself in half the time" has deprived her children of the advantage of a little judicious training under her watchful eye.

One girl in speaking of this very habit among fond parents says:

"It is often easier for a mother to do her housework without the aid of her children than to have them help her. It is another evidence of motherly love when a woman allows her children to work beside her, giving them the benefit of her oversight and experience and accepting their petty little blunders with good will and equanimity."

For child labor, for many reasons, is more of a nuisance than a help. Out in the business world it is irretrievably linked with waste and inefficiency. It is only the mother who accepts a child's work and gives the laborer credit for a man's job. She has the bad end of the bargain. It all means extra effort on her part, constant oversight and constant repetition. There is the child who is willing enough, but forgets what he is trying to do, and there is his brother who is unwilling and who puts and suks and kicks the floor in a fit of bad temper. If the work is important the child has to be continually watched; if it is to be done in a hurry he is too slow. Consequently it takes more nervous energy to get a child to do something for us than the task would demand if we did it ourselves. This is especially true when the mother is worn out with the cares of the day. It is more fatiguing for her to see that Johnny fills the coal bucket than it is to carry it up the cellar steps herself.

Yet the mother who has the best interests of her children at heart does not in the least allow the question of her own convenience to govern her. Children have to be taught. She realizes this, and she realizes also that no one is in a better position to fill this responsibility than

### THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I used to think this little space was less than I deserved somehow; But my, it's lucky that I'm small Or else I'd not be here at all— White paper's so expensive now. RYCAN



she herself. There are few exceptions to this rule. Strange to relate, the one exception that has come under my notice is the most capable housewife—in every intention a successful mother.

"Mrs. B. was buried under a rush of things, and when I visited her home with its big family and three boarders I saw at a glance that it was only by dint of the most skillful management she succeeded in putting through the daily routine. She was an immaculate housekeeper. Her two little girls, Jane and Elizabeth, seemed to have some of her talent, for they both loved to dabble in the kitchen and help prepare the meals. But Mrs. B. never let them stick their heads inside the door. She was always too busy to be bothered. She never allowed them to try their hand at a cake because she couldn't afford to have it spoiled. She never permitted them to prepare a meal because it had to be ready on time and the pink of perfection.

"Several years went by, financial conditions improved, and Mrs. B. hired a servant who proved to be a splendid cook. The girls became absorbed in other interests as they grew up, first school, then the business world. Finally, they were married, but they were not happy in their homes. It all came about because they couldn't cook. For civilized man cannot do without cooks."

## THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

The winner of today's prize is Mrs. C. F. Haberstroh, of 2333 North Sixteenth street, whose letter appeared in yesterday's paper.

### TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What should be the maximum weight of a good roasting pig?
2. When there is a tendency to biliousness milk will sometimes increase it. How can it be taken with safety by persons so affected?
3. Should meat be laid directly upon the ice?

### ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Wetting a mold with ice water immediately before pouring in the cranberries will prevent them from sticking to the bowl.
2. A fowl after being roasted in the usual way should be turned, back upward, about twenty minutes before taken out of the oven. In this way the juices will run into the breast.
3. Rub stains on a line-topped table with a slice of lemon. Allow the acid to remain on the spots for about an hour, then wipe off and the stain will be clean and bright.

### Removal of Iodine Stains

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—For the benefit of A. D., whose request for something to remove iodine stains from white linen was in yesterday's paper, I am pleased to advise that if she will wash the goods in dilute ammonia for five or ten minutes, the stain will entirely disappear. Do not dilute the ammonia, but use it full strength, and do not throw it away afterward, as the iodine will have no effect on the ammonia. This line is entirely safe and has proved its reliability to my entire satisfaction. I. B. L.

### Old-Fashioned Gingerbread

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—After rich, heavy cakes for a few days, the housewife looks around for a simple cake that will fill the bill. This is a recipe for old-fashioned gingerbread. One cup brown sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, one-half cup cornstarch, two eggs, and one teaspoon soda. (Mrs.) C. G. T.

### Recipe for French Toast

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—How do you make French toast? French toast—One loaf bread, two eggs, one cup milk, one teaspoon sugar. Cut into thin slices. Beat eggs well. Add milk and sugar. Dip bread in the mixture and fry in butter or dripping. Serve with syrup. The toast makes an excellent breakfast dish.

### Marshmallow Fudge Recipe

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—At this time of the year recipes for goodies are always in demand. Marshmallow Fudge—Boil two and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of milk and two squares of butter chocolate until a soft ball is formed in cold water. Add one tablespoon marshmallows from a box, cut one-half pound marshmallows in quarters and add, stirring until dissolved and the mixture begins to thicken. Pour into buttered pans and cut in squares. This is inexpensive and very delicious. (Mrs.) C. G. T.

### Household Suggestions

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Some of my household helps may help others. In the kitchen, I keep a jar of vasoline and I find it better than oil for greasing doors, drawers, and drawers and wash and there is nothing so good as vasoline in my estimation for removing water stains from polished furniture. I cover my shelves and kitchen drawers with white cloths instead of paper, as it looks nicer, can be kept cleaner with less trouble and is very inexpensive. Near my sink I always keep a small brush to wash my forks, as the brush gets in between each time and easily and quickly removes all particles of food. On the outside of the sink, I always apply the paste to the glass with an old toothbrush. I find the vasoline to be applied to all the cracks and corners of the sink without marring the finish. (Mrs.) M. E. M.

### When Pressing Embroidered Work

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I wish to make a suggestion when you find very intricate embroidery on a piece of fabric, such as a handkerchief or a collar, do not press it over a hot iron, as this will ruin the embroidery. Instead, press it over a piece of white cloth, which will protect the embroidery from the heat of the iron. (Mrs.) M. E. M.

## MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

"IS THIS Mrs. Graham?"

"Yes, Mrs. Smith."

"Yes."

"I flashed a joyous glance at Dicky. Our outing was safe so far as this telephone message had power to disturb it. After my experience with Mrs. Smith I knew no request of hers would have any effect upon any plan of mine."

"Pardon me for calling you up so early," the smooth tones of Mrs. Smith went on, "but I wanted to be sure of catching you in my morning telephone call."

"I am very sorry," I used the conventional phrase without thinking until I saw Dicky's wide grin. "But my husband and I are just taking the train for a long day in the country, and it will be impossible for me to get back in time to meet you."

"Oh, dear!" To my astonishment the smooth tones took on a tinge of impatience. "I have some unexpected engagements for the rest of the week. Wouldn't it be possible for you to get back, say, 4 or 5 o'clock? Then we could have our appointment today after all."

I was so amazed at her effrontery that I could scarcely gather my wits together to answer her. She had broken a business appointment with me for a visit from her husband. The fact that I had insisted upon keeping the appointment before I heard from her had almost brought on a serious quarrel between Dicky and myself. Now that her husband had disappointed her she calmly expected me to give up part of my day to her. I was not a patient man, but I was a patient wife. I remembered that it was almost as if she were speaking to a prospective employee.

### PAYING HER BACK

"It will be absolutely impossible for me to do so," I replied. "I purposely made my tone deliberate and cold. 'You will pardon me for hurrying away now, I am afraid I will miss my train. I will call you up when I get back.' There was a ring in my young husband's voice."

I heard a shocked, protesting "Good-by" as I hung up the receiver. Evidently Mrs. Smith was accustomed to having other women accommodate themselves to her whims. I felt rapidly growing dislike to her. But overhauling everything else was an unholy job at having paid her back for the unpleasantness she had caused me.

"Was the old girl peevish?" Dicky asked as we walked down the street with the early crispness of the morning air filling our lungs and stimulating our nerves. "I gather her dear husband or child had fallen down, and she was trying to ring you in as second fiddle."

"You are eminently correct in your deductions, however puzzling your language," I returned mischievously. "I know it's wrong, but I am so glad to have had the chance to get even with her for all the unpleasantness she caused me."

"It gives just the right kind of fillip to the day's enjoyment, eh? That's a good feeling, isn't it?"

"Of course, a man never enjoys getting back at anybody," I returned spiritedly.

### A NARROW ESCAPE

"Sure. Nothing like winning a good knockdown fight to give a man an appetite. You can't start any argument with me on that question. Great morning, isn't it?"

"Indeed, it is," I returned, glad of any excuse for getting away from the subject of Mrs. Smith. "It must be splendid in the country."

"Just wait till you get there," Dicky rejoined in the tone of a hard-boiled corner. "In the case of a husband, the wife is an excuse for getting away from the subject of Mrs. Smith. 'It must be splendid in the country.'"

We were both rapid walkers and it seemed no time at all until we reached the imposing station of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"Come on, this way," Dicky grasped my arm and started across Seventh avenue, along which street to the taxi entrance a bewildering procession of automobiles was rushing.

But I hung back, pulling on Dicky's arm. As I did so, an auto horn sounded right behind us. Dicky jumped forward, pulling me with him by main force, and the auto glided past, missing us only by an inch or so.

I did not realize the danger we had been in until we reached the corner of the street. In the case of a husband, the wife is an excuse for getting away from the subject of Mrs. Smith. "It must be splendid in the country."

I looked at the line and his eyes were blazing. "What do you mean?" I faltered.

"A PERFECT DEPENDENCE. 'What do I mean?' He almost shouted the words. 'Haven't you grasped the fact yet that you've been about as near death as you could be and get away with it? You hang back there just as we were starting, and that machine just missed us as I jumped. You are always doing it. Some day you'll kill both of us.'"

"He still held my arm. I wrenched it free."

"At least you can let go my arm," I said icily.

"Come along, let's get somewhere where we can sit down," he returned. "I'm as weak as a cat. When I think how near that machine came to killing you right before my eyes!"

He stopped short, evidently unable to continue the sentence. My resentment at his manner vanished. After all, it was his concern for me that had worked him up to such a pitch.

"I'm awfully sorry, Dicky," I said as we walked rapidly down the incline leading to the Long Island station. "I'll try not to hang back another time. But you cannot know the mortal terror that seizes me when anybody takes my arm to pilot me across the street. When I am alone I can get across all right, but when I am with you, I am guided, all my wits leave me. Didn't you ever feel that way when somebody was guiding you?"

Dicky stopped and looked at me as if some new idea was percolating through his brain.

"I never thought of that," he said. "That's probably what ails you. You see, being a man, I never had anybody guide me across the street."

"Being a man you have missed many experiences which would make you understand what a woman feels," I retorted. (Copyright.)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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## HOW CHRISTMAS TOYS MAY BE MADE REAL AIDS TO BEAUTY

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company.



This toy will encourage muscular development.

Tennis is the best all-round exercise.

TOYS are an important part of the Christmas celebration. It is impossible to imagine a toyless holiday season where there are children. The little folk await with happy anticipation the dawning of the wonderful day that will add new toys to their playroom.

But it has always been past my understanding why the majority of parents display such bad judgment in the selection of the gifts for their children.

I have seen nurseries filled with expensive, meaningless toys, and have wished that I might have "buzzed" in the ears of these same fathers and mothers the kind of playthings they should have bought for their young hopefuls.

Toys are anything but frivolous things. They should not be selected in the mad holiday rush without a thought as to the part they are to play in the mental and physical training of your child.

Among the first to realize the importance of toys in the training of children was the noted educator, Dr. Maria Montessori. She evolved from her theories a practical method of child development. I wish that every mother would read at least one of the books on the Montessori method.

It is natural for a mother to want her child to attain physical perfection. If she is a wise parent she will exert every effort to assist nature in the process of development. An excellent means to this end lies in the use of toys.

Recall the physical defects of the particular little one for whom you are buying a toy and let them influence your selection.

Perhaps her shoulders are narrow and she is inclined to have stooped shoulders. Deep breathing and exercise will remedy both physical conditions.

It is a well-known fact that the majority of children do not inflate more than half their lungs. Deep breathing is essential to robust health.

There is a sanatorium in France where the patients are given flutes, bugles and horns for the purpose of encouraging deep breathing. Either of these instruments would be a sensible gift for your child.

Surely, the other members of the family will close their ears to the noise in such a good cause.

Tennis is a good sport and splendid exercise as well. If they are large enough you can teach your child a series of exercises, using two of them as Indian clubs. A spirited game of tennis will stimulate circulation and exercise the muscles of the arms, legs and trunk.

You will agree with me after reading this that a set of tennis is a most excellent Christmas gift for a child.

Archery is something that will appeal to the child of ten or twelve. The arrows that come out of a bow are tipped with rubber suction caps and are virtually harmless. They can be used in the playground or outdoors.

The youngsters will have great fun imagining themselves Robin Hood and his merry men. The use of the bow and arrow requires steadiness and teaches muscular control of the entire body. It encourages grace and strength which alone should recommend this game.

Tennis, however, holds first place among exercises. Both girls and boys enjoy this sport, and a racket and box of tennis balls would please any child. The rackets are to be had in different weights, so that

even "tiny tots" can indulge in this sport. House tennis can be played during the winter. There is no better exercise for all-around development. Be sure to include a tennis racket and some balls in the Christmas gifts of your child.

The little "make-em-go-yourself" wagons mean plenty of outdoor exercise. They are much better fun than the old-fashioned express wagon. The constant motion of the arms and back develops these parts of the body and increases the strength of the entire system. Such a toy would be welcomed with shouts of gladness.

Toy brooms and sweepers are beneficial exercisers for the little girl. She will also improve physically if she is encouraged to "play catch" with her brother. So many attractive balls are shown in the toy shops that you will probably invest in several.

Do not choose meaningless toys. Unless they have some real value besides mere prettiness, your little one will soon grow tired playing with them.

(Copyright.)

### Scalloped Oysters With Cheese

Butter a baking dish, sprinkle with bread crumbs and put on a layer of oysters, seasoning with salt, pepper, parsley and grated Parmesan cheese. Add another layer of bread crumbs, seasoned oysters and cover with bread crumbs. Pour over one cup of oyster liquor or milk, dot with bits of butter and bake twenty or thirty minutes, or until nicely browned. Never have more than two layers of oysters so that the dish may be evenly cooked and not soggy in the middle. If you like spices, try leaving out the cheese and seasoning with bay leaf, blade of mace, one sprig of thyme and a little parsley chopped fine and sprinkled over each layer of oysters. Use three dozen oysters.

### Souffle of Whiting

Take the flesh of one good-sized cooked whiting or a like quantity of any white fish (it is best steamed) and see that it is free from all bones and skin. Rub through a wire sieve, mixing with milk to make this process easier. Add two eggs, beating each one in thoroughly, salt, pepper and then half a pint of white sauce. Grease a souffle mold and tie greased paper round. A spirited game of tennis will stimulate circulation and exercise the muscles of the arms, legs and trunk. You will agree with me after reading this that a set of tennis is a most excellent Christmas gift for a child.

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## DIARY OF A WELL-DRESSED GIRL

Neckwear Novelties of the Season

THE holiday outfit is a problem close upon us now. To be quite ideal it must boast of all the pretty vanities that are dear to the feminine heart. Among these, neckwear holds first place, which is not hard to understand when it appears in such fascinating forms as are now displayed in the exclusive shops.

Quite the latest offering in neckwear are the collarettes of velvet, satin or taffeta trimmed with fur or pleated frills of the material.

Closely following the lines of a fichu, a collarette of skunk and leaf-brown taffeta is unusually quaint and charming. The front is formed of soft folds of the silk trimmed with narrow ruffles of the same material.

Reminiscent of the lovely Empress Eugenie, for whom it has been named, is a shawl-like collarette of dark amethyst-colored velvet edged with a band of mole-skin and a double ruffle of Georgette crepe. Ribbon of the same tone is used to fasten this old-fashioned-looking collarette.

Fashion is loath to discard stripes, so she indulges her liking for them by making smart neckwear of striped linen, Georgette crepe or mull.

The one-piece frock of a dark color requires a collar and cuffs of blue-and-white striped handkerchief linen. The broad collar and double cuffs are edged with a pleated rill of plain white hemstitched linen. The set can be had in tan and white, green and white, rose and white, violet and white, or black and white.

The bow stock with a long, frilly jabot is again considered smart. One of the most attractive designs has a stock of white satin with a bow of black. The jabot is of white net bordered with several rows of narrow black satin ribbon.

There are many who thoroughly dislike stocks, but who find the jabot very fascinating. Dame Fashion has taken care to meet this condition of affairs. There are



Lace jabot with cravat of black velvet.

jabots of lace with a narrow frill at the top, which stands up crisply about the throat. A cravat of black velvet, with a program ribbon, tied in a perky little bow in front, gives just the right finish to the jabot.

Winter frocks need just such bits of frilly softness to relieve their somberness. (Copyright.)

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