

GIRLS MAY WASH THEIR CLOTHES IN BASEMENT OF BOSTON CHURCH

Landladies and Roomers Had Too Many Tiffs About Laundry Done in Secret, So Pastor Finds Solution to the Situation

THE basement of a church has opened a wide its arms to many an unusual function, but probably there isn't but one church basement in the whole country where you can walk in and find a number of young ladies calmly and gossippingly doing their week's laundry.

There is one, however. It's in Boston, in the First Methodist Church, and it was founded by none other than the pastor. You can walk in any day of the week except Sunday and hear the wringer squeak and the water splash and everything else that you can hear in a real live laundry.

IT WAS all the landlady's fault. It seems the landladies in Boston are just like those all over the rest of the world. They've a nose for laundry. You could no more make the lady of the boarding house believe that you were mending your nails when you were washing a georgette crepe waist than you could make her think you were heating a "hot-water bottle" when you were cooking beans.

The Boston pastor was neutral. Instead of trying to establish a case of rightness for the poor working girl who had no place to do her laundry and who couldn't afford to send it out, he just decided to have a community laundry of his own. There was a big stove in the basement of the church and the pastor said, "Why not?"

The answer was the laundry, which is "nonsectarian."

SPEAKING of washing reminds us that washerwomen are at a premium and that maids are not to be had for love or even the use of the piano. In Chicago women will not do your washing unless

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 querist. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed. All correspondence should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. When substituting honey for sugar how much of it should be used?
2. In washing chemise sleeves what can be used to make them soft and pliable?
3. Why is it unwise to put plants in painted flower pots?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. If a thin slice of bread were saved daily by each person in the United States a four thousand ton ship loaded with wheat could be sent each day to the Allies.
2. Honey can be used in place of sugar in baking cakes and yeast breads that require sweetening. Baking soda rather than baking powder is used to raise the dough. If baking powder be used it should be in addition to the soda to neutralize the acid in the leaven.
3. Rankin pottery is the onyx opalescent ware that is being seen so much in bowls, decanters, vases, etc. It is varicolored, and exquisite in shading.

Recipes for Candy

Dear Madam—I am a girl sixteen years old. My height is five feet eleven and I weigh ninety-eight pounds. Do you think I am too stout? Some of my friends think I am. Would you please print directions for making peanut brittle and candy? I can't cut out any other recipes for making candy and have had splendid success. Thanking you in advance, I am

A Knitted Baby Cap

Dear Madam—Will you please send the directions for knitting a baby's hood? I want to make it for a Christmas present, and would like to begin now. (Mrs. R. M.)

Man Wants to Bleach His Hair!

Dear Madam—My hair is slightly red and I wish to know how I can bleach it to a brownish color. (M. E. L.)

Wants Puppy for Little Boys

Dear Madam—I noticed in the EVENING LEDGER that a brown dog named "Duke" was for sale. I am very anxious to get a nice dog, preferably a puppy, for my two boys, seven and nine years of age. They are both very fond of animals, and will give it the very best of care. Have any of your readers a dog they would like to be a playfellow. Communications addressed to Mrs. M. T. F. will be forwarded.

Offer of Music

Dear Madam—I read in your column last week of a request for better music. I am a friend who has promised me to get some music for you. I wish you would name your work, and with all success in the little money when the music may be found. (Mrs.) C. E. K.

"MA" SUNDAY'S INTIMATE TALKS

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

Love Story From the Trenches

ON a country cross roads in Indiana is perched a little drab schoolhouse. It has been beaten by the rains and winds of forty years. Last summer for the first time in forty years it was given a new coat of paint.

It is a far cry from this obscure frontier school district to the first-wealthy trenches of France, but the call of hunger love bridges all distances of space or time.

At 9 o'clock each morning a young woman appears in the doorway and rings the same battered bell which once summoned the fathers and mothers of the same children who come trooping across the yard. She is a wifely-eyed, brown-haired girl, in an

As you study her features you will glimpse now and then a smile that is almost beautiful in its tender patience, for she has been in the great furnace of human sacrifice, out of which we emerge either whitened or blackened.

Perhaps as the hum of the young voices is stilled after the day's work she lingers after dark and I can fancy that at times her brown hair is buried in her arms, and if you could lift her head you would see tears in her wifely eyes. For the young teacher is fighting her own problems and doing her best to smile out into the world as she visions a certain wifely-eyed picture somewhere on the French frontier.

It is such a picture as has grown all too common in the last three years of this mad blood-lust—a shrapnel-swept field, rows on rows of tense-faced men, huddled in the trench line, the sudden battery charge over the top of the trench, the rain of death in No Man's Land. Men in muddy uniforms are dropping like tenpins.

One of these is a young American, and she knows that in an inside pocket they found the soiled photograph of a girl, with a brown smudge on a lower corner. She has the photograph now, for the French have a wonderful memory in matters of sentiment, even in wartime, and the picture was duly mailed to the address written on its back. Dora Reynolds seldom exhibits the photograph even to her friends, for the brown smudge is the mark of the gushing life blood of the man she loved, and is all that is left to her of the happiness of which she had dreamed.

This is only a chapter in the tragedy of her love story. She had been engaged for two years to be married to Charlie Warren, one of the old-home boys, who had gone away from the little town to Indianapolis, where his ability as a contractor had already begun to win him a substantial success. But she felt she could not accede to his request for an immediate marriage. Her father said when she was a child, leaving virtually nothing, and the death of her mother, three years before, had left her with the care of an invalid, crippled sister, whom she supported with her meager earnings as a school teacher. Charlie had offered to take her place in the support of her sister, but Dora maintained there could be no deep marital love that handicapped the husband with a wife's obligations, and she had refused.

Manlike, Charlie resented, rather than try to understand and overcome her scruples, and a month after his last visit home, he had written her that he had taken advantage of an opportunity to enlist in the engineering corps of the French army. This was a year and a half before the country of the trenches was reached. For the first time the real meaning of the trenches now stabbed home to the girl. Less than two weeks after Charlie had sailed from New York Dora's invalid sister died suddenly, and the only obstacle to their marriage was removed—too late.

She had three letters from him, one after his receipt of her news, full of sympathy for her, and with a strange new note of tenderness that she had never seen in him before, for Charlie was already beginning to catch something of that greater vision of life which comes to men who go down into the jaws of daily death.

The first awful blow has now been somewhat dulled, and Dora, too, is beginning to understand something of that new vision of life, which came to Charlie in his brief space in the trenches. At first she had blamed him bitterly, and then she had blamed herself for their separation. Now she knows that both were to blame.

She knows, too, that life is not an opportunity but a gift—the greatest which God has given men and women, and that in the giving it always returns to the donor more than is received. It was she who denied Charlie the privilege of that gift, and herself its blessings. The very fact of her invalid sister would have helped cement rather than lessen the tie between them. If their love was genuine and lasting, it was not independence which kept her from realizing her happiness. It was pride—and it was pride which kept Charlie from attempting to remove the barriers which she interposed between them and which sent him to his death.

Both have paid the penalty as a result. Dora was always a sweet girl. She is now a transfigured woman. Many admirers from her, she tells me that she had applied for a position as a Red Cross nurse, and maybe by the time this is written, she, too, will be somewhere in France, realizing the vision of that greater love, whose real meaning she began to glimpse in the little Indiana school house—after it was too late. (Copyright, 1917, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Plum-Color Kitten's Ear Cloth Makes This Suit



The use of long-haired fur for suit trimming is becoming more popular every day. A deep fur round the face is very flattering, and it is effective on the cuffs and skirt. The model illustrated is generously bandied with Japanese mink round the bottom of the coat, and has a square collar and deep cuffs of the same fur. The tails form a sort of fringe at the bottom and at the back of the collar. The suit is made of plum-colored kitten's ear cloth. At either side of the plain, semifitting front breadth silk embroidery is introduced of the same color as the suit. The collar can be unbuttoned, making deep revers. The sleeves of the coat and the skirt follow the prevailing fashion of being plain and rather tight.

Potato Prices Cut to \$1 a Bushel

YORK, Pa., Oct. 31.—Announcement has been made by dealers that they will pay but \$1 a bushel for potatoes at points along the Maryland and Pennsylvania Railroad and in other parts of the county's potato belt. This is a decrease of forty cents in the price paid last week, and a further reduction is predicted.

If You Love Flowers you will be interested in The Century Flower Shop

We shall be glad to have you come in and look. Please don't feel that it is necessary to purchase. 12th St. Below Chestnut St.

Le Perle Face Powder

Remove superfluous hair from armpits and under the arms. The new style razors make this operation indispensable. Sold by Good Drug and Department Stores.

MANDO

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GITTELMAN'S SONS 916 Arch Street West Phila. Store, 4083 Lancaster Ave.

How Small Food Savings Will Reach Huge Total

STORIES of bitter hunger overseas touch you deeply. But the OUNCE of beef meat, wheat or sugar you save SEEMS VERY SMALL. Do a little multiplication! There are 22,000,000 kitchens in America. It's TEAM WORK that COUNTS! That's why, this week, you are being asked to ENROLL as a MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION. Remember food will win the war and hunger is the biggest aid of the Kaiser!

Tomorrow's War Menu

BREAKFAST: Oatmeal and Top Milk, Cinnamon Toast, Coffee. LUNCHEON: Canned Shad Roa With Brown Gravy, Whole Wheat Muffins, Marmalade. DINNER: Casserole of Lamb, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Plum Pudding, Pickles. CASEROLE OF LAMB: Remove the fat from one and one-half pounds of forequarter of lamb and cut the meat into squares. Lay the pieces in a casserole dish with one cupful of tomato, one-half cupful each of sliced carrots, onions and turnips, two tablespoonsful of oatmeal, three cupfuls of hot water and salt and pepper. Let cook in a medium oven for two hours.

The Mocking Bird

I love the flags that wave so free. High up on buildings everywhere. They look alive and glad to me. And shake down courage through the air.

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November Records Out Tomorrow

Come to Heppes

Victrolas, \$20 to \$365

GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

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

Orange Juice for Babies

ONE class of cases in which orange juice is almost indispensable is those most unfortunate and suffering of mortals—the bottle-fed babies. Usually fed on pasteurized or sterilized milk, these unhappy little ones seldom fail to show marked evidence of malnutrition. They are, indeed, not infrequently victims of scurvy, rickets or pellagra. The investigations of Funk, McCollum and many others have shown that the emaciation, weakness, arrest of growth and general malnutrition in such cases is due to absence from their food of the essential "vitamins."

Skin Food

There is no such thing as skin food. The skin is not a stomach. It cannot be fed by rubbing anything upon it or into it. The skin is a breathing organ and an excreting organ. The skin throws things out and takes very little in. It will take in moisture to a slight degree. Friction improves the circulation of the skin and thus helps its nutrition. When natural oil of the skin is deficient, oil in some form should be applied.

Perspiring Hands and Feet

Neuroathenics are much subject to cold perspiring hands and feet. This condition is usually associated with constipation and autointoxication. It is relieved by such measures as overcomes the constipation and

Colorgrams

There's the demure little dress that comes in soft dark-blue satin. It's not so shy though when the pleats separate and show their blue plaid facing—and then there's the big round collar. It's edged with beaver fur!

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