SOME THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN THE RAILROAD STATION NOW—FRUIT JUICES—EXCHANGE

SOME TEARS THAT WERE SHED BY A SOLDIER UNASHAMED

There Were Rookies and Many Others on the Dusty Train Watching the Young Officer Say Good-by to His Girl, but Hearts Are Real These Days

SHE was his girl. You will understand. You will know why we on the dirty, dusty train, set our jaws lest our eyes betray us, because the thing happened in a flash, and, oh, how it hurt the heart.

You will understand why the two rookies on the other side of the train did not even smile; why the man in the rough clothes turned and looked out the window.

She was his girl, and the conductor had called "all aboard!" He had leaned over to kiss her good-by; big, young and splendid in his officer's uniform. Yes, trains are shrines these days. When he stood erect as only a soldier stands, two tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. There are men who hide their tears. The boy we were watching raised his hand mechanically and brushed them quietly, openly away. There was a smile. Only those who have watched these things know the thoughts it spoke. Then he was gone.

DO THEY think they can beat our boys? It takes bravery to brush away tears when you are an officer and there are young recruits sitting across the aisle from your girl. This was only an incident woven into the high human drama that is being staged every hour in our big, smoky railroad stations these vivid days. But it is indicative. The man who was not ashamed because he was real when he said good-by to his girl has stripped aside every false and hampering side that ever fenced in his real self.

That's the way he's going to fight. There was a time when he was ashamed to talk about ideals, living for them, much less dying for them. There was a time when kissing one's girl on the train, much less crying about it was maudlin and cheap. Now, but we need not say—men are laying down their lives over there for the great intangible, and they are carrying in their hearts a kiss.

IF YOU want to lay your finger on the pulse of our nation go to the railroad station. The drabness of it is lighted with the glory of young America. Are these our Bills and our Sams but lately arranging dance programs, who look into the eyes of their mothers and their sweethearts and are not ashamed of homely things? Are these our Mabels and our Sues? Yes, it is good for those who lost faith in the goodness of the world—to those who have bemoaned the modern youth to go down to the "depot" and know that the good old days are still here.

PLEASE TELL ME WHAT TO DO

G. Cynthia

All Right to Send Picture

Dear Cynthia—A member of the association I belong to has been in France for some time. He has written to the association to write to him. I then wrote him a letter. Did I do right? I received from him a couple of letters in which he asks for my picture. Do you think I ought to send him one? If so, is there anything written on the back thereof? Kindly suggest such wording as I was quite intimate with him before he was called. IN DOUBT.

Since you were quite intimate with him before he was called, I can see no harm in sending the picture. It might serve to lighten some of the hours over there. An inscription is not necessary, but it would be nice to put on the back something like this: "Best wishes to one over there from some one over here." Then sign your name. It was not forward to write.

A Boy Writes to Jim

Dear Cynthia—Glancing over your column, I chanced to see "Jim's" appeal for friends. I think I can help him if I can get in touch with him. We have a social club at the church which I attend, known as the St. John's Club, and take care of quite a number of young fellows such as that have come to this and our "sister city" to work. It is not a general rule with us, this picking up of strangers, but we have found it has helped those we have taken in to keep in the company which was good for them and which did them no harm. We have a pool table, billiards and ball games, cards. And once a month we give a dance or a social gathering of some kind. Then he can meet the young ladies of the church, and, believe me, we have some nice ones, all of which will be glad to make him forget he is a stranger. So if you will have this young man communicate with me I will gladly try to help. Inclosed you will find an envelope, self-addressed, which you can forward to him. I also inclose the postage for forwarding. A YOUNG MAN IN CAMDEN.

Unfortunately, we did not file Jim's address, as we did not anticipate a happy emergency such as this. If, however, "Jim" is reading our corner tonight and will send in the address we shall be happy to put him in touch with you. You are very kind to take an interest and the club sounds splendid.

Boys Fall for Rouge

Dear Cynthia—In answer to "Perplexed's" letter, he should not condemn the girl because she uses rouge. All we girls are guilty of artificial color. Let "Perplexed" go to dancing halls or parties and see the way the girls dress, paint and powder. They look like hobbyhorses, and the fellows fall for them. They don't notice a girl that dresses sensibly and doesn't use rouge. She is left to stand around like a wallflower and no fellow takes notice of her. There is no harm in using rouge. Girls doll up.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND.

Speak up, boys. Why do you leave as a wallflower the girl who dresses sensibly? Or now many of you do leave her?

Frankness Is Necessary

Dear Cynthia—Will you please give me your opinion? Is it wise for a girl who is straight and open to begin a friendship with a man she does not believe to be very frank, although he has other great merits? L. D. T.

Sincerity and "open-and-above-boardness" are the cornerstones of friendship. I should not advise a girl to be great friends with a man whom she feels she cannot trust. The other merits cannot overweigh this. The time to drop any affair that gives promise of bringing unhappiness is at the beginning.

A Sad Case

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of eighteen and have been virtually engaged to a boy of twenty for more than a year. He has just been drafted, however, and since he has worn pinfeers I observed for the first time that he is very bow-legged, and if there is anything I object to in a man's appearance it is that.

As much as I love him I cannot overlook this fault. The question is, Do you think I will change my opinion as time goes on, or would you advise me to postpone the wedding until I am sure that my love is not shaken by this weakness? BAFFLED

Your predicament is, indeed, sad. How can you hesitate with such a problem in the weighing. Can you understand how Uncle Sam could have accepted a bandy-legged man in the army? It is strange, but then there are some women who might love the man and not mind if his legs were crooked. In fact, they might really love him so much they would not care at all.

I wonder if bandy legs are faults or defects. I guess he'll be able to catch a German or two, however, and that ought to make any girl proud, ought it not? I'm afraid you'll have to work out your problem yourself, you poor child. It's very pathetic.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Describe a game that can be played on the children's Labor Day outing.
2. Who is Miss Mary Van Kleeck?
3. What national organization is represented by the initials A. L. A.?
4. Give a recipe for making pineapple ice without sugar.
5. In canning peaches what delicious substitute for sugar has been successfully used?
6. What will keep glue from hardening in the bottle?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. When one pound of sugar is called for in a recipe for preserving it is satisfactory to substitute two-thirds corn syrup and one-third sugar.
2. Pulp of apples from which the juices have been extracted for jelly-making can be made into a tasty spread by combining with one cupful of corn syrup to a quart of the pulp. Cook until bright and pack hot and seal at once.
3. Lemons can be kept from decasing by keeping in a jar of cold water which is renewed every twenty-four hours. Packed in clean, dry salt, they will keep for months.
4. An umbrella such as is used by truckmen on their wagons makes a delightful play house for children. The handle is sunk in the ground and tapes from the ribs fasten it securely in tent fashion to the ground.
5. When jam has become hard and sugary put it in the oven and it will become quite "itself" again.
6. Slowly beating a curdled custard into a raw egg beaten will smooth it.

Finding a Dear One to Give

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I write concerning the girl who has no one to give to the war and expects no one to return, in reference to the article in Tuesday's Woman's Page. That matter was confronting me and I thought very seriously about it one day. I thought how will I feel when they all come home and I will not have a face to look for me, and I cannot give or receive any letters from a soldier—nothing to interest me only my love for my beloved country—and almost as if in answer to my thoughts I saw an article in the paper from the Kumfort Club, and as I was middle-aged, I thought why not borrow a son, so I answered one of those letters. I gave my true name and received in two weeks time a very stiff little postal and thought over it quite often and I sat down and wrote a nice letter, just as if I was writing to one I always knew—nothing stiff or formal and at the same time fairly quaking for fear some one I knew would hear of it and ostracize me. But I received the nicest letter from a soldier who had lost his mother a few months before and I answered. Our letters were quite frequent and then the time came and he went away, but before he left he came to see me and I was so pleased with him. He was such a clean, clear type of a man, twenty-six, and when he left I was with him at my own table for luncheon only, and he went back to camp. He wanted me to visit the camp, but I felt as if I ought not to do it, for which I've been very sorry often. Then when he left for overseas he came once again. I saw him in my own place of business for about twenty minutes and I walked with him to the square near the station, bade him good-by, and as I left him I felt as if I had really parted with a son, and I looked for his first letter, and when it came I truly felt as if he was my very own son, and if he were to come no more I know I'd feel as if I had lost a real son. I had written often "over there," but as yet he has not received any of my letters, but I believe he will and I hope he will come back as good and clean as he looked when he left, and I believe he looks for my letters with the very same feeling that I do. I cannot take his mother's place, but I can take the place of a real American godmother, and believe when he comes he will look for my face and I shall look for his, and surely it is better to borrow a son if you do not have one. It surely gives one a feeling of something to live for and something to look for when this great war is over. A READER.

There is great joy of heart for me in reading this letter. Thank you, dear reader, and God bless you. Keep on writing to that boy.

To Become Yeowoman

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would thank you very much if you would tell me how I can become a yeowoman in the navy? Is shorthand necessary?

To become a yeowoman make application to the employment department of the Fourth Naval District, southeast corner Twelfth and Chestnut streets. Shorthand is not a requirement. A girl may enlist as clerk or a typist. However, the girl who is a stenographer is given place, as a rule, immediately; the typists too are given prompt place, but others must wait in turn for their assignments.

Can Be Admitted in Delaware

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am writing to ask if there is any possibility of getting a woman who is tubercular in the Vitoria Sanatorium? She is not a resident of Pennsylvania. Kindly inform me to whom I can go for information? She is a poor woman and could afford to pay but very little. GRATEFUL.

No doubt you have in mind the sanatorium at Mont Alto, Pa. A patient must live in the State before she can be admitted to any of the homes for the tubercular here. But there is a State home in Delaware that no doubt can care for this poor woman at no cost. This is Hope Farm and is located at Marshalltown, Del. To make application write to the New Castle County State Tuberculosis Commission, 602 West street, Wilmington.

Succotash

Many varieties of late corn are on the market in the early fall. If you are tired of too much early corn on the cob, serve succotash made by cutting the hot boiled corn from the cob and mixing it with an equal amount of hot, boiled shelled beans. Season with butter or butter substitute and salt. Reheat before serving.

A Little Top Oven

This little oven or radiating plate is set on top of the gas stove. It proves a great fuel saver for baking small things such as biscuits, cakes, apples, etc. A small roast has been known to fit in nicely

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

TOM'S FARMERETTE

By Nellie A. Delaney

MARTHA COLBY added a few finishing touches to the already spotless kitchen.

Tonight four girls were coming from the city to work on the farm. Mr. Colby found male help impossible to secure, so at last he gave up and advertised for farmerettes.

Martha brushed back the jet black hair from her forehead, put on a fresh blue gingham dress, a white, stiffly-starched apron, and before she could get to the kitchen a loud pealing of the door bell announced the arrival of the new farm hands. She opened the door nervously, and there stood four fashionable dressed girls. Laughing and chatting merrily, they followed the now more than ever nervous Martha.

In the dining room Tom Colby, born farmer, showed plainly that life on a farm had not made him any different than the rest of the sterner sex. He gazed admiringly at each pretty girl, and Martha could not remember when he had talked so much, but instead of the uneasy feeling leaving her it grew more apparent, and she tried in vain to hide the red hands, rough from heavy work.

Married at sixteen, then ten years of hard work to help pay off the mortgage on the little farm, made Martha feel more like forty than twenty-six.

Before the first meal was over Martha was experiencing a feeling absolutely new to her. She was thinking of the long evenings when Tom, after a hard day's work, would go to sleep in his easy chair; then the long, lonesome evening must be passed in silence. Tonight he was wide awake, and after supper, through the open window, Martha watched him eagerly show the four girls the different places on the farm. She turned from the window, and the ugly feeling that had started at supper increased with great rapidity. Nor could she explain its meaning, for Martha was experiencing jealousy for the first time in her life. She hated the four rose-cheeked girls, with their city ways; she hated the way they plastered their hair around their ears, entirely covering them, and she felt that she almost hated her beloved Tom.

As the days wore on Martha became more silent and miserable. One day she got up courage to ask Tom what he thought of the farmerettes and he expressed himself in one word, "peaches." Then it was true she told herself. Tom was slowly slipping away from her, and walking into the next room the big brown eyes filled with tears.

"Why the tears, girlie," a musical voice sounded behind her. The blood rushed to Martha's cheeks as the prettiest of the four farmerettes approached her. "I forgot my powder puff," she added by way of explanation for coming back from the field.

Martha's first impulse was to run away, instead womanlike, she burst into tears and let the girl she hated lead her to the chair and work from her the reason why she wept. Putting her arm around Martha she whispered, "Little country girl, you are jealous without cause. Why, you are five times as pretty as any city girl, but as we are going back to the city tonight, let's prove that fact to your husband. He is going to drive us to the station, but before we go we will fix up a little—only," she added, "we can't put any more roses in those cheeks." After much whispered planning they separated.

That night as Tom Colby sat in the wagon waiting for the four girls to appear it seemed to him it took them a long time to bid Martha good-by. They finally appeared, and Tom drove them to the station. He did not wait for the train, somehow. Tonight he longed to pass a pleasant evening alone with his wife. He had made up his mind there was just one real farmerette in the world for him and that was Martha.

As he drove into the yard, he was a little surprised that Martha did not come to meet him, as was her custom. Throwing the reins to the hired man, he hurried into the kitchen. The supper dishes were still in the pan, and the table had not been cleared.

A feeling of fear came over Tom, and he hurried into the bedroom. There on the floor in a crumpled heap was the familiar blue gingham dress. A slight noise in the parlor turned his attention there, and pushing open the door he beheld Martha in a blue silk dress, white shoes and stockings, and, worst of all, the beautiful black hair was pulled tightly over two pink ears.

Tom stared for some minutes in silence, then Martha asked sweetly: "Do I look so strange in pretty clothes, Tom? Don't I look as good as the four farmerettes?"

"Why, Martha, girl," Tom replied slowly, "there's just one farmerette in this world for me, and that's my Martha, but it took four city girls to wake me up to that fact; but," he added wistfully, "I like you best in the blue gingham, with your hair done the other way."

The following week a little stenographer in a stuffy office stopped pounding the keys of her typewriter long enough to read a postcard from her country friend, and she smiled happily as its contents: "It worked fine, dear, but I am still wearing my gingham dress, and he won't let me wear my hair over my ears."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"GEORGE DID IT."

To Make Fruit Leathers

Concentrate fruit juices by boiling them over direct heat, then by drying them in the top of a double boiler or on platters or enamel pans set in a moderate oven. The juice is sufficiently concentrated when on cooling it makes a highly glazed, tough, dry, leathery jelly. Dry the leather in thin sheets and roll the sheets like jelly rolls, then cut them across, or dry them into a sheet three-quarters of an inch thick, and cut that in cubes. In either of these forms the leather makes a tempting confection. Store in airtight containers or in a dry place.

Leathers are also made from unsweetened or slightly sweetened fruit pulp. Peach leather is unsweetened peach marmalade dried in the oven, sprinkled with sugar, rolled and cut. Strawberry leather is made by crushing sweet, ripe strawberries, and drying them without cooking, in the oven.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS DRYING VEGETABLES

If You Are a Novice at This, Handle Small Quantities at First

By ELLEN I. KELLEY

(Director, Department of Household Science, National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C.)

If you are a novice in drying vegetables and fruits, begin with a small quantity of some one product. Have it very fresh, and prepare according to directions. As a general rule, products to be dried are cut into slices or shreds with the skin removed. Sharp knives, a good board and a vegetable and fruit slicer are needed implements.

In using artificial heat be careful to start at a comparatively low temperature and gradually increase the temperature, one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit as a minimum to 150 degrees Fahrenheit as a maximum is a practical general rule. Oven thermometers are almost indispensable for reliable work.

The actual time for drying cannot be given; it varies with atmospheric conditions, apparatus, and judgment exercised by person in charge. A little experience will make it easy to determine when products are sufficiently dried. Fruits should be rather leathery and pliable, but no moisture should come to the surface when pressed. Vegetables should appear slightly more dry, but should not snap or crackle. Berries are dry enough if they stick to the hand, but do not crush when squeezed. If dried too hard, fruits and vegetables will not resume their natural shape when cooked. The commission will be glad to answer any questions written on one side of the paper and sent in a self-addressed stamped envelope. Send to the editor of the Woman's Page for the free canning and drying manual issued by the National War Garden Commission. Inclose two-cent stamp for postage.

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. Hair nets at fifty cents a dozen.
2. Drinking cups for the children.
3. Tube shower for the tub.
4. Soft meshed veils with border designs.

"THERE goes another hair net," you exclaim in vexation, as you take off your close-fitting hat. "To pay ten or fifteen cents for a net, and then to tear it the first time I wear it is scandalous extravagance." Yes, it is, and the worst of it is that no one can suggest a way to keep those nets from breaking. It is possible, however, to secure lower-priced nets that are of excellent quality. For instance, I always used to pay ten cents for my nets. My last lot cost me only fifty cents per dozen, and the only difference I could see is that they are perhaps slightly shorter in the back. And their wearing qualities are excellent. Try them next time.

How many times have you gone out for a ride in that friend's automobile, or been on a train, and longed for a drink only to find that nothing was available to hold the water but a public drinking cup! Next time be prepared. You can purchase a dozen folding sanitary cups for five cents, and their size is such that they can easily be slipped in handbag or pocket. They are particularly nice to have when the children are along, for did you ever yet see a child who didn't have to have a drink the minute you are two squares from home?

"Take a cold shower every morning," prescribed my doctor, "and you won't have any colds." So I purchased one of those tub showers that are easily attached to the bathroom spigot. You'd never dream how useful they are. I use mine when I take my shower, of course; I use it when I shampoo my hair; and I use it when I scrub the tub. In short, I wouldn't be without one. And I saw them today for sixty-five cents complete.

I saw some very pretty ready-made veils today of fine, soft mesh, in several colors, with attractive border designs which have been specially priced at eighty-five cents. You will need one to wear with your fall hat.

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

Stuffed Tomatoes

Six large tomatoes.
One cupful bread crumbs.
One teaspoonful chopped onion.
One-half teaspoonful salt.
One-half saltspoonful pepper.
One tablespoonful butter or butter substitute.

Cut a slice off the stem end of the tomato and scoop out the seeded part. Brown the onion slightly in the butter or butter substitute; add it to the bread crumbs with seasoning, and fill the tomato with the mixture. Place them in a shallow baking pan and bake in a quick oven about thirty minutes.

THIS VELOUR TAUPE COAT IS VERY NEW

The selection of the long coat is a very important matter. The one shown in the sketch is in taupe—a neutral coloring that cannot be surpassed for all-round serviceability. The lines are new, good and the graceful shawl collar is a forerunner for next season

Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

Finding just the long coat that fits your requirements is not always the easiest thing to do, especially when one may be a little in the dark as to just the latest styles, and a bit restricted in the amount of money which may be expended.

For many years I have preached the doctrine of sensible buying, which really means that women should give more thought to their wearing apparel. Again and again I have been told that all the women do is to talk about clothes. I will have to admit that the majority of women do considerable talking about clothes. But talking about clothes is an absolute waste of time, unless one has the opportunity of talking with an expert. It is study and good hard thinking that works out the clothes problem for every woman. When women learn to go at the question of clothes as a man tackles his business affairs, they are going to be amazed at the results.

The best dressed woman I know—there are a goodly number and not all of them have unlimited means, either—never talk of clothes. But that they give thought to their clothes is more than evident in their appearance and I haven't a doubt that the thought has saved them many a dollar.

The long coat really requires more thought than any other part of a woman's costume. It is not that it is the most important part of a wardrobe, but because it must necessarily be worn with a variety of dresses and must at all times be in harmony with the frock. Therefore it is wise to select neutral colorings and a material that will give service. The coat illustrated today seemed to me to possess the essential qualities. The material is velours, the color taupe. The lines of the coat are very good and the shawl collar is an excellent style for the coming season.

The toque is made of satin.

A MAID AND TWO MEN

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland, loved by Scott Raymond and Jack Bond, drafted men, promises to marry Jack, who has been exempted. Later she feels annoyed because Raymond, in camp, is corresponding with Myra Briggs.

ARTICLE X

AFTER a great many important happenings, there is always a period devoid of any excitement at all. So it was with Ruth after she had made her decision. Day after day went by, each lazy and happy and filled with a strange contentment. Jack was with her almost constantly. They appeared everywhere together, and Ruth had no time to give to the strange twinges of conscience that had bothered her before Scott Raymond had left for camp. After thinking it all over, Ruth had decided not to say anything to Myra about Scott. Things might have gone on peacefully for an indefinite period had not Jack become impatient, and one night he unexpectedly demanded that Ruth set a definite date for their marriage.

Ruth had been dallying deliciously with the thought of marriage. Just marriage and its glamour of romance, not Jack particularly, although she saw him every day, she allowed him to take her in his arms, she responded after a fashion to his kisses. Jack was not an importunate lover. He was slow and deliberate, and Ruth's daintiness fascinated him. He made no effort to try to coerce her into a marriage. He was content to wait for a time at least, and in the meantime she practiced all kinds of petty tyrannies on him.

She had begun to purchase lacy things for her trousseau. Already the cedar chest that stood at the foot of her bed was half filled with lovely things all spicy with faintly perfumed sachets, some all mistily pink and others soft and white and bride-like. If Ruth had not shopped all of one afternoon and if something had not occurred during the evening that had made her thoroughly resentful, and if Jack had not been more than usually in love that evening, perhaps nothing would have happened. But as a matter of fact, all of these things did happen, one after another, and precipitated an issue that had been unconsciously drifting for some time.

Ruth was resting languidly against the piled-up cushions at one end of the davenport and Jack, leaning forward so that he might watch the glow of the shaded lamp as it threw lovely shadows over her hair and face, was properly appreciative of the fact that she was tired and cross.

"Have you heard anything from Scott lately?" she queried suddenly.

Jack started. "That's funny, you're asking me that just then," he returned. "I heard this afternoon that he had sailed."

"Sailed! How absurd! Of course he hasn't sailed." Ruth's tone was scathingly incredulous. "He wouldn't sail without saying good-by; he couldn't.

"One of the fellows told me that the men were taken off without warning. You know he's been ready to go for over a week now."

"I know it." Ruth returned impatiently. "I had a letter from him just yesterday saying that he was coming up to say good-by."

Ruth had not received many letters from Scott since he had gone to camp, but there had been a few friendly little notes which in the last three weeks had lengthened into real letters. Ruth loved these letters from Scott. They told her more than she had ever known about him before when she had had all the opportunity in the world to know him well. There is something about the distance that exists between two people who are writing letters that makes for a dropping of reserve and if Scott had unconsciously lifted the curtain that veiled his adventurous heart and had breathed some of his ambitions and longings to Ruth, she had responded with all that there was of generous friendship in her own nature. That Scott wrote to Myra, Ruth knew very well, but she made no effort to understand the friendship that existed between these two. Thus far it had not bothered her beyond the first twinge of wounded pride that Scott should have deserted her for Myra so very quickly.

"Well, I'm quite sure he sailed." Jack went on imperturbably, "but we'll know definitely in a day or so." His thoughts were not on Scott's departure, they were with Ruth, his eyes were fixed on Ruth's eager face, and he leaned forward quickly.

"Ruth, I can't think of anything but you tonight. I want you, dear, I want you to marry me soon!"

But Ruth drew back from Jack quickly and avoided his eager lips. "Jack," she said, her voice curiously even. "Don't you care that Scott has left? We were talking of that and you pass it by as though it didn't matter."

"It doesn't matter in comparison to my feeling for you," Jack went on, swept away by his feelings. "I don't care for anything but you. I can't think of anything else, and I can't see any reason why we should not be married immediately. Ruth, don't look at me like that. Tell me when you will marry me. Haven't we waited long enough?"

(In tomorrow's installment Ruth is stirred by two big events—the departure of Scott and the marriage of Helen Brander and Jim Townsend.)

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department, or ask your newsdealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

Women Employment Managers

A preliminary course in employment management, relates the Woman Citizen, was given this summer at Cleveland, O., according to a statement made by Captain Boyd Fisher, of the war industries board, 717 Thirteenth street, Washington, D. C. This course gave actual factory work, besides class lectures and discussions to women who wished to enter the field of employment management, but who lacked the qualifications which relate to industrial experience. Living expenses and about $15 for books covered the necessary expenditure, for the two months' course, and there was no tuition fee. Students will be paid beginning wages of operators ($12 per week) in factories offering them practical experience.

Women are now admitted to courses in employment management at Rochester, Pittsburgh, New York and Boston. Applicants must be not under twenty-five years of age and must have had at least a high school education and three years' actual experience in the factory.

D DALSIMER STANDARD SHOES D

PLEASE NOTE
10 o'Clock is our Opening Hour

Big Values in Women's Pumps and Oxfords
$1.95
A big saving for next summer
SOME OF THE NEWEST STYLES AND ALL LEATHERS IN THE LOT—A GOOD CHOICE.
Sizes 2½ to 5

Dalsimer
The Big Shoe Store
1204-06-08 Market St.

D 'TIS A FEAT TO FIT FEET D

Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor
All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 61, Boston."

HOW DOES A FRENCH CHEF
Put the touch of genius into his dishes? He uses
A1 SAUCE

Today and Tomorrow!
Sale of Geuting's Shoes FOR WOMEN
Less than Half-Price
Big additions made to the stocks for these two days' selling of many short lines, including Sport Shoes, dainty gray kid models, etc., making a splendid assortment of all styles of smart dress Oxfords and Pumps — that could not be replaced today under $7 to $10. This is the greatest saving opportunity of the year.
$3.65
1230 Market
Shoes and Stockings for the family
Geuting's (PRONOUNCED GYTING) The Stores of Famous Shoes
19 S. 11th
A quick Service Men's Shop
Every Foot Professionally Fitted—Three Geuting Brothers Supervising

BETWEEN AUGUST 25TH AND SEPTEMBER 3RD OHGITAHDINE FARM WILL HAVE FOR SALE ABOUT
1000 BASKETS of the FINEST PEACHES
Grown in Pennsylvania
The farm is located on Providence Road at Edgemont, Delaware County, Pa. (Just north of West Chester Pike).
OHGITAHDINE FARM
Pronounced (O-ga-ta'-dean)
Phone Newtown Square, 50 R. 1.
Edgemont, Delaware County, Pa.

ASCO. ASCO. ASCO. AMERICAN STORES CO. ASCO. ASCO. ASCO.
Pace Makers and Price Breakers
That's the proper title, as every American Stores customer will testify.
What would you be paying for groceries today were it not for the American Stores?
We stand today, as we have for more than thirty-three years, as a barrier against extortionate prices, and a stepping stone to better living conditions at less cost.
This statement must mean more to you than the mere language itself—"the proof of the pudding is the eating."
PROVE IT TO YOUR OWN SATISFACTION.

Best Corn Starch 8c pkg
Absolutely pure. Made from the very choicest corn grown—a very special price.
Quaker Oats 10c pkg
This well-known brand of oats needs no recommendation. The very finest white oats grown.

New Pack Peas.....can 17c
White D. Vinegar.....bot. 12c
Potted Beef .....can 10c
Stuffed Olives .....bot. 10c, 13c
Laundry Soap.....cake 4½c
Old Dutch Cleanser.....can 8c
Mason's White or Tan Dressing ..... bot. 8c
Window Screens, all metal..40c, 45c

Our Very Best Coffee, 22c lb.
No use to experiment. We are selling not only the biggest value, but the best cup you ever drank.
Our Very Best Teas, 45c lb.
12c ¼ lb.; 23c ½ lb. All kinds, including our very best BLACK and MIXED as well as our famous India and Ceylon.

High Grade Salmon, Big Can 19c, 26c
An unsurpassed, economical and nutritious meat substitute. A can made into croquettes with boiled rice or potatoes, dipped in egg and cracker dust, and nicely browned, will make the meat service for five or six people.
Oleomargarine lb 30c, 35c
This pure butter substitute is being sold in a great many of our stores. In addition to being palatable and wholesome as a spread it is the equal of pure butter for all kinds of cooking and baking—cheaper than lard.

Seeded Raisins.....pkg. 13c
Cocoanut .....pkg. 5c
Easy Jell.....pkg. 8c
Peanut Butter.....glass 13c
Baker's Chocolate....cake 10c
Spiced Wafers.....lb. 22c
Hire's Extract.....bot. 15c
Stuffed Olives....bot. 10c, 13c
Scrub Brushes...ea. 4c, 9c, 11c
Asco Bluing.....bot. 5c
Bird Gravel .....pkg. 5c
Lye .....can 9c, 10c
Table Salt .....bag 3½c
Salad Dressing .....bot. 14c
Salad Oil .....bot. 11c, 22c

Preserving Needs
"Can All You Can"
Mason Jars.....pts., doz. 80c
Mason Jars.....qts., doz. 85c
Jar Rings .....doz. 7c
Jar Rings, double lipped, doz. 9c
Jar Tops .....doz. 30c
Parawax .....lb. 17c
Jelly Glasses .....doz. 42c

Witch Hazel.....bot. 14c
Insectine .....can 10c
Potted Meats.....can 5c, 10c
Sardines.....can 8c, 15c
Kippered Herring.....can 15c
Tomato Puree.....can 7c
Asco Beans .....can, 15c
Heinz Spaghetti...can 13c, 19c
Macaroni.....pkg. 10c, 12c
Pickled Onions.....bot. 12c
Corn Meal.....lb. 5½c
Fresh Noodles .....pkg. 5c
Fly Paper...3 double sheets 5c
Extracts.....bot. 6c, 12c, 20c

Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 2d, our stores will close at 12 noon
ASCO. ASCO. ASCO. ASCO. ASCO. ASCO. ASCO. ASCO.