M'LISS SEEKS SHUT-IN FOR YOUNG CORRESPONDENT

Surely There Must Be Many to Profit by the Generous Offer o fThis Twenty-year-old Girl

IN a day when the most popular slogan seems to be "Every man for himself, and no quarter to any one who cannot repay for the time spent on him," the following letter is very gratifying:

Dear M'Liss—I am a girl of 20, and I would be very glad to correspond with a shut-in, one my own age, if possible. I should love to help her in any way I could—such as sending her magazines or, if she is interested in collecting anything, I would be glad to assist her.

Do you know of any one who wants a correspondent? I am not a shut-in myself, but I can appreciate how long and tiresome the days must be for some who cannot be about. Aside from a few magazines, I am sorry to say I have not much else to offer, except my sympathy. I hope you know of some one who would like a correspondent, or, if not, perhaps some one reading your column may see this. If so you have my address.

E. N. S."

Youth we are told will be served. Here is a young girl only 20 years of age who is not only willing but anxious to give of her time so that some less fortunate person than she who cannot know the joys of long walks through leafy roads in this most beautiful time of the year, may enjoy them, at least vicariously through the medium of letters.

Most of us believe in doing good. But we confine our belief chiefly to abstractions. Seldom do we disturb ourselves to the extent of performing some definite, practical service which requires that we give of ourselves and of our time.

Comes this big-hearted girl with her generous letter. There is a great deal about that letter that I like. It is so clear and direct, with no maudlin indulgence in "sobs." Deprecatingly she writes that she has only her time and her sympathy to offer, with a seeming unconsciousness of the fact that she is presenting two of the biggest gifts any one could make.

Surely there must be some invalided person who is missing just what this young girl has to offer. Perhaps E. N. S. is doing all the things that a shut-in dreams of doing. Doubtless she is fond of dancing and golf and swimming and tennis. I am sure that she is an active young woman—her letter testifies to that.

Here's a chance for a poor unfortunate to enjoy vicariously all those sports and hobbies she has dreamed of enjoying. And there's a chance for her, too, to give pleasure and be of service, for in all likelihood E. N. S. will derive a great deal of happiness from the replies to her letters. For, does not all real service revert with a hundred-fold profit to the "server"?

I do not know E. N. S., but somehow I imagine she would be worth knowing. I hope some shut-in may be enriched by a correspondence with her. M'LISS.

Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Address all communications to M'Liss, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.

Dear M'Liss—Your article criticising women who smoke, drink and swear was very interesting, but is it true that women who do any or all of these things ape men? I can't say that such habits are to be admired in either sex, but my reason is not because they are masculine, but generally harmful.

Men have indulged in smoking and drinking for a good many years, and they have paid the penalty—stunted growth, impaired health, and while death is hardly ever the direct result, it is a fact that men of such habits have fewer chances of recovery when anything else is the matter. And yet they have not learned, or at least not heeded, the warning. You are too hard on women. You expect them to begin with what men have not found out after years of experience.

Did it ever occur to you that girls born of the same father as their brothers might have a taste for the same vices? Or, that boys born of the same mother as their sisters should be expected to be as decent?

Woman is surging ahead and I have explicit faith that, after going through all the stages of progress, she will still be a woman—a greater woman—and will have overcome many of the things for which she is severely criticised now. I do not believe that she will be the antithesis of the 1916 girl either.

Why say that the pendulum of emancipated femininity swings too far when some women have found a liking for smoking, drinking and swearing? Don't you think it possible that women really enjoy a smoke? Men claim they do. Why not women? Those of us who have never tried it can't be too careful in judging the reason why others do. Did the women of not so many years ago who in their old age smoked pipes do it to ape men? In the Kentucky town where I was born and raised there is an old ladies' home, and any time one passes inmates can be seen on the veranda smoking their pipes.

Women are human beings, and you can't account for them as a whole. Some women do the same things as others, but for different reasons. The girl of today who smokes probably does it to be "smart," but I can't agree with you that it is to register her indifference to masculine opinion. It is the so-called feminine opinion of her less daring sisters which is apt to nod little charity. The men, collectively, I believe, have broader views on these things, perhaps because they really do enjoy them and are not selfish.

You said "a swearing woman is analogous to a man who uses perfume." Nearly every man uses perfume in some form; powder, sachet, soap or lotion or straight. However, it is a queer comparison. Good perfume is certainly pleasant to smell no matter who has it on, but swearing is never pleasant to the ear, even when it is the soft, sweet voice of a woman.

Don't you know that it is just such women as you expressing such views as yours that gives a man the license to go on doing the things that are excused in him, but not in his sister. Instead of specifying who is to do right and who may do wrong, would it not be better to fight the vice itself?

The one thing in your article which made my blood boil was your reference to woman's "femininity," and even going so far as to doubt a cure for it.

Today it is a common and respectable thing for a woman to earn money, but not so in the days of our grandmothers. Are women who enter into a profession or some other business cattish? Are they aping after men or have they merely emerged from tradition and convention? Were men aping women when they took all the occupations of the home out of it? Spinning and weaving were at one time a most feminine occupation, and were done right in the home. These radical changes are progress, both men and women contributing.

In looking back to the early 50s, when Susan B. Anthony taught school for $2.50 per week, progress seems incredibly rapid to the time of Ella Flagg Young at $10,000 per annum. Does this look like the female half of the human race is endangering the race by doing the things which were at one time open only to men.

One should not look upon smoking, drinking and swearing as masculine, but "bad habits." Then the small boy will not feel as though it is necessary to cultivate them to be a man.

If women paid more attention to what the best of them have attained, instead of what some have fallen to, they would not be talking about the cattiness of their sex.

MRS. T. S. L., Park avenue.

Your point regarding smoking and drinking as being bad rather than masculine habits is well taken. I maintain my stand, however, on the question of the inherent "felinity" of woman. If any of my readers have views on this subject I shall be glad to publish them.

* * *

Dear M'Liss—Like many another masculine reader of the EVENING LEDGER I have taken an interest in your column.

I have been a patient in a hospital for over three weeks, following a serious operation and am beginning to get around a little. I am in need of either a bath robe or dressing gown. If any of your readers have one to spare, clean and suitable for a man of 44 inches girth and 5 feet 8 inches high, I should appreciate it. Might be able to return the favor some time after recovery.

You might give my name and location to any one who has the article to tender, but best not give it in the paper, lest I might be overwhelmed, as there are often more kind-hearted folk than one imagines.

I hope I have not made a mistake in addressing this letter to you. Am a man of 67 and deaf.

R. E. B.

I hope some kind reader will respond to this appeal.

MARION HARLAND'S CORNER

All communications addressed to Marion Harland should inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a clipping of the article in which you are interested. Persons wishing to aid in the charitable work of the H. H. C. should write Marion Harland, in care of this paper, for addresses of those they would like to help, and, having received them, communicate direct with those parties.

The Income Tax

WILL you please explain the income tax and tell me how much money one has to have, and if any is out on mortgage would one have to pay income tax on it? We are poor, and I do not know where to get information, as lawyers would charge for the same. So I apply to the Corner. You would oblige me by answering to the best of your ability. FRIEND."

An eminent lawyer, who was also the dean of the law school of one of the principal universities of America, confessed to me that the intricacies and involutions of the income tax were the severest strain upon his intellect and professional acumen he had ever endured. It would be rank presumption in me to undertake to answer your questions in detail. By application at the office into which the tax is to be paid you may secure minute printed directions, which would clear the fog somewhat.

Spots on Leather

"I shall be grateful to learn through your Corner of a way to remove spots from the seats of dining room chairs which are brown leather. L. H. B."

If the spots are grease, wash with soap and water thoroughly and polish the leather with neatsfoot oil. Directions for using it come with the oil. If the spots are caused by heat or acid, clean well and apply the oil as upon a fine harness.

Training the Young

"May I have the attention of mothers and teachers to whom these little ones of ours turn for their education and answers to their inquiries? Cannot you see how important it is that they learn to see things properly and have their small mistakes corrected in a kindly, intelligent way? Always tell them where and why it is wrong. Do not allow 'a' for 'o' when they write. Do not overlook the slightest mistake in pronunciation when they read. Many boys and girls leave school for work at an early age. These boys and girls do the work ofttimes of men and women. So if they are trained to see and think properly and to write carefully many grievous mistakes would not occur. Just the change of a single letter or word may change the whole meaning of a sentence. Therefore you who have the youngest children under your daily supervision, be you mothers or teachers, see to it that the little folks do things properly. They enjoy it, too. But be careful to tell them why it is wrong. Simply to say this or that is wrong, without giving a reason, only perplexes the child mind. Remember, it is easier to teach properly at the beginning than to correct or retract what has been learned incorrectly. Teach them to do their best, and the value of a word. Their best is none too good. I. H."

As usual, our faithful colleague has a message of value to us. She speaks sound words of wisdom to mothers and teachers. Those of us who have passed the high noon of life can indorse from full hearts fervently her admonition "to teach the young idea how to shoot." Which means to train the tender young plant to grow in the right direction. We comprehend sometimes sorrowfully, sometimes thankfully and devoutly, that the young mind is wax; that of the mature man or woman as marble by comparison. Moreover, how the plastic wax hardens with years and retains throughout life the impression stamped thereupon in early years.

Etiquette of the Hat

"I wish you would kindly inform me as to the correct etiquette of raising the hat. When and on what occasions is it necessary to do so? Also the proper way of taking a woman to the theatre and to dine. Who should enter first? In short, the most important courtesies which a man should show a woman when he wishes to entertain her. "W. H. H."

A whole article might be written upon "The Etiquette of the Hat." If I had time I should attempt it. Of course, it is raised when you meet a woman you know in the street. Also, if the man with whom you are walking or driving, salutes an acquaintance of the other sex who is a stranger to you, it is your duty to lift the hat in recognition of your friend's friend.

Walk at the woman's side in entering theatre or church, but let her precede you into seat or pew. Never precede a woman in passing out of or entering a door.

Mildew on Linen

"Do you know anything that will remove mildew spots from a white linen dress? They are like pin dots; just enough to spoil it for a white dress. I do not want to dye it, if it be possible to remove the spots. "READER."

In the case of mildewed linen, rub together equal parts of white soap (old castile is best) and powdered chalk. Make a soft paste of these with lemon juice and coat the linen on both sides thickly with the paste. Lay in the hot sun for several hours, wetting hourly with the lemon juice. Wash off the coating with clear water, and if any signs of the mildew remain, repeat the application. If obstinate, requiring more drastic measure, try this method: Make a thick paste of salt and buttermilk and cover the mildew with it. Lay in the hot sun for a day, renewing the paste at the end of four hours. If obstinate, repeat next day. Should a trace of the stain remain, cyanide of potassium will eradicate it. Moisten the spot with water, rub in the powder and lay in the sun for four hours, moistening the place at least twice during this time. Cyanide of potassium is a deadly poison if taken internally.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

USEFUL TOPCOAT

THIS sport coat is made of Tyrol wool, a knitted fabric famous for its splendid wearing qualities, and is smartly tailored. The coat may be had in an array of colors, including many exquisite pastel tints, as well as the more serviceable darker shades, for $13.50, and in white for $15.50.

In delicate colorings it is suitable for informal evening wear. In the darker shades it would be appropriate for town wear, motoring, camping or traveling. Its raglan sleeves make it possible to be slipped on over a suit. The collar and cuffs may be of self-material, or of suede, which ever is desired.

The sports hat is of white panama finished with a band of rajah with a simulated buckle of self-material. The hat comes with various colored bands at $6.50.

The name of the shop where these articles may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

CALL FROM BREAD AND MILK CLUB; MORE NEW MEMBERS ARE NEEDED

By WILLIAM A. BRADY, M. D.

Doctor Brady will answer all signed letters pertaining to Health. If your question is of general interest, it will be answered through these columns; if not, it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed. Doctor Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address Dr. William Brady, care of the Evening Ledger.

THE Bread and Milk Club has thrown open the doors and will be glad to consider applicants for membership. We want only preferred risks. No downright sick people with one f. in the g. need apply. The charter prohibits the acceptance of such applicants. The club was originally organized for the near-invalid, the over-fed, autotoxemic, bilious, sedentary, liver-pill-consuming, too stout, plethoric individual who thinks he or she isn't in need of medical attention. We can accommodate a number of new members, and we extend a special invitation to business men, office men, clerks, professional people, housewives who hire all the work done, and all other persons who take life too easy after the age of thirty. Applicants under thirty must show cause why they should be considered at all.

Under no circumstances can the rules and regulations be varied or suspended to meet the convenience or whims of members. Any one who wishes to retain his standing in the club must confine himself rigidly to his bread and milk all day Monday every week. No half-way compromise will do. Be a hero, or else keep out. One of the prime motives in the institution of the Bread and Milk Club was to teach the public that it is not fatal to skip a few meals now and then, for the sake of the liver, lights and other organs that have more than they can do disposing of the excesses ordinarily poured in upon them.

It is very simple. The initiate opens his eyes on blue Monday and calmly pours his bowl of certified milk, and drinks it slowly and deliberately, munching a cracker or two or crouching on a small slice of home-made bread to encourage the startled hormones. Then, regularly, by the clock, he repeats the process at intervals of two, three or four hours all day long, as he prefers. If very stout and very bilious and very susceptible to autointoxication, once in four hours is often enough.

Were it not for the limitations of space and our great regard for the interests of the profession we would print some testimonials from members of the club—testimonials that would induce a riot among the near-invalids who would desire to join.

Of course there is no secret grip, and no dues to pay in the Bread and Milk Club. Anybody is welcome to employ out ritual and degree work. But we only recommend it for the too well nourished victim of nervous prosperity who is thirty years old or over. No younglings are admitted, and no sick folks are wanted in the club. It is for people who loathe to think themselves anything but healthy, people who feed themselves to death by inches and never can see the use of that annual physical examination the economy experts are advocating for all high-class machines whose efficiency is worth guarding.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Tonsillotomy and Tuberculosis

Is a person more apt to contract tuberculosis after the tonsils are cut off? Does removal of the tonsils injure the singing voice? Can the operation be done under a local anesthetic?

Answer—1. No. 2. Removal of enlarged or diseased tonsils usually improves the singing voice. 3. In adults, yes; in children, no.

Dinner at 6 o'Clock

Is it better for children to have lunch at noon and dinner at six? They are seven and five, and retire at 7 and 8 o'clock.

Answer—Six o'clock dinner is preferable for everybody.

Chronic Endocarditis

Is chronic endocarditis incurable? What treatment is best for it?

Answer—It is as incurable as wrinkled skin or gray hair, but the heart trouble resulting from it may be relieved by rest, good hygiene, graduated exercises and such general care as heart insufficiency always requires.

Sewing Days Are Here

The sewing machine is working overtime these balmy days, for what with June brides and June commencements, and all the other plain peoples' summer frocks, there is work enough for every dressmaker under the sun. Most women have trouble with threads breaking in the machine. The upper thread will snap just at the crucial moment when the ruffles and frills are at their most precarious stage. Such a trial would use up the stock of patience of any woman. One housekeeper recommends this: when the threads break frequently, just reverse the bobbin, that is, if the bobbin is in with the pointed end foremost, put the blunt end there, if the blunt end is at the front, reverse this. Try it some day.

Parting at Morning

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun look'd over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him
And the need of a world of men for me.
—Robert Browning.

MANY COLLEENS AMONG IRISH REVOLUTIONISTS; WAR TIME WOE OF EMERALD ISLE PORTRAYED

Girls Wore Special Uniform and Green Slouched Hats—Had Drilled on Hills for Long Months

Written Specially for Evening Ledger
By ELLEN ADAIR

DUBLIN, May 1.—It all seems part of the tragic destiny of Ireland, this awful destruction which has been wrought in Dublin. "'Tis the age-long doom of the distressful country," said an old Irish janvey to me this morning, "but shure 'tis cruel hard that 'twas from her own sons the cruel blows came!"

Late last night I had a glimpse of the 500 prisoners who, at North Wall, Dublin, were being placed on a steamship for England.

It was a most extraordinary sight. Over the decks hung the dullest of dull lights, while a group of officers stood by the gangway, checking the prisoners as they passed. And what of the prisoners? Most of them appeared to be of the working class, with hatred—indomitable hatred—in their looks. As one looked on the defiant faces, the words of famous Lecky, written in connection with the sequel of the atrocities following the Wexford Rising of 1798, seemed peculiarly applicable:

"No one who has any adequate sense of the enormous mass of suffering which the authors of a rebellion let loose upon their country will speak lightly of their crime or of the importance of penalties that may deter others from following in their steps."

PITIFUL PLIGHT

As the prisoners passed across the gangway into the boat for England it seemed to me that some of them had a decidedly feminine appearance, and looked exactly like women in male attire.

Poor devastated Dublin! The once handsome postoffice looks like a reproduction of the ruined Town Hall of Ypres. And not soon will we forget the thrills of the last few days, when the revolutionists held the roofs and often the interiors of all the prominent houses, and sniped at anything and everything in the roads below. On the roof of the house where I have been staying a wild-looking man was running, rifle in hand. Bullets whizzed against the walls, fired by snipers, and one hit the windowframe and glanced off into the room. No one was hurt, but immediate withdrawal to the cellars was advisable.

This is the second time within a period of five weeks that I have had perforce to descend to cellars for safety! The first time was "Somewhere in Scotland," when the Zepps were right overhead, and the roof was threatening to fall in upon us. Little did I think then that the experience, with unpleasing variations, would be repeated within but a few weeks in good old Ireland. This time the inquisitive bullets of Sinn Feiners were the danger—and a very big danger, too!

It was very dreary in that Irish cellar. But at least it was comparatively safe—except for the fact that the rebels might burst in on us at any moment—and "do their darndest."

AN EERIE EVENING

We had no food, as in a previous attack on the house the snipers had freely helped themselves in the family larder. The cellar was cold and damp and eerie and entirely unpleasant. But hope springs eternal, and we whiled away the long hours by absurd guessing games and arithmetical competitions concerning the number of shots fired per minute by artillery in the vicinity. A curious and a memorable evening!

The revolutionists had been firing with quantities of lead seized, from various newspaper offices. They had also broken into all the drug stores and laid hands on all available chemicals of an explosive nature. These they packed into empty cans. The resultant combinations proved remarkably efficient. One such can exploded on the previous day not very far from where I was standing on the street, and to be candid, I don't think I have ever had quite such a fright in my life.

"Shure 'tis divils thim Sinn Feiners lads are entirely!" said a queer little man whose weazened features gave him an odd air that was quite diverting, and whose spirit could hardly be classified as military. "'Tis sittin' in this cellar I'll be afther till all thim heathenish noises outside cease, and the blessed saints preserve us! Glory be 'tis glad I am to be safe in hidin' here."

When the danger had abated a little we again went upstairs and watched from behind a Venetian blind.

A few bullets from the rifles of their brother revolutionists soon broke up a queer throng of looters and they fled for shelter. One or two wounded men and women were left lying where they fell until the police arrived to help them to safety. I noticed that on this occasion the Sinn Feiners stopped their fire until their wounded brethren got off.

An Irish flower seller who had seen Liberty Hall struck by a shell told me about it today.

"Shure 'twas an onholy spectacle," said he solemnly, "and the divil himself was in the explosion. 'Twas more than shot and shell and brick and dust that flew into the air—'twas human arms and human legs and pieces of human beings. Some of the rebel craythurs rushed out like rats from their holes, but glory be 'twas killed or taken prisoners they were entoirely."

STREET SCENES APPALLING.

The sights in the streets are appalling. Death and devastation abound, and even as I write, a dull roar of artillery comes from the Ballsbridge neighborhood, where a band of Sinn Feiners are still holding their own against heavy fire. Sackville street is still smoking, and the greater part of it lies in ruins. Any shops that still are standing have been ransacked to the uttermost, and the debris of discarded loot strews the pavements.

ELLEN ADAIR

Opposite my window at the present moment is a lady of the slums. She is peacocking up and down in the street in a wondrous tea gown which she has stolen from a big department store. Beneath it protrude her own dilapidated garments. Her unwashed hair draggles over the exquisite silken material, and her feet, in coarse gray woolen stockings, are vainly endeavoring to remain within a pair of dainty little satin slippers. She is an unlovely spectacle in her looted finery. I prophesy that within the next hour she will be arrested by "the military," unless she beats a wise retreat.

For the last few days it has been quite as dangerous to move in the streets of Dublin as at the firing line in France.

From the window of the house I sheltered in I have seen indescribable scenes. A wounded soldier was limping peacefully along, his arm in a sling. I saw a Sinn Feiner rush at him and club the poor defenseless fellow over the head with the butt end of his rifle. He left him lying in a pool of blood, dead. As he strode off after the grisly deed the look on his face was one of virtuous achievement. He had the sullen, heavy face of that intensely ignorant type one sometimes meets among the peasantry of Ireland. A brand-new bandolier was strapped around his shoulder and he did not look more than 18 years of age. Apparently he thought the wounded soldier fair game, but one not worthy of ammunition. The sickening "Thud! thud!" of the butt end of that rifle as it splintered the defenseless victim's skull is still ringing in my memory.

There was silence in the street after the murder, broken only by the whizz of bullets as they flew from various windows behind which the snipers were lurking.

It was extraordinarily hard for the military to dislodge these Sinn Feiners. "Crack! Crack! Crack!" in a breathless stutter from a rifle hidden in the upper story of some innocent-looking house, and another poor fellow would fall dead in the street.

A foolish old woman actually sallied forth in search of food. She proved an excellent target for the revolutionists. I watched her crossing an open space with a horrible sinking of the heart. How soon? "Ping!" went a bullet from a nearby house, and the old woman fell forward groaning. It was pitiable to hear her cries. After a time some brave Red Cross rescuers brought her in. She had a two-inch wound in the leg, a fact which proves that the Sinn Feiners were using dumdum (expanding) bullets.

At the corner of the street lay a soldier, vainly trying to locate the snipers. I saw him shot at his post.

GOOD FORM

Good form queries should be addressed to Deborah Rush, written on one side of the paper and signed with full name and address, though only ONLY will be published upon request. This column will appear in Monday, Wednesday's and Friday's Evening Ledger this week.

To go on with our little talk about wedding receptions and how they should be conducted. On Friday we said that the bride's party should be served at a special table.

The table is usually decorated with flowers, shaded lights, the covers of which blend in color with the bridesmaids' costumes, and very often an iced wedding cake is placed in the centre. The bride and bridegroom are seated at the head of the table side by side, with the matron of honor at the bridegroom's right hand and the best man at the bride's left hand and the bridesmaids and ushers are given the remaining places.

The parents of the bridal pair are not seated with them, as they are expected to go about among their guests during the reception to see if all are cared for. Of course, if it is possible to seat all the guests at small tables, the host and hostess are seated also. It is customary for the bridal pair and the girls in the bridal party to stand in the drawing room to receive the guests before going to their supper.

Ushers should never stand with the bridal party at the reception. Before it is time to go to the table, the ushers should circulate with the guests and should see that they are served.

After the larger number of guests have been served, it is customary for them to leave, after having viewed the presents, if they are displayed. Those who wish to see the bride and bridegroom off are always specially asked to remain by the host or hostess.

Dear Deborah Rush—Will you kindly tell me what I should do about calling on a girl I met a young lady not long ago and want to see her again and to call on her, but she did not ask me to.

When paying an evening call should one go in evening clothes? Should a man keep his gloves on when paying a visit in the evening?

You can hardly expect any girl to ask you to call on her, especially if she has only been introduced to you very recently. Reason is, if you her again at some party you both attend and ask her if you may call on her.

No, unless one is going to the theatre or to some other place where people wear evening clothes. Of course, if you intend paying a call at a house where you know the people always dress for dinner; it is better to wear evening clothes, as otherwise it would be embarrassing.

No, he should take off his gloves. It is considered good form for a man to shake hands with a woman with his gloves on.

Dear Deborah Rush—Should the doilies which are put on plates under fingerbowls be used to wipe one's mouth and fingers?

No, the fingerbowl doily is used for ornament. The lips which have just mouthed a morsel of food should be dried with one's napkin, and the finger tips should be dried with one's napkin.

Dear Deborah Rush—I am to be an usher at a 6 o'clock wedding and would like to know what would be proper for me to wear. Several of my friends disagree on the subject and would like to have you settle the question.

At a 6 o'clock wedding it is usual for the ushers to wear dress suits, with short white standing collars, small white bows and black patent leather pumps, white gloves and boutonnieres and white vests.

Dear Deborah Rush—How long should a widow wear deep mourning? Is it considered good form to take it off in six months?

T. L. K.

A widow wears deep mourning for at least two years. After that she usually adds a grey and lavender frocks to her wardrobe. This is largely a matter of personal feeling, but good taste demands usually two years at least. To put on colors after six months would be in shocking taste. DEBORAH RUSH.

Ready for Work on Mennonite Home

SOUDERTON, Pa., May 22.—Plans for the new Mennonite Home for the Aged at Souderton have been accepted by the Board of Trustees of the district, and the excavation work will start at once.