

JAPANESE INNATELY ARTISTIC AS REVEALED IN THEIR FLOWERS

Wish Display to Which Americans Are Given Defeats Its Own Ends—Eliminate During the Spring Cleaning

EASTER one is particularly struck by the absurdly lavish use of flowers. There is content with a few well-chosen blossoms; quantity seems to be the object. The Japanese are innately artistic. In the land of the cherry blossoms every man, woman and child knows how to make a bare room beautiful with a single blossom or a single vase. They live with it, absorb its message of beauty and then replace it.

Our use of flowers typifies a national characteristic. Is it a failure? There are always dozens and dozens of roses, of lilies, or of other blossoms, until one is satisfied with them. To my mind three jonquills, well arranged, are far more pleasing to the eye than a splashy azalea. One rosebud placed in a narrow holder is more artistic than a huge bunch of American Beauties crowded into a showy vase.

And, speaking of vases, does it ever occur to you that flowers in themselves are sufficiently decorative? That placed in an earthenware kitchen crock or a plain crystal vase they are really more beautiful than when they are made subordinate to an elaborately chased or otherwise decorated piece of porcelain or glassware?

SPRING is coming, in spite of snow-storms and rumors of more cold weather, and with it the inevitable spring housecleaning. In the course of your ferreting through the house, make up your mind to eliminate, rather than to add. Whistler once said something to the effect that no matter how carefully planned there is always a little piece of bric-a-brac somewhere in the drawing room to give an inartistic person away. I am not one of those who advocate



Fine feathers make fine hats. This hat by itself is really small and unpretentious, but in combination with feathers! We have quite a creation!

a complete change of furniture, pictures, hangings, etc., with every passing whim. But I think that selections should be made carefully and sparingly, and once made every addition should be made to conform to the general atmosphere.

A person's choice of pictures is a sure index to his taste and character. Some buy cheap, striking pictures in no less striking frames because they happen to be a fad at the moment. How much better it is to hang even cheap prints of the masters' works on the walls than ambitious attempts at the artistic.

BABY STRICKEN WITH WHOOPING COUGH

Second of Letters in Contest Tells of Experience With Infant

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—My first baby was nine weeks old when my husband and I discovered he had whooping cough. We were boarding at the time and had very few facilities indeed for meeting such an emergency, and to move in upon the country with the baby in such a condition was out of the question. Added to this unfortunate state of affairs, I was young and inexperienced and had very little knowledge of sickness of any kind. As the cough grew more severe and I watched in agony the frail little form racked with one violent struggle after another, my misery was unspeakable.

The physician in attendance gave me a prescription and instructed me to keep hot flannels saturated in lard and turpentine on the child's chest and back, impressing me with the fact that the baby's chances for recovery depended far more upon the constant hot applications than on the medicine, and particularly was the temperature of the room to be watched at all times in order that the little fellow might not become chilled while the hot flannels were being applied.

Now, my only means of heating the lard was to stand on a chair and hold the receptacle over the gas jet. I heated also the small flannels to be dipped in the hot lard and turpentine over the jet. As I patiently and constantly waited on my baby my panic of fear gave way to a vital determination to save his life and spare him as much suffering as possible. My entire time and thought for weeks were given to the little fellow, and gradually the danger passed. Then I felt repaid in the superlative degree for my days and nights of care.

I have often thought that if I had been careless or indifferent in the performance of my duty at that critical time instead of making every effort to carry out implicitly the doctor's directions concerning those hot applications, my baby, now a robust boy eleven years old, would surely have slipped out into the shadows. (Mrs.) E. L. J.

Important to avoid overheating. Infants are often kept in a degree of heat by being covered by too much clothing. This is especially true in the summer season. At the same time, the child should be dressed warmly enough so that he will not become chilled. If the baby is warmly dressed his feet and hands will at all times be warm. If too warmly dressed he will perspire.

Because of the constant demand for increased space for expansion by growth, the clothing of the child requires special planning. A very slight but persistent constriction or compression of any part may seriously injure the soft, yielding tissues which form the body of the growing child. Lung expansion is a fair gauge of vital capacity, and it follows that the wearing of any garment which interferes with a full and complete movement of the diaphragm and the chest walls limits by that much the vital capacity.

Tight shoes are generally accredited with all the harm they are capable of doing, but the injury to the plastic little foot from wearing tight stockings is more apt to be overlooked. Stockings shrink with washing, so that while the baby's feet are increasing, the stockings are diminishing in size. Besides being uncomfortable, stockings which have become too narrow, or too short, may cause the toes to overlap, crowding the middle ones in a way that forces them to curve upward; later in life this position has become fixed and the toes are always rubbing against the shoe, causing corns or deformity.

KEEP UP MUSIC AFTER WEDDING DAY, IS MRS. BASELER'S ADVICE



No Excuse for Married Women to Discontinue Art, Famous Harpist Says—Adds Charm to the Life of Home

AMONG the women of Philadelphia who have won special recognition in rather unusual fields is Dorothy Johnstone-Baseler, harpist. Mrs. Baseler lives in an artistic home in the attractive suburb of Cynwyd. She is an ideal hostess and her home reflects the charming personality of its mistress. The music room, with the famous harp, piano and pictures of musicians and artists, is quite naturally the center of attraction. And if a caller is especially favored she may be given the privilege of watching Mrs. Baseler's skilled hands finger the strings of her harp and hear her play just for joy.

Mrs. Baseler was asked her opinion of women who give up their study of music after marriage. She said: "Any woman who discontinues her music after she is married deliberately sacrifices one of her greatest charms. Why women consider music as a most desirable accomplishment before marriage, but something they can neglect afterward does not seem clear. Taking care of a home and family is the excuse of many, but do they ever think that in addition to having a home in perfect order, displaying taste and planning for the comfort of the family, the wife and mother can create an atmosphere of good cheer and refinement by administering also to the requirements of the heart and soul, by producing or fostering music in the home?"

Edmund Schuecker, of Vienna, the celebrated harpist, was Mrs. Baseler's master and to him she owes much of her success, especially as a teacher. For in addition to her work at St. Luke's and the Epiphany every Sunday morning and afternoon and in other churches on Sunday evenings, as well as concert work, Mrs. Baseler has a large class showing conclusively the reviving interest in harp music. Her pupils come from Texas, Cuba and other distant places, as well as from nearby.

Fifteen years ago there were but five harpists in Philadelphia and only ten in New York. Today there are ninety-five in Philadelphia and more than 200 in New York.

PATSY KILDARE, OUTLAW

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

ROWDY and I rambled down the street last night and we stood in the dark under the trees for a long time and watched the autos go by all lit up and everybody laughing. I pretended that I was a rich little girl and that we owned an auto and all we had to do was to hop in and push a button and steer it wherever we wanted to go. The rich man's wife was my mother and she was back again as if she had never been away. We had heaps of fun until I noticed that I was leaving out my own truly father and so I stopped pretending and rambled.

Now I wish I had not stopped pretending until we had gone somewhere and got some ice cream. We went along slowly and the houses were big and there weren't any fences and there were flowers. I pretended it was fairyland and I was the fairy princess and Rowdy was the enchanted prince. I went into a yard where some music was playing in the house and a hose was playing in the yard, and I picked up an armful of bluebonnets and then the music got dancier and the fountain looked so cool and it was so hot that I got under the spray, which was almost as fine as rain and did a dance.

I turned and twisted and flung my hair about and kept time to the music, and it felt good and cool on my bare legs and Rowdy was so happy that he barked. All of a sudden it wasn't fairyland any more and a gruff voice was saying, "Where did you get them flowers?" Rowdy stood stiff-legged and growled away down in his neck and made his hair stand up, so the man did not dare touch me. He said, "Follow me." I had a good mind not to, but thought I would.

The porch was full of people and a lady said, "Little girl, don't you know that you might catch your death of cold getting wet like that? What is your mother thinking of to permit you to be out so late at night and unprotected?" I said, "She is thinking about me." The lady said, "That isn't possible or she would be putting you to bed."

I said, "She can't put me to bed when she's in Heaven, can she?" Then a young lady that I think I should like said, "Oh!" kinda funny. But the first lady said, "I see you have been picking my flowers." I said, "Yes, ma'am." A man said, "She ought to be punished." But the lady said, "No, indeed. I think flowers and music and happiness should be free. The rest of you return to the parlor."

When we got away from the house she said, "I should think your mother would turn over in her grave." I said, "So should I. What I need is a good spanking." She said, "You certainly do. Run along now and don't ever come this way again or pick my beautiful flowers or I shall have you arrested and sent away in the petroleum wagon."

Rowdy growled and we rambled home. All the doors and windows were open, and I put the flowers into a frying pan, with some fresh water in it so they would spread out nice and make a show. Then I prayed with my face looking out of the window at the stars where my mother is. I said, "God bless my father and my mother, and God bless the rich lady with the flowers nothing." Then I put on my nightgown and hopped into bed, and lay there looking at the stars and thinking what a lucky little girl I am to have such a pretty world and Old Maid Tompkins and everything. Rowdy lay on the foot of the bed and snored, and everything kept getting sweeter and comfortable and the bed kept getting softer, and the next thing I knew it was morning and my father was home from night watching and was sitting on the bed smiling.

(Copyright.)

The next adventure of Patsy Kildare will appear in tomorrow's Evening Ledger.

Nature's Fly Traps

It has long been known that such plants as "Venus's fly-trap" actually catch and squeeze to death flies and other insects alighting on their leaves, but the discovery is comparatively recent that the plants digest the softer parts of their prey by means of a peptic ferment secreted by the leaves.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only 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 sentiment 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 preserved when no ice is available?
2. Should French fried potatoes be salted before or after cooking?
3. What precaution should be observed to prevent enamel ware from cracking?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. To prevent a piece of meat from drying up when warming it over wrap in thickly greased paper and cover it while in the oven. The steam will keep it moist.
2. A whole steak is more economical than a cutlet.
3. A piece of delicate broken china can be repaired by using white oil paint like baby powder. Dry it and it will be almost as strong as when whole.

Treatment of Linoleum

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Kindly answer the following inquiries: First. How can linoleum that has been scratched be treated so it will not crack in rolling it for use? Second. How can a new leather couch that has been scratched be treated? It has never been used, although we have had it for eight years. Please tell me what kind of varnish or oil should be used on the scratched chairs? Ordinary varnish when used on the chairs get sticky from the heat of the body. A LEDGER READER. An application of five parts yellow wax, seven parts turpentine oil and five parts varnish will polish the linoleum and keep it soft and pliable. Or if it seems very stiff use two and one-half pounds of paraffin dissolved in one gallon oil of turpentine and apply warm, with a sponge or piece of flannel. Allow it to remain twenty-four hours then polish. The leather on the couch has simply dried. This might not have happened if it had been used more. The hardest leather can be softened by repeated rubbings with vaseline. Rub as much in as the leather will take. I would advise you to go to a reliable paint store and state your need. After securing the proper varnish allow the chairs to dry thoroughly, then rub them with wax, which will remove the stickiness.

Chafing-Dish Suppers

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Can you suggest some dishes to be cooked in a chafing dish for a party of about eight persons? STELLA S. Broiled or panned oysters, scrambled eggs, lobster a la Newburg, golden buck, broiled salmon, steamed kidneys and mushrooms, or creamed sweetbread.

Recipe for Sand Tarts

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Can you give me a recipe for sand tarts? (Mrs.) E. K. This is an excellent recipe. One pound powdered sugar, one-half pound butter, four eggs, two cupfuls of flour if they are dropped, four cupfuls of flour if rolled, one cupful of butter and sugar, add the eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately and one spoonful of nutmeg or ground mace. Work in the flour; if the dough is to be rolled, cut it with a tin cutter, wash the dough lightly with white of egg and sprinkle with coarse granulated sugar. This gives the "sandy" effect. Bake in quick oven.

To Serve With Club Sandwiches

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Please publish in your column a recipe for good club sandwiches, also suggestions as to what to serve with them. EMILIA. A recipe for club sandwiches was published in Saturday's paper under the daily inquiries. You no doubt saw this. I might say that a fairly large loaf of bread should be used and the sandwiches cut diagonally when serving. You do not state just what you wish to serve them. For an unusual supper you could serve creamed corn, crackers, coffee and cake with the sandwiches. Or serve Welsh rarebit, sandwiches, pigs in blankets and coffee.

Watercross Soup Recipe

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—This watercross soup is delicious and is called "old water" because it is made of water. Put this, after you have made the soup, in a hot water bath. It is a good idea to make it up in a large quantity and keep it in the hot water bath. For an unusual supper you could serve creamed corn, crackers, coffee and cake with the sandwiches. Or serve Welsh rarebit, sandwiches, pigs in blankets and coffee.

THE GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

By DR. JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG

Infant Stools

What should be the appearance of the stools of a young infant? L. M. S. The color of normal stools from children fed on cow's milk is yellow, but not so bright yellow as the stools of the breast-fed child; on standing, exposed to the air, they turn nearly white or grayish-yellow. If carbohydrates replace cow's milk as food, the yellow color of the stools is more intense.

Lupus

What is this disease and is it contagious? MRS. B. Lupus is simply tuberculosis of the skin. It may be communicated the same as other forms of tuberculosis, but is less likely to be a source of infection, for the reason that the germs of this disease are very deep in the skin and are not likely to be spread about as are the germs which develop in connection with pulmonary tuberculosis and with which the expectorated matters of the patient are teeming.

Ulcers

How may the offensive odor of ulcers be removed? G. S. Old ulcers on various parts of the body are frequently very offensive as well as painful. To remove the odor emitted by the discharges the best method of all is exposure to direct rays of the sun once or twice a day. In the absence of sunlight a strong electric light may be used.

Nightmare

What is the cause of nightmare, and the best remedy? G. B. O. Y. Nightmare is a nervous disorder occurring during sleep, most frequently the effect of indigestion. The remedy is to avoid eating at night; avoid lying on the back especially; see that the bowels are emptied before retiring. An excellent precaution is to take a neutral bath for half an hour just before going to bed.

Oiling the Skin

Does oil fatten as well as build up the nerves when rubbed on the body? Miss L. No; oil is not absorbed from the skin. There is no such thing as a "skin food." Rubbing improves the circulation and the general nutrition, and oil facilitates the rubbing. (Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like to go to cafeterias And watch my hungry fellow creatures feed. I think I'll take this life as they take lunch, just choosing the experience I need. (Copyright.)

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