WOMEN ARE NOT BORN HOUSEKEEPERS—A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION—THAT WINTER TOP COAT

SHOULD THE PAY ENVELOPE GIVE WOMEN NEW DIGNITY?

Concerning the Man Who Gives More Respect to the Girl Who Has Taken His Male Clerk's Place Than to the Wife Who Must Tend the Home Fires

A CAPTAIN, of course, has no rank in his own family. That is to say just because he is never assigned to kitchen police in the army is no reason why his pretty little wife can't hand him a tea towel with general orders to dry the dishes.

It has occurred to me in these days, when every one is talking about women's new sphere, we are more or less overlooking a sphere where she has been conducting activities for many, many moons. The captain, in this particular instance looked so utterly helpless trying to make the glasses nice and shiny the thought could not help occur. And there were others in the room who looked equally helpless—two who had made great strides in woman's new field.

A body marveled at the things done by the capable little woman, things the other women could not have done to save their necks. She had got a chicken dinner that would make your mouth water and all in a little two-by-four kitchenette it was best to get out of to draw an extra breath.

The captain-husband beamed with pride and he was right, too. And the others realized that after all women had been doing worthwhile things for a long, long time.

THIS little tale of things as they really happened does not for a minute mean to depreciate the marvelous things women have accomplished in new fields. The point is rather to draw attention to the fact that for a long, long time woman has been holding down a very important job in another field. And no one thinks there's anything wonderful about it.

Housekeeping in the eyes of the general public seems to be just a little side-issue sort of talent that comes natural to every woman. Well, ask any little bride. The pains and aches, the tears and the desperation woven into the first year of learning to make a house travel on wheels would fill any cup of bitterness to overflowing. To get a Sunday dinner alone is a work of art and any one who is willing to frankly remember the first time she ever tried it will solemnly second this motion.

Song

She goes all so softly,
Like a shadow on the hill,
A faint wind at twilight
That stirs, and is still.

She weaves her thoughts whitely,
Like doves in the air,
Though a gray mound in Flanders
Clouds all that was fair.
—Edward J. O'Brien, in the Century.

Watching the thousands of efficient housekeepers in our land, no one need be astonished at woman's progress when she was invited into man's field. Foremen have been astonished at the dexterity of the slim, white hands that can drill so many more holes per day than ever a man could. As if it is harder to go on and on drilling holes than to cook five different things at once on the stove and keep the children from falling into any one of them!

Man might have known long ago women could have outstripped him or at least have equaled him at a great many of his jobs.

THE pay envelope has undoubtedly given women new dignity. It is true in many cases the men whose wives have taken positions now treat them with a new brand of respect. There is a suggestion of equality in it. Women who have been obliged to stay at home sometimes suffer by comparison.

A person could wish men would not be so mixed up in judgment. The women who have plunged into the war jobs deserve respect, admiration and praise, and here's hoping more and more of them jump in and fill up the wide gaps in industry. But the man who imagines he should give more respect to the girl who has lately taken his male clerk's job than to the woman who gets twenty-one meals a week for him and his children without running him into debt is stupidly blind and foolish.

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. Some fascinating little goldfish.
2. A white georgette blouse embroidered in dark blue.
3. An unusual folding card table that would make a good Christmas gift.

"LITTLE fishes in the brook,
Daddy catch them with a hook."

But, no, these goldfish are not caught with a hook. You carefully examine the tank, with its countless little fish; you select the one you want to add to your own aquarium or goldfish bowl, and then a very skillful young lady, whose father, I feel quite sure, must have been first cousin to Sir Izaak Walton (or was it Newton?), slips up back of the unsuspecting little fish with a net and captures it without so much as a grain of salt on its tail. The small fishes are only five cents each, while larger ones may be had for ten cents; and so completely fascinated was I by the deft manner in which this young lady captures them I bought almost more than my aquarium could hold.

So popular are georgette blouses these days that in order to retain that "personal identity in clothes," which is so desirable, one's waist of georgette must have an individual touch. Recognizing this all-important act, one of the shops is displaying a dainty model of white georgette, embroidered in a darkish blue. The neck is rounded, the embroidery extends around the neck and on each side of the front, and the result is a waist without which your fall suit, if it be of blue, will not be complete. And this lovely blouse can be had for $4.75.

The closing of theatres and movies has sent us back again to cards, and now the quiet stillness of the family living room is broken evenings by such mysterious—to the uninitiated—remarks as "I pass" or "I'll make it a heart." And some of us have experienced the annoyance of clearing off the table each evening for lack of a card table. To such, then, the news of the card tables I saw today should be most welcome. They are of mahogany finish, light in weight and can be folded, which means that when not in use they can be tucked behind the door or in the closet. The tops are covered with a kind of dark, leathery material, and the price is $2.50. Here's another idea for a Christmas gift.

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.

PLAN YOUR MEALS TO SAVE FUEL

Only three and a half cents were required to cook in this oven this entire delicious meal. Planning beforehand turned the trick

COOKING AN ENTIRE MEAL AT ONE TIME IN THE OVEN

To Save Fuel Is as Important as to Save Food—A Little Planning Beforehand Is Patriotic and Gives Satisfactory Results

It is just as much a patriotic service for you to save fuel as to save food. War activities call for great quantities of fuel in addition to the usual demand. To make this supply available every American must save. A little thought in the planning of your meals, with the saving of fuel in view, will make it possible to save an appreciable amount each day.

Utilizing the Flame

For the woman who cooks with gas or liquid fuel, many economies are practicable. The purchase of a compartment vessel, which enables one to cook two or three vegetables over one burner, is a worthwhile economy, since the gas from one burner cooks the food ordinarily requiring three burners. Or if you have a colander or a wire basket that fits over an ordinary kettle you can steam such vegetables as squash, peas or carrots over the kettle in which the potatoes are boiling.

Remember that when the flame spreads up around the side of the vessel you waste gas. Turn down the flame after the boiling point is reached, for the potatoes will not cook any more quickly in water that is boiling fast than in water that is boiling slowly.

The greatest amount of gas wasted, however, is by the indiscriminate use of the oven. Too often the oven is lighted to bake a single dish when by a little careful planning the whole dinner can be baked by the heat expended upon one dish.

Three Fuel-Saving Dinners

Here are three dinners planned to utilize the heat of the oven to the best advantage, all the hot dishes of which may be baked at the same time.

I
Peppers Stuffed with Rice and Cheese
Baked Potatoes — Baked Onions
Corn Dodgers — Butter
Sliced Tomatoes
Baked Cocoanut Custard

II
Roast Beef with Browned Potatoes and Gravy
Baked Whole Tomatoes
Fresh Celery
Bran Biscuit — Butter
Apple Betty

III
Smothered Veal
Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Baked Corn — Pickles
Bread — Butter
Sliced Fresh Peaches or Baked Dried Peaches
Oatmeal Drop Cookies

It may not always be convenient to have such a baked dinner; but, if you do light the oven to bake cake or even quick bread, think ahead far enough to have some sort of fruit or pudding ready to put in the oven for use at a later meal. If such care is used it may prove better economy to make frequent use of the oven.

Another way to save fuel is the use of the fireless cooker for meat, cereals and some vegetables. The main point in the conservation of fuel in cooking is planning ahead how to make the best use of the smallest amount of fuel. A meal cooked with the aid of a fireless cooker must be planned ahead, for time is required for this type of cooking. You will find that the meals planned ahead carefully are better meals and you will be surprised how much you can cut your fuel consumption.

PREPARE now to be comfortable on those cold, blowy days.

Warm underwear can be dainty and attractive when it's "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills."

"Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" (Hand-finished) Underwear

is carefully tailored, and made with patent Flatlock seams so that there is only one thickness of material. Each garment is carefully finished by hand.

High, medium or low neck; long sleeves, elbow length or no sleeves at all; knee or ankle length. All weights and fabrics, all sizes for women and children. Union suits, vests, drawers and tights. Prices 50 cents to $6.75.

For sale at the good shops. Ask for it.

WINSHIP, BOIT & CO.
(Harvard Knitting Mill)
Wakefield, Mass.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Love on a Postal Card

Dear Cynthia—About two months ago I was introduced to a young man who was in the draft. Now he is at camp.

I was in his company but twice, but he asked me to write to him, which I did by observing only the postcards which he sent me—and these were written in pencil. But when I answered these I would write him a letter in pen and ink.

But, understand, he was at camp about a month before he ever wrote to me.

Now I do not care for this young man, but I cannot make him or his people understand that. They expect me to be more than a friend to him, which, of course, I cannot be, as I do not like him that much.

On the last postcard he had written "Barrels of kisses." Now, do you think this was proper to be written openly?

I am also acquainted with a young man who was not born in this country. This young man I like very much, but my friends seem to taunt me about him. Now, what would you advise me to do—continue to answer this young man's postal cards, the one at camp, I mean, that are only filled with love I do not care much about, or to continue with the other young man who has always showed me a good time?

Which shall it be?

Do you think the one at camp means all he says on the postcards about his love for me? UNDECIDED.

To begin at the end, no young man writes real openly on a postal card. If you are anxious in any way at all to keep up a casual friendship with the boy in camp I would write and ask him not to send those "loving" postal cards, as persons are apt to misunderstand them. You might suggest that you would gladly write to him if he will in turn write sensible letters. To keep on writing to the boy in camp would not mean giving up the foreign-born young man. Until you are engaged it is safe to have many man friends. If you like the boy at home, go out with him, no matter what your friends say.

They'll Grow Up

Dear Cynthia—Please tell me what to do. I am a young girl, sixteen years of age. I am in my senior year in the high school. Many times I have come in contact with different kinds of boys. All of these boys were very intelligent and treated girls very well. But none of them were educated up to my speed. I don't mean to say that I must meet boys who are intending to be professional men, but I do like those who at least can speak with a person. Have I the wrong idea? ANXIOUS.

Girls as a rule are older for their age than boys, so at your age it is only natural that you find this condition. Just you wait a little while and give those boys you speak of a chance to grow up. As for yourself, when you meet men a few years older than you are you will find them to be able to give you a lively chase in conversation that is weighty.

Judge by Circumstances

Dear Cynthia—About three years ago, when I first started to become acquainted with boys, I met a fine young man, a year older than myself. We soon became fast friends and in time we came to love each other very, very dearly, so that now I can frankly say we bear the relation of "sweethearts."

This young man has often tried to kiss me and occasionally I allowed him to do so, but most of the time I refused, for fear that it was wrong, despite the fact that we care for each other so much.

Perhaps you will wonder why we are not engaged under these circumstances, but, you see, we are both very young yet. Besides the young man is not in a position to marry for several years, as he is now training for his vocation in the University of Pennsylvania, and, I am happy to say is therefore in the S. A. T. C.

Cynthia, dear, do you think I have done wrong in allowing him to kiss me those few times since I know him? He is a fine, clean and really noble fellow, a leader in many circles and always admired and respected. I could say so many more splendid things of him but I know that eventually he will read this in your column. Or, on the other hand, do you think our relationship is close enough to make an occasional kiss permissible?

We are both so anxious to do what is right, Cynthia. That is why I have come to your valuable column for advice in this matter. MARJORIE.

Under the circumstances it seems as if it would be better for a girl and man in a case such as you describe to become engaged. (This for their own knowledge, as if they have to wait some time to be married they need not tell their friends they are engaged.) With the knowledge that they intend to marry as soon as the way is clear, it would seem that an occasional kiss would be allowable.

Doesn't Answer Promptly

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of sixteen and correspond with a soldier of about twenty. I would like you to tell me in your column what to say in one of my letters to him in order to give him a hint of answering me sooner without giving him the idea that I am very anxious to hear from him. Hoping to hear from you soon, and thanking you in advance, I am,

A FAITHFUL READER.

I think a better plan would be not to answer his letters so soon. Perhaps this will make him see two can play the game of delay. However, you must remember a soldier is a very busy boy and does not always have time to write when he would like to. It would be a mistake, though, dear, to try to make a boy write any oftener to you than he chooses.

AN UNUSUAL COAT IN GRAY VELOUR

This unusual coat is in gray velour. The sides are tucked in squares and gathered at the waist line. Seal furnishes the trimming

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. He enlists in the navy. Later he discovers Ruth no longer loves him and they become "friends" instead of lovers.

LXIII

IN THE days that followed, Jack did become interested in Natalie Jergens. Once Ruth met them out driving in Jack's little motor car, and Natalie had blushed and waved while Jack had looked slightly embarrassed.

Natalie was so admirably suited to Jack in every way. There was nothing very much to her, but she tried pathetically to feel deeply over things, to understand emotions and to come up to what Helen expected of her. Helen was to Natalie a marvelous person, to be patterned after if possible, only it hardly seemed possible. She confided naively to Ruth one morning that she knew she could never do what Helen had done.

"Why, just think, to marry Jimmy as she did without telling her people, and to live in that dreadful little place with him. Oh, it was just too wonderful and awful."

And Ruth looking into Natalie's cloudless blue eyes, knew that to Natalie it had been "just too wonderful and awful." Natalie was a little person who had no unsounded depths, she was one of the women, and there were many, who would never feel the lack of independence; in fact who rather resented such a thing as a slur on their attractiveness. Natalie was a woman who liked being dependent, and Jack wanted just that type of woman.

"I don't really think Helen minded," Ruth had remarked.

"Oh, of course she didn't mind, that's the beautiful part of it," Natalie hastened to say, afraid lest Ruth think her callous. "But how splendid," she offered in the next breath, "that she could come back home to live while Jimmy is away." She pronounced "Jimmy" with a faint lisp that vaguely annoyed Ruth, and yet it was impossible to feel annoyed with Natalie who was such a veritable infant.

Natalie's tactics with men were very pretty and all very much alike. She had a system of eye dropping and her soft cheeks would flush softly, and she would act very, very helpless, and some men seemed to like the method very much.

"When I looked at Natalie," Ruth confided to Helen, "I wonder if I am getting old. Do you ever feel that way too?"

"My child, I'm married, remember," Helen returned, "and I feel as old as Methuselah when Natalie chatters to me, but I don't mind, because she's easily squelched and she's an awfully nice kid even if there isn't much to her."

"She told me that she was simply wild over the men in uniform; she goes to all the dances given for them around town."

Helen laughed, and then sobered quickly. "Ruth, do you think Jack is interested?"

"Yes, I think so, do you?"

Helen drew a long sigh of relief. "I was so afraid you might not be sensible about it. Natalie is just the kind of a girl Jack ought to marry, a little scatterbrain whom he can bully to his heart's content. Of course, I don't think he's in love with her yet, understand that, Ruth, but I do think he's interested, you know the old adage, something about being caught on the rebound. I never could remember the thing."

"Well, I feel less like a criminal than I have felt in quite a while," Ruth returned, her eyes suddenly filling with tears.

"You old darling, things will come out all right for you yet, you see if they don't. Why, you've always been my ideal story book girl, Ruth, and the story always ends right for girls who are heroines."

"Not during the war, Helen; too many girls have lost their men through circumstances that were never thought of before, and I was a dreadful little fool. You know I don't deserve it. And then there's Myra."

It was out, that dread thought that had been in Ruth's mind in spite of her effort to dislodge it.

"Scott wouldn't look at Myra," Helen returned quickly. "Why, Ruth, your mind is distorting things terribly. You are allowing yourself to imagine things that you ordinarily know could never happen. Do you think Scott is going to marry Myra because she happens to be on hand with a new way of fixing her hair? How silly you are, dear. Don't you agree with me?"

"Myra loves him, and that's a great deal," Ruth persisted. "And she hasn't the slightest idea that I care; not the slightest."

"Myra may never see Scott at all," Helen returned.

"Oh, yes she will, but I'm going to take your advice, Helen, and not worry."

Helen's words had done more than Ruth knew to cheer her up. The unconscious ridiculing of Ruth's attitude was the best possible thing for her constant brooding, and for the next few days Ruth was happier. And then out of a clear sky something horrible happened, something so totally unexpected that it struck with all its force one of the little group of people that had so bravely learned its lessons in the hard book of sacrifice, and had learned to be so proficient that no one dreamed of the secret worries, the little misgivings that occasionally came to cause unrest.

(Tomorrow's installment deals with the biggest sacrifice of all.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

CUPID AT CHECK ROOM

By Elizabeth I. Saunders

AT THE check room of the city department store all was excitement. It was nearing the end of the day, and the tired shoppers had all returned for their many checked parcels. Mavis Meredith was impatiently chewing at the finger of an offenseless kid glove. "Oh, dear, I just know that I will lose my train—there are so many people ahead of me," she thought.

"Your check, madame," came at last from the tired check girl, much to the relief of Mavis; but alas! before Mavis could thrust her check into the outstretched hand of the check girl a masculine hand reached over her shoulder and laid his check upon the girl's palm. Indignantly Mavis turned upon the intruder, her dark eyes flashing and her sensitive mouth aquiver with anger. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I believe I was here first," she ventured to the young aviator.

"I am very sorry, lady. Check girl, please wait on this young lady first," he said, with an amused twinkle in his eyes. Then to himself he thought: "A queer little person, but very pretty."

"Very well, sir," answered the check girl, and the girl was gone with both checks, only to return in a few moments with the two packages, both of them being suit boxes. "Here is your parcel, madam—and yours, sir."

"Thank you," came from both parties, and as they neared the door Jack held open the doors for his offendant. "Thank you!" she snapped, more mechanically than willfully, and she was lost in the crowds.

"Thank goodness, I won't have to wear my old blue silk tonight.

After a hurried supper Mavis went to her room to dress for the eventful night; but as she opened the treasured box all her hopes vanished, for instead of the dainty party dress she found, to her horror, that she had an officer's overcoat. "Oh, then, I must wear the old blue dress after all," she said almost pathetically, trying hard to choke back the tears of disappointment.

By the time Mavis and her mother had arrived at the rally the program was well under way, for the aviator was already on the platform. Young and old were craning their necks over the crowd to get a look at the new aviator, and Mavis did likewise, but as she recognized the aviator of the checkroom coincidence, her anger rose. "Just wait till he gets through, I'll tell him something." A little while later Mavis was well aware of the fact that the speaker had left the platform, and that the band had started to jazz so invitingly—and she was also aware of the fact that this very impolite aviator was awful nice, and she liked his personality very much, but she was not aware of the fact that the aviator had recognized her and was coming toward her. "May I intrude once more today, and have this dance?" he ventured. Mavis jumped at the sound of his voice. "Yes, I mean—No," she answered confused.

"Do you know what you mean?" he asked good-naturedly. At this remark, Mavis arose to her full five feet two, and taunted, "Do you realize that you have my new dress?"

"Do you realize you have my new coat?" he answered calmly.

"Yes, but it's all your fault, and you know it," she whined. "I realized that it is my fault, and am not the least bit sorry," he answered. "What do you mean?" she asked hotly. "I mean that I like you, and I intend to know you better—now let us dance." A few weeks later, as Jack called to see Mavis, Mavis asked if he wouldn't try to brush up his memory a bit and bring back her dress, as she needed it.

"Are you going to marry me, before I go?" was his only reply. "No, I'm not." Jack had popped this question so many times to Mavis, and each time had received the same answer, that now he was most desperate. "Yes, you are, and what's more, you are going to wear the 'love dress' to our wedding," he replied fiercely. "But—Jack I don't love you—" "Oh, yes, you do—and you know it, so let's decide right now when it will be." So it was a few days later that Mavis, dressed in the love dress, marched to the altar with Jack, and as she later told her friends, "I don't know how it happened, but you see Jack was so forward—once I thought he was impolite—but it's just his way—anyway I had to marry him in order to get my dress—but good-by for now. I must make a call on that dear little check girl. She's some cupid, I'll say."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"A PAN OF FUDGE."

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Who is Miss Marie L. Obenauer?
2. What was the message of Premier Lloyd George to the women of the Allies who have come to France to do war work?
3. Describe a Christmas remembrance for a soldier that can be inclosed in the Christmas letter.
4. What is a good point to consider when buying a double boiler for the kitchen?
5. How can lumps be avoided in making white sauce for vegetables or fish?
6. What is an easy way to clean a hair-brush?

Must Be Twenty-five to Go Over

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you tell me who compose the women's overseas corps? Are stenographers eligible and for how long a time must one enlist? I am a stenographer, twenty years of age, and would like to use my experience for our Government in overseas work if possible. Can you give me the information requested? If not, will you please tell me where to write for particulars regarding this? FRENCHY.

I imagine you refer to the Women's Overseas Hospital, which is conducted by the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Stenographers have been sent over in connection with that organization. If you write to the Suffrage Association, 171 Madison avenue, New York city, I know you will find out more directly and definitely about this work. In every other kind of overseas service the applicant must be twenty-one. And I think it very improbable that the age limit is lowered anywhere. You could enlist as a yeowoman at the Fourth Naval District, at Twelfth and Chestnut streets, if there are any vacancies there. Or you can apply to the Woman's Federal Employment Bureau, 215 South Seventeenth street, for Government work in some plant here. Have you applied to the Red Cross? There are very often vacancies for stenographers that you might fill very capably in this country.

Turkish Ladies Taboo

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you kindly give me a description of the dress, shoes and hose of the Oriental lady?

The Turkish lady or regulation costume is not patriotic this year. But the Indian costume is very much in vogue. Wear long dresses reaching to the knees, a little white blouse and over it a sphere of any bright color. Around the waist is a wide sash with ends hanging. The headdress is a piece of embroidered cheesecloth two yards long and wide. This is worn on the head, hanging over the left shoulder over the back.

To Join the Emergency Aid

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would like to join the Emergency Aid. What are the rules? Do I have to wear a uniform?

Would like to purchase a gift for a new-born baby. Could you suggest anything for about $10? It is a boy. Shall I send the gift or shall I carry it with me? My husband and I are going to be sponsors and the christening will be at a seashore resort. FRANCAISE.

In order to join the Emergency Aid you must be recommended by two persons. If you want to wear the uniform these persons must be already members of the Emergency Aid. The uniform is not required, however, as a qualification for joining. If you take out that sort of a membership you are obliged to give at least six hours a week service to the organization. Apply 1428 Walnut street.

Why don't you give that baby boy two war-savings stamps to start a nest-egg for him in the world? These will cost $4.21 apiece. Other suggestions are a silver sup, child's knife, fork and spoon set or a robe for a coach. Has the baby a crib? Bring the gift with you if it is small.

Convalescing From the "Flu"

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me through your column if any one could go to Los Angeles, Cal., free on the railroad, as my husband would like to move there and the railroad expense is so much? Is there any way to work your way, or part way, to lessen the expense, as there are three in the family?

My little girl had the influenza and it left her in a very poor condition. Is there some country place that I could send her where she can get good care and good food for a couple of weeks? (Mrs.) E. N. W.

The only way for you to get free passage out to California would be by getting a position of some kind out in Los Angeles, as your employer might possibly pay your way. Perhaps if you apply to the Woman's Federal Employment Bureau, at 215 South Seventeenth street, you may be able to get some work that will guarantee this. The same applies to your husband. Let him apply to the Federal Employment Bureau, at Third and Walnut streets.

I can give you much more satisfactory information about your little girl. Mrs. John Wanamaker is arranging to send children who have had the influenza to the country to convalesce. If you communicate with her at the Emergency Aid Headquarters, 1428 Walnut street, I am sure she will see that your daughter is sent to Chestnut Hill or some other country place where she will be well taken care of and brought back to good health again.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. More than 54,000 banking positions in England are now held by women.
2. The American Red Cross will furnish one Christmas gift container for every soldier in the A. E. F. to his next of kin.
3. These containers may be obtained from the Red Cross by applying with the coupon bearing the name, address and number of the soldier to whom the box is to be sent. Coupons are issued to soldiers.
4. A bride should write her note of thanks immediately after the receipt of each wedding present, unless the wedding has been hastened. In this case, she may write her notes after the honeymoon.
5. A convenient way to strain cranberries is to run them through the potato ricer while they are still warm from the first cooking.
6. "Furoshiki" is the Japanese word for a piece of bright colored cloth cut square, unhemmed and used like a knitting bag for carrying parcels.

Concerning Halloween

The press of Halloween queries has been so heavy it is impossible to handle them through in print. All letters that contained self-addressed envelopes have been answered and we are sorry not to be able to answer those which sent neither name nor address.

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BUY ANYTHING—ANYWHERE
Our customers are not confined to the stock of any one store but may divide their purchases so as to get the very best values. We have been in business for over 27 years and invite the closest scrutiny of our business methods by responsible housekeepers.
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Extraordinary Values
Velveteen, Serge and Satin Dresses
For street and afternoon wear.
Formerly $32.50 19.75
Velour, Serge, Satin and Tricotine Dresses
Smart new models.
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A Wonderful Coat Collection
Fitted, semi-fitted, draped and belted effects. In the most fashionable fabrics and colorings; plain or fur trimmed.
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