TOPICS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN DISCUSSED AND PICTURED—DRESS, HOMECRAFT AND LETTERS

SMILE OF DRAB LITTLE WOMAN CAPTURES KHAKI-CLAD CAPTAIN

Transients in Hotel Lobby Wonder What He Saw in Her—It Was Womanliness That Built the Smile That Caught Him!

IT IS queer how we all think the same thing when we see a good-looking man out with a plain woman. The other day I saw two persons sitting in a hotel lobby corridor. He was big, "easy on the eyes" and in khaki—the kind of man you see on the frontispiece of the latest book. She was different—just everything he wasn't. No author would ever have the courage to star her in his book!

But the big, fine-looking soldier with the fascinating bars on his shoulder straps didn't seem to think about that. He looked as though there was no place in the whole wide world he quite so much wanted to be at that moment and every other moment as there—beside HER.

IT IS always nice to know how to make a man look at you as though you are the only woman in the world. Perhaps that is why they watched—the two or three women who sat on the other brown velour lounges. At any rate, we all did look, long and hard, at the drab-faced girl who had captured a captain. At the end of two minutes I can vouchsafe that at least one of those curious women knew how she had done it.

THE girl smiled! And when she smiled you simply had to join the captain and not give a whoop whether her skin was white or yellow or whether she had any eyelashes at all.

The smile didn't have anything to do with her face. It seemed to come from way, way in, and to shoot out like a brave ray of light past such trifling things as eyes and mouth and teeth. It was placid, it was sweet, it was humorous, it was tender, it was jolly—all the real woman in the world was packed tight in that one smile. And the captain fell for it!

PERHAPS you think my plain little lady looked in the mirror and trained herself to smile beautifully. I think not. There might have been training in the smile, but it was training for the all-woman qualities that made it possible.

If a beautiful woman's face is her fortune, then womanliness is the fortune of her unbeautiful sister. The wonder about the plain woman's possessions is that they are always with her. Sun and wind cannot dim her jolliness and age cannot put wrinkles in her calm. She can never lose a man by falling off in looks, for what she did not win him by she cannot lose him by.

Deep down in every woman there are the qualities that went to make up the smile of that little woman in the hotel lobby. Beautiful women often forget they are necessary and lose them. But the plain woman, if she is wise, trades on them, glories in them—and beats out her pretty sister in the long run!

Vyvettes

We do like our jabots and are glad they're coming into style again—but it will soon be cold and we'll have to button our fur collars over them! So we make the fur collar jabotlike and find it quite trim.

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. Name six ways of including milk in the menu without serving it as a drink.

2. What meat substitutes for beef, mutton and pork does the United States Food Administration advocate?

3. What simple home-made device saves the time spent in looking for a dish towel when one is handling hot pans and dishes?

1. What innovation has come in the perfectly plain black silk beaver hat?

2. How can a black veil be brightened up and brought into the latest mode?

3. How can one get information about the war work that is being thrown open to women?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. If a wall mirror is placed opposite the large doorway opening from the dining room into the living room, the small rooms will look larger. The mirror reflects the living room and gives a spacious appearance to both rooms.

2. One of the chief causes of the molding of preserves is the rotting of the rubbers in jars that have been placed where there is dampness.

3. It is not practical to cover a kitchen table with oilcloth, because this material is easily scorched by hot pans. The pans stick to it and soon spoil it.

1. An unusual frock for the high school girl can be made with a rough material in plaid for the skirt and a sleeveless Russian blouse of dark blue velvet for the waist and peplum.

2. Knitted wool bed socks would be greatly appreciated as an American Christmas present by the wounded soldiers in the French hospitals.

3. Miss Julia Lathrop is head of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor in Washington.

To Mend Agate Teakettle

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a large agate teakettle. It has sprung a leak around the spout. Can you suggest something to mend it with, as I can't afford to throw it away and get a new one? I tried several things, but they either melt or won't hold to the glazed surface.
(Mrs.) L. McC.

Many utensil authorities are discouraging about attempting to mend agateware, but one of them solves your difficulty as follows:

If you have applied solder to the leaking spout the probable reason for its not holding is that you didn't prepare the surface to be mended in the right way. File off all the rust and break away the little agate pieces from immediately around the leak. It would be well to thoroughly clean the part to be mended with muriatic acid, which you can get in a very small quantity in the drug store. In the hardware department of the large stores there is sold for twenty-five cents a small soldering tube that can be used at home and that is said to mend kitchen utensils. There is also a white powder sold for ten cents for a small can that is said to mend agateware successfully. It is made into a paste with cold water and is simple to use. I am sorry to say that no one promises that the agate teakettle can be made quite like new.

Making Use of Quinces

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please give me full directions for making quince jelly, also are there any other ways I can use quinces? Thanking you for this and several past favors, I am,
M. C. W.

Wash the quinces, but do not peel them. Cut in quarters and remove the cores. Put over the fire in a preserving kettle. Add very little water, cover closely and stew until the fruit is tender and broken. Strain and press through a jelly bag, but do not squeeze the pulp. The juice must be allowed to drip through. Allow a pound of sugar to each pint of the juice. Return the juice to the fire and as soon as it boils pour in the sugar. Boil all hard until the juice begins to "jelly," skimming off the scum as it rises to the surface. Test the juice occasionally by pouring a spoonful on a chilled plate to see if it is "jellying." As soon as this quantity begins to jelly about the edge the kettle may be removed from the fire. Seal at once in jelly glasses.
—Marion Harland.

Quince jelly is delicious when it is combined with crab apples. Use any proportion of these you may wish, following the same directions.

Quinces are used to make marmalade, cider, honey and can be canned.

Here is a recipe for the marmalade. The other recipes will be printed if you wish:

To each pound of quince pulp allow three-quarters of a pound of preserving or loaf sugar.

Pare the fruit and put in a preserving pan with just enough water to cover the bottom of the pan. Stew gently until reduced to a pulp. Pass through a sieve, weigh the pulp and add the sugar when it has been put back in the pan. Cook very gently until the marmalade sets quickly when tested on a cold plate. Put in marmalade pots and seal. Store in cool place.

Lead Girl With Right Arm

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — When dancing with a girl which arm do I place about her, and should she do I dance backwards? ANXIOUS.

A man places his right arm about his dancing partner, holding his hand against the center of her back. He holds her right hand with his left hand and she places her left hand lightly on his shoulder. It is usual for the man to dance forward and the girl in reverse, or, as you express it, "a backward.

Christmas Box for Sailor

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please publish what to put in a Christmas box for a sailor? He is my cousin. W. E. H.

The Christmas box for the sailor must have lots of eatables in it. Here are some of the sort dear to the heart of every boy and the kind it will be safe to send on a long journey: Boned chicken, turkey and ham in cans, a big fruit cake, jars of cheese and peanut butter, packages of soda and sweet crackers, jars of jam and jelly, figs, dates, nuts, cans of olives and plenty of cakes of chocolate. In a separate box send cigarettes or the sailor boy's favorite brand of tobacco.

As a Christmas remembrance you will probably send something a little bit more "keepable" than food and tobacco. You may send a box containing any or one or two of the following: Knitted things, such as wristlets, sleeveless sweater, etc.; waterproof picture frame, waterproof tobacco pouch, steel military mirror that cannot break or rust, writing paper, military hairbrushes, leather toilet kit, containing place for toothbrush, comb, etc.; pocketknife, and, last but not least, records for the talking machine, for there is one of these on most of the ships.

More Halloween

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly print in your column or send to me a good way in which to entertain about forty guests at a Halloween party where the space is limited. The guests are between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. If you suggest games please do not suggest any wet games, like bobbing for apples. M. B. S.

If you are going to mask you might have a moving-picture party. Each character comes as a prominent motion-picture actor or actress, and it is the business of each guest to identify as many of these characters as possible. Each character wears a number, and the guests mark down on a slip of paper which is given to them at the door what they think the number aims to represent and who the girl or boy is masquerading. If the members of your party are not shy and are willing to get up and perform, you might set aside a part of the evening for making them do a scene from the photoplay played by the star they represent.

When you have forty persons to entertain playing progressive games at little tables is a very good way to solve the situation. All kinds of foolish games can be played at the tables, such as jacks, seeing who can make the longest pumpkin seed necklace in a given length of time, cutting witches out of black paper, drawing Halloween pictures, etc. The couple winning out at each table always progress. Those who have the most "progress" marks on their tally cards get prizes. The tallies can be pictures of little witches and the prizes can be something appropriate to Halloween, too.

In case you would rather spend the evening playing games, if you have two rooms to use, divide the crowd. If not, forty can manage to have a jolly time playing games such as these:

The witch's art gallery—Prepare for this by cutting from black cardboard or paper or buy them by the box these symbolic figures: Stars, witches, crescents, brooms, owls, black cats, swastikas, horseshoes, etc. Pin these singly on the parlor wall. Cover a large blank book with yellow crepe paper and paint on the cover "Explanation of the Black Art." In it make up fortunes to correspond to the figures on the wall.

To know his Halloween fate the guest is blindfolded and is given a long black rod. He is then turned around three times and is sent to touch the wall with the wand. The emblem or combination nearest to the wand is his fortune and is interpreted by the witch who holds the yellow-bound book.

Clippings of other games published at other times in the Woman's Exchange have been sent to you.

Gerald.

PATSY KILDARE THE OUTLAW

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

Helping Rowdy

BEFORE I was out of bed this morning the foam rang and it was Mr. Rockrudder. He asked me how my burglar was and I said he was all shaved and doing well. He said, "That is good. How is the banister?" I said, "It is all right now. I will show you when you come home." He said, "I wonder whether your father would do something for me." I said, "Tell me what it is and leave it to me. He'll do it all right." He said, "I would like to have him stay at my house so there might be a man around while I am away. The cook will get his meals and Levy will take him to his work and bring him back. Do you think he would do that?" I thought he would, and said so and I rang off. It seems to me that we are doing a lot for the Rockrudders, but they are nice people.

Then I had my breakfast and while the cook was fixing the wash to put into the auto I went up to see the burglar and let the nurse go to breakfast. The burglar said he was feeling better and wanted a cigarette and I told him he never could have cigarettes any more; that he is a burglar, and that I am boss. He did not say anything, but just lay and grinned, so I went down and hopped in with Levy and went for my father. He did not want to come at first, but I made him, and the cook fixed him some eats, and then I had him off my hands and slid down the banister a few times. The nurse looked at me and said, "I would not do that!" I said, "You could for." So she tried it and I was right. She did not slow up when she got to the bottom, and I guess she will be lame for awhile.

When the doctor came he said the burglar is doing fine and he would not have to saw his leg off, which is certainly lucky for the doctor, for if he tried it there would be something doing. Then I sat with the burglar while the nurse went for a constitutional, as she said, though I do not know what she wanted with it and I did not see anything of it when she came back. The burglar said, "What is the matter with your purp?" "With my what?" I said. "Your bowwow," he said. "Oh," I said, "that dog is no purp and he has got fleas, if you want to know." "Well," he said, "why don't you get some flea soap?" "Some what?" I said. "Some flea soap. That will make the fleas let him alone," he said. "Well, for cat's sake," I said, "do you think I have nothing to do but wash fleas? How do you wash them and how do you make them stand still?" He said, "You do not wash the fleas, but the dog."

So I made Levy stop digging up the flower garden and go to town for some flea soap, and it is black, and when I smelt it I was sorry for Rowdy. But I said "Come with me, Rowdy. I am going to hand you a lemon, but do not blame me; blame the burglar. If it does not cure your fleas I will give him a bath with it." So we went to the bathhouse and I wet him all over and rubbed the soap on him and it made a brown lather, and he did not mind it, but stood as still as could be, and then I rubbed him off dry and I could not find a flea on him. Then we had supper and it got dark and Levy was in town taking my father to his night watching at the bank.

I tied a pillow to a clothes pole and put a sheet over it and it looked a lot like a horse's head in the dark. The light had not been turned on in the burglar's room yet, and I stuck the horse's head up by the window where the nurse sits. Soon I heard a door slam and a noise like a coalman delivering a load of coal down the stairs and then all was still. I went into the house and the nurse was having a fit all over the kitchen and the cook was scared, too, for the nurse was telling her she had seen a white horse of death and it had two fiery eyes and had called her name. I went up to see the burglar and he said, "What did you do that for?" I said, "What's it to you?" He said, "You might have scared her to death." I said, "She is so lazy I have to do something to make her get a move on." He said, "I am going to tell her." So I went to the foot of the bed and tickled the foot with the weight on it till he begged me to stop and he said he wouldn't tell.

When I went to bed I prayed: "Dear mother which art in heaven, I washed Rowdy this morning and I think the fleas all jumped on to me, so I don't think I'll sleep very well. But I ought to be willing to change off with Rowdy once in awhile, good as he is to me. Ask God to bless you and my father and the burglar and Rowdy and me and not to do anything to encourage the fleas. Amen."

"The Old Man," the next Patsy Kildare adventure, appears in tomorrow's Evening Ledger.

Tomorrow's War Menu

BREAKFAST

Apple Sauce
Cornmeal Mush
Toast Coffee

LUNCHEON

Hamburg Roulettes (leftover)
Celery Cocoa
Grapes

DINNER

Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce
Sweet Potatoes
Lettuce with Chili Sauce
Fruit Cup

HAMBURG ROULETTE

Chop leftover Hamburg meat cakes up fine, moisten with a little gravy and season. Have ready a sheet of baking powder biscuit dough. Roll this out one inch thick and dust with a little melted butter. Spread a layer of the Hamburg on the pastry and roll firmly like a jelly roll. Cut into two-inch lengths and put in a greased pan a couple of inches apart. Bake for twelve minutes in a hot oven.

All She Had

The taxi driver had been driving his fare about for an hour and a half and at last inquired:

"Where to now, miss?"

"Oh, how much do I owe?" said the fare, seeming to wake from a daydream.

"Eight dollars and a half, miss," said the driver, glancing at the taximeter.

"Oh, I say!" said the fare sweetly, "would you mind backing and keep going backward till you come to seventy-five cents? It's all I've got!"—St. Louis Star.

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IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Black Lyons Velvet and Hatter's Plush Chapeaux

There was never a season when there were not both big hats and small hats in style, and a complete wardrobe needs both kinds. The illustrations show hats of both types at their smartest. The small hat is an inspired toque, with a brim turned sharply away from the face, made of black hatter's plush. It is given distinction and smartness by a huge chou of black Lyons velvet rising at the back. The large hat has one of those curving brims that are so wonderfully becoming to every one, of black Lyons velvet, while the entire crown is covered with monkey fur with a jet ornament.

"MA" SUNDAY'S INTIMATE TALKS

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

Mazie's Silk Stockings

THEY were real silk. There wasn't any doubt of that. You could see the luster in them even outside the big glass windows of the Emporium Department Store, in which were hung a tempting riot of the most bewildering bargains in hosiery that Mazie Osborne had ever seen. This particular pair of silk stockings held Mazie fascinated. They were a rose-pink in color, with black and white checks, in a clockwork pattern, mounting up from the ankle, and extending half way to the knees, and in price they were only eighty-nine cents.

"MA" SUNDAY

Of course, they were valued at much more. The conspicuous bargain tag announced that they had been marked down for this week only from one dollar and a quarter. Mazie first saw them on a Monday noon, when she was returning to her stenographer's desk from her lunch of a chocolate sundae and a cream puff. Thus fortified for the remainder of her day's work, she was swinging blithely along when she caught her first glimpse of the dazzling pink stockings.

She managed to resist the temptation until Wednesday. She had never owned nor worn a pair of silk stockings, real silk stockings. They had always been an ambition of which she had dreamed in vain. On Wednesday noon she marched with an air of determination into the store, gave the blondined young woman clerk a dollar bill, and marched out with the stockings, in a small, neat bundle, and eleven cents in change in her purse.

This meant that she would have to economize on lunches, for her wages were $7 a week, $5 of which she gave to her mother each Saturday night. But—she owned at last a pair of real silk hosiery. There now remained the tantalizing question of what she was to do with them. She couldn't wear them to the office unless she could change after she left home, for she knew the sharp eyes of her mother would mark their gorgeous hue at once.

For two days she hid them in the bottom drawer of her dresser at home. On Saturday evening she could resist no longer the wild wish to test the feel of the silk on her flesh. After supper she hurried to her room, carefully locked the door, and ten minutes later was admiring her new and strangely clad ankles.

The sound of the front door closing announced that her mother was leaving for the Sunday marketing. With her heart beating wildly, Mazie darted down the hall and into the street. A walk of two blocks restored her confidence, and brought her to Broadway. She felt several glances of admiration cast at her ankles, or, at least, she thought they were glances of admiration, and she smiled proudly.

She did have pretty ankles. She had never realized just how trim and attractive until now, but they had never been properly displayed before. She was brought sharply to her senses by a strange man lifting his hat and smirking at her elbow. She gave him one glance and almost fled, cutting sharply across the streets as she felt he was walking rapidly after her. The next moment she saw the lights of an automobile, making a quick turn at the corner, almost upon her. In her effort to dodge, she slipped and almost fell prostrate as the chauffeur grazed her figure. A drawling voice sounded from the car, and a man in evening clothes, the first so attired who had ever spoken to her, sprang out.

"I am afraid I gave you a fright," he apologized, with a quick glance, which traveled from her gayly clad ankles to her flushed face. He hesitated. "Won't you give me the privilege of a ride—just to recover your nerves, you know?"

There was a purring note in his voice, and an assured smile in his appraising eyes. For one wild moment Mazie hesitated. She had never been in an automobile in her life. What a combination of luxuries if she could have her first motor ride on the evening she wore her first pair of silk stockings. She took a hesitating step toward him, and he was holding out his hand when the girl paused with a gasp of dismay.

Her downcast eyes had fallen instinctively on her wonderful hosiery. On her right stocking a stitch had given away in the cheap silk and the "run" had gone swiftly down the foot. Mazie's heart seemed suddenly to stand still. Without a word, she turned from the welcoming hand before her and darted back to the curb and down the side street that led home.

There were strange tears in her eyes and a strange huskiness in her throat. Just as the stitch had given way in her cheap silk stockings, and the ruinous "run" had started, she knew now with an illuminating clearness that an equally ruinous "run" would have started in her life had she heeded the voice of the tempter and accepted the automobile invitation. Something told her she had been saved just on the brink.

"Before I went to bed that night," said Mazie in telling me the story, for this is a true narrative, "I wrapped my stockings up in a little bundle and threw them out of the window."

She looked at me for a moment with a wistful silence.

"You understand, don't you?" she almost whispered.

I nodded. Yes, I was quite sure that I could understand.

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Friday—The Girl Who Has Determined to Have Her Own Way.

GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

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

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

Food as Body Fuel

FOOD is something more than fuel. It not only supplies heat and energy to the body, but also tissue-building material. Fats, starch, sugar and fruit acids are true fuel elements; while proteins, which comprise the gluten of wheat, the casein of milk, the vegetable casein of peas and beans and similar foodstuffs, the lean of meat and the white of eggs are the tissue-building elements.

The fuel elements—starch, sugar, fat, etc., are easily disposed of by the body. A portion is burned up at once in producing energy, supporting muscular work, etc., while any residue is deposited as fat. The proteins or tissue-building elements are not so easily disposed of. They cannot be stored up. If taken in excess they must be gotten rid of at once. An excess of protein gives rise to poisonous substances, which do great mischief in the body.

The worst mischief that arises from the use of an excess of protein is the encouragement of putrefaction in the intestine. The undigested fragments remaining in the colon undergo rapid putrefactive changes, and the poisons absorbed into the body damage the liver, kidneys and all the tissues and disturb all the vital functions. The normal proportion of tissue-building elements is about one-tenth of the total requirement. When an excess is taken the undigested portions undergo putrefaction and are converted into highly poisonous substances, ptomaines, toxins and other substances which are prodigiously toxic or poisonous.

The presence of these products of putrefaction may be recognized in the stools by a putrid odor. Healthy bowel discharges should have a sweetish or slightly sour odor, or should be entirely free from odor. A putrid odor is always an evidence of an abnormal and harmful condition. When the bowels are in such a condition that putrid, foul-smelling gases escape, intestinal autointoxication is going on.

A beefsteak carried in one's pocket would within a few hours become putrid and exceedingly offensive. The same putrefactive changes will take place in a portion of beefsteak which has been swallowed and remains undigested in the colon. Starch, sugar and fat may be stored up as tissue fat, but proteins cannot be thus stored. If not used they undergo decay, producing biliousness, colitis, putrid stools, foul breath, coated tongue, confused brain, insomnia, and a great variety of other distressing symptoms.

The high-protein diet of the American people, as has been pointed out by Professor Chittenden, is largely responsible for a world of mischief, the real cause of which has not been generally understood or even suspected until recently. Professor Chittenden has shown that by reducing the protein to the actual needs of the body and making the protein only sufficient in quantity to serve for necessary repairs, the endurance may be enormously increased.

The protein content of nuts, fruits, milk, cereals and vegetables will supply all the protein needed by the body without the use of flesh foods. This has been well proven by experiments in animal feeding by McCollum and others.

Rigg's Disease

What is the proper treatment for Rigg's disease? E. K. D.

Rigg's disease or pyorrhea is an infection of the mouth in which the gums are diseased and recede so that the teeth finally drop out of their sockets. The primary cause is general lowering of vital resistance. A person suffering from Rigg's disease should place himself under the care of a skilled dentist for treatment of the mouth and teeth. He must be prepared for a long course of treatment, as it is a very obstinate disease to treat. At the same time an antitoxic diet should be adopted, consisting chiefly of fruits, vegetables, nuts and cereals, together with an outdoor life and all measures which tend to build up the general health.

Heating Compress

How do you give a heating compress? Mrs. T. T.

Wring a cloth quite dry out of cold water and apply over the painful part. Cover this with mackintosh and several thicknesses of flannel. The moist cloth will quickly become warm and will retain the heat for a long time. It is fully as effective as a poultice and much cleaner. It is a most helpful remedy in deep seated spinal pains, in pain from indigestion and chronic catarrh of the bowels. A heating compress applied to the abdomen will often relieve headache and induce sleep.

Men's Clothing

A good deal is said about the harmful effects of women's garments. What about men's clothing? FRED P. R.

The clothing worn by men has generally the following faults: Too much clothing, which overheats the skin and weakens the entire body.

Non-porous material, or fabrics too little porous to air so that the clothing suffocates the skin and prevents the escape of poisonous exhalations.

Dark colors which exclude the chemical and luminous rays of the sun, which are essential to health.

Restriction of the movements of the shoulders and a flattened chest from wearing suspenders.

Stiff collars that irritate and constrict the neck.

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