

Wartime Frocks Are Like Wartime Menus—Talk on French Dress

QUEER MATERIALS AND COLORS MAY BE SEEN HOBNOBBING NOW

Idea Comes From Paris, Where They're Getting Ready for "the Hunt"; a Wartime Measure, but Paris Is Perking Up Just the Same!

IT'S a bit like making up a wartime menu now to make a wartime frock. Paris did for us—gave us the idea of putting all sorts of unlikely things together and then showed us the example of getting something extremely likely out of the mix-up.

Have you noticed all the queer materials and colors that are seen in each other's company these days? There's a cream-colored wool that relies on all things—a piece of smoked blue muslin for trimming! And then there's velvet, a somber gorgeous breadth of this material, that is part of everything worth while in Paris just at present, finds its heart to be offset with a piece of pin-stripe indestructible voile.

Vyvettes



A trim little motor cap, a bit military looking—and it can be made more so by the addition of a cockade in front. But then you must be careful not to go too fast, or the wind will carry it off or break it off the first mile!

THERE'S a reason! Paris is creeping back into things. During the first year of the war Paris forgot she was Paris, as far as clothes were concerned. The second and third years were about the same. And now something has happened to make her remember. Word has gone forth that "the hunt" will be held. "The hunt" was one of the big events of French society until the war began. Then it was prohibited. This year for the first time it will be held again—as a wartime measure. Crops are being ruined by guerrilla of game and something must be done to stop this. It's a wartime measure, but it can't keep Paris from perking up a bit!

AND so the dressmakers are putting two and two together and making costumes. They're not making new dresses in particular, mind; they're fixing up old ones. And when Paris puts her mind to fixing it's time to stop and look.

Nearly every Frenchwoman is going about in severe clothes. It has been up to Paquin, to Jenny and the others to transform it in severity in the twinkling of an eye. And that's what they're doing. It sounds like a bit of Aladdin's Lamp to hear about the way France is getting dressed up. There are brilliant collars and cuffs attached to demure little gowns. There are bright, laughing, little waistcoats having the time of their lives on dull, unrelenting jerseys. Sometimes a

ruff of plaid georgette makes a sudden appearance on a frock that was built for stern necessity. Materials are scarce, but that doesn't matter.

Paris is perking up!

CLOTHES have always fortified women. There is something about the fierce invincibility of a smart hat that makes a woman ready to go out and fight the world. For a long time Paris, with instinctive longing for things beautiful, has repressed herself gladly and willingly, as it should have been. But this little chance has come to dress up just once again.

Is it any wonder that in the midst of their marvelous war work French women have stopped to take a peek in the mirror?

PATSY KILDARE THE OUTLAW

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

Santa Claus Comes

I HAD hardly got to sleep last night when something made me sit up in bed and listen. I heard a stammering and then a voice said, "Is this where Patsy Kildare lives?" I said, "Yes, Mr. Kildare, you know it is." So I lit a lamp and opened the door and the voice was on me. It was not Mr. Kildare at all. It was Santa Claus! He was fat and trim with fur and whiskers! That was why Rowdy did not bark.

I said, "Come right in. How are you?" He said, "Fine. How are you?" I said, "Fine. Why did you not come down the chimney?" Are you going up the chimney? Do you not want me to go out and hold your reindeer? What have you got in that bag? Come this way. I was expecting you. Did you have any trouble finding the house? I know a little boy on this street who does not believe in you. Just that silly! Santa Claus said, "That's all right. Who will not believe in a thing?" I said, "I cannot tell you that. I want you to leave him a lot of things and then he will believe in you and you will be Santa Claus." Suppose I do not leave you anything if you do not tell me? At that I sat down on the edge of my bed and felt like crying. I said, "I cannot help it. I shall have to tell you, and I'll push my face in tomorrow if you do not leave me anything on his account, but I am not going to tell you his name."

Santa Claus patted me on the head and said, "Patsy, you are a good sport. Tell me what you are." Then I felt glad and we went into the other room and while he was laughing at and leading the stockings and the one pair of my father's socks and the tree I said, "Is your home near Heaven?" He stopped laughing and said, "Yes, Santa Claus's home is very near Heaven." I said, "Do you know any of the angels?" He said, "A few. I said, 'Do you know my mother?'" He said, "Has she hair like yours and blue eyes? What is her first name?" I told him and he said, "Why, I know her. She has had one of those times when she loves her little girl and what a good little girl she is. Well, I must go now. I will have to climb up the back of the house to the roof where my reindeer are. I said, 'Do you want to see me?'" He said, "No, that is not necessary. I will not trouble you." I said, "It will not be any trouble. I have got a ladder that I can put against the house."

He said, "Never mind. I said, 'I will go and watch you anyhow.'" He said, "No, it is against the law to watch me. You shut your eyes and count a hundred and then open them. So I did and when I opened my eyes he was gone. Then I undid the packages and looked at my presents. There was a hair ribbon and a gold bracelet and a doll and a velvet coat and slippers with fur around the tops and all the stockings and socks were filled with nuts and oranges and there were two dresses and four nightgowns. I put on the slippers and the velvet coat and the things on the bed and then I knelt down and I prayed, "Dear mother, which art in Heaven, I have just been talking with a friend of yours. His name is Santa Claus. He has brought me the most beautiful things you almost ever saw. I am going to sleep with all of them. Thank God for letting Santa Claus be so good and thank you for telling Santa Claus about me and getting him to bring so many beautiful things. Amen."

"Twelve," the next Patsy Kildare adventure, appears in Judd's Evening Ledger.

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Coat of Beetroot Velour, Fur Trimmed



As the fall season merges into winter one finds growing tendency toward the use of red in various shades. It is being extensively used in the fashioning of afternoon frocks, in the making of coat suits and separate coats. Some very attractive evening costumes and wraps are using this color. The coat illustrated is of velour in beetroot color, a very fashionable shade of dark red. The modeling of the bodice section is particularly interesting.

Tomorrow's War Menu

BREAKFAST
Cranberry Sauce
Creamed Veal Hash (leftover)
Corn Bread
Coffee

DINNER
Roast Chicken with Oyster Stuffing
Mashed Potatoes
Canned Corn
French Tapioca Custard

SUPPER
Cold Canned Salmon (with Mayonnaise)
Graham Bread
Pineapple
Tea

FRENCH TAPIOCA CUSTARD
The ingredients are four tablespoons of tapioca, two cups of cold water, a quart of scalding milk, the yolks of three eggs, one cup of sugar and two tablespoons of vanilla.

Soak the tapioca in the water and let it stand for four hours. Then add the milk stirring for a minute. Put all into a double boiler and let come to the boiling point. Have ready the yolks of the eggs beaten lightly in the sugar. Pour the milk etc. over this and then cook all in the double boiler for ten minutes or until the custard is thick. Set on ice until very cold. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, whip them into the pudding, add the vanilla, put into a glass dish and serve with jelly, if preferred.

Food a Vital Factor in Winning the War

Food is as big a factor in winning the war as munitions. It is as important to eat the right sort of food at home as it is to fire the right sort of shells at the enemy.

There is no need for anybody to go hungry. All that is asked is that the food that can be shipped abroad be saved, while that which cannot be consumed here. This can be done by eating more fish, eggs, cheese, corn bread, oatmeal and buckwheat and saving meats, fats and wheat bread.

Every family should have as many meatless and wheatless days as possible, and every member of every family should make it a point to see that nothing is wasted. This is the only sane conservation and the only plan that will be effective in winning the war for democracy.

GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

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

In answer to health questions, Doctor Kellogg in this space will give daily advice on preventive medicine, but so far as the taking of food is concerned, he will be glad to answer questions requiring surgical treatment or drugs. Health questions will be promptly answered by personal letters to inquirers who inclose stamped envelopes for reply.

Achylia

ACHYLIA denotes a condition in which the stomach glands have ceased to produce gastric juice.

The gastric acid is necessary for the digestion of complex tissues and gluten. Gastric acid also regulates the closing and opening of the pylorus. When absent, the pylorus remains open and the food passes out of the stomach quickly. This is the explanation of those cases of diarrhea in which food is passed undigested soon after it is eaten, often within an hour or two.

Achylia is usually the result of long-continued overstimulation of the stomach. It is most common in persons who have made free use of tea or coffee, condiments, alcoholic beverages, or who have had large meals eaten. Achylia follows chronic gastritis. There are two forms of achylia:

(a) Achylia of nervous origin, in which the administration of hydrochloric acid in large quantities is followed by a secretion of pepsin.

(b) Achylia accompanying organic disease of the stomach, cancer and atrophic gastritis in which the giving of hydrochloric acid is of no benefit.

In cases in which the motor functions of the stomach are preserved and bacterial action in the stomach is suppressed, life may be maintained through intestinal digestion if the diet is carefully regulated.

There are three important things which persons suffering from achylia may do to obviate the dangers. These are, first, to adopt a strict anti-toxic diet, which means to exclude flesh foods of all kinds, including fish, fowl and shell fish. In many cases it is necessary to exclude eggs from the bill of fare, while in not a few instances milk, if taken at all, must be used sparingly. The more exclusively the bill of fare is made up of foods derived from the vegetable kingdom, the better. Foods capable of undergoing putrefaction should be discarded. Milk, if used at all, must be taken as buttermilk. Fats must be eaten sparingly, only in sufficient quantity to meet the actual needs of the body.

The amount of hydrochloric acid required is considerable—much more than the amount ordinarily taken. The amount of acid formed by the stomach daily is the equivalent of about one teaspoonful of ordinary hydrochloric acid, or, in other words, to take this amount of acid in its ordinary form, or to dilute it with water, is virtually impossible, on account of its intense acid and corrosive character. It has been discovered that the acid may be made to enter into a loose combination with protein, so that it may be swallowed into the stomach in any quantity desired without injuring the teeth or throat. In the stomach the loose combination is broken up and the acid becomes active and promotes the functions for which it is required.

Such a preparation, known as acidone, has been employed for a number of years and with great profit to those who have used it. Acidone is a powder, a compound of hydrochloric acid with the gluten of wheat. A desiccated yeast is mixed with the food or with porridge at the beginning of each meal. Persons whose gastric glands are degenerated so that achylia has become a fixed condition should make use of acidone, or some similar preparation, at every meal and should continue to do so indefinitely.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'm really quite fond of my various friends. I seldom if ever abuse them. Except when they give me ideas for this verse. And act hurt when I don't always use them.

Automobile for Nervous Patient

That depends entirely upon three things. It depends upon the automobile, upon the driver of the automobile and upon the speed of the automobile. Certainly there is nothing more quieting to a person who is nervous than to ride in an easy, well-made, heavy, first-class automobile with a really good driver, in whom one has perfect confidence. At a moderate rate of speed the movement through the air is agreeable, and bringing different things before the mind is helpful.

Apples and Oranges
Would apples and oranges be a bad combination for a meal composed simply of fruit? All fruits agree together. I cannot think of any combination of fruits that would not be perfectly harmonious. Fruits are always compatible.

HOW WOMEN ARE HELPING SOLDIER

ROMANCE OF THE RED CROSS WORK

It Is Described in the Story of a Nurse in Flanders and in a Tale That Moves From New York to Europe

The work of the Red Cross, and especially of the Red Cross nurses, offers a particularly inviting field for the efforts of the story-teller. Two examples of this are furnished in books published almost simultaneously.

It is a woman's pen that gives the reader a view of realities that confront the Red Cross nurse in her humane and beneficent work, part of which she was and all of which she is in the prolonged period who spent near the fields of slaughter, while a masculine author lets loose his imagination and inventive talent in peopling his story with personages who are none the less engaging because they had their birth on the writer's fancy.

It is a rare pleasure, and truly an occasion for thoughtful study of the arduous task of a war nurse, to follow in the printed page an American woman's experience back of the firing line in Belgium. Life in a French war hospital is depicted with fidelity by Maud Mortimer in her book, which she has appropriately and poetically called "A Green Tent in Flanders."

The second book is a volume of verse entitled "Songs for a Little House," the work of Christopher Morley, which is a very excellent descriptive characterization of conditions and of individuals—these latter, of course, behind the veil of anonymity—in the war hospital service, with a view of certain jealousies that prevail, unapparently, between various branches.

Lacking the distinction of verity that obtains in the foregoing, but possessing charm and human interest all the same, "Belinda of the Red Cross" invites friendly interest. This is the title of Robert W. Hamilton's latest addition to his output of novels. It is frankly in the training school, which has its beginning in a New York hospital, whither has been brought a "young man from out of the air." In other words an aviator who has sustained a serious fall through the eccentric plume of the airplane in which he was practicing over Long Island. The youth happens to become a patient under the care of Belinda Melmore, a novice in the training school.

In his delirium the birdman frequently hables of the "old girl," how she "slapped him," and occasionally there is mention in his ramblings of "Stella" and "the kids." Which, naturally enough, causes Belinda to think that the patient is a married man, and that he is referring to members of his family. How was she to know that the "old girl" was nothing else than his treacherous airplane, that the kids were the children of a dead comrade in whose welfare he felt an affectionate interest, and that "Stella" was his widowed mother? Absolutely no reason for Belinda to suppose anything else, and her belief is fortified when the patient, having convalesced very nicely, continues to speak of his proteges in the same fashion, without ever thinking far enough to indicate their identity. Belinda, who is a pure-minded girl, is terribly scandalized, therefore, when "Sandy" Sanderson, which is the young man's name, makes violent love to her, or rather tries to do so. Misunderstandings are removed and the story ends happily.

A GREEN TENT IN FLANDERS. By Maud Mortimer. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co., Inc. \$1.25.

SONGS FOR A LITTLE HOUSE. By Christopher Morley. New York: Sully & Kleinfeld, Inc. \$1.25.

the money? Mr. Cullum does not ask the question very clearly, but he does ask it. The moving power in the story is Jeff Masters, the hero, discovers that a cattle thief through the kindness of a friend has taken the money. A few years later he meets a beautiful woman and marries her only to discover when the time comes that she was the daughter of the man who had taken the money. He is the "rustler" and claims the reward for his identity is also discovered by the man who took the money. The plot is complicated by the fact that the man who took the money is the father of the woman who married Jeff Masters. She persuades him to go to his wife after he learned her name and the death of his brother and she saves his life when the plotters are about to kill him. He succeeds in their plan and she gives her own life for her husband. THE FORFEIT. By George W. Johnston & C. H. Johnston. Philadelphia: George W. Johnston & C. H. Johnston. \$1.25.

Have you read the story of the man who saved Edith Cavell? THE STORY OF A JOURNAL FROM THE LEGATION IN BELGIUM. BY HUGH GIBSON. First 300,000. ALL BOOKSTORES NET 25¢ DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.



DR. KARL LIEBKNECHT

SOME GOOD VERSE BY A NEW WRITER

Christopher Morley Has Produced a Volume of Poetry With a Popular Appeal

There are doubtless still in Haverford some residents who remember Frank Morley, who was professor of mathematics in Haverford College from 1888 to 1899 and then went to Johns Hopkins University. Some few doubtless also remember the fat little baby boy Christopher born to Professor Morley in 1899 and later student in the college. This boy has grown to man's estate and has his name on the little page of two delightful volumes issued this fall.

The first to appear was "Parasomnia on Wheels," a whimsical and altogether charming story of an old maid, two old bachelors and a traveling book store. It was noticed on this page a few weeks ago. The second book is a volume of verse entitled "Songs for a Little House." The verse is not great poetry. That supreme adjective can properly be applied to few contemporary poems. But it is really poetry that Mr. Morley writes. He has a sense of rhythm, a tender sentiment and an imagination which supplies him with appropriate figures of speech. The last piece in the volume is a parody on King's "Recessional," addressed to the "mild gracious English tongue," and concluding with these suggestive stanzas:

Then grant that in the coming time
With ink and pen and polished sleeve,
In lucid prose or honest rhyme
Some worthy task we may achieve—
The gift of Thy simplicity.

Whatever gods rule over the English speech have listened to this prayer and answered it. For Mr. Morley's verse is couched in the simplest and most direct English without involutions or unusual words. It is poetry of the best kind. Its quality is well shown in the introductory poem, which reads:

Dear sweet, when the dusk comes up the hill,
The fire leaps high with golden prongs;
I leave candles the chimney all
The tiny candles of my songs.

And though unsteadily they burn,
As evening shades from the sky to blue,
I leave candles they will surely learn
To shine more clear, for love of you.

The little book is bound to be popular with that large class of readers who find delight in tender, wholesome sentiment poetically expressed. Those who buy it early will have the pleasure of the discoverer who can tell his friends of the charm of a place which was one of the first to exist.

SONGS FOR A LITTLE HOUSE. By Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

KIND OF STORY SOLDIERS LIKE

Ridgwell Cullum Is One of the Authors Popular With Men in the Trenches

Those who are interested to find out what the soldiers in the trenches like to read will be glad to learn that the stories of life in the West by Ridgwell Cullum are among the most popular with them. Cullum writes of cowboys, cattle raising, mining, Indian fighting and the like. He usually lays his scene in Montana, which is about as far from the battle front as he could get. His stories are full of exciting adventure so that they take the mind of the soldiers from the depressing facts of their own life. And he always has a pretty girl with woe. "The Forfeit," his latest, is an excellent example of his style. It is different from the usual run of such stories, however, for he has a moral problem in it. Is it right to betray criminals for a reward because you need

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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 questions will be answered only if accompanied by a stamped envelope. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is the difference between rice and potatoes in food value?
2. How should sliced pieces be cleaned?
3. Why is it impractical to choose curtains that have heavy bars and stripes in them?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Small empty flat buckets, with small holes punched in the bottom of them, can be set in the top of the tea kettle and used as steamers. Biscuits, rolls, etc., can be warmed up in one of these at the same time the kettle is boiling.
2. When boiling fish tie it loosely in cheesecloth to hold it together and keep the scum off.
3. It is a waste to put fresh meat into water to wash it. The water extracts the juices. Meat should be simply wiped off with a clean cloth dipped in clean water.

Name of Lonely Soldier

To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—I happened to see in your inquiry column some one inquiring for the name of the soldier at Camp Meade who wrote asking some one to write to him. I am sending the address, as I had with me, it is 1400 14th St. N. W. Washington, D. C. I have two brothers at the same camp, and I had written asking them to look up this lonely chap, also asking my sister and her husband to write to him. They have for their own boys with him. My husband has sent him a letter, and there, so I am only too glad to be able to supply the information. It seemed a pity for one of Uncle Sam's boys to be so lonely. I am writing myself, and as soon as I can get some more letters I intend to send some along with what I send to my own brothers. Here is the name: Michael E. Egan, Company F, Twenty-third Engineers, Camp Meade, Md. I hope there will be no mistake. I am sure it is him, as I think he would be if it were one of my own brothers. (Mrs.) W. L. E.
We are very grateful to Mrs. W. L. E. for furnishing us with the name of the lonely soldier. It is impossible to forward it to the boy who asked for it, because no record has been kept of his address. Possibly some other young man reading this helpful letter will sit down and drop a few lines to a soldier whose lot is not a very happy one.

Boston Brown Bread

To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—Not very long ago I saw in your column a recipe for Boston brown bread. I meant to cut it out at the time, but I forgot. Will you please print it again? I had Graham flour in it.

I believe this is the recipe you refer to:
One cupful cornmeal, one cupful rye meal, one cupful Graham flour, two and one-half teaspoonfuls soda, one teaspoonful salt, three-fourths cupful molasses, two cupfuls sour milk or one and three-quarters cupfuls sweet milk.
Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add the molasses and milk. Beat thoroughly and steam three and one-half hours in well-buttered, covered molds. Remove the covers and bake the bread long enough to dry the top.

This may be made also with one and one-half cupfuls cornmeal and rye meal and no Graham flour.

Russian Salad Dressing

To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—Can you kindly publish the recipe for Russian salad dressing? HOUSEWIFE.

Gradually beat one-half cupful of olive oil into one cupful of mayonnaise dressing. Add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped red peppers, one tablespoonful of grated onion, one tablespoonful of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste and one-half cupful of chili sauce or tomato catsup—Marion Nell's "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes."

Egg and Cheese Timbales

To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—There is a dish called egg and cheese timbales. Have you the recipe for it? I am thankful to you. (Mrs.) K.

Beat six eggs very light and add to them two-thirds of a glassful of warm milk in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved. Five tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a pinch each of paprika and salt. Butter small timbale party pans or biscuit pans, fill with the egg mixture and set in a baking pan of boiling water until the egg is set. Turn out carefully on a hot platter and pour over a sauce of your choice. (Mrs.) K.

Drinking Water Supply

To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—Would you kindly let me know through your column as to whether or not the water of Philadelphia gets their drinking water from the Delaware as well as the Schuylkill River?

The Delaware as well as the Schuylkill River supplies drinking water to the city of Philadelphia. A very large part of the city east of Broad street is supplied by the Delaware. (Mrs.) K.