THE CHILDREN OF OUR ALLIES AND OUR OWN—FASHIONS FOR FALL

SAVING SUGAR IN MEMORY OF A CHILD WHO HAD NONE

And So the Little Girl Who Lay on the Roadside in the Great Backwash of the Serbian Army Smiled and Died as Soldiers Do—She Was Very, Very Hungry, Her Mother Said

ALL the soldiers are not grown up, of course. Ruth Farnam, America's woman soldier, a sergeant in the First Royal Cavalry of the Serbian army, tells the story of a little girl whom she passed on her way to the Serbian front. Her mother was there beside her on the roadside, but even love and a heart sick with pain cannot ease the sufferings of a little girl whose face is pale, with the yellow skin drawn over sharp bones.

But just the same, the little girl smiled at the strange lady as she passed. Mrs. Farnam stopped and went back to see what could be done, but when she spoke to the child there was no answer. Our soldier gathered the little girl in her arms, but she was dead.

"She was very, very hungry," the mother explained, with a great dry sob.

THIS is a true story. You will know just why I have told it when you read the following extract from a letter from one of our reader friends, the mother of a little eight-year-old girl:

May 1, a "bird of passage" in your State, come to the Woman's Page for help? When I tell you that I have two brothers, three cousins and one nephew "over there," and a husband who would be if he had not been a cripple, you can understand why I am so interested in food conservation. I have long wanted to call attention to the way some people act about their children doing without anything. I have a friend of long standing who makes corn bread, but her five children won't touch it, and wheat bread is put on the table for them. She became very angry with me when I told her that there was just as much reason for her children to eat things they didn't like as any one else. She makes cocoa and lemonade and sweetens it, then permits the children to put in as much more as they like; makes a large cake with thick frosting which the children eat up in an hour or so (in fact, they eat nothing else while the cake lasts), and then she complains because she cannot get all the sugar she wants. She got twenty-five pounds for preserving, made jam and jelly and let the children eat it up at once, with never a thought for next winter. Still she is very bitter because her boy is in the last draft. Now, mind you, these people are Americans for generations. Can't you take it up on the Woman's Page? A. K.

THERE you have it. The history of the little girl who smiled and died that day on a Serbian roadside as the soldiers passed on their way to the front. She was a soldier, too.

By what divine law are our children exempt from the slight privations of war when pages of the history of Belgium, of France, of Serbia are written in little graves that wring the heart and make mute appeal to be avenged? These countries are our Allies. They held the foe at bay for nearly three long years before we came into the war. Now we, fresh and vigorous, are fighting shoulder to shoulder in with them. How mean it is to pamper our own children when just across the street the children of our brothers in this great common cause are crying for sugar. Sugar to them means energy to go on living. Their bodies, weak and pallid, beg mutely for it, because they have had so little of it. Sugar to our little boys and girls (any amount over the half a pound a week allowed to them by the Government) means a mere indulgence of a sweet tooth.

It is not love for children that makes parents let them have the food they whimsically beg for. The real lovers of the little ones weep in their hearts at the Gethsemane of children that will go down in history as the most sinful thing that ever turned a world to tears, and they make up their minds a child will never go hungry again if America can help it.

SUIT COATS TAKE ON SMART LENGTH

This suit is a little bit more dressy than the average one that will be shown this fall, but the lines are quite correct and its neat smartness is alluring to one of the younger set. The collar is of seal and little bands of the fur mark the pocket

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

There is not the slightest excuse for any one to go wrong in the selection of a suit this season, for fashion rules regarding them are very clear and distinct. You have doubtless heard that the suit coats are longer—they are considerably longer than those of last year. For one who may be a bit bewildered on the length of the coats a conservative plan is to choose the every-day suit of cloth, with a coat that reaches well below the hip line, while the dressy suit, which may be of velvet or of satin, should either be three-quarter length or to a few inches from the hem of the skirt. Some of the very newest of these elaborate suits have coats which hang evenly with the hem of the skirt.

Colors, too, are a simple matter, for we are given Oxford blue, mahogany, brown, and, of course, black. Of these, the Oxford and the mahogany are the newest for this season. The mahogany which is offered this eyar is slightly different from the shade of mahogany that we have known heretofore, inasmuch as there appears to be more grown in the mixture and not quite as much red. Mahogany is not only a smart color for suits, but is also used by the best milliners and makers of expensive frocks, and therefore it has the stamp of approval for the coming season.

You will probably find when you start out to shop for an every-day suit that nine out of every ten are developed in velours.

Today the artist has drawn you a sketch of a misses' suit which is developed in good quality of velours. This suit has a more intricate cut than the majority of suits shown for fall, but at the same time is a style which is considered quite correst for the miss. The coat has a large collar of seal and a band of the fur marks the pocket opening. The skirt is straight.

PLEASE TELL ME WHAT To DO

G. Cynthia

Ask to Call

Dear Cynthia—I have a difficult problem I wish you to answer. I am a young man of twenty and am considered good looking. I love a girl in my neighborhood very much, but I seldom talk to her, only when we meet on a road. She seems very shy when we meet and that only makes it harder for me to speak.

Please inform me if it is right for me to stop her on the road and talk, or would it be proper for me to call at her home without an invitation. A. D.

The next time you meet her stop and speak and ask her if you may not call on her at her home. She may want to receive you very much, but girls seldom should give an unsought invitation to call to a man. She is probably waiting for you to ask if you may. Do not mind the shyness. That will quickly disappear as the friendship ripens. Shyness is better than boldness, if it is not carried too far.

The Men Are "Agin It"

Dear Cynthia—I read what "Perplexed" wrote you regarding the girl he intended to ask to marry him using rouge on her cheeks. I was surprised you did not advise him to give her up. It is scandalous the way young women are using rouge. With pink cheeks and powdered faces and noses like marshmallows, they look like variety actresses, and you cannot tell me that a girl who will waste time covering the dirt on her face with powder and rouge instead of giving it a good wash is a nice girl. She may be good now, but she will not be so always. And she gives the impression of being bad, fresh and common, I say. "Don't ask her, Perplexed." If a few men would take such a stand perhaps the silly little idiots would stop painting their faces and resembling Jezebels of Bible times. I would not consider a painted woman fit to be my wife and I certainly never would ask one to marry me. HORRIFIED.

Is Bashful

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl thought good looking by my friends, but very bashful. I spent my vacation in the country and met a very nice young man. He paid a great deal of attention to me, and was much kinder to me than the other girls.

He often gave me flowers and anything I asked for or he had he gave me, but he ignored the other girls. He always chose me for his partner. But whenever he spoke to me my bashfulness prevented me from answering freely. He often questioned me about my bashfulness and habit of continually blushing. But I could not reply.

When we parted he asked if he might see me again and I told him "yes." After a month I saw him about six yards away from me. I did not look at him, but I feel sure he saw me, but he never spoke to me and I was very much disappointed because I love him, although I find it so hard to talk to him. Do you think he loves me? What does a young man think of a bashful, blushing girl? Please ask some of your young men readers their opinion of such a girl. Hoping to read your advice in the paper, DAISY.

My dear, you must overcome this bashfulness. You are thinking too much about yourself and that you are shy. Try to forget it and take an interest in all your friends. If you did not look at this young man, I am not surprised that he did not speak. If you saw him and did not look, you probably blushed, since you do so so easily, and, of course, he knew that you had seen him, and probably thought that you did not want to see him.

You would have been wiser to have answered his question about being shy and blushing. If he gives you the opportunity again overcome yourself sufficiently to explain that you suffer from bashfulness and that is why you blush, but that you want to be friends and hope he won't pay attention to you when you do apparently rude things, as you are trying to overcome the self-consciousness. Half the battle is won when a person makes herself talk about her difficulties to another she can trust. Perhaps this man would help you to overcome the shyness. I cannot say whether the young man loves you or not, but he certainly is interested, and it would be a pity to lose his friendship through a silly shyness on your part.

I do not think boys think badly of a bashful girl if she does not carry it too far, but it is very trying for a girl to keep up such shyness after getting to know a man sufficiently well for him to send her flowers and show her other attentions. Try to realize, dear, that some shyness amounts almost to rudeness and then you will really work to overcome it.

Perhaps some of the readers will give their opinions as you request.

Batter Bread

Pour two cupfuls of scalded milk over 1 cupful of white cornmeal. Mix well and when slightly cool add 1 teaspoonful salt, two and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one tablespoonful fat and two eggs, well beaten. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. When one pound of sugar is called for in a recipe for preserving, what substitution of corn syrup can be made?
2. What use can be made of the pulp of apple left after juices for jelly making have been extracted?
3. How can lemons be kept from decaying?
4. What makes a delightful playhouse for the children?
5. When jam has become hard and sugary what can be done to improve it?
6. What will smooth out curdled custard?

From a Soldiers' Mother

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I regretted very much to read about "Worried" in the column. I am glad to know she is fond of children. I am sure if she got out and saw how many children are suffering, also soldier's wives and children, she would forget her self-consciousness. There are so many things to be done. Red Cross work, knitting, social work and so much mending for the soldiers. I have my only child, a son twenty-two years old, in France, and when I get out and see others suffering I am thanking God my son is well up to the present and that I can help in many ways to end this war. I have read so many letters of unhappy married women and lonely girls that I should be glad to meet and talk happiness to them and to get them interested and give them a word of comfort. HELPER.

All honor to you, dear Reader. With your only child in France, your spirit is as brave and high as that which at this moment is writing glorious history on the western front. I wish some of our readers who are lonely and distressed would ask for your address and I shall be glad to turn them into hands that are busy with the biggest things in the world. If Worried will send me her address I shall be glad to forward it to you. Thank you.

Girl Scouts Are Nonsectarian

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly let me know if there are any Girl Scout meeting places near Sixtieth and Catharine streets where girls of any religion are admitted. M. J. H.

The Girl Scouts do not make any distinctions about religion ever, my dear little friend. There are meeting places near Sixtieth and Catharine streets, and if you will get in communication with Girl Scout headquarters, 34 South Seventeenth street any time after September 1 you will be told how to go about joining the troop.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Tomato paste to be used in making soups, sauces, etc., is made from a quart of strained tomato pulp, a slice of onion, a tablespoonful of red pepper, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of mixed spices. The spices are tied in a bag and cooked with the tomato pulp for three hours in a pan set in boiling water. Cook until thick, bottle and seal while hot.
2. Castillan marmalade is tomato marmalade flavored with preserved ginger and spices.
3. Potatoes mashed in the bread mixer are as light as whipped cream.
4. Eartabs are knitted pieces that require little wool and are greatly appreciated by the soldiers in cold weather.
5. The automobile hat bag is made from a piece of goods to match the inside of the car. It should be divided into three partitions and fastened to the top of the car by means of eight straps sewed on the bag.
6. In dressing the baby in warm weather two points are to be remembered—to keep the skin dry and to let the air get to it.

High School Not Required for Nurse

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly send me names of a few hospitals where a high school education is not needed, as I have been reading your paper and have seen where you had answered other questions so I though I would try one. This was spoken of in the other night's paper. I would like to become a nurse and would like to try my luck. E. L.

None of the civilan hospitals enlisted in the student nurses' reserve require a high school education. Women and girls enroll in the student nurses' reserve through the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense in the different States. The nearest place for you to enroll would be Atlantic City. The committee there will then see that you are called to a hospital. When making your application write to the chairman of the Atlantic City Unit, Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. Good luck to you and stick to your resolution.

Remedy for Child

Constant Reader — Fishberries and alcohol will serve your purpose. You can secure these in the drug store in proper proportion.

A MAID AND TWO MEN

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland, loved by Jack Bond and Scott Raymond, drafted men, promises to marry the former, who has been exempted. Many things conspire to make her wonder if she has not made a mistake. One was commiseration for Jack from Myra Briggs.

ARTICLE IX

IT HAD been absolutely unpardonable for Myra Briggs to have said such a thing about Jack. What business had Myra to even hint that Jack might have taken the way of least resistance? It was just as though every one were leagued against her to try to prevent her happiness. Not that Ruth doubted Jack; why, she thought so lightly of the entire thing that she determined not to ask Jack anything about the details of his board examination. Certainly if there had been anything to tell her, anything that Jack would have thought it his duty to do in the way of correcting what was wrong, he would have attended to it.

"I guess he's just as brave as Scott Raymond or any other man who has gone to war," she stormed to herself. "Myra is so conscientious herself that she will make Jack out a slacker before she is finished. Why it's foolish of me to feel this way about it. I simply won't give way to it." And Ruth went back to her laughing guests smothering her resentment, but conscious nevertheless that the expected approbation that she had looked for from Myra had been denied her, and that instead her impulsive confidence had been thrown back upon her.

"Here she is, where have you been?" And she was drawn once more into the gay group that had still lingered.

"Ruth, I'm going to give you a shower, even if it is war time," announced Helen Brander. Helen Brander was the best-known girl in Ruth's little set. She had been at college with Ruth, although the two girls had hardly known each other there. She was too gay, too bright, like a glittering bright ray of sunlight that is impossible to penetrate with the eye, and that is consequently not comfortable. Ruth would have thought twice before making a confidante of Helen Brander, but she liked her as did a great many other people, for her bright repartee, a supply of which she always had handy, for the way she had of making things go, and most of all right now, because she stood for some of the frivolous things of life that Ruth thought every girl deserved.

"How lovely of you, Helen," Ruth enthused, forcing a smile.

"Why, what is the matter with the child? I declare she looks cast down," said the sparkling Miss Brander. "What has Myra been saying to you to make you look so sad?"

"Myra? Why, nothing; what could she say to make me sad?"

"Oh, she might chide you for being so frivolous; Myra's so horribly conscientious about everything."

"Well, she ought to learn to play bridge if she is going out very much in the afternoon," said one of the other girls. "I declare I never saw such playing; she lost that prize to me, I know she did, because my score was just as high as yours, Helen, before we lost that last hand."

Helen, who held the coveted prize, a Wedgewood bowl, under her arm, shrugged her shoulders.

"Myra's a curious girl for you to like, Ruth," she remarked. "I never could understand your liking her."

"Well, I do like her," Ruth almost astounded herself by saying. "And as for playing bridge, it was because I insisted and made her break a business engagement that Myra came at all this afternoon. I just made her come because I wanted her to be here when I told you all about Jack."

"We all like her, Ruth," put in Helen quickly. "I was simply wondering why you seemed so attached to her. She doesn't like any of the things you do, no one ever sees her anywhere. She doesn't know what it is to enjoy life."

"Perhaps she thinks her way is best," put in Mrs. Rowland, and her words would have settled the matter if it had not been for a rather sharp-featured girl who spoke for the first time.

"Still water runs deep," she announced disagreeably. "But Myra and Scott Raymond are pretty good friends. I know that he was there the last night he was in town, and she is the only one he has written to."

Ruth, who had begun to think the conversation small and netty and inconsequential, felt something suddenly flame up in her, a fierce resentment against Scott and Myra that was unaccountable. Why had Myra neglected to say anything about this friendship with Scott? Scott and Myra! Why, the idea was absurd. Scott, with his fiery intensity, and steady, unemotional Myra. But was Myra unemotional? Wasn't it possible that Myra might rise to far greater heights than she (Ruth) would ever be capable of reaching? It was the best thing in the world for Myra, a wonderful friendship with a man like Scott. For he was fine, he was more than fine, worthy of a big woman. And Ruth Rowland, surrounded by admiring friends, engaged to the man of her choice, felt an elusive something in the depths of her heart at that moment that at any other time or under any other circumstances might have been mistaken for jealousy.

(There is a hint of a lover's quarrel in tomorrow's installment.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THE NEW TENANT

By Arline A. MacDonald

"I SAW some workmen on the Churchill place today, Jon. I think a new tenant is coming in,' remarked "Ma" Holton at the supper table.

Jonathan Holton's lifted teacup descended slowly into his saucer as he looked up inquiringly.

"So?" he answered. "It's been closed some twenty years now, Martha. I shouldn't wonder if young Churchill was back to open it. I'll take a run over there tomorrow and investigate."

In the silence that followed, Azalia Holton sat absorbed in thought. She knew Bryant Churchill only as she recalled his features on richly toned lithographed music sheets. He was a composer. He had never been seen in the village since the loss of the ocean liner on which his parents had taken voyage in quest of foreign property. Then, as a dreamy boy of five, he had been left in the care of a relative somewhere to be properly tutored.

The homestead of Jonathan Holton adjoined the magnificent estate of the Churchills, from the time of whose decease he had exercised an oversight of the premises which was a sympathetic contribution more than anything else.

Azalia Holton had been born into the very atmosphere of isolated Churchill Manor. She had pulled the sweet grass in her babyhood, had romped the fields and woodlands in her pinafore, and had lost her heart as a maiden in its alluring grandeur and charm.

While she recolled at the slightest mention of anything that might possibly disturb her haunts about the place, she entertained the thought that Bryant Churchill would be a fine young fellow to know if his likeness on the music covers was anything to judge from.

The next day Azalia started out for her usual after-dinner ramble through the fragrant fields and odorous woods and had not gone far when she stopped at the sight of freshly painted signboards that blazed on every walk and path:

"Private Grounds. Keep Off!"

She stood transfixed in her virgin loveliness.

"What a hateful protestation!" was her first utterance when she had sufficiently recovered her composure.

It took her but a moment to realize that on her first battlefield she was helpless and defenseless. Like the "flaming sword" of old seemed these emblazoned monitors that urged her back from her tree of life. She felt that her problem was a serious one. After meditating for some minutes she finally decided she would interview the new tenant. Her almost inherent right would be a probable excuse.

As she advanced toward the house her courage returned and she quickly mounted the steps and gave the door a vigorous blow. After several unsuccessful attempts to arouse some one she tried the door, which opened so easily that it gave her a surprise. The pleasant odor that greeted her seemed a part of the distinctive interior. The place was so beautiful that Azalia walked about from room to room, looking here and there, much charmed by the beautiful furniture and rich ornaments that she saw everywhere. "What a paradise!" she exclaimed, as she entered a room that gave evidence of being a studio.

In delightful contrast to the plain little organ in her home was the rich grand piano littered with music copies. Now, Azalia's musical training had not been neglected and it was only natural that her fingers should seek the keys as she glanced at the music before her. Very soon she was playing with her accustomed grace and skill, but in turning the pages of the folio an inner sheet was dislodged and fell to the floor somewhere. She turned about, only to discover that it was in the hands of a handsome young man in uniform, whose eyes were dancing in amusement. Azalia wilted in blushes and confusion.

"I heard the music and came in to congratulate the musician. I am Bryant Churchill," he was returning the fallen music to the piano.

It was some time before Azalia was able to think clearly. She wasn't quite sure whether it was the proper thing for her to faint or not, but she wished she knew how to do it.

"Are you the-the-the coming man?" she faltered, when at last she had found her voice.

"The coming man," he repeated, a little puzzled as to whether the girl was in jest or earnest. Then, seized with a jocular impulse, he added:

"Why-er—I'm the going man. That is, I was the coming man, but I'm not now, but I hope to be soon."

Then, with a rollicking laugh, he glanced at the girl, who glanced and laughed at him.

"I mean, you are the new tenant," explained Azalia.

"Rather, the 'once upon a time' tenant, facing new conditions," continuing his pranks, "for you see," looking straight at the girl until she dropped her eyes, "I have never had the pleasure of an introduction.

"You are——"

"Azalia Holton," demurely.

"And now permit me to explain my statement, which may have seemed to you a trifle obscure. This is my old home, and I came here a week ago, but I am leaving again tomorrow to do my 'bit' for Uncle Sam, and then I expect to return for good."

Then together they sat talking and listening intently to one another until the twilight fell about them.

"Azalia," he was reflecting. "I have a little gem by that name."

He strode to the piano. If Azalia had lost her heart in the grandeur and charm of Churchill manor it surely had been found by the artist-owner before her, whose masterly execution was only surpassed by his kind voice and pleasing personality. He was the capsheaf of all that had gone before.

Abruptly he turned and was speaking in lawyer fashion.

"Access to my property for twenty years gives your father almost an inviolable right in it. But there is another who has a greater lien upon it."

He had risen and was looking away from her and did not see the cloud of disappointment that settled upon her face. She moved toward him and touched his arm consolingly. "Cannot something be done?" an anxious look on her face, now uplifted.

Her freshness, unseen by him in others, captivated him. With an uncontrollable impulse he suddenly drew her into his arms and kissed her. It might be the only one he could ever claim.

"Bryant!" she murmured, gently disengaging herself.

"Forgive me, Azalia," he said. "I couldn't help it. Can't you see you are the one? In my travels I have found no one like you, though I have often wished for a time like this. It is growing dark and I am going away tomorrow. May I see you tonight?"

"But you are coming home with me to supper," Azalia insisted.

"On one condition. That you promise me that you will think of one day coming with me to my home to stay."

He extended his hand, which she took cheerfully.

A clear title to Churchill had passed to the new tenant.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"TOM'S FARMERETTE."

TOMATO MARMALADES MAKE TASTY RELISHES

Take Less Sugar Than Fruit Concoctions—Recipes Given Here for Two Kinds

Vegetable marmalades may be made at small cost from products from the home garden. Since most of the marmalades contain a smaller proportion of sugar than those made from fruits, it is especially desirable to make some of them this summer. They are made of combinations of vegetables, sugar and fruit acid. Lemon juice is usually used and other fruits are sometimes added.

Each of the following recipes makes about one pint of marmalade:

CARROT MARMALADE

Two cupfuls ground carrot.
One and one-half cupfuls sugar.
Two lemons.
Two teaspoonfuls ground ginger root.

Cook the carrots until tender. Add the sugar. Quarter and cut the lemons in thin slices. Cook slowly until thick, without stirring. Pack in hot, freshly sterilized jars and boil (process) for five minutes in steamer or wash boiler. Use false bottom in the wash boiler.

RIPE TOMATO MARMALADE

Twelve medium-sized tomatoes.
One and one-half lemons.
One and three-quarter cupfuls sugar.

Peel and slice the tomatoes thin. Remove as many seeds as possible and make according to directions for carrot marmalade.

RIPE TOMATO AND CARROT

One cupful ground carrot.
Two cupfuls ripe tomato.
One and one-half cupfuls sugar.
One lemon.
One teaspoon ground horseradish.
One teaspoonful ginger.
One teaspoonful vinegar.

Peel and slice the tomato. Put the ginger in cheesecloth bag and make according to directions for carrot marmalade.

Autumn at Vaala, Finland

All the world is blue and gold!
Broken blue, the river
Lifts her billows, fold on fold;
Toward the singing rapids rolled,
They clash and foam and quiver. • • •

Past the woodlands, all arrayed
In royal gold and yellow,
Leaves of flame that richly fade,
Amber sheath and fiery blade!
Mingled fierce and mellow.

Sun and wave and water-gold
Built the scene together;
Flung it, for the earth to hold
Just one moment, ere the cold,
Darkening blasts of winter rolled
O'er the crystal weather.

—R. T. (From "Letters from Finland," by Rosalind Travers.)

CLEANING A CHICKEN IN THE EASIEST WAY

A Simple and Quick Method That Prepares It for Cooking or Canning

Cleaning chickens—the housewife's everlasting bugaboo—loses half its terrors when done by this quick and economical method. There is a real art in drawing and cutting up a chicken for cooking or canning. By carefully following the directions given here, the entire digestive tract is removed without coming in contact with the meat; and the flesh and bones from a whole bird may be fitted nearly into a quart jar.

Cutting Up and Drawing

First. Remove the wings after cutting off the tips at the first joint.

Second. Remove the foot, cutting at the knee joint.

Third. Remove the leg at the hip or sadle joint.

Fourth. Cut through the connecting joint to separate the thigh from the leg.

Fifth. Cut through the neck bone at the head with a sharp knife, being careful not to cut the windpipe or gullet. With the index finger separate the windpipe and gullet from the neck, and cut through the skin to the wing opening. Leave the head attached to the windpipe and gullet and loosen these from the neck down as far as the crop.

Sixth. With a sharp-pointed knife cut around the shoulder blade, pull it out of position and break it.

Seventh. Find the white spots on the ribs and cut along them through the ribs. Cut back to and around the vent and loosen it.

Eighth. Leaving the head attached, loosen the windpipe, gullet and crop, and remove the digestive tract from the bird, pulling it back toward the vent. Remove the lungs and kidneys with the point of a knife and cut off the neck close to the body.

Ninth. Cut through the backbone at the joint or just above the diaphragm and remove the oil sack.

Tenth. Separate the breast from the backbone by cutting through on the white spots and break.

Eleventh. Cut in sharp at the point of the breastbone, cutting away the wishbone with the meat.

Twelfth. Cut the fillet from each side of the breastbone. Bend in the bones of the breastbone.

Packing for Canning

Use a quart jar. Pack the saddle with a thigh inside; the breastbone with a thigh inside; the backbone and ribs with a leg inside, the leg large end downward, alongside the breastbone; the wings; the wishbone; the fillets; the neckbone. Don't pack the giblets with the meat.

Directions for the home canning of chicken, meats, soups, fruits, and vegetables may be found in Farmer's Bulletins of the United States Department of Agriculture, and will be supplied free of charge to any one writing for them to the Division of Publications.

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. Unusually priced madeira set; thirteen pieces.
2. Tiny jet pins for a white shirtwaist.
3. Snap fasteners sewed on tape.

THE great trouble with the lower-priced madeira sets is that the designs are so very plain, and there is no use talking, the luncheon sets of elaborately-designed madeira are quite irresistible. But one of the shops has a number of particularly pretty and elaborate thirteen-piece sets for the amazing price of $6.75. These sets include the large center piece, six plate doilies and six smaller ones, which can be used under bread and butter plates, or cups and saucers. And one nice thing about madeira work is that it always makes such a welcome gift.

Frequently a touch of black on a white waist or dress will give it a little distinctive touch that can be caught in no other way. I was reminded of that today when I saw a set of three round jet pins, about the size of a five-cent piece. Being pins instead of buttons, they can be transferred from one blouse to another, which is a very convenient arrangement. The price of the set is only 10c.

I'll never forget the first time I sewed on snap fasteners. I finished one side of my dress, and found I had turned every snap in the wrong way. They are rather difficult to manage, but did you know that they can be bought on tape by the yard? The tape comes in black or white, and the snaps are fastened in it, so that all that is necessary is to sew the tape itself on waist or vest.

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Aventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone the Woman's Department, Walnut 3000.

It's Little Things That Count

Sponge cake is at its best made of potato flour.

Add a little lemon juice to the coffee gelatin.

A vegetables should always be put into boiling water.

It is a good idea to core apples before paring them.

Coffee jelly is best made with almost no sweetening.

Milk will sour quickly if turned into unclean vessels.

Rice and barley flour can be very well used for pastry.

Prunes and toasted barley bread are good supper dishes.

Half a cupful of corn flour equals a full cup of wheat flour.

A Self-Serve Supper

A self-serve supper is very desirable for hot weather. You prepare it and serve it on trays. Each member of the family carries his own tray to the place decided upon as the family camping ground. Invariably you will find that a cool and lovely spot has been made doubly enjoyable for you in this way. Here are some self-serve suppers recommended by the United States food administration:

Creamed Potatoes and Peas
Cabbage Salad
War Bread Butter
Corn on Cob
Watermelon

Potato Patties Deviled Eggs
Stuffed Pepper Salad
Lemon Jelly with Fruit
Whipped Cream

Baked Stuffed Peppers
Creamed Carrots
War Bread Butter
Banana Ice Cream

Canning Patriotism

Budget your canning—an ounce of foresight may save ten pounds of sugar.

Fresh products mean half the canning battle won.

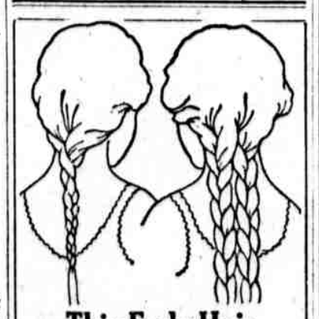
Save yourself as well as the surplus—plan your work and work your plan.

Reciprocity in canning pays well—help your neighbor today and she will help you tomorrow.

Save every drop of juice.
Save every grain of sugar.

System in canning saves more than the product.

A well-screened kitchen saves many a jar of jelly.



Thin Endy Hair or Thick and Healthy?

A scalp cared for by Cuticura usually means thick, glossy hair. Frequent shampoos with Cuticura Soap are excellent. Precede shampoos by touches of Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff, and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair or skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. 23M, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

SMALL BOYS' POCKETS BANNED UNDER NEW ORDER OF U. S.

Receptacles Since Time Immemorial for All Those Things Dear to Hearts of All Normal Youngsters Now Classed as Unnecessary

GROWN persons have been accustomed to be facetious on the subject of the small boy's pocket. It has always been something that any one could be witty about, like mothers-in-law, and home-made biscuits.

Now they are going to be sorry for all the things they's said; that is if they have any spark of the proper feeling. For it looks very much as if the small boy's pocket will be no more, or at least that for the duration of the war it will be consigned, with men's pockets, pegtops and fine braided cuffs, to the limbo of unnecessary things—and goodness knows how long that may be.

Simply because the Government doesn't need to put bread and beetles and fishing hooks into its pockets it thinks little boys don't nged to, either. Of course, the Government must be right—but what a mess the Germans have made of things, anyhow.

That his pocket is terribly important is the decision of the small boy after due discussion of the subject with others of his age and gender.

He is more than willing to co-operate with the Government in the matter of saving material, but since that pocket is such a vital thing, why not reduce the rest of the trousers and save, oh, save that reservoir for dead frogs, strings and sealing wax?

LEDGER CAMERA MAN GAINS LIEUTENANCY

Harry S. Hood Commissioned in Chemistry Service. Nine Others Named

Harry Shelley Hood, for the last six years a staff photographer of the Ledgers, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the chemical warfare service of the United States army. His appointment was announced today in a list issued by the Adjutant General's office. Nine other Philadelphians are among the new officers.

Lieutenant Hood's home is at 4925 Royal street, Germantown. For the last ten years he has been a newspaper photographer in this city and was also the official photographer for the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company.

Lieutenant Hood is also an expert chemist and a linguist, speaking French and German fluently. He is a member of the Art Club.

Others whose commissions were announced today are:

Adam W. Machunas, 1236 Spring Garden street, first lieutenant, engineer corps; George T. Owens, Tacony, first lieutenant, ordnance corps; John J. Burns, 1306 Wagner avenue; Alfred F. Gadd, 859 North Forty-fifth street, second lieutenants, quartermaster corps; Carl K. Schultze, 224 East Phil-Ellene street, and Joseph L. Pyle, 1810 West street, Wilmington, second lieutenants, chemical warfare service; Harry Shelley Hood, 4923 Royal street; Charles J. Anchor, 2033 Fitzwater street; William H. Marshall, Jr., 1525 Diamond street; James S. Merry, Jr., Abington; William H. Powell, Wyncote; Clement L. H. Smith, 4293 Mantua avenue, and Harvey B. Leach, 4941 Olive street, second lieutenants, signal corps.

JAIL WAR GARDEN THIEF

Thirty Days for Youth Who Peddled Stolen Corn

The sale of vegetables said to have been stolen from a "war garden" at Twenty-seventh and Clearfield streets led to the arrest of Ralph Otto, nineteen years old, Garner and Cumberland streets, who today was sentenced to thirty days in the county jail by Magistrate Price, sitting at the Twenty-second street and Huntingpark avenue police station.

Otto, according to the police, has been systematically stealing corn from Harris's truck farm on Clearfield street and peddling it in the neighborhood. His parents, the police say, thought he was working at the Navy Yard.

21 HOSEMAN ELIGIBLES

All Who Passed Will Be Needed to Fill Vacancies

Twenty-one names appear on an eligible list for hosemen, Bureau of Fire, made public today by the Civil Service Commission. So many vacancies exist on the force that most of the men will be appointed in the very near future.

Another civil service test for hosemen will be held by the Civil Service Commission September 12, when it is hoped a larger class will apply.

Those eligible for appointment are John R. Walls, 3002 Magazine lane; Lewis H. Hilt, 4801 Mulberry street; Ralph Morton, 2267 North Bouvier street; Anthony Amorosi, Jr., 644 Carpenter street; Charles E. Clark, 1737 South Twentieth street; John C. O'Brien, 2802 Palethorpe street; James Moran, 526 Montrose street; Edward Hall, 3206 Chestnut street; Thomas A. Mullany, 327 West Wildey street; James McKenna, 766 North Judson street; George F. Medary, 232 East Ontario street; William George, 2930 Kipp street; Samuel J. McCormick, 133 Florist street; Robert Moore, 326 Fairmount avenue; Frank Krug, 3410 North Tampa street; George Guba, 404 Dupont street, Roxborough; John McGovern, 2951 East Victoria street; Paul Kaufman, 6627 Marsden street; George J. Snyder, 141 Delphine street; John Foley, 132 Olive street, and Francis P. Malone, 2114 Winter street.

NO LIMIT ON SUGAR IN PRESERVING FOOD

When Twenty-five Pound Lot Is Exhausted Another May Be Had

Canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables is not to be hindered by the placing of limitations on the sugar supply for this purpose.

Announcement of this has been made by the food administration, as the result of a request from National Food Administrator Hoover that housewives be urged to do all the canning and preserving possible in order to conserve the food supply.

Women may purchase twenty-five pound lots of sugar for canning and preserving purposes as soon as each supply is exhausted, the food administration announces, and grocers will not suffer a shortage by honoring the certificates. The grocers' supply will be replenished by the food administration upon presentation of the certificates, it is announced.

Farmers who preserve in large quantities may purchase sugar in larger amounts than twenty-five pounds by application to the food administration.

HONORED FOR BRAVERY

Captain William C. Williams Wins Distinguished Service Cross

Captain William C. Williams, 1928 Girard avenue, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry in action, according to announcement by the War Department.

The acts for which he is thus honored were performed July 15, when the Germans started their fourth offensive of the year, and was first told of in dispatches from Raymond G. Carroll, special correspondent of the Public Ledger in France. Captain Williams' gallantry in action is described by the War Department as follows:

"Early in the fighting near Montheal, France, July 15, he was wounded three times, but, in spite of suffering and loss of blood, he refused to leave his men until his battalion was relieved three days later."

WILBUR'S COCOA

"ALL FOOD, NO WASTE"

War Time Corn Meal COCOA CAKE

Dainty, light and satisfying—it's as easy to bake as it is delightful to eat. How to make it shown among

Wilbur's War-Time Recipes

as well as numerous other dainty, delicious and economical desserts. Your copy's waiting. It's free.

Send for it today

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc. Philadelphia

DOMINIC

1302 Walnut St.

Fall and Winter Announcement

Dominic cuts, fits and personally superintends the making of each and every garment.

DOMINIC takes great pleasure in announcing a complete line of *all-wool* fabrics for Fall and Winter Wear.

Anticipating a scarcity of all-wool materials, *Dominic bought*, in 1917, all Suitings for 1918, and is pleased to offer them to his customers with the knowledge that *Dominic* Standards can and will be maintained this year with practically no increase in prices over last year.

The models are *Dominic* Creations, embodying the individuality and smartness that characterizes *Dominic* Suits and Coats.

Special Prices Until September 15

In order to relieve the congestion that comes to our workrooms in October and November, *Dominic* offers all the newest Fall and Winter Suitings and Top Coats at substantial price reductions to those who order before September 15th. Suits, Military Suits, Sports Suits, Top Coats and Military Capes in these new *all-wool* fabrics.

TWILLS GLOVESKINS
VELOURS BOLIVIAS
SERGES TWEEDS
BROADCLOTHS

No Remodeling of Last Season's Suits After September 15th