IT'S A DIFFICULT TASK FOR THE WOMAN TO LIVE UP TO WHAT HER SEX HAS SET OUT TO DO

LIVING UP TO THE WOMAN MOVEMENT IS HARD WORK

H. G. Wells Pictures Present-Day Women as Creatures Adrift Because They Have Struck Out and Are Not Equipped With Initiative

H. G. WELLS, whose "Mr. Britling" all the world has grown to know, expounds an interesting theory about woman's new position in one of the current magazines.

Mr. Wells makes one of his characters say woman as she finds herself today is not only free but so utterly her own mistress that she is without a home; home meaning without a definite sphere in life. The statement is based on the argument that woman has no initiative. Mr. Wells's story person tells us girls stay put in life. They do what is mapped out for them, not creating activity, but following it up.

Women are "homeless" now, according to Mr. Wells, because the trend of the times has torn down tradition that says women must follow certain paths. Time was when a girl knew just what was expected of her after she graduated from school. Now she is told she need no longer slide into the age-old groove, but may strike out for herself.

And it is this permission and leeway to strike out that renders them homeless. Because, as Mr. Wells tells us, women are not equipped by nature to strike out in new paths as men have always done. They are equipped rather to round off, supplement and complete the initiative of man.

IT IS really a very big epoch we are living in as far as women are concerned. The phrases "woman movement," "woman power," "the dawning of the new day" have become so numerous that to some of us they almost mean nothing and to others they mean some big miracle that is taking place willy-nilly.

Now the interesting part is, is woman in her heart and soul and her make-up a creature such as Mr. Wells paints her to be? Undoubtedly no big miracle is going to take place. If women have no initiative or ability to strike out for themselves it will show in the long run. After the war is over and the labor market returns to its former level, opportunity will not seek woman as it does today in these unusual times. Woman must seek her opportunity.

DURING the next fifty years we will be called upon to prove whether Mr. Wells was right or wrong. Will there be women at the head of great industries—a lady Harriman for instance, or a Schwab? Will Mrs. R and Miss K have the will and the fire to fight the long fight day after day to get to the goal? Will a woman be able to sit at a marvelously neat flat-topped mahogany desk and think in terms of millions of dollars and thousands of men? This is what it will mean for women to prove that Mr. Wells was wrong. This is what it will mean to work shoulder to shoulder with men. It is indeed a mighty epoch in which we are living as far as women are concerned. No overworking of high-sounding phrases can conceal the issue. We have got to show the world!

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

SEASICK

By Grace Weatherby

ON THE big veranda of the summer home of the wealthy Dorkins, a slim, young girl swung lazily back and forth in the roomy hammock. At her side in the depths of a wicker chair was the girl's brother, dressed in the trim uniform of a lieutenant in the army. They were looking at some pictures taken of a merry party of young people on a trip down the wide river. It had happened more than a month ago. Suddenly Dorothy tore a snapshot across with a vicious little cry.

"Hold on there, sis," cried her brother, in consternation, "what are you trying to do?"

"I am tearing up Larry Scott's picture, 'cause I don't want it in the house, that's what, young man!" answered his sister, angrily.

For a minute or two neither of them spoke. Then her brother said gently, "Say, Dots, do you think you were absolutely square to that fellow?" Dorothy did not answer. Hugh went on: "You know, sis, a fellow can't help it if he gets seasick. It doesn't make him less of a man, you know. Your idea that just because Scott got seasick on a little river trip doesn't mean that he isn't one fine fellow. I call it a shame!" Hugh waxed eloquent in his chum's behalf. "The idea of any sane girl tying the can to a perfectly splendid chap like Scott just because he got seasick! Good night, nurse!"

Dorothy spoke in a little meek voice that had a catch in it. "Hugh, come here." He came and sat on the edge of the couch. "Hugh," she went on, "I know you are right, but I can't go back and tell him so, can I? I love him, and it was just a spell of anger and disgust that prompted me to do it, and in—front—of—all—those—people!" It ended in a rush of sobs and tears, and at this turn of events poor Hugh was dumfounded. He tried in a rather clumsy way to pat her head. "There, now, sis," he said, rather unsteadily himself. "I wouldn't cry over it, you know."

For a long while she lay there in the hammock, and now and then a tear stole down her cheek. Why had she been so absurdly foolish? Well, it was all over now, and he would never speak to her again.

That evening Dorothy was dressed in her prettiest gown. She did not feel much like dressing up for a party that night, though, but she did. It was to be a dance on the deck of that same yacht that had caused all this unhappiness. At last she was ready, and with her tall brother dressed in his uniform beside her, she started out for the yacht. It was a beautiful night, and the deck of the boat was prettily trimmed with Japanese lanterns. Dorothy danced for an hour, and then went by herself to the top deck and stood by the rail. Oh, if Larry would only come back to her! Suddenly some one appeared beside her, in the uniform of a sailor in the United States navy. For a minute she looked at him in silence, and then gave a little cry of relief as Larry Scott took his little sweetheart in his arms. After a while he spoke:

"See, girlie, I can stand up straight now, without being sick!" He surely could, and Dot felt a glow of pride for her sailor.

"Larry," she asked timidly, "were you really sick that other day?" Larry's hearty laugh rang out. "Of course not, it was just a test to see what you were made of, Dotkins, and you sat on me so hard I was rather peeved!"

"Do you forgive me?" she asked, lifting her face to his. Just as he kissed her a whole party of noisy young people came on the deck. For a minute they stood and looked in amazement at the two figures by the rail, and then they howled in appreciation of the sight that met their eyes.

When they reached Dorothy's home once more, Larry told her a bit of news that rather dampened the joy of the evening. "Girl, I've got to say good-by now, because my ship sails in two hours. Will you wear this in a token of your promise?" He drew from his pocket a ring made of twisted gold in the shape of a sailor's knot. He slipped it on her finger, and then, with a fond farewell, hurried away to join his ship with joy in his heart.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"THE TRESPASSER."

Tafetta Is for Winter and Summer

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

At the first glance you might place this frock in the class of period costumes, but at the second glance you will note that it is thoroughly modern in treatment, with just enough of the picture-making in the designing to take it out of the mass of the commonplace and make it distinctly different.

Certainly the materials are commonplace enough—navy taffeta and navy-colored georgette—but this combination and the manner in which they are handled give us something decidedly different to think and talk about.

The other day I heard a woman expounding on taffeta as the material for summer wear because it gave service and was cool, which recalled to my mind the old Irishman who declared he drank beer in the summer to keep him cool and in the winter to make him warm. It is exactly the same with the women who favor the taffeta dress for summer and cling to it as the desirable frock for winter. At any rate, it would appear that taffeta is being brought forward just now in the showing of the new frocks. Personally, I admire taffeta, but have felt that it was, unless carefully treated, very apt to be very trying and oftimes unbecoming for this reason. However, I can see wonderful opportunities for taffeta when combined with georgette, which we know is always soft and becoming.

The foundation of this dress and the front and back section of the bodice are of the blue taffeta, while the sleeve and full overskirt are of the georgette, both decorated with the bands of the taffeta placed in graduating rows. The small revers of the taffeta are joined to the collar of georgette under the tiny silk buttons. The girdle of taffeta ties at the back in a a bow, and is decorated across the front with flowers made of various colored yarns.

The hat worn with this frock is of blue taffeta and has an under brim facing of beige georgette. Flowers of woolen yarns matching those of the dress decorate the hat.

(Copyright, 1918)

This little between-seasons' frock has a quaint appeal. Georgette and taffeta make it up, and graduating rows of the silk and a perky bow of it at the waist in back give enviable charm

Ask Florence Rose

If you want her own personal advice on materials, colors and styles suitable for you. Address Miss Rose, in care of the Evening Public Ledger's woman's page. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for reply, as all inquiries are answered by mail.

Adventures With a Purse

1. A charming pale pink voile dress surprisingly cheap.
2. Paper lanterns for the block party, palm leaf fans and Japanese slippers.
3. Wee baby garters for socks; each with a gay little bow.
4. Attractive house dresses of soft, thin material.

I LOOKED at it once, rubbed my eyes, and regarded it again. "But no," I said; "surely there must be some mistake." And so I went into the shop and inquired of a person in authority. "That pale pink voile with the tucked skirt and the narrow pleated frilling around cuffs and collar—what is the price of that little frock?" "The one of all pink with the vest effect and the crocheted buttons down the front?" she inquired. "Yes, that's the one," I exclaimed delightedly. "There is a price on it, but I think there must be a mistake." "No," she replied smiling, "the price $8.75 is correct." I am not going to tell you any more about it, but if you have in mind purchasing a voile afternoon dress, I'd advise you to look at this one.

I found in one of the shops today a counter of Japanese ware, and there were some very low-priced articles. There were paper lanterns for ten cents, and I thought of block parties and lawn fetes to which these gaily-colored lights add such a festive touch. And I saw large palm leaf fans for five cents and pictured myself rocking back and forth on the porch fanning back my hair with one of these cool fans. Japanese slippers I found, heelless and backless; with their inviting comfort after the bath. Even the slippers are only ten cents, and can be had in many sizes. Surely this counter was a veritable find.

Miss Marjorie may be arrayed in her very best frock, with her most starched of petticoats, her most bewitching curls, and her primmest manner, but if her socks are down, she has a rakish look that the most sedate deportment cannot overcome. And besides all that, who would like to have her socks hanging down around her ankles! There are wee baby garters that come, however, in pale pink, blue or in white. The elastic is very narrow, no wider than a quarter of an inch, and each garter is adorned with a gay little bow. They are priced at ten and fifteen cents a pair.

I discovered some little house or porch dresses today which I consider a real find. Made very plainly of soft thin material, they are simply trimmed with white embroidery for collar and cuffs. They come in blue, black or lavender and white stripes, or white with black polka-dots, and the price is only $2.85.

Captain Scott's Widow

Lady Kathleen Scott, widow of Captain R. F. Scott, who lost his life in his effort to discover the south pole, is doing her bit by acting as secretary to the ministry of pensions in England.

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All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 6 L, Boston."

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The Heart Hunters

By MARY DOUGLASS

Author of "Hunting a Husband"

(Copyright)

Preparations

CHAPTER XXV

THE large, square envelope was covered by a handwriting I knew well—Eddie Smith's. In a few brief words he said he was coming to see me; on the day after tomorrow.

The old remorse caught me. Eddie Smith coming, and what would I have to show him? My work had not reached such a high standard, the criticisms were not so encouraging. I must account to Eddie for the money I had spent.

For the first time I felt the whole undertaking had been a shabby one.

"Why the serious mood?" said Alice James, cutting in on my thoughts.

"A friend of mine is coming to visit me from the country," I answered.

"Oh," cried Alice, "some delightful hayseed. Why don't you write her you'll be out of town?"

"I can't," I answered, "he's an old friend of my aunts' and—"

"Mortgage on the farm?" queried Alice gayly.

"Yes, he owns lots of farms and things."

For some reason, Alice's mock gayety slipped off.

"I do think, if he's an old friend of yours, you ought to entertain him. Is he a wealthy old bachelor?"

"Yes," I answered absently.

Alice became suddenly enthusiastic. "We'll give him a big dinner. Send to the caterer's for it; and, let's see, whom shall we have?"

"He's awfully simple, and I think he'd just rather have a plain little dinner."

"Nonsense!" cried Alice, doing away with my objections once and for all. "I shall order the dinner of Morelli. We'll get a few flowers, and isn't there some one from the Art School you can ask, and Betty——"

Betty entered on this discussion.

"I'm going out for dinner Thursday night," she said indifferently. "Have things as you choose, of course."

I felt a little at sea. It was my party. Eddie was my guest. And, little as I relished it, Alice had taken it sweetly out of my hands and given me only the power to agree.

"It'll be charming, you'll see," said Alice, "and we'll make our bachelor rooms look delightful."

"You might almost think he was coming to see you, Alice," said Betty, putting on her blue-checked gingham apron. "Come, Prudence, help me get things ready. You might peel the potatoes, Alice."

"Just let me finish the menu for Morelli."

Alice piled the cushions behind her and lighted a monogrammed cigarette.

She must have had a lot to plan, for when Betty and I were setting the table she was still looking down at the pad.

"Isn't she artistic?" whispered Betty.

I looked in. Alice, in the vivid blue she wore so much, was lying back against the black cushions. Her crow-black hair waved back from her white forehead.

"She is lovely," I sighed. Of course, she was doing it all with the kindest motives in the world.

(Tomorrow—Contrasts)

Olden Beauty Days

In the days when France was running to luxuries, prior to the revolution, the famous beauties preserved their looks by retiring to the country one spring month out of every year and living almost entirely on a diet of fresh oranges. The advantages of this are evident; the blood thickened, by a diet of meat and heavy pastry, was thinned and purified by the orange juice, the skin was cleared and made beautiful again, and the whole system cleansed by the beneficial action of the fruit.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Cynthia is a real woman who knows and understands girls. In this department she stands ready to help them with the intimate problems somehow easier to confide in a letter than in any other way. If you are worried or perplexed write to "Cynthia," in care of the woman's page, Evening Public Ledger.

Sixteen Too Young to Love

Dear Cynthia—I am a high school girl of sixteen years and have dark hair and brown eyes and am considered good-looking by the opposite sex. Now last summer, while on my vacation at the shore, I met a young man, twenty-five years of age who later confessed his love for me. He took me out every evening for a walk along the Boardwalk, and each time wanted to kiss me good-night. Should I have permitted this? Well, I returned home a week before he did, and on the night before we left he told my mother that he loved me, and I really think he did.

I received letters from him every day after I returned home, and by them I knew he was very fond of me, and I liked him.

On his return, he came to see me and took me out in his machine, also to the opera, and gave me beautiful gifts. He also wore a ring of which I was very fond, and he prized it very much because his mother gave it to him. To prove his love, he gave me the ring, which I have to this day.

During the last three months we had a misunderstanding over some trifle and we are friends again, but he is not the same. He has changed so much that I am forced to believe that he does not care for me any more as he did. He speaks to me over the phone, though I do all the calling up, as he says he has no time to do so, and when I do so, he speaks of the many girls he has met, something he never did before, but still I think he likes me a little.

Please advise me what to do, as I like this young fellow very much, but still I do not wish him to know it. Do you think he speaks of these girls to make me jealous? He has also asked me to marry him, and, of course, I said he spoke foolish because I was a mere schoolgirl, and this seemed to hurt him very much.

Did I do wrong by telling him he was foolish? He had a gentleman friend down at the shore who was also fond of me, and he told this other fellow that he kissed me the first night, which he did not. This caused the misunderstanding. Kindly answer as soon as possible. GIRLIE.

I think, my little girl, that you are too young to think of bein gin love. You are a schoolgirl. Why not try this? Stop calling up the young man—never call up a man, dear—and in the meantime see what happens. From the way your letter reads it seems as though he did really care for you, and if he still cares he will begin to do the calling up after he realizes that you have ceased to worry your little head about him. If he does not then you will know he did not care deeply or his affection would have weathered one misunderstanding. In the meantime do stop worrying your head about him. The man a girl falls in love with when she is sixteen does not appeal to her when she is twenty. You were a sensible little girl not to accept an offer of marriage at your age. I am sure you know you did right not to give those kisses.

From a Plain Girl-Wife

Dear Cynthia—I would like to give my opinion as to whether or not it is wise for an ordinary looking girl to marry a very handsome man. I would say yes, for I am the one who did it. I sympathize with the girl who is trying to decide whether she ought to stop going around with the soldier who is so much better looking than she is because I used to have these fears myself. I was often tempted to go and confide in the man who is now my husband but something told me that it would be wiser not to. I was afraid he would begin to think I was sorry for myself, and I did not want that. I cared so much for him and I did not want to give him up, but I could just hear what everybody would say if I, a plain-looking girl, married him. And then, suddenly, I made up my mind that I would look as pretty as I could and take good care of my health, so I would never look bad. And so I accepted him, and I have never regretted it. I am always on guard to keep my looks up, and my husband is as proud as a peacock of his wife. A PLAIN GIRL-WIFE.

Spending Money on Girls

Dear Cynthia—Is it necessary to send a girl flowers every once in a while if a boy sees her as often as twice a week. Please answer and settle an argument? M. S.

If a boy takes up a good bit of a girl's time he ought to spend money on her in some way. He need not buy flowers, but could, for instance, ask her to lunch or to the theatre instead. Let the girls give their opinion.

Alice Kent and the Day's Work

The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER

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CHAPTER LXXXV

FROM week to week I just managed to exist. Every Monday morning when I turned inside out my empty pocket book I used to wonder how it would be possible to keep going for another seven days, but when Saturday night arrived it found me plodding on as usual, and with a nickel or a dime stowed away somewhere for church collection on Sunday; however it is true that after Mrs. Bordon had receipted my board bill and I had purchased the new pair of shoes of which I seemed chronically to stand in need or bought something else which could no longer be deferred, or paid into the class treasury the dues which were forever cropping up, I rarely had a quarter to my name. But fortunately the newspaper was invariably prompt in mailing me my check, so I could count on its arrival each Tuesday and govern myself accordingly.

When the reporting ended with the finish of the farmers' lectures at the university, I called at the Press office hoping that Colonel Southard, the editor, would have something else for me to do; he was too busy to see me, but sent out word that nothing had turned up which called for extra help but that he would keep me in mind. This wasn't very promising, but I picked up a few crumbs of comfort when the lanky, stoop-shouldered boy who had meandered out from the sanctum dropped a hint to the effect that in case I changed my address the Colonel wanted me to let him know.

Meantime on Professor Freeland's recommendation I secured a brief job of tutoring. My pupils were twin sisters, members of the freshman class in high school, who having failed in the mid-year examinations in arithmetic were now confronted with the necessity of removing their "condition" before the date set for the final test in the subject. As the teachers were too busy with routine work at that season of the year to take on any private tutoring, the principal suggested to the girls' parents that they hire me as coach; they did so and at the appointed time the twins passed the examination with flying colors, while for my part I was enabled, through the money earned by tutoring, to order a class pin and exchange photographs with my classmates; the same source yielded, too, the graduating dress which, if it could not be expected to throw anybody else into the shade, would at least give me the comfort of knowing I was suitably attired.

But at the eleventh hour the bubble burst. Although I had whittled away a dozen pencils more or less while trying to turn out a masterpiece concerning "The Uses of History," despite the fact that my name was starred on the program to signify that I was one of the speakers, and notwithstanding much practicing to acquire the correct style of courtesying and a voice which should carry to the traditional deaf man in the last row of the gallery, on the memorable afternoon when I had expected to appear in public I was in seclusion nearly two miles from the opera house.

And here's why. At dress rehearsal after reading my essay I sank to the floor of the platform and they picked me up, put me in a carriage and took me as a patient to the Memorial Hospital. Illness of any nature would have been a blow, but to come down with measles and be placed in the children's ward on the very eve of graduating from high school hurt my dignity! However I had already learned that no matter what happened it eases the situation for oneself and all concerned if the sufferer smilingly takes her medicine; and so next day as I could not step upon the stage and give information to a large audience on a subject about which—with the thermometer in the nineties—nobody cared a rap, I lay meekly on a cot in the children's ward and drank all the lemonade the nurses would give me.

Before evening somebody brought in my diploma and bouquets; in the latter I could find no scent but was told that their fragrance filled the room. And even the diploma I had worked so hard to win—the roll of parchment tied with the class colors, white and gold—which lay on the little table close to my bedside, looked less attractive than the accompanying letter of regret and sympathy which Anna Lane had written and every member of the class had signed; but truth to tell the letter's superiority was due almost entirely—(such is first love's amazing standard of values)—to the one signature which with many flourishes closed the long list of names. At frequent intervals when nobody was looking I would cautiously reach under my pillow, draw out the crumpled sheet of notepaper, and in the dim light strain my eyes to decipher two magic words: "Philip Trench."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What article of clothing has been found useful for making clothes for Belgian and French orphans?
2. What well-known American has discovered this piece of economy?
3. Describe a tasty way to prepare watermelon.
4. How can fresh fruit stains be removed?
5. What style of skirt is prophesied by tailors for fall?
6. In making jam, what method of seeding the fruit can be employed to save time and trouble?

Indians and Poetry

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please give me the name of the syndicate that is in the market for poetry, also rules governing same? What is the status of American Indians as regards citizenship? Is Mrs. Bonnin "full-blood" and is her husband an Indian?

The name and general rules of the syndicate have been mailed to you.

The American Indian on a reservation has no citizenship. In 1887, however, a law was passed which gave citizenship to Indians in the cases where the reservation was parceled off and the Indian had a plot of his own.

Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin is a full-blooded Indian woman, whose real Indian name is Zitkalasa, or Redbird. She is the most noted woman of her race. Her husband is not an Indian.

Package Can Be Sent

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Am coming to you with two problems, as I am well aware that you are capable of answering them.

Would like to send a package not exceedingly large to a soldier boy in France. Am addressing all my mail to him in England and from there it is forwarded to France. This soldier, by the way, is a Canadian, this being the reason for his address being in England.

This friend in question mentioned, by way of apology, I think, because of the quality of paper and pencil he was using, which, of course, was unnecessary, that paper and ink are scarce "over there."

I therefore thought of sending him some stationery and a box of good pencils. Do you think there would be any necessity for having a signed request from an officer for sending this package? Of course, it has to be considered that the package doesn't go directly to France, but on a ship bound for England and is from there forwarded. Also wish to take up knitting and naturally know nothing about it, so would be glad to have you inform me of a good place to buy materials. Do you know of a refined knitting class where I could take this up one evening per week? A FRIEND.

The ruling about not sending packages abroad except with the signed permission of a commanding officer does not apply to the Canadian soldiers, so you are free to send the box without a permit.

Buy knitting materials in the art needlework sections of the department stores.

There is a class in knitting that meets every Thursday evening from 7 to 9 at the headquarters of the Navy Auxiliary of the Red Cross, 225 South Eighteenth street. Newcomers are welcome. Wool is furnished, provided the finished product is turned over to the auxiliary. If, however, you wish to knit for men of your own acquaintance in the service, you can have free in any of the stores where you buy the wool.

SATURDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Mrs. Julia C. Henderson, of Indianapolis, Ind., organized the first fourteen-minute women speakers' bureau of lecturers on various war subjects.
2. The Legion of Loyal Women emphasizes the work of providing rest pillows for hospitals in this country.
3. To remove the cuticle in home manicuring, wrap absorbent cotton about the end of the orange stick and dip it in a cuticle remover before starting work. This will remove the skin without cutting.
4. When fruits or vegetables preserved in jars show mold, scrape off the mold and cook the rest of the contents slowly and they will be perfectly safe to eat.
5. Silk or lisle gloves may be worn with a silk dress in summer, but it is good form to carry them in very warm weather.
6. Buckles are used to fasten narrow girdles on some of the new dresses.

Are Women Slackers?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please permit me to speak a word to the persons who are daily readers of your useful column. Some time ago, in fact, more than a month, I noticed a protest, "I Can't Stand Slackers," in the Woman's Exchange. The writer states that women—a few—are even worse slackers than men, and gives the little conversation she overheard about cornmeal. Let me tell her perhaps it is true in a few cases. But in my town it isn't. At the outbreak of the war I know at least ten fellows between twenty and thirty who enlisted at once without waiting for the draft, and one especially I have in mind. He is a handsome fellow, an only son. His mother was my most intimate friend. My daughter was engaged to him and his sister was her dearest friend. Without a murmur his mother gave him up for our country. He left for France among the first. My daughter and his sister bore up bravely. Mrs. S. joined the Red Cross and worked for at least six hours every day. The daughter trained to be a nurse and is now "over there," while my own girl is in the Y. M. C. A. work. Since April 6 I don't believe Mrs. S. or daughter between them have eaten a loaf of white bread. I believe them to be the most patriotic persons I know. It is hard to give up your only son and your daughter also, as she has. It was hard for Jack, the boy, to leave his home and sweetheart. How about it? Do you think we are patriotic or not? I think as a whole the United States has done more than her part. What are the readers' opinions? A WOMAN WITH PATRIOTIC FRIENDS.

Certainly this is a most patriotic record and one to be proud of. On the whole American women are doing splendidly, but there still remains the sad fact that some few women are food slackers. The United States is working at top speed to win the war, but when you say she has done more than her part you must think of the strain born by England, France and our other allies for four years.

The Visit of Aladdin

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—The other evening there was a request for books by a young girl now employed in a factory. I should be glad to send the following: English Literature, by Long; History of Painting, Van Dyke; Collected Poems, Kipling; Arithmetic, Manual of Harmony, Richter; First View of English Literature, Moody and Lovett; Classic Myths—Apollo, History of Art, Lessons in Cooking and eight small books, series of masterpieces of the world's best literature in French—Elementary Grammar (in English), Lyrics, "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'Oiseau Bleu," French History and "Hernani." READER.

Thank you, kind reader, for touching that Aladdin's lamp this young girl so [illegible]

The Knitting Bag Girl

The next time little sister gets an invitation to a costume party dress her up in a knitting bag. This can be made of flowered chintz or even of brightly colored crepe paper. Knitting needles in little sister's hair finish up the costume

WAR WINNING HELP No. 3

Shun the Knocker

He repeats all the rumors, criticisms and lies he hears. It's your duty to fight the enemy at home by stamping out the knocker and his lies.

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The Furs of this establishment always demonstrate a style leadership that characterizes the fashions at least a season in advance.

Our August Sale this year, with its genuine savings, is an occasion of super-values due to the tremendous increase in costs of pelts and workmanship.

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Full length and three-quarter Coats and Coatees; some plain, others beautifully trimmed.

Capes, Scarfs and Muffs of the most advanced fashion in all the luxurious furs of the season.

Purchases made in this sale will be stored without cost.

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ASCO. AS AMERICAN STORES CO. CO. ASCO.

There Is An American Store at Your Very Door

A big convenience these trying days to have one of the links in our chain of more than 1200, right in the shadow of your home, connecting your table with the man who produces. It is not only the convenience, but think of the money saving possibilities through the elimination of the middle man's profit.

If you are busy, send the children. We like to have them come. Thousands of the mothers, to whom this advertisement is addressed, were the children of just a few years ago, that has been our pleasure to wait on as such.

Direct From the Field to Your Table

BEST Potatoes 12c ¼-pk 3¾ lbs

Fancy No. 1 Jersey Cobblers—the best we can buy. Serve Potato Salad freely—a very appetizing and nutritious hot weather dish.

Hershey's Cocoa, 6c and 12c

A Special 3-Day Price

We believe Hersheys' to be one of the very best Cocoas made—splendid for cakes and icings.

Iced Cocoa is Fast Becoming a Popular Summer Beverage

DRINK THEM HOT OR COLD

OUR VERY BEST **Coffee, 22c lb**

Our Roasters are running full blast every day, even with all this hot weather. Our customers drink it both hot and cold.

ICED COFFEE is a wonderful cooling drink.

OUR VERY BEST **Teas, 45c lb**

Your choice of our very best Black or Mixed Teas, as well as our famous India and Ceylon.

Iced Tea—the Nation's Summer drink.

Hot Weather Foods—EASILY PREPARED

Cooked Corned Beef	can 23c
Fancy Shrimp	can 14c
Choice Salmon	big can 18c & 25c
Franco-American Potted Beef	can 10c
Potted Meats	can 5c, 10c
Sardines	can 8c, 15c
Kippered Herring	can 15c
Asco Beans	can 10c, 15c
Heinz Beans	can 14c, 20c
Choice Peas	can 17c
California Asparagus	can 16c
Easy Jell	pkg. 8c
Corn Starch	lb. 10c
Seeded Raisins	pkg. 13c
Hawaiian Pineapple	can 14c, 22c
Fancy Red Beets	can 16c

Stores everywhere in Philadelphia and throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

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