VOLUNTEER NURSES ARE NEEDED FOR HUNDREDS WHO ARE ILL AND WITHOUT PROPER CARE

WOMEN URGENTLY NEEDED TO HELP NURSE CITY'S SICK

Need Not Have Any Experience—To Be Used in Hospital Diet Kitchens, Etc.—Call Goes to Capable Home Women—Thousands Are Needed

THERE never was a time in the history of Philadelphia for women to show the real stuff of woman. Our people are sick and in thousands of cases there is no one to wait on them. The city has sent out a call for women who are well to come and help take care of them.

There is no mistaking the call. It is not addressed to trained nurses only. It is addressed to any woman who in the goodness of her heart will give any of her time for the next few days to helping nurse Philadelphia back to health.

WOMEN NEED HAVE HAD NO EXPERIENCE WHATEVER IN ORDER TO BE WELCOMED AS HELPERS.

THE committee of nursing of the Council of National Defense is enrolling the volunteers at the headquarters of the Emergency Aid, which organization has kindly given over rooms for this purpose. You enroll then at 1428 Walnut street, headquarters of the Emergency Aid. It is possible to reach this organization by phone, but on account of the heavy press of phone calls it is kinder and better to go down in person.

Go down ready to serve. Women who have any fear of catching influenza will not by any means be asked to go near influenza patients. They are being used in the diet kitchens in the hospitals. But women who would like to help nurse patients have the assurance of every protection possible. They are equipped with influenza masks and wear hospital garbs.

It is not only in the hospitals women are being used. Thousands of families all over the city are calling out for some one to come in and help. You can't get a trained nurse for love or money. Let me cite a typical case. A very comfortably circumstanced family decided to do without a maid when theirs went to Eddystone to work and much searching did not bring another to light. The mother and two daughters in that house are down with influenza. What can the father do except phone frantically around for help that cannot be had? This is only one case. All day long the phones of various organizations buzz, the newspaper phones too, and the plea on the other end is nothing but pitiful. Sometimes there is one girl, a daughter, taking care of three or four patients. She is not asking for any one to go near these patients. She only wants some one to please, please help her prepare their trays while she stays up and keeps them covered. Then there is a father who wants to know if there is any way under the sun for him to get some generous hearted woman to come in and look after his little children whose mother "is down with it."

Think how it would be if this were your home.

Perhaps even more pitiful than these homes are the boys and girls who lie sick in bed in boarding houses. They are strangers in our city and are alone and have absolutely no one to wait on them. They have no friends to take care of them, only the men or girls who worked with them and who snatch minutes from the office to look in on them. Have you ever been alone in a city and sick? Then you know! And you will want to arrange your housework so you can help.

THE committee on nursing is confident Philadelphia women will not fail Philadelphia in her hour of need. At present the supply can nowhere begin to fill the demand. But when women realize how much they are needed they will come.

"Tell the women," I was told at headquarters, "they need only have a pair of rubber boots and they will not fail to respond."

I was told that all who had taken the First Aid course would be particularly useful. Here to me, it seems is an opportunity for those who took these courses to prove whether they were in earnest or whether they were playing.

WHETHER our death rate goes up or starts now to come down depends on whether we can get enough people to take care of those who are sick. It is care that keeps them from getting into the danger zone.

Maybe you never did anything like this before: left your home, I mean, to go and help out in some one else's. Well, our boys never stayed awake all night in a lonely trench before, either. These are unusual days when we learn that life is not a game of solitaire. It is doing for others.

And you will find hundreds of women from the finest homes in Philadelphia in this influenza work "doing for others."

DAILY NOVELETTE

LOVE'S STRATEGY

By Stella L. Cole

IT WAS the night of the moonlight sail down the lake, to which Amy Dawson had looked forward for many weeks. For a long time, the lodge to which Jack belonged had been planning this celebration of "Ladies' Night," which was to be the event of the season, and Jack himself, a hard-working young business man, had been as frankly enthusiastic about this affair as had Amy.

As she started gayly up the stairs, her mother called her. "Amy dear, will you please go out to the drug store and get this prescription filled? I am sorry to bother you, but of course you would rather go now than after you get dressed," and Amy, always eager to be of service to her mother, set out upon the errand.

As she turned the corner she suddenly stopped short, and looked with widening eyes, coming down the street in his car was Jack, and with him a beautiful young woman. With mingled surprise, wonderment and displeasure, she watched them until the car disappeared around the turn. Then automatically, as it were, she entered the drug store, did her errand, and returned home.

Slowly and carefully she dressed for the ball, telling herself that of course Jack had some good reason for his act, and in due time would arrive. But when long past the appointed hour he had not come, she was convinced that it was as she had feared, but still she clung to hope, and it was only when the last fragment was gone, that her bitter disappointment turned to anger, which increased as she heard familiar footsteps. It was only adding insult to injury to come now, she thought!

"Amy" dear, I'm awfully sorry," he said, as she let him in, "but it happened so unexpectedly." But she gave him a frigid stare, and her voice was hard and metallic. "Yes, Jack Holman, it happened all right, and you needn't try to deceive me about it. However, I am going to be fair enough to give you a chance to explain."

"Oh, come now, Amy, don't be silly," said Jack. "I am sorry that it happened this way, but I couldn't help it really. You will find out all about it some time, I guess."

Amy's face grew even more stern, and her voice was, if possible, a trifle more chilly. "Then you refuse to explain?" she asked. "Very well, you know what that means," and Jack knew that further words would be useless. "All right, Amy," he said quietly, "if you have no more confidence in me than that, it is better I find it out now than later," and the next instant he was gone.

The days that followed were gloomy ones for Jack. Weeks passed, and still the breach remained, and worst of all, he saw Amy often with Henry Eames, a former and all but successful rival of his.

Then the call of his country came, and with a heavy ache at his heart, he wondered if a reconciliation could not be brought about before he should go. He couldn't afford any longer to let his pride come between him and the girl that he loved. Surely, though, there must be a way, he thought despairingly.

The following afternoon Amy received a letter, neatly typewritten, and reading as follows:

"I admire you for turning Jack down, he never was half good enough for you, anyhow. He was probably out joy-riding that night, and no wonder he refused to explain to you. He has hurt your feelings, disappointed and discraced you, and if you are wise you will stick to the position you have taken. Such a fellow is beneath the notice of any good girl, and let's hope that the army training will give him just the lesson that he needs.

"FROM A FRIEND."

Then Amy experienced a regular brainstorm. "The idea of any one saying such things about my Jack," she mentally exclaimed, as with short, angry jerks she tore the letter into fragments. "I wonder who wrote that letter, anyway." Some one who was jealous of us, probably, and thinks that she has some chance with Jack now. Well, I'll show her."

In response to the request which came immediately, Jack called that night, and a smiling young woman met him at the door. "Jack," she said, "I am afraid I have been unfair to you. I am willing to forget it, and begin all over—that is, if you want me to."

"Amy, dear," replied Jack, "I'll tell you all about it. That girl was a cousin, who came that day for a short visit, but received a telephone message saying that her father had been seriously hurt, and that she must return at once. Coming home, I had a bad blowout, and had to walk to the garage, which happened to be some way off, and after getting there I tried three times to telephone you, but could get no answer."

"Oh, Jack!" she interrupted. "I remember; mother had a headache that night, and when she went to bed she muffled the phone so it would not disturb her. I don't deserve it, but will you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive, girlie," said Jack. "Now now I can go away with a happy heart, for I know that the dearest little girl in all the world will be waiting for me when I return."

"Well!" he chuckled, as he walked home under the stars. "Sending that letter was taking a desperate chance, but it had the effect I hoped it would. But what if Amy should ever suspect who wrote it?"

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"A FARMERETTE BY PROXY."

HERE'S A KNITTED CLOTH SUIT FOR FALL DAYS

Here is one of the knitted things today. The material is very much on the type of a man's coat sweater, the sort that is made in stripes by knitting one and purling one. The model from which the sketch was made was of French blue. The coat is finger-tip length and has a deep, soft collar with square ends, turned-back cuffs and facing flaps on the pockets of white brushed wool. A cuff about three inches deep finishes the lower edge of the coat. The skirt is a plain two-piece affair. The hat shown with this suit has a brim of white angora and a soft crown of blue velour

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose.)

Adventures With a Purse

SOMETIMES as I prowl around the shop, I run across a "find" that is so lovely and yet so indescribable that I wish I could talk to you personally, and say with tears in my voice, "Don't try to picture it from what I tell you—it rivals description. Go see for yourself." That is they way I feel about the glazed lamp shield I saw today. The back ground is black, and contrasted strongly against it is a parrot in all the gorgeous plumage ever worn by the gayest bird. Old rose you will find, and green and blue. Even red has not been overlooked, nor soft gray forgotten. Rich colorful flowers abound, and the general effect is not brilliant and gaudy, but in spite of the numerous colors, there is a mellow soft effect about this lamp shield which one unconsciously associates with subdued hangings and books and gleaming mahogany. I could tell you the price, for it is surprisingly reasonable, but I want you to see it first, and if you have a living room lamp that needs refreshing you'll never resist this shield. The price is $7.

"Eat wisely, and choose nourishing foods," is an admonition which is particularly timely just now. And this makes the chicken broth offered by one of the shops, particularly timely, for not only does it contain all the nourishment of just plain chicken broth, but it also has the added food value of rice. Here you have an appetizing nourishing soup, and the price is only sixteen cents a can, while a dozen cans may be secured for $1.85.

A new war novelty in the shape of a shell standing about five inches high is a container for talcum powder. The powder is sifted from the pointed end, and the receptacle is finished in steel-grey. One of these shells with excellent powder can be secured for seventy-five cents.

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 2000

MAN GETS CANNING PRIZE

Grew All His Own Produce and Then Put It Up Himself

Washington, Oct. 8.—Mere man now steps to the front and gets into women's work. We have read a great deal of the women taking up all kinds of men's war work, but now comes Charles A. Rundquist and wins the blue ribbon and the national capital prize certificate of the national war garden commission for canned vegetable work in competition with women at the Liberty Garden League show at Elmhurst, N. Y.

Mr. Rundquist had a garden at 17a Twenty-fifth street, Jackson Heights, and he had eight vegetables in his exhibit. His plot was fifty by sixty and he had three smaller ones between the house and the sidewalk. He did all the garden work in the late afternoon and evenings and did all the canning himself.

Women Make Tanks

British women are now making tanks for the army. In one factory every operation in the whole process of construction is carried on by women and in many others they are employed on various parts. They are also making good in many varieties of shipyard work and in blast furnaces, brickyards and smelter works. A foreman in charge of a blast furnace is quoted as saying that he would be willing to undertake any form of ferroconcrete work with only women as his assistants.

The Hearts at Home

The hearts at home are very, very close to the living, breathing line that fights for life and unto death in France today. Women the world has never heard about are buying Liberty Bonds. Often the money loaned to America is earned with the sweat of tired hands. Two dollars a week means sacrifice. But it is given from a fine big heart that does not count the cost.

When you think of a widow woman with five children buying two Liberty Bonds it is time to look into one's own heart and one's own pocketbook.

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 is loved by Jack Bond and Scott Raymond, and promises to marry Bond. Both men are drafted, but Bond is exempted because of a physical disability. Scott goes to France and is wounded. Ruth later discovers that she has made a mistake and that she loves Scott Raymond, but she determines to marry Bond and to make him a good wife. Bond, not altogether understanding her attitude, but convinced that she wants him to be fighting for his country, goes to a hospital and is operated upon to make him fit for service.

XLIV

RUTH had been having another stormy scene with her mother, the third since Jack had left town and decidedly the worst, for Ruth's Aunt Agatha was in town and her queries about the wedding had brought about the controversy.

"Of course, the very fact that Ruth went to so much trouble in announcing the engagement made people expect a great deal," Aunt Agatha said primly.

"I told her so," said Mrs. Rowland wildly, "and she persists in denying that there has been a quarrel between them."

"Of course there has been a quarrel," said Aunt Agatha crisply, "you can't expect the girl to tell you the truth about it."

Ruth could have laughed aloud at the humor of the situation if there had not been such a desperate ache in her heart. She had never liked her father's sister; in fact, she had always laughed at her attempted interference. Aunt Agatha Rowland always wanted to manage everybody, but still there was a modicum of truth in everything she said.

"Ruth, why won't you tell us the truth about you and Jack?" asked her mother.

"Because I have already told you everything I know."

"Did you tell me that Jack had leased an apartment?" from Aunt Agatha.

"Yes, and such a charming place, a regular nest," said Mrs. Rowland.

"And the wedding is three weeks off?"

"Yes, isn't it enough to drive any one wild?"

"Mother, you act as though it were my fault; won't you believe me, when I swear that I am telling you everything I know? We called this all over last week and there is nothing to be gained by going into everything again."

"Ruth, you've changed very much of late," her aunt said, disapprovingly. "You used to be more amenable to reason, more willing to do things as other people advised."

"I know I've changed; it's the war. Why, no one is the same, no one who has thought anything about it. You aren't the same and if you are you oughtn't to be."

"Well, upon my word, Ruth Rowland, you are impertinent."

"I don't mean to be, Aunt Agatha. I am just trying to convince you."

"It's this dreadful war work she is bothering with," her mother said, desperately. "She isn't contented to do Red Cross work or anything of that kind like the rest of us; she must delve into other things where she gets all sorts of queer ideas about what people ought and ought not to do and think."

"I have to do what I feel called to do," Ruth said simply.

"Nonsense," returned her aunt, "that's just a foolish notion."

"You know, Ruth," protested her mother, "that the experience I had with Mrs. Leslie this morning gave me this terrific headache, and it was all the result of your foolishness and interference."

"What was that?"

"Oh, mother, please don't go into all that again," Ruth implored.

Gail Leslie had gone to college with Ruth. After college she had studied for the stage and every one had predicted a brilliant career for her. Mrs. Leslie had spent all kinds of money on her training, and at last there had come an offer for her, a real offer with a big salary attached. Things would have been all right if Gail had not at the same time been asked to join a unit to go to France and entertain the soldiers at the different camps. She had wavered for three days, not knowing what to do, and had finally brought her problem to Ruth. Just how much Ruth had been the cause of helping her to solve it no one knew but the two girls. Suffice it to say, Gail turned down the tempting offer and promised to go to France instead. Mrs. Leslie had come over that very morning to protest against Ruth's interference in Gail's affairs, and, as Mrs. Rowland had said, had been the cause of one of those terrible headaches that so upset the household with every recurrence. Ruth knew that if it had not been for Gail the subject of Jack Bond's strange disappearance would not have been dragged out before Aunt Agatha. As much of a weak character as was Mrs. Rowland ordinarily, there was no doubt of the fact that she loved Ruth dearly and felt that she was acting only for the girl's own good in trying to get to the bottom of the matter. Then, too, it was not at all strange that Mrs. Rowland should be so upset about everything, with Ruth's wedding only a short time distant and nothing settled, not even the fact that there would be any kind of a wedding at all.

Into the heated discussion came Martha, a special delivery letter in her hand, which she handed to Ruth. Her grim face was more grimly set than usual, and she cast a disapproving glance at Miss Agatha Rowland. Ruth felt that Martha understood matters and could almost have believed that Martha had interfered purposely, but the minute Ruth saw the handwriting on the letter she knew better. Only one man that she knew used that square, hard manner of penmanship. The letter was from Jack Bond, and it had not been posted in New York.

As she twirled the letter in her hand she wondered why she did not feel relieved. At any rate, she need not endure her mother's questions any longer, the matter could be put at an end immediately.

"This is a letter from Jack," Ruth said, looking directly into her mother's face. "I don't know what is in it, any more than you do, and I don't know where Jack is, nor why he went away, although I have an idea."

Before her mother could question her further she had slipped out of the room. The next minute she was turning the key in her own door and had torn open the envelope that she held crushed in her hand.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Girls Behind the Gun

Three hundred women were selected to "man" twelve small cannon which were fired to announce the opening of Pershing week in the Chicago war saving drive. These women fired the cannon at stated intervals in the downtown district of the city.

The Woman's Exchange

Today's Inquiries

1. **The Government has issued a booklet on conveniences in the home. It gives illustrations of and directions how to make a fireless cooker, lutess refrigerator, kitchen cabinet, etc. How can this booklet be obtained?**
2. **How can fruit to be sent to the boys be guarded against spoiling?**
3. **What is fruit honey?**
4. **In preparing canned corn what little trick serves to make the amount go further?**
5. **How should silks be dried?**
6. **Why should a hot iron never be used in ironing silk?**

Yesterday's Answers

1. **A sanitary corps service in the Red Cross has recently been opened to women. It calls for workers trained in bacteriological work. These girls will work in the camps, testing milk, etc.**
2. **Katherine Stinson is the only woman aviator in the aerial mail service.**
3. **It is not good form for a girl to take the arm of the man to whom she is engaged any more than for any other girl to take a man's arm. The exception to this rulint is when a girl is lame, ill, or pavements are slippery, etc.**
4. **In the line of knitted goods, socks are needed more than anything else by the soldiers at the present time.**
5. **Putting sprigs of mint in the icebox will tend to keep ants out.**
6. **The ingredients for a boiled icing to be made without sugar are as follows: Three-quarters of a cupful of syrup, two eggs (whites), one-quarter teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a pinch of salt.**

NODDIE.

Go to Wills Eye Clinic

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Reading the letters on the Woman's Page, it seems to me that this is the only place which is giving heartily honest and sincere advice.

May I, therefore, ask you to be kind enough to advise me in my trouble? This is not a love affair.

Lately my eyes began to trouble me. I went to an optician and had glasses made, but instead of relieving my trouble, I am feeling worse. I would like to go to a specialist. Will you please direct me to such a physician? I am willing to spend $2 or $3 for the visit. JANE BLANK.

I am sorry to disappoint you by not directing you to an eye doctor, but it is one of the rules of the column not to make recommendations such as this. Most eye doctors charge more than the amount you mention. Why don't you go down to the Wills Eye Hospital clinic and have your eyes examined there? Very noted doctors are there and there is no charge. The clinic is open every afternoon except Sunday. The hospital is at Eighteenth and Race streets.

Dressmaking Course Free

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wish to start night school at the Southern High, at Broad street and Snyder avenue, and don't wish to appear green. Can you or any of your readers help me in the following questions:

First. When learning dressmaking, do you bring your own goods or buy them from the teacher?

Second. What is the price for learning and what nights do you attend?

Third. How do you proceed about enrolling? LILLIAN.

First. The girls bring their own goods, I believe.

Second. The dressmaking course is entirely free. The classes are held Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Third. To enroll go to the principal's office at the Southern High any of these evenings and explain that you would like to join the evening school.

At present, of course, classes are not going on, but they soon will be resumed.

Free French and Cooking

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is there any place in the city where the following courses are given gratuitously: Cooking, French? I would like to take these courses in the evening.

Second. I am a graduate of a well-known business school here in Philadelphia, having taken up a course in stenography, including English. Do you think I could pass any of the Government examinations? I am very poor in arithmetic. Is this included in a stenographer's examination?

Third. What is your comment on the English used in above queries? (Miss) W.

Free instruction in French and cooking is given in the evening high schools. These are conducted in the regular day high schools. Write to the nearest one to you for detailed information.

Arithmetic is included in the civil service examination for stenographers, but it only counts one point in twenty, so you can fail completely down on this and not have it "flunk" you. The examination concerns itself more with actual stenography.

Your letter was very well written. Your other queries will be answered at a later date.

An Appreciative Note

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you please send me the address of the widow with the five children, who in your column asked for cast-off clothes. I have some few articles which I think may be useful to her. I want to thank you for your lovable and helpful letters I read in the Evening Ledger. Mrs. P.

PLEASE TELL ME WHAT TO DO

By CYNTHIA

What Is Rouge?

Dear Cynthia—What is rouge?

Just a harmless camouflage to look healthy. It does not whitewash the soul or do it justice as the real blushes of life do. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

"Beauty is but skin deep." Why should it worry the opposite sex if a girl is created out of the real texture of the skin if she has all the charming traits to back her up with? Everyone surely must be born as she could not get away with it so naturally. If this is all she finds against you in young man, don't worry. The so-called more virtuous woman that circulates this prejudice by continually nagging against this "camouflage girl" no doubt has a different coloring under her collar. That is why she is so "indigestible" looking.

These prudential women are only trying to direct the arrows their way. Why worry over the camouflage of the rouged-cheek girl? She is not cheating you. She publicly shows her colors. It is only those who wear the robe of disguise when their hearts are dried with prejudice, fault finding, jealousy and envy. They couldn't make up if they tried. They are utterly a failure. I am a grandma and I have met all kinds of women. Without an exception, none be exempt viz.: At times they need just a "little make-up for the occasion," or "John, do forgive me this time." But of course they are so much to whom their inner look blue. That's different.

Why argue a woman's rights? Her rights are her weakness, or claimed so, and naturally all are searching for the same goal.

She Has No Claim

Dear Cynthia—May I tell you my problem? Several years ago I met a girl whose sister married my brother. I loved her very much, though she was still in school. I wrote her a letter telling of my love, but she did not answer it as she should have, but handed me an answer in the presence of her mother and sisters. In it she told me she did not want to marry me; she was too young and could not think of me and studies too. She did not worry much about the studies, however. Later she was forced into a marriage with another man and went to Clifton with him, but her parents made her go to boarding school here too. Since then the marriage has been annulled. She sent my letter back and will not return it. Should she not do so? I have asked her for it repeatedly, but she will not return it. Please tell me which one of us is right? Should she not return me the letter? She claims it is not proper for her to do so. I think she hopes I may love her again, but I am wise to her tricks now and do not care for her any more. L. E. C.

There is no way for you to get the letter back, but it will not hurt you for her to have it in her possession. She cannot put any claim upon you, since she was married to another man after that letter proposing marriage was written and she had refused you. Do not worry about it.

She Washes Her Hands

Dear Cynthia—Do you know that after every unpleasant happening in my life I wash my hands as if the unpleasantness would stick on them? So I did yesterday when "he" told me brutally that he did not love me any more.

I washed my hands and felt myself clean of him afterward.

I really was a little bit foolish. I took life and love too seriously. After all, love is a caprice. And my caprice is gone with my hands being washed.

What do you think of my method, dear Cynthia? MICAELA.

Your method is all right if there is no feeling for your erstwhile fiance, my dear, but most girls and men who are engaged care for each other, and it is not so possible to put a loved one from one's mind as easily as soil from one's hands.

Appreciation

To the sea-shell's spiral round
'Tis your heart that brings the sound;
The soft sea murmurs that you hear
Within, are captured from your ear.

You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong,
If your soul does not bring
To their high imagining
As much beauty as they sing.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Wetting Spoils Eggs

More than 5,000,000 dozen eggs spoil needlessly every year in cold storage simply because some one has allowed clean eggs to get wet or has washed dirty eggs before sending them to market, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Investigations have shown that from 17 to 22 per cent of washed eggs become worthless in storage, whereas only 4 to 8 per cent of dirty eggs stored unwashed spoil.

The explanation is simply that water removes from the shell of the egg a gelatinous covering which helps to keep out air and germs.

Good Soldiers Don't Lay Down Their Guns

CERTAINLY NOT!

See the war through—just as you expect our fighting forces to see it through. Do your share to bring about an early victory and 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

You Gave Your Baby Life

Now give him health:

Little Mother, perhaps you can't nurse him. Of course, you would if you could—but even love can't always make mother's milk agree with that delicate little stomach.

But don't worry.

There is a food so like Mother's milk that your baby will grow rosy cheeked and content when you give it to him and it begins to give him health and strength.

This food is really milk. Always remember that. Purer, cleaner milk than you ever get in bottles, changed a little so it is easier for your baby to digest. And with it is cereal—just enough—and just enough sugar—so that for all of fifty years, babies have been eagerly reaching for it, thriving on it, making their Mothers' hearts light with happiness as they grew in health.

THIS is Nestlé's Food.

It comes to you a fluffy, pure powder to which you just add fresh water and boil—and then you are sure of your baby's health.

So simple—so sure—so easy—and so good for that dimpled little body, that fast-growing brain, those clutching fingers, those bright little eyes! If you send the coupon or a postcard, enough Nestlé's Food for 12 feedings will be sent you free, with a 96-page book on babies care, by specialists.

Give him Nestlé's Food today, little Mother.

You gave your baby life.

Now give him health!

NESTLÉ'S FOOD

A Complete Milk Food

NESTLE'S FOOD COMPANY
281 Woolworth Bldg. New York
Please send me FREE your Book and Trial Package

Name .....
Address .....
City .....

J. M. Gidding & Co.
564 566 568 Fifth Avenue AT 46TH ST. N.Y.

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WEST OF BELLEVUE-STRATFORD

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Fall and Winter Fashions
from Paris and their own workrooms

Designed in conformity with prevailing economic conditions and the requirements of women who appreciate the distinction of correct simplicity.

TAILORMADE SUITS
DAY DRESSES
DINNER AND EVENING GOWNS
FUR TRIMMED WRAPS
RICH FURS AND MILLINERY

Use Cuticura Soap For Your Skin

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 8 L, Boston."

DALSIMER STANDARD SHOES

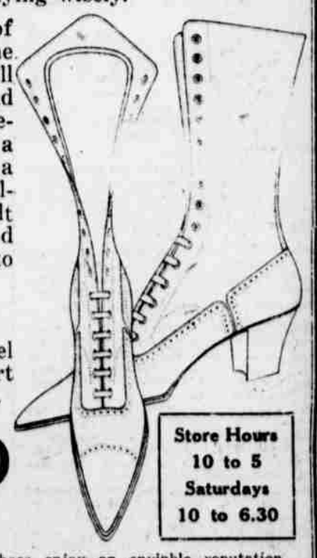
The very newest in
Fall Footwear Fashions

THE new footwear fashions for Fall have arrived, and never before have we seen styles so pretty and practical, nor quality so good. Following the suggestions and recommendations by the War Industries Board, we can assure you the correct spirit of wartime economy in footwear, for true economy means buying wisely.

High heel model of fine glace kid in the new shades for Fall—Java brown, field mouse and battleship gray—with a fabric topping of a close-weave all-wool. The light welt sole and shaped leather heel adds to the service.

Lace or button.

Militaire heel model in the same smart shades of kidskin.



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$7.50

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10 to 6.30

Fitting of feet and selling of shoes has a human side—not all business; we endeavor to benefit and make comfortable every man and woman and children in particular.

Our long and large experience enables us to do so. Buy your shoes where service is guaranteed.

Our shoes enjoy an enviable reputation. Under no circumstances will quality be lowered, although cost prices have advanced beyond reason. The public may depend upon the continuance of our rigid policy of "keeping prices as low as good quality will permit."

This Trade Mark S/DSons Is On Every Shoe

'Tis a Feat to Fit Feet

Dalsimer

The Big Shoe Store
1204-06-08 Market Street

SILK STOCKING SPECIALS