THE HOME WHERE FRIENDS CANNOT COME—WINTER'S NEWEST VEIL—A DIET FOR COLDS

WHEN A GIRL CANNOT HAVE COMPANY IN HER OWN HOME

Here Is One Who Wrote to Say the House Was Too Dilapidated to Receive the Boys and Girls In—The Youngster Who Dreams of but Never Sees Cretonne

"BESIDES," writes this seventeen-year-old little reader, "our house is in a rather dilapidated condition and not fit to receive company in. He has hinted several times for me to ask him to our house, and, evidently thinking me dense, has asked me and another boy and girl we both know to his home some evening. There is no use thinking of having him here. I couldn't even invite a crowd of girls and boys, including him, to our house, as our house is unfit."

These words, dear friends, came in handwriting as dainty as a flower and, somehow, handling the clean, carefully written letter, I could picture only a flower in some way growing sweet and fair "in a dilapidated house not fit to receive company in."

What right have parents to inflict these conditions on any girl, standing fresh and fair, waiting and wanting to do the right thing—not to meet boys on the outside, but in her own home? The girl stands on the path that has two turnings. The mother who makes it impossible for her girl to have company in her own home deliberately takes the hand of her daughter and leads her into the turning that is thorny and where one often trips.

ALL girls are fine and good in the beginning. Any one who has worked with them knows how it is. There is a certain amount of energy, of romance and enthusiasm, of love and hope and faith—all the things that go to make up our girls and all of these are there waiting to be done with as a mother will. And if a mother closes her eyes—well, the enthusiasm is there just the same. And youth will out.

This is not to say that girls have not come through fine and glorious with women who have taken motherhood with far less perception than they would washing a tub of clothes. But girlhood is too precious to let run the risk of not coming through, of wandering all through the mire of life, even if it only sickens her of the mire.

And not far removed and scarcely less important because it is related is another reason why a home, where friends can't come is a sin against girlhood. It is a crime to embarrass a young girl before her friends. It is useless to say the real kind of young friends do not care what sort of a home a girl has. This is wrong. They do care. Youth is very impressionable. Girls like to visit in parlors that are neat and clean and so do boys. The mother who handicaps her daughter with a dilapidated home does the best thing she can toward driving away the home-loving boy, the one who, in the end, would make her daughter the best kind of husband.

IF IT were hard to have a presentable home it would not be fair to vent judgment on dilapidated homes. In some cases it is possible to fix up the outside of a home. In some cases it is not. But the inside? There isn't a woman in the town who couldn't give you a cozy and presentable room in two days if she put her mind to it. But it isn't that it matters whether she does it or not. It's that this type of mother refuses to give permission to her daughter to do the fixing up.

Girls have gone to bed at night in dingy rooms dreaming of rose cretonne for the parlor below. Pitiful rose dreams they are. If you want to hear one of life's real smaller tragedies try to make the girl "with the home unfit for company" tell her story.

Little Tired Soldier

No more beneath the hollyhocks
March the little tin soldiers brave;
The rattling drum henceforth is dumb,
The sword no more shall wave;
For the Captain sleeps in his sentry-box
In a tiny, grass-grown grave.
—Arthur Powell, in Pictorial Review.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Halloween Suggestions

Dear Cynthia—Kindly mention what refreshments and what kind of favors you would serve at a Halloween party for young persons. CURIOUS.

Serve fruit lemonade and war cake. As wheat must be conserved, omit sandwiches. If you want more elaborate refreshments have potato or fruit salad, coffee, ice cream and cake. Use rice flour in making the cake.

Little pumpkinhead boxes and black cat boxes filled with chocolates would make appropriate and attractive favors.

Ask Her, Young Man

Dear Cynthia—I am in love with one of the girls in Philadelphia. I have never taken her out, but have taken several walks with her and have kissed her several times, but never told her that I love her. She understands according to my actions that I care very much for her. The last time I was in Philadelphia I went out for a walk with her and told her that I was leaving town and she asked me to write to her. I have written her one letter and never received an answer. I know for a fact that she received it and I know also she is in the best of health.

The point I want to make is, do you think she cares for me? Please let me know, as I expect to go to Philadelphia in about a week. Hog Island is not far from town, but I am sick in bed and do not expect to be out for at least a week. I would like to know whether to see her or not. J. S.

Go and see her, and ask her if she loves you and tell her you love her and want to marry her. Keeping quiet and wondering never get any one anywhere, my young friend, and faint heart you know never won fair lady. Even if the girl does not love you it would be better for your own peace of mind to know it than to be in this questioning state.

It is difficult for me to understand why girls allow men to kiss them if they have not told them of their love. Kisses are not to be given and accepted lightly between a man and woman. And no woman should be asked to receive these attentions without a declaration of love on the man's part first.

Do Not Monopolize Her

Dear Cynthia—Is it proper for a fellow to go and visit a girl at her home every night of the week, although as yet he is not engaged and does not intend to get married for some time?

I went with a girl for about one year and we had a quarrel. This girl loved me dearly and proved it in many ways. During the months that we were angry at one another she kept company with a few of my friends, which did not bother me in the least, and she knew it.

Do you think this girl really loved me after promising that she would not go with any one else?

It was not my idea to keep her tied down the rest of her life, but the thing is that she promised not to go with any one else.

I will be grateful to you, Cynthia, and also thank you in advance for an answer. WONDERING.

If a man does not intend to become engaged to a girl he should not monopolize her time by calling every evening. It makes other men think they are engaged and they refrain from going to see the girl.

If a man thinks so much of a girl that he must see her every evening he should certainly tell her he cares for her and explain that he does not make enough to support her as yet, but that he wants to marry her as soon as he can. Or if he has to help his parents or has some other reasons she should be told of it and allowed to have some say as to whether she wants him to come every evening or wants to have an engagement of that length of time.

As to your second question, the girl was wrong to ever make such a promise. No man has a right to exact such a promise unless the girl is his affianced wife. The sooner young men and girls realize this the sooner will there be a better state of affairs. If you do not want to marry a girl be good friends with her, but give some one else a chance. Don't be a dog in the manger and try to keep her from others. I cannot say whether she loves you or not.

Oilcloth Economy

A great saving in your new table oilcloth will be noticed if you paste strips of muslin on the wrong side of the cloth where the corners and edges of the table will come. Another good plan is to put one or two sheets of newspaper on the table and allow them to come over the edge a little way. This keeps the oilcloth from wearing on account of any little roughness or defect in the boards of the table.

Shabby kitchen-table oilcloth covers may be used for one-piece bib aprons to be worn while blacking stoves, doing laundry work, dishwashing, etc. They are waterproof.

Bead Trimming

Often beads are twisted into a little floral motif at the neck, this being finished with a simple turnover collar of the same colored ribbon as the sash; while beads once again are used for the narrow, oblong plastron at the wrist.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A CHANGE OF MIND

By R. Estelle Everett

A LOW blue racer dashed along Main street, turned the corner on two wheels and sped toward the mountains, just as two girls came out of the "Cloverdale Ice Cream Store."

"My goodness!" gasped one, jumping backward. "Who in the wide world is that?"

"Oh, that's Jack P.," replied the other; "he always drives like that. He isn't afraid to do anything except go to a dance—he's awfully scared of girls."

"Why? I shouldn't think he would be."

"The only girl he has anything to do with is his sister. No one knows why."

Several miles away, Jack P. was speeding along the smooth turnpike, thinking what a wonderful day it was, and how smoothly the engine was running, when —crash! bang! Two tires blew up, and the car went over an embankment, precipitating Jack into a six-foot ditch.

Half an hour later a young man strolled along the turnpike humming a sentimental tune under his breath. Just as he reached a very sharp corner he looked up and perceived the remains of a bright, blue racer.

"H-m," he murmured. "Looks like P's. I wonder what tomfoolery he's been up to. He——"

A low moan suddenly came to his ears through the still air. Climbing over the wreckage, he peered over the edge of the ditch. Down at the bottom lay Jack, very pale as to face, but decidedly the opposite as to body. The onlooker ceased being an onlooker, and crawled down into the ditch. With difficulty he carefully lifted Jack, and boosted him up to firm ground. The rescuer next set about reviving his friend. After a few moments Jack's eyes opened.

"Hello, Fred. Nice day," he remarked. He tried to rise, but a sharp twinge of pain in his leg hindered him and he sank back, relapsing into unconsciousness. Fred started to move him, but thought better of the plan, and went out to the road to see if any vehicle was in sight.

Presently a touring car appeared; he stopped the driver, explaining the situation. Between them they lifted the injured man on to the broad seat in the tonneau. Driving slowly, they arrived at the next town, where the owner of the car drove to a hospital. In a few moments Jack was ensconced in one of the rooms with a doctor working over him.

A wave of embarrassment, shyness and everything else uncomfortable swept over Jack. The nurse, a girl, too, probably, but he might as well get it over. With difficulty he turned his head in her direction, and his shyness vanished like ice on a hot day; for the face he looked into was that of a woman old enough to be his mother. In answer to his question she told him he had a couple of broken ribs and a very badly strained ankle. She added that he'd probably be there three weeks.

Jack improved rapidly. After he had been there a week, the arrival of another seriously injured man took away his nurse, who was far more experienced in cases of such kinds than the younger nurses. So the case was turned over to a certain Miss Betty M——, a dark-eyed, dark-haired sprite of a girl.

An hour later Jack stirred restlessly as he dozed.

"Is there anything you'd like?" inquired a motherly voice.

Jack came to himself with a start. Funny, Miss B—— was never like that before. He slowly opened one eye to investigate, when he received another start. For instead of his safe and sane nurse was another, much younger—even younger than Jack himself.

Miss Betty surveyed her first patient in a business-like manner. No, she was not going to fall in love with him! Just think how the girls would tease. But he certainly did look adorable with those funny, sunburned gray eyes.

"Is there anything you'd like?" she repeated.

"N—no, thanks, Miss—"

"M—," supplied Betty.

"Oh, yes, Miss M—," he said, sleepily. "No, thank you; I don't want you—I mean I don't want anything."

His eyes closed (lit) again. Mothers and most sisters were all right, of course.

Over on the other side of the room Miss M— watched her patient doze off. The idea! Putting her, an acknowledged man-hater, in charge of one of those flirtatious loafers. Well, she'd show him that every girl wasn't wild to flirt with him, so there!

For several days the nurse and her patient remained "cool and business-like." Then one morning Jack realized that he had misjudged girls and conceived a great desire to make Miss M— talk to him. It was hard work at first, but slowly she changed, and they enjoyed many merry chats.

One day, several months later, two girls came out of the "Cloverdale Ice Cream Store" just as a dark touring car, containing a young man and woman, came down Main street, turned the corner and went toward the mountains.

"Who is that?" asked one. "He looks familiar."

"Ah, that's Jack P— and his wife," replied the other.

"His wife! I thought you said he disliked girls!"

"Oh, well, even men change their minds sometimes."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"THE CALL."

Unusual Veils You Will See

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

The veil on the left is quite unusual. The entire edge of this square mesh is buttonholed in colored yarn. The border of the veil in the center is done in chenille, while the third is of lace

EVERY once in a while one runs across a woman who will invariably during the course of the conversation remark in rather an apologetic tone, that try as she may she finds it impossible to wear a veil. In most cases these women do not by their appearance lead one to believe that at any time do they exercise much care or patience in endeavoring to make themselves look as attractive as they should.

There isn't any doubt that it does take time to adjust a veil properly. But once the veil is on correctly the work is done, or should be until the hat is removed. I often think when I see these women, who never wear a veil, and who are continually fussing with either their hair or their faces, how much valuable time they waste. One-third of that time given, at the start of the day, to putting on a veil correctly, would give them the other two-thirds to devote to something much more profitable.

For the woman who wishes to keep trig and neat, the veil that fits smoothly over the face is, of course, far more practical. But there are many who find the loosely draped veil fits these requirements and to whom the artistic lines of the loose veil are very becoming. Today are shown three of these draped veils.

At the left is a veil quite unusual. The mesh is large and plain. The entire edge and ends are buttonholed with colored yarn. This veil is worn over a small hat, whose crown is embroidered in colored yarns.

The center veil is also a plain mesh. This has a border done in chenille.

At the right is a veil with a lace border, draped over a hat, the crown of which is of plaited velvet.

THINGS BEST TO EAT IF ONE HAS A COLD

Menus Planned by Food Chiefs in Fighting Spanish Influenza

Prevalence of influenza in Washington, D. C., among war workers has meant that something must be done toward feeding those confined to their rooms with no one to care for them. The experimental kitchen of the United States food administration has promptly gone about this work, sending out quantities of soup, custards, milk and crackers every day.

These are just such foods as one should eat during the first stages of a cold. The fact that colds may turn into something worse, especially during such an epidemic as the present, should be sufficient warning to any one to call a doctor at once and be careful to eat properly that the cold may be quickly thrown off.

During the first few days eat a light laxative diet of low fuel value, letting hot lemonade or orangeade, broths or gruels with crisp toast, baked potatoes, mild stewed fruits and vegetables and milk be the chief articles of diet. This should be followed with a diet of ordinary fuel value and then, as soon as the cold seems to be "broken," by one of higher fuel value than usual so as to aid the body in recovering. Here are some menus for meals during the first few days of colds:

Breakfast
Oatmeal Gruel
Crisp Toast
Hot Lemonade

Lunch
Hot Beef Broth
Baked Custard

Dinner
Baked Potato Poached Egg
Apple Sauce

SUNDAY BREAD ON SATURDAY

Food Order, Bars Sabbath Delivery—Ovens Empty One Day

Bakers of Philadelphia hereafter will make no more "Sunday deliveries" and bakers' ovens will be operated only six days of the week.

This order was issued by Jay Cooke, Federal food administrator, and became effective today. All deliveries of bakers' products must be discontinued from 12 o'clock Saturday night to 6 o'clock Sunday night.

The baker is given the option of selecting the six days which best suit the convenience of his trade, but the present practice of baking on all seven days of the week is to be stopped.

The idea of these orders is to save fuel and labor. Mr. Cooke believes that a strict compliance will result in the saving of a great amount of coal this winter, a saving in the horses, trucks and men engaged in the bakers' delivery service, as well as a reduction in labor, time and raw materials used in the bakeries.

Vegetables in the Cellar

Every cellar with any kind of house heating plant in it is usually too warm and dry for vegetables, advises the National War Garden Commission of Washington. The thing to do in such a cellar is to partition off a small room—corner room preferable—with a window or two, for a vegetable or root cellar.

The partition is easily built with 2x4 inch strips placed at top and bottom to which the boards are nailed; a single thickness of boards is not enough. A fairly good partition may be made by placing building paper over the boards with tongue-and-groove material over this.

To make a well insulated partition, however, is more of a job. Use a 2x4 scantling for a plate on the floor and set studding from plate to ceiling. Place these sixteen inches apart, nail boards on the outside, cover with building paper and nail tongue-and-groove material over the paper. On the inside lath and plaster in the usual way. Put in a door wide enough to take in a barrel for convenience in getting vegetables in and out.

Making Apple Pone

Wipe, pare, core and finely chop Duchess apples. There should be one quart. Pour one pint of boiling water over four cupfuls of white cornmeal; when cool add enough cold sweet milk to make soft batter; add two tablespoonfuls of molasses and one-half teaspoonful salt. Add the apples, mix thoroughly, and pour into a well buttered baking dish or an agate pan, cover and bake in a moderate oven two hours. Serve hot with butter.

MRS. WILSON PRAISES GIRL SCOUT LOAN AIDS

Troop No. 57, Main Line, Responds by Selling Still More Bonds

Notice was sent today to every Girl Scout in Philadelphia informing her of the receipt by Troop 57 of the organization of a telegram from Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, congratulating the troop on its work during the fourth Liberty Loan campaign.

At the time the message was received, late Friday night, Troop 57 already had collected $243,000 in bond subscriptions. Spurred by word from the wife of the President, the workers redoubled their efforts, and by the time the loan drive closed Saturday night had boosted their sales well over the $300,000 mark. Additional subscriptions for large amounts are expected at Girl Scout headquarters today.

Mrs. Wilson's message, which was sent to Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, Girl Scout commissioner, follows:

"My heartiest congratulations on the achievement of Troop 57, Girl Scouts of Philadelphia. I am confident they will succeed in leading the way to success."

The successful troop is composed of eighty-five girls of the Main Line section. Their leader is Mary Farnam Packard, of Villanova. During the third Loan campaign they obtained $200,000 in subscriptions. This was the largest amount obtained by any Girl Scout troop in the United States. For that service Mrs. Wilson presented the troop with a silk American flag.

FOUGHT IN CIVIL WAR AT 11

William Schoenleber Dies Within a Week After Son

William Schoenleber, who enlisted in the Civil War at the age of eleven years, died yesterday at his home, 5338 Haverford avenue. He was said to be the youngest Civil War veteran in the State. Death was the result of an injury to his spine received a year ago at City Hall, where he had been a guard eighteen years.

Mr. Schoenleber's son Earl was buried last week.

Mr. Schoenleber was born in Philadelphia seventy years ago, the son of Major William P. Schoenleber. He and his father and his brother Paul enlisted at the outbreak of the Civil War. William being eleven years old.

He was hurt in the Baltimore riots April 18, 1861, later acting as drummer boy and shouldering a musket before the war was over. He fought under McClellan and "Joe" Hooker and marched with Sherman to the sea.

He was a member of Winfield Scott Post, G. A. R.; Lieutenant E. W. Gray Circle, No. 68; Spring Garden Council, No. 18, Jr. O. U. A. M., and Forty-fourth Ward Republican Club. He is survived by a wife and two sons, both in the army.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday, when the Police Band will escort the body to Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Duchess Apple Sauce

Wipe, pare, core and slice Duchess apples (there should be two quarts). Put them into a stew pan, add one cupful of cold water and cook slowly until apples are soft and mushy. Rub, while hot, through a strainer and sweeten with one and one-third cupfuls of white corn syrup. This sauce can be brought to the boiling point, then turned into hot, sterilized jars (use new rubbers on jars) and quickly sealed.

Baker Pears

Wipe, quarter, and core pears. Arrange them in a deep casserole or earthen baking dish. Pour over white corn sirup, allowing one and one-half cupfuls for two quarts of prepared pears. Then pour around enough water to prevent pears from burning. Cover and cook from two to three hours in a slow oven. Small pears may be baked whole if firm and not infected. The small Seckel pears are extremely dainty when baked whole in this way.

DRYING PUMPKINS AND SQUASH FOR WINTER

Only Require Soaking Later for Use in Pies and Custards

Well-matured pumpkins of any variety make an acceptable dried product which only requires soaking for use later in pies or custards. The deeply colored, solid-fleshed varieties are the best for the purpose. Squash of the winter varieties may also be cured in the same way.

Cut into strips one-half inch wide, peel and remove seeds, then cut the long strips with a rotary slicer or by hand into slices one-half inch in thickness. Blanch in vigorously boiling water for three minutes, or, preferably, in steam for five minutes. A washboiler partly filled with boiling water and fitted with a support which will hold a wire basket containing the material just out of the water makes a good steamer. Some varieties blanch more slowly than others. The treatment should be continued until the pieces have lost their opaque character and have become transparent, but must be stopped as soon as this result is obtained.

Spread one or two pieces deep on the trays and begin the drying at 135 degrees. As soon as the pieces have become somewhat plastic the temperature may be increased, but should not be allowed to exceed 160 degrees at any time. The material should be stirred frequently in order to discover and spread out any parts which are not drying properly. If the drying is done in the sun it will be necessary to spread the material in a single layer and to turn the pieces over after a few hours' exposure.

Pumpkin or squash should be dried until the pieces are leathery and show no moisture upon the freshly cut surfaces when bits are cut open and strongly pressed between the hands.

As the material is removed from the drier, place it in a large, clean pasteboard or wooden box, lined with paper, and cover to exclude insects by stretching a piece of mosquito netting over the top. Place the box in a warm, dry room and stir the material thoroughly daily for ten days. The drying meanwhile slowly continues and the whole mass reaches the uniform condition which it must have before it is permanently packed.

Pack in pasteboard boxes lined with a double thickness of waxed paper, or in paper or muslin bags which are tied and placed in a larger bag. Store in a dry, warm, airy place.

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. **Smart spats that are reasonable.**
2. **An assortment of lovely white lingerie.**
3. **Unusual fixings for the bureau.**

MILADY, if her foot is slender and her ankle dainty, will do well to wear trim, snug spats. For she who can wear them, there is something very smart about spats. But they must be kept in perfect condition. The best way to bring this about is to have two pairs, so that when one pair is at the cleaner's you have the other to wear. Do I hear you say that that is a very impracticable suggestion? It need not be, for the spats I saw, well made, tan color, with staid little buttons of dark brown, cost only $1.75 a pair, which you will agree is most reasonable.

Pink silk underwear now is greatly to be desired, and who among us wouldn't wear it always if our purse could permit? Some of us, by careful distribution of our wealth, can manage it for high days and holidays, but for just plain Mondays and Tuesdays and the like we are obliged to "keep to the white." To those, then, the table of white lingerie I found today should be of especial interest, for no piece is priced over $1. Nightgowns, lace-trimmed petticoats, combinations, all are to be found. One combination in particular combines the practical with a touch of daintiness that is seldom to be found in lower priced undergarments. The plain casing, through which rubber is run, ends with a single row of hemstitching and is topped with a fine lace edging. The shoulder straps are of pink ribbon.

There are two kinds of clothes which must be purchased now—dresses for one's self and dressings for the home—fresh curtains, hangings and bureau fixings. And the woman who is looking around for bureau fixings right now, for bureau scarfs and the like will do well to see the display I discovered today. Here is a cover of fine scrim with inserts and edgings of filet design lace. Originally priced at $1.75, this scarf has been lowered to $1.15. Another, linen color, with edges scalloped in old blue and with a flower design at each end embroidered in the same shade, while first costing $1.39, has been repriced at eighty-five cents. Here you will find some real bargains.

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

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland is loved by Jack Bond and Scott Raymond, and promises to marry Bond. Both men are drafted, but Bond is exempted because of a physical disability. Scott goes to France and is wounded. Ruth later discovers that she has made a mistake and that she loves Scott Raymond, but she determines to marry Bond and to make him a good wife. Bond, not altogether understanding her attitude, but convinced that she wants him to be fighting for his country, goes to a hospital and is operated upon to make him fit for service.

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THE minute Ruth had confessed to Jack that she loved Scott Raymond a great relief enveloped her. No matter what ultimately happened, she was done now forever with secrecy, with deception. From now on she would tell the truth.

Jack was so silent that Ruth went up to him timidly. All of the resentment against his estimate of her melted away at sight of his face. It was no longer bitter, but there were lines of suffering written there, suffering that she had caused.

"Jack," she said timidly, "I don't know what to say. I don't know whether you can ever forgive me. I have no excuse to offer you. All I ask is that you believe me, that you believe that I am telling the truth when I say that I was going to do the best I could to get us out of this terrible mixup, and that I have tried to be sincere from the time I knew my own heart."

Jack did not answer immediately, and Ruth waited a moment and then spoke again. "Jack," she said softly, "won't you answer me?"

Her fingers rested on his arm and he took them up gently and put them down as though he did not want her to touch him. Instantly she shrank back. Then at last he spoke.

"Of course I believe you. I had no business to speak as I did. I never had a reason to believe you mercenary."

"Oh, but Jack, I'm afraid I must have been in the beginning."

"Perhaps you were," he said wearily, "I don't know. I can't seem to remember how things were in the beginning; you see, I thought you loved me then."

Ruth winced as though she had been struck. What a lot of misery she had been responsible for, and what a lot of suffering there must be in store for her before she paid in full for her foolish and wicked mistake!

"Well," Jack went on, "I guess there's nothing else to be said. I want to get out now, Ruth. I don't want to talk about matters any longer, and I don't want to see your mother." He turned to go, and Ruth stopped him.

"Jack, aren't we going to be friends? Are you going to drop me altogether? Oh, Jack, I know I don't deserve it, but can you say you forgive me, can you?"

"Of course," he returned lifelessly, "I can't see that you did anything, Ruth, I don't blame you."

Ruth with an awful ache in her heart, a dreadful smothering feeling that made her feel helpless to make matters any better by anything she could say or do, followed Jack into the hall, and heard the door close on his low good-by. Then she turned back into the apartment wondering dully what would happen next. Her mother opened the door of the dining room and looked out laughingly. At Ruth's expression her laugh turned to wonderment, but before she could say anything the telephone shrilled again.

"Yes, yes, hello," Ruth said into the mouthpiece.

Helen Brander's voice came across to her almost pleadingly. "Ruth, I must see you, may I come over?"

"Not now, Helen, I'll see you tomorrow," Ruth returned.

"Wait a minute, don't ring off," Helen returned. "You've seen and talked to Jack, have you?"

"Yes."

"You think me intrusive, don't you, Ruth?"

"I don't know."

"I'm sorry, dear," and from her voice Ruth knew that Helen was weeping into the telephone. "Sorry, I mean, because you feel as you do. But I'm not sorry I told Jack, I just had to do it. You'll thank me for it some day soon, you'll see."

"Good-by," Ruth returned tonelessly, and hung up.

"Ruth, we're waiting dinner," expostulated Mrs. Rowland, as Ruth turned away from the telephone. "I had Martha wait because I thought you and Jack wanted to be alone. What has happened now?"

Ruth faced her mother squarely. "It's all over between Jack and me, mother; you might as well know it. There won't be any wedding and I don't care what people say, so I hope you won't begin to reproach me on that score."

Mrs. Rowland's lips trembled like a child's; her eyes were bewildered.

"But I don't understand, Ruth. Something serious must have happened to have you break with Jack like this. You love him, don't you?"

Ruth shook her head.

"You don't love him?" Her mother's voice was incredulous.

"No." And even while she saw the amazement in her mother's eyes, the girl stood there, free and unshackled, a delicious feeling of irresponsibility making her almost flippant. At last it was possible to tell the truth; no matter how great a sense of wrongdoing oppressed her, at least there was no wedding to be dreaded. She was willing to answer any question that might be put to her, she would withhold nothing, except that sweet secret that still belonged to her, her love for Scott Raymond that Helen knew of, and not Jack, but which she could not confide to her mother just yet. Her fingers were still clutched tensely about the letter that she held unconsciously in her hand. Each word was hers now, to pore over and read again and again. At last she had the right to love Scott, even though she never had the chance to tell him so.

(In tomorrow's story Ruth and Helen review the wedding gifts.)

Things to Know

Newspapers will give as brilliant a finish to window glass as chamois.

A simple milk and potato soup may be given relish with celery salt.

A little milk in the buckwheat cakes makes them brown more rapidly.

A few chopped dates added to apple sauce make a very tasty dish.

Winter Comfortables

Pretty "comforts" for winter, light and warm, may be made by covering two worn blankets with silkolene or cheesecloth and tacking together with worsted, like any "puff." These "comforts" may be washed each year and kept immaculate. Old whitt bedspreads may be doubled and stitched together to form mattress protectors.

Cut blankets in two, bind the cut edges and use the top for the bottom. Blankets and spreads which are nearly square may be used, sides for top and bottom, thus equalizing the wear. If an end of a spread wears thin, re-enforce it by underfacing it with a wide piece of loosely woven cotton.

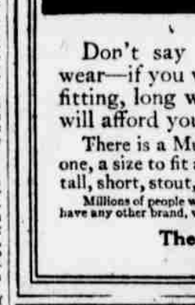
PERFECT FITTING MUNSING WEAR UNION SUITS

Don't say underwear—say Munsingwear—if you want non-irritating, perfect-fitting, long wearing undergarments that will afford you the utmost comfort.

There is a Munsingwear style to please everyone, a size to fit anyone—man, woman, or child—tall, short, stout, or thin.

Millions of people wear Munsingwear year after year. They won't have any other brand, which PROVES that

The satisfaction lasts.



·Stock up on SAWTAY Fats are getting scarce

The Government is buying over half the butter supply for our soldiers. Hogs are being shipped abroad as fast as they can be raised. The Government asks you to use vegetable fats instead of butter and lard. And now all fats are getting scarce.

Those who have been using SAWTAY, the snow-white vegetable butter, and know they could not get such results with any other fat, will stock their pantries early. If you haven't used SAWTAY, by all means lay in a generous supply before all fat prices go higher.

SAWTAY keeps sweet—it will not turn rancid.

Special for this week — 1-lb. 2-oz. cans of SAWTAY, 39c.

SAWTAY is made from the rich cream of tropical nuts and is richer than dairy butter. It has no nut flavor or odor.

For a delicious table butter, work SAWTAY with milk and salt.

For hard sauce, cream SAWTAY with sugar, and flavor.

For rich, creamy mashed potatoes, use SAWTAY instead of butter.

To cakes, pastries and puddings SAWTAY gives more than butter richness.

Ask your grocer about Sawtay

Community Stores We Serve You Save

Family Sizes	Restaurant Sizes
1 lb. 2 oz. Can	20 lb. Can
2 lb. 5 oz. Can	40 lb. Can
4 lb. 12 oz. Can	65 lb. Can

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Today's Inquiries

1. What new field of work was recently opened to women by the Ordnance Department?
2. Where has the training school for this line of work been established?
3. In addressing a letter, is it considered good form to preface the address with "For"?
4. When bureau and closet space in the bedroom is insufficient, what novel scheme makes a place for surplus clothes?
5. What causes soot on the bottom of kitchen utensils?
6. How can oatmeal be served sweetened without the use of sugar?

Would Like to Take Up Nursing

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you please give me facts about the hospitals in regard to nursing? As I have only a grammar school education, do you think it worth while? If not, could you tell me about something else, as I would like to make a change? I have always worked in a factory, but not like most of the places; this is different. It is sanitary, with a nice class of people. L. K.

It is more than worth while for any good, strong, earnest-minded girl to take up nursing at this time. You can enlist in the student nurses' reserve through the woman's committee, Council of National Defense, 135 South Sixteenth street, and you will be assigned to a hospital through that organization. A high school education is not required for the civilian branch of this service. It is possible, too, for you to apply directly to any hospital in the city, making application to the superintending nurse. Room, board and tuition are free and a small salary is paid to defray uniform expenses.

If you do not take up nursing there is the arsenal and the aircraft factory at League Island. The woman's committee at the above address will tell you what positions are open and whether you are fitted to take one of them. There is plenty of war work they would be glad to tell you about there. There is a vocational bureau in connection with the women's war work at Thirteenth and Arch streets which also would help you to find a suitable and satisfactory place.

Offers Home to Grateful Widow

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I noted in your valuable column that "Grateful Widow" desires to obtain information as to entrance into a home.

All institutions being crowded and as I am wanting to do a bit for Uncle Sam and also for myself will you please submit the following information to her? I offer her a home and a few dollars each week if she will come with me and take care of my mother. It will not be hard, as I will help [illegible] I want her [illegible] and two and one-half years. I am confident she will be far happier living this way, in what she could call her own home, than she would be in any institution. I expect reference from her as to her soberness, pleasantness and honesty. If "Grateful Widow" cannot accept perhaps she will know of some soldier's mother or lonesome lady who would care to. Trusting "Grateful Widow" will consider this favorably and thanking you for putting me in touch with her. M. F. R.

M. F. R.'s address is held here and will be forwarded to "Grateful Widow" if she is interested and will kindly forward her own address, which I did not have in the first place. The address will also be given to any other reader who is interested in M. F. R.'s unusual offer.

Free Dressmaking Courses

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Here is some information in regard to the Evening High School in South Philadelphia which one of your readers was interested to know:

Pupil registers at the office of the boys' building. Upon enrolling she must pay $1, which will be returned to her if she attends 70 per cent of the time. Materials are not bought in school. The girls usually decide to make the same thing during the first lesson in order to make it easier for the instructor to give directions. So it will be necessary to attend at least one session in order to know what materials to buy. (Miss) A. M.

Thanks so much, Miss A. M. I am sure it will help our little friend and others who are interested in free dressmaking courses. In return I shall be glad to tell you about the stain within the next night or so.

Red Cross Motor Corps

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly inform me where to apply for enlistment in the motor messenger corps, also if they pay a salary? L. B. J.

The motor messenger corps is now known as the Red Cross motor corps, as it has been made a branch of that organization. Headquarters in Philadelphia are at 1428 Walnut street, in the Emergency Aid building. This is entirely a volunteer organization. No salaries are paid and the girls furnish their own motorcars.

Novel Halloween Costumes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly inform me as to what novel costumes may be worn at a Halloween party? MARIE.

Some of the new up-to-the-minute costumes for Halloween are the camouflage girl, the farmerette, the munition worker, Liberty or the Belgian girl. The camouflage girl wears a little camouflaged boat for a hat. This can be made of cardboard and fits right down close on the head. The rest of her costume is made up of various shades of cambric sewed in zig-zag strips just as a boat is painted in camouflage style. To make any of the other costumes you have but to go to the periodical room of the public library at Thirteenth and Locust streets and look through the files of the magazines. You will find plenty of pictures to go by.

Some One's Pleased, Anyhow

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Your valuable advice in regard to my harem costume was read in Monday's paper with great satisfaction. If you only had a faint idea of how grateful I am to you! I can hardly express in words my gratitude to you and my best wishes for your most valuable and friendly column.

The aid you have given me has saved me much trouble. There is only one thing I am doubtful about in regard to the East Indian costume. Isn't this costume supposed to be of brown? The colors of my costume are pink, lavender and purple. Are they too "loud"? My friend says since the party is a fancy dress party it doesn't matter. L.

I am so glad the idea helped. No, indeed, the colors aren't too "loud." The East Indian costume is frequently carried out in such colors as you mention and would be dull in brown. I will mail the games to you. Come again.

Lovely Lingerie

Odd pieces picked up at sales can be made into the most fascinating lingerie, especially now that all the more acceptable underclothes are nothing if not simple.

Chemises of commendable type can be made from straight widths of crepe de chine, washing silk, crystalline or nainsook, set into a perfectly straight band of embroidery or lace, with no further detail than a couple of ribbon shoulder straps to complete a successful isle.

Saturday's Answers

1. **The United States Secret Service has on very special occasions employed women in its investigative work. The service has about 5000 application names on file now, out of which 200 are women.**
2. **To get information about the position of welfare supervisor of women workers in munition plants, write to Women's Division, Industrial Service Section, War Department, 1334 F street, Washington, D. C. Experience is required.**
3. **Orpha Johnson was the first woman in the United States to enlist in the marine reserves.**
4. **Club toast is brown bread crisped in a hot oven and topped with a slice of bacon and a cream sauce.**
5. **A delicious dessert is made by covering slices of buttered bread with sliced bananas, sprinkling with shaved maple sugar. The slices are put under the broiler flame until lightly browned. Serve hot.**
6. **Put oatmeal through the food chopper to make into oatmeal flour.**

ASK FOR and GET Horlick's The Original Malted Milk For Infants and Invalids OTHERS are IMITATIONS

WILBUR'S COCOA "ALL FOOD, NO WASTE"

War Time Corn Meal COCOA CAKE

Dainty, light and satisfying—it's as easy to bake as it is delightful to eat. How to make it shown among

Wilbur's War-Time Recipes

as well as numerous other dainty, delicious and economical deserts. Your copy's waiting, it's free.

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Skin Tortured Babies Sleep After Cuticura