

QUALITY NOT AN IMPORTANT TRAIT IN CHILD'S CHARACTER

More Hope for the Youngster Who Displays Independence of Thought and of Action Even if It Borders on the Rebellious

It will be boys, and by the same token girls will be girls. And there is hope for the type of boy or girl whom this is oftenest said than for the extremely docile child.

It has just been listening, more or less mechanically, to a distracted mother's woe. Her little girl, it seems, is precocious, but cannot be persuaded to study when she doesn't want to, nor will she practice her music lessons; but, instead, having got the may craze, spends every spare moment out of doors playing. She has danced so far to "skin" through her shoes, chiefly because her pride would allow her to be "left down"; but her shoes are very poor. Yet, on the other hand, she is an omnivorous reader. If a child of twelve spending half her days outdoors can be called such. So there are many clashes between the older and younger generations in the family.

Stella is called impertinent, disobedient—lazy. Knowing the parents don't imagine where Stella inherited her independent streak—they are both imaginative, without a spark of originality, and have lived a cut-and-dried existence. Stella is rather to be congratulated that she has escaped this. Of course, if she has a child should be taught obedience and respect for its elders, but not to the extent with which it is enforced in the home, where it amounts to an ancestor worship.

It is not a person to the theory that because a child is older he must of necessity know more about everything on the globe than his child. Little progress would be made if this theory were carried into effect. A child has the mind of his parents, and his parents'...

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 above are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed to the following: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. How can white silk blouses be prevented from yellowing?
2. Some garments should not be starched, yet a certain body given to them which would be of service if used. What is the way to do this?
3. How can ruga be prevented from slipping on polished shoes?

ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. To make absorbent cotton, boil the best quality of cotton with a five per cent solution of caustic soda or potash for one-half hour. Wash thoroughly, press out all water as much as possible and immerse in a five per cent solution of chloride of lime (bleaching powder) for fifteen or twenty minutes; wash with water, then with water acidulated with acetic acid, then with water. Boil once for fifteen minutes with caustic soda solution wash again with acidulated and plain water.
2. A waterproof point may be made by dissolving in two quarts of water, one pound of gum arabic and two ounces of glue. Boil for one hour and add six quarts of water. Strain through a cloth and add to the color with which it is desired to mix it.
3. A good sewing machine oil consists of one part olive oil, two parts almond oil and one part castor oil treated with alcohol. This is lubricant is fairly slow and admirably suited for the sewing machine parts.

Growing Potatoes in Barrel

Dear Madam—This idea is that of a woman on a farm, but it may appeal to those who have little space in which to plant. Potatoes may be grown in a barrel. Fill the barrel with good dirt and plant your potatoes. When you would press out all water as much as possible and immerse in a five per cent solution of chloride of lime (bleaching powder) for fifteen or twenty minutes; wash with water, then with water acidulated with acetic acid, then with water. Boil once for fifteen minutes with caustic soda solution wash again with acidulated and plain water.

Cakes Made With One Egg

Dear Madam—When eggs are so high it is necessary for many to economize when making cakes. Here are two recipes, each of which will yield cakes for only one egg:
1. One-fourth cupful sugar, one-half cupful butter, one-half cupful milk, one egg, two cupfuls flour, one-half cupful baking powder, one-half cupful molasses, one-half cupful raisins, one-half cupful currants, one-half cupful nuts, one-half cupful almonds, one-half cupful walnuts, one-half cupful pecans, one-half cupful hazelnuts, one-half cupful chestnuts, one-half cupful pineapples, one-half cupful strawberries, one-half cupful raspberries, one-half cupful blueberries, one-half cupful blackberries, one-half cupful currants, one-half cupful raisins, one-half cupful nuts, one-half cupful almonds, one-half cupful walnuts, one-half cupful pecans, one-half cupful hazelnuts, one-half cupful chestnuts, one-half cupful pineapples, one-half cupful strawberries, one-half cupful raspberries, one-half cupful blueberries, one-half cupful blackberries.

Speech on Introduction

Dear Madam—When introduced to a person it is proper to say "Pleased to meet you," or "Glad to know you," would both of these expressions be in good form?
ANSWERS: "Pleased to meet you" has been so misused that it is now considered rather provincial to use the phrase. Upon being introduced to a person to whom you are presented, reserving any expressions of happiness over the acquaintance until leaving.

When Should One Attend?

Dear Madam—When one is invited to a luncheon, breakfast or dinner, and the invitation states at what time should one attend on the hour or before?
ANSWERS: For luncheon, breakfast or dinner a guest is supposed to be on time or not later than five minutes after the hour designated. Only for a tea, where the hours are from 4 until 7, say, one is supposed not to go until after half-after 4, or at a ball, when the hour is designated as 10 the guests usually arrive at any hour from 11 on.

Five o'Clock Tea

Dear Madam—Will you kindly suggest—or rather, tell me—how to go about giving a tea for some visiting persons? What should I do?
ANSWERS: Use your visiting card and write in the lower left-hand corner "Five o'clock tea." This will insure their coming soon after 5 and your party will not last long enough to require a second course. As a general rule, the tea table and serve the coffee and hot chocolate, but not coffee, chocolate, only.

PATSY KILDARE, OUTLAW

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

XX—Enchanted Princess

Two dollars and a half seems a lot of money for washing clothes, but the woman who took over after she and Old Maid Tompkins cleaned up at our house said that was what my father owed her when she brought back the things. So I got the money out of his pocket while he was asleep and paid her. Of course, it would not be right to make Old Maid Tompkins pay for washing the clothes.

The day after she cleaned our house my father was much surprised when he saw that the floors were clean and the windows were clean and the dishes were washed and everything was dusted. My father said to me, "Who did it all, partner?" I said, "Old Maid Tompkins and a woman she brought here." Then my father smiled and said, "Hem!" and looked at himself in the looking glass and felt to see if he needed a shave, and he did, so he shaved and then he went to sleep. I sat and looked at him a long time and I remembered what Mr. Carpenter said at my mother's grave to another man. He said that it would not be long before my father would begin to sit up and take notice and now I wonder if that was what he meant. I shall tell my mother, for I think she ought to know about it, and then she can do as she likes.

Rowdy and I went swimming and I learned to dive. The water looks very brown and blurry on the bottom side. Then we rambled back to Old Maid Tompkins and got a big slice of bread and butter and she asked me what my father said. I said he said that somebody better keep out of his house or he would sic Rowdy on her. Old Maid Tompkins looked so surprised and so sorry that I said, no, he didn't either, and that I was joking, and that he thought it was fine. Then Old Maid Tompkins told me that Wilbur's arm was not broke, but dislocated. That is a ways the way. Some days everything is wrong. I decided to tell God to fling Wilbur over the banister harder next time. Hardly anybody knows how tough that boy is.

After Rowdy and I rambled up to the corner I stood digging my toe into the dirt and wondering if my mother would do anything to my father if he did sit up and take notice. All of a sudden I thought of the young lady in the hammock and I decided that her house would be a good place to visit. So we rambled some more and it got dark before we were half way there.

I saw a fire burning in the woods near the road and I went over and there were three men with whiskers and ragged clothes sitting in a shed with a fire out in front. One of them said, "Look who's here. What are you doing out in these woods?" I said, "I have as much right here as you have." Just then some one grabbed my shoulder and I looked up and saw an ugly man with a red nose and yellow teeth. Then Rowdy got busy on one of his legs and he shook Rowdy loose and yelled and nearly broke down a tree getting away.

I whistled and Rowdy came back and one of the men said, "Your mother will give it to you." I said, "My mother is dead." Another man said, "How would you like to be our little girl?" We are enchanted princesses and are on our way to fairyland. If you go along with us and beg cats from back doors, when we reach fairyland and are restored to our kingdoms one of us will marry you.

I said, "All three of you are no good and if you look cross-eyed at me I will have my dog eat you up." Then Rowdy growled deep down in his neck and one of the men said, "On your way, little girl!" So I on my way.

It was so dark that we went home and I said to my mother that I wished there was a fairyland and I would be very glad if there was and if she would lead me to it. I asked her to please ask God to slum Wilbur a little harder because he is tougher than most boys and that I am getting dark tired waiting for that baby sister and I would like something done about it if it wasn't too much trouble. Amen.

To Become a Red Cross Nurse

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me how to become a Red Cross nurse? I have no experience, but would like to learn.
ANSWERS: In order to become a Red Cross nurse a woman must be a graduate nurse from a hospital. She then takes the Red Cross examination. For further information write to the Red Cross headquarters in this city, 221 South Eighteenth street.

He Secured Her Picture

Dear Madam—I am a girl fourteen years of age. Not long ago I met a boy seventeen years old, a dandy, who was very well and well liked. I also met him the next day at his cousin's. About three weeks later I met his cousin, and she had a letter for me from him. It read: "Thanks for your picture. So many girls are taking pictures of me. I like the picture and his cousin says she didn't. Do you think should answer his note? Please tell me what I should do."
I think you would be quite within your rights in writing to the boy and asking an explanation. It is unwise for a young girl to allow her picture to be handed around to every casual male acquaintance, and, as you are perfectly innocent in the matter, you certainly ought to know just how the youth came into possession of the picture.

A Home-Made Floor Polish

An excellent polish for hardwood floors may be made at home by putting one pint of turpentine into a jar and adding to it one-half pound of beeswax, cut into small pieces as possible. This should be put into a warm place where it will melt slowly and may be stirred frequently with a slender stick. When thoroughly dissolved rub a little on the floor with a flannel cloth and then polish with the usual floor polisher or pad. This may be used also for polishing tables. Care must be taken not to use too much of the polish or the wood will become sticky and it will be difficult to get the desired result of a smooth, even gloss.

Summer Boots

Dainty, turn-sole boots in delicate shades of Pearl Gray, New Ivory and White were never more striking nor more desirable. The new cloth topplings of the same shade as the kid vamps are particularly smart. All-White Linen are priced as low as \$5. Colors up to \$10. A Gray suede, with cloth top, special at \$7.



The Harper Shoe Co. WALK-OVER SHOPS

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES



THE GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

By JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG, M. D., LL. D.

In answer to health questions, Doctor Kellogg is this space will daily give advice on preventive medicine, but in no case will he take the risk of making diagnosis or prescribing for ailments requiring surgical treatment or drugs.

WORK is necessary. Work is honorable. But the man who works perpetually and never takes a vacation is a slave. The country is full of such work-slaves. They swarm in the big office buildings and in every vocation and profession. The man who has a mania for work thinks time spent in recreation is time and energy wasted. The work-maniac regards play as sinful. His judgment is warped by a one-sided education.

The man who makes a work-slave of himself from choice should get a revised notion of the purpose of work. Work is not the chief end of man, as most people seem to believe. To study, to learn, to investigate, to discover, to enjoy existence, to make others happy, to be glad one is alive, these are the things that make life worth while. To make the body a work machine, to wear it out with toil, is to abuse and mistreat it.

If we were content to live the simple life, to be satisfied with the essentials, and if wealth was more evenly distributed, two hours a day of labor would suffice to supply all necessities. This is not a mere theory. It is a demonstrated fact.

We wear out our lives to supply ourselves with harmful luxuries, then boast of overwork as though it were a virtue and pass ourselves off as martyrs to duty. What is the remedy? The remedy for the work mania is play. Play of the right sort will take the form of active out-of-door exercise. Does the world offer another tonic so exhilarating as a tramp in the woods, a hike over the hills—botanizing, geologizing, hunting with a camera, golfing, boating—anything that combines diversion of mind with exercise and vigor enough to make the heart jump and the lungs puff and the warm blood leap through the veins.

Fresh-air play is needed to overcome the evil effects of the work obsession. Get out of the business grind. Shake off the work mania. Get the play spirit. Cultivate it.

Diet for Nervous Breakdown
What diet would you prescribe for a business man of fifty who has had a nervous breakdown?
A diet consisting chiefly of fruits and vegetables. Eat bread rather sparingly, substituting potatoes. A moderate amount of cream and breakfast cereals in moderation may also be used. Bran should be freely used. It furnishes phosphates and iron in abundance and besides aids in keeping the bowels active. The diet should be so regulated as to secure three bowel movements daily.

The Eyes
Do you advise the wearing of glasses?
An oculist should be consulted. If there are any optical defects or defects of accommodation these should be corrected by means of proper glasses.

Bitters
Are bitters such as dandelion and sarsaparilla helpful to give one appetite and to make blood?
No. The best means of getting an ap-

Mademoiselle Miss

These letters from an American girl serving in the army of the United States in the hospital back of the Marne constitute "one of the most intimate and most interesting letters ever written by a woman in the world's greatest crisis and humanitarian."

January 16, 1916.

BEFORE I touch on my daily doings—such a swift monotony of change that they show a still white on the screen like the shadow from a spinning rainbow—I will try for once to be definite. I have already written several times that I have been the recipient of a thousand yards of gauze, 100 pounds of absorbent cotton, six needles, and six dozen pairs of gloves, made in a practical corner and a box from the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital which I will acknowledge separately, plus such a lot of encouragement as will last me for the rest of the war. All this seems opulence enough—and now this morning comes, and a glorious list of fresh blessings from our golden shores. All at once America has become Cathay to me—a far more luminous discovery than Columbus ever dreamed of. A Promised Land of surgical delights. All of a sudden I find myself growing patriotic to a degree I never knew in former days. It's quite true that whenever I turn my eyes toward the end of my ward, where hangs the bright trophy I told you about, the little American banner below with the light shining through gives me a thrill that is quite peculiarly my own. I think that some day I may be a better American.

January 19, 1916.

All sorts of changes, visits of Generals, discharges, etc., have been made since I wrote. It's a thousand pities that I can't give you so much as a penny glimpse of this wild and wonderful theatre, where I play the role now of scene-shifter, now of leading comers, and anything between except, let's hope, the villain, and where such dramas and comedies are enacted as no stage ever saw. Let me try to tell you of at least something about one or two of my wounded.

Gaston is of the stuff that will make France victorious. He's a little fish dealer of Paris, stanch and sane of soul and limb, the kind that goes out alone on patrol, and brings down his Roche every time, and wears the cross at his neck without bragging—the kind that is equal to anything from writing patriotic verse that brings tears to your eyes, to outwitting his nurse always getting his way. He was only slightly wounded and sent into my service by mistake; but that wretched little wound in his thigh would never heal despite my most intelligent efforts. At last he was enough to get up and suddenly, without any suggestion or instruction, Gaston became my chief assistant. He cut my cottons, folded compresses, helped with bandages, polished my instruments, did a thousand little things that I could never trust to my orderlies, and when we were alone at work after "lights out" we talked philosophy. We didn't cry when we separated only because we're good soldiers.

A pearl fisher—a good Catholic and a brave fighter—had come from the sunny shores of Guadeloupe, to die for France. When they amputated his leg they didn't discover that there was a ball in his back. I found it when I took Pavillon V. But then it was too late. He died the next day, mounted higher, and every day his black cheeks grew thinner; but he always kept saying "It is going well." In the sweet evening hours that recalled early lullabies. Never a murmur, always a smile. The last day our faithful priest confessed him—he knew just enough French for that—and he knelt when he went, one of us kneeling either side. Extreme Unction he pressed his hand; and suddenly a marvelous change passed over his face as if it had grown white and luminous. "Mama," he murmured "Louis," then fainter and sweeter—"to my bon Dieu," and it was over, and nothing remained but a radiating smile. I went to lay him away among the heroes; and if ever I saw from Guadeloupe his smile, my black pearl fisher with seven suppurating wounds. It was dressing unassisted. Every day the fever overhauled him in the operating room, decided he was hopeless, and handed him over to me. It is one of the few dressings I have had that really frightened me; for

I tell you that here on the front it isn't just a mere nurse that is required; send the finest, most versatile woman that America or any other country can produce, and her fineness and her gifts will not be wanted. To be ideally adapted to the post she should combine a glacial calm with the unfailing gaiety of springtime, and a sense of humor always; she should possess law and order and arrangement, the powers of construction and invention, a touch as light as a watch-maker's, and strength to carry a man aloft on occasion; she should combine tremendous initiative with excessive caution, firmness with tenderness, authority with courtesy, fearlessness with awe, and she should be a psychologist, and deeply learned in the profession, and ready to read the riot-act when called for.

The next letter will appear in tomorrow's Evening Ledger.

Date Sandwiches

Dates can be made into many savory pastes for sandwich filling. Make the foundation by stoning the dates and running them through the meat chopper. To a pound of this paste add the juice of an orange and the pulp that squeezes out with it, rub it smooth and spread between buttered bread slices.

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