

MONDAY'S FASHION SUGGESTION—MADGE AND HER MOTHER-IN-LAW—HOME HELPS

DON'T IMAGINE YOURSELF ABLE TO DISPENSE WITH FRIENDSHIP Those Who Become Cynical in Their Attitude Toward the Rest of Humanity Storing Up Needless Unhappiness—1917 Model Face

HAVE you, too, lately been made to think that "the more you see of men the better you like your dog?" I thought this remark quite clever and very eloquent on first hearing it, but recently it has become a perfect bromide. If you incline to this belief pull yourself up short. You may have received some severe "joins" in your friendships or have been otherwise disillusioned in mankind, but because the experiences have come to you once, twice or three times don't become a hopeless cynic. Don't imagine that because one person has failed you others will do likewise. And, also, don't forget that the only way to win a friend is to be a friend. (Which last should be in quotes, for I've read it somewhere.) The girl who has a vivid sense of fellowship is much, much happier than the one who imagines she does not need it. The former gains at every turn, for there is something stimulating in daily personal contact with others. Contrast a cheery greeting in the morning with an unpleasant experience in the home, the street, the office. Does not the former give you a wonderful buoyancy and the latter often depress your spirits for the rest of the day? JUST now most of us, whether we have time to carry out our wishes or not, are planning the spring wardrobe. New styles confront us. How very satisfactory it would be if sports suits or something equally satisfactory would become the accepted uniform for women. Then we could dupli-



Vivettes A modest white straw hat, rather demure, one would say, but for the rather brisk and forward ornament—-but even so, the hat has not yet thrown conservatism to the wind—only feathers!

cate last year's clothes and be saved much worry, time and dissatisfaction. But fashions assail us in rapid succession. The modern girl, or would be modern girl, even takes to changing the style of her face. Observe the procession of females, note their pastel complexion, their grotesque coiffure, the hair dragged back from the forehead and patted down over the ears, their expression, if it could be called such, of complete boredom. Let us be thankful for the changing fashions if this type of face will be passe along with Tam-o'-shanter hats and white stockings.

MY MARRIED LIFE By ADELE GARRISON

"MARGARET!" My mother-in-law's tone was almost tragic. "Richard has gone off with my trunk checks." "Why, of course, he has," I returned, wondering a little at her anxious tone. "I suppose he expects to give them to an expressman and have the trunks brought up this morning." "Richard never remembered anything in his life," said his mother tartly. "Those trunks ought to be here before I leave for the day." "Oh, I don't think it would be possible for them to arrive before we have to start, even if Dicky gives them to an expressman right away, as I am sure he will do." It seemed queer to be defending Dicky to his mother, but I felt a curious little thrill of resentment that she should criticize him. I sometimes may judge Dicky harshly myself, but I do not care to hear criticism of him from any other lips, even those of his mother. "Richard will carry those checks in his pocket until he comes home again, if he is lucky enough not to lose them," said his mother decidedly. "I wish you would telephone him at his studio and remind him that they must be looked after." "Obediently I went to the telephone. I knew Dicky had had plenty of time to get to the studio, as it was but a short walk from our apartment. "Madison Square 3694." I said in answer to central's request for "number." When the answer came I almost dropped the receiver in my surprise. It was not Dicky's voice that came to my ears, but that of a stranger, a woman's voice, rich and musical. "Yes," with a rising inflection, "this is Mr. Graham's studio. He has not yet reached here. What message shall I give him, please, when he comes in?" "Please ask him to call up his home." Then I hung up the receiver and turned from the telephone, putting down my agitation with a firm hand until I could be alone. "Dicky has not yet reached the studio," I said to his mother calmly. "I think very probably he has not come first at an expressman about your trunks. If you will pardon me I have a few things to attend to before we start on our trip. Is there anything I can do for you?" "No, thank you. Mrs. Graham's tone was still the cold, courteous one that she used in addressing me. "I suppose I can ring for Katie when I am ready to have my dress fastened?" "Oh, by all means," I returned. I thought bitterly of the little services I used to perform for my own mother. How gladly I would anticipate the wants of Dicky's mother if she would only show me affection instead of the ill-concealed aversion with which she regarded me. MISS GRACE DRAPER? My mother-in-law went into her room, and I, walking swiftly to mine, closed and locked the door behind me. I threw myself face downward on the bed, my favorite posture when I wished to think things out. The voice of the little services I used to perform for my mother, it was almost haunting me. It was strange, but familiar, and I could not remember where I had heard it. "That was a woman doing in Dicky's studio at this time in the morning, anyway?" I knew that Dicky employed feminine models, but I also knew that he always made it a point to be at the studio before the model would arrive. "I suppose I am an awful crank," he had laughed once, "but no models rummaging among my things for mine." I knew that Dicky employed no secretary, or at least, he had told me that he did not. I had heard him laughingly promise himself that when his income reached \$10,000 a year he would hire one. All at once the solution to the mystery dawned upon me. The right man had been brought to Grace Draper, the beautiful girl whom Dicky had seen first on a train on our memorable trip to Marvin. He had not rested until he had found out her identity. She was just the type that he wished for a model, but he had feared that he could not get her to consent to pose for him. THE VERIEST NONSENSE It had turned out, however, that her whole life was centered in her ambition to become an artist, she had gladly accepted Dicky's proposition to pose for him and to give her the use of his studio and the benefit of his help and instruction at other times. Why had not Dicky told me that she was at the studio? The question rankled in the back of my brain. That was not my main concern, however. What swept me with a sudden, positive emotion, which I knew must be jealousy, was the picture of that beautiful face, that wonderful figure in daily close companionship with my husband. I remembered her appearance on the train. She was absolutely one of the most stunning creatures I had ever seen in my life. If I read her rightly, too, she had hardened her a little, had chilled whatever generous impulses she might have possessed, had left her perfectly poised, ready to meet any emergency or to take any chance. That she had the trick of being perfectly able to conceal all knowledge of any admiration directed toward herself, while at the same time being aware of it and relishing it, I knew by my observation of her demeanor on the train. Suppose she should fall in love with Dicky? To my mind I did not see how any woman could help it. Would she have any scruples about endeavoring to win Dicky's love from me? My common sense told me that this was the veriest nonsense. But I could no more help my feeling than I could control the shape of my nose. The ring of the telephone bell put a temporary end to my speculations. I pulled myself together in order to talk calmly to Dicky, for I knew it must be he who was calling. (Copyright, 1917.) (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

WHERE IS CHILD OF YESTERYEAR? IN PARADE OF THE GROWN-UPS



MISS SALLIE G. MORLEY Principal Edgar Allan Poe Public School

Principal of Edgar Allan Poe School, Miss Sallie G. Morley, Comments on Fast Pace Maintained by Rising Generation

"I have to go to bed and see the birds still hopping on the tree, Or hear the grown-up people's feet Still going past me in the street." ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, forgot that he was a grown-up, once out of the world in two and made half of it the kingdom of a child. He put little folks to bed in the child's garden of Verse at a circumpunct early hour and the white-nighted half of the earth was almost willing. Skip thirty or forty years. Do the legal descendants of the erstwhile kingdom go to bed before the birds and in their much placid listening to the grown-ups' feet. No sir-ree! The sandman's regulars have left their post. They have joined the army of the "grown-up people's feet," and behold—The parade is on! This isn't a bit out of the blue. "There is a reason for it," explains Miss Sallie C. Morley, principal of the Edgar Allan Poe School, at Twenty-second and Rittenberg streets. "Our little girls and boys are keeping pace with America. There is stimulation, allurements and excitement beckoning them to leap from childhood to the estate of young ladies and young men. "To the little girls in particular, the temptations to stop being children are stretching forth. Big sisters are rouging. What time there is left for conversation between dances, movies and cabarets is so interwoven with talk about boys, dress and the newest kind of powder that to the little receptive, imaginative minds there seems to be nothing else in the world. "Sister pulls out her little vanity box on the toy tray and powders her nose in public. What is more natural than that little sister grows up to do the same. There is a place for everything, and it does seem accepted Dicky's proposition to pose for him and to give her the use of his studio and the benefit of his help and instruction at other times. Why had not Dicky told me that she was at the studio? The question rankled in the back of my brain. That was not my main concern, however. What swept me with a sudden, positive emotion, which I knew must be jealousy, was the picture of that beautiful face, that wonderful figure in daily close companionship with my husband. I remembered her appearance on the train. She was absolutely one of the most stunning creatures I had ever seen in my life. If I read her rightly, too, she had hardened her a little, had chilled whatever generous impulses she might have possessed, had left her perfectly poised, ready to meet any emergency or to take any chance. That she had the trick of being perfectly able to conceal all knowledge of any admiration directed toward herself, while at the same time being aware of it and relishing it, I knew by my observation of her demeanor on the train. Suppose she should fall in love with Dicky? To my mind I did not see how any woman could help it. Would she have any scruples about endeavoring to win Dicky's love from me? My common sense told me that this was the veriest nonsense. But I could no more help my feeling than I could control the shape of my nose. The ring of the telephone bell put a temporary end to my speculations. I pulled myself together in order to talk calmly to Dicky, for I knew it must be he who was calling. (Copyright, 1917.) (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Lenten Dinner Recipes HERE are a few recipes for an easy Lenten dinner—dishes that are wholesome and palatable, and will require a minimum of the homemaker's time. TOMATO BISQUE One-half can of tomatoes, four cups of milk, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, slice of onion, parsley, bay leaf, one salt-spoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of butter. BROILED HALIBUT Wipe the halibut steak with a damp cloth; rub it with salt and butter, and then place it on the hot broiler over a hot fire. Let both sides brown very quickly, and then cook it over a lower flame for ten or fifteen minutes until tender. SERVE hot with butter sauce made by mixing the following: One-fourth cupful of butter, one-half tea-

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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 should a married woman sign herself on a hotel register? 2. What is the correct form for a man to use in signing his own and his wife's name on the register at a hotel? 3. Should a young unmarried woman in signing her name on a hotel register use the prefix "Miss"?

ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. A black starch can be prepared in the shape especially for starching black wash material. 2. Table linen should not be starched. 3. Frequently a sour odor in a room which has just been papered will evaporate after a few days when the paste has dried thoroughly. If the odor remains, sour paste has probably been used, although the odor occasionally comes from the kind of paper used.

Baked Stuffed Hearts

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Please print directions for stuffing and baking hearts. ANXIOUS. After cleaning the hearts thoroughly, stuff them with a mixture composed of one cup cracker crumbs, one tablespoon chopped salt pork, one-half cup chopped celery, one tablespoon chopped onion, parsley, salt and paprika. After filling, skewer the hearts back into shape, cover with dripping dredge with flour and saute them. First place some salt pork in a pan with a few slices of carrot, turnip, celery and pepper, corns, and after these have browned add the hearts. After browning them place them in an earthen baking dish, cover with one cup stock, place lid on dish and bake one and one-half hours. Serve garnished with small vegetables, with a brown sauce poured over them.

New England Fish Pie

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—This New England fish pie is delicious. Cut some fish into individual pieces and roll in flour; place in a casserole, season with a layer of butter, a tablespoon lemon juice and a generous sprinkling of cracked crumbs. Moisten with water, and few dates of butter and bake slowly for twenty minutes or more, then cover with mashed potatoes and brown in oven. (Mrs. THOMAS P.)

Spanish Potatoes

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Potatoes prepared according to the following directions are very nice. Wash some cold potatoes, then fry them until brown. When ready to serve, add them to a mixture of one cup water, one cup oil, one-half cup mushrooms, salt and pepper; boil for ten minutes, then add two tablespoons flour dissolved in a little of the cold tomato sauce and stir until it thickens. (Mrs. G. Y.)

Recipe for Jam

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—To make a good jam, cut one dozen large apples into slices, place in a kettle over a simmering burner with a pint of sweet cider. Cook until tender, then press through a sieve, return to stove and add four pounds of seeded raisins and one pound sugar. Simmer for one-half hour, turn into glasses and seal. CONSTANT READER.

Recipe for Zwieback

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Zwieback can be made as follows: Dissolve one yeast cake in one-quarter cup milk, add one-quarter teaspoon salt and one-half cup flour, then let rise until very light; add two tablespoons each of sugar and melted butter, one egg and yolk of another, flour enough to handle. Shape as finger rolls; place close together on a buttered sheet, let rise a little over twenty minutes in hot oven. When cold, slice evenly in oven. EMMMA K.

Stuffed Green Peppers

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Green peppers when stuffed with shrimp according to the following directions are delicious: Six large green peppers, two tablespoons butter or dripping, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons chopped parsley, three drops onion juice, one-half cup rice, one cup water, one egg white, one-half cup bread crumbs, cut off the tops and remove insides, wash in cold water with a little salt for two hours, then drain well. Mix the butter, add seasonings, bread crumbs and shrimp, and mix together. Fill the peppers, sprinkle with crumbs over the tops, dot with butter and put on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a little water and bake in a moderate oven until tender, about twenty minutes. HOUSEKEEPER.

Cleaning Straw Hat

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Is there any way to clean a hat of natural straw? ELISE C. This hat can be cleaned by spraying thoroughly with a solution of tartaric acid in water, followed by plain water. If it has a flat brim it should be pinned flat to a board while drying, to retain the shape.

Removal of Scorch

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Please send an invitation to a luncheon for me in the regular formal style. Miss Della J. Jones (publishes the pleasure of)

HAIR SPLIT AT ENDS

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—My hair is split at the ends and I am tired of cutting it. What can I do to prevent this? SCHOOLGIRL. Splitting and breaking of the hair is usually due to brittleness of the hair, which in turn is caused by lack of oil. Sometimes ill health causes this, but more often it is simply the result of improper care of the hair. Apply vasoline to the scalp with the fingers and massage well. The split ends should be singed off. Have some one do this for you. The hair is separated, and each strand twisted, thus the split ends stand out. Then run a lighted taper up and down the strand.

Powder for Hair

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Can you let me know what kind of powder can be used to powder the hair? ELIZABETH. Plain wheat starch sifted a number of times is frequently used for the hair.

Removal of Tattoo

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Is it true that tattoo marks can be removed if they are cut out? CURIOUS. It is said these marks can be removed by applying a paste of salicylic acid and glycerine, making a compress over it and over this some sticking plaster. Allow it to remain for a week, then remove with the dead skin. This treatment should be repeated three times at intervals. Cotton wool and alcohol are used. The split ends should be singed off. Have some one do this for you. The hair is separated, and each strand twisted, thus the split ends stand out. Then run a lighted taper up and down the strand.

Baby's Bibs From Handkerchiefs

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Some young mothers might be glad to know that four tiny bibs can be made from a handkerchief of ordinary size which can be cut into four squares and the corners hemmed. Cut, make a square pad of regular bib padding or cotton flannel, a trifle smaller than one of the squares of linen, sew it under one of the corners, then cut out one corner to fit baby's neck. (Mrs. C. J. L.)

Wedding Customs

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you tell me on which side of the church the bride's relatives are supposed to sit at the wedding? BEAUTY. The bride's relatives sit in the pew on the left side of the middle aisle, and the bridegroom's on the right side. After the wedding the bride and bridegroom return to the home of the bride, and if there is a reception they stand in the drawing room, surrounded by the bridesmaids, and receive the guests. After the last guest has arrived the bridegroom usually repairs to a room where a special table has been set for his members, and breakfast is served to them. After the breakfast the bride goes to her room and puts on her traveling dress; the bridegroom also goes to his room to change from his cutaway or dress clothes to a business suit. When both are ready they usually meet upstairs and say good-by to their close relatives. Then they go downstairs together from the second floor, the bridegroom in the lead, and unfortunately, it is generally necessary for them to make a flying dash for their carriage or car. I say unfortunately, for it seems impossible to stop the attendants from throwing rice, confetti and old shoes after the departing pair. Confetti cannot injure, but rice has been known to injure eyesight and hearing.

Luncheon Invitation

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Please send an invitation to a luncheon for me in the regular formal style. Miss Della J. Jones (publishes the pleasure of)

SKIN TROUBLE COSTS MANY A MAN HIS JOB

No matter how efficient a man may be, if he has an ugly skin-eruption, there are positions in which he cannot be tolerated. He may know that it is not in the least contagious, but other people are afraid, they avoid him, and he must make way for a man with a clear, healthy skin. Why run this risk, when

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