INTERESTING NEWS FOR FEMININE READERS—ADVENTURES WITH A PURSE—CYNTHIA'S TALK

BEING DEAD TIRED ALWAYS IS A CRIME AGAINST OTHERS

And a Sin Against Yourself—Experiments Prove Work Goes Four Times as Fast When You Are Rested—One Time When Putting Off Till Tomorrow Is Justified

THERE is an interesting article in one of the magazines this month which treats of the people who get a great deal of enjoyment out of life by being able to tell their friends they are dead tired. And they are dead tired. The crime does not consist in telling a lie. It is simply and solely the crime of being dead tired.

Men love to drop into their chairs at night "just all tuckered out." "Don't, dear; father is tired," is almost a household slogan. But father isn't alone in his feeling of righteousness when he is so done out he just falls into a chair. Mother loves the sensation, too, or at least she seems to get out of it the same satisfaction as does the chronic complainer who can truthfully be said to enjoy poor health.

IT IS a crime to be dead tired all the time, because there are all the people in the world around us to consider. There's no fun asking the wilted member of the family to go to the movies or for a spur-of-the-moment lark. You always just know instinctively she would far rather be in bed. Children who have persistently tired mothers and fathers miss three-quarters of their birthright. The whole world of a child rises or falls with the ebb and flow of the enthusiasm around. How can a father who is tired listen breathlessly to his son's day? How can a mother with a perpetual yawn and irritated expression lead her little girl through every child's private property—fairyland? And these are only the sides of the question that deal with the unfairness to others of being tired.

THE strictly logical side of the matter is you are unfair to yourself. There are people who claim they have so much work to do that they can't do anything else but be tired. The very best way to have too much work to do is to do most of it while you are tired.

Here is an interesting little proof furnished by prominent physicians: If you move your finger back and forth until it is absolutely exhausted you will have to allow it to rest perhaps two hours before it will be able to keep going again for the same length of time on the same exercise. Now if you allowed your finger to rest just one hour you would imagine, wouldn't you, that it could go ahead and do half the amount of exercise. Well, it wouldn't. It would do just one-quarter.

This funny little experiment applies to the brain and physical body. When you are halfway tired you cannot do one-half the amount of work you can do when you are all rested. You can only do one-quarter the amount.

WHEN you are tired then it behooves you to rest. The woman in the office, of course, cannot run into the powers that be in the midst of a busy day's work and tell them she feels so desperately worn out she would just like to drop everything and go home and sleep all afternoon. But if she is persistently tired, she knows she will have to arrange to get more sleep.

Or, if the tiredness comes at 5 o'clock, when the "weary" wave is due in the worker's world, let the business woman put off until the next day what she might drag herself physically through to do today. In this case one is justified in reversing the old adage. If you wait until the morrow to do the excess work you will get it done four times as quick, and, moreover, all of that day's work will accordingly go quicker because you did not overfatigue yourself the day before.

This applies to women in their homes as well as women in offices. Counting the laundry goes four times as fast at 10 o'clock in the morning as it does at 9 o'clock at night!

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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THE reason why the case of Marjorie Bowman assumed more importance than it would have ordinarily was due to the fact that it seemed to touch so closely the case of Ruth herself. Marjorie Bowman was a young married woman, so utterly devoted to her husband that she could not consent to his enlistment. They had been married two years and aside from the fact that she would miss him terribly there was no reason why he should not go, for Marjorie's father was ready and willing to take care of her.

In her dealings with the people, Ruth had met many different types, but seldom any one so hard to convince as Marjorie. Day after day she had talked with the girl. At first Marjorie had bitterly resented Ruth's apparent interference, and interference Ruth would not have considered if it had not been for the fact that Marjorie's husband had asked both Ruth and Helen if they could possibly make Marjorie realize things as he saw them himself.

Ruth did not make her talk at all preachy. The first day she spoke to Marjorie, they talked lightly of everything in general and of the war incidentally. Finally Ruth had asked Marjorie lightly about her husband. Instantly the girl had stiffened.

"He's twenty-nine," she said in answer to Ruth's question.

"How are you fixed in case he has to leave you, Marjorie?" Ruth had queried.

"Oh, but he won't have to leave me. Why the war will be over before he is called. You see he's in class 4."

"Yes, I know, but doesn't he want to go?"

Marjorie flushed. "How did you know, and why are you interfering anyway?"

"Oh, please don't misunderstand me, will you?" Ruth said quickly.

"You see, dear, I'm fond of you, and I don't want you to make any mistake."

"There's no danger of that, I guess." "But there is if you haven't thought seriously about it. I don't think you have looked at things from your husband's viewpoint. Girls are apt to be selfish, I know I am."

Marjorie was silent, uncompromisingly silent.

"Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps."

"But," Ruth persisted, "don't you think you are selfish, if you persist in holding him here against his will?"

"That's not true!"

"Isn't it?"

"Of course it isn't. He would be perfectly all right if people would only leave us alone. Every one keeps putting ideas into his head."

"But you will admit that you don't need him here to support you."

"I need him for more than that. I love him, and I'm not going to give him up to be killed."

"But why look at it that way? He is really just as safe over there as he is here every day of his life. There is danger crossing the streets, there are dozens of things that might happen."

Marjorie laughed. "O, you are really funny. I wish you wouldn't say anything more, Miss Rowland. It's my affair, and I intend to act just as I see fit in the matter, no matter what you say about it. I don't feel that it is any of your affair, really." And she raised indignant eyes to meet Ruth's own.

"I'm sorry," Ruth murmured.

"I'm sorry, too, because I like you, I really do," and Marjorie's blue eyes, wide and childish and yet filled with purpose vouched for the truth of what she said. "And as for the danger you spoke of, Miss Rowland," as though the idea had struck her afresh with its ludicrous viewpoint, "of course it isn't as dangerous here at home as it is in the trenches. I can't see how you happened to make such a remark." She paused a moment as though expecting Ruth to make her point, but Ruth who knew that it would do no good laughed and changed the subject.

They had talked of different things for a while and then Marjorie had brought the subject around again by saying, "and there are other girls too, who feel just as I do. We were thinking of forming a little club against those girls who seem to want to get rid of their husbands or else don't care one way or another whether they go away from home or not."

Ruth with a stab of memory thought of her own dangerous drifting of just a few months back. She thought of how to shift the responsibility to other shoulders, she remembered her promise to keep Jack if she could, and [illegible] when Jack had been exempted. In the face of all that had happened in her own case how could she remove Marjorie for such rebellious thoughts? And yet in the face of her own awakening and of the fact that Marjorie's own husband had asked Ruth to see what she could do, how could she stop here? Marjorie's entire attitude showed her resentment at Ruth's interference, and Ruth did not blame her. There was too, in Marjorie's manner, an air of condescension, as though secure in her own belief she need not worry about Ruth's opinions, and yet there was an uneasiness too, a longing to be convinced that she was utterly right, which feeling came no doubt from the fact that Marjorie's mind was not quite at ease. Did she not know in the secrets of her own heart that her husband was not happy, that he chafed at being held back? Was Marjorie to live and suffer before she was able to see the justice in what Ruth had suggested to her?

(Tomorrow tells what Fate had in store for Marjorie, the rebellious.)

The Woman's Exchange

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Describe the needle and thread race frequently played at parties.
2. Name an absurd costume that creates plenty of fun on Halloween.
3. Is it permissible to extend an invitation to a wife without her husband, or to a husband without his wife, when both are accessible?
4. Who furnished the Government with our recipe for war flour?
5. What proportion of wheat-flour substitute is now used in baking?
6. Give a recipe for a soft custard requiring no sugar.

SATURDAY'S ANSWERS

1. The work of the reconstruction aides in the service of the Government is classified: (1) The women who are trained in massage, etc.; (2) those trained in handicrafts, such as wood carving, basketry, pottery, mechanical drawing, rag-rug weaving, etc. Both classes must either have graduated from normal schools of physical education and have experience or must be trained craft workers.
2. In the United States reconstruction aides are paid $30 a month, with extra for board, quarters and maintenance. In service abroad the salary is $60. Transportation is furnished by the Government.
3. The women of France are to recognize the work of American women by erecting a monument in Paris to them.
4. The average gain in weight of Uncle Sam's soldiers since their entrance into military life is nine pounds per soldier.
5. The camouflage costume will be novel this Halloween.
6. The circular fur collar, much like the circular chiffon collars, is one of the season's novelties.

Wa. Work for Girl

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young lady staying at home, but would like to get out and do some work during these wartimes. I have never had any business experience, but I have had a complete grammar school education. I would like to get in some branch of service where I would have to enlist for four years, or at least for the duration of the war. Though I know virtually nothing in the business world, I am willing to learn. As you have helped so many, I wish you will help me. L. R.

Has it occurred to you to go in training in the student nurses' reserve? Only a grammar school education is required for this. It takes three years to become a graduate nurse, and every moment of the time you are training you are doing the greatest service possible for your country. The tuition, room and board are free and you are paid a small monthly salary all the time you are training. If you will go down to the Woman's committee of the Council of National Defense, 1134 South Sixteenth street, the whole field of woman's war service can be explained to you. Then you can choose just what you would like to do. There is more work to be done than there are persons to do it.

Uniform for Girl

A Reader—The uniforms you speak of are worn by Red Cross workers. No one can wear a uniform just like this except those in the service. But to carry out your idea you can get a suit and hat similar to this probably in any of the department stores. I mean a little tan-colored suit made on plain lines. The Sam Browne belt can be bought separately. The little hat is called the "overseas" hat.

Skin Troubles

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please inform me through your column what will remove pimples and blackheads from the skin? M. A. K.

The best way to clear up a skin condition such as this is to get your system in good order and then go in for a campaign of keeping your face scrupulously clean. Get a soft scrubbing brush and a bar of good complexion soap. Several excellent brands are advertised. Follow the directions on the little booklet that comes with the soap. Keep up the treatment faithfully and you will see improvement soon. Drink lots of water and eat plenty of vegetables.

IN SOFT BLACK TULLE AND SILVER CLOTH

An evening gown whose charm lies in its distinctiveness

YOU have doubtless thought many times in the last six months that I had forgotten there was a garment called an evening gown. It would be only natural for you to think so, if perchance you should have had an occasion which you felt required evening dress. But, as a whole, women have not for many months been interested in evening gowns. In fact there has been a dearth of formal dress even at formal affairs all spring and summer, women seeming to prefer the semidinner and semievening gowns to the typical full dress. So decided has been the feeling against evening gowns, that many of the manufacturers who in other years made a feature of evening dresses this year thought best to omit this type of dress from their lines.

However, there are a number of makers who are showing a limited number of evening frocks. But the types of these dresses are very limited and there appear to be just two styles that come in for any consideration. One of these is made up of the extremely gorgeous affairs: not only are they made of luxury materials, but, the designs, too, are extreme. Besides this style there are the very simple affairs, at times almost unadorned. The intermediate style of evening gown which we have grown accustomed to seeing is conspicuous by its absence.

At the mountain resorts, where the smart folk gather during the month of September, there have been an increasing number of evening gowns worn as the season has advanced. This may be an indication that the evening frock will again come into its own this fall and winter.

It is an extremely beautiful evening gown that the artist has sketched for you today. While the dress is respondent in its material, it is not as extreme in design as the majority of its class. The dress is carried out in black tulle cloth of silver and jet sequins.

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose.)

HOW TO STORE AWAY WINTER'S VEGETABLES

Best to Partition Off a Room in Corner of Cellar Away From Furnace

A cool, well-ventilated cellar offers good conditions for vegetable storage, but many cellars are not well suited because of poor insulation or lack of ventilation. Cellars containing furnaces are usually too warm or too dry for storage of root crops. Often it is possible, however, to partition off a room, either in one corner or at one end of the cellar, where the temperature may be controlled by means of outside windows. At least one window is necessary, and two or more are desirable for light and ventilation.

Natural earth makes a better floor than concrete or brick, as a certain amount of moisture is desirable. Walls of the storage room should be parallel to the walls of the cellar. Ventilation may be secured by opening windows, but an air duct, made of wood, metal or terra cotta, and permitting cool air to enter near the floor level, is desirable. A piece of board with a hole the size of the air pipe is fitted in the window in place of one of the panes of glass. Another pane of glass may be removed from the sash and a small hinged door fitted in its place, which when open allows the heated air to escape. In cold weather both the hinged door and the damper in the air pipe must be closed. The windows in the storage room should be darkened in order to protect the vegetables from too much light.

Barrels, crates, boxes or bins may be used as containers for the various vegetables, but movable containers are preferable to built-in bins, as it is possible to remove them for cleaning.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To the Sailors

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl eighteen years old and read what the three sailors wrote about us girls. Pray, if the rest of the girls lined their sailors and soldiers as I do mine they wouldn't do anything like that. I have been going with mine for two years and a half and didn't see him for more than a year. But I'm true to him, all the same, and I think of him more and more every day.

Now about what the three sailors wrote. I believe everything. But any girl who takes and acts that way is like a wolf in sheep's clothing. The trouble is the greater number of the girls don't know what war is. But the girl with some brains if you ask her. Is there one girl that would like to go overseas and fight? Just think that is what the boys have their lives home to do, and they only ask us to be true to them. Surely any girls that have brains and hearts will be. I hope the sailors read my letter and see that all girls are not the same. That was very good of you sailor boys to write. Many that read it will know more than they did before and again I say it was a straight one from the ship.

SOME SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.

From the Mother of a Boy

Dear Cynthia—A "Lonely Working Girl" has my sympathy, as I was a lonely working girl, too. I would like to have her address to write to her. I am willing to open my heart and home to such a girl as I know just how she feels. We have a nice home and, while only working people, are as happy as the average family. I have a son and am a mother to all his best friends, and I wish to say to R. G. that if perhaps her sailor boy has learned his lesson and that he now sees all is not gold that glitters and that she is worth more than the fact of his now taking back his ring shows that he did not want to break the engagement altogether, even when he was fascinated with another girl.

Pardon the pencil, Cynthia. I enjoy your letters and I hope that some lonely working girl who is mothered will write to me, that is, if the one that wrote has not a mother to mother her. I think your advice good and am sure everyone must enjoy your work. A MOTHER.

Thank you so much for this letter, "A Mother." I have forwarded the address of the "Lonely Working Girl" and I am grateful for your other kind offer.

There's Safety in Numbers

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl of eighteen and I do not go steadily with any one boy, but with a group of them. We found them very nice. A few others of the crowd wanted one to go out with them and a young man from another town asked me to go out with him, and he is a stranger to us. So, dear Cynthia, please tell me what to do and I will be so thankful.

Is it right for a girl to go out with different fellows of a crowd or not? Is a girl considered loose if she goes out with every fellow who asks her? Please do help me. Cynthia. BROWN EYES.

Surely it is all right to go out with different boys in the same crowd. Keep right on doing this until you are sure one of them "means business", that is, asks you to marry him. It is well for a girl to see a boy two or three times before she accepts an invitation to go out with him. Then she can see if he is the kind of a boy she would like to go out with. For instance, if you meet a stranger who seems to be nice and asks you to go out with him you might suggest that he come around to see you some night instead. You can see this in a way that will not hurt his feelings. A girl who goes out with every man who asks her cheapens herself and after while the nice boys speak about this.

From the Wild and Woolly West

Dear Cynthia—I have been wondering if you answer out-of-town correspondents, and what do you do when you will kindly answer the following in your columns? I am a young man of thirty-one, although I could easily pass for twenty-three or twenty-four. Have "punched" cattle on the prairies of Colorado and hunted and trapped in the Rockies there also. I've hunted and trapped in the pine woods of Louisiana and traveled the desert wastes of Utah. Nevada, California and old Mexico have also been my playground. So, you see, have had quite a lot of experiences.

Now, Miss Cynthia, I am more lonesome right here in the city than I ever was on any deer or mountain trail. I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me how to get acquainted.

The one or two young men I have met and who I think measured up to my standard of a man do not care for the society of girls and I enjoy the company of nice girls.

Of course, I could "pick up a painted doll," as the fellows say, on the street, but do not care for that class.

I am not a modern Adonis, but I do know how to treat a nice girl and can show her the respect that is her due. Living in the wilds hasn't made me a bear, neither has it made me a snob.

Surely there is one girl in this big old world that would like and appreciate the kindness and respect I am willing and anxious to bestow, and won't you please tell me how to get acquainted here? C. V. A.

Because of the unusual appeal in this letter Cynthia is bending a rule of the column. I refer this letter to any young man—some young man in Chester or Philadelphia—who would like to help this stranger get acquainted. At present writing I have not the address of "C. V. A." I refer the letter on condition that he send these in together with the name of his employer, which shall be held in confidence. Will the young man who asks for "C. V. A.'s" address also send the name of his employer or similar reference?

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THE SOLUTION

By Marguerite I. Haggerty

HAZEL ran up stairs to her particular little nook, and fairly threw herself into a large lounging chair. "I guess if I stay up here and read for a while I will be left undisturbed for an hour at least," thought this dainty little miss. After a few minutes had elapsed the book was thrown idly to one side and resting her head comfortably on the back of the chair she closed her eyes, intending to solve the meaning of a letter that she had received that morning. Then, on second thought, she snatched the engrossing missive from a nearby table and perused it once again to peruse its contents.

"Oh, how perplexing it all seems. What can he possibly mean? Oh, well, I suppose I am too silly and nonsensical for words. The idea of worrying myself over his fitful moods." Thus she argued with herself. One minute pitying her hero, and the next instant ready to pounce upon herself for wasting valuable time pondering over his puzzling letter.

A half hour later Edith, the peacemaker of the family, was passing to her room, and happening to glance into her younger sister's den saw that she was enjoying a serene little nap. Edith was a kindergarten teacher, and had just returned home feeling rather weary. Instantly it dawned upon her that a light luncheon served upstairs near the cozy fireside would be both inviting and soothing after a tedious day's teaching. Soon the shades were drawn and the electric lamp lit, casting a soft green glow over the room, while a tempting table set for two sent such a delicious aroma throughout the room that none could possibly escape its lure.

During the course of the meal, all the petty trials and grievances of the day were talked over. Naturally, Hazel, still feeling quite upset, brought into the discussion the arrival of the mysterious letter from her affianced sailor boy.

"Edith dear, I have felt blue all day, but now that you are home it seems that a rainbow has flashed over my landscape and brightened my home."

"Well, Hazel, the only possible solution is that you must curb your pride, and write him a very courteous letter, asking for a better explanation of his impulsive attitude toward you," replied her sister.

In the meantime, a younger sister, the mischievous Miss Anna, who had gained knowledge of the letter earlier in the day, was patching up stray thought, and was positive that she must be the innocent troublemaker who had prompted all this misunderstanding. Anna was certainly nervous that evening. First, a knife fell, then a plate went crashing to the floor. Bang! down went the butter dish, and oh, what a daub that butter did make on the carpet. "For pity sakes," remonstrated her mother, "can't you hold a plate in your hands for five minutes?"

The next day Anna, after contemplating on the unhappy incident that had occurred, resolved to waylay the peacemaker. That same afternoon quite an interview took place.

"No, Edith, please do not inform Hazel that I wore her green silk dress, because after she refused to loan it to me, why, I promised to be content with her rose crepe de chine. Then, when I went to look over her wardrobe, the green dress looked so perfectly wonderful that I could not resist the temptation to wear it. Of course," she went on, "Hazel was lying down and I stealthily slipped upstairs and tried it on. The color suited me so well, together with the fact that I am such a terribly selfish and vain girl, made it impossible for me to refrain from wearing the gown. That night, when I was returning from the social, I saw Jack Turner coming toward me. I felt guilty enough and decided the best thing to do was to shade my face with my hat. Probably I did not endeavor to hold George's attention and fairly succeeded. Do you understand now why Jack wrote in such a melancholy strain. Poor Jack! He thought Hazel was deceiving him. He might have known, however, that Hazel would not refuse to go with him in order to attend the social with George. I will straighten matters out, though, if you will only have confidence in me. Edith, and please keep Hazel in ignorance of the entire affair."

A week later a handsome young sailor was seen heading for 25 Oriole street, the home of a certain Miss Hazel Stewart. After a few necessary explanations, Jack informed Hazel that he was a perfect cad to have sent her such a queer letter.

"Won't you try to forgive me, Hazel, dear," he murmured as he took her hand in his. With a radiant smile, she answered:

"Little raindrops in the form of troubles only serve to strengthen our affections, and therefore I forgive you, provided you promise to check your hasty temper in the future."

Just then Anna, coming upon the scene, peeped in between the portieres, and heaving a sigh of relief raised her right hand and quietly murmured, "Never again."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette "TOM'S STRATEGY."

Use Cuticura For the Scalp

All druggists. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50. Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 21, Boston."

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. The service bag.
2. Some distinctive pictures.
3. A bottle of glorious perfume.

WOULD you believe it possible for even the most ingenious mind to think up something new in the shape of a handbag? Velvet bags there are, strap pocketbooks abound and every shape and size from a tiny clasp coin purse to a commodious overnight bag are arrayed temptingly. But now comes a new recruit—the service bag. In shape it will remind you of a man's oval hatbox, in size it is probably six inches high and five inches in diameter. Leather covered in a dark blue or green, it is lined in a blending shade of silk moire. A large mirror which will admit a view of the most distantly removed rebellious lock occupies the top, and but a single little moire purse occupies the inside. "But why all the space?" I hear you say. Why, you know the depth is just sufficient to hold the sock you are knitting, the thrift-stamp cards you are selling or the small packages you are patriotically going to carry. The price is $5.

When I was a little girl I used to love to give all my little friends pictures on their birthdays. And I've never quite overcome that tendency. If you know for a certainty just what your friend likes, what could be a more welcome gift than a picture? It is one thing, be her purse slender, that she will probably do without. The collection I saw today consisted of sepia copies of many of the best-loved paintings. There you will find "Hope," "Miss Innocence," Millet's "Reapers," a lovely Corot, with the characteristic feathery trees, and others. Each is framed with a mahogany-finished frame about 8 by 10, with a narrow inside gold edge. And any one of them may be had for fifty cents. I'll wager you have one bare spot at least on your own living-room wall which is just waiting for one of these pictures.

I stopped and sniffed delightfully. "What," I exclaimed, "is that glorious perfume?" "Is it this?" inquired an indulgent attendant as she offered me a bottle of sweet-scented extract. I shook my head. That was not it. But together we found it. I shall not attempt to describe it. I shall merely say—comprehensively, I hope—that this perfume smells better than the most glorious extract you have ever smelled or one I possibly imagine. And to my delight, I found that though the price of a small bottle is prohibitive, a wee little bottle with just a few of the precious drops may be had for fifteen cents. And one drop on the hands or the earflap or wherever your pet place is will prove aplenty.

For names of shops consult Woman's Page Editor.

To Get Rid of CORNS Ask your druggist

He Will Help You

Ask your druggist about A. F. Pierce's old reliable corn plasters. Sixteen years ago, when Mr. A. F. Pierce was a retail shoe merchant, he started the sale of these corn plasters now known everywhere as A. F. Pierce's Corn Plasters. From the beginning he sold them with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. If they don't do the trick, you may have your money back without question. This has always been his policy—no cure, no pay. Sold by all druggists, at 25c and 10c. By mail direct if not convenient to buy at the druggists. Wilbert Sales Co., 116 West 32d St., New York City.—Adv.

CONSERVATION RECIPE FOR WOMEN WHO SAVE

A Casserole Flank Steak, New Way to Fix Spaghetti and Novel Salad Dressing

Any recipes that make for conservation these days are welcome, come-to-stay callers in the kitchen library. Here are some tested ones reprinted from Good Housekeeping:

Spaghetti and Kidney Beans

One cupful of spaghetti.
Two cupfuls of dried kidney beans.
Three tablespoonfuls of margarine.
Two cupfuls of stewed tomatoes.
Three tablespoonfuls of corn flour.
Two teaspoonfuls of salt.
One-quarter teaspoonful of pepper.

Wash and soak the beans overnight, add one teaspoonful of salt, and cook them until tender. Break the spaghetti into pieces about an inch long and cook in boiling, salted water until soft. Drain and pour cold water through it. Make a tomato sauce. Melt the margarine, add the flour, and cook till bubbling. Add the tomato and cook all until thickened. Mix together the spaghetti and beans, add seasonings and sauce and serve hot.

Casserole Flank Steak

A flank steak.
One tablespoonful of vinegar.
Three-quarters cupful of rolled oats.
Three-quarters cupful of boiling water.
One cupful of browned corn bread or muffin crumbs.
One teaspoonful of salt.
One teaspoonful of fine sage.
One tablespoonful of chopped onion.
One teaspoonful of chopped green pepper.
One-half teaspoonful of pepper.
Twelve small potatoes.
Twelve tiny carrots.
Water.
Two tablespoonfuls of corn flour.

Score the steak, being careful not to cut all the way through; brush with vinegar and let stand while preparing the filling. Pour the boiling water over the oat flakes and cook until the water is all absorbed. Let cook and mix it with the crumbs, which have been browned in the oven, and the seasonings; add enough water to moisten sufficiently to spread on steak. After spreading the filling on the steak, roll, skewer, or tie together; lard with trimmings from the steak. Place in a greased casserole, arrange potatoes and carrots around the steak, pour in a half cupful of water, cover and place in oven for about one hour. Remove meat and vegetables and use flour and water as needed in making gravy. Sliced large potatoes and carrots may be used if desired.

Pot-Pourri Salad Dressing

One-half teaspoonful of salt.
One-quarter teaspoonful of pepper.
Two tablespoonfuls of vinegar.
Four tablespoonfuls of salad oil.
One green pepper.
One orange.
One small bottle stuffed olives.
Lettuce.

Heat together the salt, pepper, vinegar and oil, and add the pepper chopped fine, the orange chopped, using all the juice, and the olives chopped. Mix all the ingredients and pour over quartered hearts of lettuce.

Spider Corn Bread

One cupful of corn meal.
One-half cupful of rolled oats.
One teaspoonful of soda.
One teaspoonful of salt.
Two eggs.
Two cupfuls of sour milk.
Two tablespoonfuls of shortening.

Mix the dry ingredients, add the eggs, well beaten, and the milk. Melt the shortening in a frying pan and add to the mixture. Heat pan and turn in the mixture. Cook on top of the stove three minutes. Place in a hot oven and cook fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve hot, with butter.

If Your Heart's in France

Why, send the boys over there what they need most of all, next to food. Sergt. R. B. Sheetz writes from Hospital No. 1, Neuilly, France, that Bismoline Talcum Powder is the only thing to cure their skin and body troubles quick and keep them healthy. It is indispensable in all comfort kits.

We Pay You

To try it. Have your druggist certify your purchase on his label, send it to us and receive a 25c bottle of the perfume or vanity box.

Le Fevre Bismoline Co., Lancaster, Pa
V. H. Smith & Co., Miller Drug Co.
and all Leading Druggists

War Talk Won't Bring Victory

But your dollars will. It's doing not talking that's going to end the war and win a lasting peace.

Buy More Bonds of The Fourth Liberty Loan

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc.
Philadelphia
Makers of Wilbur's Cocoa, Wilbur's Chocolate Buds and Wilburmilk Chocolate

George Allen, Inc.
1214—Chestnut St.—1214

FEATURING AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

Feather Hats
In merle, pheasant, peacock, hackle in beautiful colorings
$4.50 to $15.00

52-inch Kerami Coating Plush
In Nutria, Seal and Persian Lamb—the latest novelty for Coat and Cape trimming.

Fine Fancy Ribbons
MODERATELY PRICED
Warps, brocades and metal effects.
$3.25, $4.00, $5.25 yard

Children's Hair Ribbons
In plaids, stripes and moire
58c, 60c, 65c yard

Muslin Night Gowns
High and V-neck, long sleeves, tucked and embroidery trimmed—a very useful garment.
$2.00

Special Wool Spencers
All colors, excellent quality, very desirable for immediate wear.
$2.50

Roseway Shop 1335-1337 Walnut Street
Opposite Ritz-Carlton

Offer an Advance Showing of
WOMEN'S AND MISSES'
Fall and Winter Coats
Bolivias, Velours, Duvetynes, Silvertones. Plain and elaborate fur-trimmed.
Charming and unusual models not to be found elsewhere.
SPECIALLY PRICED
39.75 45.00 55.00 69.75

Your complexion is wonderful since
Resinol
healed that skin trouble

If you are suffering from some embarrassing skin trouble, what wouldn't you give to have some one tell you what this girl was told.

Redness, roughness or any skin blemishes prevent attractiveness, and repel friends as well as strangers, but Resinol Ointment helps to overcome these troubles because it contains the soothing remedies for skin irritation or inflammation.

Resinol Ointment aided by Resinol Soap tends to keep the skin healthy and increases its charms.

For sale by all druggists.

Resinol Shaving Stick is for men who want cool, soothing shaves.

ASCO. AMERICAN STORES CO. ASCO.

On the Right Road

The closer you get to the source of supply, the nearer you will be to first cost, and the certainty of being on the right road to more economical living.

Every American Store is a link in the chain that connects the farmer, the grower, the packer and manufacturer with your table, and insures the lowest cost consistent with our high standard of quality.

We Have Made the Claim—Put Us to the Test

BEST PURE Corn Starch, 6c lb.
The very finest quality to be had. Delightful for puddings. Very palatable and nutritious.

Extra Strong Ammonia, 7c bot
We bottle it ourselves and know exactly what the quality is—a household necessity at an unusually low price.

New Evap. Apricots, 27c lb
Fancy California fruit, exceptional quality. Doctors say stewed fruit is very nutritious.

New Pack Salmon, ½ lb. can 15c
Choice pink salmon, packed in half-pound flat cans—delightful for salads and croquettes.

Fancy Onions .....lb. 3½c
Choice New Prunes..lb. 13c
Aunt Jemima P. C. Flour, pkg. 14c
New Ritter's Catsup, bot. 12c
Old Dutch Cleanser..can 8c
Asco Beans, Tomato Sauce, can 15c
Quaker Corn Flakes, pkg. 9c
Fancy Lemons.....doz. 18c

Hershey's Cocoa....can 8-15c
Table Salt .....bag 3½c
Laundry Soap ....cake 4½c
Corn Meal .....lb. 5½c
Asco Bluing .....bot. 5c
Fresh Made Noodles, pkg. 5c
Arrow Borax Soap, cake 6½c
Uneeda Biscuits ....pkg. 8c
Macaroni .....pkg. 10-12c

Sour Krout, 13c can
Cooked ready to serve; cut from the choicest cabbage.

Asparagus, 16c can
Tall cans, nice tender spears; a very healthful and nutritious vegetable.

The Following Prices in All Our Up-to-the-Minute Meat Markets

Fresh-Made Sausage, 35c lb.
Country-Style Scrapple, 20c lb.
Fresh Beef Liver, 18c lb.
New Made Krout, 12c qt.

Everywhere in Philadelphia
And Throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland

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