MRS. WILSON HAS PLENTY OF CANNED FOOD FOR WINTER

And Advises Other Housewives to Lay in a Good Store of Preserves—Home-Made Bread Saves Money

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE wise housewife looketh well to the ways of her household though she lives in just a small apartment. She can plan and arrange a small store room, though it be just a top shelf in the closet.

To depend upon daily purchases of food for maintaining the home is expensive, and if you did not can food during the summer, it will be a wise investment for you to have on the shelf:

Three cans of good grade corn.
Three cans of good grade peas.
Three cans of good grade tomatoes.
One-half dozen cans of the size best suited to your needs of evaporated milk.
One pound of coffee.
One-quarter pound of tea.
Two or four jars of fruan haddie.
One-half dozen glasses of good grade jelly.

More may be added and the varieties increased if desired.

On cold, stormy days or on the arrival of an unexpected guest, this shelf will surely prove a treasure trove.

My own store room list shows that I have on hand all home-canned:

One-half dozen pint jars of strawberries.
Nine jars of asparagus.
Twenty-eight pints of peas.
One dozen pints of cherries.
Twenty-four pints of corn.
Fifteen pints of string beans.
Twenty pints of peaches.
Ten pints of raspberries.
Forty pints of tomatoes.
Twenty-five pints of pimentos.

With this supply, the weekly marketing will soon reduce itself to the eggs, fish, meat and butter, the usual winter vegetables, and together with the good home-made pastries and cakes, will afford an abundant menu.

The woman who understands the value of the entree or made dish can cut the meat bill nearly in half. Fried or broiled meats are most expensive, and as they afford only a minimum food value are poor economy.

Dried beans, both lima and navy beans, both the whole and split peas, as well as lentils, can be used in puddings, souffles and croquettes to replace meat and, if nicely made, the family will enjoy them. Dried corn and rice are also necessary staples and afford a splendid variety to the starchy foods of the winter diet, when alternations with white and sweet potatoes and the Italian pastes are likely to be monotonous.

During the jelly-making season the price of sugar prohibited making jelly, yet I have prepared the juices and bottled them, and now I am making my jelly when not only sugar is much cheaper, but the weather is far more agreeable for this kind of work.

All the fruits I have canned in their natural state. This I have done for years, not as a matter of economy alone, but rather because, to my mind, the fruit retains its natural flavor. When I am ready to use the fruit I drain off the juice and add two-thirds of a cup of sugar to each one and one-half cups of juice. Stir to dissolve the sugar and then bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Pour in a dish and when cold add the fruit. Many persons who have eaten this fruit declare it far superior to the usual method.

When planning a menu, if I have opened a jar of canned vegetables, I save the liquid and about one-half cup of the vegetables. This can be used for cream soup or puree. This is a real economy, for if I plan to use peas, corn or tomatoes this evening, with meat for dinner, the next evening meal I serve the cream vegetable soup and an entree or made dish, such as cheese, eggs, cutlets or bean croquettes with parsley sauce.

Now that the cool weather is here, plan to have at least two batches of home-made bread each week. During one of my lectures recently I claimed that delicious home-made bread could be made for six and one-third cents per loaf, and that this was considerably cheaper than purchasing it. One woman exclaimed that it might seem cheaper, but for her it was dearer. When I had succeeded in finding the reason for this statement she said that her family ate too much of it.

But I pointed out that there is quite a difference between six and one-quarter cents' worth of bread and one-quarter of a pound of butter say at eighty cents a pound and two pounds of meat at fifty cents a pound.

Think this over and then hunt up those utensils and start baking bread again. Now, let me figure this cost for you and see if you don't want to go to bake this very minute.

The recipe calls for

Two cups of water, 80 degrees Fahrenheit	.00
Two tablespoons of sugar, level measure, equal one ounce, at sixteen to twenty cents a pound	$0.01
Two teaspoons of salt	.01
Three tablespoons of shortening	.06
One yeast cake	.03
Two pounds of flour	.08
Total	$0.19

This amount will make two one-and-a-half-pound or three one-pound loaves of bread and for the small family two loaves of bread and a pan of biscuits.

You do not need to fear failure if you will just follow the recipe. Do just what the recipe says and nothing else.

Use an ordinary thermometer, such as you have about the house, to test the temperature of the water. Be careful not to insert the thermometer while the water is too warm. Place two cups of water 80 degrees Fahrenheit in a warm bowl and add

Two level teaspoons of sugar,
Two level teaspoons of salt,
One and one-half level teaspoons of shortening.

Crumble the yeast cake and stir to dissolve. Now sift the flour into the bowl and fill into a measuring cup with a spoon. Pile high and then level with a knife. Use seven and one-half cups of flour. Work to a good smooth elastic dough and then clean out the bowl and use one and one-half tablespoons of shortening to grease it. Place the dough in it and press firmly against the bottom, then turn the dough over. Now cover and set away in a place that is free from draughts in a temperature of 70 degrees for three and one-half hours.

Take to table and punch down, then turn the dough over and cover and set away for one hour longer. Now turn on a molding board and form into loaves. Place in a warm place and let rise for forty-five minutes. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes.

Note—Use plank four inches wide by six or seven inches long.

What about your dinner for the

Prize Menu Contest?

Have you sent it in?

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; third, $1.

Address all menus to

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

Menu Contest Honor List

Miss Georgia Jones,
2411 Wharton Street.

Menu

Liver and Onions
Peas Potatoes
Tomatoes
Bread Butter Coffee
Cantaloupes

SALES SLIP

Liver	$ .15
Onions	.08
Peas	.20
Potatoes	.12
Tomatoes	.10
Butter	.17
Lard	.06
Bread	.09
Coffee	.03
Milk	.15
Sugar	.05
Seasoning	.05
Cantaloupe	.15
Total	$1.50

Miss Margaret S. Writford,
Collingswood, N. J.

Menu

Consomme Croutons
Pork and Bean Cutlets (garnished with quartered beets dipped in French dressing)
Corn on Cob
French Stewed Tomatoes
Bread Butter
Cream Pepper Cabbage
Salted Crackers
Apple Pie Coffee

SALES SLIP

One can consomme	$ .12
Stale bread	.02
One can pork and beans	.13
Bread crumbs	.03
One onion	.01
One egg	.05
One-half bunch of beets	.07
Vinegar	.03
Oil	.01
One can evaporated cream	.15
Four ears corn	.27
One quart tomatoes	.25
One-quarter pound salted crackers	.08
One quart apples	.08
One pound flour	.09
One-half pound lard	.12
Seasoning	.03
One head cabbage	.04
One pepper	.02
One loaf of bread	.09
One-eighth pound of butter	.08
Four tablespoons coffee	.07
One slice salt pork (for cutlets) chopped	.03
Total	$1.48

Mrs. F. J. Roth,
2723 Hollywood Street.

Menu

Stuffed Peppers With Tomato Sauce
Baked Potatoes
String Beans with Sour Dressing
Peach Pie
Bread Butter Coffee

SALES SLIP

Four peppers	$ .10
Three-quarters pound of pork	.20
Rice and one egg	.08
One can strained tomatoes	.05
Potatoes	.10
One-quarter peck beans	.15
Bacon, onion, flour and vinegar for dressing	.08
Peaches	.15
Flour and lard	.11
Bread and butter	.16
Flour	.12
Coffee	.05
Top milk	.05
Seasoning	.02
Total	$1.56

Myrtle H. Foote,
Germantown, Pa.

Menu

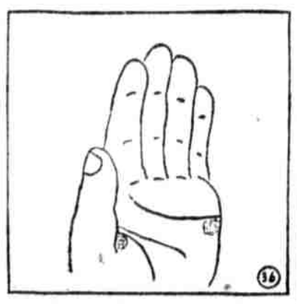
Baked Meat Loaf
Baked Sweet Potatoes String Beans
Corn on Cob
Lettuce and Tomatoes
Iced Cantaloupe
Bread Butter Coffee

SALES SLIP

One and one-half pounds of ground beef	$ .40
One quart of sweet potatoes	.18
One-quarter peck of string beans	.15
Eight ears of corn at 15c per doz.	.10
One-half head of lettuce	.04
Tomatoes	.05
Two cantaloupes	.10
Bread	.05
Butter	.15
Sugar	.04
Coffee	.05
Milk	.05
Egg, bread crumbs, milk, seasoning (meat loaf)	.09
Total	$1.45

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



INFLEXIBLE MARTIAN

The stiff hand and fingers of the Martian indicate one who would "rather fight than eat," although he is prone also to eat to excess.

XXXVI

The stiff-handed Martian may be expected to be a mighty disagreeable sort of companion. The dense mind, which is usually reflected by the stiff hand and fingers, coupled with his naturally aggressive, unyielding spirit, makes him intolerant of any idea which may seem to him in any way to conflict with his own views. He is the kind of person who is likely to pick a quarrel with you and even do you bodily violence, because, forsooth, you fail to kowtow to some fetish of his. And he is likely to be the slave to a hundred fetishes, in politics, business, religion, racial patriotic or other respects. It is best to avoid all argument with him; for he is pre-eminently the sort of whom the poet says:

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

(To be continued)

HALLOWEEN'S COMING

And you will be looking about for novel favors and decorations. Here are some suggestions: It is often nice to have your menu written out, and this menu card, hanging on a lamp post, makes an attractive decoration. The wise little owl on his perch is a delightful favor, and wouldn't you just love to have this black cat with his "cat tail" guarding your place card? Then you'll need a container for nuts and one for candy—the witch or the funny face, which is just a drinking cup turned upside down and decorated with crepe paper. To cap the climax don't forget the disheveled-looking witch with the "whiskers," for when you blow her she goes flying out with a weird screech and then springs back into place again

THE UNWELCOME WIFE

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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The House of Harriman

Anthony Harriman has persuaded Charlotte Graves, a country girl who knows nothing of life, to marry him secretly.

TONY HARRIMAN had been brought up with a sense of the fitness of things. He was the only child, and subconsciously he had felt that some day he would settle down, marry a girl who would make him a good wife, and turn his hand to the managing of his father's business. As for this theoretical wife of his, the thought that he might, or might not, love her had never seemed important to him. Love between married people was not an essential. His own mother and father had lived a dignified, calm existence, but as for love, the kind one read about in books, there was nothing of that kind between them. Yet they seemed happy enough. Anthony's attitude toward girls was a singularly healthy one. He liked them, and at college they had flitted lightly in and out of his life. He had danced with them, flirted with them, taken them here and there, but there had never been anything serious in his relations with them, no fancy deeper than that of the moment, nothing that had ever caused his heart to skip a beat.

Somewhere in the back of his head, however, there was the knowledge that some day he would marry, and marriage to him meant choosing a girl from his own walk of life, a girl who would sit at the head of his table, manage his home, be a credit to him always. If he had ever connected any one girl with these ideas of his, it had been Edith Comstock, who had come nearer to his ideals than any one else. Edith was a tall, attractive girl with a rather statuesque type of beauty. Her father was Barnes Comstock, a business colleague of Clayton Harriman's, and the two families were very intimate.

Edith danced well, looked distinguished in her evening gowns, played a fairly good game of tennis, ran a car, had a pleasing amount of small talk, in short was a splendid, all-around girl. Anthony liked her, but he had never indulged in any sentimental ideas about her. There had never been even the smallest kind of a flirtation between them, but the knowledge was there just the same, and both of them realized it, that some day they would marry.

The night Tony had taken Charlotte in his arms, he had forgotten all about his ideas of the right kind of a wife. He knew that he wanted her, that was all, that this tiny girl must be a part of his life for all time. He had not stopped to reason, it was enough to kiss her and hold her against his heart. The idea of taking Charlotte out of her present existence, of showing her life, of carrying her home to his mother to be petted and made much of, obsessed him. He did not remember his mother as a rather worldly type of woman, who would be apt to judge Charlotte for her deficiencies, but only as his mother who would welcome the woman he had chosen to make his wife. He did not reason that Charlotte was entirely ignorant of all those little conventionalities that women of his own world observed with the utmost rigidness, he saw her simply as sweet and utterly desirable, and so he asked her to marry him, with no thought of the awakening that would come later.

Anthony had been on a camping trip up in the Berkshire hills with some of his college friends. His first meeting with Charlotte had taken place in the general store of Westonbury, where he had gone for supplies. Charlotte had appeared like a fairy apparition, strangely out of place in her surroundings, and with that pale, blonde beauty that stirred him from the first glimpse he had of her. He had invented an excuse to speak to her, and she had responded with a naivete that showed plainly her utter lack of experience. Since then there had been other meetings, and once Anthony had had supper with the Graves family, including the hired help. Old Abner Graves ate with his knife, and Charlotte's mother waited silently and with dragging footsteps on the hungry men, but Charlotte, pushed back in her chair by her mother whenever she wanted to help, sat like a princess, the lamp light shining on her pale gold hair, her blue eyes radiant in the dim room. It was then that Anthony had resolved to take her out of it all, and now as he sat in the hired buggy waiting at the fork of the road for Charlotte to appear, he had no foreboding at all concerning the future.

(Tomorrow, a strange wedding)

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. How can enameled furniture be prevented from attracting particles of dust?
2. Describe a good-looking hat to be worn with a sport suit.
3. What is the best kind of day to select for the washing of blankets?
4. How are some of this season's skirts of thin material trimmed so that they stand out around the feet?
5. What is a good cleanser for bathroom drain pipes?
6. How can children's white stockings that would be outgrown during the winter be saved for use?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A new type of umbrella that is proof against theft or absent-minded "borrowing" has the name of the owner woven in white letters in the inside of the top.
2. Miss Tillie Thompson, of Philadelphia, is the youngest woman lawyer in the city, having been admitted to the bar when she was twenty-one.
3. When a radiator is brushed, placing a moist cloth over the top will keep the dust from flying.
4. An old lace medallion left from a worn-out dress can be inserted in the front of a silk camisole.
5. The latest fad for trimming handkerchiefs is the use of patchwork to form little designs in the corners.
6. A chair that has been gilded can be sand-papered and rubbed with furniture polish to give it a mahogany finish.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Polly"

You may write to Dorothy through the column, but you must not ask her to suggest ways of meeting you. I have told you that no matter to whom the letters are written, no introductions may be brought about through this column.

To "Anna W."

You can write to the city census officials in Detroit and Rochester, asking if they can locate your father for you. Give his full name and trade if you know it. Can you not influence your mother to reconsider her determination? She should remember her marriage promises.

They Are Disgusted, Too

Dear Cynthia—We are three girls in our teens and are writing to tell you what we think of the opposite sex. We are not surpassingly beautiful, but will pass as good-looking.

We are well educated and hold responsible positions in the business world and are very popular in the social world.

We are not judging all the men by those we have met, but those we have are supposed to be gentlemen, although in our estimation they fall below our ideals. They are conceited and affected. Sometimes we are disgusted. Dear Cynthia, are there any real gentlemen left?

PEG, MAE AND MOLLIE.

Yes, there are plenty of gentlemen to be found. Always behave like ladies and you will find response.

Don't Encourage Friendship

Dear Cynthia—I read your column daily, and, although I never wrote you before, I benefit by your advice. Here is my dilemma: While coming from lunch the other day I met a young man. He walked aside of me and as it was just across from the building where I work, I crossed over. He began to talk with me and I answered him cordially, and we were speaking for about half an hour. Before leaving he wished to make an appointment for that evening. I said I cannot due to the fact that he was a stranger to me. Was I right in so doing? However, he said if he was willing to take the risk, why should I not be willing also? But I told him I could not, as my parents were sure to disprove. He then wanted to meet me outside, but I made excuses for the evening he stated, and as he was going out of town in a few days, he promised that he would watch for me later.

I am very lonely, Cynthia, and as this young man said he wished for my steady company, should I meet him and go out with him when he arrives, and should I make some excuse to my parents, as there was no mutual friend to bring any introduction between us whatsoever?

As I am an only girl, and do not seem to have either any girl friends or boy friends, I find it a hard life. My only diversion is my daily work, but this too soon proves irksome. My parents seemed always to object to my girl friends when I had any, and as they were refined and respectable, I became very disheartened, and just broke the friendship. When I do get an introduction to a young man, they will not allow me to go out unless they know him, his people, and other details, which never yet happened to be known to them, so I just had to call off any engagement. Do you think this is a fair idea? I think I can tell whether a young man is respectable or not. I dance, play the piano, and am a jolly person, and enjoy shows. Also to have a nice chat. I dress neatly and attractively and thereby find no hindrance in going out. Also am well educated.

I hope, dear Cynthia, you will give my problem your attention, and as I will be guided by your advice alone, I shall appreciate any counsel you give me. For your kindness, please accept the thanks of a

"LONELY GIRL OF TWENTY."

No, my dear, do not think of making a friend of this young man with whom you talked. You should not have answered him. It is never wise and no matter how much you think you know about people, you are not competent to judge them after one conversation. Your parents are quite right to insist on knowing something about the men and girls you bring to your house.

Unfortunately there are many persons in this world who are by no means as good as they seem. You will never regret following your parents' judgment on these matters.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Do More, Be More, Get More!

IT IS not so long since Europe regarded America as the El Dorado where gold could be gathered from the gutter by any man who had the energy to stoop to rise.

When the eager immigrant hungrily scanned our streets for the precious metal, it took but a short time to discover, as they did in the disillusioning days of '49, that here, as elsewhere, gold was not to be found, but to be earned—to be won as the precious metal always is won—by intelligent prospecting and patient digging.

One of the greatest lessons we ever learned at school was the fundamental principle of physics, that when certain forces are acting they always produce a result. And the resultant, as the result is called, is always exactly proportional to the forces acting, both in intensity and in direction.

There is an old German saying (if I may be wicked and quote it!), "Aus nichts wird nichts"—out of nothing comes nothing. You can't get any result without some force. The man who gives the world nothing gets from the world nothing. The only way to get anything worth while in this world is to give full value received for it. And the only way to get more than the average in this world is to do more and to be more.

Do More, Be More, Get More! That is the real glory of America. For ours is a land where progeny of peasant and progeny of potentate enjoy the same opportunities; where breed and creed, caste and class, forbears and pedigrees cannot push an insignificant man ahead nor hold a doer back; where the coat of arms of Aristocracy is a pair of shirt sleeves well rolled up.

Do More, Be More, Get More! That is the real definition of Democracy, the real meaning of Liberty, Freedom and Opportunity. It is the American conception of the great Law of Compensation, the formula which always has worked, and which those who try to get something for nothing or much for little discover to their sorrow always does.

Now, the man who does more and is more may not get more right away. He may not get more so quickly as he ought. He may have to plow a path through the creepers of office politics, fight his way through the slough of ignorance and stunted vision, battle for very life amid the stifling dumps of discouragement.

But if he refuses to break beneath the burden, if he grimly continues to do more and to be more—which means to study, expand, co-operate, enhance his value, entwine himself heart and soul in his work and the interests of the man he is working for—then, and then only, will he get more.

And he will get more just as inevitably as the blimp obeys the law of levitation and water rises to its level.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Nothing is so sure a test of courtesy as is the unexpected visit. The hostess depicted has been writing letters, and the host has been reading his evening paper, when acquaintances drop in without warning, apologizing for their informal call, by telling of their automobile breakdown, or their railroad journey delayed by a few hours of waiting in town between train-changes—or any of the other happenings which might excuse an uninvited and unannounced visit.

From the most ancient times, hospitality has been accounted one of the most sacred of social virtues. No matter how inconvenienced host and hostess may be by unheralded callers, they accept the situation cheerfully, and do their utmost to make the visitors welcome and to render their visit an occasion to be remembered with pleasure.

At the same time, the visit-without-notice is almost inexcusable in these days of universal telephone facilities.

The Woman's Exchange

The Marriage Is Legal

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me if a marriage is legal if a man marries before his wife is dead a year? She was dead about eight or nine months when he married in Pennsylvania. He's married about three years to the second wife.

Also please tell me the proper care of the hair, how often to shampoo it and if brushing it well every night is good for it. Is liquid vaseline good to thicken the hair, and how do you use it? Does it darken light hair?

JOSIE.

If the marriage was performed in accordance with all the laws of the state it is legal, no matter how soon it was after the death of the first wife. The man could have been married the day after his first wife's death, and it would have been legal.

The hair should be brushed thoroughly every night, in order to make it stand away from the head and keep it from sticking together, as well as to free it from the dust and dirt that it always gathers up during the day, and to distribute the oil of the scalp through it. It should be shampooed as often as it seems to be dirty, although not oftener than every two weeks. Liquid vaseline is very good to make the hair grow. Apply it about three times a week to the roots of the hair, rubbing it well into the scalp. It makes the hair rather greasy for a while, but it is worth a little greasiness to have your hair grown in so well. If your hair has a tendency toward getting darker, the vaseline may hasten it, but ordinarily it does not affect the color. Massage your scalp with the tips of your fingers every time you put the vaseline on, to stimulate the growth of the hair and the health of the scalp.

Making More Money

Gold and Sentiment

When Miss Madeleine H. Peck entered the New York School of Applied Design for Women she didn't have a very clear idea of what she wanted to do. She felt the urge of what is usually described as "an artistic temperament," but, on the other hand, she knew from experience that one needs more than temperament or even artistry to make a living. She had to strike some line that would pay her well, for she was forced to make her own living; and she had no ambition to languish in a garret while the world was coming to a realization of her genius.

So Miss Peck determined to cash in on her talents in a commercial manner—to enter a field where the competition was limited and the future virtually unbounded. It was for this reason that she took up the study of jewelry designing, specializing in the odd trinkets which would appeal particularly to women.

"Jewelry," as she informed one of her friends who inquired the reasons for her selection of a career," is worn principally by women. Men, however, are responsible for most of the designs; and I feel that the feminine touch would lead to greatly increased sales. Then, too, there's another angle. Almost every one has some piece of jewelry to which he is attached for sentimental reasons. He wouldn't part with it for worlds, but it's usually out of date and antiquated looking or else very much worn. I'm going to take these pieces and, reworking the gold or silver, bring them right up to the minute. In other words, my business is going to be a combination of yellow gold and the gold of sentiment."

Within a surprisingly short time Miss Peck had a "studio" of her own and, what was even better, an income that would make the general run of artists turn green with envy. "All because I used my head," she says.

Tomorrow—By Handling It

THE CHARITY WORKERS HAVE THEIR OWN WET BLANKET

She Always Objects in a Vague, Useless Kind of Way to Every Plan That Is Suggested—She Casts a Gloom Over Everything

THE Charity Workers are beginning to get up their annual card party for the combined benefit of the almshouse and the hospital.

These card parties are always very popular and they bring in a nice amount to be handed over each year.

But this year they are having a rather hard time with their plans.

Natalie Blake—Mrs. Henry Blake, really, but nobody ever calls her anything but Natalie—is chairman of one of the committees.

"I don't see why you have such expensive prizes," she objected, at one of the meetings. "Why, I saw those bar pins the other day for $15—we can't afford anything like that——"

"Did you price the pins, Nat?" asked the president of the workers.

"No."

"Well, $15 is about the highest price you can pay for them—we're getting one of the less expensive kind, and anyhow, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Taylor are donating the first two prizes. Now, is there any further business to attend to?"

Natalie subsided.

BUT she soon found something else to cast her gloom over.

"I really don't see how we're going to make anything this year," she remarked, conversationally. "With food prices so high, and almost everybody's rent going up, why, people won't want to be giving out perfectly good money to go somewhere and play cards. They can do that for nothing any day!"

"Well, that's all right," responded Mrs. Taylor, briskly, "But the women in this town know that this thing comes along every year, and if they haven't planned ahead so that they'll have some money to give for it, then they should have. And, anyhow, don't begin now to count on their not doing it, Natalie. Leave that to them when the time comes."

"Well, it seems risky," Natalie murmured.

DON'T you know her?

Haven't you had her in your own club or alumnae association, or even as far back as your class in school—and haven't you wished that you didn't have her?

She's the wet blanket.

Her "favorite indoor sport" seems to consist in smothering, or trying to smother, the fire of enthusiasm in any undertaking that she has anything to do with.

She doesn't often succeed, because the rest of the workers don't pay much attention to her.

But she wastes a great deal of time, and she hinders the smooth action of plans. They have to stop and push her and her damp, lukewarm objections off the track before they can proceed to business.

There is never a suggestion or a proposition that suits her; yet she often proposes something that she pursed her lips and shook her head over the year before.

YOU can't understand her, and you find it very exasperating to try to endure her.

But you'll find her, frowning vaguely, offering weak, ineffectual arguments against everything suggested at the meeting, in any small organization of women that you look into.

And they don't exactly like to get rid of her because once in a while she makes a good, sensible suggestion!

Halloween's Coming

And don't forget that if you want to give a party and your thoughts won't think for you, the Editor of the Woman's Page will help you out. There is a Black and White Halloween party all ready made for you this year—invitations, decorations, games and refreshments. All you have to do is send a self-addressed stamped envelope and a little note asking for the party. And if you get stuck on your costume ideas try the same plan.

For a Small Table

A table cover of tan linen would look very well with linen flowers in pretty colors appliqued on it. If you find it hard to cut out the flowers yourself, a conventional design would be easier, though be careful not to put too much on the cover, as it would take away from the daintiness of it. In sewing on the design it can either be hemstitched or whipped on with a fine stitch. If hemstitching is used, finish the sides of the cover with this also.

GALLAGHER
1218 Walnut St. (St. James Annex), Phila.
Gowns — Ready-to-Wear. Distinctive models for every occasion.
Millinery — Beautiful and practical models for every age. Children's hats a specialty.
Blouses and Lingerie — Hand-made. Materials of beautiful textures combined with real laces. Also tailored models. Special orders taken for trousseaux made to order.
All our prices are extremely moderate. We invite comparison.
NOTE:—Miss Gallagher, formerly of 1505 Walnut.

Schmalzbach
1422 Walnut Street
WEST OF BELLEVUE-STRATFORD
Schmalzbach Fashions
Whether it be a Suit, Dress or Wrap, is known to every discriminating woman as up-to-the-minute fashion.
Prices and Quality are consistently lower than in any other store of its kind

HICKORY GARTERS
"FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S SAKE"
are made of the same high grade, reliable elastic, non-elastic and metal parts, despite the increased cost of materials. The guarantee label on each pair means absolute satisfaction to you or your money back.
"Stockings held the HICKORY way—Are stockings held to surely stay"
Chicago A. STEIN & COMPANY New York
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PARIS GARTERS

AMERICAN STORES CO.
ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO
You're Always Safe!
Not only are our eggs big and meaty and chock full of nourishment, but, when you buy them, you enjoy that feeling of certainty, a security peculiar to everything we sell, that removes all doubt.
Every egg that passes over our counters is carefully inspected, so that we are in a position to guarantee every egg that leaves our stores to be sweet and wholesome.
Big, Meaty, Selected
EGGS doz 62c
"Eggs You Can Be SURE of"
Everyone can afford to eat more eggs at this low price. They're splendid body-builders.
"Asco" Stores are conveniently located all over Philadelphia and in the principal cities and towns of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.
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