QUALITIES WHICH MAKE A GENTLEMAN—BEAUTY HINTS—DAILY FASHION FEATURE

YOU KNOW HIM—THE MAN WHO IS A PSEUDO-GENTLEMAN?

Type of Male Who Reserves All His Courtesy for the Drawing Room Not Uncommon—Girl Whose Family Has Met With Financial Reverses

NOWHERE is it more strikingly demonstrated than in the business office that there are gentlemen, psuedo-gentlemen and—just men!

The men with whom courtesy is bred to the bone, the real gentlemen, never forget themselves; they observe the same deference toward their stenographer and other women working in the same office as they would to a member of their own family.

The pseudo specimens are the kind who have or should have been born to the manor, who, because of their birth and connections, are often given much latitude in business, yet who fail to observe even the common everyday courtesies of life.

I rode down in an elevator with one such recently. He, and another man and a girl, a stenographer from one of the upper floors, were the only occupants. The other man had removed his hat, this one stood with his firmly glued on. When he saw me he removed it. My opinion of him would not have fallen so much if I had not known that he was utterly oblivious of this girl. The final removal of his headgear was not a tribute to my sex, but rather a matter of expediency—or so it seemed to me.

Such an occurrence may have been due to absent-mindedness. But former experiences have made me believe otherwise. This youth has been petted and pampered by the women in the set in which he moves, and is rated a charming young fellow. But one is forced to believe that somewhere there is a strain of the boor.

Then there are men who because of an ignorance of the conventions, or a lack of early training, can not be called gentlemen in the accepted sense of the word—yet who, in the finer sense, possess all the qualities which make for gentleness, courtesy and the human kindness which comes from the heart.

Vyvettes

Aigrettes are never used to better advantage than when placed to accentuate the lines of a hat. These aigrettes do that unmistakably.

"I'VE just heard the saddest thing," mused a friend of mine one day. "You remember that pretty little Dorothy C—, who came out last year? She told me this morning that her mother had lost so much money recently she (the daughter) felt obliged to go to work." Sad, that the mother had met with misfortune; but I could not agree with this girl as to "poor little Dorothy."

"Poor little Dorothy" indeed! How dreadful that she should settle down to a life of usefulness instead of keeping up the eternal and infernal round of luncheons, teas, dinners, balls!

This young girl displayed unusual artistic ability while at school; in the life which was originally mapped out for her, her talents would literally have been buried, confined to the furnishing of her own boudoir, perhaps. But now she has entered the shop of an interior decorator, and, in a remarkably short time, has shown herself capable of really splendid work.

Do you doubt that she is happy?

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

Why Dicky's Mother Changed Her Critical Attitude to One of Friendliness Toward Madge

SAFE in the shelter of the Aquarium restroom my mother-in-law faced me. Her eyes were cold and hard, her tones like ice as she spoke.

"Margaret! What is the meaning of this outrageous scene to which you have just subjected me? Am I to understand that this man is typical of your associates and friends? If so, I am indeed sorrier than ever that my son was ever inveigled into marrying you."

For the moment I had a primitive instinct to scream and to smash things generally, a sort of Berserk rage. The insult left me deadly cold. Fortunately we were alone in the room, but I lowered my voice almost to a whisper as I replied to her:

"Mrs. Graham," I said. "I never in my life knew there was a man like Mr. Underwood until I married your son. He and his wife, Lillian Gale, are your son's most intimate friends. He has almost forced me to meet them time and again against my own inclinations. Of course, after what you have just said there can be no further question of our trip together. If you will kindly wait here I will telephone your son to come and get you at once."

I started for the door but a little gasping cry from my mother-in-law stopped me. She was feebly beating the air with her hands, her eyes were distended, and her cheeks and lips had the ashen color which I had learned to associate with my own little mother's frequent attacks.

Filled with remorse I flew to her side and lowered her gently into an armchair which stood near. Snatching her handbag, I opened it and took out a little bottle of volatile salts which I knew she carried. I pressed it into her hands, and then took out a tiny bottle of drops with a familiar label. They were the same that my mother had used for years. Taking a spoon, which I also found in the bag, I measured the drops, added a bit of water from the faucet in the adjoining room, and gave them to her. As I came toward her I heard her murmuring to herself:

"Lillian Gale! Lillian Gale!" she was saying. "How blind I've been!"

Even in my anxiety for her condition I found time to wonder as to the significance of her exclamations. Evidently the name of Lillian Gale was familiar to her. From her tones also I knew that it was not a welcome name. What was there in this past friendship of Dicky and Mrs. Underwood to cause his mother so much emotion? I remembered the comments I had heard at the theatre about my husband's friendship with this woman.

All my old doubts and misgivings which had been smothered by the very real admiration I had felt for Lillian Gale's many good qualities revived. What was the secret in the lives of these two? I felt that for my own peace of mind I must know.

"SEE IF HE'S GONE"

The color was gradually coming back to my mother-in-law's face. I stood by her chair, forgetting her insults, remembering nothing save that she was old and a sick woman.

"Is there anything I can get for you?" I asked as I saw the strained look in her eyes die out.

"Nothing, thank you," she said. Then to my surprise she reached up her hand, took mine in hers and pressed it feebly. I could not understand her quick transition from bitter contempt to friendly warmth. Evidently something in my words had startled her and had changed her viewpoint. But I put speculation aside until some more opportune time. The imperative thing for me was to minister to her needs, mentally and physically.

So I returned the pressure of her hand and waited silently for her next words. They were not long in coming.

"Please go to the door," she half whispered, "and see if that awful man is gone. We must not leave here until we are sure he is nowhere about."

"NO CONCERN OF YOURS"

"You are sure you'll be all right?" I asked anxiously.

"Perfectly sure," she returned, and in her voice was the old note of imperiousness which I knew betokened her return to her usual self. So I left her sitting quietly in one of the rocking chairs which the restroom had, opened the door and cautiously looked out. No one was in sight, and I ventured further out into the building.

I wanted to assure myself that Harry Underwood was nowhere to be seen. As I walked down one of the aisles between the tanks of seals his voice sounded in my ears.

There was a note in it which told me that I no longer need be afraid of his annoying me, at least not on this occasion. He was palpably nervous and anxious, and his words were hurried.

"Just forget my spiel of a few minutes ago," he said in an offhand manner which with him serves instead of an apology. "I've got something important to say to you, something which went clean out of my head. Don't let Dicky's mother know who I am, at least that I'm Lil's husband or anything about Lil and me until I have a chance to see Dicky. The old girl imagines she has a grievance against Lil, and there is no use opening old sores unless you have to."

I gazed at him open-mouthed. "I don't understand," I said vaguely.

His eyes dropped before mine. He stirred uneasily. "No, you wouldn't," he said evasively, and then, as if with a sudden determination, "there is no need you ever should know. It is a matter that doesn't concern you in the least. Take my advice and don't ever try to find out."

"But Mrs. Graham does know who you are; I just told her."

He uttered a long, low whistle, which expressed consternation more vividly than any words would have done.

"Well, the fat's already in the fire." Then he commented cynically, "I wish you joy of the mess. Good morning."

He raised his hat, made me a courtly bow, which is one of his chief accomplishments, and went toward the ferry entrance, leaving me bewildered and upset with what he had just told me. Chagrin, anger, jealousy—all swept over me.

Here from another source was a confirmation of my suspicions that there had been some secret in the past life of my husband and Lillian Gale of which I had never been told. I stood perfectly still for a moment or two while the conflicting emotions which Harry Underwood's words had raised had their way with me.

Then another thought crept into my mind. What was Harry Underwood's real motive in giving me this warning? Was he sincere in his desire to avoid trouble or had he taken advantage of the unexpected situation to try to lessen my confidence in Dicky?

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

(Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The Vagabond

The wind is in the wood,
The sap hath stirred
Blue flowers in multitude,
And song of bird;
And, though her day hath been
Last summer's fern
Is red among the green,
For to discern!

What scribe am I, I say,
To mope within,
When as the common's gay
With yellow whin,
When sun and shower and sod
In ancient plan
Do praise the horned god
Arcadian?

For I must be astir
With scrip and staff,
To hear the woodpecker
In April laugh,
Or go with jest and rhyme
A-journeying
By Tamis' flood from Prime
Till Nones doth ring!

Where lusty poplars bend
The path is free;
I'll tread it with a friend
For company,
Then rest and drink a glass
If they should brew
Ale at the "Dragon" as
They used to do!

—Patrick R. Chalmers.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

TO KEEP bread fresh soak a small new sponge in cold water, place it in a saucer in the bread box; the bread will remain moist and fresh for several days.

A little methylated spirit used to moisten the polishing paste intended for brass and copper dishes will keep them from tarnishing for quite a long time.

If a piece of bread tied in a bit of muslin is dropped into the water in which greens are being boiled it will absorb the unpleasant odor.

Before placing a sponge cake in the oven to bake, try sprinkling a little fine white sugar over the top. This forms the rich, brown-looking crust that makes bought sponge cakes look so tempting.

The stalks of currants may be quickly removed by well flouring the hands and rubbing the fruit as hard as possible between them. This takes much less time than picking them separately, and is just as effective.

To boil cod put it into boiling salted water and cook till the flesh leaves the bones easily. Remove, drain well and keep hot. A little vinegar added to the water when boiling the fish will keep the flesh firm and white.

To repair an umbrella slightly torn, cut out a piece of black sticking plaster rather larger than the hole and let it float in cold water until soft. Then place it very neatly over the hole on the inside. The umbrella will last like this for some time without needing recovering.

(Copyright.)

Sweet Potato Hint

Wash and place sweet potatoes in a hot oven ten minutes, remove and when cooled one can peel them without a particle of waste, after which they can be placed in with the roast. This saves time, as the skins come off as quickly as from cooked Irish potatoes.

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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 indorse 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. How can milk be tested to determine whether it is watered?

2. How is barley water made?

3. How can the flue of a fireplace be cleaned out in the spring after it is clogged up?

1. Does attendance at a club meeting held at a private house necessitate an exchange of calls between the hostess and the club members?

2. Who orders and pays for the bridesmaids' bouquets at a wedding?

3. Who pays the clergyman's fee at a wedding?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. To prevent apples from turning brown after paring drop them into a bowl of water to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added. Use a silver knife when paring and cutting.

2. The flavor of prunes is improved if a cup of seeded raisins is added to them while cooking.

3. A slice of raw potato placed in soup which has been salted too freely will absorb much of the salt.

1. Many of the smart skirts to be worn with silk sweaters this summer will be made of washable satin.

2. Furs will be worn during the coming summer, but they will be mostly of the short-haired variety.

3. At a large formal dinner a man should talk to the guests on either side of him, even if he has not been introduced to one of them. He should never devote his whole attention to the woman on one side of him.

Recipe for Anchovy Paste

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please publish a recipe for anchovy paste, if it can be made at home, and oblige. C. M. E.

One pound of anchovies, one pint of water, two and one-quarter ounces of salt and two and one-quarter ounces of flour, a dash of cayenne peper, a small quantity of grated lemon peel and one-half ounce mushroom catsup, all thoroughly pounded and mixed.

Angel Cake

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you give me a reliable recipe for angel cake? (Mrs.) L. B.

Angel cake requires, as you know, the whites of a great many eggs. The following recipe calls for the whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of fine granulated sugar, one cupful flour, sifted three times with one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful vanilla. Beat the whites until they are quite stiff, then put the sugar in lightly, then the flour and lastly the flavoring. Pour into an ungreased pan and bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Remove from oven and let the inverted pan stand on two cups until cold. To make the icing, use the whites of four eggs, one and one-half pounds of white sugar dust, the juice of one-half lemon, one-fourth ounce extract rose. Place the whites and the sugar in a bowl with the juice and extract. Beat with a wooden spoon until when letting it run from the spoon it is thready for several minutes, then apply to the cake.

Hollandaise Sauce—Cheese Straws

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I shall be obliged to you or any of your readers if you can give me a recipe for Hollandaise sauce, also how how are cheese straws made? ANXIOUS.

I think this recipe will give you satisfaction:

Cream one-half cupful butter, add gradually the beaten yolks of two eggs, stir well; one tablespoonful lemon juice and a dash of salt and cayenne. Add one-half cupful boiling water and stir the mixture over boiling water until it is as thick as boiling custard. Serve immediately.

For the cheese straws make a pie crust as follows: Three cupfuls sifted flour, two cupfuls butter, one egg yolk, a little salt and icewater sufficient to make a dough. Mix on marble slab and keep very cold. Roll out thin, sprinkle with grated cheese and a dust of cayenne. Fold in three, roll out and again sprinkle with cheese and cayenne. Fold, roll out quite thin, cut in fine strips for straws, lay on flat pans and bake in moderate oven.

To Clean Black Veils

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—How can I clean a black veil? I. C.

Put the veil through a warm liquid of castile soap and water, rinse in cold water, then take a small piece of glue, pour boiling water on it and pass the veil through it. Pin it and frame to dry.

Removing Silver Stains

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is there any way of removing stains made by silver on clothing? (Mrs.) N. K.

Moistening the spots with water, then [illegible] with a solution prepared from 1 ounce of mercuric chloride [illegible] chlorate in eight [illegible]

Tea at Hotel

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—May I ask for an early reply to my query? I expect to be in New York this week-end, and have been invited to take tea at one of the big hotels Saturday afternoon. Of course, there will be dancing, and as I will probably be there for one or two hours, may I ask if I am to do the ordering or should the man in the party? If my tastes are consulted, what would be something suitable to order at an affair of this kind? G. A. W.

It is customary for a man to do the ordering. Tea at a hotel usually means just tea or chocolate, and toast or muffins and French pastry. An assortment of pastry is brought to you, and you choose one piece from it. An ice is sometimes taken in addition.

"Calling" a Man

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me if it is proper for a girl to call a fellow when the fellow is not allowed to call her? MARY B.

Your query is rather a puzzle, although I take it you mean by calling a fellow "a call on the telephone." It would be extremely out of place for a girl to do so under the circumstances.

Wants to Drive Motor

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a nineteen-year-old girl and would very much like your advice. I am very small for my age, not strong nor healthy. I have tuberculosis of the lungs. I am not so sick that I have to stay in bed, but am not supposed to work indoors. I have been doing chamberwork until now, but I see it is too much for me. I would like to learn to drive an automobile and go as a chauffeur. Do you think it would be all right for me? Or would you advise me to go as lady's maid? That is not hard work, is it? I have the number of an automobile, and would like to get the address of the owner. Where would I have to go? AN UNHAPPY GIRL.

A chaffeuse spends many hours outdoors, of course, although, on the other hand, she may be exposed to all sorts of bad weather; but the work would prove interesting. I am afraid if you are not strong a maid's position would hardly do for you. This requires long hours spent indoors and the work is very exacting.

Apply to the License Bureau at City Hall for the name of the owner of the license number.

Danger for Girls in Trip

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—A girl friend and I expect to take a trip to Ohio this summer; but having just finished reading a book on white slavery, it somehow gives me the shivers to undertake the trip. Now, do you think it safe, or what would you do about it? CONSTANT READER.

There is no reason why, if you are discreet in your behavior and carefully follow the route mapped out for you, there should be any danger. If you find it necessary to ask for information, be careful to go to a uniformed railway official or a representative of the Travelers' Aid Society. Never ask questions of a stranger, man or woman.

Silk Fabrics for Suits

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please give me this information:

First. Will silk suits be worn this spring, and what are the popular fabrics?

Second. Is Horticultural Hall in Fairmount Park spelled the same as the hall on Broad street, or is it Horticulture? (Mrs.) A. G.

Silk suits will be quite popular this spring, the softer silks, such as khaki-kool and pussy-willow taffeta, being used.

Hall is Horticultural.

DIARY OF A WELL-DRESSED GIRL

A coat-dress of white broadcloth.

ONE glance at Helena Marsden convinced me that she was born to the art of knowing how to dress. She was all that "Mrs. Jimmy" promised—not a bit disappointing.

I liked her from the very first moment that she jumped from the train, after a three days' trip, looking as though she had just stepped out of a bandbox. Her hat was on at the right angle, her veil properly adjusted, her suit unwrinkled, while her shoes and gloves matched perfectly.

I found Helena not a bit hard to get acquainted with. Before we knew it we had dropped all formalities and were the best of chums. When I commented upon her excellent taste in dress she frankly answered: "I've got to have good taste. I have so little to spend on clothes that everything I own has to be wearable."

I confessed that I thought she paid extravagant prices for her frocks. They have an air of elegance that is only to be found in high-priced garments.

"Yes, I do buy some expensive frocks, for I have found that they are an economy in the end. Long ago I learned the lesson that it is better to have a few frocks that will bear inspection than a dozen that would be labeled 'cheap.'

"Most persons would think that I was foolish to buy the white broadcloth coat-dress which you admire. I'll prove to you that I was not. It will stand innumerable visits to the cleaner's and come home each time as fresh and lovely as when I first brought it from the shop. Then when I grow tired of its being white I'll have it dyed dark blue or green and have virtually a new frock. So you see I've not been extravagant in buying this frock, which is really out of the ordinary."

I agreed with Helena. Her white broadcloth is the smartest frock of its kind I've seen in a long time. It looks very much like a long, semifitted coat built on decidedly straight lines.

The bodice has that broad, flat effect, both back and front, that is so smart at present, and plaits at the sides. The long sleeves have turned-back cuffs ornamented with a row of squares embroidered with black silk. This same trimming appears on the revers, collar and about the waistline.

I could not help admiring the skirt of this frock. It was side-plaited with a wide box plait in the front and at the back. Each plait hangs "as straight as a die." The wide hem is turned up on the outside and machine stitched.

An effective trimming touch which Helena had added to this frock took the form of belt loops made of narrow strips of broadcloth. There were placed on each side of the front.

I am convinced that a coat dress of white, tan or champagne-colored broadcloth is a sensible "buy." It is the most practical garment one can have for spring wear, as well as the smartest. I've decided to follow Helena's line of economy. I'll order a coat-dress of white broadcloth very soon.

Mrs. Peyton Wentworth's musical is tonight. Dad is sure to come home in a "crabby" humor.

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The edict recently issued by the English Government placing an embargo on Ceylon and India teas is a positive and substantial cause for an advance in these particular kinds; and higher prices are naturally looked for in teas generally throughout the world.

Nevertheless, we are continuing to sell OUR FAMOUS THIRTY-FIVE-CENT TEAS at that old uniquely low price, and we reiterate the statement we've so often made: ***There are absolutely no teas being sold in Philadelphia or elsewhere at 60c a pound that are any better than Our Special Teas at 35c—and very few that are quite as good.***

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