

DIFFERENT TYPES OF WOMEN—CHEERFUL CHERUB'S DAILY PHILOSOPHY—FASHION

IF YOU MUST ADOPT A POSE, MAKE IT A BECOMING ONE

Faddy Girls Would Do Well to Study Their Own Particular Type With Care—Trials of the Lowly Pedestrian

IT IS so much better to be perfectly natural and oneself at all times than to adopt a pose. But if a pose is adopted, try to make it one to fit in with your style.

There is nothing more grotesque than a woman on the shady side of forty, for instance, affecting a simpering, sweet-sixteen attitude to the world at large.

Equally ridiculous is the very young girl who adopts the sophisticated airs of her favorite "heavy" woman in the drama.

Then there is the gawky woman who could wear tailored clothes with quite an air, who is masculinely aggressive, not aggressively masculine, yet who will have none of these and instead takes unto herself the debutante slouch, sheer blouses and elaborate chapeaux, and struggles to be clinging-viney.

Some few women there are to whom almost any style is adaptable. They can be airy-fairy Lillians in a ballroom, ride to hounds with the best of them or discuss the latest discoveries in analytical psychology without ever seeming to be out of the picture.

But these women are the noted exceptions. Unless you are sure of your versatility, how much better it is to carefully study your type and follow it as closely as possible.

QUEER what a difference it makes whether one is the driver of a car or the unfortunate pedestrian. An indignant correspondent who makes her home in Germantown writes:

"Can you conceive of anything more irritating than a careless, inconsiderate, mud-splashing automobilist? Especially at this period of the year, when snow or rain, with its consequent mud or slush-covered streets, is prevalent, the havoc sometimes wrought by a thoughtless driver is quite frequently apparent."

"It was just that type of motorist, I had an opportunity to observe. As his motor whirled around a dangerous corner a meek, old lady, unaware of its rapid approach, desired to cross the street. Of course, midway in her attempt the car barred further passage, and it whizzed by with such great speed and proximity as to occasion her becoming quite pale as she retreated to the safety of the pave-

Vyvettes



The ornament of this hat branches out into three waving plume-tips which rise above the high-upturned brim.

ment. The driver sped upon his way, by no means cognizant of the transient woe he had caused one horrified individual. "Gradually as fright abated, instinctively she gazed closely at her garments. Great spots of soil and water marred her coat, hem of gown, gaiters and boots. For an instant she glanced about in a dazed and embarrassed manner, as though to seek assistance or advice of another pedestrian. Her apparel suggested care in selection, and I was quite sure it had been reserved for very 'Sunday go to meetin' occasions. She made futile dabs with a wee bit of a handkerchief at the spots.

"Since the greater number of these victims must of necessity continue their travel in utter embarrassment, one feels inclined to protest against anything so avoidable. Merely to proceed slowly while rounding street corners would tend to obviate such mishaps—more especially during these typical midwinter days. "It would seem that, impelled by a desire to accomplish the covering of great distance in a minimum amount of time, these automobilists apparently have little regard for the potential, disastrous result of this haste, and indeed at times it certainly requires great presence of mind when attempting to cross a street, lest one's attire undergo quite a metamorphosis."

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

WITH my bag in my hand, I fairly fled down the stairs which led from our third floor apartments to the street. I had no idea where I was going or what I was going to do. Only one idea possessed me—to put as much space as possible between me and the apartment which held my husband and his mother.

Reaching the street I started to walk along it briskly. But, trembling as I was from the humiliating scene I had just gone through, I saw that I could not walk indefinitely and that I must get to some place at once where I could be alone and think. "Taxi, ma'am?"

A taxi whose driver evidently had been watching me in the hope of a fare rolled up beside me. I divined its intention. At least in its shelter I would be alone and safe from observation for a few minutes, long enough for me to decide what to do next. "Where to, ma'am?"

I searched my memory wildly for a moment. Where to, indeed! But the chauffeur waited.

"Brooklyn bridge," I said desperately. "Very well, ma'am," and in another minute we were speeding swiftly southward.

I cannot imagine why I gave that particular address to the chauffeur. I must have had some hazy idea in my mind that Brooklyn bridge was a good, safe central point, from which I could travel to any point of the compass I wished.

As I sank back against the cushions of the taxi I had a sudden, swift vision of Jack's face as I had seen it on our last ride together. I could almost hear the deep tones of his voice as he bade me good-by. What was it he had said?

"If the impossible should happen and your husband should fail you, remember, Jack is waiting, ready to do anything for you."

Well, my husband had certainly failed me, I told myself bitterly. The thought of my brother-in-law's ready sympathy, the protecting care he had always given me, made me long suddenly to tell him my troubles as I had done ever since we were tiny children.

He had written that he was going to sail in the morning to join the French Engineering Corps. If I saw him at all I must go straight to his rooms.

I took the speaking tube in my hand to give the driver the address of Jack's rooms—and then sanity came back to me.

THE MOMENT'S MADNESS GONE

"You are not Margaret Spencer, a free agent, who can do as she pleases, but Margaret Graham, the wife of Richard Graham," I said to myself. I remembered what Jack himself had said to me over the telephone when I told him I wanted to see him and bid him good-by.

"No, Margaret, you must not do that. Frankly, I could not bear to see you with your husband and you must not come to see me off without him."

He had said other things, too; words which stung me now in the light of my present actions.

"Margaret, I am going to send no messages to you. I want none from you. Remember, you are married. Your husband objects to your friendship with me. I will do nothing unbecoming."

Another flood of words like these I had thought in my blundering of going to Jack's rooms to burden him with my troubles, an action that would have sorely embarrassed him, had he been present.

My face burned with humiliation as I realized what my momentary madness had almost led me to do.

MARGIE CHANGES HER DESTINATION Another thought came to me as I covered against the cushion of the taxi, with burning cheeks and crushed spirit.

My marriage with Dicky was not a joke that I could wear or not as I pleased. It was still on my shoulders, heavy just now, but a burden that I realized I loved and could not live without.

And I had thought to end it all when I dashed out of the apartment. I knew that I could have done nothing else but walk out after Dicky uttering his humiliating ultimatum. But I also knew Dicky well enough to realize that when he came to him of his own free will, it would be a decision, just in time.

"How much do I owe you?" "Two dollars and five cents."

"Yes, ma'am." He pulled out a bill book and gave me the change.

How fortunate it was that I had chosen the Brooklyn bridge destination! I only had to walk up to the stairs to the elevated train, which would take me within three squares of Mrs. Stewart's Brooklyn home.

"Bless your heart, child, but I am glad to see you!" This was Mrs. Stewart's hearty greeting. Then she glanced at my bag. I hastened to explain.

"Mr. Graham's mother is with us, so I haven't any scruples about leaving him alone," I said lightly. "It's so far over here I thought I would stay the night with you, so that we could have the good long visit I promised you when I was here last."

"That's splendid," she agreed heartily, "and I'll wager you can't guess who's here?" My prophetic soul told me the answer even before I saw the tall figure emerge from an immense easy chair which had effectively concealed him.

I was bid Jack good-by after all. (Copyright.) (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

FRIDAY'S FASHION SUGGESTION



This charming boudoir gown vividly suggests the Japanese kimono.

FASHION designers have long recognized the grace and beauty of the Japanese kimono. Many attractive garments have been inspired by the national costume worn by the cherry blossoms.

There is nothing more becoming for indoor wear than a frock built on the graceful lines of the kimono. The woman who demands that her clothes possess artistic beauty will recognize the charm of the boudoir gown pictured in this drawing.

It is a French conception of the Japanese kimono. Rose-colored crepe georgette is the material used, while the trimmings are sea-green, gold and rose brocade and crepe-covered buttons.

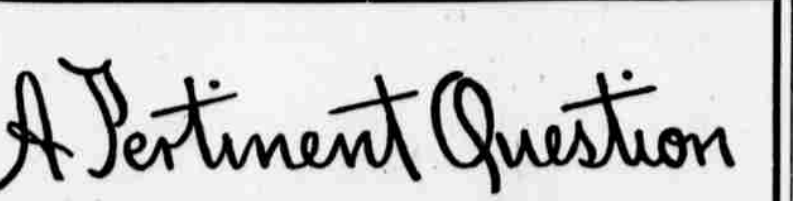
The gown is cut in one piece and terminates in a train of medium length at the back. The graceful sleeves are a delightful combination of the kimono sleeve and the angel sleeve, which was so popular during the medieval period.

The pointed neckline is finished with a fold of the crepe, and a wide shaft of rose and gold brocaded satin is drawn about the waistline after the fashion of the Japanese "obi."

A band of sea-green borders the hem of the skirt which, being shorter at one side, overlaps the longer side in a most graceful manner.

It would be hard to find a more attractive boudoir gown than this modern adaptation of the Japanese kimono. (Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



Sometimes I'm for preparedness, Sometimes for peace At any price; It all depends on what I've read—I'm so adaptable and nice.

Are you deep in the rut of charge accounts and monthly bills? It's a rough road to travel—all up hill, with constant tugging and straining at the traces. It's the HIGHWAY to the very top notch of the High Cost of Living; and it's a route to be avoided by every man and woman of good, ordinary common-sense.

There's a sharp turning to the RIGHT—a smoother and easier way; a good road, without tolls. Take it, for it leads to Economyville—a populous place of thirty people. THE CHILD'S STORES are there, doing their very best, week in and week out, to lessen household expenses. They're the pride of Quality—with every possible extravagance cut out. TRY ONE OF THEM TO-MORROW.

EDWARD DILLON Formerly with TIFFANY & CO. THE LATEST FIFTH AVENUE STYLES IN Wedding Invitations Marriage Announcements

CHILD'S & COMPANY THE DEPENDABLE STORES "Where Your Money Goes the Farthest"

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Five Recipes for Fritters WHO doesn't like fritters? Never a boy or girl who doesn't welcome the luncheon or breakfast dish of fritters, and when properly made they are a most wholesome dish, especially for cool days. If there is oatmeal left from the breakfast try this for luncheon: OATMEAL FRITTERS Be sure to place the left-over oatmeal where it will harden. When you wish to use it cut in half-inch-thick slices and then into long strips. Dip it in egg, then in bread crumbs and fry in butter. Drain, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve hot. Here is a recipe for a good fritter batter: One egg, one-half cupful of milk, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder. Separate the yolk and beat the white of the egg stiffly. Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together; add to the liquid mixture, and finally fold in the beaten white of the egg. Cooked vegetables, like parsnips, asparagus, oyster plant—or carrots can be served in fritter batter for a change. MEAT FRITTERS Cold veal is best for this dish, although any other tender meat can be used. Cut the meat into half-inch-thick slices and portions a little smaller than the size of the fritter desired. Season with salt and pepper. Drop two tablespoonfuls of fritter batter into the hot melted lard, on a place one slice of meat, and drop two spoonfuls of batter on top of the meat. As the fritter is browned, drain and serve hot. VEGETABLE FRITTERS Two cupfuls mashed parsnips, two salt, pepper, melted butter. Beat the eggs well and add to the snips. Add the seasoning, and if the snips are especially juicy it is best to stiffen the mixture with a little flour. Fry in deep fat on a buttered griddle. FRUIT FRITTERS Large fruits like apples, orange, banana or pineapple can be cut in slices, then dipped in fritter batter, served hot, sprinkled with powdered sugar, berries, cherries, apricots, etc., must be stoned and then dropped into the dish of batter fritter. A spoonful of butter is then dropped into the boiling fat. Before you drop a fritter into the fat it is best to test the fat to see when it is properly heated. The fat should be heated slowly until a few minutes before it is needed; then placed over the heat. To test it, drop a cube of bread into it. If it sinks to the bottom, then rises and comes golden brown in a minute, your fat is ready for fritter making. (Copyright.)

Advertisement for Frankel's Tailored Dresses. 'You Will Marvel At These Smart Tailored Dresses of All-Wool (double warp) Serge at \$5.98. Four New Models: Navy Blue, Black-Tan, Copenhagen, Coffee-Brown. Corner Front and Dauphin Streets.

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.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES 1. When parins and corins apples should they be first pared? 2. How can waffles be made to brown? 3. If a portion of the stems of cut flowers is snapped off, the flowers will last longer. How should they be cut?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES 1. A new waffle iron should have fat liberally applied, then be heated through thoroughly and allowed to cool before it is used. 2. Too much baking powder will make biscuits hard without being crisp on the outside. 3. If milk is added to steamed tomatoes, a pinch of baking soda should also be added. A little sugar will take away the acid taste.

Seasonable Salads To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Few persons know that the homely prune, which is so easily obtainable now when many fresh fruits are scarce, can be utilized in a salad. The ingredients are: One pound large prunes, washed, pitted, and dried; one cup lettuce leaves and mayonnaise dressing. Wash, soak and cook the prunes until tender, then drain them and when cold pit and fill the cavity with chopped nut meats. Serve four of these stuffed prunes in a salad of lettuce covered with mayonnaise dressing, which has been made with lemon juice.

Iceberg Remains Creamy To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—This is a frosting that never hardens and does not crystallize. To one cup sugar add three tablespoons cold water and the white of an egg, drop it into one cup of hot water and stir until the egg is well mixed. Put these into upper part of double boiler and have the water in the lower part boiling. Beat for eight minutes, then add one cup of cream. The consistency of whipped cream can be used as filling. (Mrs.) E. L.

Lobster in Ramekins To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—This is an excellent fish dish. Make a cream sauce, while the lobster is cooking, and cut the meat into small pieces. Strain the sauce gently into the ramekin. Butter some ramekin bakets and fill them with the lobster. Place pieces of butter on the top and put in the oven for ten minutes. Serve in the ramekins and garnish the top with rounds of hard-boiled eggs and green parsley. Cream Sauce—Put into a double boiler two raw yolks of eggs, one cupful of milk, three tablespoonsful of cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a pinch of salt, a dust of paprika, pepper and the strained juice of one lemon. Stir with a wooden spoon until the mixture is of the consistency of heavy cream. Then strain through cheesecloth and use as directed. EDNA K.

To Make Gasoline Soap To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Kindly publish directions for making gasoline soap. ANNIE.

Odor of Onions To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you please repeat in the columns of the woman's page your suggestion as to what will remove the odor of onions from the breath, printed some time ago? Also, what will remove an ink or grease spot from a woman's shirt? (Mrs.) E. L.

Cup of Strong Coffee Will Remove the odor of onions from the breath. Chewing a little parsley will also destroy the odor. You do not state what the material of the shirt is. If it is of linen, an ink stain can be removed by dipping into buttermilk or by rubbing moistened salt into the spots. You should be able to remove grease from a wash material by the application of kerosene. Pressing between blotting paper with a hot iron or applying powdered chalk should remove the grease from a woolen fabric. MADRE CURTAINS To the Editor of Woman's Page: Madam—Could you please advise how to remove a grease spot from a woolen fabric? (Mrs.) E. L.

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