A PAGE FOR WOMEN OF ALL CLASSES IN LIFE—BEAUTY PROBLEMS AND HOUSEHOLD ADVICE

BE GENEROUS—BY BESTOWING A LITTLE JUDICIOUS PRAISE

A Few Words of Encouragement Will Often Stimulate to Fresh Efforts One Who Is Easily Disheartened

CURIOUS! My own thoughts this morning were reflected by a girl who has written to me giving me her idea of generosity. This letter, from M. A. F., reads:

"Do we realize we can be just as ungenerous in the withholding of praise and appreciation as by being penurious?

"Is it not usual to connect thoughtlessly only the one meaning with the word, the bestowal of money? We all know the great reluctance with which many part with their riches, and the really generous rich are to be commended. But there are a few souls who, not possessing this cream of life, have something of far more value to bestow—sympathetic insight as to when and how to praise and encourage generously.

"The great majority of us go stumbling along, unable to see clearly by reason of the closeness of our problems, who when granted the boon of contact with these wise natures develop unsuspected possibilities. Many interesting stories might be told of achievements solely due to the generosity of these rare souls who gave unstintingly of themselves.

"No one has conveyed this thought with more charm and conciseness than Charles Kingsley in his reply as to the secret of his success, 'I had a friend.' Are we always fully alive to the source of our inspiration?

"There is a generosity of a less rarified kind, however, which all may practice, and which would add materially to the joy of everyday living—the few words of helpful praise, stimulating to greater effort, costing so little, but freighted perhaps with incalculable results.

"Would not 1917 be a splendid year were we to resolve to look for opportunities of commendation, and, finding them, praise whole-heartedly and generously?"

A friend of mine told me that the hardest thing she had to do was to overcome the fears of her employer, a veritable doubting Thomas, who reluctantly consented to allow her to try her hand at some new work simply because he was badly in need of some one.

The girl was young for the position she coveted. The man whose dictation she took every morning saw possibilities in her, and suggested her when this new position was open. But the head of the firm glowered. He sent for the girl, told her he would give her a trial, but—and in the same breath—that he did not think she would do at all, at all.

"I was too young," she told me. "When I was at home I always believed a girl could have no greater asset than youth. But now! Give me horn-rimmed spectacles and a few wrinkles on my brow. I find that most men think a girl who is young will keep her thoughts on beaux and marriage to the exclusion of important business matters. They are perfectly willing to employ her for some unimportant work, but when there is anything to be done which requires a large amount of work, with a corresponding increase in salary, they pass her up completely.

"My one consolation lies in the fact that I am slowly but surely overcoming this objection. In a few years more perhaps I shall have acquired one or two gray hairs."

The girl did "make good," although, she confided to me, working under the appraising eye of her employer was fearfully disheartening. When he very generously told her after some weeks that he was pleased with her work she was in the seventh heaven.

Just those few words of encouragement meant worlds to this sensitive little soul.

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 indorse the sentiments expressed. 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 Miss Annabelle L. MacGill, whose letter appeared in yesterday's paper.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is the best way to cool an oven gradually?

2. How can a new clothesline be made to wear longer and be prevented from tangling?

3. How can the disagreeable odor of cooking be removed?

1. How can the odor of onions be removed from the hands?

2. What should be done when a child pinches his finger in a door?

3. What is meant by "giving the bride away" at a wedding?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Suet can be kept fresh if it is chopped and a little granulated sugar sprinkled over it.

2. A small piece of camphor placed in the water in which flowers are kept will keep them fresh much longer.

3. Sheets should be turned around at regular intervals without regard to top and bottom, as this lessens the wear on them.

1. When basting, if thread of a contrasting color is used it can be seen more readily when pulling out.

2. A delicate piece of material which must be mended carefully should be placed in an embroidery hoop.

3. When a woman is talking to a man whom she chances to meet while waiting to be joined by friends and several other women then to speak to the man, it is much less awkward for her to saunter away, if she does not know them, as introductions in such cases are sometimes out of place.

Seed Catalogues Make Good Reading

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wonder how many of your readers know that this is "seed catalogue time"? How many of them raise the same kind of plants each year—a few geraniums, cannas, a bed of pansies or asters? Then there are others who, when the first spring days arrive, are suddenly seized with a bad case of "garden fever," rush to the nearest grocery store, buy a few packages of mixed seeds that have been lying around for years, with the result—failure and discouragement.

Try a different way this year. These long winter evenings cannot be spent in a more pleasant way than in planning the spring garden. Invest a few cents for postcards and send them to seed firms that you will find advertised in any of the magazines. Read them carefully and you will find vegetables and flowers you never heard of before. You will find just the right kind of flower to plant in that shady corner and the right kind of vine to cover that ugly fence, and, indeed, that a seed catalogue is one of the most interesting pieces of literature ever written. I promise you that the garden you plan this year will give you greater pleasure than any you have ever grown.

ALMA GROTH, Joliet, Ill.

Emery Wheel on Sewing Machine

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—An original and also about the most useful thing I have in my house is an emery wheel for my own use upon which I sharpen knives, smooth off the broken points of machine needles, etc. It will sharpen a lead pencil more neatly and quickly than can be done by hand.

Get a roll of half-inch adhesive tape from the drug store, cut off a strip just long enough to reach around the small wheel of the machine and press it firmly to the metal. Next, cut a strip of fine emery cloth the same length and width and glue to the tape, then wind the wheel all around with a strip of tape or muslin to hold in place until the glue is dry, which will take a day or so, when it may be removed. The machine can be used in the meantime.

This will last a long time, and when it is worn out another strip of emery cloth can be glued over the first. When using the emery wheel adjust as for filing a bobbin, saving wear on other parts of the machine.

JENNIE E. M.

Left-Over Boiled Potatoes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—To utilize left-over boiled potatoes, slice them and add a few pieces of dry bread cut into dice and fry together; this is a delicious dish. Potato cakes made of cold mashed potatoes mixed with a little flour and an egg and fried in hot butter are appetizing.

I always keep a supply of bread crumbs on hand. As the stale bread accumulates it should be crumbed and stored away in a jar.

ELLA C.

Simple Breakfast Dish

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am sending you an excellent breakfast dish: Potato nests—Boil potatoes, mash while hot, add a little cream, butter and salt, or use leftover mashed potatoes. Make into nests, put on pan, drop an egg into each nest and set in oven for five minutes.

M. U. L.

Raisin Puff

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Raisin puffs prepared in the following way are good: One-half cupful butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one egg, three-fourths cupful sweet milk, two cupfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teacupful chopped raisins. Steam for half an hour in buttered cups. Serve with cream and sugar.

MRS. JOHN O'M.

Crumpets for Tea

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please give me directions for making crumpets to be served at afternoon tea?

HELEN S.

Tea Crumpets—Put two well-beaten eggs in one quart of milk and as much flour as will make them rather thicker than batter pudding. Then make bake stone or griddle very hot and grease it well; pour a large spoonful of batter so that it may run the size of a saucer. When ready to turn, toast them nicely on both sides and butter them.

Shows No Interest in Her

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a constant reader of the Woman's Exchange and would like your advice on one subject. Last summer I spent one month in my girl friend's home. One night we went to church and she introduced me to several young men. Two of them offered to see us home, and we accepted. I got very much interested in my companion and he acted as if he enjoyed my company very much. A few days later my friend and I went to a picnic, and he came over to me and asked if I would be his partner in the games they were playing, and later he saw me home. Every time I went anywhere he would always come over and take me around. One night about a week before I was going home he came up to see me and brought a friend with him. We entertained them for a while; then, when it was time to go home, he wanted to kiss me. I told him that he forgot he was in a stranger's company and he had better go home at once. He did so. The next evening my friend and I went to a church entertainment. He was there; also his friend. They walked around us, trying to speak to us; then they sat down on a bench and asked us to come over and join them, which we would not do. Five minutes later some other girls joined them. They passed us, but did not say a word.

I did not see this boy after that night, and when I came back I did not write to him, although I sent postcards to all the others I met. One day when I was in the city I met him and several other boys and girls, who were on their way to college. That was four months ago. The other day I sent him a note, asking him to inform me what train they would board coming home for the Christmas vacation, as my friend and I would be in the city every day that week and would like to greet them. They never replied. I am going to the same school on January 16 and I do not know how to act toward him. I love him, but do not want him to know it. I will be thankful to you for your advice.

VERA B.

From the tone of your letter, part of which I have published, I think you have been a very foolish little girl to imagine the youth cared for you at all. He probably was trying to be nice to a stranger, but as he has shown no further interest in you it would be wiser for you to give him no serious consideration. If you meet him at school be pleasant, but do not take the young man for granted. To him the affair probably was merely a summer flirtation. And, above all, try to learn a little discretion.

Forget Him

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young lady of twenty-five summers and am deeply in love with a young man of nineteen. He has not as yet shown any special affection for me and, in fact, seems to think me much older than I really am. What would you advise me to do to attract him, as I feel I cannot live without him?

ELLEN.

You would do well to be your natural self and not try to attract the boy in question. If he should care for you he will let you know, and it would be a mistake to throw yourself at his head. Probably in a few months' time you will laugh at yourself for thinking you were in love. Of course, there are times when a girl of your age has been known to fall in love with a man so much younger, but it is not usual, and would seem to be inadvisable. Love is usually founded on respect, and although a boy of nineteen may be fully worthy of great respect, a respect for his experience and knowledge would not be very possible.

Course in Dressmaking

M. T. B.—Apply to the Drexel Institute, Thirty-second and Chestnut streets; classes in dressmaking are held there.

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

How It Happened That Katie "Gave Notice"

I POURED myself another cup of coffee, drank it mechanically and touched the bell for Katie to clear away the breakfast things.

I did not try to disguise to myself the fact that I was extremely miserable. The announcement that Dicky's mother was coming to live with us had upset me, and the exhibition of Dicky's selfishness which I had just witnessed added to my unhappiness.

The day at Marvin, on which I had so counted, had been a disappointment to me on account of the attention Dicky had paid to Miss Draper. I reflected bitterly to myself that I might just as well have spent the afternoon with Mrs. Smith, of the Lotus Club, discussing the history course which she wished me to undertake for the club.

The thought of Mrs. Smith reminded me of the promise I had made her when leaving for Marvin, that I would call her up on my return and tell her when I could meet her. I resolved to telephone her at once.

"You no want nothing more, Missis Graham?" Katie's distressed voice stopped me as I rose from the table.

"Nothing more this morning, thank you, Katie," I returned, smiling at her. Katie's genuine interest in me and concern for my welfare is most comforting sometimes.

"You no eat much as little ca-nary bird," she grumbled as she cleared the table, and indeed her complaint was somewhat justified. I had only toyed with the food on my plate.

I debated for a long minute before calling Mrs. Smith, trying to decide what attitude I should adopt toward her. When she had first telephoned me, making the appointment to meet me at the little tearoom, I had been charmed with her voice and manner. Then she had abruptly broken the appointment, giving the trivial excuse that the hour she had given me was the one her masseuse usually gave her.

But even that action had not prejudiced me against her as had her voice and manner when, the next morning, she had called me up and said the masseuse had disappointed her and that she would like her original appointment. When I told her that I was just leaving with my husband for a day in the country she had been almost offensive.

Evidently she expected me to defer to her whims. Perhaps—I was panic-stricken as I thought of it—perhaps she had reconsidered her decision to offer me the leadership of the study course! I had not realized how much I had counted on this chance to make some money of my own until the possibility that I might lose it struck me.

But my self-respect soon asserted itself. Even for the money which I wanted so much I could not allow Mrs. Smith to ride roughshod over me.

I drew a long breath as I took down the telephone receiver. I felt as if I were about to take a cold plunge or a shower bath.

"Chelsea 8769." My voice was not steady as I gave the number to the operator.

But it did not tremble in the least when, after a maid had summoned Mrs. Smith to the telephone, I heard her voice.

"This is Mrs. Smith. Who is this, please?"

"Mrs. Richard Graham."

"Oh!" Just the monosyllable and then silence. Evidently she meant to throw the burden of the conversation on me.

"You may remember, Mrs. Smith," I began smoothly, "that I told you yesterday morning I would call you up on my return from my day's outing. It was too late last night when I returned for me to disturb you, so I am taking the first opportunity this morning."

I stopped short there, for I did not wish to suggest an appointment if she had already decided not to offer me the position. I would not allow her to give me that humiliation.

There was another long pause, so long in fact that in another instant I should have hung up the receiver. Mrs. Smith's voice sounded in my ears just in time.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Graham, I remember now," she began as if she had difficulty in placing me in her mind. I knew by her tone that she had decided to put her wounded feelings aside and leave her proposition still open to me.

"Could you meet me this afternoon at three at the little tearoom on Twenty-eighth street of which we spoke the other day?"

"The sign of the Spinning Wheel? Yes, I can be there at three."

"Good-by." The click of the receiver told me the conversation was finished.

I felt a thrill of purely feminine triumph as I turned away from the telephone. I knew that Mrs. Smith would have declined to see me if she had consulted only her inclinations. That she still wished me to take up the leadership of the study course gratified me exceedingly, and made me thank my stars for the long years of study and teaching which had given me something of a reputation in the work which the Lotus Club wished me to undertake.

I looked at my watch. Half after nine. I had over six hours before my engagement with Mrs. Smith. There were many changes to be made in the apartment on account of the expected coming of Dicky's mother. She would arrive on Tuesday, and this was only the Wednesday before. I had less than a week to prepare for her.

Of course, Katie must be told that Dicky's mother would live with us. Queerly enough, I dreaded to tell her, but, as I knew that I must do so sooner or later, I walked to the kitchen with the determination to get the task out of the way as soon as possible.

Katie was washing dishes, singing a Polish following as she worked. As I entered the kitchen she stopped singing and greeted me with a bright smile.

"I have news for you, Katie," I said. "Mr. Graham's mother is coming to live with us."

Katie dropped the cup she was polishing, and it shivered into pieces on the floor.

"Why, Katie!" I began, annoyed at her carelessness, but a glance at her face stopped me. It was quivering with emotion as she stopped and picked up the pieces.

"Please excuse, Missis Graham," she said. "I so sorry I broke it. I buy you one. I not know not I do when you say dot."

"Why should the coming of Mr. Graham's mother affect you so, Katie?" I asked, bewildered.

"Oh! Missis Graham." She came close to me, and laid her hand on my arm. "I so worry. I like you so much, but I no can work for you any longer. I work till day she come, get all ready, den I find me a place."

"But why, Katie?" I asked, thoroughly bewildered. "You do not know Mr. Graham's mother, do you?"

"No, I not know her," Katie replied, "but I no work where any old woman. I not dare sleep in house with old woman."

I stared at her in amazement. Had the girl gone mad?

(Copyright.)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Oysters and Macaroni

One pint oysters, three-quarters cup macaroni broken into one-inch pieces, three-quarters cup butter, one-half cup dried bread crumbs, one teaspoon salt, one-third teaspoon paprika. Cook macaroni until tender. Scald the oysters. Put alternately into a buttered baking dish a layer of crumbs, macaroni, cheese, oysters, seasonings and oyster liquor until the dish is filled, making the last layer of crumbs. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Fancy Baked Macaroni

Cook one-half package in boiling salted water until tender. Drain thoroughly. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of macaroni, a layer of chopped cold meat, dot generously with butter, add a dash of pepper and one or two chopped pimentos; add another layer of macaroni, another of meat, pimentos and seasoning and pour over all one cup of cooked tomatoes. Bake about forty-five minutes. Garnish with parsley.

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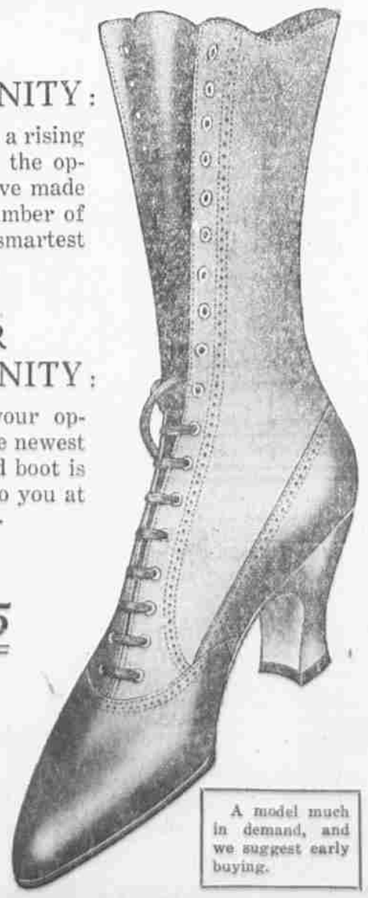

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HOME EXERCISES THAT HELP IMPROVE BEAUTY OF THE BACK

By LUCREZIA BORI

(Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company.)

A BEAUTIFUL back is an absolute necessity in these days of low-cut and sleeveless evening gowns. I feel sorry for the society girl who spends a fortune on her frocks only to appear next door to ridiculous because they expose a broad expanse of her bony shoulders. If nature has failed to give you a smooth back, free from hollows, and well padded out with firm flesh, then you must correct this oversight on her part by doing everything within your power to develop your back properly.

LUCREZIA BORI

Women, as a rule, do not take enough exercise. So many of them are engaged in work which keeps them muscularly inactive all day long that flabby flesh and pale faces are the result.

I advise all women to keep up gymnastic exercises and outdoor sports, no matter if they have reached the time when they no longer tell their ages. I shall not dwell upon the necessity and benefits of exercise, for today I particularly desire to help those persons who are anxious to improve their backs.

There are various movements which will develop the muscles of the back, keep the chest from sagging to fall in and improve the poise of the entire body.

THREE FINE EXERCISES

One of the most beneficial exercises can be practiced with two ordinary scrubbing pails. At the beginning have the pails empty. Place one in front of the other and stand with the toes touching the pail nearest you. Now bend at the waist and raise the first pail high enough to place it over the one farthest from you. Put it down on the floor without changing the position of your feet. This will require a great amount of practice, because the body must be well poised to do it. As you become more efficient, fill the buckets partially with water.

SOME CHAIR EXERCISES

The muscles of the back will be greatly strengthened by stretching the body straight out on the floor and going through the following movements:

Place the arms along the sides of the body, hold the feet together, and let the toes point straight ahead. Now arch the back so that the weight is entirely supported by the heels and shoulders. I know that you will find this hard at first, but many attempts will soon bring success.

A chair affords as much opportunity for gymnastic feats as any apparatus in the gymnasium. Try the following exercise, and see if you do not derive a great deal of strength from it: Place a chair with the back toward you; then step on the lower rung, lean forward, and grasp the edge of the seat. Raise the left leg and extend the toes. Then raise the right leg and throw the shoulders and the weight of the body well forward so that the legs can be placed together on the chair's back. Your position will be so that the body is in a straight line. Take care not to pitch forward.

Sit erect, sideways on the chair and brace the feet beneath some suitable object. Then place the arms back of the head and bend back as far as possible. The head will almost touch the floor. Again assume an erect position and repeat the entire movement ten or more times.

Avoid overexertion, but this does not mean that the exercise should not be muscularly vigorous. Vigorous exertion should not be sustained long enough to overtax your strength.

After you have developed the muscles of your back and padded the bones with flesh, examine the skin with critical eyes to see whether it is in need of attention. Sometimes the skin is coarse-grained and rough because it has not been thoroughly bathed. It is necessary to scrub the back vigorously with a bath brush and rub it well with a Turkish towel so that the blood will be brought to the surface and the skin kept in a healthy condition.

If your skin is brown apply the following lotion:

Citric acid	1½ drams
Hot water	½ ounce
Powdered borax	1 dram
Glycerin	½ ounce

If this fails to bleach the skin you will have to coat it with liquid powder, composed of:

Pure oxide of zinc	1 ounce
Glycerin	1 dram
Rosewater	4 ounces
Essence of rose	15 drops

Sift the zinc, dissolving it in just enough rosewater to cover it, then add the glycerin, and then the remainder of the rosewater and the essence of rose. Apply with a small velvet sponge.

Comparatively few women have beautiful backs, and for this reason, if for no other, you should try to improve the appearance of yours.

(Copyright.)

And Didst Thou Deem?

And didst thou deem all beauty fled
Because the summer flowers were dead?
Behold the woods, whose splendors' blaze
Makes beautiful the autumn days!

And didst thou deem all joy was o'er
Because thy youth was thine no more?
Lo, many a blessing Heaven will shed
In showers upon thy heavy head!

The God Who beautifies the earth
At summer's death as at its birth—
Thy Heavenly Father, He will send
His joys to cheer thee till the end!

—Denis A. McCarthy.

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