# WOMEN ARE ASKED TO PUT THEIR HEARTS TOGETHER TODAY AND FIGHT THE BATTLE OF FOOD

## IT MAY BE YOUR SOLDIER BOY WHO HAS TO GO WITHOUT HIS BEEF!

### The Little Belgian Girl We're Saving Food for Looks Like the One You Kiss at Night—Drive to Conserve Beef, Wheat and Sugar Opens Today

ALTHOUGH today seems no different from any other American day, something is happening in this very country that is apt or apt not to change the history of the world. The fight is on—the food fight.

Saturday word came to America that our own boys had fired their first shells.

Over there, then, they are fighting for us. And over here TODAY Herbert Hoover, in one mighty effort to make us realize that we in turn must fight for them, is talking to every housewife in America and begging her to listen, to heed and TO READ.

TODAY opens Food Conservation Week. Women in the lonely little towns and women in the great cities of the nation are being asked to put their hearts together. The United States Food Administration is pleading with them, for the sake of men, women and children across the other side of the water, to cut down in the use of wheat, pork, beef, dairy products and sugar.

This is not much to ask. We are not told to underfeed our families. We are told to make them eat something else so that these foodstuffs can be shipped abroad. We can eat fresh fruit here and get our sugar that way. But the fighting man and the Belgian baby have no fruit. It would spoil if it were shipped to them. They must have sugar and they must get it from the sugar bowls of America. We can eat eggs, but it is not practical to ship eggs thousands of miles. The fighting men and the little children without fathers must have beef and they must get it from the iceboxes of America.

ARE we going to fail them?

We are women and they tell us the war can be won in our own kitchens, and yet we go on—there is no denying it—using the very things we have been asked not to use. What is it makes us do this thing? Lack of realization that the war depends more on the tiny bites of beef we are thoughtlessly taking than it does on the very bullets?

Some one is going to pay the price!

IT MAY be your own soldier boy who will have to go without his beef, his bread and his sugar—because some one ate up his share on this side of the water.

It may be only a bit of a Belgian girl baby who never did anything more awful than hug a dollie tight to her little outraged heart.

Realize this soldier boy. He belongs to YOU.

Visualize this little Belgian girl. She looks something like the little girl you kiss at night. And oh! she's awfully hungry!

Vyvettes

We hope you'll never have a white elephant on your hands, but really one on your hat—a little one, in ivory, like the one above—would look quite attractive.

## THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

*Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily indorse the sentiment expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows:* THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, *Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.*

### TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Why is it impossible for our allies to use cornbread and thus help to conserve the wheat?

2. What is the food value of grapefruit?

3. What is a very new flower stand charming enough in itself to ornament an entire room?

1. How can a perfectly straight piece of fur be made into a cape-scarf without cutting the fur?

2. What very practical blouse should always be included in the bride's trousseau?

3. How can a small talking machine be sent to the soldiers or sailors without fear of its breaking in transit?

### ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Dried beans contain nearly two and a half times as much tissue-building food value as fresh tomatoes.

2. The upholstery in baby's carriage can be kept bright and fresh looking if little slip covers are made for the cushions. These can be fashioned of flowered cretonne or of white linen.

3. A new bread pan, the bottom of which is detachable, is to be found in the shops. This keeps the bread from sticking from the sides.

1. In sending wedding presents one addresses them to the bride whether or not she be acquainted with the giver.

2. The latest accessory to the Red Cross workroom uniform is a pair of small, serviceable white enamel bar pins simply ornamented with a tiny red enamel cross.

3. The bustle hat has a rather large brim and turns jauntily up in the back.

#### What to Serve Halloween

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Kindly print in your column what would be best to serve at a Halloween party.

What would be a nice suit for a brunette and also for a blond?

I am sending you a two-cent stamp. Would you please send me some of your games?

A READER.

Baked beans, brown-bread nut sandwiches, coffee, apples, pumpkin pie, doughnuts and nuts would make a good, old-fashioned Halloween supper. And, by the way, the old-time Halloween menu is by far the most up-to-date one! If, however, you prefer something a little more dignified serve broiled oysters, chopped celery salad in hollowed-out apples and ice cream molded in shape of little witch hats. In the old-fashioned menu all kinds of sandwiches can be substituted for the baked beans and sweet cider for the coffee.

A brunette might wear a poppy costume. This is made of red tarleton, the skirt cut into petals and curled at the bottom, the waist just a little bodice of green. A large poppy is made out of red satine and worn upside down, as a hat. A tulip costume can be made something in the same way. Use yellow cambric, painted at the edge with red. Make the skirt, which is, of course, just a succession of petals, very high waisted. Spanish and skating-girl costumes look well on brunettes.

The blond should wear soething dainty. Little Bo Peep, old-fashioned girl and baby costumes all look well on the light-haired girl. A very attractive costume is "the piece of Dresden China." Go to one of the department stores and in the bric-a-brac department you will find many little dainty figures whose apparel it will not be difficult to copy.

#### More About Linen Shades

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—What preparation can be used for cleaning white linen shades, or can they be washed? Hope to see your answer in the EVENING LEDGER. (Mrs.) J. S.

There is no preparation recommended for dry cleaning white linen shades. If they are slightly soiled rubbing with a new white eraser or with a piece of art gum will take out the spots and lightly sponging with a damp cloth wrung out in white soapsuds and ammonia will remove the dust.

White linen shades can be successfully washed, however. If they are hopelessly dirty and only thorough soaking will cleanse them, take the shades off the poles and soak them overnight in white soapsuds. Before soaking them take the measurement of their width. Wash them out in the morning and iron while quite wet. This gives a stiffening and gloss which has none of the disadvantages of starching. In ironing use the measurement to insure making the shades the same width they were before being washed. Shades are apt to shring, but can be stretched to normal width.

If you do not care to take the shades off the pole lay them out flat on the kitchen table and thoroughly scrub with white soapsuds and ammonia. Follow the same directions in ironing.

#### To Use the Last Scrap

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Will you please print the following suggestion on the Woman's Page:

In these days of economy, when we want to use everything, I have found a way to use up scraps of meat that could not really be used as the foundation of a left-over dish. When I have prepared cornmeal mush I put these scraps in the meat food chopper and mix them with fried onion. It gives the meal a meaty flavor and makes a nice change for a breakfast dish. I hope this will help some housewife.

(Mrs.) N. V.

I am sure any suggestion that makes for using up the last shred of precious meat will be welcomely received by all housewives who are interested in the conservation of food. Thank you, Mrs. N. V.

#### Who Acknowledges Wedding Gifts

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—I am to be married next month and we sent invitations to our friends for the wedding a week ago. Since then I have received a number of beautiful presents from friends of my future husband. Though I do not know these people, they have sent the presents to me. Should not my fiance write and acknowledge them? Is it all right to use correspondence cards to acknowledge the presents?

FUTURE BRIDE.

Custom requires that the wedding presents be sent to the bride, whether the senders know her personally or not. A wedding present is never sent to the bridegroom, though he, of course, shares in its use and in a way he owns them jointly with the bride.

The bridegroom should not acknowledge the presents by writing, though it would be perfectly good form for him to speak of them to his friends at the wedding reception. Every present, however, should be acknowledged in writing by the bride herself. It is a task that courtesy requires of her.

Write on small note paper—preferably monogramed—a cordial note of appreciation of the gift and the kind thought which accompanied it. If you have never met the person to whom you are writing say that you are looking forward with pleasure to meeting "one of Jack's friends" at the reception and that you hope when you shall have returned from your wedding trip you will have the pleasure of receiving him (or her) at your new home as a most welcome guest. Sign yourself "most cordially yours." Also in the bulk of the letter mention the fact that your fiance also admires the beautiful present.

#### Religious Statistics

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Which city, according to proportion of population, in the United States has the largest Protestant population, Catholic, Jewish, Christian Science, Puritan? M. W.

The Government religious statistics have not been compiled according to cities since 1906. The percentages relating to Catholicism and Protestantism given here are based on that year.

Fall River, Mass., had then the largest percentage of Catholic population, 68 per cent. Washington, D. C., had the largest percentage of Protestants, 50 per cent. Based on the census of figures of 1917, New York city has proportionately the largest Jewish population and Chicago and Los Angeles the largest number of Christian Scientists proportionately. There is no Puritan religion, but Salem, Mass., has more descendants of the Puritans than any other city in the United States. Some of these are Congregationalists, Unitarians, Presbyterians and members of many other churches. The church founded by the Puritan fathers became the Congregationalist Church and later split into two bodies, the Congregationalist and Unitarian.

#### Word an Invitation

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Will you word a formal invitation to an informal dance, to be given at my home on November 15, to meet a girl who is coming to visit me from New York? I want to ask about twenty-five girls and men.

INQUIRER.

Write on white notepaper, leaving a margin of about one-quarter of an inch at either side of the page and commence about an inch and a half from the top of the sheet. The invitations should be worded as follows:

2425 Walnut street.

Miss Betty Smithers
requests the pleasure of
Miss or Mr. (as the case may be)'s
company at a small informal
dance on Thursday evening, No-
vember 15, at eight o'clock, to
meet Miss Dora Jones, of
New York.

October the twenty-seventh.

## PATSY KILDARE THE OUTLAW

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

### Pictures

I GOT auntie, Mr. Rockrudder's cook, to fix up a lunch this morning when I had eaten breakfast and then I went in and talked to the burglar while the nurse ate and Levy got the auto ready. I asked the burglar, "For cat's sake, aren't you ever going to get well? Does the doctor keep the weight tied to your foot all the time? Is your father dead, as well as your mother? Didn't you ever go to school? Did you love your teacher and did the other kids play with you? Aren't you sorry you are a burglar?

He just grinned and said "Yes" to everything, so he made me tired. Then Levy honked and I went down the banister and Rowdy and I hopped into the back seat of the auto and went away from there. When we got to school we sat on the walk till the bell rang and none of the kids would play with us. At recess one of the teachers said that I was to be in her room after the Christmas vacation because Miss Willie Danglar had told her that I was going to pass. She is a nice-looking teacher, and she said she had heard about me from the principal and that she would be very glad to have me in her room. I guess it does help to have some one around who is Irish.

The teacher patted Rowdy, which made me like her all the more. So I said to her: "May I come to your room and speak to you all alone?" She said: "Certainly, Patsy. What is it? Have some of the children been imposing on you?" I said: "No, nobody imposes on the Irish. You're a friend of mine and I want to do you a good turn." She said: "You sweet thing, what is it?" I said: "It is that stuff you pulled on the kids in your room one day about the world being round. Nobody with any sense heard you say it except me, but the principal might have heard you, so now you go ahead and teach the kids that the world is flat, just as if you had never said anything else, and I promise not to give you away." The teacher laughed and said: "I am going to tell you something that is very hard for a little girl to understand." "Not if she is Irish," I said. "Go to it."

"Well," said the teacher, "the world is really round." I said: "Gee! You are the second crazy girl I have known. Anybody can see that the world is flat." "Wait," she said. Then she got a big book and showed me a pitcher of the world and the pitcher proved that the world is round, just as the teacher said. I was certainly surprised, but, of course, after she showed me the pitcher I knew she was right, because they could not take the pitcher of the world and make it round if it was not. When a thing is in a book it is always so.

The pitcher of the world made me think of my mother's pitcher, so after school I went to our house to see if there was any dust on it, because Jim had told me that when dust began to gather on my mother's pitcher it would be the sign that my father was going to be married again. My mother's pitcher was not there! When I couldn't find it I wanted to go out and crawl under the house. I felt so badly. My heart was all swelled up and such a lump came in my throat that I almost choked. I could not think who would steal my mother's pitcher, and I did not know which way to turn or what to do. I ran back to the school, where Levy was waiting to take me to Mr. Rockrudder's, and I told him to go as fast as he could.

When we got there I ran to my father's room and said: "Somebody has stolen my mother's pitcher off the wall at our house and you must come back to the city with me and call out the petroleum wagon and catch whoever did it." My father said: "Why, Patsy, I have got it here in my room. I brought it here myself. I could not sleep in this house if it was not with me." Then I certainly did hug my mother's pitcher and my father hugged me and the nurse sniffed and said nothing when I told her about it, and there was not a bit of dust on the pitcher! So tonight I am a very happy little girl.

"The Gift," the next Patsy Kildare adventure, appears in Tuesday's Evening Ledger.

### *Tomorrow's War Menu*

BEEFLESS DAY

BREAKFAST

Whole Oranges
Creamed Codfish on Toast
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Pea Timbales
Corn Crispets — Cocoa
Apples

DINNER

Spanish Stew of Chicken
(With Tomatoes and Peppers)
Baked Sweet Potatoes — Dressed Lettuce
Lemon Gelatin

PEA TIMBALES

The ingredients are: one cupful pea pulp, three eggs, few drops onion juice, one-half cupful milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, one tablespoonful flour, one-half teaspoonful salt and cayenne pepper.

Press fresh cooked or canned peas through a sieve to make a cupful of pulp. Make a white sauce as follows: Melt the butter, add flour and cook until bubbling. Add milk gradually, stirring all the white until a smooth, medium-thick mixture results. To the white sauce add the eggs beaten, the rest of the ingredients and seasoning to taste. Beat well together, put into small greased molds and bake in a pan of water till set. Turn out on hot dish and surround with more white sauce or tomato sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

### *Not Asked to Go Hungry*

IN URGING the American people to "Serve by Saving" and "to Fight by Helping the Fighter Fight," the United States food administration asks no one to go hungry.

AMERICA'S PROBLEM is to feed our allies this winter by sending them as much food as we can of the most concentrated nutritive value in the least shipping space. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products and sugar.

THE SOLUTION is for us to eat less of these foods and not to make ourselves go hungry. There are other foodstuffs in America in abundance.

OUR PART is to eat the other foodstuffs.

### THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The cows can stay
outdoors all day
In meadows green
and sweet.
They live in gorgeous
scenery
But all they
do is eat.

## "MA" SUNDAY'S INTIMATE TALKS

*The wife of the famous evangelist discusses everyday topics in a helpful and wholesome way.*

### *When Mamma Went Away*

"I HAVE such a queer feeling, Daddy, at times, and the funniest, biggest lump in my throat—it is just as though I can hear mamma calling me; you know the way she used to call me when I was playing!"

"MA" SUNDAY

And Bobby nestled his tousled head under his father's arm and raised his big blue eyes into those of his daddy, while a strange, wistful look stole into his chubby features. His father turned his face away suddenly, but not quite quickly enough, for the next moment Bobby had raised up suddenly in his lap and was throwing his little arms about his neck.

"Why, dad—dy!" he burst out, "you is crying!" My dad—dy is crying! I just thought, maybe, you could explain to me why I have such a funny feeling all of a sudden—just as though mamma was in the house waiting for me! I didn't mean to make you cry, dad—dy!"

"That's all right, little man; don't you fret!" said young John Walker, sliding his hand over his face for a moment. "Daddy was just thinking, that was all! What is it you want me to tell you—oh, I know! And I think I can explain so you will understand as well as I do!"

The father stared into the fire, while Bobby, with a sigh, nestled a little closer. It had only been six months since the wife and mother, Dorothy Walker, after a heroic battle to live for her dear ones, had been forced to yield her life to the ravages of tuberculosis. She was a remarkable young woman in many ways—one of the most remarkable I have ever known—in her unconscious ability to make those who knew her love her. She was the kind of a girl whose sheer unselfishness and wholesomeness and sweetness were so genuine and tender that she seemed to breathe an atmosphere which lingered long after she had left you.

Her death in her early twenties was pitiful. But her young husband had kept on in their little cottage, with a nurse and housekeeper, trying bravely to fight down the surging memories of his dear one, gone forever, and to buck the line a little harder for the sake of Bobby. After all, she and God had been good to him—for they had left him his son!

He tried to smile down into Bobby's face as he talked and Bobby tried to smile back. Each was doing his best to make the other understand, and each, in his way, was trying to hide the tugging wrench at his heart. And both knew what the other was suffering—Bobby in his wistful, boyish fashion, and daddy in his man's suffering, which seldom knows the relief of a woman's tears.

"I'll tell you, little man, how it is," began John Walker abruptly. "You loved mamma just as daddy loved her, and as God loved her, but in a different way from either of us. You loved her as her little boy, and she was the best and finest mamma in the whole wide world to you. Daddy knows, even if he isn't a little boy like you. Lots and lots of people loved mamma, but God and the angels loved her more, I guess, than we did. And somehow I think they needed her more than we did up in heaven or, at least, they thought they did. So they decided to take mamma up to them. There are very few mammas like ours, boy.

"She did an awful lot for you and me while she was with us. Some day you'll understand how much she did for daddy—when you grow up to be a big man. We ought to be mighty grateful for mamma, even for the little time she was with us, for it was an honor to be as much loved by any one as you and I were, boy. She gave her life to us and, and—I guess instead of crying now because she has gone up with the angels that we ought to be glad—for her. For she is a whole lot happier than either you or I could make her, Bobby. And it is because she is so happy that she sends down her little messages to us now to tell us about it and to let us know she is thinking of us as we are thinking of her. For she loves us just as much as ever, probably a whole lot more, boy. And she is so anxious for us to know it and for us not to grieve, that she is thinking of us first now, just as she always did when she was down here with us. That is why, when you are playing, you think she is still in the house, waiting for you, maybe with a piece of bread and jam, if you have been good. She wants you to know that that is just what she would be doing if she could, and her love is so big that it reaches clear down from the skies to us, to you and to me.

"Daddy feels the same way lots and lots of times when he is working hard, and is very tired, and is thinking how much he would give if he could only go home and find mamma waiting for him with his slippers and pipe and her kiss—there never was another kiss like those Mamma could give, boy. And daddy knows. So, that is why you and daddy think that mamma is always at home, waiting for us to come back—just, just as we are waiting for her!"

Daddy's voice trailed to a stop, as he and Bobby stared into the fire again. It was Bobby who broke the silence rather fearfully. "Do—do you think, daddy, that you and I will ever see Mamma again?"

"Of course we will!" This time John Walker's voice was firm and reassuring. "When you and I get to heaven, Bobby, do you know who will be the first waiting for us after we see God? It will be mamma and she will be holding our her arms to daddy; just as she used to do when he came home from the office, all tired and worn, with everything going wrong, and she will have one eye for you, boy, and she will try to put her arms around both of us at once, and we will all be crying together, but it will be a different kind of crying, boy, for we will all know that never, never again, boy, will mamma go away from us! We will have her for good then, boy, forever and forever! Won't that be bully?"

"It sure will, daddy!" echoed Bobby. "God is good to us, after all, isn't he, daddy?"

(Copyright, 1917, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Wednesday—A love story from the trenches.

## IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

### *Mourning Gown of Black Moon-Glo Crepe*

193

The woman of distinction wants distinction in her clothes, even when she is in mourning, and yet she wishes to avoid anything conspicuous or striking. The mourning wardrobe has to achieve distinctiveness while being perfectly conservative. The accompanying illustration shows a mourning costume that fills these requirements exceptionally well. The lines are simple but original. It is made of black moon-glo crepe and the front and back panels of the waist are trimmed with dull black beads. The cuffs, skirt panel and skirt itself follow the prevailing mode of relying on buttons for trimming. The waist, under the panels and the sleeves are made of georgette crepe.

Stone
1220-1222 Walnut St.

Special
Stylish Tailored
Suits
Of velour, silvertone and duvetyne. Remarkable value at
$39.50

## GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

By JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG, M. D., LL. D.

*In answer to health questions, Doctor Kellogg in this space will daily give advice on preventive medicine, but in no case will he take the risk of making diagnoses or of prescribing for ailments requiring surgical treatment or drugs. Health questions will be promptly answered by personal letters to inquirers who inclose stamped envelopes for reply.*

### *Relax!*

LET your mind relax. Let your muscles relax.

Tension (or "attention," as the psychologists call it) is not only mental—it is muscular. Your muscles, constituting half the entire weight of your body, are in a constant state of attention—readiness for action.

This is a part of the general plan of your body to keep itself in a state of preparedness. The muscles are "at attention," so as to be ready for instant action.

This state of attention is maintained by a rapid succession of impulses raining down upon every muscle of the body at a rate of ten or twelve impulses a second.

The contraction is so rapid that it produces a musical note. By putting the tips of the fingers in the ears and holding the muscles firm and tense one can hear the beat of a low-pitched tone that is a little below the lowest pipe of a pipe organ. It is so low as to be felt rather than heard.

The state of attention which is maintained constantly by the muscles uses up about 40 per cent of all the energy expended by the body. Two-fifths of the entire food taken into the body on an ordinary diet is used up in this muscle attention, in which no work is done whatever—simply the holding of your muscles in a state of readiness for quick action.

And, incidentally, this attention is useful to the body, because it is a means by which heat is produced. Thus it really is not wasted, since by it the body is kept warm.

This explains why a person shivers when he is cold—and the degree of tension must be increased in order to produce an increased amount of heat.

This fact is of great physiologic importance in the body. When the body is in a state of attention, as when listening, or in suspense, expectancy, apprehension, worry, or what is commonly called "nervousness"—as when one is restless and cannot sit still, or has the "fidgets"—the tension is very greatly increased and naturally the expenditure of energy is also increased—may even be doubled.

One may observe this by putting the tips of the fingers in the ears, noting the vibration, and then making the arms tight. Note how much louder the muscle note is, showing that the expenditure of energy has been very greatly increased with increased tension.

This explains why one becomes tired when waiting for a train or in a doctor's office. Few experiences are more tiresome than waiting.

It also explains why worry and nervousness use up energy so rapidly. One who lives constantly in a state of high tension may easily expend an amount of energy equivalent to the energy consumed in walking ten or fifteen miles, or even more, every day.

Such a use of energy is extremely wasteful and harmful. Nervousness and worry thus reduce the weight of the body and produce a haggard, worn appearance.

The body is in a state of constant rest only when completely relaxed. This is one reason why sleep in the midst of noise is not as refreshing as sleep under quiet conditions. A certain amount of tension is maintained even during sleep, and this amount is greatly increased by noises that cause more or less reaction, even though they may not waken the sleeper.

#### Bran and Lemon Juice

After using bran and lemon juice for several months I began suffering from kidney trouble. Might this difficulty have been due to the combination of the lemon juice and bran? W. B. T.

No. Bran and lemon juice are entirely compatible.

#### High Blood Pressure

What is the cause of high blood pressure? P. E. M.

In most cases it is due to irritation of the arterial walls by poisons circulating in the blood, among which are tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, pepper and other condiments and poisons absorbed from the colon. It is due to hardening of the arteries.

#### Sore Feet

What are the best means of preventing soreness of the feet due to walking? HIKER.

The feet should be washed with soap and water and very gently dried. Dust on a powder composed of equal parts of starch and boracic acid. Reddened skin or recent blisters should be protected by strips of adhesive. Open sores require a physician's advice. Wear white cotton socks and change daily. Wear a comfortable, loose shoe that does not constrict the foot in any way.

#### Swollen Glands in a Child's Neck

What causes swollen glands in a child's neck? MOTHER.

A common cause is tuberculosis and in many instances the infection is derived from infected milk. Have a physician examine the case at once.

#### Lupus

What is lupus? Is it contagious? P. L. S.

Lupus is tuberculosis of the skin. It may be communicated the same as other forms of tuberculosis, but is less likely to be a source of infection, for the reason that the germs are very deep in the skin and are not spread about as are germs which develop in connection with pulmonary tuberculosis, where the germs are expectorated.

(Copyright.)

### A Child

Her voice was like the song of birds;
Her eyes were like the stars;
Her little waving hands were like
Birds' wings that beat the bars.

And when those waving hands were still
Her soul had fled away,—
The music faded from the air,
The color from the day.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

#### All Nations at Masquerade Party

All nations were represented at the masquerade party given by the Aces on Saturday night at 992 North Sixth street. There were nearly 150 in attendance. The occasion was considerably enlivened by the Maud String Band, which furnished up-to-the-minute selections for the dancers. Prizes were won by Jermain Josephs and Albert Bass. Friends of the Aces presented a silver loving cup to the organization.

### TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

Nicholas Heinrich, 214 S. 8th st., and Katherine Mazie, Baltimore, Md.
Charles F. Sweeney, Haines st., Oak Lane, and Genevieve E. McCloskey, 2224 N. 12th st.
Clarence S. Pennington, Camden, N. J., and Ida M. Wright, Camden, N. J.
Robert V. Weller, 813 W. Cambria st., and Lily A. Pell, 4507 N. 8th st.
Samuel Sackner, 433 Tasker st., and Beckie Portman, 803 McKean st.
John M. Bender, York, Pa., and Blanche M. Wilson, Woodbine, Pa.
George E. Fassett, 5607 Haverford ave., and Elizabeth M. Dougherty, 1616 N. Allison st.
William Graff, 522 W. Somerset st., and Ida C. McConnell, 522 W. Somerset st.
John C. Wasserbach, 821 S. 16th st., and Beatrice Smith, 1820 N. Franklin st.
Jerome P. Hennesy, 1421 Arch st., and Winnifrede N. King, Providence, R. I.
Diomid Bondar, 1038 Mechanic st., and Anna Spas, Camden, N. J.
Franciszek Smiadowski, 2673 E. Cumberland st., and Stanislawa Brokowska, 2544 Edgemont st.
Charles W. Thorn, 3953 Filbert st., and Mary B. Blake, 3953 Filbert st.
Andrew Shields, 2844 Boudinot st., and Lillie Moore, 1920 Hart lane.
Dave Prager, 1444 Fawn st., and Minnie Pilkorsky, 966 N. Marshall st.
Charles Brown, 1938 N. Alder st., and Celia Harris, 1909 N. Alder st.
Charles Altschul, Atlantic City, N. J., and Hilda P. Proskauer, Atlantic City, N. J.
Dawson T. Gillan, Darby, Pa., and Harriett S. Carey, Darby, Pa.
William C. Reed, U. S. S. San Diego, and Miriam Lederman, 2302 N. 19th st.
William J. Gibbons, 522 Mifflin st., and Mary H. Flanagan, 522 Mifflin st.
George F. Wilfong, Wayne, Pa., and Alverda Moore, 802 S. 48th st.
Harry J. Sonntag, 2404 W. Sergeant st., and Helena K. Lafty, 2948 Cedar st.
Washington Ellison, 1843 South st., and Corinne Gilliam, 1843 South st.
William J. Gobright, 5244 Sprues st., and Nellie M. McCartney, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Thomas Fassett, 1910 Federal st., and Fannie James, 1723 S. 19th st.
John C. Geise, League Island Navy Yard, and Emma Wright, 1952 Germantown ave.

ASK FOR and GET
Horlick's
The Original
Malted Milk
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

Furs - Coats - Dresses

It pays to buy where there is a certainty of getting high quality when the prices are also reasonable.

BLAYLOCK & BLYNN, Inc
1528 Chestnut St.
Furs Altered and Repaired

## Slot Machines Gone

In England the slot machines have gone and in their place stand cigarette dispensers. This is particularly the case in the large railroad stations where soldiers are continually passing to and fro. No pennies are needed to get the cigarettes. Being a soldier boy is open sesame to the machine which is operated by pressing a plug. In England, too, the cigar stores and drug stores are adding to Tommy's tobacco store by asking their customers to drop in a box cigarettes, cigars or tobacco as they pass out of the store.

## The Things They Do

Women in Paris are wearing watches small enough to be mounted on a finger ring.

Little girls everywhere will soon be carrying muffs that are shaped like dolls. A New York inventor has invented a hand-warmer like this.

More women are employed in Government positions in England than in any other country in the world.

The "maids-of-all" in Seattle, Wash., have formed a Housemaids' Union. Already there are more than 2000 members.

## Gipsy Autumn Song

Away o'er the tops of the wind-swept hills,
That are burning with Autumn's gold,
And a sparkling air, and a day bright and fair,
And a wind that is never old.

Let's run with the wind and let's leap with the leaves,
And think never of home or abode.
And it's hey the mad pace of the gipsy life's race,
And the joy of the Romany road.

—Cornelius Otis Skinner in the Delineator.

Comfort With Economy

The Fleck Modern Way Pipeless Furnace heats every part of the house to a uniform temperature of 70 degrees in zero weather from one register. As no heat is wasted in cellar or in passing through long pipes, it cuts fuel bills about one-third. Perfect circulation of fresh, balmy air insures proper ventilation. No dust or coal gas. Low initial cost, no repairs. Easy to install—only one hole to cut. Immediate deliveries. Write for booklet.

FLECK BROS. CO.
DISPLAY ROOMS
HEATING
506 Arch Street
PLUMBING
44 to 50 N. 5th St.

Ultra-Smart
Low Heels
"Laddie"
with a fairly narrow toe and one-inch heel proves that low heels can be smartly styled and extremely popular.
Black Calf, $7.00
Mahogany Tan, $7.50

The Harper Shoe Co.
WALK-OVER SHOPS
1022 CHESTNUT ST. 1228 MARKET ST.