WHEN THE WORLD RISES UP AND PAYS BACK—CYNTHIA

BIG MOMENTS DO NOT MAKE THE BIG MEN AND WOMEN

A Question That Was Asked—One Girl Answered It and the Other One Didn't—The Fullest Life Is Made Up of Colorful Little Kindnesses

THIS is a tale of a question and two girls. One of them answered it and the other one didn't. Both of them could have. Neither of them had to. The question, we will say, was about night schools for the simple reason that it really wasn't, but this is a true story so we can't tell the truth.

The big point is this: A large organization was called for the information about the night schools, and the first girl who came to the phone said: "We don't know anything about it," and continued in answer to further inquiry, "No, we can't even tell you where you can find out anything about it."

Just, for instance, the organization was called again. The second girl who came to the phone said: "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I can't give you anything on that, but, will you wait a minute? * * * I find that I might be able to find out something about it for you. Would you like to leave your number and let me call you?"

SOMETIMES it seems there are just two classes of people in the world—those who do just what is expected of them and those who are willing to do more. It has been said that "life is not a game of solitaire," but really some people play it as though it were. Frequently you hear solicitous friends feeling sorry for the girl who is always putting herself out for others. "People take such advantage of her," they say. Well, no one need feel sorry for the woman who likes to do things for others. Some, it is true, may take advantage of her, but none can rob her of the fruit of her giving. These are the inward wells that spring in the heart when one forgets self.

The life most fully and deeply lived does not consist of a series of grand emotions. It is rather a quiet progression of little events that light the way as we go. You decide not to tip the waitress at the cheap, hurry-up restaurants where tips are not absolutely the law—then you decide you will. You waver about cleaning the sitting-room while the family is downtown shopping, then you decide you will. You get a letter offering opportunity to help some one who is in trouble. It really isn't your business. Then you decide you will.

CHARACTER building is like that. Big moments are not the things particularly that make big men and women. Oftentimes we live up to big things in the supreme glamour of them. Straying into the infinite paths of life where lie the duties that are nearest us—this is the thing that counts. No one writes up these deeds in the paper and, in fact, the world itself never seems to give a whoop whether they are done or not. But those who do them know what I mean when I say this is indeed the joy in living.

We take out of life only what we put in it. Try as you will you can't escape this mandate. You can get away with self-centeredness so long; you can draw a neat little square around the things you are paid to do and only do them—for a time. But as sure as age follows youth there comes a day when the world so little regarded rises up and pays back.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Try Firmness and Kindness

Dear Cynthia—I want to ask your help. I am a young stepmother. My husband has two children, a boy of five and a girl of seven. They often refuse to obey me and I do not know what to do. I do not like to appeal to their father. We have no maid and I often ask their help. They promptly refuse. I think they should learn to help about the house a little. They don't seem to wish to do anything I ask them.

Also dear Cynthia, they like "movies". These are unsuited to their years and I don't like them up late. They like to run the streets at night, too. DISCOURAGED.

It is difficult to tell just where the trouble lies, my friend, but perhaps we can help you a little. You are right. Do not tell your husband, but work out the problem yourself if possible. The children may have been told stories about stepmothers and may be rebellious on that account.

Again, they may have been running wild without a mother and do not know how to calm down and obey. You must make them understand that you are to be obeyed, even if it means punishment; but try kindness first. I feel sure you hesitate to punish on account of the talk against stepmothers, but you will be braver and finer if you do punish than if you allow them to grow up selfish and spoiled because you fear to incur their dislike. I would give the matter a great deal of thought.

Can you not arrange some little games at home to interest them? Give the little girl a task each day and tell her it must be accomplished before she can go out to play. Stick to what you say and if there is ugliness in the rebellion keep her in the house. I would not resort to whipping if it can be avoided but there are some children who should be whipped. It depends much on the temperament and impression made by the kinds of punishment. Let the boy have some tiny task, too.

Do not let them run in the streets and do not allow them to go alone to the movies. You might take them yourself one afternoon a week and hold that out as a reward for good behavior. Try to win their love by tenderness and interest in their little problems, and above all never scold nor raise your voice. Say what you have to say quietly and carry out any threats or promises. You will soon win them. If you cannot do so, talk the matter over with your husband and tell him of your difficulties; but try to conquer the difficulties before you worry him.

To Our Little Namesake

Dear Cynthia—I, too, like many others am coming to you with my troubles.

I am 16 years old and have known a boy two years my senior for the last four or five years, but not very intimately, as I am rather shy with members of the opposite sex. He was "my beau" at school and always had a strong fascination for me.

Several months ago an incident occurred which caused a correspondence between us. We have met several times and are becoming rather friendly.

He has asked me several times to come to his home and meet his family, but I refused, thinking it was his duty to call on me first.

My parents have rather old-fashioned ideas and think me too young to receive calls from any young men. This is the reason why I hesitate to ask him to call, as I am certain he will not be made welcome. Besides our house is in a rather dilapidated condition and not fit to receive company in.

He has hinted several times for me to ask him to our house, and evidently thinking me dense, has asked me and another boy and girls we both know to his home some evening, asking me to name the date. Do you think it proper for me to go without having him meet my parents first? I don't know how to extricate myself out of the invitation this time and I hope you will let me know as soon as you can whether or not I ought to accept it. There is absolutely no possibility of asking him to call on me. I couldn't even invite a crowd of girls and boys including him to our house, as we have no room and our house is unfit.

Please, dear Cynthia, help your little namesake. ANOTHER CYNTHIA.

It is not quite conventional for you to go to the boy's house without having had his to yours first. But I think you are quite justified in going if your mother will let you. It will be quite all right for you to meet the boy's parents when you go to his house. But, dear little namesake, you must get over the idea of not wanting company at the house because it is dilapidated. This boy would not mind that. Neither would the girls. I know it is not this alone that keeps you from having them. But you must explain to your parents that you have come to the age when you will have to have friends. Sixteen is a little young to very often have callers alone, but it is the age when boys and girls get acquainted in little groups. You must beg your mother to let you fix up some room in the house where you can have company. If you fix it up nice and clean inside with perhaps cretonne coverings on the old furniture it will look very pretty and no one will think about the rest of the house. Oh, how often this has been done! The room can even be upstairs. Please let your big namesake know how you make out. I will tell you the Halloween costumes another day.

Guns Inspected by Women

Seventy-three women, twenty of whom are engaged in the important work of inspection, are employed with the 1486 men comprising the force at the new Symington-Anderson gun shop at Rochester, N. Y.

This factory is turning out completed American and French seventy-five-millimeter guns and six-inch trench mortars, and has been in operation since early spring. It is one of the sixteen plants constructed by the Ordnance Department for the manufacture of mobile artillery cannon.

Women operate the machines which run test bars from the steel forgings after they have been treated by heat. They also operate the machine in which these bars are subjected to a breaking test to determine that texture and quality of the product and its fitness to go into guns.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Today's Inquiries

1. What is the length of time required for the course in bacteriology which fits a woman for service in the hospital laboratories in the cantonments?
2. What is a "bread and butter" letter?
3. How can hot flannels for use in the sickroom be wrung out without burning the hands?
4. What adds new flavor to the popular oyster stew?
5. On rolling dough in flour, what is the most economical way?
6. How can bits of salmon be best utilized?

Proper Use of Sealing Wax

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have several questions to ask you and I hope you will answer them as soon as possible. When is it proper to use sealing wax on a letter and what is a proper design? Should it be used liberally or spread on thinly? Where is Romany? It is so often spoken of in stories and poetry and songs have been written about it. M. W.

Sealing wax can be used at any time. There is no special significance attached to the use of it. The design most used is the monogram or initials of the writer. The wax is dropped on the letter and the amount used depends on the size of the drop that falls. It is neater to keep it as nearly as possible the size of the seal. Romany is not a place. It is the name of the language spoken by the gypsies, but it has been so much associated with romantic persons and customs that it is often used as a name for the setting of a romantic, fanciful story dealing with gypsies. Your other questions will be answered by mail.

To Make Whitewash

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you please let me know through the woman's column the formula for making Government whitewash? (Mrs.) A.

To make Government whitewash take of fresh Rosendale cement three parts and of fine, clean sand one part. Mix with fresh water thoroughly. This gives a gray or granite color. But if a very light color is desired lime may be used with the cement and sand. Care must be taken to have all the ingredients thoroughly mixed together. In applying to wash the walls must be wet with the clean water; then follow immediately with the wash. This prevents the walls from absorbing the water from the wash too quickly and gives the cement time to set.

Two "Store" Recipes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly publish the recipe for frying oysters like the restaurants do. Also how to make creamed cabbage such as stores sell. M. M.

Fried oysters that the restaurants serve are breaded. Beat up a raw egg and dip each oyster in the egg and then into a dish of breadcrumbs or cracker crumbs before frying them in deep fat over a moderate fire. Make creamed cabbage by boiling the cabbage, minced, for about half an hour, then pouring the water off and covering with a cream sauce made as follows: Melt a piece of butterine about the size of an egg and cream it with a tablespoonful and a half of flour. Add milk, a little at a time, until the sauce is about the consistency of pea soup. Add salt and pepper and pour over the cabbage. Drain the cabbage several times before adding the sauce, so that the water will not stay in the bottom of the dish.

Yesterday's Answers

1. When the service flag is honestly faded, remove the border and the star with oil paint. This can be bought in tubes in just the right bright colors. A service flag can be indefinitely freshened in the way.
2. The "Blue Gowns" are the reconstruction aides working in the convalescent hospitals in the United States.
3. A high school education is not a requirement for enlistment in the student nurses corps.
4. "Drawn in" rugs are rag rugs. This is the old-fashioned name for them.
5. If a meat grinder is oiled with a few drops of glycerine there will be no taste in the food such as is left after using regular oil.
6. An oyster cocktail are those served with slices of toasted bread and slices of cheese on top of the bread.

A Timely Bit of Poetry

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Here is a little verse in reference to frying a German near:

I'M QUEER

Don't like powder,
Don't use paint;
I'm what I am,
And what I ain't.
Wear my hair
In old-fashioned swirl;
Never wore frizz,
Never wore curl.
Don't like bustle,
Never wore train;
Always had to hustle;
Not much on brain.
One leg shorter
Than orter be;
Only one eye,
But I can't see a German
If he gets near to me.

BETTY.

Halloween's in the Air

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please let me know some games that we could play at a Halloween party and what refreshments should be served? Apart from this could you tell me what will curl the hair? A. F.

The games have been mailed, also suggestions for refreshments.

Soft rags or kid curlers are very successful in harmlessly curling the hair.

A JOFFRE BLUE SWEATER DRESS

This little Joffre blue sweater-weave dress buttons down the back, leaving the front plain and smooth. The high rolling collar is brushed white wool and so are the cuffs and girdle

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

THE returning buyers, who this year were fortunate in getting permission from the Government to go to Paris to attend the late summer openings, are most enthusiastic over the models that were shown. One and all admit that the clothes were just the kind that the American woman loves to wear. Instead of the freakish garments that usually make their appearance at the beginning of each season, the buyers are showing a collection of models from Paris that fulfill to the letter all that they have said regarding them.

There is, to me, a great deal more in these garments than just the design. For back of the design is an understanding which has come to the couturiers of Paris of the real American woman. They have seen her in her true light—not alone because of all the good that our women have been doing in France within the last year, but the lesson they have learned from the clear-eyed, straight soldier youths who are swarming all over France will never be forgotten. Never before have the French people known the American as they do today. Instead of showing the buyers models for foreigners as they have always done before, they displayed designs such as they know their own French women like. To the French, as we all know, "blood is thicker than water," and the best is none too good for their own people. This to me explains the lovable, likable clothes that the buyers have brought from Paris.

Early in the week I showed you one of the knitted suits, and today is illustrated a dress in the same. This dress is again the same weave, similar to that used for men's coat sweaters. The color of the model is Joffre blue. The dress buttons down the back, which leaves the front plain and smooth. The high rolling collar attached to the rounded neckline is of white brushed wool, and the deep, turned back cuffs match the collar. The narrow belt which encircles the waist and ties in the front is of the blue and is finished at the ends with white tassels.

The hat has a crown of beaver in the very rough variety, that is so smart this fall, and the brim is of velours. A narrow band encircles the crown and ties in a small bow at the front.

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose.)

Adventures With a Purse

IF THE wearing of ear-rings is a custom we have borrowed from the East, why should we wear plain earrings of pearl or nondescript little affairs of gold, when for the same amount of money a most Oriental appearing pair can be secured? Those that I have in mind are of green gold finish, slightly smaller than a ten-cent piece. Around the outside twinkles a circle of eight colored stones. Green you will find, lavender, rose pink, and the red of rubies. An inner circle of smaller stones comes next, and then in the center is a solitary stone. A most odd and unusual pair of earrings these, at an amazing cost, for they are priced at fifty cents. To see them is to want them, particularly if you are the possessor of a dark satin or velvet dress.

When I went to cooking school I was taught that the most digestible way to boil an egg is allowing it to remain in water that has boiled and been removed from the stove. An equally digestible way, I am sure, must be to use one of the egg steamers I saw today. "Don't call them new," said the shopkeeper, "for they have been out for some time." Well, anyhow, they are new to me, and I shouldn't be surprised if they would be to you. About the size of a cocoanut and resembling in shape, this metal egg steamer rests on a stand and above a small alcohol lamp. Inside, in about the middle, is a rack with four holes into which the eggs fit. The water with which you fill the bottom of this unusual receptacle is heated by the alcohol flame underneath, and so securely is the steam held that the eggs are cooked by it. An egg steamer such as this is particularly convenient for the woman who does her own housework, for the eggs can be boiled right at the table. And I can think of no nicer gift for the bride. The price is $5.

For many who like cheese the word Camembert stands for the best that can be had. One of the shops has a limited supply of Camembert cheese which is being sold at forty cents a box. It would be worth while to stow away a few boxes now. With some crackers and coffee you would have an appetizing evening "lunch" for the unexpected guest.

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 3600.

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland 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.

XLVIII

WHEN Ruth drew herself out of Jack's arms and looked up into his face, she noticed that his eyes were wet. The sight filled her with remorse.

"You care so much, Jack?" she whispered.

"More than anything in the world. If anything happened to take you away from me, I don't know what I should do. These few weeks have nearly driven me mad."

"Let's sit down and wait for mother. She will be so glad to have you back. Poor mother, she has certainly been angry with me for not hearing from you. She was sure that I had done something to make you angry."

"I was a brute to have done it," Jack said passionately. "I can never forgive myself for having made you suffer."

"I deserved it, I guess."

"No, you didn't, but I really hardly knew what I was doing, and that's the truth; by the way, Ruth, there's something I want to speak to you about. Have you seen the papers this evening?"

"No, I haven't. Why, Jack, what is it?"

Jack had pulled a paper out of some mysterious pocket, and was opening it and spreading it out. "It's about Scott, they've given him the Cross for bravery. Did you know anything about all this?"

Ruth felt suddenly faint. Just the mention of Scott's name spoken unexpectedly had the power to weaken her iron resolution. Already Jack was contented and ready to have everything go on as it had before. He had even forgotten the fact that he had once wondered whether Ruth had cared anything for Scott. Ruth had convinced him by her efforts that she actually cared. He had done his duty again and was in the navy. Now he was ready to return to a steady routine, a contemplation of life as he had viewed it before. His new connection had not awakened him to the thrill of anything big.

Ruth took the newspaper, but the words danced before her eyes and she could hardly see. Then the type leaped out at her, and she read:

"New York Boy Awarded the Cross for Bravery."

Quite suddenly she began to cry.

In the midst of her tears, while Jack was awkwardly trying to soothe her, Mrs. Rowland came in. Jack's attitude, with Ruth's own nerves stretched to the utmost was irritating in the extreme. It was so patronizing, so possessive. He treated her emotional outburst kindly, sympathetically, but his very failure to recognize the real reason for it was maddening to Ruth in her condition.

"Well, Jack," said Mrs. Rowland coming into the room with both hands outstretched. "I hope you can care an account of yourself, young man." Her manner was half severe, there was a mock quality about it that showed plainly the fact that she was not really angry. And then she saw his uniform and exclaimed just as Ruth had.

"So this is what you have been doing since you have been away. Well, now, we'll surely have to forgive you, won't we, dear?" turning to Ruth. Then she saw the girl's tears.

"What is it, child; has anything happened?"

"Scott Raymond has received the cross," Jack explained. "Good old fellow; I knew he would make good."

Mrs. Rowland gave the account a cursory glance, but her thoughts were plainly with Jack, and she turned back to him almost instantly, with the paper hanging loosely from her grasp.

"Well, Jack, tell us about it. I don't know whether I approve or not."

"Oh, mother, how can you say that?" protested Ruth. "It sounds so dreadfully hardhearted. You know you don't mean it."

Mrs. Rowland looked at Jack for approbation and smiled a little, as though to exclude Ruth from their common feeling.

"What I did mean was, that I wondered how your business was to suffer through this move of yours. Of course, you know that you are to marry Ruth in a little more than two weeks."

"Mother, I wish you wouldn't talk like that."

"I'm sure Jack understands, my dear."

"But it doesn't matter to me what he has, mother. Jack did the only right thing in getting into this."

"My dear child, you have the war on your mind so constantly that you are tiresome with it," Mrs. Rowland said almost impatiently.

"Ruth hasn't asked me anything about my business," said Jack smiling, "but it's all right. I don't think we shall have to get along on what I make in the navy."

"And you will keep the apartment?" asked Mrs. Rowland eagerly.

"Of course."

"Well, you two young people have been more than fortunate, and now I hope you're satisfied, Ruth. Jack is in this at last, and yet is able to do it without sacrificing his business chances."

Not a word about Jack's enlistment, not a word about how he had happened to do it, nothing of praise for his willingness to make the sacrifice even though it had not been required of him. Mrs. Rowland's attitude was as unchanged as ever. Her only worry was Jack's financial status. Ruth wondered vaguely what would have happened if Jack had been no more fortunate than Jim Townsend. Would the wedding have been stopped? Would her mother have found a way out? Or if she, Ruth, had determined to go through with it and to marry Jack anyway, as Helen had Jim, would her life have been made miserable for her as Helen's was at home? No, Ruth could not imagine the latter. Mrs. Rowland, whatever her weakness, was not as hard as Mrs. Brander, nor could Helen ever be as miserable as Ruth under the same circumstances. Ruth had once pitied Helen from the bottom of her heart; she had even looked a little scornfully on her marriage with Jim, who could give her nothing but love. But Helen had hopes of happiness, while she, Ruth, had nothing at all to look forward to in the blackness ahead that loomed up still more darkly with every new incident that happened.

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 to reserve a copy for you every afternoon in advance of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

IN THE NINTH INNING—By Grace R. Olin

"EZRA, that dog knows that Val is coming just as well as you and I know it; look at him, will you?" Ezra Newcomb turned his gray head around and gazed at Pete, the Irish terrier, as he lifted his head now and then to give vent to an uneasy whine.

"Pears like he does," he admitted. "Good thing mother died him or like as not he'd be banging round the depot." The two men smoked on in silence for a moment, then Ezra's voice broke the silence. "Jim, don't it beat all, the way we pamper that boy? Here he's been away three months, just chucked up his job, took the notion into his head he wanted to go to work on Aunt Sarah Maud's farm, and away he went. And did his mother and I protest? I did. I says to his mother, says I, 'Val ain't a child no more; it's about time he stuck to a job.' But Val he just laughed, and his mother bundled him off. Now he's tired of that, and he's coming home. Why, his mother has baked a cake as big as a mountain, and there's frosted pie and fried chicken, and goodness knows what all. And like as not Aunt Sarah Maud has got him stuffed to the ears."

"Why not, Ezra?" the other man answered slowly. "He's the only boy we've got between us. When my boy died I just took Val right into my heart and sometimes I feel as if he really was my boy, even if I am only Uncle Jim."

"Tain't that, Jim, tain't that. I'm not only mighty fond of him, but mighty proud of him. The lad is eighteen this coming winter and I want he should be a man, not a spoiled boy. Why, if I were his age I'd be serving my country; but we haven't given him a chance to grow up; we've petted him and kept him a child. They say names sometimes have a lot to do with our lives if it fits or not. Val was born one blustering winter morning, the 14th of February. I was for naming him Andrew Jackson, but his mother wouldn't hear of it. 'He's my valentine,' she said to me, and she named him Valentine."

A woman came softly out the screen door and put her hand on Ezra's shoulder. "And, father, she was the sweetest valentine I have ever had," she said.

"There, now, mother, there now," Ezra's hand closed over hers tenderly. "I didn't mean to criticize, though it did break my heart about the name, but we're all to blame. What do you say we all turn over a new leaf? He's reached the ninth inning of manhood and it's time the boy played the game alone. All through the other eight innings we've been at his side.

"His life depends on the way he plays this last inning. He must either lose the game or put over the winning hit. Why, 'twas only yesterday, Anes, the man he worked for, asked me what Val was a going to do when he got back. 'My boy is in the service,' he said.

"His boy pleaded exemption, but it didn't work," retorted Jim angrily.

The woman smiled a little to herself as she smoothed a lock of hair from the brow of her husband. Deep down in her heart she knew why her boy's father had that smoldering resentment in his eyes; why he wanted them to stop treating the boy as though he was a child. He wanted Val to enlist, not that he would ever have breathed such a thought but the mother knew just the same. "Ezra," she said soothingly, "Val is young yet; he'll come out all right."

She leaned her head against his a second, and had Ezra seen her he would have been decidedly startled, for catching Uncle Jim's eye she deliberately winked.

"At any rate," she continued. "I don't think it's very nice to wrangle so when we haven't seen the blessed boy for three months. Shame on us, I say."

"Nevertheless," Ezra spoke with almost dramatic dignity, "his father won't mollycoddle him; his father will let him play the ninth inning in his own way; no coaching, no——"

Ezra stopped abruptly.

With a joyous bark Pete had cleared the fence at a bound and was making straight for a khaki-clad figure coming down the street. Ezra looked in amazement, for Pete ignored strangers. The khaki-clad figure turned in at the gate and clasped the woman in his arms. "My boy," she said, "my boy." The boy came up to Ezra. "Hello, dad," he said, and his eyes were shining. "Mother and Uncle Jim and I kept our secret well, didn't we? I expect to go overseas pretty soon, dad; don't you think I'll come through that ninth inning all right?"

Suddenly Ezra found himself; he put both arms around the boy's straight young shoulders. "It didn't make no difference if your mother didn't call you Andrew Jackson," he cried. "Valentine is a peach of a name."

"I'll be a peach of a valentine for the Kaiser," laughed the boy.

"Ezra," said Uncle Jim gravely, "stop mollycoddling that boy." And from somewhere on the boy's shoulder a voice answered happily, "The game's over, Jim; the boy has won."

Monday's Complete Novelette, "THE MATCHMAKING MONKEY"

Have You Joined the Gas Gang?

Munitions work is not a new thing for women, but the recent call of the Government for the saving of materials which produce the proper kind of charcoal for the manufacture of gas masks opens a new field for work in that line. It is work, moreover, which every woman may do in her own home and family. Briefly, it means the saving of these heretofore waste materials:

Peach stones,	Date seeds,
Apricot pits,	Cherry pits,
Prune pits,	Brazil nut shells,
Plum pits,	Walnut shells (English or native),
Olive pits,	Hickory nut shells,
	Butternut shells.

Cocoanut shells have been used for producing the kind of charcoal necessary in the making of gas masks. The supply is now inadequate for the Government's needs. The substitute has been found in the material just enumerated. It is up to the American women to find them for Uncle Sam. A great national crusade has been inaugurated to do the work and it is progressing well. The Red Cross has taken hold of the work in its usual energetic and efficient manner. Here are some of the instructions to the women who are helping in the crusade:

No materials except those above listed are wanted. These seeds and pits and shells may be mixed indiscriminately, but no other materials should be included. All shells, pits and nuts should be thoroughly dried before turned over to the Government.

In sending cherry pits select the pits of native cherries. The pits of Italian cherries will not do.

When a quantity of the shells has been collected and dried it should be turned over to the local chapter of the Red Cross. The Red Cross will forward it to the Gas Defense Division of the War Department.

Baked Eggs With Pimento Potato

Two cupfuls of riced potato.
One-third cupful of milk.
Two tablespoonfuls of margarin.
One tablespoonful of salt.
Two tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento.
One-quarter cupful of dry breadcrumbs.
Four eggs.

Mix potato, margarin, milk, salt and pimento, together well, arrange in baking dish. Make four indentations; into each break an egg. Dust with salt and pepper, sprinkle with crumbs and bake until eggs are done. This recipe serves four.

Harvard War Heroes Total 136

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 12.—One hundred and thirty-six Harvard men have been killed in action in the war, and 6200 of 37,000 living Harvard graduates are in the army or navy, according to statistics made public by the university.

ORCHESTRA'S FIRST PROGRAM PATRIOTIC

First Concerts October 25 and 26—Many Changes in Boston Symphony

The first concert of the season by the Philadelphia Orchestra, postponed tentatively by the theater closing order to Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, October 25 and 26, instead of next week, as originally announced, will be distinctly patriotic in character. Following the opening "Star-Spangled Banner" under the baton of Conductor Stokowski, the first number on the regular program will be the prelude and angel's farewell from Sir Edward Elgar's oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," the British composer's musical setting for Newman's poem of the same name. The second number will be a distinct novelty. It will be the "soloist" number, consisting of recitations by Carlo Liten, the Belgian actor, of two war poems by his fellow countrymen, the poet Emile Cammaerts. The musical setting for these poems is also by Sir Edward Elgar. The chief orchestral feature will be the spirited fourth symphony of Tschaikowsky, which bids fair to outdistance the tonal introspectiveness of the "Pathetique" because of its brilliant orchestral coloring.

With many changes in the personnel and appearing with the newly appointed conductor, Henri Rabaud, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its usual series of five evening concerts here at the Academy of Music on November 4, December 2, January 6, February 5 and March 17. M. Rabaud, the new conductor, has been, during the past seven years, principal conductor of the Grand Opera in Paris. Since he will arrive in America late, the first concert in Philadelphia will be under the direction of Pierre Monteux, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Frederic Fradkin, the American violinist, will be the new concertmaster. The first cellist will be Joseph Malkin. The viola and second violin sections will be headed by M. Barrier and Edward Tax, respectively. In addition, several members of the French Military Band, now in America, will be added to the orchestra. Soloists at the concert here will be Florence Easton, soprano, of the Metropolitan forces; Madame Melba; Fredric Fradkin, the orchestra's concertmaster, and Arthur Rubenstein, the Russian pianist.

Mischa Elman will be heard in recital at the Metropolitan on Wednesday evening, October 23, under the auspices of the Friends of Music and Art.

WHY NEGROES SHOULD AID

Colored Protective Unit Points Out Reasons for Bond Buying

"Our blood is fighting over there," says an appeal issued by the Colored Protective Unit of the Liberty Loan committee, setting forth reasons why negroes should subscribe to the fourth Liberty Loan. "Buy bonds today with every cent you can spare," the appeal closes.

Following are the reasons advanced:

Five thousand slaves fought in the Revolution and won abolition of the African slave trade.

Ten thousand negro soldiers and sailors fought in the War of 1812 and won emancipation and enfranchisement in many northern States.

Two hundred thousand negroes fought in the Civil War, winning the emancipation of four million slaves and enfranchisement of the men.

Twenty thousand negroes fought in the Spanish-American War, and since the conditions of negroes have greatly improved.

Three hundred thousand negroes are fighting in the present war and already we have won

Recognition of our citizenship in the draft; one thousand negro officers; special representation in the war and labor departments; recognition as Red Cross nurses.

POWER CONTRACT READY

Philadelphia Electric to Borrow $5,800,000 From Government

The contract between the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the Philadelphia Electric Company for increased power facilities is ready for acceptance, it was announced by Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States shipping board.

"Under the terms of the contract," continued Mr. Hurley, "the company will invest $8,700,000, while the fleet corporation invests as a loan $5,800,000. The electric company is to pay us 5 per cent interest on the loan and three years after the war appraisers are to estimate the cost of constructing such a plant.

"The general terms have been agreed upon, but the details are to be settled. That means that the contract has been sent to the company for its lawyers to work upon and get into shape. The fleet corporation will be represented by Morris L. Cooke, who was once Director of Public Works here, and Milo R. Maltbie is the representative of the capital issues committee."

Edith Cavell Martyred Three Years Ago Today

Today is the third anniversary of the death of Edith Cavell, brave English nurse, whose martyrdom shocked the whole civilized world. She was put to death in Brussels three years ago this morning, eight hours after she had been "convicted" of aiding British, French and Belgian soldiers to escape from Belgium over the Dutch frontier. The Germans said she thus aided 150.

Miss Cavell was head of the Nursing Institution of Brussels. She was arrested August 5, 1915, by a spy clad as an allied fugitive, and confined in solitude more than nine weeks. Her trial opened October 7, without adequate defense, and ended the next day. Efforts of Brand Whitlock, American minister to Belgium, to save her were fruitless.

What Jim Calls "Camouflage Sauce"

Maybe it's creamed chicken, or croquettes, or asparagus—perhaps it's creamed mushrooms—but Jim says if it's smiling up at him under my camouflage sauce it's GOOD. Of course, it's just a white sauce, you know—but the secret is that to it I add about half a tablespoonful of A1 Sauce—my miracle worker. And unless the flavor of the dish itself is very delicate that sauce just turns it into an ethereal Frenchy creation with piquancy plus!

My famous cream of celery soup gets its charm out of that same bottle of A1 Sauce, and indeed so do many other dishes which used to be flat and tasteless under the old-fashioned plain white sauce. It's wonderful what a dish of A1 Sauce will do!—Adv.

When the Theatres Reopen

Attractions That Are Expected to End the "Dark" Period in the Playhouses on October 21—Motion Pictures and the Influenza Edict

THEATRES and other public places of amusement, which are now closed here because of the epidemic of influenza, will not reopen next Monday, as was generally anticipated. When the closing order was abruptly enforced on Thursday of last week it was believed that it would continue effective for ten days. But since the order has not yet been officially revoked by Director Krusen, the belief is general that the city's theatres will remain "dark" throughout the next week, reopening on Monday, October 21.

THE fact that the epidemic has been effectively checked and is now definitely under control strengthens the impression that the ban will be lifted after next week, ending the famine in entertainment which Philadelphia has borne with admirable patience for the sake of the public health. When the curtain does go up again, however, the city will find the additional "dark" week responsible for several changes in bookings that were not anticipated one week ago. "The Maid of the Mountain," the pretentious musical comedy production by Elliott, Comstock and Gest, which has been running in New York, will doubtless be offered as the reopening attraction at the Shubert, while Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn in a new musical comedy, "The Canary," will hold the stage of the Forrest. Another attraction new to Philadelphia will be "The Kiss Burglar" at the Lyric. The city will thus have as its new attractions three musical comedies, none of which has been seen here in the past, and in addition a comedy of country life in "The Little Teacher," with Mary Ryan, at the Garrick, as previously announced.

BESIDES these four locally new attractions, the very best and most successful of the productions current here when the closing order went into effect will resume their runs. Especially welcome is the news that Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader" will again be seen at the Adelphi. "The Masquerader" offers the unusual combination of a good play and excellent acting, and is undoubtedly one of the most entertaining offerings of the season thus far.

"Leave It to Jane," which bids fair to win long-distance laurels for musical comedy records here, will again be seen at the Opera House, where it has already established a most enviable reputation for popularity. "Tiger Rose" will continue its interrupted run at the Broad, despite the "popular demand" for that melodrama in New York, at the Manhattan Opera House, whither David Belasco promptly moved it following the closing order here.

THE engagement of Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn at the Forrest will be for a single week, apparently, since the Ziegfeld "Follies" will begin its yearly visit at that house the following week, October 28. The return of "Tiger Rose" to the Broad will be equally brief, for Ethel Barrymore comes on October 28, after an absence from Philadelphia of more than three seasons, in "The Off Chance," a comedy of London smart life by R. C. Carton.

The Griffith film, "Hearts of the World," will be presented here for the first time at popular prices at the Walnut on October 21, according to present plans. The film will be shown in its entirety, and with a musical accompaniment by a large orchestra.

MORE than one theatre manager here has made use of the present suspense of footlight activity to renovate his house and make other changes that could only be accomplished under difficulties while the season was in full blast. Keith's has been refurnished and redecorated from gallery to cellar, and Manager Harry T. Jordan vows that the interior is as bright and new as when the Chestnut street vaudeville house was first opened sixteen years ago. The changes that have been made at Keith's, including carpeting, refrescoing the walls and painting the lobby, have never been found possible before, because the theatre has never been closed a single day, except Sundays, since it was opened. Many improvements have also been made at the Stanley, where the lobby has been enlarged and materially transformed by the new decorations and lights. The interior improvements include a new stage, with handsome curtains and settings, and new plumbing, heating and ventilating systems.

ALTHOUGH the members of the various theatrical companies affected by the closing order are not receiving salaries during their enforced inactivity, and, although many bookings have been tangled, the influenza epidemic has not hit the motion picture industry so hard, because of the different conditions that obtain in the field of the film. Once a screen production is completed, the company is dismissed, and it matters not how long a period elapses before these pictures are shown. The only possible disadvantage of this comes with the news weeklies of current events and the Liberty Loan pictures, which naturally are out of date in a short time.

At a meeting of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry in New York city this week, it was agreed that all new productions be withheld from the market for a period of one month, and that only those pictures which are in the making be completed within this period. This decision was made because the manufacturers found that with the theatres closed in certain localities there would be an oversupply of "first run" material when the picture houses reopen. If the theatres open within the month they will show old productions which have appeared on the screens before.

THE curtailment of film productions for a month is regarded favorably, coming as it does at a time when the Government is calling upon every commercial organization to conserve its materials. It will mean a saving of thousands of feet of film which is composed chiefly of celluloid, a product much used in the manufacture of war necessities. The market is overcrowded with productions, for there are fewer theatres in which to show them today than was the case a few years ago, and it will mean a saving of thousands of dollars which would have been spent unnecessarily in the making of pictures.

Shore Police Officer Victim

Atlantic City, Oct. 12.—Police Sergeant H. E. Ware, died yesterday at his home in Venice Park, following a week's illness from influenza. He is survived by his wife and daughter, Mrs. L. Lee, and by one son, Willis A. Ware, who is in the naval service, stationed at Wissahickon Barracks.

Academy of Music : 1918-19

New York Symphony Society

WALTER DAMROSCH COND.

Wed. Eves. at 8:15 Nov. 27, Jan. 22 Feb. 26

SOLOISTS

Jascha Heifetz
Mabel Garrison
Mischa Levitzki

Season sale at Heppe's beginning Oct. 21. Mail orders NOW. Reserved seats for series, $5, $4, $3.50, $2. Boxes, $36, $30, $25, $20.

The Walnut Street Theatre

(Walnut Street, at 9th.)

Will Re-open WITH David W. Griffith's SUPREME TRIUMPH

HEARTS OF THE WORLD

FOR THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES

RETURN ENGAGEMENT FOLLOWING RECENT TREMENDOUS WEEK AT THE FORREST THEATRE.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

BURTON HOLMES

SPENT LAST SUMMER

"OVER THERE"

HIS TRAVELOGUES

WITH ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURES and COLORED VIEWS

Will Relate to His Experiences

WITH THE "YANKS"

IN ENGLAND (November 5 and 6)
IN PARIS (November 15 and 16)
IN FRANCE (November 22 and 23)
AT THE FRONT (November 29 and 30)
IN ITALY (December 6 and 7)

THESE WILL BE GIVEN ON 5 FRIDAY EVENINGS 5 SATURDAY MATINEES

Beginning Nov. 8 & 9

Seat Sale At Heppe's 1119 Chestnut Mon. Oct. 28

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor

Opening of Season Postponed Until October 25-26

Tickets dated Oct. 18-19 will be good for dates to be announced.

A FEW DESIRABLE SEASON TICKETS STILL AVAILABLE AT