SOME HALLOWEEN SPREADS SUGGESTED BY MRS. WILSON

Four Different Menus Appropriate for This Autumn Festival. Recipe for Cream Puffs

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE young folks in the family are looking forward with pleasure to Halloween—the mystic night when all true lovers put their fates to the test. Arrange a party for them. Corn stalks and autumn foliage will be splendid for decorations and have a few artificial pumpkins show among the decorations.

In order to make these pumpkins, cut a piece of yellow crepe paper in half and then cut the piece about twelve inches long. Paste together and then gather one end and tie on the inside with a piece of string. Fill with bits of paper. Tie the top into shape by pressing to flatten.

Many games may be played, such as bobbing for apples—also ducking for them. Paring apples, so that the entire skin is kept in one piece; this is then thrown over the left shoulder, where it is said it will fall to the floor and form the initial of one's future life partner. This, with the singing and dancing, will provide plenty of fun.

At midnight the fun folks may have a supper, and then hie themselves home before the hour of one in the morning.

This autumn festival usually calls for simple refreshments; therefore here are some menus from which you may choose.

No. 1
Cider Cup
Nut and Cheese Sandwiches
Apple Cake Cream Puffs
Nuts Raisins

No. 2
Cider Punch
Ham and Watercress Sandwiches
Potato Salad
Chocolate Cake Fruit

No. 3
Celery
Fruit Salad
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Layer Cake Coffee

No. 4
Sliced Bologna
Celery and Potato Salad
Tarts Cider Cookies

In preparing for menu No. 1 you will need for ten couples:

One gallon of cider.
One-half pound of nuts, put through the food chopper.
One pound of cream cheese.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
One cup of mayonnaise dressing.

Mix and then use for the sandwich filling. Use three loaves of bread and one-half pound of butter.

To prepare the apple cake. Place in a mixing bowl:

Four cups of flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
Three level tablespoons of baking powder.
One cup of sugar.

Sift to mix and then rub in one-half cup of shortening. Use one and three-quarter cups of milk to form a stiff batter. Spread one inch thick in a well-greased and floured pan and cover thickly with thinly sliced apples.

Now place in a mixing bowl:

One cup of flour.
One cup of brown sugar.
One and one-half teaspoons of cinnamon.
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.
Five tablespoons of shortening.

Rub lightly to a fine crumb and then spread over the apple cake and bake in a moderate oven.

The Best Dinner

costing $1.50 for four people wins a prize of $2.50 in the

PRIZE MENU CONTEST

Two other prizes of $1 each are awarded for the next best menus.

The winners of this week's contest will be announced on Monday.

Address all menus to

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

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.

Fried meats are not accepted.

Cream Puffs

This recipe makes just twenty puffs. Place in a saucepan:

One cup of water.
One-half cup of shortening.

Bring to a boil and add one and one-quarter cups of flour. Cook until the mixture forms into a ball on the spoon and then remove and turn into a bowl and cool. Add four small eggs, one at a time. Use a tablespoon to chop the mixture on a well-greased baking sheet. Make the puffs the size of a small egg. Bake for thirty-five minutes in a hot oven. Turn off the heat the last ten minutes.

For menu No. 2:
One gallon of cider.
Two sliced bananas.
Two sliced oranges.
(For the punch.)

Two bunches of watercress.
One pound of boiled ham.
(Put through food chopper for sandwiches.)
Six pounds of cold boiled potatoes, sliced.
One cup of finely chopped onions.
One-half cup of finely chopped parsley.
Two cups of mayonnaise.
(For the salad.)

For the Salad

For menu No. 3.
Two chocolate cakes.
Six apples.
Four oranges.
Six bananas.
One and one-half cups of coconut.
(Dice fruit for fruit salad and serve with fruit whip.)

Three loaves of bread.
One-half pound of butter.
(For sandwiches.)

For menu No. 3.
One and one-half pounds of sliced bologna.
Same as menu No. 2.
Potato salad.
Apple tarts.
Two pounds of cookies.

THIS IS HER NIGHT!

She is the queen of festivities tonight and she should not be ignored or neglected. And aside from that, if you have a party "wished" on you at the last minute and you haven't a thing in the house that will do as a centerpiece for the table, use her. She's made of an unassuming piece of brown wrapping paper, rolled into a cornucopia and pasted together. Her neck was pinched slightly to fit the collar, which is pasted together in the back. That peaked hat is a fake—it's only a circle of paper stuck on over the peak of her head, which has been painted black to match it; and the "hair" is pasted to the under side of the brim. The hat and hair are painted black. The arms, which hold the wrapping paper broomstick so thoughtfully, are one of mother's kid curlers pushed through two holes in the witch's "cape" and bent together. Twenty minutes, a pair of scissors, a paste jar, some wrapping paper, black paint or ink—who said you had nothing in the house to make a centerpiece for Halloween?

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Better Be Safe Than Sorry

IT SEEMS only yesterday that John Law was promoting the Mississippi bubble, with long lines of men and women crowding and pushing all day and all night long, consumed with burning anxiety to throw away their hard-earned money.

Many were actually trampled to death while struggling desperately for the privilege of exchanging their goldpieces for gold certificates in a city whose streets, John Law said, were so evenly watered by nature that they did not have to be dusted or sprinkled—which was entirely correct, since the whole town site was located about ten miles or so out in the Gulf of Mexico, and several hundred feet under water.

It is almost unbelievable that sensible humans could have been so stupidly credulous, yet the late Ponzi episode proved that the birth rate of first-class suckers is just as great as ever; has increased, in fact.

But Ponzi is only one of a multitude of "Become-a-Croesus-Quick" artists.

The other day an expert in investments, arguing before the Senate committee on reconstruction, said that the losses in the United States through wildcat and other fraudulent financial schemes average from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 a month—and that is an extremely conservative estimate.

The H. C. L. seems to have developed a bountiful crop of luscious lemons, all of them greedy to be harvested, and bulging to be relieved of their precious juice to supply obliging Wallingfords with lemonade and cake.

Eventually, in the course of our journey to the millennium, we may arrive at the stage where education and publicity—not to mention relentless prosecution of offenders—will make unworthwhile the attempts of some of us to trim the rest of us.

But by present indications, that time is 1,000,000 or so years off, and meanwhile, the practice of the old adage, "better be safe than sorry," will continue to be like a rare wine that with age grows in goodness, demand and the capacity to make us contented.

THE UNWELCOME WIFE

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Anthony Herriman marries Charlotte Grant, a little country girl, and brings her to the city, where she is a misfit. Tony's mother had expected him to marry an entirely different type of girl, and she takes no trouble to conceal her displeasure. Charlotte wilts under the continued criticism and lives in deadly fear lest Tony tire of her.

Introducing Nick Fowler

IN SPITE of the fact that Tony was disappointed in Charlotte he still loved her. He took her to tea on Saturday afternoon at one of the big hotels, and it happened to be a day when she looked unusually pretty. They had walked up the avenue, and the cold November wind had loosened her ash blonde hair and whipped color into her cheeks. The green of her little velvet hat made her look like some wood sprite, and the very fact that she was with Tony brought her intense happiness.

She had very quickly become used to tea in the afternoon and she poured very prettily when there was no one to look on. Tony, delighted at the progress she had made, was more lover-like than he had been in a long time, and they were having a very good time when some one came up to their table and spoke to Tony.

"Well, old man, how are you? Haven't seen you in a dog's age!"

Charlotte looked up and saw a rather tired-looking man of about forty. He had audacious eyes that smiled down on her kindly. They were nice, friendly eyes, and they interested her so that she smiled back.

Tony had risen rather stiffly, although he greeted the man cordially enough.

"Hello, Dick; how have you been?" They shook hands.

Charlotte's wide blue eyes had fallen away from the gaze of the stranger, but at Tony's "This is my wife" she raised them again and smiled and bowed. Strange to say, she did not feel at all as she generally did when Tony introduced her to any of his friends. She felt eager to know this man; she liked him immediately.

"I'll sit down a minute, if you don't mind," he said, drawing out the chair next to Charlotte and dropping into it. "You know, Mrs. Harriman," he said, in that deep, slow voice, "This is the first I have known anything about Tony's marriage, so you must excuse any surprise I happen to show."

Charlotte laughed and in a few minutes was talking as easily and naturally with this man as she did with Tony. She liked him so much that she was eager to know more about him, and after he had left them, with a deep bow, and moved off down the room with an easy, graceful swing, she turned to Tony quickly and asked who he was.

"Nick Fowler," Tony informed her, shortly. "He has lots of money, but he's not the kind of a man I would want my wife or sister to know."

"But why, Tony? I liked him so much."

"Most women do like him. He's a gay waster with a not very savory reputation. He spends money like water and drinks a great deal. I've never seen him thoroughly under the influence of liquor; he always manages to maintain a good front, but he's wild and does queer things."

"What queer things?" Charlotte's tone was eager.

Tony looked up sharply, as though he was just beginning to notice Charlotte's strange interest.

"Things that I'd rather not tell you about. You'll probably never see him again anyway, and if you do I'd rather you'd not have anything to do with him. Don't cut him, understand, but don't encourage him. You belong to me, remember," he said, more lightly, "and I intend to take care of you."

And he smiled into the blue eyes opposite, with his own boyishly warm. Charlotte forgot Nick Fowler for the time being, as Tony could make her forget any one or anything, but she remembered him again, later, and wondered why it was that the one man who had taken the trouble to be kind to her was the man she was supposed to have nothing to do with. She felt that Tony should have explained why she must not know Nick and she somewhat resented the fact that he could have any one he liked for a friend while she had no one at all.

(To be Continued)

Good News

The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union is raising $500,000 with which to establish factories and shops for the manufacture and sale of women's wearing apparel. The sponsors for the movement anticipate that the enterprise will bring down the cost of women's clothing and afford an opportunity to workers to take a part in the management of their industry.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. When the mantle of a gas burner turns black, how can it be cleaned?
2. What tasteful electric lamp would be appropriate for a pink or blue bedroom?
3. How can a last-minute costume for Halloween be made out of a full organdie dress?
4. When varnished woodwork is badly worn, what will improve its appearance?
5. In what easy way can decorated invitations be made for a Japanese, Autumn, Silver, Rose, etc. luncheon?
6. Which is correct, "he don't," or "he doesn't"?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Miss Dorothy E. Holloway, of Williamsport, Pa., is the first woman to win the scholarship established by the Pennsylvania Railroad to commemorate the work done during the world war by its women employees in making surgical dressings.
2. Eyelet embroidery worked in silk is used to trim many of the cloth dresses this season.
3. A dainty gift for the child who likes to sew is a little basket lined with silk, and fitted with scissors, thimble, pincushion, etc.
4. A new silk sweater is made with a collar, cuffs and band around the bottom of the new loop trimming, or hairpin crochet of silk.
5. A dark spot of grease on unfinished wood can be removed by the application of a paste made of fuller's earth and water overnight.
6. Woolen stockings and sport shoes are not correct with an afternoon dress. Silk stockings, dress shoes and spats should be worn.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Which Writes First?

Dear Cynthia—Is it correct for a girl to send a Christmas card first to a boy, or should the boy send first? Does the answer to that question apply to this: Is it correct for a girl to correspond first, or the boy? BETH.

Yes, the answer applies to both. Let the boy send the Christmas card first and let the boy start the correspondence.

When to Give Engagement Ring

Dear Cynthia—Being a daily reader of your column, I feel justified in asking a little advice.

Is it proper to give an engagement ring to a girl on Christmas or should it be given at another time and a small gift be given on Christmas? If the ring is given now should the wedding take place within a year or just how long? The idea is that while I am not just in a position to marry, I want to announce my intentions. We have been going together about two years. J. F. F.

It is better to give the engagement ring separately and another gift at Christmas. There is no specified time for a wedding to take place, other than the time the persons concerned prepare for. Often an engagement lasts several years. It is always better to marry soon if possible, but, if not, it is no one's business but those concerned therein, and if a man and girl have been going together for a couple of years and are engaged, it is better to announce it.

Correct or Incorrect?

Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly advise me through your paper if the following is correct or incorrect:

"A certain couple are engaged, and the man is of the opinion that it is perfectly correct to sit in another room by themselves, even though the family is around, while the girl maintains it is incorrect to go into another room and stay there when the family is still around."

Does the fact that they are engaged make any difference? I thank you in advance for your courtesy in answering this question. SOPHIE J.

It is not incorrect for an engaged couple to sit together in another room than that in which the family always congregate. It is polite to stay with the members of the family a part of the evening or afternoon, but it is perfectly understandable that engaged persons have their own affairs about which they wish to converse and which only interest them and there is no reason why they should not spend some time together whether the members of the family are in adjacent rooms or upstairs.

Another Lonely One

Dear Cynthia—Would you mind a few words to "Avis From the West"? Thank you!

If it helps out for you to know there are others "in the same boat," let me add another name to the list of "lonesome ones" from the West. I'm sure we'll all agree "misery loves company." Like the other four, I, too, attend the University of Pennsylvania, and am from the West. I have found that it is much easier to become lonesome in the third largest city in the United States than it is in the smallest "hick" town in the West. I experienced the worst case of lonesomeness I ever hope to have in New York city, with all due respect. It is impossible for one, after he has been used to traveling with a lively crowd of congenial young people, private dances, country clubs, and that sort of thing, to come to a strange, distant city, and not have that lonesome feeling that borders on homesickness.

Cynthia, perhaps, would suggest getting in touch with one's pastor at church, or a Y. M. C. A., or similar organization, but meeting people in that way is not the sort of thing that is "relished"—to say the least.

I have often wondered why some Philadelphia newspaper does not conduct a "Lonesome Club" similar to the one conducted by the Chicago Tribune, during the war, for lonesome soldiers. The prospect, however, doesn't seem very bright, does it?

Guess we six from the good old West will have to trust to fate to become acquainted. In the meantime, I extend my heartfelt sympathy to you and to the other "Four Lonesome Young Men."

LONESOME WESTERNER NUMBER SIX.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

A well-bred woman does not accept favors from any but relatives or intimate friends. Even so small a matter as carfare is not to be paid for her by a casual acquaintance who happens to be entering the car at the same time. Unless the woman finds momentary difficulty in getting at her change, he should not offer to pay, and even then only after asking permission to lend her the needful coin. When she repays him later he should accept with a simple "Thank you," and without protest.

A common exposition of unfamiliarity with social ethics is the untaught girl's attitude on this point, her expectation that every man with whom she has the slightest acquaintance must pay her carfare whenever opportunity offers, and her verdict that he is what she terms a "tightwad" if he does not avail himself of the privilege which, in more cultivated society, would be accounted an impertinence.

Making More Money

By Making It for Other People

Those who are inclined to be very critical may consider that the line above isn't strictly correct—for Miss Jeanne G. Mathot doesn't really make money for other people, she just enables them to make it. But that's pretty much the same thing, particularly since it permits her to be financially independent and to carry on a branch of work which is not only quite pleasant, but of value to others as well.

Ten years or so ago Miss Mathot, whose home is in New York, had determined to become a lawyer. But the sudden death of her brother, himself a lawyer, made it essential that she alter her plans. So she took a position as a social secretary. While she enjoyed the work, Miss Mathot did not feel that it presented a sufficiently alluring future. She therefore made up her mind to become a sort of "social secretary trust," a secretary to many people instead of one. An office was secured, assistants trained to take care of the routine end of the work and advertisements inserted stating that Miss Mathot was now in a position to attend to all the arrangements for luncheons, dinners, card parties and other social functions.

In spite of the fact that this appeared to be the work for which she was best fitted, Miss Mathot found that her task was gradually altering itself, almost in spite of her plans for the future. Women and girls would hear of her and come in with the request that she find better positions for them. It was because of this that the Mathot office gradually took on the aspect of a glorified "employment agency," with the result that the Mathot finances were augmented both by the employes and the employer.

Miss Mathot now feels that she has reached the goal for which she was striving—an unusual and lucrative business connection—and she intends to stick at it, at least until something better presents itself.

Monday—After Going Broke at Fifty-five

From Various States

A total of 1,367,835 women in Greater New York are registered to vote in the coming election.

New Jersey has two women candidates for the State Assembly in the coming election.

Topeka has five women taxi drivers.

Philadelphia's first hotel exclusively for women has recently been opened.

HALLOWEEN COMES BACK WITH SAME OLD APPEAL

Grown-Ups Talk About Having Peace and Quiet While the Youngsters Play That Night, but They Enjoy the Fun Just as Much as the Children

WHAT makes Halloween come back year after year with the same appeal that it has had ever since we were young enough to be scared at a mask?

We've grown up now, and we look at the windows all decorated in orange and black, with pumpkin faces and witch figures, hissing black cats and solemn owls with the knowledge that they are made out of paper.

There is no secret shiver, as there used to be, as we gaze nonchalantly at a frowning witch or a beckoning ghost.

We can see a clown costume without feeling more than a passing pity for the poor soul who will try to be funny enough to live up to it on Halloween.

And that glistening white skirt that some fairy will wear tonight doesn't give us a thrill.

No, we're grown up now, and those things are for the children.

Let them dress themselves up if they will, paint their faces, tangle their hair with confetti, and frighten themselves to death walking downstairs backward in the dark.

Not for us—give us the apples, the cider, the doughnuts and the pumpkin pie, and let us go on our sedate way in peace.

AND yet it's rather amusing to see how much older Babs looks in the pretty little old-fashioned dress with the powder in her puffed hair and the tiny mits over her babyish wrists.

And Sonny got up that Indian costume himself—not bad at all, even if mother's big feather duster did suffer for the headdress.

Johnny Jones across the street has a false mustache that makes him look exactly like his father—it's ridiculous, really, and he can walk just like him, too, with that pompous strut that John, Sr., acquired when he was made second vice president of the company.

Junior, who is seventeen in years, and aged and mature in his own opinion, is going to a Halloween dance with a girl—imagine his being old enough for that!

HE THOUGHT he wouldn't bother with any fool costume at first, but mother thought it was a shame.

She found some slightly moth-eaten woolen stockings that he could still wear, darned up the holes, fished out his old Boy Scout uniform, and decided that with his belted coat and a felt hat turned up sharply at one side and adorned with a jaunty quill, he would make a fine-looking Swiss guide.

Junior thought so, too, secretly, of course, but just a bit obviously.

It was Anne's older sister, she told the family, as she stepped in on the way to the party to show how she looked, who thought up the clever gipsy costume, and lent her gorgeous dark red scarf to make it so striking.

And Daddy himself put aside his cigar and messed up his cuffs straightening out the war paint on Sonny's round, pink face—wondering as he did so whether Indians ever wore deep dimples and turned-up noses.

He got so enthusiastic about his work that when Junior strolled in with the jaunty indifference of his age and his self-consciousness he stood him up beside the paint box and installed a mustache upon his upper lip.

YES, these grown-ups talk in large terms about their cider and their apples and their peace and quiet on Halloween.

But it comes around each year with its same old appeal to the foolish, childish, grinning side of everybody.

INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

"You Shouldn't Wear That"

Have you met the dissector?
Doesn't she leave you all cut up?
You greet her—"Lovely day! Sky——"
She refuses poetry—prose for her.
"My dear! Such an unbecoming hat!"
She straightens it, also your veil.
Picks imaginary threads from you.
Looks you over critically.
Her eye is like a microscope.
You squirm under it like a worm.
Feebly you try to avert dissection:
"Did you see that wonderful play?"
Can't be done! "No!" she says.
"My dear! Why do you wear that?
Such a color for your complexion!
Neutral tones are best for you.
Black would be just right!"
You try to say how you love color.
Life's so vivid—black is funereal.
It snuffs out the light o' life.
"Gown's too young!" she interrupts.
"You shouldn't wear one-piece ones.
Tailor suits are more chic."
You resign yourself to the probe.
Or you make for a mental hole.
Crawl into a protecting thought.
She grabs you, hauls you back.
"Listen! It's for your good!"
And the queer part is this:
Usually she's a dowdy herself!
She sees flaws only in others.
But even human worms will turn.
I got the Thimble Club together.
We had all suffered from her.
She was a nuisance to be abated.
So we abated her—thusly:
Thursdays she goes to market.
We all went, too, in relays.
The first gave a surprised start.
"My dear! How pale you are!
And in gray! Takes all your color."
Next came Mrs. Brown.
She picked threads off the critic.
"Been sewing?" she laughed.
"You forgot to brush, didn't you?"
"What a funny hat!" Next one said.
"Styles are so queer, aren't they?"
Another told where to buy shoes.
"Such a tailor!" exclaimed another.
"He makes you look so dumpy!
Now mine is——" but the critic fled.
I was last. I pawed her all over.
(Hate that! Makes my flesh crawl.)
I did all she had done to me.
She was fighting mad.
"How do YOU like it?" I said.
"Remember the Golden Rule.
Here's a motto I made for you."
It was a card: "Kwitcherknockin."
She quit, too. We like her now.
Isn't it odd?
Critics love to pick flaws.
They hate to be picked themselves.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BILLY'S QUEER KNIGHTS

By DADDY

Billy's football players quit him and his animal friends take their places, playing against Tommy Tubbs' Fat Warriors.

CHAPTER VI

Poor Fat Warriors

TODDIE PUPKINS was a hero when he frisked down the football field making a touchdown for Billy's Queer Knights. The crowd cheered him again and again, while Toddie danced about in high glee. Billy kicked goal and that made the score 14 to 7 in his favor.

Tommy Tubbs' Fat Warriors grew mean as they saw the game going against them. Tommy himself was a bully, and so were Bobby Butter and one or two others. They began to use their fists when they thought the referee wasn't looking. They were very careful to keep away from the three big players, Podgie and Pudge Bear and Balky Sam, but they aimed sly blows at Johnny Bull, Billy Goat, Blue Heron, Hoppity-Hop and Toddie Pupkins, whom they thought to be dwarfs and babies.

"Er-ow-ow!" growled Johnny Bull warningly.

"Yah! Yah!" mocked the Fat Warriors. "You are all fraid cats!" With that Tommy aimed a cuff at Toddie Pupkins' ear and Bobby tried to slap Hoppity-Hop's face. This seemed to be a signal for the other Fat Warriors doubled up their fists for a general fight.

It happened that Toddie Pupkins dodged Tommy's cuff and it landed on Balky Sam instead. Around swung Balky Sam, out flashed his hoofs, wham! and away flew fat Tommy like a football headed for his own goal.

Hoppity-Hop jumped away from Bobby's slap and it knocked off Podgie's helmet, showing his bear head.

"Er-ugh!" growled Podgie, opening up his paws and hugging Bobby with a mighty bear hug. Bobby was astonished nearly out of his wits to see a football player suddenly turn into a bear, and he was as scared as he was astonished.

Billy Goat butted a Fat Warrior who had purposely banged into him, and Johnny Bull got his jaws fastened in the breeches of another chap who had tried to bully him. Toddie Pupkins used his teeth on the calves of a Fat Warrior who had kicked at him, and Blue Heron closed his sharp beak on the ear of a boy who had pushed him over. Pudgie Bear roared back and forth knocking Fat Warriors right and left.

In less time than it takes to tell the game had changed into a slashing row. It was all the fault of the Fat Warriors who had started it when they saw they couldn't win at football. And the Fat Warriors were quickly sorry they had began it. They saw Billy's Queer Knights turn into angry animals and they found themselves getting a thrashing they hadn't expected. They yelled with fright and they started to run. They ran and they ran, off the football field, down the road and into the town. Most of them never stopped until they had dashed into their own homes and hidden under their mothers' beds.

"Rah-rah-rah for Billy's Queer Knights!" cheered the crowd who, in the mix-up, hadn't noticed that Billy's players were animals. Indeed when the boys and girls were told afterward by the Fat Warriors that Billy's Knights were bears and dogs and other creatures they wouldn't believe it.

As for the animals, they had a lot of fun chasing the Fat Warriors home. Then, after giving Billy the football suits, they trotted off to the woods.

"Hee-haw! We like football!" brayed Balky Sam. "We're going to get up a Birdland eleven and challenge all the other animals."

"I'll be your coach," promised Billy.

"And I'll be your audience," said Peggy, who had made up her mind that she would rather watch football than play it.

Then Peggy ran home for supper and to rest up for her next adventure, which—though she didn't know it then—was to be one of the strangest she had ever had. What it was will be told in next week's story.

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON

SHORT-THUMB SATURNIAN

The weak will of the short thumb does not allow the outstanding qualities of the Saturnian to put forth their best effort

XLIV

With a short thumb, the Saturnian's more occult side is likely to be developed. He is apt to surrender himself to his superstitious leanings and also to become more timid and melancholy.

Without sufficient will power (long first phalanx of the thumb), to enable him to resist his naturally gloomy impulses, and likewise lacking in the mental vigor (long second phalanx of the thumb), to guide him correctly in the choice of a goal or in the use of the right means toward attaining this goal after he has chosen it, he is apt to become a prey to morbid fancies and wind up as a hater of all mankind. He cannot make up his mind to do the things he would like to do and, unless spurred on by well-intentioned friends, his whole life may be long drama of discontent and unhappiness.

(To be continued)

The Woman's Exchange

To R. E. K.

Make a ballet dancer's costume out of tarlatan, sewing a number of short, full skirts on one waistband so that they will stand out stiffly. Wear bloomers of white satin, with ruffles down the sides to give additional bouffancy to the skirts. The waist should be a wrinkled basque or a pointed bodice, with low neck and short sleeves. A trimming of artificial flowers, crossing one shoulder and continuing down the skirt, would be pretty.

To Dress as "Mickey"

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am invited to a Halloween party Saturday night, and was at a loss as to what kind of get-up I should wear. One of my girl friends suggested "Mickey," as she thinks it would suit me because I have long brown hair that curls easily. Can you suggest what kind of clothes to wear to live up to "Mickey"? F. R.

There are two get-ups for "Mickey." One of them consists of a man's flannel shirt, old shabby trousers frayed at the ankles and a man's coat with the sleeves and collar cut off, so that it looks like a sleeveless sweater, and either moccasins or high black shoes. The other costume is a checked skirt, with the flannel shirt and a long gingham apron over it. The moccasins are worn with this.

Halloween

Autumn comes with Halloween.
And all around the town are seen
Ghosts and witches, clowns and fun,
And pumpkins lit up resembling the sun.

—Marian D. Brill, a twelve-year-old reader.

Things You'll Love to Make

French Dog Collar

Isn't this dog collar smart and Frenchy? Yes, and most of the new winter frocks have high collars, with which this dog collar would be most fetching. The band pictured was made by joining two strips ½ yard long and 1½ inches wide; one of black satin, the other of tomato red embroidered in silver. The edges were then picoted. A small jet or pearl buckle finishes one end, several eyelets the other. That this collar may be reversible, use two tiny snap fasteners to secure the buckle instead of stitching. Of course, you can combine any two colors to match your favorite frocks, but you must have at least one of these fascinating dog collars. FLORA.

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A Big 9c Worth!

The Victor Loaf stands alone—in a class by itself—both as regards quality and quantity.

Victor—The Extra Big Loaf!

Nothing but the purest ingredients are used in its making — pure lard — finest flour — refined granulated sugar—best yeast—whole milk, with the rich nourishment in the cream retained. The result is a loaf that the housewives have hailed as unusually delicious.

Victor—The Extra Big Loaf!

Victor Bread is not only the best bread baked today, but its generous size and low price make it the biggest bread value, and now is the time when the thrifty housewife should make every penny go just as far as possible.

Victor—The Extra Big Loaf!

We are able to sell such an unusually big and generous loaf at such a low price because we operate our own three large bakeries, with a total capacity of more than two million loaves a week!

Victor—The Extra Big Loaf!

Victor Bread 9c The Extra Big Loaf

—children thrive on it.

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