THERE'S A NEW ETERNAL TRIANGLE: THE GIRL, THE PRIVATE AND THE LIEUTENANT-CENSOR

WHEN A LETTER FROM FRANCE COMES IN A BLUE ENVELOPE

It's Time for Your Heart to Go Pit-a-Pat—Privileged Mail Because of the New Eternal Triangle—The Girl, the Private and the Lieutenant-Censor

ARMY discipline may come and army discipline may go, but love is a very democratic thing, isn't it? That is to say, the lieutenant of a company and one or two of the privates are very often all in love with the same girl back home. This gave rise to a very interesting envelope in France. It is a blue envelope. By this time every one knows that it is, as a rule, the lieutenant of a company who censors his men's letters. Can you imagine how much fun it was for the other fellow—the just plain private person—to have the lieutenant reading his love letters to the girl of the town's dreams whom he was addressing tenderly at the same time? Think of the advantage. Hence the blue envelope.

Who says an army isn't human? Every week each boy in the service is permitted to have one blue envelope. When a letter is first incased in this the hated rival with the little bar on his shoulder is absolutely devoid of power to read that letter. It is sent to a far distant censor, who never stops once to wonder how much of a right that very fresh private has to call THE GIRL dear.

LOTS of people will be surprised at these upheavals discovered in a mere censor's breast. They are things not spoken of right out in the parlor in France. In fact, they say if you ask: "Who censors the censor's love letters?" any one readily answers, "Why nobody writes him any."

Have you ever gotten a blue envelope? Life can take on new interest now watching for them.

HISTORY will record many strange things about the war, but I doubt if it will ever tell about the eternal wartime triangle—the girl, the lieutenant and the private. Girls are so susceptible to what I heard one girl call those funny little lingerie clasps a soldier wears on his shoulders. "It's tough on us privates, socially speaking, sometimes," one of them confided to me, "especially when a girl's mother is around. The mothers seem to have a craze for walking along the street and watching the other fellows salute daughter's best beau."

Then I heard another side to the story. He was nice and big and quite young to have a commission. "Gee," he said, "I wish they'd make the fuss over the officers that they make over the enlisted men. Maybe I wouldn't like to be one of that herd going down to the town hall to have a lot of pretty girls come up and ask me to dance. I don't know a darn girl in the town, and just because I'm the 'lieut' nobody asked me to come."

FUNNY, isn't it, each one taking the joy out of life for himself. But even at that the complaints seem to be far greater on the other side. "The girls are always passing us up for the fellow with the ornaments on his shoulders," is a cry very often heard. Is it true, girls? Does it matter so much who gives the first salute when you're walking down the street with the man in khaki?

Personally, I love all the privates. One can always be certain they are absolutely broke—who wouldn't be on thirty dollars a month?—and you talk turkey from the very beginning and decide on how to go to some place where you can listen to the music for nothing.

God bless the officers, say we; but, please, dear Lord, bless the privates just a little harder because so many of them gave up more than lieutenants' salaries in civilian life, and they're as happy as the day is long on what is left out of their thirty dollars.

The Little Drum

I was brave when they told me he
was gone;
I shed no tear on that awful day,
Though the only light that had ever
shone
On my lonely life had passed
away.
I was calm when I touched his
empty bed,
When I gathered up his clothes
and hat;
I was firm when I saw his little
sled—
But his drum—I could not look
at that.

It seemed somehow to speak—that
little drum,
That lies neglected, silent now;
To me more eloquent, though dumb,
Than any voice on earth, I vow.
How strange that out of all his
things—
His skates, his wagon, ball and
mitt—
His drum most poignant mem'ries
brings—
And still I cannot look at it.

—Percy Waxman, in Pictorial Review.

A DAY OF LEFTOVERS; HOW TO FIX THEM

Recipes for Cornmeal Circles, Salad in Egg Cases and Coffee Ice Cream Given

The joy of some dishes could never be known but for the fact that we have tried to "use what's left" as cleverly as possible. The United States food administration has a few hints to offer on the subject.

Here is a day's menu of leftovers with recipes for them given below:

LEFTOVER BREAKFAST
Stewed Fruit Combination
Omelet with Vegetables
Cornmeal Circles With Maple Syrup
Coffee
Milk for Children

LEFTOVER LUNCH
Puree of Vegetable
Rice with Tomatoes
Green Pea Salad in Egg Cases
Coffee Ice Cream

LEFTOVER SUPPER
Corn Cakes with Tomato Sauce
Cottage Cheese and
Green Pepper Salad
Apple Charlotte

Omelet With Vegetables

A breakfast omelet may be varied by spreading it just before folding with a few green peas or asparagus tips, or a little stewed corn or tomatoes that have been heated and well seasoned.

Cornmeal Circles

Do not allow leftover cornmeal mush to get perfectly cold before molding it. Beat it well, so that it will be perfectly smooth, and pour it into baking powder tins, or half an inch deep in a flat pan, first moistening the tin with cold water. When ready to use, cut in circles half an inch thick. If molded in a flat sheet, use a biscuit cutter. Roll in milk, then very lightly in flour. Heat a little butter or bacon fat on a baking tin until it bubbles, lay the circles on this and brown lightly in a very hot oven.

Rice With Tomatoes

Season about a cupful and a half of stewed tomatoes extra well, adding a little onion juice if liked. They should be stewed down thick and not watery. Use an equal amount of tomatoes and cold rice. Arrange in layers in a baking dish and sprinkle each layer of rice with grated cheese before adding the tomatoes. Finish with rice and cheese on top. Heat in oven just long enough for the cheese to melt.

Green Pea Salad in Egg Cases

Cut three or four hard-cooked eggs lengthwise and remove the yolks neatly. Crumble them into rather large pieces, season with salt and paprika and toss them lightly about in melted butter. Mix with a cup of well-seasoned cold peas. Sprinkle a little salt and white pepper on the whites, put a spoonful of the peas in each and make a border around each white and cover with mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Coffee Ice Cream (from Custard)

To two cups of leftover or fresh custard add one-half cup of good strong coffee and one-half cup of cream or rich milk, and sugar enough to make it quite sweet. Pour into the freezer and freeze.

Apple Charlotte

One tablespoonful gelatin, one-fourth cup honey, three tablespoonfuls boiling water, one tablespoonful lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls cold water, one-half cup strained apple sauce, one cup whipped cream.

Soak gelatin in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. Add honey, lemon-juice, and apple sauce, and set in cool place to stiffen. When it is thoroughly chilled and begins to harden around the edges, beat with a Dover beater, adding gradually the whipped cream. When stiff enough to drop, pour into mold and chill. The whites of two eggs beaten stiff may be used instead of cream, and the charlotte served with soft custard.

Sandwiches Without Meat

For lobster and olive sandwiches, either canned or fresh lobster meat may be used. Chop fine one-half cupful lobster meat with eight large, stuffed olives. Moisten with mayonnaise or thick boiled salad dressing and spread between slices of buttered bread.

To make lobster and egg sandwiches add one-fourth cupful of chopped lobster meat to one hard-cooked egg, chopped. Season with salt and pepper to taste and add mayonnaise to moisten.

A delicious filling to be used between pieces of thin corn bread is made as follows: Chop together six cooked oysters, one canned pimento and two tablespoonfuls of celery. Celery salt may be used in place of the latter if preferred. Season with salt and pepper.

A quickly made sandwich is made by chopping together one hard-cooked egg and six large stuffed olives. Moisten this filing with oil or any favorite salad dressing.—Good Housekeeping.

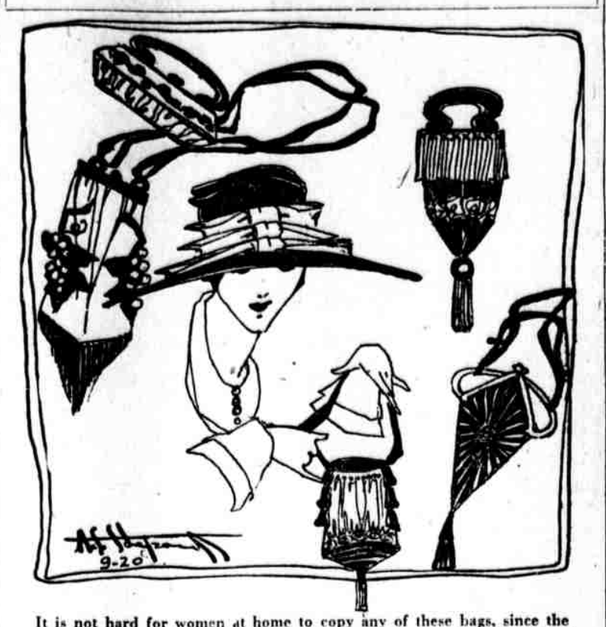
Store Home-Grown Root Crops

Home gardeners who have not already provided storage rooms for the supply or storable tubers and roots growing in their gardens should immediately take steps to make provision for protecting these products so as to make them available for use long after conditions outside are unsuitable for growth.

Such storage rooms can be provided by partitioning off a corner of the cellar of the house, or, where the supply is large, the cellar of an outbuilding or a specially constructed storage cellar may be needed to serve the purpose.

Five of the Newest Beaded Bags

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose



It is not hard for women at home to copy any of these bags, since the makers of tops for bags are offering such a variety for selection. All of those sketched here are described in today's fashion article

GONE are the days of the fifty-cent purse, that might be made nice and fat with a comfortable roll of bills tucked inside. For today milady carries the handbag of beads or other expensive material, and, though there may be not much money inside the bag, you may rest assured that the bag itself costs a good deal. This sounds as though the women were interested only in show, but, as a matter of fact, I believe it is because women are convinced that the best is cheapest in the end.

To the woman who has the happy facility of original ideas or who can copy the ideas of others and execute them in perfecting the finished product, there is a great deal of real satisfaction in the style of bags that are in fashion this season. But a bag today must be well made, and also of good material to be considered smart. The makers of tops for handbags have done everything in their power to facilitate the making of bags at home, in the wide range of shapes and styles of tops offered through the shops.

The artist has made you sketches of five of the newest bags. The upper bag at the left is of satin embroidered in beads, the oddly shaped handles are also of beads. The sides of the bag are gathered to an oblong-shaped lower section which forms the bottom of the bag.

Below this is a bag of sand-colored velvet, enhanced with grapes, in shades of green and purple with green leaves. Dark green chenille fringe finishes the end of the bag.

At the upper right is a bag of black velvet, trimmed in black fringe, and embroidered in silk.

Below is a bag of velvet, novel in shape, with the velvet laid in plaits and radiating from the center of each side.

The last bag of the group is of satin, with the lower section shaped like a boy's top and braided with silk braid and finished with a silk tassel.

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose.)

A MAID AND TWO MEN

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland, New York society girl, is loved by Jack Bond and Scott Raymond and accepts Bond. Both men are drafted, but Bond, to Ruth's relief, wins exemption for some slight physical disability. After Raymond has sailed to France the girl begins to doubt the wisdom of her choice. The marriage of Helen Brander to Jim Townsend, a soldier, contributes somewhat to this change. At the suggestion of Myra Briggs, Ruth takes up war work, in spite of Bond's disapproval.

XXVIII.

AFTER talking with Myra, Jack had gone on down to the office. There he had arranged matters to be out of town a few days, and, going home, he had packed a bag and without saying anything to any one had left the city.

It had been usual for Jack to put in an appearance at the Rowland apartment nearly every night, and, as usual, Ruth expected him on the evening of the most eventful day that she had spent in her life. She was so pale at dinner and so unusually quiet that her mother remarked about it. Grim Martha relaxed to the point of loquaciousness as she waited on the table, and Bobby remarked scathingly that it was silly of them to be upset about her; she was in love.

"Oh, I don't think so much of Jack Bond," he vouchsafed. "He isn't a soldier, and they're what count these days."

Ruth flushed, and Mrs. Rowland reproved Bobby.

"Don't tease your sister; can't you see she's not feeling well?"

Bobby peered at Ruth and relapsed into silence until dessert; but when he found that Martha had made chocolate pudding, he was instantly himself again.

"Mother, I have such a headache that I think I'll telephone Jack not to come over tonight." Ruth said as they rose from the table.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, dear; weren't you going to plan the trip tonight?"

"Oh, mother, I'm too sick to talk about it." Ruth was almost crying.

"Well, of course, Ruth, if you are as ill as all that," Mrs. Rowland persisted. "Only I should think you could see Jack just a few minutes. Let me give you one of my headache tablets."

"No, mother; I want to lie down and be alone, that's all." Ruth was wondering if there was a tablet she could take for an aching heart, for her heart ached so desperately that she wanted to die. She had bungled things all around, and there was no one to help her, no one she could ask for advice.

"Very well." Mrs. Rowland rejoined, and Ruth could tell by her voice that she disapproved. It didn't matter, though; she would telephone Jack not to come and then she would go away into her own room and close the door and be alone. Alone with her unhappiness, alone with another possibility that until today she had not dreamed of. It was that possibility more than any other than Ruth wanted think about. Twice during the day this strange new emotion had stirred in her heart, and she longed to be alone with it; she wanted to know if it were really true.

She stood in the hall hesitating until her mother spoke to her again.

"I don't think you have treated Jack at all nicely these last few weeks," she observed. "He has been more than considerate of you, and is planning to give you everything a girl could want. I don't see what has changed you so utterly."

"Mother," Ruth said, turning toward her mother suddenly, "don't you understand? Jack is here at home doing nothing at all, and all the other men are doing their share."

"Is that the way you sympathize with Jack's inability to cope with the other men physically?" Mrs. Rowland's tone was severe.

"It isn't that, mother, it's everything. O, I don't know what to think, but I must go away and be alone tonight."

Something in the girl's voice awoke every bit of sympathy in Mrs. Rowland's nature. She did sympathize with Jack, and for a long time she had entirely disapproved of the war work that took Ruth away from home nearly all of every day. But she had said nothing because she realized that the wedding was not far off and then, she reasoned, this fad of Ruth's would be forgotten. This had been the first time that Ruth had openly criticized Jack's attitude, and her mother, who was not at all far-seeing, put it down to the fact that the girl was tired and overwrought.

"Shall I telephone, dear?"

"Will you?" The possibility of not having to talk to Jack tonight was appealing.

"Certainly. Do you want to curl up here on the couch while I call up? Then I'll put you to bed."

Ruth dropped on the couch wearily. She waited more to know that she would not be disturbed than because she wished to do as her mother asked. She could hear her mother's voice speaking into the telephone, and it sounded unreal and far away.

"Hello, is this Mrs. Bond," said Mrs. Rowland. "Yes, I am calling up for Ruth. She is tired out tonight, and I am going to put her right to bed. Will you tell Jack?"

"Ask to speak to Jack yourself, mother, and tell him, won't you?" Ruth interposed.

"What's that?" Mrs. Rowland was saying. "He's not at home? O, then he's probably on his way over here now."

Ruth started up at that. But her mother's voice went on, gathering in surprise every second. "O, he's out of the city, gone away on business? O, I see, thank you, yes, I'll tell her."

Ruth faced her mother as she came into the room from the foyer hall.

"Jack is out of town. Didn't you know he was going?"

Ruth shook her head.

"Don't you think it's strange he didn't say good-bye? Nothing has happened, has it?"

"No, mother, nothing has happened, nothing out of the ordinary." Ruth tried to speak calmly.

"Well, if you have provoked him to anger, I am not surprised," Mrs. Rowland went on, "your attitude lately has been anything but that of a bride-to-be."

But Ruth was speeding down the hall before her mother could finish the remark. "I must be alone, I must be alone," she said to herself over and over again. It did not even seem strange that Jack had gone away, in the light of her other misery, and yet Jack had denied himself the pleasure of saying good-bye to her because of Myra's suggestion that it might bring Ruth to her senses.

(Tomorrow's installment deals with three people and the hand of Fate.)

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department, or ask your newsdealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Name five more unusual Government positions open to women.
2. Who is Mrs. Max West?
3. For what are the peach stones being collected by the Red Cross used?
4. To get the best out of plants, how should they be cultivated?
5. Give a recipe for an easy-to-make tomato breakfast dish?
6. What makes a delicious addition to creamed salmon?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. One and three-eighths yards of lightweight flannel or flannelette, four buttons, spool of white cotton No. 60 and a pattern are required to make the sleeveless vests needed for our boys in the hospitals abroad.
2. The pattern for this vest can be secured by sending ten cents in stamps to the American fund for French wounded, New York city. Ask for Pattern No. 81. The finished vest is sent to this committee.
3. In writing a note of thanks for a gift a bride should be particular to bring her husband's name in with her own in expressing pleasure and to refer to the gift so that its donor will know he is not receiving a "stock" note.
4. A weak or medium solution of oxalic acid will remove stains from leather.
5. Rice with sliced fruit, a little bit of honey and cream makes a delicious summer dessert. Rice is also good with powdered cinnamon and no sugar.
6. Fine skinned well-flavored oranges can be very thinly sliced with the skin left on and served that way. A very sharp knife must be used.

Wants Husband Drafted

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have read your paper often, and because I have nowhere to turn and I really believe you will help one so unfortunate I am coming to you, for I am almost distracted. Thirteen years ago I married a man whom I soon found was in no way suited to me. His aggressive, nervous, bullying nature and his brutal treatment and neglect of me forced me to leave him three times. My mother, after I was married, never interfered with me. To live with him again would make me insane, so the Court allowed me $10 a week for my children. My husband makes $10 a day. The children dislike him. He comes in this next draft and I would like to have him go because I think the discipline of the army will make a man of him, and also my children will have the rights and pleasures of childhood. But because he is a civilian employed in the navy he told me sneeringly that I could go the limit and I would have a swell chance to put him in the war. Is not the army at present more powerful than the navy? Tell me, please, just how to go the limit and be successful. A DISTRACTED READER.

Such a man as you describe should be reported to the Department of Justice in the Postoffice Building if he attempts to claim exemption from the draft on account of dependents. If he has a civilian position in the navy he will be subject to the draft and no doubt has registered, although he may be able to get exempted on account of his work. If he is regularly in the navy he will not be subject to the draft, for the army is not more powerful than the navy as far as that is concerned. I am sorry for you in your trouble.

Treatment of Tender Feet

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I'm going to ask several questions and the answer of one or all will be appreciated. First, is there any home treatment for tender feet? My heels and toes blister every time I wear new or stiff shoes. Then what would reduce fat feet and ankles and fingers below first knuckle? I have had alcohol, 95 per cent pure, with 1 per cent iysol, recommended for removing freckles on face and hands. What do you think of this? I also wonder if you know of anything to dye ends of eyelashes with. A. B.

Bathe your feet every night in warm water and boric acid or warm salt water or peroxide. This will rest them and soothe any aches or pains. If your shoes make blisters on your heels put a piece of adhesive plaster over the place where the shoe rubs until the shoes lose their stiffness and cease to rub. Always be careful to buy shoes that are long enough for you so that your toes will not strike the end of the shoe. You can get books at the department stores for a reasonable price which will tell you what exercises to use to reduce the flesh of your ankles, feet and hands. The preparation you speak of will not take off the freckles and may be harmful to your skin. I cannot recommend any dye for the eyelashes.

Washing Taffeta Dress

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—You have helped me once before, so I have come for your help again. I would like to know how to wash a taffeta dress without getting the stiffness out of it. I have washed it and it is as soft as silk. It is a plum color. What could I do with a dress that should be washed? It has some brown stripes in some parts and the green voile waist is in pieces if you can help me out in any way for them I will be more than thankful. Miss D. S.

[illegible] dress while it is still damp it will regain its stiffness. It will not have the same luster that it had before it was washed, but it will be stiff. You did not say whether the brown stripes on the green voile came from a stain or from the running of the color. If they are stains and you can tell what they came from there may be some way of getting them out, but if it comes from the color running when the dress was washed, the only thing you can do is to dye the dress a darker shade of green, dark blue or black.

Sunday School Data

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me how many children in the United States there are under eighteen years of age? Also, how many of these attend Sunday school. How many persons in the United States are teachers in Sunday schools? READER.

There are 24,871,312 children under eighteen years in the United States. It will be more direct for you to get the other information by writing to the International Sunday School Union, 5 South Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Recipe for Canning Chicken

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — Will you please let me have a recipe for canning chicken and also fruits and vegetables? (Mrs.) W.

The Home Canning and Drying Manual, issued by the National War Garden Commission, has been forwarded to you. This covers all the canning of fruits and vegetables. I have sent the directions for canning the chickens, as they are quite lengthy to print.

War Work for Colored Girl

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would like these few questions answered if possible. Please tell me if there is a colored branch of the Red Cross where one can get knitting to do in Philadelphia and where? Also, if there is any Government work a young colored girl could do? Can one secure a room at the colored Y. W. C. A. and board there? (Miss) R. Y.

There are several auxiliaries of the Red Cross for colored women. The main one is Auxiliary No. 6, under the direction of Mrs. E. B. Leaf, which meets at 743 South Twentieth street. If this is not convenient to the place you live I am sure Mrs. Leaf will be able to suggest some other nearer place for you. There is an office at 514 South Broad street which is for the purpose of enrolling colored women to do Government work under the employment division of the United States Department of Labor. There are no rooms at the colored Y. W. C. A. where you can get rooms for any length of time, but if you apply to Mrs. Jackson, 2065 Ridge avenue, she will be able to find a room for you. She is much interested in a branch of this Y. W. C. A. on Ridge avenue near where she lives and she could tell you where to go.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

The Tie That Does Not Bind

Dear Cynthia—I have been much interested in what the sailors versus "The Girl With a Memory" have had to say. The young men complain the girls are not true to them. Just what do they mean? Have they given them anything to be true to? In other words, have they proposed marriage to them, or are they one of the large number of young folks who are honestly in love and have what is commonly known as an "understanding"? Meaning that a boy and girl have been friends and sweethearts, dropping all other friendships, until it is an accepted belief among all their friends that they really love each other and will in the course of time marry, although as a matter of fact the boy has never actually asked the girl to marry him or given her the right to consider herself really engaged to him. It is surprising how many young persons, and nice persons at that drift into such a condition. The boy in question goes away for an extended stay. The girl he leaves behind, probably truly in love with him, is confronted with the problem as to whether he, not actually having committed himself, will come back to her, or if after she has given up any other intimate boy friends will some day be humiliated by seeing him come home with a wife from elsewhere. I see Cynthia raising her eyebrows and saying "Impossible! There can be no love between boy and girl unless they are engaged." But I want to assure you that the condition described does exist. I will say, however, that nine times out of ten the condition leads to honorable and happy marriage. The nine happy ones have no problems to bring to you to solve. Now, Cynthia, go after the boys and give them a good scolding. They have no right to monopolize a girl's time and expect her to be true to them unless they have given her the right to consider herself engaged to them. What do you say to the following? A little girl friend of mine had been sweethearts with an honorable young man for quite some time. There was every reason to think they were really engaged. She confided to me the fact that she had a new white dress hidden away (not even her family knowing about the dress) in case he would ask her to marry him before he went to France. Well, he didn't ask her, and he went to France and he has not written to her once since. A MOTHER OF BOYS.

You have touched on points that have sent many a mother worrying to bed at night and you have touched on one of the saddest roles that is played in the war—the part taken by the little girl who loves but is not engaged to the man who has gone away. I like you to think it is the boys who should be scolded. And due to your suggestion the matter will be discussed in the near future in the leading article that appears in the left-hand corner of this page each night. Let us hear from other mothers in the meantime.

A Silent Party

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl fourteen years old and I was deeply in love with a young boy until last spring. Last fall I lost my voice and I could not speak above a whisper. Whenever this boy spoke to me I answered, and as he could not hear me he stopped speaking to me which hurt me very much. Now, can you tell me what to do so that he will speak to me?

Since we do not speak I met another boy, who I like very much. We have talked together and he took me for a ride with him on his bicycle several times. Since my girl friend and he do not speak he stopped speaking to me. Please tell me what to do to get him to speak, as I hate to have enemies. YOUNG READER.

Any boy who would stop speaking to a girl because she lost her voice is surely not worth wanting for a friend. However, if it worries you to be on bad terms with persons, simply stop speaking when you meet this boy. If the girl of whom you speak is jealous I would go to her and tell her you did not mean to steal the other boy away from her friendship. You might then start saying good-morning, etc., to the boy on general principles. You are too young to be bothering about boys. Go to bed early at night and get lots of exercise every day. Then you'll be pretty when the real beau age comes. [illegible] the boy will want to be friends

Adventures With a Purse

HAVE you ever noticed how easy it is to guess at a woman's age by her hands? Hands and nails that are not well cared for soon grow old. And, after all, a few minutes devoted each day to the nails is indeed effort well spent. The little "nail kit" I discovered today will make you want to fuss over your nails all the time, for it is indeed a compact and fascinating little affair. The simple distinctive box is about four inches square, and snugly packed inside are little packages of all kinds. Here is a round tin of rosy nail polish and another of nail bleach. And here is a bottle of excellent cuticle remover, and there a cake of white nail polish. And then tucked down in one corner you will find a file, an orangewood stick and two sandpaper files for removing rough edges. This is a most complete box, and the amazing part of it is that the price is only thirty-five cents.

Just what to put on a chiffonier or chest of drawers is often a problem. One's favorite monogrammed silver would not show so high up, and besides, that belongs on bureau or toilet table. One thing that always looks well and proves ever useful besides is a little cretonne-covered chest. One that I saw today has two drawers with cunning little brass handles and the cretonne is of a very attractive pattern. One drawer might hold handkerchiefs, while the other would take care of all those hairpins. The price is forty-five cents. Another style, with cretonne in rich colors has three drawers. And, oh! the uses to which those little drawers can be put! It stands about ten inches high and the price is only seventy-five cents.

The average woman who takes a delight in dressing up her home has at least one room or corner where she has in mind placing a lamp some day when her purse will permit. This woman will be interested to know that one of the shops is having a kind of clearing-out sale of lamps. Brass lamps with glass shades in soft colors which formerly bore tags as high as $10 and $12 have been repriced at $5. Some of the prices are as low as $3.50. Among this display are comfortable-looking wicker lamps with silk shades. And all the prices are greatly lowered.

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Aventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone the Woman's Department, Walnut 3000.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THE "HE-PERSON"

By Mildred E. Swenson

"JUST a minute," said Ann, and then in a lower voice, as she handed the phone to Bab: "It's for you. I think it's Doug." Bab grasped the phone quickly. After a few minutes' conversation she put down the receiver, and placing her arm around her friend, started whirling her about the room.

"Gracious, let me rest a minute," exclaimed Ann. "And if you don't mind, just what is the matter, anyway?" She drew Bab to the sofa.

"Well, it's just this way," explained Bab. "Doug is coming up tonight, and he's going to bring a nice young man."

"Really," said Ann, adding in a disinterested voice, "Who?"

"His name is Ray Stanley and he was a friend of Doug's in college. He's leaving with Doug for camp in a few days, and Doug says that they want to make the most of the short time they have left."

"But where do I come in?" asked Ann, for she was Bab's guest.

"Where?" repeated Bab. "Why, you big silly! With Ray, of course." But Ann thought otherwise.

"Well, I guess I don't come in with any old Ray or any one else for that matter. You might have asked my permission before trying to put me off on any old 'he-person,' so there!" And Ann, her head high in the air, ran out of the room.

"Well, of all the——" started Bab, then stopped. What was the matter with Ann, anyway? She absolutely refused to meet those "he-persons," as she persisted in calling the opposite sex, and all of Bab's efforts to that end had been failures. Ann was fond of Doug, in a way—because he was engaged to Bab—but any other male was much more at home away from her. Suddenly Bab jumped up, as if inspired, and going over to the phone again called Doug's number. They chatted for a few moments, with a few eagerly suppressed "Yes's," "Oh, do's" and "That will be fine's" on Bab's part. Then she went out to join her friend, who was seated in the hammock.

She had just gotten comfortably seated when the phone rang again.

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Bab, "there's the old phone again. I do wish people would let me stay quiet for a few minutes once in a while.

"I'll answer it, Bab," said Ann, obligingly. "It's probably one of the Bond girls to remind us that we are to play tennis with them tomorrow." And she went into the house. A few minutes later she came out, flushed and angry.

"Of all the nerve I ever heard of," she exclaimed, "that's positively the limit!"

"Why, Ann," said Bab, looking up in a surprised way. "What's the trouble?"

"Trouble? Trouble is no name for it. That Stanley fellow called up and asked for me, and then informed me that he was coming to see me tonight! Think of that for nerve. Why, I never even met him."

"But, of course, you didn't refuse?" asked Bab sweetly.

"Refuse? I certainly did! And then he said he didn't care, he was coming anyway. 'Oh, I suppose I'll have to see him, but I won't talk to him, you may be sure of that.'

"I don't see the necessity of your ever meeting him, Ann, if you don't care to," said Bab gently. "You told him you didn't want to, so if he comes and doesn't see you, it's his own fault."

"Well, if you think it will be all right," said Ann. "I'd rather n-o-t!" This last was said slowly and as if she didn't know whether she really meant it or not.

The subject seemed to be settled, but just after dinner, as Bab was dressing for the evening—for she intended to entertain Doug, anyhow—Ann came into her room and said apologetically:

"Don't you think, Bab, that I might see that Stanley person tonight?" and she hesitated. "He's going away to camp and——"

Bab hugged her. "Of course, it will be all right," she said, "and you're a dear to do it. I know you don't like boys, so it's all the nicer of you to entertain this one, but remember it's only for one night, and you needn't see him again if you don't want to. Doug will be so pleased!" Ann smiled as she started to dress.

"Yes, it's only for one night, and—he did have a sort of nice voice," and she added as an afterthought "for a he-person."

So when the boys came they found two radiant girls waiting for them. Ray seemed to think that Ann was pretty nice for a man-hater, too. As for Ann—well, she sufficiently forgot her hatred of "he-persons" enough to promise Ray that she would write to him when he left a few days later. But the queer part of it was that she never discovered that it was Bab's prompting that the "he-person" had called her up!

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"THE SEVENTH DAY."

For Tomorrow
Special offering
New Fall Millinery
$5.00
Actual $7.50 values
A saving to be appreciated. Fall's newest creations of Lyons or silk velvet in large, small or medium shapes.
All new colorings — to match the new suits and frocks, some in two-tone colorings.
Mawson and DeMany
1115 Chestnut St.
Opposite Keith's Theatre

Not Much More Time to Can

It behooves every housewife to look to her shelves now. If they are not stocked with canned goods it is not too late to begin, but it will be if she doesn't get to work very soon.

If you do not understand canning or drying, send to the Editor of Woman's Page for the Free Home Canning and Drying Manual issued by the National War Garden Commission. The commission also issues a valuable book on the storage of vegetables. Either of these or both will be forwarded on receipt of a two-cent stamp for return postage.

TYROL WOOL

Genuine Tyrol Wool garments are noted for their excellence of style and their serviceability.

Ladies' and Misses' Plain Tailored Suits
26.75 28.75 30.75 34.75

Ladies' and Misses' Street, Top and Motor Coats
29.75 33.75 37.75

Girls' and Juniors' Suits
25.75

Girls' and Juniors' Top Coats, 25.75

New Velour Hats

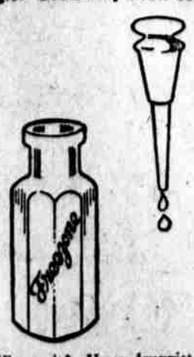
MANN & DILKS
1102 CHESTNUT STREET

Set the Children A Good Example

Use SOZODONT yourself and teach them to use it to keep the teeth white and sound; the gums firm and the breath sweet and wholesome.
Are you doing your *full* duty to your child to avoid future tooth trouble? Procrastination is the thief of teeth—arrest it with
Sozodont
FOR THE TEETH
Liquid—Powder or Paste
SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

DROP ON A CORN! LIFT CORNS OUT WITH FINGERS

Hurt? No, not one bit! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching then you lift that bothersome corn right off. Yes magic! Costs only a few cents.



Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation. —Freezone is the much talked of discovery of the Cincinnati genius.
Your druggist has Freezone. Elastic Wonder Co., Cincinnati, O.

SECOND CUTS

COOK them thoroughly, serve them piping hot, and make them taste like the creations of a French chef, with just a few drops of the appetite-teasing

Al Sauce

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

An Informal Showing
NEW FALL FASHIONS
HATS : SUITS
FURS
Strikingly distinctive apparel which reflects the exclusiveness and individuality of this house in superb display
Quality is a notable characteristic
B. Chertak Wenger M. Wenger
House of Wenger
1229 Walnut St.