WOMEN FORCED TO ACT AS BAROMETERS OF HUSBANDS' INCOMES IS NEW THEORY ON "DRESS"

DO HUSBANDS MAKE WIVES "DRESS" TO SHOW OFF BANK ACCOUNTS?

Arnold Bennett Says They Do—Upsets Theory That Women Are Like Sheep—Says Men, Not Their Mates, Are Notorious Slaves of Fashion

JUST as we have always thought, the men are to blame—but they're not to blame in the way we thought they were.

We buy pink georgette and moleskin scarfs and angora hats and moonbeam dresses and little veils that stick out all around and a new kind of collar once in a while and glowing silk—and it's not to our fault at all!

Do you know why we do all this spending business? We do it for the sake of our husbands! Not that they may feast their eyes upon our smartness, but that the world will know the fullness of their bank accounts!

THIS isn't an idle fancy; it's a perfectly beautiful theory just unfolded by a distinguished English writer, Arnold Bennett. Mr. Bennett tells us the wherefore of frocks in November's Cosmopolitan Magazine.

This is what he says:

"When woman gloriously dresses herself up to go out she does so in order to prove to the world something man wants to be proved to the world. In old days the two attributes which man held in highest esteem were wealth and idleness. Man therefore had to demonstrate publicly that he was neither needy nor industrious. One of the best methods of demonstration was costume.

"The time came when man ceased to be proud of his own idleness and his costume altered accordingly. Man could not do the demonstration on his own person—he was too busy—and hence he employed the lady to be expensive on his behalf."

ISN'T this a glorious, soul-satisfying theory? Why, it makes one feel positively martyr-like in sending home a set of mink that is to perform the noble duty of telling the world George didn't go in the hole last year.

It's a lovely theory in more ways than one, because on the way to arriving at it Mr. Bennett upsets a stereotyped taunt that has been hurled at woman ever since she was old enough to put on her own hat.

Vyvettes

An amusing little hat that has a triangular top, on which rest fifteen balls—or pompons. It starts off something like a pool game.

It's this: Women are all like sheep and must follow one another.

"Half a dozen well-dressed women," Mr. Bennett says, "will be as different one from another as half a dozen flowers of different species; you could distinguish them half a mile off. But half a dozen well-dressed men would be indistinguishably alike if you decapitated them. It is notorious that men are slaves of fashion. If a new shade of cravat or sock comes out, the city will be painted with that shade in less than a week."

We seem to have found a friend—a distinguished one. Have the gentlemen at the bar anything to say for themselves?

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 indorse 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. What makes an excellent home-made polisher for polished floors?

2. What novel departure can there be in cooking prunes?

3. How can linoleum be cleaned?

1. How can red and white be very attractively and daintily combined in a homemade Halloween costume?

2. What new and smartly unusual hatpin has made its prewinter appearance?

3. How may the shoulder scarf of fur be kept gracefully on without fastening it at the neck?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. A feather boa should be washed in soapy water with a teaspoonful of ammonia in it. After squeezing lightly until all the dirt is out, rinse in cold water several times, with the last rinsing in bluing water. To dry, hang up in the open air, shaking occasionally.

2. When a door sticks because of dampness rubbing soap on the sill will facilitate opening and closing. Of course, this cannot be applied to doors that come in contact with carpets.

3. Peanut shops are made from pieces of stale bread cut one-half inch thick, spread with peanut butter on both sides, dipped in an egg and milk batter, rolled in bread crumbs and fried in hot fat.

1. In France the school teachers are explaining the Government loans to people in remote communities.

2. Goddess of Liberty, sea-nymph and Turkish harem girl costumes will make short girls look taller at Halloween parties.

3. Ice rubbed on the face after it has been washed with warm water will close the pores of the skin and give a good high color.

To Wash White Window Shades

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly let me know through your exchange column how to wash white linen window shades which, having been laid away for some time, have got very much soiled? (Mrs.) J. H.

The head of a reputable laundry says that white linen shades may be successfully washed at home and gives the following directions:

Take the shades off the poles and measure their exact width, being sure to make note of the measurement. The one great difficulty in laundering shades lies either in shrinkage or in stretching, but when one has the measurement to go by it is easy to regulate this when ironing.

Soak the shades overnight in warm suds of white soap and wash them out thoroughly in the morning. Some persons use starch, but it is apt to give the shades a cracked appearance after they have been rolled and lowered a few times. The better plan is to iron the shades while they are quite wet. This gives a satisfactory finish to them and no other is needed. In ironing use the measurement taken before the shades were washed. If they are narrower stretch to the proper width, or if wider regulate them accordingly.

To Restore Purple Color

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you tell me of anything to bring the color back to a purple skirt? I had some spots on my purple jersey silk skirt and tried to wash them out with just plain cold water and found that after it dried the skirt had turned white every place that I had washed it. Is there anything you know that would restore the color? READER.

In prescribing methods for restoring color it is better to know what took the color out. It would help me to know what the spot on the skirt came from. However, I am printing here a general formula for bringing back color to purple silk.

First, sponge with ammonia or vinegar, which will turn the spots greenish. Then apply bicarbonate of soda, which ought to bring them back to their original color. The soda produces a red tinge. The combined action of the two agents should restore the purple.

Recipe for Banana Butter

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please print in your very helpful Woman's Exchange column a recipe for banana butter? I want to use it for filling for cakes from time to time. (Mrs.) K.

Mash eight ripe bananas and work to a pulp. Add four tablespoonfuls of butter, grated rind and juice of two lemons, two cupfuls of white sugar and four well-beaten eggs. Cook together until a thick custard is formed. Stir constantly. Seal the butter in air-tight jars and be sure to keep in a cool place.

Wants Pet Dog

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I should like very much to have a good little home dog from any one who has to part with it and who wishes to place the dog in a good home. I love animals. (Mrs.) N.

About the Black Cat

Eighteen homes have been offered to the six-months-old black pussy who went searching for a future abode in the Woman's Exchange last Monday. The letters and postals have all been forwarded to Miss [illegible] who is obliged to give the pretty little cat away now because she is moving [illegible] the seal be the future home of this pussy, [illegible] with Mrs. R. L.

Would Be Actress at Twelve

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a girl of twelve years and would like to go on the stage. I have a good talent for singing and dancing. Kindly tell me what to do and where to go. My parents have agreed to this. S. M.

If I were a little girl of twelve years and could sing I would save my pretty voice. Children who sing in public strain their voices and ruin them for real worth-while work later on. People probably like to hear you sing now, but that is because you have the charm of being a little girl. Have your voice cultivated when you are a little older. Then at eighteen or twenty, if you still want to go on the stage, try with all your might to get there.

Little girls of twelve ought to be in school, getting the education every one so much needs. The Board of Education makes it impossible for a child to go on the stage if she does not have a private tutor for at least fifteen hours a week. This is expensive, because the tutor must be a good one, certified by the Bureau of Compulsory Education.

If you think your parents will be willing to provide this tutor and they wish you to make a start now, get them to make a tour with you of the vaudeville and theatrical agencies of the city. You can find the names and addresses of these in the yellow part of the telephone directory, listed under vaudeville and theatrical agencies.

Sorrowful Sixteen

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young girl sixteen years of age, considered good looking by members of the opposite sex. I am in love with a young man two years my senior. My love was returned until recently, when he met another girl. This girl had a very bad reputation, still this does not seem to influence him. Often he confesses he loves me still. Could you advise me through your valuable column what I should do? Shall I drop him or still continue our friendship? SORROWING SWEETHEART.

Do you not think, little "Sorrowing Sweetheart," you are still very young to be having such heart experiences? Why not be normal, sensible friends with the young man and let love find its way? If you are to love each other later in life, time will tell, and you are certainly not helping your cause if you speak to him against another girl. A man never understands that kind of thing, and it is not an honorable thing to do in any case. If you cannot win him without detracting another girl it is better that you do not win him at all.

Be friends with all the boys and wait until time sends you the great experience of love. If you cultivate kind thoughts of other girls and boys you will be sure to love the right man at the right time.

Complexion Worries

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young girl and everybody tells me that I am pretty, but I don't think so, because I have some brown spots on my face.

Will you please let me know as soon as possible through your exchange how I can get rid of them? Also, I have some blackheads that spoil my beauty. Please let me know how I can get rid of them, too? LILLIAN.

For treatment of blackheads apply towels wrung out in water as hot as you can stand to your face nightly. This will open all the pores. In some cases if the blackheads are not sore or red looking while the pores are thus open they can be removed with the fingers. If they are stubborn, however, tampering with them only makes them worse. Now cleanse with a complexion brush, which may be purchased in a drug store, and green soap. Scrub thoroughly. Close the pores by bathing the face freely in cold water. Keep up this treatment faithfully and never go to bed with powder on your face.

Brown spots on your face can come from different causes and one would have to know the cause in order to prescribe the remedy. I am therefore turning over this query to Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, who answers medical questions on this page. Watch his column for your answer.

PATSY KILDARE, OUTLAW

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

In the Distance

I WOKE before daylight and that bed at Mr. Rockrudder's is certainly fine. I just lay there soaking it up, and when I thought I had enough to last me all day I got up and folded my nightie and dressed and played a couple of tunes on the music machine. Then Rowdy and I went downstairs and the whole house was dark. I lit the lamps and looked all around the house. In the hall is a little table with a foam on it. When I saw the foam I remembered something and I felt myself getting pale in the face and my heart swelled up till it hurt and I got all trembly.

I told Rowdy to lie down and I sat on a chair and put the foam to my ear and pretty soon a little voice that could not have been much bigger than a peanut said, "This is Central." I said, "Of course it is. Who else should it be?" Then the voice said, "Cut out the comedy. What number do you want?" I said, "I want to talk to somebody a long way off." The voice said, "Out of the city?" I said, "Yes." She said, "I will give you long distance." I said, "I want the longest distance you have got."

Soon another voice said, "This is long distance." I said, "How long?" The voice said, "Almost any distance you want." I said, "All right. Now, listen. This is Patsy Kildare, and I tried to get heaven just after the big storm, but you told me all the wires were down." The voice said, "I remember. You are the little girl who wanted to talk to her mother, ain't you?" I said, "You must not say 'ain't,' for that is rotten bad grammar. You must say 'am not.' Yes, I am that little girl, and I want to talk to my mother now. Is there anything doing?" The voice said, "I am very sorry, Patsy, dear, but the line to heaven is all out of which and has been ever since the war in Europe began. I do not know when it will be fixed."

I said, "That is the second time some jinx has pinned a number on to me. What war are you speaking of?" The voice said, "That dreadful war across the ocean where men are killing one another and women and children are starving." I said, "For cat's sake, stay there a minute. I think there is almost a whole hare out in the kitchen. There needn't any kids starve while I am on the job. Why did you not tell me before?" She said, "You cannot get the ham to them, you funny kid. It is away across the ocean." I said, "That is too bad. Who is fighting?" She said, "Every one." I said, "Why doesn't somebody tell the Irish? They would go in and settle it in about two minutes." But she said, "There is a call. Good-by." So I hung up the foam.

There wasn't anything else to do, so I took down the foam again. A little voice said, "Well?" I said, "Yes, I am always well, thank you." "Whom do you want to talk to?" said the voice. I said, "Whom have you got?" She said, "Give me your number or hang up." So I gave her my number on the street I live on and waited a long time. Then a man's voice said, "Hello?" I said, "Hello!" He said it again and so did I. Then he said, "Is somebody dead?" I said, "I should say so." He said, "Who?" I said, "Mr. Carpenter and my mother." He said, "That is too bad. Was it an accident?" I said, "Yes, Mr. Carpenter got flattened out, but my mother just died." "From too much excitement, I suppose," he said. I said, "No, I guess not. She just died." He said, "Where are they?" I said, "They are in heaven." "I mean where are the bodies?" he said. "They are buried, of course," I said. "If they are buried," he said, "why are you calling up an undertaker?" "I called you," I said, "because I was lonesome and wanted some one to talk to. Have you any little girls?" He said, "Go to thunder." Then he would not answer any more.

Then I called Levy, and made him take me to town, which he did not like, but I asked him who was paying him, so he closed his face. I got my father's breakfast and then went to school. After school I visited Old Maid Tompkins till bedtime for a change. She has given me up, for she told me so, and is not going to try to do anything with me. I think she gives up too easy. If she did not give up so easy she might not be an old maid. When Rowdy and I went home we kneeled and prayed: "Dear mother, which art in heaven, the wires are still down, but you might try getting me from that end once in a while. Ask God to bless you and my father and to keep on making me a good girl. Amen."

"Making Calls," the next Patsy Kildare adventure, will appear in tomorrow's Evening Ledger.

"MA" SUNDAY'S INTIMATE TALKS

The wife of the famous evangelist discusses everyday topics in a helpful and wholesome way.

The Greater Love

"IT'S a shame, John, the way you are neglecting me! It is not right!"

The young wife flung out these words of bitter reproach as she dashed from the sitting room of their little cottage and made her way to bedroom, leaving her husband frowning over his books and crossly flinging them from him, he paced the floor moodily.

He felt that she didn't understand him, that she wasn't willing to make the same sacrifices he was doing for their mutual interest and welfare, much the same thoughts that were running in a kind of dull panorama through her mind as she lay staring up into the darkness.

"MA" SUNDAY

John Radner (this is a true story) was a young stenographer, and a good one, too, who had ambitions to climb in the world. Those ambitions took the form of an intense desire to be admitted to the bar of his native State and practice law.

After a hard day's work in the office where he was employed it was his custom to spend from three to four hours' study each evening at his law books, in the endeavor to prepare himself for the next State bar examination.

But his wife, Florence, had gradually come to the belief that he cared more for his dry, old law books than he did for her pretty young face, and that he was deliberately neglecting her because he preferred to burrow in the musty pages of Blackstone.

She felt that after spending a long, lonely day at her domestic duties the least her young husband of less than twelve months could do would be to give his evenings to her.

Her last outburst was one of a long series of eruptions of feminine temper, or temperament, whatever you choose to call it.

Three months before the annual State examination their first baby came, and for six weeks John was too much occupied in the effort to readjust himself to his new responsibilities to give any attention to the studies, clamoring for his undivided interest.

When he realized, with a sudden, guilty start, that he had less than two months to complete four months' ordinary work, he determined to allow nothing else to interfere, but on the first night of his resolution he was met by his wife, almost hysterical, who told him, in a flood of tears, that he must choose between his books and her and their child.

The result was that another two weeks drifted by, and, when John saw the day of the long-awaited examination come, he was not at all prepared to meet it.

The announcement of the result put his name among those who had failed, and, for several weeks, he alternately sulked in silence and upbraided the wife, to whose lack of sympathetic interest he alone attributed his failure.

They were on the point of public separation when, one memorable night, the baby was taken with croup, and for hours the matter of its life was one of agonizing doubt.

The crisis in this supreme fight for the child they had brought into the world broke down the barriers of embittered ambitions and hurt pride, and brought the drifting wife and husband together again, with a new love and a new sympathy and a new understanding for each other.

John went at the task of preparing for the next examination with new vigor, and this time came through with flying colors.

Today, after five years, he is one of the rising young lawyers of his home town, but, what is more to the point, the love between himself and his wife has grown to a tender, spiritual sympathy, broadening with the years.

You ask me which was to blame in the first threatened pitfalls of their married life.

Both were to blame, just as the blame is divided in thousands of other similar cases.

Their failure was only another echo of the common failure of the young married couple to readjust themselves to new environments and the new responsibilities into which they are entering—the failure to grasp the new vision of a higher love, a love which inspires service and sacrifice, instead of the pretty words of the courtship days—a love that rises to the emergencies of the trenches, as it were, and, in its new heights, clothes itself, and those who attain it with a tenderness and a sympathy that bestows always and everywhere more than it gives.

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Monday—The Morning After

A Bulb

Misshapen, black,
Unlovely to the sight,
O mute companion of the musky mold,
You must feel overjoyed to have a white,
Imperious, dainty lily for a soul.

—Richard Kendall Munkittrick.

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Tuniced Frock of Navy Serge and Satin

There is something unique about the afternoon frock of the season which shows the tunic joined to an overbodice. In its modeling it borrows something from the long-coated tailored suit, and yet it is distinctly a costume for afternoon wear and not to be worn as a street dress save under a long, separate coat. Today's illustration shows one of these newest of fall models fashioned from navy-blue serge and black satin. The girdle is placed at slightly above the regulation waist line, but the extension of the satin panels on the sides and the depth of the satin panel in the center front neutralizes the semiempire construction.

Tomorrow's War Menu

BREAKFAST
Baked Apples
Hominy Pancakes Maple Syrup
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Creamed Codfish on Graham Bread Toast
Lemon Jelly Cookies

DINNER
Minced Ham Turnovers (Leftovers)
Creamed Potatoes Tomato Relish
Cabinet Pudding

MINCED HAM TURNOVERS

Prepare a pastry of two cupfuls of flour sifted with a medium teaspoonful of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt. Add to this two tablespoonfuls of butter and a cupful of milk. Work quickly. Spread out pastry into a sheet a quarter of an inch thick and cut into pieces about five inches square. For filling use leftovers of ham. Make a mince, chopping the ham up quite finely, season well and wet with a little warmed-over gravy. In the center of each pastry square put one or two tablespoonfuls of the mince. Pick up the edges of the square. Pinch edges together and bake.

GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

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

In answer to health questions, Doctor Kellogg in this space will give advice on preventive medicine, but in no case will he take the risk of making diagnoses of or prescribing for diseases requiring surgical treatment or drugs. Health questions will be promptly answered by personal letters to inquirers who inclose stamped envelopes for reply.

Bran Does Not Cause Irritation

WHEN bran is taken into the mouth, even dry, it does not give rise to irritation. That is, it does not wound the tongue or the gums or cause them to bleed, but involuntarily the tongue and cheek muscles keep up a constant activity until every particle of bran has been removed.

These movements are quite involuntary. They go on automatically without the exercise of volition.

The same thing occurs in the stomach and intestines. The mucous membrane will not tolerate the presence even of minute foreign bodies. Everything must be moved along. The intestinal tract must be clear. Nothing must be left lying about by the wayside. The intestine acts incessantly until every minute particle of its contents has been passed on into the colon. The same thing happens in the colon. Contact of solid material or semisolid material keeps the intestine busy in an effort to move it along.

When the bulk is sufficient to distend the bowel, vigorous peristaltic waves are set up which sweep the bowel contents along so swiftly that the movement cannot be followed by the eye in observation made with the X-ray. But no irritation is produced; that is, the mucous surface is not lacerated or abraded by contact with the particles of bran. Bran in its ordinary dried condition might well be imagined capable of producing irritation, but bran in this condition is never found in the alimentary canal. Before it enters the stomach, even before it enters the mouth, bran is moistened, and is usually mixed with other moist foodstuffs. Wet bran is no more capable of producing irritation than wet paper; in fact, there is no better emollient than a bran poultice.

Then there is this final reason for the laxativeness of bran, and that is that bulk—that is, distention of the intestine—is necessary to excite the intestine to produce its secretion. The distention of the intestine by the bulky cellulose causes it to pour out the mucus and other fluids necessary to keep it moist, and to lubricate it in its passage along the bowel.

Bran can be as easily prepared at home as any other part of the grain, cooked by itself as a mush or combined with cereals or with sweet fruits. Equal parts of bran, cornmeal and oatmeal make a good combination. Bran may be advantageously added to any cooked breakfast cereal in the proportion of one or two tablespoonfuls for each serving. Cook one-third by measure with cornmeal, oatmeal and cream of wheat.

Wens

What causes wens? What is the best treatment? MARGARET.

The oil glands of the skin secrete a fatty substance which is normally discharged upon the scalp. When the opening of the oil ducts becomes obstructed, the oily substance accumulates and forms a little tumor which is called a wen. The only proper way to treat a wen is to remove it with the knife. It makes a clean wound, which heals immediately.

Pimples

I am sixteen years old and have a lot of pimples on my face. How can I cure them? JOSEPH.

Exercise and work outdoors every day so that you perspire vigorously. Drink two or three quarts of water a day. Eat plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables and no meat. Take two tablespoonfuls of bran to each meal so your bowels will move three times a day. Take a cool bath every morning, either a sponge, a plunge or a shower, and rub the body vigorously after the bath. Wash the face at night in very hot water with castile soap. After rinsing off the soapy water splash cold water on the face.

Ingrowing Toenails

What is the best treatment for ingrowing toenails? G. A.

Ingrowing toenails may be cured by a simple operation. If the difficulty is slight, wear a broad-toed shoe, scrape the center of the nail and take care to give the nail a square edge to prevent the corners from penetrating the flesh. If the case is so severe that much inflammation is about the nail, you should consult an orthopedic surgeon.

Snoring

What causes snoring? G. F. S.

Snoring is the result of open-mouth breathing, when the sleeper breathes through both nose and mouth at the same time. If a nose specialist tells you there is no obstruction to normal breathing, you should keep the mouth closed by means of a bandage or some other device.

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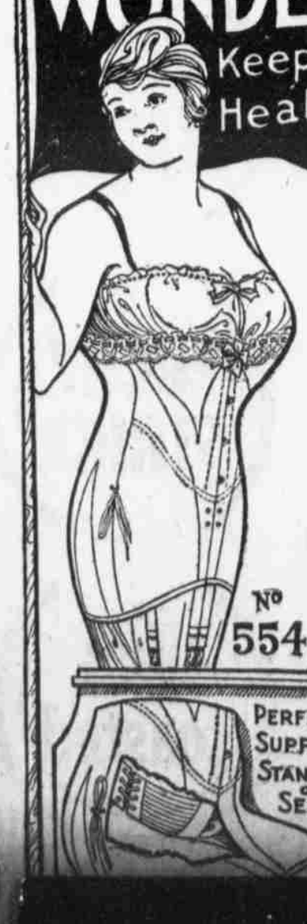

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