WAR BRIDES AND SOLDIERS' WIVES—A BUSINESS GIRL'S TRIALS—CHILD CARE—LETTERS

SHALL THE SOLDIER MARRY BEFORE HE GOES TO FRANCE?

One Asks For an Opinion—The Difference Between a War Bride and a Fighting Man's Wife Comes to Light—Real Love Not Built for Fair Weather!

SHALL the soldier marry the girl to whom he is engaged before he goes to France?

One young man in khaki who is kind enough to stamp value on the occasional opinions unfolded in this column asks this question. He brings into discussion a matter very close to the hearts of many young men and women at this time.

The soldier writes:

Dear Editor of the Woman's Page—I am coming to you not exactly for your advice, but for an opinion. I feel you will say just what you think about the matter. Do you think a soldier should marry the girl to whom he is engaged before he goes across? I have been engaged to a girl for more than a year—since before war was declared. Before that we went together two years. If it weren't for the war we'd be married now. But she is willing to get married anyhow. In fact, she has taken a stand about it. Nothing could make me very much happier; but I don't think it is fair to her. I am only a private as yet and this money doesn't go very far. She would have to work or depend partly on her parents, which neither of us wants her to do. But this isn't the biggest of my worries. I guess you know what I mean. I might never come back; or worse still, I might come back maimed. Then she might be sorry she married me. She won't listen to me when I talk like this. But I can't help thinking about it. Please tell me what you think. Gratefully, A SOLDIER.

FRIEND SOLDIER, I am one of those old-fashioned women who believe in the eternalness of a good woman's love. And I am one of those new-fashioned persons who have unshakable faith in the ability of a determined young woman to earn a very good living. Weave these two together and you have the finest young woman our country boasts of, the soldier's wife. She carries on!

The soldier's wife. Please notice I do not call her a war bride. You asked me to say just what I think. Here it is: The girl who loved her boy and promised to marry him before he put on a uniform has every right to marry him before he goes to fight for her. If she doesn't take advantage of this right—well, perhaps I'm old-fashioned about love, but I wouldn't give much for hers. She would have to work! Why she wants to work. She would scrub for you, but she won't have to. The woods are full of positions for girls.

If you came back maimed! Why, soldier boy, real love isn't built just for fair weather. She would be waiting back here to make your spirit whole again—your wife. And if you never came back, but fifty to one you will, you know, do you suppose she wouldn't thank God every day of her life that she had married you on that memorable day?

ONE clause must of necessity modify things, I think. The wife of a man who is a private and dependent on his slim resources should have parents to fail back on in case there is a little one. And let me tell you, Friend Soldier, don't be too proud about letting these parents lend a helping hand over the hard places. Parents are only too proudly glad to guard and cherish the wife of the soldier who has shouldered a gun for the like of themselves. There is not a much finer way of doing their bit.

You see, no sane father of a girl could expect a young man to do two things at once. War is rather a big job. It doesn't leave much time for mahogany desks and carving a way to easy street for a girl!

LET us come back to war brides. By these I mean girls who are wooed and wed with no regard for the speed limit: meet a man one month and marry him the next. Nothing that I have said applies to them. Not that this means wholesale condemnation. There have been cases where girls have met young men in the service married them and lived happily to date. But the way isn't over yet.

The lure of the uniform is magnetic and it seems to me there will be a great deal of reckoning on this account a little later on. A little later on there will be taking up the old threads of life again. If real love is there to lend a hand to them, what a glorious day it will be! Real love of intermedium days that never fed on a military wedding, real love that dreamed of just this.

A little later on there will be taking up the old threads of life again. There will be no excuses made to admire one's wife kiss off in a taxicab with a dashing lieutenant. There will be no wild telegrams to come to camp. War will be just an incident gone to and never more the scene of romance.

THIS Friend Soldier is the difference between a soldier's wife and a war bride. I based my opinion on the supposition that your own dear girl aims to be a soldier's wife.

Guardian

Little ceiling of my room
That shuts the sky from me,
What is it, and what is it
You would not have me see?

Can it be the stars that say
By their beauty clear
Daring things, flaring things
You would not have me hear?

Or the moon a-wandering
Never, never still
Over all the farthest clouds
Following her will?

Little ceiling of my room
Then child me. By and by
Years will bring me time enough
To listen to the sky.

Mary Carolyn Davies, in Contemporary Verse.

Oh, Yes, They're Cute

But doesn't the sprayer rust while you are watching them? You can find out what the bugs do not like in the free Garden Book sent out by the National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C. Send for it and then wheel the sprayer into the trenches

The Cape That Is a Coat

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

ONE is apt to become a bit bewildered these days over the opinion that are being expressed regarding the buying power of women. One person will announce that the women are not buying this spring, and then another will voice the opinion that the women have never bought to so great an extent as they are doing now. Both are conscientious in what they say, but each is biased in his opinion according to the kind of goods he is either making or selling.

The summary of the whole situation is that there is no longer a buying power of frivolous wonderful women, and we have to deal with a practical, practical woman who buys for a need.

It was for this reason that the cape sneaking into popularity some night the woman, or rather a woman appeared and in the hotel, who had not forgotten its adoption had to equip orders for them delivered to her at the call. The appearance of the cape in women is having its influence upon the sponsors of the new coats and all coats are adhering to being shown which make the cape an garment of the coat, so the cape hard make the coat a part of the cape.

One of the newest of the cape coats is a slightly loose affair. There are have to realize back garment. The cape is the garment, it is the wearer is shown in either cape or coat, for he wears independently of the other. The cape is handsome lines with interesting affected in the back with a very upper the coat, with rolling collar, turned back the lapels, and the lapels rear. The model is made of fine wool velour. This model is made of fine wool velour.

Continued on page 2, column 1, this page.

This newest of cape coats is really two garments in one. There is a belted coat with the regulation sleeves and then a cape hand-omely lined with satin. Each may be worn independently of the other. The garment comes in wool velour

Use Skirt for Pillow Cover

If you have a flounced or plain silk dress that is too much worn to be cut or fixed up in any way, cut off the waist and the worn part of the skirt. The good part will save a few pennies some time when the cover of a pretty pillow begins to show wear on its one side. The silk may just happen to be the same as a harmonizing color, and if so you will have a pillow on the price of a new cover, the lining for silk is one side of the pillow cover.

Alice Kent and the Day's Work

The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KELLER

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XVII

IN Wellbourne Monday was washday. The fact that Alexander is next to godliness had not hitherto been emphasized in my mind with Monday following on the heels of Sunday in every week's parade, but in Wellbourne this equation became significant. Everything before that first time Monday's work was done I carried, beyond the parade, centuries of forgetting even should I live to be a feminine Methuselah, that the rural housewife thinks a deaf ear to doorbells and is blind to foreigners in such hosting to half call when she is engaged in hanging out the family wash in the backyard. Intent on offering up to the sun god the first offering of white garments, or sometimes not the colored ones, in shade, perhaps on the grass, she starts out and as a rule presents the advent of the stranger, who, carrying a stained sunbonnet hanging over a sagging basket on the lee side of the fledge, makes thanks for the collecting.

And from the start I didn't in the least blame her. Even when my cheeks were burning with the shame of a rebuff I recognized the honest desire to be unprotected on her own premises. In Bellington I had planned to begin Jean's sing early Monday morning, not only was this course dictated by self-interest but it also appeared to be my duty to Mr. Hilliker and the Boston publishers. But by the time I had tried to see three women in Wellbourne I realized that if I had had a home and some to help me with the usual housework or lift a finger with the week's big wash, the sudden arrival of somebody who wanted to sell something would have been troublesome at that point of the day. I went on, it developed that every hour in the day brought its own task, which must not be disturbed.

Right here, perhaps, is the secret of my failure as a canvasser. I was too sensitive, too averse to going where I felt I wasn't wanted, too sympathetic with the viewpoint of the other side. Sometimes when I caught sight of the woman of the house shaking rugs, digging in the garden or talking to the grocer's boy I would sick away, too timid to intrude, often when I did manage to obtain an interview she would tell me to come back some other time when she wasn't busy, or if I succeeded in showing the prospectus and speaking a good word for Jean Pendleton, she would explain that while she did not dispute a single statement and in fact knew the book was valuable, she was too poor to buy.

In such cases, of course, I countered with the traditional arguments, which however contrary to the reputed happy endings, rarely resulted in a sale. Under the circumstances this was but natural. So good myself that it would have been unthinkable for me to purchase an unnecessary ten cents worth, even if I could have laid hands on an extra dime, I was adjudge the person to consider other poverty-stricken mortals to invest two dollars and a half in something they could live without. Food, clothes and shelter are admitted the primal needs of the first I had but little of the second, few, and the only requirement which my schedule imposed upon the third was that it should yield a night's refuge from the storm, enabling me next morning to pick myself up and persistently plod on.

Thus, quite aside from my ingrained repugnance against forcing an entrance into private homes and endeavoring to thrust down people's throats something which they did not want, and wholly apart from Aunt Jane's unfortunate teaching as to the opinion held by decent folks concerning canvassers, peddlers and their like, my own experience of the difficulty of keeping soul and body together even on the simplest terms unfitted me to urge on others claims less imperative.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Soak Stockings Before Washing

If time permits, silk stockings should be allowed to soak for a short time before being washed in tepid water to which a little powdered borax has been added. Then wash them in a tepid soapy lather, first on one side and then on the other side, paying particular attention to the feet. Pull the stockings gently into shape before drying, and when nearly dry press them on the wrong side with a cool iron.

Hunting a Husband

By MARY DOUGLAS

(Copyright)

CHAPTER LXXII

A Contretemps

COMING out of the darkness, I was blinded by the swift flash of the lights.

The words "Darling, I adore you" still hung on the air.

I looked up in shocked amazement. For there—before me—stood Cousin John and Mrs. Ashby!

Evidently they had not heard me enter. Cousin John's face was a study. He shot me an angry look out of gray eyes. Then, ignoring me, he left the room. I looked at Mrs. Ashby. She was quite calm. Only by the slight tilt of her eyebrow could I discern her feeling.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said before I thought.

My simple words disarmed her.

"Let's sit down, Sara Lane. I'd like to talk to you."

We sank down on a davenport before the embers in the fireplace. Mrs. Ashby leaned back. She clasped her white Roman bracelet on her hair.

"Awfully shocked," she asked. She touched a gold-tipped cigarette against the side of the davenport. "Of course, it is not considered the thing to have another woman's husband tell you he adores you at 1 o'clock in the morning."

I said nothing.

Suddenly she laughed. "Sara Lane, I like you. You are simple, sincere. I wouldn't tell this to another woman I guess. I'm an inveterate flirt. But that's all. Men like me, and I like them. As for John Thurlow, he will forget that he said that in a week. I have no unpaid desire to see how far I can make a man go." Then I go through.

Still I said nothing.

Not the most laudable desire in the world, I know." Mrs. Ashby blew dainty rings of smoke. "But what would you?"

"There's your husband," I said, breaking my silence.

"Ah, my husband. That's another story. Perhaps I wouldn't be this kind if he were different. But she looked at me from lighted brown eyes. "What about yourself? Why are you rubbing the cradle?"

Bennie was her cousin.

Mrs. Ashby laughed her high-flute laugh. "Auf said."

I hardly knew why I said what I did then. "But Mrs. Ashby, I like you so. I wish you had something else."

"Child," she said, dropping her bantering tone. "I like you too. There are very few women I do care for. But you are one of them. I know you are shocked at this contretemps. And—I'll hope I'll tell John Thurlow I am only playing with him. There, what more do you want?"

I stood up slowly. "Oh, Mrs. Ashby, I know you would." I said. As I turned on the landing and looked back, I saw Mrs. Ashby. Her arms had slipped down from behind her. The sparkle and light had died out of her face. She looked older, tired. She was staring into the fire, gazing perhaps for things lost or forgotten.

But that eventful day was not to end quietly.

In the gray light of the early morning there was a loud rap on my door.

"Miss Sara, Miss Sara," said a strange voice.

Tomorrow—An Anxious Night.

Tested Wartime Recipes

Rhubarb Dessert

Rhubarb jelly made with gelatin suggests a springtime dessert. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one cupful of cold water and let stand five minutes. Cover one quart of cut rhubarb with one quart of cold water and cook until the rhubarb is tender. Strain and measure the juice, which should amount to one pint. Combine this boiling rhubarb juice with three-quarters of a cupful of sugar. Pour over the gelatin and stir thoroughly. Add the strained juice of one lemon. Pour into a cold, wet mold and allow to chill. To vary this recipe do not cook the rhubarb enough to break very much and proceed with the jelly without straining the rhubarb.

Wartime Scrapple

Two pounds shin of beef, one-half pound cooked liver, one tablespoonful sage, about three cupfuls cornmeal, one tablespoonful salt, one teaspoonful pepper, water.

Cover the shin bone well with water and cook slowly till meat is thoroughly done and begins to drop from bone. When partly cool remove bone, cut off meat and put through food chopper, regrind with the liver. Return chopped meat to the stock and add the salt, pepper and sage. When it boils add cornmeal which should be lightly moistened with cold water. The exact quantity to add will depend upon the amount of stock and the thickness of mixture desired. Add the cornmeal slowly till the spoon will stand alone in the center of it. Cook very slowly for at least an hour. Pour into two greased breadpans and allow to chill thoroughly. Turn out of mold, slice thin, and fry till brown. This will keep for a long time in a cold place.—Good Housekeeping.

MOTHERS' PROBLEMS

For the Children's Year

By MARY L. READ, B. S.

Director of the School of Mothercraft, War Service

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TEMPERAMENTS AND PERSONALITY

Temperamental traits make themselves evident at an early age. Whether a child is a leader or a follower, a doer or an observer, an initiator or an imitator, is for us to discern by careful observation, and then to provide guidance for his native traits.

EVERY individual has native, inborn tendencies which make up his individual personality. The sooner these characteristics are recognized by his elders, and the better they are understood, the less will there be of friction, disappointments, misdirected energy (both of child and of parents). Let us ask these questions about each child:

Is he naturally slow and phlegmatic in his thinking or actions, or is he quick, even impulsive?

Is he positive, forceful in his ideas or actions, or is he negative, plastic, weak, indecisive?

Has he initiative or does he wait for others to make the start, give the suggestion?

Is he a leader, neither a self-constituted boss or a natural favorite followed by his companions, or is he a follower?

Does he work and play congenially with his fellows, or is he inclined to stand aside can embrace fun or dilettantism or does he habitually refuse to conform to the group rules (an endless muddle)?

Is he naturally optimistic and cheerful, or pessimistic, gloomy, complaining, whining?

Is he original in his thinking and his actions, or is he an imitator, a copyist?

Is he the realist, matter-of-fact, practical, or the dreamer, poetic, mystic, idealistic?

Is he decisive, executive, getting things accomplished, or of the judicial, deliberating, planning type of mind?

Is he ready to try new things, methods, ideas, manner (the embryo radical or reformer) or is he conservative, content to travel a beaten path, fearful of suspicious of the new and untried?

Is he self-reliant, or does he depend upon others?

Is he responsible, thoughtful, conscientious, being good judgment or is he absent-minded, heedless, reckless, lacking in common sense?

Is he markedly either the motor type (most interested in the doing of actions, or the intellectual type—most interested in discussing or studying about the matter as a problem, or the emotional type, chiefly expressing his emotions over the matter?

In studying the characteristics of the child we must not overlook the fact that some of these traits are naturally more marked in special stages of his development, and that the condition of health and vitality has an influence even on personality.

The pendulum may swing through the entire arc—the strong qualities may become too strong—the negative qualities too weak. Our part is to endeavor to guide into such a well-proportioned development of those native characteristics as will be of richest satisfaction to this individual's life, and of his greatest usefulness in society.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Is it all right to let a child of seven read for a while after going to bed? Mrs. J.

It is too great a strain upon the eyes. The position of the book is unnatural, even in natural light. It is a very bad habit, for the reading is likely to continue longer than anticipated. Children should learn that they go to bed to rest and sleep, and the sooner they do so, sleep the better.

I have two little girls, one five years old and the younger three. Every winter they seem to chap not only their faces, but all over their bodies, the skin is rough and red. The water seems to make them worse, for the skin is rougher after their bath. I have tried different kinds of soap, but every kind seems to keep the skin rough. What can I do to help this condition? Mrs. W. C.

Evidently the children have especially sensitive skin, and skin that is not naturally oily. It would be better to use no soap. Instead, make cheesecloth bags that will hold about half a cup of raw oatmeal or cornmeal. Let one of these soak for two or three hours in a cupful of water, and use this water in the bath, and use the bag instead of a washcloth and soap. After the bath rub in carefully a little olive oil or cocoa butter or cottonseed oil, wherever the skin is rough over the body. Probably their hands chap easily. Instead of soap, use the oatmeal or cornmeal, dry thoroughly every time, and rub in some hand lotion or mutton tallow. Treat their faces in the same way, applying cold cream whenever the skin is rough. Camphor ice is sometimes the best treatment for chapped lips. If they are sensitive to woolen underwear, have a cotton suit to be worn under the woolen suit.

Soap Prevents Blistered Heels

Soap rubbed on the heels of stockings will prevent blistering during long walks and will prolong the wear of the stockings. But if the heel gets rubbed before you have a chance to do this put a wide strip of adhesive plaster across the back of the foot just where the shoe pinches. Keep this on until the shoe softens and does not hurt the foot, changing the plaster whenever it is soiled from black stockings.

Polish Linoleum With Wax

After varnishing linoleum, which will preserve it, try waxing it on top of the varnish, just as you would polish a hardwood floor. About once a week wipe with clear water and a clean cloth and about once in two weeks apply the floor wax, leaving it to dry about twenty minutes, then polish with a dry, soft cloth. The wax will brighten the linoleum and will help to resist wear.

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THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is the uniform of the canteen force of the American Red Cross?
2. Some workers in Red Cross rooms wear long red veils. What rank does this indicate?
3. Where can application be made for the position of welfare supervisor of women workers in munition plants?
4. In making wheatless bread, what ingredient must always be used that is not added to wheat bread?
5. What pleasing departure from the wool sweater comes this season to help conserve wool?
6. What is tarragon and how is it prepared?

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.

Will Do Government Work

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am very glad I became acquainted with you through your column. Here I am again, and I do hope I am not asking too much from you. Would you please tell me how to answer an advertisement for a governess-teacher? I don't quite know how to begin. Also can you tell me if there is any paying Government work a girl of twenty-one can do, knowing several languages and willing to do factory work, in order to help win the war? Where shall I apply?

Be sure that I do appreciate your answer. In return, if there is anything I can do for you and the column I shall only be too glad to do it.

I read an article in the Evening Public Ledger of May 10 (maybe you are the writer of it), "How Our Young Women Can Serve Uncle Sam." It gives good addresses given and maybe I could apply there. BELGIAN FRIEND.

Hello, little Belgian friend, again. Bonjour to you!

In answering the advertisement for a governess I wouldn't use any set or stiff words. You might start out like this: "I would like to make application for the position of governess advertised by you in the (mention name of paper) on (mention date)." Then tell why you think you are qualified to take the position, the languages you speak, if you like children, etc. You might close your letter by saying you would like to meet the one who advertised personally and talk the matter over with her if she is interested in your application. Then sign yourself "Sincerely yours." There is no end of paying work that a girl of twenty-one can do in order to help win the war at this time. The places mentioned in the article "How Our Young Women Can Serve Uncle Sam" are just the places you should apply to find out just what this work is. One place I mentioned—yes, you were right—about who wrote the article—was the woman's section of the Federal Employment Bureau, 135 South Sixteenth street. Another place mentioned was the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense, 1607 Walnut street. These bureaus work hand in hand, but I would go to both if I were you. A girl who speaks several languages would probably be of more use to her country using these accomplishments, because all girls are not so equipped. I am writing you a personal letter and telling you three places where you can write about getting work as a translator for the Government. Au revoir, little Belgian. You have not asked too much. Please call again!

A Farm Soldier

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly let me know as soon as possible whether girls can enlist as farmers. If so, where can I apply for the necessary information. Thanking you in advance, I remain, F. V.

Married girls can enlist as farmers. Apply at the headquarters of the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense to sign up. The address is 1607 Walnut street. You can get all the information there.

Entertaining a Future Bride

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you suggest some way of entertaining a future bride? Here is a shower undoubtedly. Should invitations for such an affair be written or engraved? BERTHA.

A shower of some kind is one of the best ways of entertaining a bride. Kitchen linen or lingerie showers are about the nicest to give or a miscellaneous one is equally good.

It is usual to ask the bride-to-be to come on a certain day for luncheon or tea. Be sure to secure her acceptance before asking any of your other guests. Then write informal notes on notepaper or correspondence cards to the girls you wish to invite, telling them you are giving a silk stocking, a kitchen linen or miscellaneous shower, as the case may be, and you would be very glad to have them join you. Also, say that you want the party to be a surprise to the bride-to-be, so you will be glad if they will not speak of it.

Have the guests arrive before the bride and let each one hand you her parcel. These may be arranged in a basket or on a tray or in some attractive way, and after every one has been served with tea or luncheon is over (whichever you give) the bride-to-be should bring them in and with a very short and gracious little speech present them to the bride-to-be. You will need no further entertainment than to exclaim at the pretty things and see the very sure delight of the bride-to-be in the surprise and presents both.

Typewritten Letter Not Good Form

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you tell me if it is good form for a man to write a girl a letter on a typewriter? CLEVELAND.

Typewritten letters should be sent only on business matters. Unless, therefore, the young man has some very good reason for writing on the typewriter he should not do so, but should write by hand and on notepaper, though business paper is sometimes allowable for good reasons.

Home Sewing

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you please tell me in your column if there is any place where I could get work to do at home, any kind of plain sewing, such as house dresses or bungalow aprons? Thanking you for whatever information you may able to give me. K. J. C.

I do not know of any places that are giving out house dresses and bungalow aprons, but I have a couple of addresses on file where simple forms of needlework are given out. I will mail them to you. If any of our readers know of places that give out the type of work you spoke of I will be glad to pass the addresses on to you.

Please Pray for Him

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—May I ask the prayers of the Christian readers of the Evening Public Ledger for the recovery of health, of mind and body of my husband, who has been ill for several years? Thanking you sincerely, A SUBSCRIBER.

We will be glad to offer up a little prayer on High for the recovery of your husband. I am sure the readers of this exchange column will too. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. A rubber checker board that rolls up into a very small space is a practical novelty recently brought forth for the soldier or sailor.
2. To do volunteer entertainment work in the cantonments apply to the Woman's committee of the Council of National Defense.
3. The steam beauty bath for the face can now be given with a new compress steaming bag. This is really a hot water bag with a pocket on the side, in which the steaming cloth is placed. It keeps an even temperature here as long as the water in the bag remains hot.
4. The home dryer to be used with an electric fan is a series of wire trays that fit into a wooden rack. This dryer can be easily made at home. Detailed directions for making it are contained in Farmers' Bulletin No. 831, United States Department of Agriculture. This is sent free from Washington.
5. Use an ordinary little household funnel to separate eggs. The white will slip through the funnel and the yolk remain unbroken in the bowl of it.
6. The latest in tea wagons is a little cart that can be converted into a tea table. It has sides which fold in when they are not in use.

Tipping Chauffeur

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—If a friend gives you some in her machine is there a set rule that you must tip the chauffeur or is it a matter of individual personal feelings to give him some compensation? SARA.

There is no set rule. It is entirely a matter of choice and is seldom done for an occasion such as you cite. If, however, your friend sends her car to take you out for an afternoon's drive it would be gracious to give a tip to the chauffeur. However, there is no rule of any kind on the matter and you are free to do as you please in any case.

The Problem of the War Flours
They are so much heavier they must have more leavening. Don't puzzle about what to do. Use
Miss Princine
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It has all the extra strength necessary because it rises in the oven.
15c ½lb., 30c lb., in handy handled cups, at
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and other good stores

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Waists
500 Georgette, Crepe de Chine and Habuti Silk Blouses and Shirts. Values to 8.75. Special 5.50
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"Better than Cheap Butter" Community Stores We Serve You Save "Cheaper than Good Lard"
NOTE: Sawtay should be kept at normal pantry temperature.