A PAGE FOR PROGRESSIVE WOMEN—EDITORIALS ON TIMELY TOPICS—HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

THE OPEN SEASON IN FAINTING CLOSED; LYDIA LANGUISH GONE

War and the Woman Movement Have Chased Swooning Off the Map—Question Is, Did Girls Use to Keel on Purpose?

HERE lies Lydia Languish! Heaven bless her demise and keep her laid low.

Have you missed her—Lydia? Or has it dawned on you that the woman who faints is no longer with us? It took a war, the women movement and the according new styles in women's behavior to close the open season in swooning. But it's closed.

And now comes the interesting question, Why did women faint? And if they don't have to do it now, why did they have to do it then?

I do not speculate idly. Science itself is interested in the passing of Lydia Languish, and the wherefore of her before she passed. Note Dr. George Lincoln Walton in his little book, "Peg Along." Dr. Walton is consulting neurologist to the Massachusetts General Hospital and a noted specialist on the why and wherefore of such as Lydia.

AFTER establishing the fact that it is no longer an everyday occurrence "for some young lady to be administered to for emotional collapse," and linking this up with "the advent of the new woman who represents a revulsion from the Lydia Languish type," Dr. Walton proceeds to the matter of why women did faint.

"The question naturally arises," he says, "did the women faint on purpose? Perhaps those did who were so gifted, but it was probably as a rule a case, not of the women fainting on purpose but of *letting themselves faint.*"

PROMISCUOUS fainting was then, after all, according to our doctor friend, a matter of giving in to a tendency which we all possess rather than a necessity or still, on the other hand, something actually done on purpose.

Dr. Walton goes on to say there is an increasing tendency in our country at least to control the emotions. This, of course, is important because it refers to men as well as women. But it is with women we are chiefly concerned. And there is probably nothing more indicative of their progress than the changing standards of behavior which make self-control a thing to be desired. When women fainted, you will agree, self-control or whatever keeps a weak one from keeling over in church was deemed an attribute of the hard-skinned.

AND so it is that we are living in the days of many changes. No longer does the fair one who keeled regularly every Sunday morning regale her friends later on in the day with the news of how she "had to be taken out." Keeling is no longer in vogue. There is a new line of activity, and fortunately for the world our old regulars have taken it up.

It has to do with energetic war work, with golf, swimming and a thousand other things that make red blood. Long life to it. And peace to Lydia Languish.

Old Friends

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

—WEBB.

DIET FOR CHILD IN SECOND YEAR

Advice on preventive medicine will be given by Doctor Kellogg in this column daily; but in no case will diagnosis or treatment of ailments be attempted. Personal queries on health will be promptly answered if postage is inclosed.

By J. H. KELLOGG, M. D., LL. D.

THE second year is a particularly trying one for most children. Much of the difficulty is due to mistakes in feeding. The baby's delicate digestive mechanism, accustomed to dealing only with milk, can not all at once undertake the task or adjustment to a varied diet of solid foods, but must be strengthened by the gradual addition of new foods until the organs are trained to more complicated operations. The safe rule for feeding the baby is to add but one new food at a time to his dietary; to watch carefully the effect of each one and to withdraw it and return to the simpler diet at the first sign of trouble.

The following list shows the day's meals for a baby in his second year:

7 a. m.—Milk zwieback, toast or dried bread.
9 a. m.—Orange juice.
10 a. m.—Cereal, cup of milk.
2 p. m.—Thin gruel, vegetable, stale bread, baked apple.
6 p. m.—Cereal, milk, toast or bread.
10 p. m.—Milk (may be omitted).

Milk: At this time the baby should be taking about one quart of milk in twenty-four hours; part of this may be poured over the cereal.

Cereals: Oatmeal should be cooked three hours, with a little salt in the water. It should be served without sugar, or with a very little only. The lighter cereals should be cooked at least an hour.

Breads: Bread for young children must have been thoroughly baked and should be quite dry when used; that is, at least two days old. Tender toast is made by cutting thin slices from such a loaf and allowing them to dry still more, then toasting them to a delicate brown over a quick fire. Toast thus made is crisp all the way through and may be used in many ways. Many children will like to eat it broken into bits in thin gruel or milk. Hot breads and biscuits, griddle cakes and muffins are not suitable for young children.

Fruits: The child may have a small portion of baked apple or prunes once a day in addition to his morning feeding of orange juice. The apple should be baked very tender and all the skin, seeds and hard parts should be removed. Prunes should be very carefully washed, soaked all night, then cooked until very tender with very little sugar. A small portion of the strained pulp may be given instead of apple, and the juice may be used also.

Vegetables: A small portion of some properly cooked green vegetable, such as spinach or tender string beans, may be given. Such vegetables should be fresh. They should be cooked, then drained and mashed or strained through a colander.

ALLENTOWN'S ASSISTANT TREASURER

Miss Clara Hopkins has handled $1,000,000 of the city's funds without skipping a cent.

GIRLS LACK FINANCIAL SENSE? ONE MANAGES CITY'S MONEY

Miss Clara Hopkins, Assistant City Treasurer of Allentown, Has Handled $1,000,000 Without a Single Mistake

By GEORGE ROTH

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Feb. 25.

WAR work has swept many women to the fore; but not so many positions of responsibility have been taken over by women to make Allentown forget its Assistant City Treasurer — Miss Clara Hopkins, a girl who has handled about $1,000,000 in city funds without skipping a cent.

Assistant City Treasurer Hopkins, right-hand man—or, rather, woman—for the official who has the keys to the municipal strong box, was elected to her present position after five years' service in the City Treasurer's office. She became a clerk under City Treasurer A. L. Reichenbach five years ago as a business school graduate and mastered the intricacies of taxpayers' lists, disbursements, appropriations, etc., so well that when Reichenbach became Mayor she was continued in office, serving under the two succeeding City Treasurers, Samuel A. Knauss and Miles G. Person. The latter recently was re-elected.

Nobody was surprised when the City Council elected Miss Hopkins Assistant City Treasurer, for, in addition to keeping the city books without an error, she frequently had complete charge of the office in the absence of her chief.

Assistant City Treasurer Hopkins is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Hopkins, who rank high among the State's agriculturists. Mr. Hopkins is State deputy and county organizer of the State Grange, having established the granges that flourish in Lehigh County. Noted as a potato grower, he is manager of the Gernerd farms and was for a long time superintendent of the Hardner farms.

SCENARIO TO SCREEN AND IN BETWEEN

Notes of the Players in This Week's Shows—Women Stars Lead

Kitty Gordon in "The Divine Sacrifice" is announced for Wednesday at the Bluebird. In it will appear Vera Beresford, who is Miss Gordon's daughter.

Mary Garden, whose first movie appearance was in "Thais," will be at the Apollo tomorrow in that story.

Douglas Fairbanks is a bandit catcher in "Headin' South" at the Stanley.

To cut your flesh for the purpose of hiding pearls is supposed to be what happens to Sessue Hayakawa in "Hidden Pearls," at the Arcadia.

"Stella Maris" is the best of recent Mary Pickford stories and it will be at the Leader on Wednesday.

Olga Petrova and her own producing company will appear this week at the Victoria in "The Light Within."

Emily Stevens in "Daybreak" will be today's feature at the Model.

The censors recommended Harold Lockwood in "Broadway Bill," and it is scheduled for public censorship at the Regent the first half of the week.

The Fox version of "Les Miserables" will be on view at the Rivoli all week with William Farnum in the chief role.

Alfred Whitman, who was formerly known as Vosbaugh, will be featured in "The Wild Strain" at the Rialto on Thursday.

Official British war pictures are scheduled at the Nixon and Colonial.

The Fox kiddies are the chief players in "Treasure Island" at the Fairmount on Saturday.

Peggy Hyland in "The Other Woman" is the main attraction at the Palace the first half of the week.

Taylor Holmes in "Uneasy Money" is the new feature for Thursday at the Knickerbocker.

Tomorrow's War Menu

BREAKFAST (Wheatless)
Grapefruit
Farina — Top Milk
Coddled Eggs
Spoon Corn Bread

LUNCHEON
Tomato Rarebit
Toast — Cocoa
Fruit

DINNER
Salmon Loaf
French Fried Potatoes
Canned Peas — Lettuce
Coffee — Caramel Custards

Editorials for Women by Women

WAR KITCHENS

By MRS. EDITH ELLICOTT SMITH

Assistant Director Food Conservation Committee of the Philadelphia County Woman's Committee Council of National Defense.

THE "war kitchens" which are being conducted under the direction of the food administration are an outgrowth of the present urgent demand of the Government that we conserve our supply of wheat flour.

The housewife has found it difficult to make up the substitutes suggested by the Government into good light bread. Up to now whole-wheat bread has been considered more in the light of a fad in this country. Some of the other nations have used rye flour, but American housewives, with few exceptions, have known how to make only white bread.

EDITH ELLICOTT SMITH

The "war-bread kitchens" offer an opportunity to every patriotic woman of informing herself how to use corn, buckwheat, barley and other flours in palatable and appetizing breads. At the present time the Government is only urging the housewives to use these substitutes, but the time may not be far distant when the use of these flours will be compulsory. If we can get used to these by degrees it will work no hardship in our homes.

One of the cheapest and most palatable substitutes for wheat-flour bread is oatmeal bread made from rolled oats. This bread, as well as many other breads and muffins of substitute flours, was successfully demonstrated at the central kitchen, 137 South Broad street, all last week. Every day at 11 o'clock and again at 3 o'clock some expert demonstrator actually makes these breads in the presence of an audience. These meetings are informal; all questions are gladly answered, difficulties explained and recipe books are given to the women.

The demonstrations attracted so many women during the last week that a larger seating capacity is being arranged for the second week of the food drive, and it is hoped that there will be a lot of new faces present.

Mrs. Charles Boden, who is secretary for the Pennsylvania State Federation of Women's Clubs, is in charge of the war kitchens, and I, as secretary of the Pennsylvania Rural Progress Association, am intensely interested in the work, especially as it affects the production end. It is our hope to foster a closer connection between the food administration and the farmers of the State.

Edith Ellicott Smith

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 Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.*

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. In mapping out meals to be prepared entirely in the oven, what important rule must be observed in order to do justice to the meal and conserve fuel at the same time?
2. How can baby's and the other children's bed clothing be securely kept in place at night?
3. What simple little trick will convert the soiled light straw knitting bag into a serviceable dark one?

ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S INQUIRIES

1. The food administration sanctions the free use of smaller grades of beef, pork and mutton, such as heart, liver, kidney, brains, etc., because these foodstuffs are not practicable for shipping purposes.
2. To make a bed in the most efficient way, learn to finish one side of it entirely before commencing on the other side. This does away with the lost time and motion of running from side to side.
3. Potassium permanganate is a chemical used to remove stains from all white fabrics. It can be used successfully, too, on many colored fabrics, but must be tested first.

1. The Waacs of Great Britain are the members of the Woman's Auxiliary Army Corps. They do work behind the fighting lines and sleep in barracks. The War Department in the United States is contemplating forming similar units.
2. When an engagement is announced it has grown to be a custom for the man's mother to entertain for the bride-to-be. This need only be a small informal luncheon, but is very often something more elaborate.
3. Gingham taffeta is a new springtime material that has made its appearance due to the shortage of wool.

Children and the Movies

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Mrs. M. H. asks readers to discuss letting children go to "movies" at night. It simply should not be done. I have heard many arguments for and against it. Persons who have no one to leave their children with at night claim that night is the only time they get for a little recreation, and that it is only fair that they should get to a "movie" a couple of times a week. When this is the case I think husbands and wives ought to make a bargain about getting to the "movies." Let the wife go one night with some of the women in the neighborhood and the husband another night with some of the men. Raising children is not an easy matter. We all know that. We must make sacrifices for them. I have seen little ones falling dead asleep in the "movies"; but, after all, this isn't the most harm that is done. The minds of these children are not harmed by the "movies." At least they are asleep. I am not against "movies," and I think the things put out as a rule do not hurt older persons to see, but they do hurt little girls of eleven and twelve and thereabouts. It is these children it is a crime to take to the "movies" at night! ONE WHO HAS FOUR.

Potato Sausages

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please print a recipe for potato sausages. I saw it printed on the Woman's Page some time ago at the bottom of the war menu, and meant to save it but forgot. Could you also print a recipe for using potatoes in making cornmeal muffins? READER.

I am glad to oblige you.

Potato sausages—One cupful mashed potatoes, one cupful ground nuts, fish or meat; one egg, well beaten; one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper, salt pork, bacon and other fat.

Mix the mashed potatoes and seasonings with the ground nuts, fish or meat. Add beaten egg. Form into little cakes or sausage, roll in flour and place in greased pan with a small piece of fat or salt pork on each sausage. Bake in a fairly hot oven until brown.

Potato cornmeal muffins—Two tablespoonfuls fat, one tablespoonful sugar, one egg, well beaten; one cupful milk, one cupful mashed potatoes, one cupful cornmeal, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt.

Mix in order given. Bake forty minutes in hot oven. This makes twelve muffins. They are delicious.

Rye Rolls

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please print a recipe for rye rolls that would not be too difficult to make at home? (Mrs.) M.

The ingredients are four cupfuls rye flour, one teaspoonful salt, six teaspoonfuls baking powder, one and one-half cupfuls milk, one tablespoonful shortening.

Sift together dry ingredients, add milk and melted shortening. Knead on floured board; shape into rolls. Put into greased pans and allow to stand in warm place twenty to twenty-five minutes. Bake in moderate oven twenty-five to thirty minutes.

That Baby-Girl Mind

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a little daughter two and one-half years of age. She is a clever child for her age. I would like to know what to do to cultivate a good intellect in her. She is very fond of having stories told to her, but I cannot think I know the right sort of stories to tell her. I would be very glad if you would tell me what story books are the best for her. I would also like to know what sort a child of her age should have. Thanking you for any suggestion you may have to offer, I am, (Mrs.) A. S.

The subject is of such general interest to mothers that I am going to treat it in the leading article that appears on the page of these columns each day. Watch for the answer there. I shall also send you a list of story books containing stories that are the right kind for this little girl of yours to hear.

Waste Old Songs

[illegible]

Word Luncheon Invitation

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly word an invitation to a luncheon for me? I am asking eight girls to meet my brother's fiancee. Thanking you, ALICE.

Use small white notepaper and write on one side only. Start the note about two inches from the top of the page and leave a tiny margin of a quarter of an inch at either side. Write in the third person as follows:

2540 Walnut street.

Miss Alice Montgomery
requests the pleasure of
Miss Mary Chetwood's
presence at luncheon on
Thursday, March the seventh,
at two o'clock, to meet
Miss Violet Greenwood.
February the twenty-fifth.

Gloves in Opera Box

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is it necessary to wear gloves at the opera? I have been asked to go in a box for the next performance. I have not been wearing gloves to dances lately and do not wish to get them unless I must. JANE.

As the opera has always been one of the most formal and dressy affairs it used to be necessary to wear long gloves, but of late these old customs of years have been broken through; and though it is well to carry them it is not obligation to wear them.

Follow Mother's Advice

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am in love with a young man three years my senior. Recently he gave me a pretty pin (gold and pearls). My mother says I must not accept it. Do you think I could not keep it? SEVENTEEN.

You should always follow your mother's advice in such matters. Unless a girl is engaged to a man she should not receive presents of jewelry from him. Your mother is quite right. Seventeen is very young to be in love, dear. Why not be good friends and not be sentimental?

Professional Translators

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly give me through your valuable column the address of a person who you think can translate a letter for me from English to French? I am willing to pay him whatever you think is right to give him. It isn't a very long letter. Thanking you very much for your trouble. A DAILY READER.

Under the heading "Translators" in the yellow part of the telephone directory you will find the names of persons whose business it is to translate letters. The charge depends not only on length, but on the type of letter. Fifty cents per 100 words is the average charge for an "easy" letter.

Never Use Knife

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly settle a question between my friend and myself? He says it is bad form to cut salad leaves with a knife and I say it is not. Would like to have your opinion. HENRY.

Lettuce leaves and salads should never be cut with a knife. The fork prongs suffice to separate the leaves before eating. Knives are never placed on the table for salad unless there is a cheese served at the same time, which must be spread on the crackers and eaten with the salad.

Let 'Em Do It

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would like to say a word about the girls cutting off their hair. If they did that we would soon get used to it and would forget they ever had long hair. Look at the queer styles women spring on us every once in a while. At first we think we can never get used to them. Do you remember when women first started to pull their hair back off their foreheads, how queer it looked? We were so used to seeing it down over their eyes we thought we would never get used to it. But we did. That's the way it'll be when they cut off their hair. We can't do it, let them. [illegible] we can stand it we can. Women stand worse in the name of style. MAID.

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Afternoon Frock of Serge and Foulard

This afternoon frock, designed for spring wear, is of white figured navy foulard combined with navy serge, a fabric combination that one sees frequently in the shops nowadays. The collar and sleeve edge are of white satin. The tucker is of white georgette,

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

A Human Story of Child-Desire, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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CHAPTER XXXIII

Long Live the King!

WHILE the birthday supper was at its height, in the bureau of the concierge sat old Adelbert, heavy and despairing. That very day had he learned to what use the committee would put the information he had given them, and his old heart was dead within him. One may not be loyal for seventy years and then easily become a traitor.

He had surveyed stonily the costume in which the little Prince was to be taken away. He had watched while the boxes of ammunition were uncovered in their barrels, he had seen the cobbler's shop become a seething hive of activity, where all day men had come and gone. He had heard the press beneath his feet fall silent because its work was done, and at dusk he had with his own eyes beheld men who carried forth, under their arms, blazing placards for the walls of the town.

Then, at seven o'clock, something had happened.

The concierge's niece had gone, leaving the supper ready cooked on the back of the stove. Old Adelbert sat alone and watched the red bars of the stove fade to black. By that time it was done, and he was of the damned. The Crown Prince, who was of an age with the American lad upstairs, the Crown Prince was in the hands of his enemies. He, old Adelbert, had done it.

He wore his new uniform, in honor of the day. Suddenly he felt that he could not wear it any longer. He had no right to any uniform. He who had sold his country was of no country.

He went slowly out and up the staircase, dragging his wooden leg painfully from step to step. He heard the concierge come in below, his heavy footsteps re-echoed through the building. Inside the door he called furiously to his niece. Old Adelbert heard him strike a match to light the gas.

On the staircase he met the Fraulein hurrying down. Her face was strained and her eyes glittering. She hesitated, as though she would speak, then she went past him. He could hear her running. It reminded the old man of that day in the Opera when a child ran down the staircase, and, as is the way of the old, repeated himself: "One would think new legs grew in place of old ones, like the claws of sea creatures," he said fretfully. And went on up the staircase.

In his room he sat down on a straight chair inside the door, and stared ahead. Then, slowly and mechanically, he took off his new uniform and donned the old one.

He would have put on civilian clothes, had he possessed any. For by the deeds of that day he had forfeited the right to the King's garb.

It was there that Black Humbert, hurrying up, found him. The concierge was livid, his massive frame shook with excitement.

"Quick!" he said, and swore a great oath. "To the shop of the cobbler Heinz and tell him this word. Here in the building is the boy."

"What boy?"

The concierge closed a great hand on the veteran's shoulder. "Who but the Crown Prince himself!" he said.

"But I thought—how can he be here?"

"Here is he, in our very hands. It is no time to ask questions."

"If he is here——"

"He is with the Americans," hissed the concierge, the veins on his forehead swollen with excitement. "Now, go, and quickly. I shall watch. Say that when I have secured the lad I shall take him there. Let all be ready. An hour ago," he said, raising his great fists on high, "and everything lost. Now—hurry, old wooden leg. It is a great night."

"But—I cannot. Already I have done too much. I am damned. I have lost my soul. I who am soon to die——"

"You will go!"

And, at last, he went, hobbling down the staircase recklessly, because the looming figure at the stairhead was listening. He reached the street. There, only a block away, was the cobbler's shop, lighted, but with the dirty curtains drawn across the window.

Old Adelbert gazed at it. Then he commended his soul to God, and turned toward the palace.

He passed the Opera. On carnival night it should have been open and in gala array, with lines of carriages and machines before it. It was closed and dreary. But old Adelbert saw it not at all. He stumped along, panting with haste and exhaustion, to do the thing he had set himself to do.

Here was the palace. Before it were packed dense throngs of silent people. Now and then a man put down a box, and rising on it addressed the crowd, attempting to rouse them. Each time angry hands pulled him down and hisses greeted him as he slunk away.

Had old Adelbert been alive to anything but his mission he would have seen that this was no mob of revolutionists, but a throng of grieving people, awaiting the great bell of St. Stefan's with its dire news.

Then, above their heads, it rang out, slow, ominous, terrible. A sob ran through the crowd. In groups, and at last as a whole, the throng knelt. Men uncovered and women wept.

The bell rang on. At its first notes old Adelbert stopped, staggered, almost fell. Then he uncovered his head.

"Gone!" he said. "The old King! My old King!"

His face twitched. But the horror behind him drove him on through the kneeling crowd. Where it refused to yield, he drove the iron point of his wooden leg into yielding flesh, and so made his way.

Here, in the throng, Olga of the garderobe met him, and laid a trembling hand on his arm. He shook her off, but she clung to him.

"Know you what they are saying?" she whispered. "That the Crown Prince is stolen. And it is true. Soldiers scour the city everywhere."

"Let me go," said old Adelbert, fiercely.

"They say," she persisted, "that the Chancellor has made away with him, to sell us to Karnia."

"Fools!" cried old Adelbert, and pushed her off. When she refused to release him, he planted his iron toe on her shapely one and worked his way forward. The crowd had risen, and now stood expectantly facing the palace. Some one raised a cry and others took it up.

"The King!" they cried. "Show us the little King!"

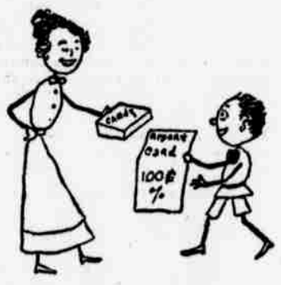
(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Salmon Loaf

SALMON LOAF

Mix one cupful of dried bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one cupful of boiling water, one egg, beaten, and a can of salmon flaked. Pour into a greased mold and let bake in a moderate oven. Serve the loaf with white sauce with a little lemon juice added or with tomato sauce.

Any of the other recipes called for on this war menu will be mailed on receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.



Says Chip of Cobb's Hollow

LESSONS ain't hard no more. Seems like the wheels go 'round faster in my head. Mother sez it's 'cause I'm getting nourished so good on Cream of Barley. Mebbe so, I ain't a-goin' t' say nothin' that'll make her stop givin' me Cream of Barley, for I sure do love that stuff.

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WHERE THEY ARE NOW SHOWING SMART AND DISTINCTIVE FASHIONS FOR SPRING

INCLUDING

GOWNS AND WRAPS
FOR DAYTIME OR EVENING
SMART DINNER AND DANCE FROCKS
RESTAURANT AND STREET DRESSES
LIMOUSINE AND UTILITY COATS
FRENCH BLOUSES AND TAILORED SHIRT
SEPARATE SKIRTS—SWEATERS
FASHIONABLE FURS FOR SPRING
PARIS AND NEW YORK HATS

Note—The House of Gidding Maintains Its Own Organization in Paris, Augmented by Its Personal Representatives.

"I know something that *will* clear your skin"

"When my complexion was red, rough and unsightly, I was so *ashamed* that I never had any fun. I imagined that people avoided me—perhaps they *did!* But the regular use of Resinol Soap—with a little Resinol Ointment just at first—has given me back my clear, healthy skin. I wish you'd try it!"

Resinol

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap also stop itching, scaling scalps, dandruff and keep the hair healthy and attractive. For trial free, write to Dept. 2-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.