BEST DINNER MENU WINS TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF

Mrs. Wilson Awards Three Prizes for Dollar-and-a-Half Meal for Four People

FIRST PRIZE, $2.50

Mrs. C. Kensil,
1514 North Sixty-second Street

MENU
Boiled Haddock, Butter Dressing
Creamed Potatoes and Carrots
String Beans Coleslaw
Banana Fritters Bread and Butter
Brown Betty, Vanilla Sauce
Coffee

SALES SLIP

Two and one-half pounds haddock	$0.38
One quart small potatoes	.05
One bunch carrots	.05
One-quarter peck string beans	.15
One head cabbage, 4; dressing, 5	.09
One quart apples	.07
Bread crumbs, cinnamon, vanilla	.05
One-quarter pound butter	.16
Bread, 6; sugar, 8; coffee, 5	.18
One pint milk	.09
Egg, 4; flour, 4; lard, 5; baking powder, 1	.14
Three bananas	.07
Parsley for garnish	.02
	$1.50

SECOND PRIZE, $1

Mrs. F. G. Combes,
5411 Cedar Avenue

MENU
Creamed Fish in Rice Mold
Potato Balls Buttered Parsley Sauce
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes
(One Egg, Stale Bread, Onion)
Hot Muffins Butter
Crisp Lettuce French Dressing
Fresh Peach Tarts
Coffee

SALES SLIP

One cup rice	$0.06
One and one-half pounds fish	.33
Potatoes	.06
Tomatoes	.06
Lettuce	.10
Peaches	.10
Milk	.08
Coffee	.04
Sugar	.12
Stale bread	.01
Onion	.01
Two eggs	.11
Flour	.05
Shortening	.10
Seasoning	.02
Vinegar	.02
Oil	.03
Parsley	.01
Butter	.18
	$1.49

THIRD PRIZE, $1

Mrs. F. Sperry,
2358 North Twenty-first Street

MENU
Brown Stew with Egg Dumplings
Mashed Potatoes Lima Beans
Pepper Cabbage
Bread Butter Coffee
Frozen Peach Gelatin

SALES SLIP

One and one-half pounds skirt steak cut in pieces	$0.53
One-quarter peck potatoes	.13
One quart lima beans	.10
One small head cabbage	.03
One carrot, little pepper, parsley, red pepper, green pepper	.01
Three peaches	.05
One and one-half cups flour	.05
One and one-quarter cups milk (for dumplings and lima beans)	.06
One egg	.05
One package gelatin	.15
One-quarter pound butter	.16
Tea, sugar, vinegar, salt, baking powder, pepper	.15
	$1.50

The honor list includes:

Mrs. Frank G. Andrews, Mrs. Julia Bowes, Mrs. Emma Lobb, Miss Sophie Aronavitz, Mrs. H. P. Friend, Mrs. Jeffers, Miss Mary Wright, Mrs. Paul Reider, Mrs. F. Burlisall, Rose Calkin, Mrs. Ruth Decenny, Mrs. Anna Abram, Miss E. Viola Roedel, Miss Betty MacDowell, Mrs. C. H. Lord, Mrs. H. Layer, Mrs. John Sweeney, Sarah Flacher, Mrs. W. A. Bacon, Alberta Kalback, Mrs. T. Worrall, Barbara Bridgen.

Perhaps next week you will be a winner of the

Prize Menu Contest

Three prizes are offered each week for the best menu for a dollar-and-a-half dinner for four people.

YOUR FULL NAME

must be given and correct address on the menu. Also the date of sending it. The foods used must be staples and in season, and a sales-slip giving the cost of all materials must be included.

The prizes are: First, $2.50; second, $1.00; third, $1.00.

Address all menus to

Mrs. Wilson's
Menu Contest
Evening Public Ledger
Independence Square

MRS. WILSON GIVES LESSON IN USE OF FIRELESS COOKER

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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DURING a recent visit among the granges, the speakers brought a few pertinent facts up for discussion among the housewives. First, that the housewife should know the balanced rations and how to procure her daily menu, so as to break away from the dreaded monotony of the same foods served in the same way over and over again. Then some inexpensive desserts.

With butter selling at unheard-of prices today the housewife can consistently use other fats to replace the butter in cooking. Then, too, she should know how to combat the present shortage of sugar in both canning and cooking and she should study easier methods of cooking so as to lighten her burden.

From now until late in the fall the housewife will be very busy and in many cases she will be unable to obtain the necessary help to do her many tasks. Therefore, she must do not only the cooking but also some of the other chores as well. In a case like this a large size fireless cooker is vitally necessary and it will soon save its actual cost in fuel and time and a most important saving on meats, for you know that when meat is cooked upon the surface of the stove or in the oven it loses from 18 to 25 per cent of its total weight, while that which is cooked in the fireless cooker loses about 8 per cent. If she will take a little time to study this cooker, the housewife will find she can cook stews, potroasts and goulashes almost as quickly as on the stove without the loss of time in watching it.

The trick in this successful method is to heat the two stones or disks until they will brown a pinch of flour as soon as it is thrown on the disk and then heat the meat to the boiling point in the pan of fireless cooker, and place one of the stones or disks underneath the saucepan in the cooker. Then place another disc on top of the saucepan. Close the cooker. If the meat is placed in the cooker at 9 o'clock in the morning, it will be ready for the noon meal. Make sufficient gravy and thicken before placing in the cooker.

Another point that will interest the housewife is that if she desires a source of revenue her kitchen will surely bring it. On an automobile highway she can place a sign near the road and sell the garden truck, the canned fruits and vegetables and the homemade bread, pies and cakes.

Try this biscuit recipe. All measurements should be level; that is, sift the flour into a bowl and then fill the measure with a spoon. Do not pack or shake. Place in a mixing bowl

Three pints of flour,
One level tablespoon of salt,
Six level tablespoons of baking powder.

Sift and then rub in four tablespoons of shortening and use three-quarters pint of milk or water to form to a dough. Work to a dough in the bowl until smooth and then turn out on the oilcloth-covered table and pat out three-quarters inch thick. Use the palm of the hand. Cut and then place on ungreased baking sheet and bake for twelve minutes in hot oven.

If you measure the ingredients carefully the dough will be just the right consistency. There will be no pastry board or rolling pin to wash up, so you will find plenty of opportunity to give the family hot biscuits.

I heard an old-time housewife declare very frankly that she had a family to cook for and she couldn't take the time to measure like that. But yes you can, my friend. The few extra minutes it takes for exact measuring is not nearly so long as you will spend fussing when you just don't have luck, or have to explain to the family about the mishap.

A New England grange farmwife gave me a recipe for a meat pie that is to be eaten cold. So I am going to pass it along to you.

New England Meat Pie

Select a fat old stewing hen and dress. Cook as for fricassee, using just enough water to cook. Add

Three onions, minced fine,
One bunch of soup herbs.

Let the meat cool in the liquid and then lift and remove the bones and cut the meat into small pieces. Strain the broth and measure and add to three cups of broth

Salt,
Pepper to taste,
One teaspoon of onion extract,
One teaspoon of celery extract,
Three level tablespoons of gelatin.

Stir to blend. Let stand until the gelatin is soft, usually about twenty minutes and then heat slowly and bring to the boiling point. Let cool. Line a pudding pan with plain pastry and then place a layer of chicken meat and then a layer of hard-boiled eggs, sliced thin. Repeat until all the meat is in the pan and then pour over it the chilled gelatin. Place a top crust in position. Make three gashes about an inch long to permit the steam to escape, then brush this top crust with beaten egg and milk and bake in a slow oven for fifty minutes. Cool and then turn from the pan and serve cold. Cut in thick slices or wedge-shaped pieces and serve with cream mustard or horseradish sauce.

Cream Mustard Sauce

Place in a bowl

Four tablespoons of cream,
Two level teaspoons of mustard,
One level teaspoon of paprika.

Stir to blend and then beat in very slowly one-half cup of salad oil, then add

One-half teaspoon of sugar,
One teaspoon of salt,
Two teaspoons of vinegar.

Beat again. This sauce is delicious and does not taste the least bit oily.

Horseradish Sauce

To make the horseradish sauce use one teaspoon of grated fresh horseradish to replace the mustard in the cream mustard sauce.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please give me full and plain directions of how to make the cream for cream puffs? I know how to make the puffs, but not the cream.
DAILY READER.

English Cream Filling

Place in a saucepan

Two cups of milk,
One-half cup of sugar,
One-half cup of flour.

Stir to mix thoroughly and then bring to the boiling point. Cook for five minutes and then remove from the fire and add

Yolk of two eggs,
One teaspoon of vanilla.

Beat to mix and then cool.

Making More Money

The "Turkey Girl"

When the boys in the vicinity of Fredonia, Pa., heard of Aleen Fell's ambition they remarked as with one breath: "Aw, shucks! What's the use? No girl can become a farmer!"

But Aleen, who was only eleven years of age at the time, had made up her mind that she would disprove this theory. "A girl," she claimed, "can do everything that a boy can, and usually do it a good deal better."

So she stalked off her acre of ground on her father's farm, went through all the necessary agricultural preliminaries, and then—because there was no girls' club at that time—capped the climax by joining the Boys' Corn Club, organized under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State College. At the end of her first year in the club it was found that Aleen's crop was better than that of any of the fifteen boys in the organization, and she won the prize—a week's trip to the State College—and effectually disproved the theory about the inefficiency of women in farming.

The proceeds of her first year's crop enabled her to invest in several turkeys. At the end of the following season she had some sixty birds and had made up her mind to drop corn-raising and go into the turkey business in earnest. When, a year or so later, Miss Fell had a flock of 100 prize turkeys, it was evident that she had selected a course which led toward financial independence. At the age of eighteen, she had laid by enough money to pay her way through college and also to hire help to look after her turkey farm. She is now taking the college course and intends to specialize in farm management, using her turkeys as a combination nestegg and bank account.

"I put myself on my feet without a college education," she says. "Just think what I can do after four years of scientific training. Yes, farming does seem to be a man's game, but women can play it successfully if they will only make up their minds to stick at it."

Tomorrow—The "Lucile of Delldom"

HERE'S ANOTHER FAD

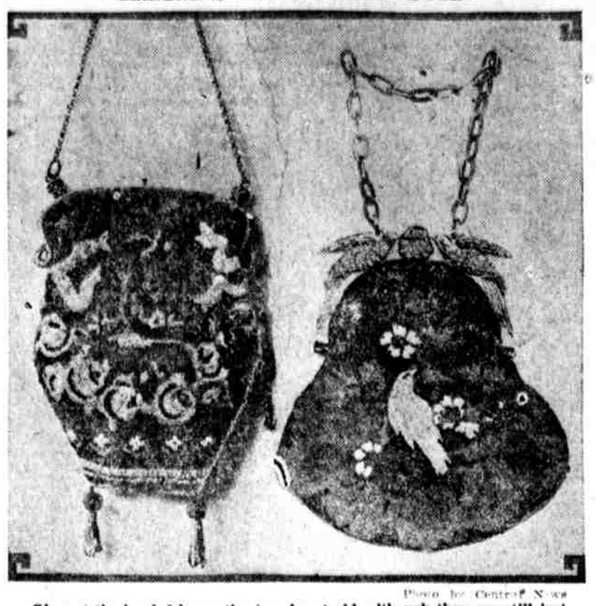

Photo by Central News

Oh, not the beaded bags; they're almost old, although they are still just as much in vogue as ever. But the tops are the important feature of these two. For they prove that when you have snakes curling viciously around on your beaded bag you use a top that has two serpents turning their heads gracefully back upon their curved bodies at the side of the bag. And when a colorful bird poses among equally colorful flowers then your clasp takes the form of two birds with lifted wings, bearing rings which hold the chain of the bag. A pretty idea for dressy occasions

INCHES FROM

The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Nugget or Brick?

Life is my gold mine.
I dig in it for copy.
Nuggets I find—also nonpay-dirt.
There's dross and fine gold.
Usually they're both in one chunk.
Few are unalloyed nuggets.
Even villains show some "colors."
Often nuggets look like rocks.
But inside the crust is pure gold.
It is all very interesting.
Hope to strike it rich some day.
Then I'll be George Eliot, H.
Meantime here's a real nugget:
A man offered himself for sale.
Price, $5000 cash.
He was young and good-looking.
He wasn't angling for an heiress.
Wanted a business man to bid.
He'd be slave to a master.
Would go anywhere, do anything.
Only he wouldn't break the law.
When asked about it, he said:
"I have a foster mother.
She raised and educated me.
Sacrificed for me all her life.
Owe her everything. She's in need.
Has to have it right away.
I can't earn that much in a hurry.
It's for her I'm selling myself."
I hope somebody bids him in.
He would be a good investment.
Such heartfelt gratitude is rare.
A foster child so grateful!
Even "own children" aren't always.
Parents' reward goes backward.
It is in loving their children
Not in being loved by them.
With this boy, it went both ways.

Isn't it odd?
Some might think him a gold brick.
I believe he's a gold nugget.

CARELESS HEARTS

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Julian Decides to Tell Constance

Diana and Julian Long did not realize the enormity of their mistake until they had been divorced several months. Then one day they met on the street and knew at once that they had always loved each other. Diana was amazed at the revelation and afraid that Julian might suspect the truth. To prevent this she promised to marry Gleaves Meltby, a man whom she liked but did not love. Alice Irwin, a friend of both Diana's and Julian's, suspecting the true state of affairs, goes to Diana and tries to make her break with Gleaves. This Diana refuses to do. Then Alice goes to Julian, and discovers that she night before he has asked another woman to marry him.

"O JULIAN, how could you?" Alice's question was almost a wail.

Julian was silent.

"Are you going to let this keep you from Diana; is this promise to another woman of as much importance as that?"

Julian was hearing again those soft words of Constance's. "I know I can trust you, Julian." She was counting on him, she loved him, and he owed her his loyalty.

"If you want Diana," Alice's words broke in on his thoughts, "you mustn't waste any time going to her. She's desperately unhappy."

Suddenly the love that he felt for Diana swept Julian away from all thought of honor or loyalty. Diana was his, and she was going to marry another man. This must be prevented at all costs.

"Surely," Alice was saying, "it isn't right to be loyal to one woman when you're in love with another. That can't make for any ultimate happiness."

Julian spoke then deliberately, slowly. "I'm going to Diana, but first I must tell Constance Loring the truth. That's the only thing to do, Alice; it's the one decent way out."

Alice was thinking quickly. This decision of Julian's did not please her at all. For one thing Alice was a woman, and she knew other women. Suppose this Constance Loring would not release Julian; what then? Some vague intuition told Alice that Julian would not have asked this woman to marry him unless he had been helped along, and if Constance Loring were that kind of a woman, she would want to keep him; she would refuse to give him up.

Julian was making preparations to leave the office, and in an incredibly short time he and Alice were in the elevator.

"I'll take the subway uptown," Alice said, as they emerged into the crowded street. "You'll let me know, Julian, how things come out?"

They stopped a moment before the subway entrance, and Julian's fingers closed around Alice's in a crushing grasp.

"I'll never forget what you've done for me, Alice; you've been a sport clean through!"

Alice smiled at him, whispered "Good luck," and was swept away with the hurrying homegoers.

Half an hour later, Julian was entering Constance Loring's apartment.

She stepped back for him to enter, and then as she closed the door, she went up to him and held her face expectantly. It was then that she saw the strange expression in his eyes. It struck a cold chill to her heart. Something had happened!

They went into the dainty little living-room and stood looking at each other. Julian spoke first.

"Constance, something has happened since last night; I have had news that has changed everything. You'll think me all kinds of a rotter, but I want you to release me from that understanding we came to last night."

An ugly little light gleamed for a moment in Constance's eyes, but her voice was smooth as she said evenly: "I don't understand. Sit down, Julian, and tell me what you mean."

Julian was frantic to be off. This little room, which had seemed so pleasant to him only yesterday, was a cage now; and Constance was the jailer who was keeping him a prisoner in it. He sat down, trying to curb his impatience.

"I don't think I can make it any plainer," he said slowly.

"You mean you don't care for me after all?" Constance's lips were trembling. She was making a supreme effort to act childishly hurt while fury was blazing in her heart.

Tomorrow—Constance surprises herself.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a novel lamp that serves a double purpose.
2. What use may be made of an old, soiled silence cloth from the dining-room table?
3. When velvet is so creased that it cannot be steamed back to freshness, what can be done with it?
4. Describe an easily made kitchen shower gift for the bride-to-be.
5. How are the most fashionable skunk furs treated this season?
6. What novel interior decoration keeps "growing plants" in the house all winter without care?

Saturday's Answers

1. A comfortable lounging chair for the semi-invalid is shaped like a steamer chair, with cushions placed on spring foundations and an adjustable back.
2. A clothes hamper of papier mache that can be washed is easy to keep clean and white.
3. When the furniture in a room is upholstered in figured material, the curtains should be of plain, solid color.
4. A novel and interesting trimming for cloth dresses is a pleated woolen braid.
5. A striking color scheme for an autumn wedding is brown and pink, the bridesmaids wearing brown organdie frocks, brown tulle hats trimmed with pink, and carrying pink chrysanthemums.
6. A new type of dining-room set, convenient for the two-room apartment or the combination dining and living room, consists of a table and four chairs connected by a steel framework, which fold up into a narrow space when not in use.

New Curtains

Now that fall is here, one begins to think of draperies for the winter, and, even if you are using your old ones, there are ways of making them more attractive and adding a fresh note to them. One of these is to crochet small clusters of wool flowers in soft shades and place them at intervals along the side and bottom of each of your curtains. You can use small odds and ends of wool for these. They are easily made, being simply a small round shape, but with a darning stitch worked in between the clusters, the effect is charming. A specially pretty combination would be curtains of rose with the darning stitch in black wool and flowers of old blue, lavender, yellow and pale pink and here and there a small green leaf.

Things You'll Love to Make

Two-In-One Blouse.

Many more than two charming effects may be had in this two-in-one blouse. Make it of brown georgette as illustrated; loosely hanging over a fitted lining and finely tucked yoke. Snap fasteners at close intervals keep the brocaded band in place, and make it possible to change the band as often as desired. One may make an embroidered band—brown satin embroidered in copper, bright gold and blue. Another striking effect can be had by using plaid ribbon in shades of brown and yellow.
FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"A Friend of Philadelphia"

Cynthia does not need models in her department. Apply at the department stores. They will tell you where to go and whom to see.

Do Not Ask Them

Dear Cynthia—After reading your columns every evening I find them to be very interesting. I am making a birthday party (sweet sixteen). Will you kindly advise me how to write the invitations, also what to serve and a few games for entertainment? I know a few fellows whom I wanted to invite, but my girl friends do not like them nor do I, but we haven't enough fellows. Do you think it will be well if I invite them?
A LOVER OF YOUR COLUMN.

Write the invitations:

Miss Mary Smith
Requests the Pleasure of
Mr. John Jones's Company
on Thursday Evening,
October 14 at 8 o'clock

Do not invite guests you do not like. If you will send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page we will forward suggestions for refreshments and games.

She Can't Love Him

Dear Cynthia—Another one coming to mother Cynthia with her troubles. You are like a dear old mother, Cynthia, so please give me a mother's advice. I have been keeping company with a man for two years whom I never loved. It was put into my head that I am not worthy of him, but, Cynthia, I have tried to love him. I tried to think that I had to love him, and for two long years I have tried and tried, but it can't be done.

We correspond because he lives in New York and I live in Philadelphia. I am not engaged to him. He asked me to accept a ring and I said No! and told mother that I can't and never will live happily with him. My mother is nearly heart-broken. Shall I go with him by force or shall I drop him? Is it too late? Please help me out, Cynthia, dear.
DANNY.

No, it is not too late. Write frankly to him and tell him that while you honor him and are very glad to be friends with him you feel that your friendship will never be love, and you do not want him to have any false hopes. Your mother may be sorry about it, but no one, mother, father or any one, has a right to force a girl to marry without love. Married life, when there is love, is the happiest state, but when there is no love it is most unhappy. Do not think of marrying a man unless you love him.

Up to the Girl

Dear Cynthia—To continue the debate on whether all the men's advances are due to the women, I would like your opinion of the following experience:

One afternoon I went in one of the smaller movie houses and a man came and sat next to me at the beginning of a convulsively funny comedy. He glanced at me, but I kept my eyes on the screen, smiling at each funny antic as others in the house were doing. Suddenly at something extra funny he leaned forward and laughed in my face. I did nothing until he had done this twice, and then I leaned forward and made as if to speak sharply, putting my hand on the seat in front and glaring at him full in the face for all I was worth, so that there was no mistaking my meaning. Well, he started and suddenly got up and left.

Now, Cynthia, I think many times the men start things, but it is up to the girls whether they continue. Is this your opinion? He could have made things very unpleasant if I had spoken.

I also wish to say a word to De Jure, Sophist, Ex-Top Kick and others of the fighting clan. If you want to fight, why pick out a heart column on a woman's page for your brawling? Why not talk rationally on sensible subjects? I have not written to the column for over a year, but I often get much amusement out of the daily letters.
PRINCESS KATHERINE.

You are quite right, Katherine. There are some men who will always try to flirt with a good-looking woman, but the minute that woman shows them she will not allow it they let her alone.

What He Thinks of Dress

Dear Cynthia—So far as it may promote the health and comfort of women, there can be no reasonable objection to the modern reduction—raising, lowering, thinning out and taking in—of women's garments. Most of us though will agree that the lessening tendency has gone away beyond that, and that probably the majority of women could be less transparently and altogether more modestly clothed, and at the same time be no less healthy or comfortable. What, then, is the incentive to exposure, sometimes shameless and shameful, paradoxical as that may sound? The reason, needless to state, is that the dear girls, young and old alike, think that they are better to look at. We are free to admit that there are few, particularly of the male sex, who do not delight in beholding a comely woman, radiant with life and health, the most beautiful, say we, of all God's creatures. For her to unduly conceal her charms would be unnatural and a tendency on her part to not too greatly obstruct the eyesight may be condoned.

But, and this is the juice of the lemon, nine and one-half out of ten women are not good to look at in their scant cut-out costumes. The treat which they are giving the world exists in their imaginations only. It is a snare and a delusion. Neither as a facility to health and comfort, therefore, nor as the trimmings which accompany vistas of beauty, can woman's dress of today be defended.

With the hope that no offense be taken at the words here set down, which are written more in sorrow than in anger.
CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE.

Adventures With a Purse

WHEN Peter came home from France he brought with him a veritable treasure chest—silks and laces—oh, my dear, one trembled for his pocketbook! And how we stood around open-eyed and excited, as he delved into that trunk or this box, and brought up something new to delight the feminine eye. And need I say that sooner or later out came a squat fat bottle of precious golden liquid. Upon investigation the golden liquid was found to contain the scent of all the lovely nodding flowers of sunny France. All? No, I am wrong—just those with a sweet fragrance that delight one. Of course, I treasured my bottle of "liquid flowers." Only on high days and holidays did I take a precious drop of the golden-fairy fluid. But, alas, slowly, inevitably, drop by drop, it vanished, and came the time when the perfume was no more. For days afterward, I languished. For I well knew that another bottle was quite beyond my financial reach, even were I to stand on my tip toes. Then one day I made a wonderful discovery, I could still purchase drops of this fairy fluid in small quantities—within my reach. A tiny bottle can be bought for seventy-five cents. It contains only a few drops, to be sure. But those drops are so powerful that only one of them is needed at a time. And so I pass along this information to you lovers of perfume. Let your conscience be your guide.

And speaking of France, have you ever seen the French stationery? One shop is having a special sale of the most intriguing note paper you can ever hope to see. There will be a box of buff paper with the most bizarre lining of orange. Or there will be heavy white sheets with an edging of black and white stripe. Each is a perfectly fascinating French box, and each will appeal to her who seeks distinctive writing paper. The prices have been reduced and range from $1.25 to $3.50 a box.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Some women appear to believe that they are entitled to seats in trolley cars, even though all the available seating space is occupied by other women. So acute is their sense of what they deem to be their rightful accommodation that they "take it out" in annoying the seated passengers, as in the illustration, where one woman has placed a box of candy on a seat-occupant's shoulder and another, a girl, is crushing with the weight of her magazines the hat of the seated passenger to the left of the scene.

School teachers and business girls are not given to this petty malice. If no seat is vacant when they enter the car they stand independently in such a way as not to interfere with the comfort of other passengers. Nor are the annoying leaners invalids who need rest; they are chronic trouble-passers who have acquired the habit of shifting all their discomfort to other people's shoulders.

If universal suffrage shall serve to extirpate the feminine parasite, all mankind will bless "votes for women."

The Woman's Exchange

A Few Toasts

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — Kindly publish some toasts appropriate to give at the table at a masked ball. Also suggest some for a birthday party. What would be a novel gift for a girl on her sixteenth birthday?
A CONSTANT READER.

Here are some toasts that might fit these occasions:

May the fairies protect us against the witches and evil spirits of Halloween.

May you never find the black cat of bad luck on your doorstep.

Goblins and sprites may still be seen in the dark o' the night on Halloween. Let's drink to them now, they'll vanish I fear.

And not return till another year.

May every birthday be even happier than the last, and may there be many of these birthdays.

Birthdays come to ladies fair
Bumble bees and even bears
In fact, no one would ever dare
Not to have a birthday.

We're glad it's your birthday, because it gives us a chance to wish you something we've been saving up all year long for this day—a lot of good luck.

For the birthday gift a pair of silk stockings, an umbrella, some handkerchiefs, a string of beads or something for her dressing table would be appropriate if you are an intimate friend of the girl. Then there are the impersonal gifts of flowers, a book or candy, which are none the less delightful to receive.

To Make Blond Hair Lighter

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly advise me what I can do to make my hair light and keep it that way? A couple of years ago I had beautiful blond hair, but it has kept getting darker all the time, until now I have what is commonly called "dirty blond" hair, and although it is still a pretty shade I fear it may eventually get real dark, and I should hate to have that happen. I would very much like to bring it back to its former color, although I do not wish to apply anything that would be harmful in any way. I shall greatly appreciate any aid you can render me in this connection.
BLONDE.

Try putting lemon juice in the rinse water when you shampoo your hair. This will gradually make it lighter, although if your hair is inclined to be very dry it might be wise to use this method, very often as the juice of the lemon is apt to make the hair dry and brittle. Since you do not wish to use any dyes there would be no other way that I could suggest to you.

HUMAN CURIOS

Mazeppa

Ivan Stephanovitch Mazeppa, born a Cossack, became a page at the court of John Casimir, king of Poland, while hardly more than a boy. He was later discovered in an intrigue with a woman of noble birth, and the jealous husband secured his revenge by causing him to be stripped and bound to the back of a wild horse, which was then turned loose in the woods. The horse, with the customary sagacity of its kind, headed back for its native haunts, and finally reached the Ukraine, where some Cossacks released the exhausted youth.

Within a few years Mazeppa became a leader among his people, was made a noble by Peter the Great, but deserted the Russian colors for those of Sweden when Charles XII invaded the country. Rather than fall into the hands of his enemies after the disastrous battle of Pultowa, Mazeppa killed himself by drinking poison.

Byron found this story in Voltaire's "Life of Charles XII," and used it in his famous poem "Mazeppa," just as Pushkin made Mazeppa the hero of his drama "Pultowa." The melodrama of the same name was produced in Philadelphia in 1825 by an Englishman named Hunter, but Adah Isaacs Menken, in 1840, conceived the brilliant idea of playing the role herself and, during the six decades that followed, the part was a favorite one with other actresses whose figures were suited to the display which it necessitated.

Wednesday—The Armless Man

THEY WANT TO HAVE A CLUB OF JUST SIX OF THEIR CLASS

But if They Do They'll Make Themselves Unpopular—The Other Girls Are Bound to Envy a Little, Criticize and Sneer a Great Deal

A GIRL who has just returned to a private school has written to me for help.

She isn't in any serious trouble; she just wants some suggestions of names for a club that she and five other girls have been permitted to organize.

And I don't want to send her the names.

I'm afraid it will make her and her five friends unpopular in school if they go on with this club and really call it a club.

If they were from different schools, or if they had a few girls in the club who were not in their class or their school, it wouldn't do any harm for them to have their club and enjoy it.

Or if they go ahead and have their fun without calling themselves a club—

But this club business among girls in private schools is seldom a good idea.

THE members of the club think they're having lots of fun.

"Let's have a meeting at recess," they suggest.

And as soon as the bell rings they rush together, ignoring the rest of their class, and whisper and giggle and behave as if they had the most delightful, mysterious joke in the world.

If an outsider attempts to break in, not knowing what is going on, they snub her immediately.

"We're having a club meeting," they inform her haughtily; and she withdraws in confusion.

But she doesn't look upon them with awe and envy—or, at least, she pretends that she doesn't.

"Stuck up!" she announces to the rest of the class. "They make me sick, thinking they're so much with their club. I guess we could have a club if we wanted one."

It makes a disagreeable feeling right away, whether the club members mean it to—and, of course, they don't—or not.

And the club members are immediately unpopular.

SOME schools have honor societies, or sororities, in which membership is a reward for good work in studies, athletics or both, or for general likableness.

When your club is that kind it gives you something to work for, and there is nothing of the "clique" about it.

It is only these little gatherings of six or eight girls out of one class, calling themselves a club, that make for that cliquey atmosphere.

And there can be none of the enthusiastic, wholesale class spirit, that working together that makes school so much fun and so much easier for both girls and teachers.

There's bound to be petty jealousy, sly whispering, divisions among the class, just because some of the girls feel that these six or eight consider themselves above the others.

HAVE your games together by all means, go to one another's houses, be just as good friends as you want to be—but for the sake of your own peace of mind as well as the unity and happiness of your class, don't be "cliquey."

Don't separate yourselves from the rest of the girls and call yourselves "The Half-Dozen," "The Silly Six," or "The" anything.

You'll have a much better time if you don't, because it really isn't a bit of fun to be sniffed at, avoided and considered snobbish.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Christopher Columbus

THERE is no sight that tugs at the heart strings more fiercely than a fight against odds.

The little mother draining herself of youth and vitality to provide for fatherless, unknowing children; the soldier lunging desperately with his back to the wall; the explorer keeping on in constant danger from unleashed elements and muttering mutinous crews—these are our heroes, these make hero worshipers of us all.

And that is the cryptic, cogent appeal of Christopher Columbus. That is why the mention of his name stirs our heart and imagination. That is why our love and admiration for him will continue and grow as the years go.

Christopher Columbus was one of the greatest thinkers of his day. He died like many other of the world's greatest thinkers—bereft of honor, in want, humiliation and chains.

He ended his days in the mistaken belief that he had discovered a new route to the Indies. We know now that he accomplished something incomparably greater—he had discovered a new world.

In the blood of Christopher Columbus surged the corpuscle of intrepid adventure. He was the incarnation of the spirit of evolution and civilization, the spirit that forever gropes, searches and reaches out; that, undismayed and undeterred by obstacle and buffeting and ill circumstance, sets forth for fields anew to chart unmapped seas and blaze untrod trails, that there may be more and better things for those who come after to have and to hold.

Christopher Columbus had what has been called the unconquerable soul. Nothing and no one could down him. Nothing and no one could daunt him. He triumphed over resisting, avenging, terrorizing nature. He triumphed over the smallnesses, the weaknesses and the fears of men. "Let us keep on" was his answer to doubt and derision.

The discoverer of America was an Italian, but he belongs to America. He typifies the true American pioneer. He felt life. Life compelled him. It sang sweet songs to his bruised hopes. It held ever new visions before his tear-sore eyes.

Strong, self-reliant, confident and conquering, he died reviled, imprisoned, starved and manacled.

Yet his was the great satisfaction, his the great glorification. He had obeyed the imperious urge. He had found the way.

And he has secured to himself fame and place durable as making itself, for he was one of its master alchemists—he transmuted disappointment, injustice and defeat into courage and determination to "sail on, sail on, and on" till he felt he had done what he had set out to do—and more.

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