

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN ALL WALKS OF LIFE—HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

THAT 'THANK YOU' NOTE—MAKE IT GENUINELY HEART-FELT

Do You Try to Be Enthusiastic Over the Many Useless Things You Receive, Rather Than Wound the Feelings of the Donors?

IT IS time, I admit, to let up on the Christmas theme, but are you one of those who rush over each and every one of his gifts, be they large or small, sublime or utterly ridiculous, or do you show a total lack of interest in all but the most special of your gifts?

Or, do you take the middle course, making a tremendous fuss when you open a package and discover it was "just what you had wanted" and trying to appear pleased, even if it is in a half-hearted way, when you find yourself the proud possessor of twenty-one calendars, fifteen pounds of candy and, worse yet, five nightgowns, when your friends know you have taken to the pajama?

It is not in all of us to gush over anything, no matter how pleased we may be, and many of us forget that the donor will feel repaid for her trouble if a little appreciation is shown.

That the girl who deliberately pokes fun at the gifts she receives from well-meaning but misguided relatives and friends is nothing short of cruel—they meant well, even though the various homemade knick-knacks may be utterly useless to her.

Just at present one of our current magazines is completing a short serial story entitled the "Stingy Receiver," writes E. S. K. "It is worth reading, merely for the explanation of its title."

I have seen advice as to proper forms of service in church, schools and kitchen, but not a word as yet about that repugnant recipient of gifts, the "Stingy Receiver."

"What is she?" "She is the one who, upon receiving a package large or small, promptly rips off ruthlessly the pretty wrappings, glances at the card therein carelessly, and finding a dainty trifle or a garment long desired (it makes no difference which) pushes her gift aside and murmurs, 'Such taste!'"

"Not so many years ago a woman I happen to know visited friends during the holidays. Their annual 'plunder' lay upon tables, piano, desk, etc., to be inspected by interested guests. The visitor

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Just one thing has helped me in all I've been through; I always maintain my detached point of view.



was much interested and attracted. The hostess, after a half-hearted explanation of gifts and givers, dragged from beneath a pile of linens a little bookmarker made of silk floss, plated, and on it a pretty mosaic made to make it strong and bright. There to was attached a card with a graceful, heartfelt wish written by the giver. As the 'S. R.' hailed it out almost with a snarl she remarked: 'I'd rather give nothing if I could give nothing better than that.' She went on to explain that the giver was just a poor girl who had worked with her years before. The visiting woman told me that she has had nothing but contempt for her former hostess since then.

"I have in mind several persons who audibly groan as the Christmas season draws near for the fact that they dread what A. or B. will give them. I should hesitate to receive their gifts myself, though not because I am an 'S. R.', but because they are such reluctant receivers.

"In the story referred to, whose title I use, the 'Receivers' were not reluctant in accepting so much as in radiating their real pleasure in the gifts and so letting the giver realize that her thoughtful pains had been appreciated more than just the formal 'thank you' signifies."

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

THERE was a long silence in the dining room of the Shakespeare House after Dicky had casually said that he was an artist who often sketched in the vicinity. Mrs. Gorman and her beautiful sister, Miss Draper, stared at him with some hidden emotion which we could not read. Dicky and I were too much astonished at their reception of his remark to say anything.

Finally, Miss Draper picked up the serving tray and hastened into the kitchen. Mrs. Gorman wiped her eyes as she saw her sister's departure. "You mustn't think we're queer," she said at length. "But I suppose you say that because you don't know Dicky. He's a trouble-baker to Grace, poor girl." Mrs. Gorman's eyes threatened to overflow again.

"It wouldn't trouble you too much, tell us about it," Dicky's voice was gentle, inviting. "I don't think anybody can help," Mrs. Gorman shook her head sadly. "You see, ever since Dicky was a baby, almost she has wanted to draw things. I brought her a pencil in her hands and she has drawn pictures on everything she could lay her hands on. In school she was always at the head of the class in drawing, but there was no money to give her any lessons, so she didn't get very far. Since she left school she has been planning every way to save money enough to go to an art school, but something always happens."

"THE AMAZING OFFER" Mrs. Gorman paused only to take breath. Having broken her reserve she seemed unable to stop talking.

"She went into a dressmaking shop as soon as she left school, but she could not do a thing there. She had to leave in a hurry. She had learned her trade to have a term in an art school. But her health broke down at the sewing and I had her home here a year."

"I remembered the remarkable appearance of costly attire Miss Draper had achieved when we saw her in the station. This, then, was the solution. She had made them all herself."

"Then she got another position," Mrs. Gorman's voice faltered. "Intuitively I felt that there was something about this position that the older sister did not approve. 'But just as she was getting somewhere the firm failed on account of the war and she came home this morning, discouraged. It's the first time I ever saw her give up hope. 'It's no use, Kate,' she said to me today. 'I'm going to give it up and get a job in a store somewhere, if I can.'"

"Miss Draper came into the room in time to hear Mrs. Gorman's last words. She walked swiftly to her sister's side, her eyes blazing.

"Kate," she said, her voice low but tense with emotion. "Why are you troubling these strangers with my affairs?"

"Refusing Mrs. Gorman could answer Dicky's question.

"Just a minute, please," he said authoritatively. "As it happens, Miss Draper, I am going to make a proposition to you concerning your position which will provide you with a comfortable income and at the same time enable you to pursue your studies."

"This girl has had lessons in a hard school," I said to myself. "She has learned to distrust men and to doubt any proposed kindness."

"I have been commissioned to do a set of illustrations," Dicky went on, "in which the central figure is a young girl in the regulation nurse costume, such as you would see in a hospital. I would like to find a satisfactory model for the picture. If you will allow me to say so, you are just the type I wish for the drawings. If you will pose for them I will give you \$50 and buy you a month of vacation ticket from Marvin so that you will have no expense coming or going. There are several art friends of mine who have been looking for a model for a picture. Now, how could I safely count upon an income of \$40 or \$50 a week after you get started. I know there are several other drawings I have in mind which I could do for you. Mrs. Gorman had attempted to speak two or three times while Dicky was explaining his proposition, but Miss Draper had silenced her with a gesture. "Now, how," she would not be denied. "A model!" she shrieked excitedly. "You're not insulting my sister by asking her to be a model, are you? Why? I'd rather see her dead than have her do anything so shameful."

"Kate, keep quiet. You do not know what you are talking about," Miss Draper's voice was low and calm, but it quieted her older sister immediately.

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR SKIN AND HAIR IN WINTER WEATHER

By LUCREZIA BORI

IN BESTOWING the gift of beauty Nature has a "string tied to it." If we disobey nature's laws she punishes us by taking it away from us. In other words, she is an "Indian giver."

Because of the unnatural mode of living civilization has brought with it we are constantly offending nature's laws and loss of beauty is the price exacted.

Delicate skins suffer the most at this time of year. Cold weather shrivels them, and in consequence there is no outlet for the poisonous matters that should be eliminated through the pores of the skin. The woman who cares nothing at all about her good looks will try to repair this damage done by winter. With this end in view she will spend a portion of every day trying by artificial means to restore the smoothness and pliability of her skin.

TWO COLD CREAM RECIPES She must be well supplied with facial cream that will cool and soften the skin. Many women hesitate to use cold cream as generally as they should for fear that it will encourage a growth of superfluous hair. Creams containing animal fats, such as lanolin, lard, tallow and beef marrow have a tendency to do this, but if only vegetable oils are used in the formulas there will be no cause for fear.

The following cold cream is compounded of vegetable oils: Spermacead 30 grams, White wax 15 grams, Cocoa butter 30 grams, Here is another cold cream made of vegetable oils: Rose water 100 grams, Oil of bitter almonds 4 grams, Benzoin 4 grams, Benzoin of soda 4 grams.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS Seven Recipes for Your Cook Book

PORRIDGE SCONES FOR these, cold oatmeal porridge can be used. The scones must, however, be eaten at once, as they will not keep. Make a stiff dough by adding flour to the porridge, and flavor with a few drops of vanilla essence. Roll out the dough to half an inch thick, cut in scones and bake for about half an hour in a moderate oven. Butter should be liberally spread over the scones when they are cut open.

BACON AND SPLIT PEAS Put the peas to soak the day before required. Wash them well and remove any that are discolored. Put the peas loosely in a mullin bag, then boil until quite soft. While the peas are cooking trim off the rind of some fat bacon, and just before the peas are ready fry the bacon, once on a dish and keep hot. Rub the peas through a sieve, then add the seasoning and some of the bacon fat. The bacon and peas should be served in separate dishes.

SPANISH SOUP To make this vegetable soup peel eight potatoes, eight onions and one Spanish onion. Cut the Spanish onion up small, fry in dripping and add salt and pepper. Put the potatoes and small onions in a pint of water, boil for an hour, then add soft tender add the fried onion and a pint of boiling milk. Draw to the side of the fire and add two well-beaten eggs for a model. Place them in a single layer and allow it to boil, then add half a cupful of grated cheese and stir again. Rub through a sieve and serve with toast.

A DISH OF MACKEREL Take several fresh mackerel, and, after removing the heads, carefully wash and clean the fish. Place them in a single layer in a fish kettle, cover with water and add a little salt. As soon as the water boils

Hungarian Beef Stew Cheaper cuts of meat can be made up in most delicious stews. The following recipe for Hungarian beef stew will give you a splendid dish and an inexpensive one, too. Two pounds of lean beef, shoulder steak, Two tablespoons vinegar, Two tablespoons finely cut onions, One level tablespoon flour or suet, Half cup cream, sweet or sour, One teaspoonful salt, One-fourth teaspoonful caraway seed, One-fourth teaspoonful sweet marjoram, Half cup hot water or broth, Paprika to taste.

Steamed Chocolate Pudding Three egg yolks, One cup powdered sugar, One-third cup milk, One ounce chocolate, One cup flour, Two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat yolks of eggs until very light, add powdered sugar very slowly and beat thoroughly. Melt chocolate over steam of teakettle with teaspoonful of hot water and add to the above; add milk and flour, beat hard and at the last the baking powder and whites of three eggs beaten stiff. Steam twenty to thirty minutes in small tin pudding cups.

One About Hair "Doctor, I'm worried about my hair. It's coming out something dreadful," said the lady. "Humph," said the doctor. "That signifies a rundown system. You'll have to diet."

The Poet's Bread Morn offers him her flaked light, That he may slake his thirst of soul, And for his hungry heart will Night Her wonder-cloth of stars outroll.

However fortune goes or comes He has his daily certain bread, Taking the heaven's starchy crumbs, And with a crust of sunset fed.

MO cake will ever take the place of fruit cake during the festive season. No fruit cake will ever equal FRUIT TASTYKAKE. Depend upon it to complete the holiday happiness. Generous-size cake in a sealed carton—25c— at your dealers.

Advertisement for Fruit Tastykake cake, featuring an illustration of the cake and text describing its quality and price.

WELL-DRESSED GIRL'S DIARY

Remodeling a Dance Frock With a Train



An up-to-the-minute dance frock with a side train.

I SPILLED the salt last night at dinner, and, bravely defiant of the old superstition, I refused to throw some over my left shoulder, or is it the right shoulder? The proverbial "serap" followed this morning. Blanche Taylor is visiting me; she came on for the New Year's celebration. When she unpacked her trunk she called me upstairs to see her new evening gown. Of course, she asked if I liked it. Before answering I had her slip the frock on. It wasn't at all becoming, and I diplomatically told her so. It was like putting a match to dynamite.

Later, when Blanche had "cooled off" I pointed out the disappointing features of the gown and volunteered to make the changes necessary to correct them. She acknowledged that I was right and told me to go ahead and do what I wanted to the frock.

The frock had wonderful possibilities, for the material was gorgeous. Over a lining of silver tissue there was a long silver lace train. Then there was a queer overdrape of pale blue taffeta and a long train of the same silk hanging from the shoulders.

Blanche is not the regal type of girl that can "carry" a court train well. But she can wear "striking" styles that no one else would ever think about. She ought to remember this when buying gowns.

First of all, I ripped off the train and the overdrape. I lengthened the tunic of metallic lace by adding a piece of silver net, eight inches wide, at the top. The lace is of an elaborate pattern, and is much more effective as a long skirt than when it forms the tunic.

The bodice was overtrimmed and heavy looking, and I had no mercy in the ripping party. When I had finished there was nothing but the wide band of silver tissue that had formed the foundation.

Two things Blanche insisted upon having—a train and little or no sleeves—so I arranged for more gorgeous tulle over the shoulders to form mere suggestions of sleeves.

After the wrinkles and creases had been pressed from the overdrape of taffeta I experimented with it until I obtained the effect I wanted. I drew the silk softly about the figure at the waistline so that it extended well up into the bodice and

Come, "kiss the lips of unacquainted change," by enjoying the jolly good-fellowship of Really Good Coffee

The writer took a pound of Winner Brand Coffee to some friends at Glenside—particular people, who know and enjoy the good things of life. They were using a popular 29c blend, and thought it exceptionally good. Prior to that 36c, 38c, 40c—the extortionate prices of exclusive stores—had been paid; because it seemed that price was a natural guarantee of quality. They're coffee-wise now; they know the subtle delicacy of coffee-flavor as found in a deliciously invigorating cup. They're using Winner Brand.

This Famous Coffee is 29c a pound. So far as we know, there's not a Forty-cent Value anywhere surpassing it in distinctive cup-quality. The best coffees grown go into the blending, and it's always the same rich, smooth, delicious product—a coffee that induces the critical drinker to ask for a second cup. We're saying all the sprightly things we can about it; and our Glenside friends are telling their neighbors, and so it goes throughout four States. Your pound is ready for you, in a sealed air-tight tin with all its fragrance and aroma perfectly preserved. 29c a pound.

Advertisement for Childs & Company coffee, featuring an illustration of a coffee tin and text describing the product.

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. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

1. How can nuts or raisins be prevented from sinking to the bottom of a cake? 2. How can raisins be soaked? 3. How can a loaf of stale bread be freshened?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES 1. Covering the furnace and heat pipes with asbestos will keep the heat from being wasted in the cellar. 2. Common lump starch can be used for cleaning silver without any other material. It should be applied with a damp cloth, allowed to stand several minutes, then rubbed off with cheesecloth.

3. To clean a sewing machine quickly, molten all the bearings and metal parts with kerosene, then run the machine rapidly for a few minutes, afterward wiping off the oil with a soft cloth.

Fruit Pits—To Utilize Spoils To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—In these days of economy in food materials it is worth while to save the pits of fruit. The waste of these pits may be added to a quart of stewed prunes. The same amount of stewed prunes will impart a delicious flavor to a fruit pudding. Cherry pits, orange and peach kernels may be chopped with ordinary nuts, such as hickory nuts, walnuts, etc., for nut cake or for pie.

3. To clean a sewing machine quickly, molten all the bearings and metal parts with kerosene, then run the machine rapidly for a few minutes, afterward wiping off the oil with a soft cloth.

Patchwork Quilts of Old Clothes To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—You are full of valuable hints and information of various sorts and kinds, especially in the department of household economy. Her day of care and turmoil, she does not enjoy the luxury of a quiet life, and she can find solace in the quiet and quietness of a patchwork quilt.

Why don't you make quilts out of the old clothes hanging around in the wardrobe? A subconscious vision, I went immediately to my wardrobe and found a pile of old dresses and skirts and men's coats and trousers—some of them very nice. I thought, "Why don't you make quilts out of the old clothes hanging around in the wardrobe?"

Making the Bathroom Attractive To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—In a small bath I have tried many things to make it attractive. I have tried to put a rug on the floor, but it was too small. I have tried to put a rug on the floor, but it was too small. I have tried to put a rug on the floor, but it was too small.

Old Ladies' Homes To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you kindly give me the names and addresses of Episcopal homes for old ladies in this city? (Mrs. J. J. Jones)

Mercersburg Academy To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you please tell me in what town the Mercersburg Academy is located? (Mrs. J. J. Jones)

Mercersburg Academy is under the direction of the Reformed Church.